Harper's weekly.
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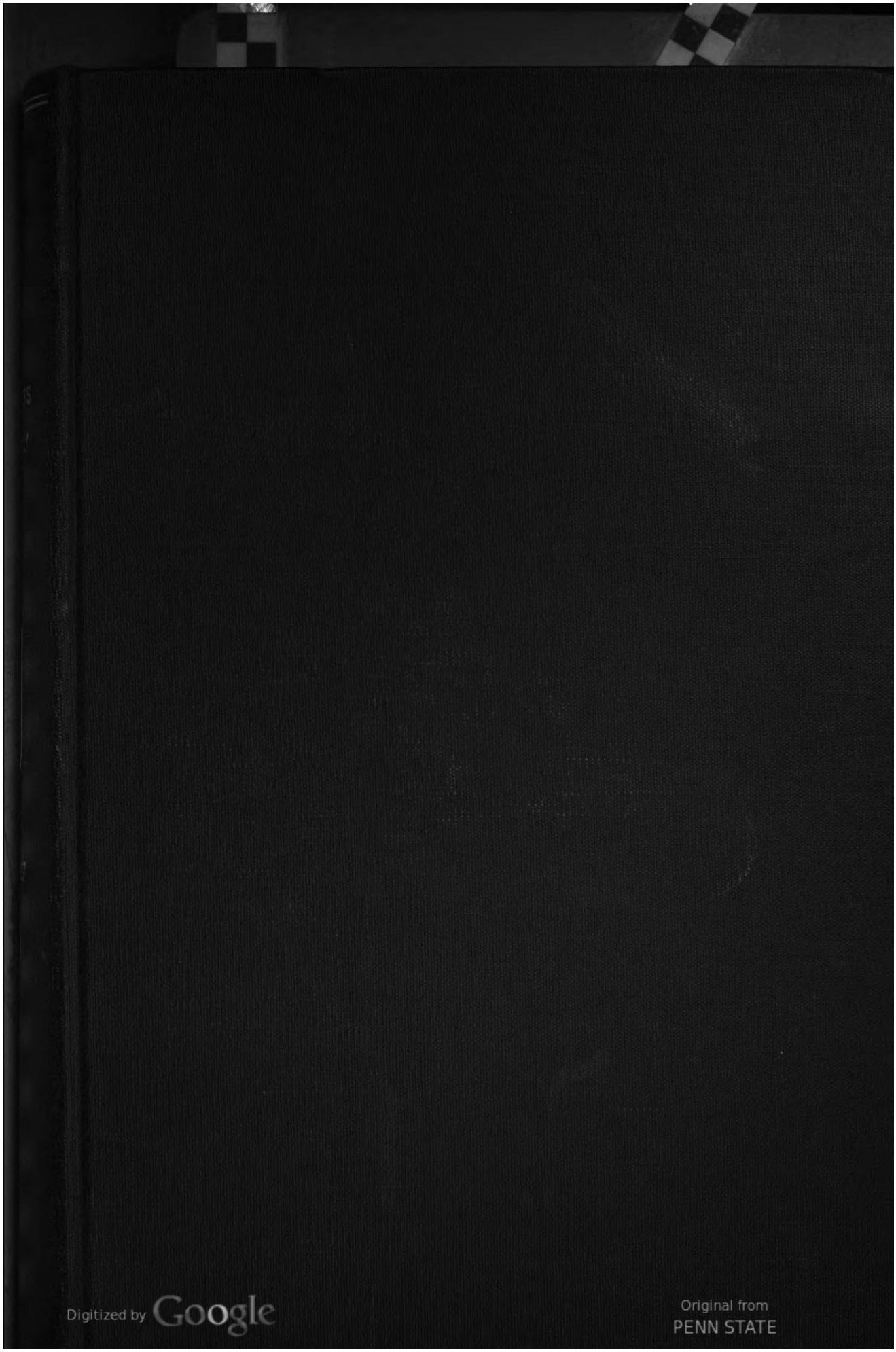
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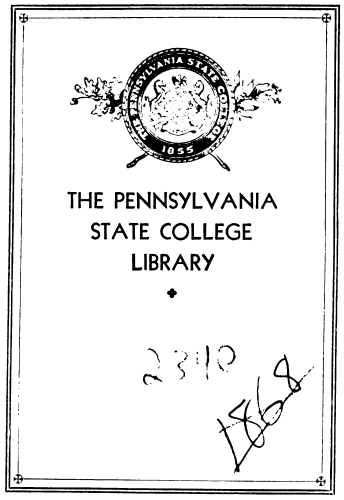

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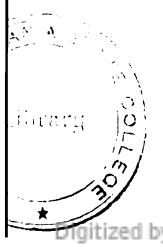

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVII.—No. 1359.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883

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EARLY SETTLERS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 2, contains Part I. of a charming Christmas Fairy Tale by MRS. W. J. HAYS, *with a front-page illustration by* ALFRED FREDERICKS. *There is the usual installment of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *with an illustration by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD. MISS SOPHIE SWETT *contributes a delightful short story, entitled "A Brand-new Year."*

The attention of the boys is especially called to "Learning a Trade," by JAMES OTIS. *Part II. of "A Castaway Ambassador," by* JAMES PAYN, *concludes this picturesque and thrilling story of marine disaster.*

To the art work of this Number MISS JESSIE MCDERMOTT *contributes four illustrations, accompanying* MR. OTIS'S *article, and a charming full-page made up of holiday scenes from "The Toy-shop Windows."*

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NEW STORIES BY WILLIAM BLACK AND MARY CECIL HAY.

The number of HARPER'S BAZAR *published January 5 will contain the opening chapters of a brilliantly illustrated serial story,* "YOLANDE," *by* WILLIAM BLACK, *and of a sparkling novelette,* "BID ME DISCOURSE," *by* MARY CECIL HAY.

THE HOUSE IN RECESS.

THE recess of the House will not have been wasted if it shows members that the feeling of the country was not exhausted by the autumn election. However it may appear in the obscuring atmosphere of Washington, there is a public determination that some reform shall be accomplished. However sure Republican leaders may be that the country will never intrust its welfare to the residuary legatees of the old pro-slavery, reactionary, Kentucky-and-Virginia-resolution Democracy, and however confident Democratic leaders may be that they are on the eve of a restoration, the fact remains that nothing is certain but the strict scrutiny which both parties are undergoing. Democrats who regard the result of the late elections as a Democratic victory wofully deceive themselves, and Republicans who think that the discontent will blow over are inviting party defeat. No American who believes sincerely in popular government had ever more reason to feel his faith justified than by recent events. For it is evident that when no vital national issue is imminent there is a body of voters, large enough to control the election, who will require something more than the party certificate of "regularity" as a reason for supporting the party. The especial point of scrutiny at this time is the debate upon reform in the civil service, a topic which was promptly introduced in both Houses at the opening of the session, although it has been deferred in the House of Representatives until the Senate should have taken action.

There is one remark which has been made in the Senate during this debate which we trust will be effectually disposed of should it be repeated in the House. It is the assertion that the whole debate raises a great wind about a very little matter; that while grave and important questions demand the most careful consideration, Congress is squandering time upon the method of appointing fourth-grade clerks in the departments. This is an attempt to belittle the whole subject as unworthy the serious attention of Congress. Now if the only question were of the manner in which the thousands of subordinate employés of the government should be selected, it would not be a subject undeserving the attention of a representative body which appropriates millions of dollars of the public money for the compensation of such employés, nor would it be a despicable subject to the people who are taxed to raise those millions. But unless the corruption of politics, the degradation of the public service, dishonest elections, the total perversion of the function of party, and the practical exclusion of the people from the control of the government are matters too contemptible for the attention of Congress, there is no public question which is so vital and important as that which such statesmen as VOORHEES and BROWN and PLUMB try to ridicule. Of that question Mr. HEWITT, of New York, one of the most intelligent and able of the Democratic Representatives both in this and in the next Congress, wrote on the 25th of October, 1882, as we stated last week: "Unless the system which now prevails of appointment to office, and of organizing the office-holders into a ring for keeping themselves in office, shall be reformed, our system of free government will be destroyed, and the generation which permits such a calamity to occur will prove that it is unworthy of the privileges which it received from the fathers of the republic." These words are the echo of those which were spoken by the greatest statesmen fifty years ago, when the abuses which are now known as the spoils system became the accepted practice of the national government. It may seem very undignified for the captain and crew of a stately man-of-war to devote themselves to stopping a little hole in the side of the vessel. But through that little hole the ocean is making its way, and will sink the ship. Patronage and bribery of votes were the means by which the contest for liberty between the English crown and the English people was carried on in Parliament after it ceased to be a conflict of arms in the field; and patronage, or the personal and political system of subordinate employment, which Messrs. BROWN, VOORHEES, and PLUMB think too petty a matter for Congressional attention, degrades an American election from an honorable contest of differing policies determined by free argument before the people into a fierce and desperate struggle for the vast emoluments of minor place.

The real scope of reform, therefore, is not limited to the details of the public service. It is not a question merely of more or less knowledge among employés, or of the relative merits of a competitive or pass examination. These are all means to an end. They are the fuel under the furnace. But without watchfulness in the hold the vessel will not move, and there will be no voyage. The late address of the National Civil Service Reform League to the voters states the purpose and scope of the movement:

"It proposes the restoration of political parties to their legitimate function as organized agencies of the popular will, the overthrow of government by patronage, the emancipation of the suffrage and of the press from a corrupt personal servility, the elevation of the standards of public character and service, and it proposes to accomplish these results by means which will place the transaction of the public business upon a business basis, open the public service to all the people, restore the self-respect of the public agents, and promote, as nothing else can promote, the cause of popular education."

It is by their disposition toward this reform that the two parties are now to be tested. Thus far the Democrats have lost ground in the debate. In the Senate, while admirable speeches for reform have been made by eminent Democrats, such as Mr. BAYARD, Mr. BUTLER, Mr. GEORGE, Mr. JONES, and others, the active opposition has been Democratic. In the House, the test of fidelity to the cause will not be support of some apparent measure of reform like the KASSON bill, but of a bill which, having passed the Senate, needs only the assent of the House to become a law to which the President's approval has been promised. Those Representatives who sincerely desire to yield to the reform sentiment of the country will support a measure which that sentiment approves. There need be no supposition that that sentiment has blown over, or is going to blow over, in any other sense than that of blowing over the party that opposes it. The deep and persistent distrust of the Democratic party still remains, and defeat of reform by Democratic tricks and machinations will array the whole independent vote against the Democratic party in the election of 1884, because it would be clear that in the event of success that party contemplated a "clean sweep," to which the country will not consent. On the other hand, the Republicans are responsible for legislation, and defeat of reform will go far to make Republican success in 1884 impossible.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND, of New York, enters upon his administration under peculiar and trying circumstances. He was elected by the largest majority ever cast for a Governor. He is a Democrat, but his election, as he knows, did not signify confidence in the Democratic party. It was a rebuke of the management of the Republican party as careless of its traditions and of the purpose of a great body of Republicans. In a word, Governor CLEVELAND'S election was a declaration of political independence, not of party preference. But he, nevertheless, is a Democrat. His few speeches since the election have shown that he comprehends the situation. He has been wisely reticent. Amid conflicting rumors, no intimation of his purpose has been traced to him, and the new year ushers him upon a scene where his sagacity, his courage, his tenacity, will all be severely tried. His own party is torn by an old and fierce contention. Each Democratic faction will watch with jealous suspicion every act of the new Governor, who will be conscious also that the great independent Republican body, which directly or indirectly promoted his election, will scan curiously his course.

If the Governor be a man of political comprehension and insight, he will undoubtedly perceive that the political situation is exceptional and transitional. Parties cohere, but the reason of parties has disappeared. There are no fundamental principles of government, no measures of administrative policy, upon which parties are divided. There are Democratic protectionists and Republican revenue reformers. Both parties demand a revision of the tariff, reduction of taxation, and economy of administration. There is no distinctive Republican or Democratic financial policy, or Indian policy, or foreign policy. Both parties demand reform, interpreting the word at their pleasure. It is an era of personal politics, and such an era always implies the disappearance of actual political division. Personal politics are always malignant, and when they are paramount there is inevitably great bitterness of feeling. This is obvious now. The sharpest conflict is that of factions within the parties, not of the parties with each other. In such a situation an extreme partisan position is unwise, and the true course for Governor CLEVELAND would be to show himself an independent Democrat. This course would draw upon him the abuse of the party organs; but at a time like this such abuse is merely dumb barking. Executive ability combined with courageous independence would secure the public confidence, and the Governor has doubtless learned that there is a popular judgment quite distinct from that of professional politicians.

In nothing will the Governor's conduct be scrutinized more closely than in appointments to office. The terms of a great number of the most honorable and most desirable State offices will expire within a short time after the inauguration, and there are three Railroad Commissioners to appoint under the new law. If the offices controlling large patronage should be filled by mere Democratic politicians, and if other officers, especially managers of charitable institutions who serve without salary, should be removed solely for party reasons, the facts would be carefully noted and remembered to the extreme disadvantage of the Governor. It is a sound rule which Presidents MONROE and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS observed in the national administration, and which Governor THOMPSON has just followed in South Carolina, to re-appoint meritorious officers. Without exception Governor THOMPSON has re-appointed all the five or six hundred State officers whose terms had expired. They were, indeed, of his own party, but the expiration of a term is generally held to be sufficient reason for a change of the incumbent. In South Carolina, however, without regard to legislative delegations and recommendations, every officer who desired a re-appointment has been continued, unless he were ineligible or incapable. Of this wise course the Charleston *News and Courier* says—and its words are worthy of Governor CLEVELAND'S attention as those of the leading Democratic journal in the Southern States:

"Possibly officers of average merit will be retained when men of higher capacity could have been obtained. But the effect will be most salutary in the long-run. There will be more care than usual in filling vacancies when it is realized that the appointee is likely to remain in office for an indefinite time. And those who desire a change in the offices must come prepared with proof of unfaithfulness or incapacity. It will be a happy day when it is a settled fact that the only non-political offices to be scrambled for at an election are those where the prize is awarded by the vote of the people at the polls."

PRESIDENTIAL "INABILITY."

AMONG the important recommendations in the President's Message is that which refers to the method of ascertaining the vote for Presidential electors, and the intention of the Constitution in devolving executive functions upon the Vice-President in case of the inability of the President. The last subject especially is suggested with great pertinence by President ARTHUR, whose conduct during the total executive disability of his predecessor was most admirable. The peace of the country lay wholly at his discretion, and nothing could have been more patriotic or wiser than his demeanor. If in the middle of August, 1881, when it was perfectly well known that President GARFIELD was absolutely incapacitated for the proper discharge of any official function, the Vice-President had announced that in his judgment the inability contemplated by the Constitution existed, and that he should act as President until in his judgment the disability should be removed, the whole country would have been thrown into confusion. But who could have demonstrated the unconstitutionality of such action? Who could feel sure that, if a man like General BUTLER were Vice-President under such circumstances, he would not take precisely this course? The country owes President ARTHUR a cordial recognition of his prudent, moderate, and patriotic bearing when he might have pleaded the plain words of the Constitution for revolutionary action.

It is in harmony with his conduct at that time that the President proposes to Congress to remedy the dangerous omission of the Constitution and the laws in regard to this provision. It is in no sense a party question, and a simple and sensible arrangement should not be difficult. But there would be such apprehension that in some way party advantage might be derived from it that adequate legislation can not be fairly expected. It is none the less desirable, and negligence or failure to consider the question will be scored against this Congress. The avoidance by Con-

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gress of all such legislation, which strengthens the foundations of the government and secures its smooth working, is one of the evils that spring from the party system. The public welfare, as an object independent of party advantage, is disregarded. No more pitiful illustration of the stupefying and belittling influence of mere party spirit as applied to a great public question could be found than the recent speech of Mr. WILLIAMS, a Senator from Kentucky, upon the PENDLETON reform bill. The only reform that is wanted, said this statesman, is a clean sweep of Republicans. This spirit, which contemplates nothing but the possible mercenary profit of a party, is the precise spirit against which WASHINGTON warned his countrymen.

The importance of the other suggestion of the President, that of providing a satisfactory method of settling the Presidential election, is emphasized by the situation six years ago at this time, when the country hung upon the edge of civil war, and was saved mainly by the vivid recent experience at that time of what civil war means. The failure to provide a remedy for the startling omission of the Constitution to define its intention is one of the justest reproaches of the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses. The subject has been thoroughly discussed and considered. Able reports have been made upon it, and satisfactory bills drawn, but the fear that some party would somehow gain some advantage has produced the usual paralysis, and nothing is yet done. Experience has disclosed a state of things wholly unforeseen by the country when the Twelfth Amendment, which assumes to regulate the matter, was adopted. The discretion of the Vice-President, the decision between contesting certificates, the procedure in case of challenge of a regular certificate—indeed, all the details upon which the continuous peaceful operation of the government depends are not authoritatively defined. The dangers arising from the omission have been revealed. The necessity of proper legislation is demonstrated. It would avert a vital peril which overhangs every Presidential election. But the WILLIAMS wisdom of statesmanship will probably again prevail, and the country will proceed to the election of 1884 in the happy-go-lucky faith that Providence takes care of the United States and drunkards. Senator VEST, of Missouri, is very much troubled by the press and platform criticisms of public men. But if he wishes to silence it, he could not do it more effectually than by persuading the Senate to pass Mr. HOAR'S bill providing for the succession in case of the death, disability, or removal of both the President and the Vice-President, and Mr. EDMONDS'S bill for determining the electoral vote, and by introducing an adequate bill defining the method of determining Presidential inability.

THE PASSAGE OF THE PENDLETON BILL.

THE passage of the PENDLETON bill by the Senate is an important event in our political history. It is the first practical legislative step toward the correction of abuses of administration involving dangerous consequences which are plainly perceived and universally acknowledged. It is a measure which, should it become law, will overthrow the aristocracy of patronage and spoils, and open the public service to all the people. It will not, indeed, purify politics at a blow. There will still be corruption and demagogism, and no good citizen can put off his armor of diligent watchfulness and effort. But it is not an argument against sanitary regulations that they do not abolish disease, nor against penal laws that crime still continues. It is no reason for refusing to try to improve a situation that still further improvement may be possible. The passage of this bill by the Senate is a prompt response to a public demand unmistakably expressed at the autumn election, and it is a significant sign of the immediate influence of sound public opinion upon legislation.

The vote as recorded was 39 to 5, and there were seven pairs, making the actual vote 46 to 12. Of the 46 affirmative votes 29 were Republicans, 16 were Democrats, and 1 was independent. The 12 negative votes were Democrats. The 16 affirmative Democratic votes were all from the Southern States. The bill was adopted substantially as it was prepared by the New York Civil Service Reform Association. Many amendments intended to weaken and cripple it were rejected, and Senator HAWLEY'S stringent prohibition of assessments by officers of the government, including members of Congress, an admirable amplification of the original bill, was adopted. The bill now goes to the House, and, as we say elsewhere, its defeat there would be a serious blow to the party responsible for the defeat.

The awakening of public sentiment which has produced this great result is largely due to two very different events—the murder of GARFIELD and the assessments of HUBBELL. Last spring Mr. HUBBELL issued his circulars as a matter of course. The storm that followed showed how truly the public mind attributed the murder of GARFIELD to the spoils system. The result was impressive. Before the year ended the action of HUBBELL had been condemned by the Supreme Court, and the Senate of the United States had unanimously made it a penal offense. The history of the year upon this subject exhorts every friend of wise progress to trust the people, and never to despair.

THE "BYSTANDER."

WE see with pleasure that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, who has returned from England, begins with the new year a new quarterly series of the *Bystander*. The title is peculiarly appropriate for a man who views public affairs and comments upon them with the conviction that party is an evil of which modern political society is mature enough to disembarrass itself. But as a practical observer and critic the *Bystander* accepts the actual situation, and it has already established a reputation for vigorous, incisive, and sagacious criticism and suggestion.

The *Bystander* will be the most independent of Canadian journals, and as it covers the whole range of Canadian interests, it will be for outsiders the best source of general information. It holds that the English connection is unwise, and that independent citizenship is better than dependency, the true position for England being that of the mother of free nations. Meanwhile, of course, it will judge questions by the established system, without failing to show where another system might work more advantageously.

The editor's singular fitness for his task is well known, and if so much literary and historical accomplishment and ability, already displayed in valuable works, are not to be concentrated upon the history of some great epoch, it is most fortunate that they will be devoted, partly at least, to the elucidation of our own time. The field of the *Bystander's* observation is the world, and it is watched by no acuter eye.

"DR. GRIMSHAWE'S SECRET."

THE publication of HAWTHORNE'S posthumous romance, *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, is a most interesting literary event, and the interest is enhanced by the simultaneous publication of his notes and sketches for the work, the extraordinary record of the process of its construction—a record without precedent in literary history. The idea of the tale was long in his mind. Like a ghost it haunted him, and he felt himself bereft of the power to lay it by letting it have its way. The fitting treatment of the theme constantly eluded him, and as his son, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, the editor, points out, he taunts himself with his singular inability to achieve the work which he was yet conscious must be accomplished.

The result of a struggle so microscopically observed and recorded in detail will be studied with intense interest. The romance as published is a consecutive tale proceeding steadily from the opening to the close. It is characteristically powerful, and the "uncanny" play of the great romancer's imagination was never more fully displayed. The characters are few, as usual with HAWTHORNE, but they are definitely bodied forth, and across the dark plot flash and glance those rays of sweet and perfect sunshine which are no less native to his imaginative world than its more habitual lurid gleam.

It is evident, however, that although the tale is continuous and in a sense complete, it is not in the form that HAWTHORNE would have finally given to it. The earlier part and portions of the later part are carefully and perhaps to the author satisfactorily elaborated, but he would doubtless have gone over the whole, modifying and more clearly developing his intention. The story is a romance, and not what is now understood to be a novel. In one of the notes HAWTHORNE states this fact distinctly, and nothing could be more different from the usual novel than *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*. That the author might not have published it in its precise present form is not a reason that this tale should have remained unknown. It is the nearly finished picture of a great master, in which his characteristic genius is fully displayed, and which lacks only some of the final touches which would have heightened and refined, but not essentially have changed, the effect.

INCREASE OF ILLITERACY.

IN a late address in New York, Mr. EATON, United States Commissioner of Education, stated some interesting and suggestive facts:

"The colored persons ten years of age and upward unable to write, as returned by the late census, number 3,220,878, or a number equal to the entire population when the original thirteen States were united under one form of government. The foreign white population of ten years of age and upward unable to write numbers 763,620, and the number of native white persons of the same age unable to write is 2,225,460. The total number of persons of ten years and over in all the States unable to write is 6,239,958, showing, as compared with similar figures from the census of 1870, relatively a gain of three per cent. in intelligence, but an absolute gain in the number of illiterates of 581,814, in spite of all the educational activities of the intermediate ten years."

Of schools and the attendance upon them, Mr. EATON says that

"there are 48 law schools, with over 3000 students; 120 medical schools, with 14,000 students; 364 universities and colleges, with 60,000 students, and that there have been bestowed during the past ten years $61,000,000 by private individuals for educational purposes, and that there are 9,000,000 children in attendance on public schools, and an expenditure of $80,000,000 for their conduct. But we must look on the reverse side. New England now has only one college student to every 167 families, while twenty-three years after the first settlement there was one university graduate to every forty families. And against the school attendance there is the non-attendance of 5,000,000 children throughout the country. To furnish these with sittings would cost $100,000,000; an addition of 30,000 teachers, whose preparation would cost $1,000,000, and whose pay for a single year would be $9,600,000; or to supply the non-attending children with house-room and teachers would cost $110,000,000. In our cities we have the best teachers, houses, and method; but, with all these advantages, about two-fifths of the children of school age do not attend school."

Mr. EATON proposes that Congress shall aid the struggling efforts for education in the States and Territories. The constitutional warrant of the power to Congress to afford such aid is, in the opinion of the trustees of the PEABODY fund, undeniable. A committee of the trustees, composed of Chief Justice WAITE, Mr. EVARTS, and Mr. A. H. H. STUART of Virginia, holds that the constitutional right of Congress to contribute to the education of citizens of the States is *res adjudicata*. There are innumerable laws for the purpose, and their constitutionality has never been questioned. The PEABODY trustees state that the United States have granted to the State of Minnesota alone lands for the purpose of education which have a money value of nearly $20,000,000. Congress has granted an enormous area of land for the aid of railroad enterprises, and whatever has been granted to aid education has received general approval. The question is not of constitutional objection, but of the best method of applying the aid. The bill of Mr. SHERWIN, reported last May, withholds further aid from any State which shall have misapplied any part of such a grant. But misappropriation can not be readily proved. This is not an insuperable difficulty, indeed, but it is a difficulty. The need and the desirability of a wise and practicable method of dealing with illiteracy are obvious, but aid should be given in a way to stimulate State effort, and this we understand to be the purpose of the SHERWIN bill.

THE HAND OF THE GREAT STATUE.

THE illustration upon another page of one of the hands of the great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is to be erected in the harbor, will renew the reader's interest in that patriotic project. The subscription proceeds actively, and it is to be assumed that the American welcome of this significant gift will not be less generous than the French offer. With characteristic national modesty we might well have hesitated to present ourselves to the world as the genius of liberty. But when an ancient nation and a friendly republic offers us the prodigious compliment of erecting in our chief port, the thronged gateway of the continent, a figure typical of Liberty enlightening the world, as especially appropriate for us alone among nations, it is a tribute to which we can not fail to respond. The details mentioned in the article accompanying the illustration are very interesting, and the generous subscription which the ample hand invites will be a noble beginning of the new year.

PERSONAL.

IN the death of ALFRED ESCHER Switzerland has lost her most influential statesman. For twenty-five years he was the leader of the Liberal party. One of his great achievements was the origination of the St. Gothard Railway, which by his perseverance and courage was carried to completion.

—Of the late Mr. HENRY JAMES the Rev. Dr. BARTOL in a note writes: "To one who sarcastically criticised a paper of his at the Radical Club, defending the supernatural in the Gospel story, he, with a sharpness of marvellous humility, replied, 'Yes, I must confess I am an abject Christian.'"

—Mr. JOHN R. BUCHTEL, of Ohio, has sold $200,000 worth of stock in the Buckeye Works in order to make an additional gift of $100,000 to Buchtel College. The gift will be formally tendered on January 18, the anniversary of the founding of the college. In addition to this, Mrs. L. A. E. MESSENGER, of Akron, has added a gift of $25,000 to Mr. BUCHTEL'S endowment, and it is said that other large gifts are to be made that will swell the total to about $250,000.

—The Rev. GEORGE GORDON, of Greenwich, Connecticut, has been called to the pastorship of the Old South Church, Boston—one of the "softest," as it is one of the most historical, pulpits in the United States. The salary is $8000 a year and parsonage. Mr. GORDON is a Scotchman, thirty years old, and unmarried. He worked his way through Harvard, overcoming many obstacles incident to poverty, and graduated with high honors. President ELIOT speaks of him as one of the most remarkable graduates for many years.

—The late JAMES S. PIKE, of Calais, Maine, after bequeathing life-estates to his wife and daughter, divided the bulk of his property for the establishment of a free library and reading-room on the old PIKE homestead, which is given for that purpose, and for distributions of food and fuel by the Ladies' Benevolent Society among the poor who have not been paupers.

—The King of Siam has recently invited young Mr. LEONOWENS to Bangkok, giving him the appointment of "Grand Master of the House," with a residence and large salary. It will be remembered that Mrs. LEONOWENS was the English governess of the King in his youth.

—The original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," as written by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, is now in the possession of an elderly lady in Athens, Georgia. The words of the poem as first written are all interlined, with here and there an endearing expression from the writer to the lady who now holds it, to whom in the old days he was devotedly attached, and who has many of his letters. She has been offered a large sum for the manuscript.

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, on retiring from his professorship at Harvard, received the following pleasant greeting from London *Punch*:

> "Your health, dear 'Autocrat'! All England owns
> Your instrument's the lyre, and *not* 'the bones.'
> Yet hear our wishes—trust us they're not cold ones!—
> That though you give up bones, you may make old ones."

—Once in a way a pleasant "personal" crops out from Connecticut. Thus it is said that recently at a meeting of the Congregational Club at Hartford the Rev. NEWMAN SMYTH presented some of his theological views, upon which the good brother who followed him said: "The advanced ground taken would compare with that of an architect who should now propose an improvement in St. Peter's at Rome by the addition of fifty bay-windows."

—Governor PATTISON, who has just seated himself in the Executive chair of Pennsylvania, is the youngest man who has ever been Governor of that State. He is only thirty-two years of age. He is the nineteenth Governor, and the only one not a native of the State. The next youngest on the list was WILLIAM BIGLER, who was inaugurated at the age of thirty-eight. The longest-lived of them all was JOSEPH RITNER, who died at ninety.

—JAMES MCMILLAN, an opulent citizen of Detroit, has purchased the Shakspearean library of E. H. THOMPSON, of Flint, Michigan, and will present it to the Michigan University. This is said to be the completest and largest private Shakspearean collection in the world.

—The Archbishop of York has a playful way of alluding to the red-letter days of his career. Chatting recently with some brother bishops, he said, "My first preferment came to me at the birth of my first child, a bishopric on the birth of my second, and my archbishopric on the birth of a third." "Well," said Bishop WILBERFORCE, with a twinkling eye and bland tone, "we must hope that Mrs. THOMSON will not put you in the way of any further promotion at present, for there are but two more translations open to you—Canterbury and heaven—and you are not yet fit for either, I fear."

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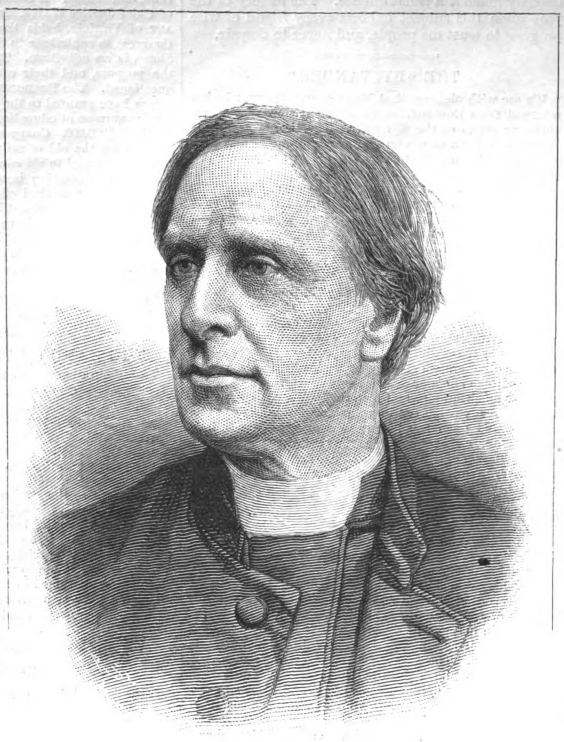
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

MR. GLADSTONE has made an appointment to the vacant archiepiscopate of Canterbury which will most likely be satisfactory to all England. Though himself a High-Churchman, he has selected a representative of the Broad-Church school, the Rev. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, Bishop of Truro, in Cornwall. Dr. BENSON is one of the younger bishops, having been consecrated in 1877, when the see of Truro was created out of Exeter. According to the rule which prevails in regard to all the new dioceses, he has not heretofore been a member of the House of Lords. For this reason he is less known to the world than the occupants of the ancient sees. Before his appointment to Truro he was Canon of Lincoln, and also Chancellor, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. Bishop BENSON has always held high rank as a scholar. At Cambridge he obtained the highest honors both in the classics and the mathematics. In 1852 he graduated B.A., in 1855 M.A., and was made Doctor of Divinity in 1867. He has also done service as tutor in Rugby School, and was Head-Master of Wellington College from its opening till 1872, when he became Canon of Lincoln.

The career of Archbishop TAIT has made it indispensable that the Archbishop of Canterbury of this generation should be a man of vigor. He himself said, during his last illness, "The Church and the world seem entering on totally new phases." Archbishop TAIT was a man of prodigious working force, and we may be well assured that Archbishop BENSON will not be a man of negations. The appointment is a recognition of the Church theory of the Broad school—a theory which, though never formally accepted, has shaped the opinions of STANLEY, MAURICE, and other Churchmen less known to fame. Dr. THOMAS ARNOLD, who, if not its author, was its earnest advocate, held that the Church and the state are identical, that the Church is the state performing religious functions, and that the Church of England properly comprehends all the Christian people of England. No theory of the Church is a better corrective of bigotry; and when it is held, not in the sense of doctrinal indifference, but in the form of a tolerant charity, it greatly smooths the path of an English bishop. Dr. TAIT showed that he was well aware of the fact that the Church of England is a harmony of opposites, a reconciliation of contradictions, and that opposing schools of theology may draw nourishment from its Articles and Liturgy. And it seems probable, from all we know of the new Primate, that he will administer in much the same spirit.

Officially the Archbishop of Canterbury is first peer in England, ranking next to the princes of the blood. His style and title are "Primate of all England and Metropolitan." An English authority informs us that "at coronations it is his duty and privilege to place the crown on the sovereign's head; and wherever the court may be, the King and Queen are the proper domestic parishioners of the Archbishop." His diocese of Canterbury embraces Kent, with one or two points in Surrey; his province, twenty-two dioceses. He has two palaces for residence, Lambeth and Addington, and a yearly revenue of £15,000. As to patronage, he has the nomination to over a hundred and eighty livings.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

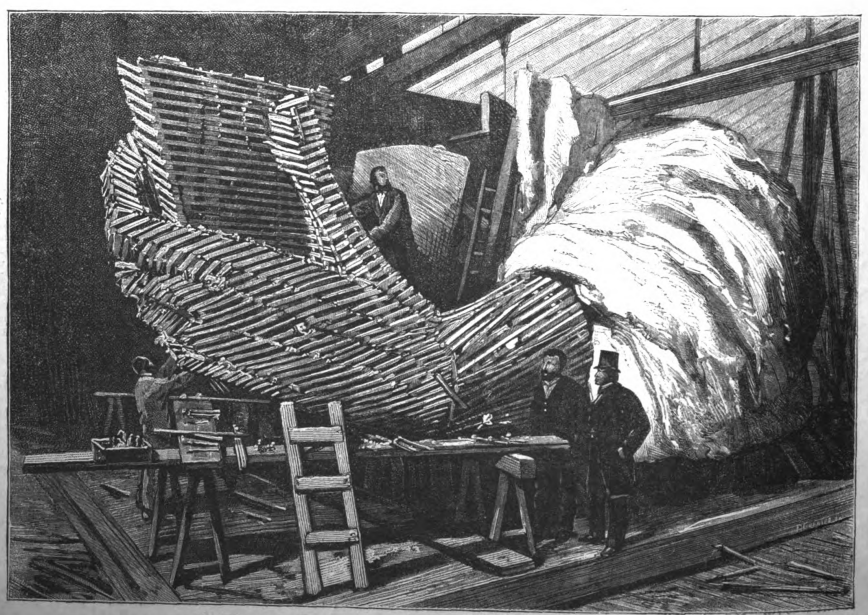
THE HAND OF "LIBERTY."

THE sketch which we publish in this number will enable our readers to understand, better than any description could, the mode of construction of the remarkable statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is being prepared in Paris for presentation to the city of New York. M. BARTHOLDI, the ingenious and daring designer of this statue, is already famous for the skill with which he has handled colossal subjects; for apart from the genius necessary to form a grandiose conception of such a work of art as that with which the friendship of the two great republics of the world is to be celebrated, there is required no small amount of mechanical knowledge to bring it to completion. The resources of modern mechanics render this a matter of comparative certainty. The sculptor is no longer required to perform such prodigies of labor or to undergo such agony of suspense and fear as those described by BENVENUTO CELLINI in his letters, recently published, containing an account of the casting of his "Perseus" and "Medusa." But though the artist of to-day goes about his task with confidence in its accomplishment, the erection of a statue of more than 155 feet in height—not counting the pedestal—to stand in an exposed situation, unsheltered by adjacent structures, is decidedly the most gigantic enterprise of its kind.

The work is now going on in the yards of Messrs. GAGET, GAUTHIER, & Co., in Paris. The hand which the drawing represents will be 5 mètres (16 feet 5 inches) in length; the index finger will be 2.45 mètres (a trifle over 8 feet) long, with a circumference at the second joint of about 7 feet 6 inches; and the nail of this finger will present a surface about 13 inches by 10. These figures will give some idea of the enormous dimensions of the statue. Those who have a liking for other means of calculation may be interested in knowing that the whole statue (without the pedestal) will overtop the famous Vendôme Column more than nine feet; that in the head forty persons can assemble, and in the torch at least a dozen more. The statue, as is well known, is to be hollow, and is to be literally "built" of plates of hammered copper nine-tenths of an inch in thickness. The method of construction, which is partly to be divined from the drawing, is curious and interesting. The first essential was, of course, the "sketch model" of M. BARTHOLDI, which was what may be called life-size, being 6 feet 7 inches in height. This was the basis of the measurements, which, however, were twice multiplied. It was first magnified four times, and reviewed and remodelled by the artist. It was then divided into sections, which are reproduced four times larger yet, with the greatest possible care. Models in plaster of the final and definitive size are made in the vast yards. The workmen first sketch the general form in frames of wood covered with laths, and re-covered with a coat of plaster. They then verify the principal measurements thus established, and finish the modelling of the surfaces and the details. When a course is finished, joiners take the forms by means of planks cut in *silhouette* to fit the form of the plaster.

These are then so arranged together as to form a species of imprint of the parts to which they have been applied, and make what are technically termed *gabarits*, or wooden moulds, into which the hammerers press the copper sheets by the pressure of levers, or by beating with hammers. The copper is then finished by beating with smaller hammers or rods, outside and inside, to conform closely to the lines of the forms desired, which have been taken in detail by means of sheets of lead pressed upon the model. The workman in doing this part of his task places himself directly before the plaster models, and compares every part as he proceeds with the utmost patience and exactness. This done, the separate pieces are carried to an immense court to be placed together, and fixed upon a powerful frame-work of iron, which supports what may be called the entire envelope of the statue. When the statue is removed for transportation, it will be taken apart in more than 300 pieces. Its entire weight will be some 450,000 pounds, of which over 200,000 pounds will be copper, and the remainder the iron frame-work.

The workshops and yards of Messrs. GAGET, GAUTHIER, & Co. are thrown open to the subscribers to the statue, to witness the process of construction, on Thursdays and Sundays of each week, and the pupils of the School of Fine Arts are also admitted free. Those who are not subscribers can obtain admission by purchasing an engraving of the monument, which is sold for the benefit of the work, in all sizes and states of perfection, from those costing ten cents only to the elaborate representations of the various parts. The place is much frequented, particularly on Sundays, which is the Parisian holiday for all sorts of diversions, from sight-seeing to a revolution. The great yards are a veritable spectacle in themselves, but the motley gathering of visitors is still more of one. The workmen in their caps and blouses are a noticeable element, and occasionally an impromptu orator will address his chance audience with a glowing eulogium of America in terms which the wandering citizen of this happy land does not always recognize as truthful, and sometimes thanks Heaven that they are not. But the impressionable hearers drink in the praises of the ideal republic with eagerness, and reward the speaker with cries of "Vive la Liberté!" "Vive la République Américaine!" The great work of M. BARTHOLDI has, moreover, been carefully inspected by many of the sculptors and engineers of the Continent, and has given rise to much discussion as to its probable stability, as well as its artistic merits. The verdict, on the whole, has been one of approval, and there is no reasonable doubt that when it is securely placed on the pedestal which MR. EVARTS's committee is to prepare, it will be a worthy symbol of the generous sentiment to the expression and perpetuation of which it is consecrated.



FRAME-WORK FOR THE HAND OF BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

ENGLISH ETIQUETTE.

THE etiquette of visiting in the cosmopolitan society of London is complex, and full of pitfalls. We are admonished that visits should always be brief, and that first visits should be returned at the latest within three days. Royalty pays such debts on the same day they are contracted. If on a wet day we can not command a vehicle, we are to withhold our foot from our friend's house: to enter a room with mud-bespattered shoes is a *bêtise*. A decade ago the Countess of ——, in her obliging instructions on etiquette, uttered the dictum that unless you were a person of consideration it would be presumption on your part to set aside a day in each week to receive visitors; but that is all altered nowadays, and in the season almost every lady has her day at home.

The ramifications of card-leaving are too numerous to detail. Cards emanated from the French, but they use them in a less complex fashion than that which is followed by us. Formerly visiting-cards were left by a footman, who on the arrival of his mistress in town made his round to the houses on her visiting list. This custom has been abandoned, and now all cards must be left in person. We are told that the card must be thin, without glaze, and three and a half inches in width by two and a half in depth. A temporary address must be written, not printed. A husband and wife must never have their names printed on the same card, while, on the other hand, a young lady must not have one for her special use: she must be entered below the maternal name. The inner significance of cards is a study to be thoroughly understood by the idle busybodies of society only. To outsiders or mere transient members of gay circles they are a blank. Only the initiated can tell which end to turn down, when the card ought merely to be doubled, or if it be necessary to bend down more than one corner; also how many it is proper to leave under given conditions. But this, as well as all other matters pertaining to the "vast and vague" mystery of cards and card-leaving, is it not written in the book of eclectic observance?

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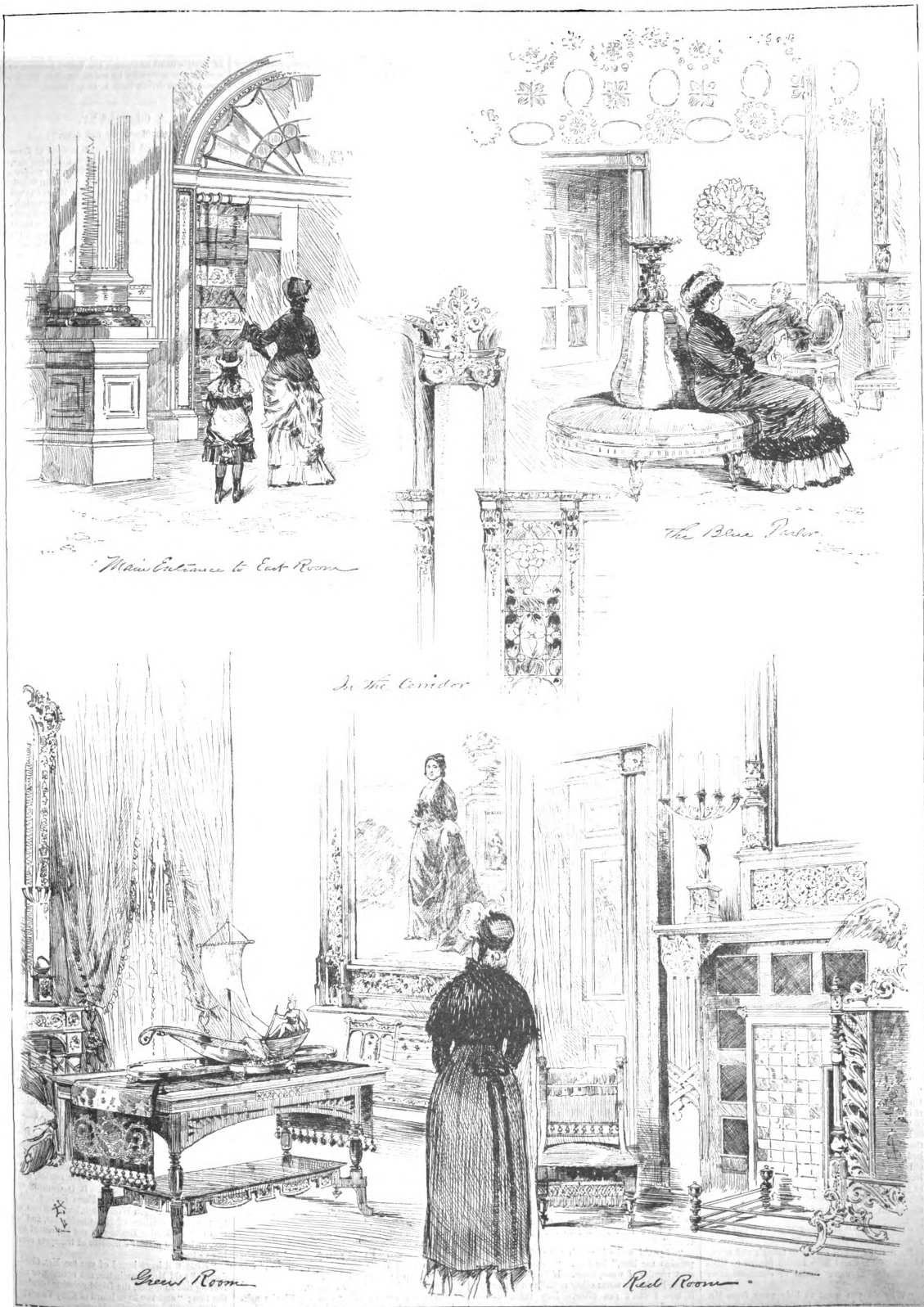

THE NEW DECORATIONS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 11.]

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HAIL, THOU NEW YEAR!

Hail, thou New Year! tho' thou hast come so soon,
I'm hardly willing yet to say good-by
To the old friend who lays aside his crown,
And in the grave of Time lies down to die.
I had grown fond of him, and learned to know
The faults and virtues of the dear Old Year;
He brought me many a comfort, many a joy,
Although—ah, yes—he caused me many a tear.

But for the tears, as often as they flowed,
He gave me peace, he gave me smiles again,
And taught me to look upward to Hope's skies,
And see the rainbow gleaming through the rain.
The dear Old Year! He came as merrily
As thou dost come, just twelve short months ago;
And now, because he has grown old at last,
Shall we forget the faithful life? Ah, no!

Thou art a stranger: what know men of thee?
Thy promises may all be fair and bright;
But many a morning dawning cloudlessly
Has brought a weary day and stormy night.
Well, we will welcome thee, ay, trust thee too;
Thy face is fair and young and glad, and we
Will ask a blessing on thy reign, O king,
Till a new year shall take thy throne from thee.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

THE SECRET OF THE MURDER.

"This is Peter Spikins?" she said, addressing Fladge without moving her head.

"Yes, that's 'ee," said Fladge.

"Asleep?"

"Oh no; wide awake and looking at 'ee," cried Fladge; "he's rare and lively a bit now. Aren't 'ee, Spikins?"

Spikins, with apparent difficulty, winked one eye, and this was evidently intended to convey an answer in the affirmative.

"What do you want with me?" said Miss Brake to the invalid. "What do you think you can tell me that I should be glad to know? See, I am here at your wish."

Mr. Spikins did not appear to be particularly struck by this appeal, or by the honor of Miss Brake's company that evening, after all; or he might be considering whether her address was not a little peremptory, for he did not respond to her, although his eyelashes quivered a little, and the eyes began to open more, and stare at the stained ceiling above his head, as if in rapt admiration of two bloated flies there.

"Dumb?" asked Miss Brake of the younger man.

Fladge croaked forth a feeble little laugh of his old double-knock pattern, and said—

"Oh! he'll talk enough soon; the old 'un takes time to come out of his sleeps—an awful time—always," was the slow, jerky answer, and without looking at his questioner.

"I am in no hurry. I will wait for him," said Miss Brake.

"He won't talk many times longer, anyhow," said Fladge, with a second laugh still less hilarious than the preceding; "he's a main bit weaker—half a corpse, or more, already. Ain't you, Peter?"

Peter winked, or blinked, both eyes now; but that might have been as an expression of dissent on this occasion, for the shaggy white eyebrows were lowered ominously over them.

Fladge took no heed of this, but went on with singular disregard of any feelings which Mr. Spikins might possibly happen to possess.

"The doctor says this is just about the end of him—and time it was. He's been a rare nooscance the last four year or so, they say; and they'll be glad enough when he's stowed away for good. I sha'n't."

"You like him, Fladge?" said the visitor.

"He's been kind to me; he's let me stop here and talk to him, poor old devil," said Fladge, "and hide away from Mr. Woodhatch, and Greg Dorward, and all the rest of 'em over yonder. You know—you know."

"Yes, I know."

"And he's been a-worrying about you, mum—dreadful—all the day. That's why I came over to 'ee, you know."

"I know," echoed Miss Brake again.

"He's not up to much, jest now," said Fladge, "but he'll wake all of a sudden and 'stonish 'ee. Oh! he's a rum 'un—you won't mind him, lady, if he goes it overmuch?"

"What is he thinking about?" she asked.

Fladge looked at Mr. Spikins more intently; then suddenly sprawled full length across the bed, and without the least consideration for the old gentleman's lower limbs, reached out two long arms and caught hold of the patient's lower jaw. Then ensued a mysterious operation of some kind, fully explained after Fladge had resumed his monkey-like attitude round the bed-post.

"Quid wrong," explained Fladge; "jest swollering it—that's all."

Mr. Spikins began slowly to munch and mumble his tobacco, and Miss Brake turned to Reuben Fladge as more genial or communicative company.

"Why do you want to hide away from Mr. Woodhatch?" she asked, in allusion to a previous remark of Reuben's; "he is more likely to be your friend than enemy—is he not?"

"No—not any friend to me. Oh no!—oh no!" cried Fladge.

"You and my brother Morris were dismissed together from the farm?"

"Ay."

"Has he not forgiven that?"

"I don't know. He was main hard on me—he wouldn't hear a word," muttered Fladge, his face falling quickly into shadow.

"He was hard on Morris too; but I do not blame him," said Miss Brake; "he had been deceived by those in whom he had put faith. That makes a man—or woman—very hard indeed."

She stared at the little strong-smelling paraffine lamp upon the table by the side of the basin and tobacco, rather than at Reuben Fladge, and for a moment appeared to have forgotten him. It was only when he broke suddenly into a very husky cough that she looked up again.

"There is something more which makes John Woodhatch hard on you," she said; "I, who know him better than you, am sure enough of that."

"He's awful hard," muttered Fladge.

"You had only to say to him, 'Master, forgive me. I am very sorry. I was only a lad, and led away,' and he would not have left you to sink to this miserable plight," said Miss Brake, earnestly.

Reuben Fladge crossed his arms on the round top of the half-upright bamboo bed-post, and hid his face upon them, leaving only his shock head of hair visible to the visitor.

"Ay—that's true," he muttered, "he might 'a done so once, afore he thought so bad o' me—afore he thought I'd killed your brother Morris."

"John Woodhatch thought you did it?" exclaimed Hester Brake, with new interest.

"Ay, and a good many mair than Mister Woodhatch. I don't know why," moaned Fladge, "except I did not like Morris, after he had got me into trouble, and I said so afore he was found dead by the parson's hoose. That's all. That's all I did."

"Have you seen Mr. Woodhatch since that night?"

"Once. And he told me I'd killed Morris—he was sure of it—and he'd have the law o' me, when he could."

"He said as much as that?"

"He did."

Miss Brake looked intently at Reuben Fladge now, leaning forward to peer more closely into his face.

"Did you quarrel with my brother on the night John Woodhatch was—so hard?" she asked, after a pause.

"Yes. We had words, o' course," replied Fladge.

"And you did not kill him?" she asked, sharply.

"I never had the chance," was the sullen answer, "and you ain't come to hear me say I did."

"What am I here for?"

"To hear me say I didn't, s'elp my God," cried Fladge, with sudden excitement, and beating the palm of his broad brown hand upon the bedstead; "to hear old Spikins there tell you who did," he shrieked; "for he knows, *he knows!*"

Miss Brake paled a little at Reuben Fladge's vehemence now, as at a dangerous lunatic's. She was not prepared for this outburst of passion, she might have been even more overpowered by it had it not been for the last words which had escaped the outcast confronting her.

She turned to the bedridden man and leaned over him.

"You know who killed my brother?"

Mr. Spikins was looking at her now. He shifted with his tongue the plug of tobacco into his cheek, and then said, in a feeble treble,

"Yes—I do."

"And that is why you sent for me?"

Peter Spikins nodded.

"Knowing I have pledged myself to the hunting down of my brother's murderer. Knowing that I shall find him some day, Morris's wife and all the rest of them having failed so miserably. Knowing—"

She stopped as the white, thin lips parted to speak. She would not lose a word, at any moment, which this old man, lying at the point of death, might say to her.

"I don't know anything about you—I don't want to know," he piped forth. "It was Fladge told me you were at Skegs Shore. He's been a-watching you a bit; he's followed you from Boston."

"You have been good to me at times," said Fladge, in explanation; "and you've sent me money. And I wanted 'ee to come to Spikins."

"You are uneasy with this awful secret on your conscience," said Hester Brake, turning to the old man again; "it weighs you down at last."

"No, I ain't a bit uneasy," was the slow reply.

"What then?"

"I'm uneasy as to what's to become of me when Mister Woodhatch dies, or goes away. I'm a wonderful age, lady," he whined out; "but it hasn't left me very strong at present. I'm eighty-nine."

"Eighty-eight," corrected Fladge.

"You're a liar, Fladge; it's eighty-nine."

And then Mr. Spikins calmly and deliberately swore at Reuben for contradicting him until Miss Brake touched one of his folded hands.

"You are too old—too near God's end of it—to blaspheme like this," she said, reprovingly. "You have sent for me to tell me the whole truth."

"If you'll make it worth my while—if you'll pension me like," he said. "So much a week, sent regular, *I* want, mum. If it comes in the lump, Fladge or some other rascal's sure to steal it, now I can't run after. Now these d—— legs—"

"Why have you kept this secret to yourself?" asked Hester Blake; "why for all these years have you been silent, in the name of common honesty?"

"I warn't going to be worried at my time of life."

"There was a reward offered, and you are fond of money," she said.

"Dr. Guswitch said any excitement would kill me; my 'eart's got a flabby haction, he says. And it wasn't bad fun," he added, with a sudden shaking of the shoulders in token of considerable hilarity. "To be a-laying here, a-knowing more than anybody else, and a-keeping it to myself too, so nice and quiet; that's what I liked!"

This was a terrible old man, thought Hester Brake; a wreck from Farm Forlorn indeed, and to whom Farm Forlorn had not done much good, or taught much charity. This was another of the failures John Woodhatch mourned over secretly, she thought.

"Well, Spikins, I will pension you," she said, suddenly.

"Not telling Mister Woodhatch, or I might lose his bit o' money. Not that that's much," he muttered; "it's doled out beastly."

"Not telling Mr. Woodhatch till you die," she answered, with a reserve. "Will that do?"

"Yes, that will do. I sha'n't die yet awhile for all that stupid ass, Fladge, says," he added, maliciously; "he's a soft one, he is. A poor lot, Miss Brake—he mustn't hear a word of it, not he."

"It doan't matter to me who killed him," said Fladge, listlessly.

"Oh! you're not a bit curious, you ain't," said Peter Spikins, now quite conversational and lively and ironical, "but we ain't a-going to trust you. I have often told him old Woodhatch did it, just to aggravate him."

"I knew *that* was a lie," growled Fladge; "I wasn't likely to take that in."

"There's more'n me has said it, though, and there's some as think it too, though you don't," Mr. Spikins remarked.

"Them's fools," said Fladge, in reply.

"You get out a-callin' people fools," croaked Mr. Spikins; "get clean out o' my 'ouse, and wait till the lady comes to you at the top of the level, will you? We've business to arrange, and don't want you."

"All right."

Fladge got off the bedside and, with his hands in his pockets, slouched out bare-headed into the night. Outside the doorway he paused a moment, and then began to run his hardest, as if in pursuit of somebody, coming to a full stop at the bottom of the steps down which Hester Brake had descended some little time since under escort of Greg Dorward. Here he stood and listened, scratched vigorously at his shock head, and then slouched back toward Mr. Spikins's cottage again, encountering at the door Miss Brake, who clutched his arm until he winced again.

"See me to my chaise, Fladge; I am weaker than I thought," she said. "I have tired myself out. I am ill."

Fladge shut the door to keep the night air from the lungs of Mr. Spikins, and then, with Miss Brake leaning heavily upon his arm, walked with her along the narrow, uneven path, and up the steps to the high-road. She did not speak to her guide, only breathed heavily, and once looked up into his stolid face as though she fancied for an instant he had spoken to her. But all excitement had vanished from Reuben Fladge, and all interest in the object of her visit apparently had ceased. He was dull and silent; oppressed, perhaps, by thoughts of his own which had come to him with the night air—possibly offended even at Mr. Spikins's utter want of confidence in him.

They went onward to the chaise thus, where the driver was still sleeping peacefully in the summer air with a late dragon-fly buzzing round his nose, and where the knock-kneed pony, with a voracious appetite, was still plucking his hardest at the grass. The moon was rising from the sea, like Venus, and the stars seemed to have grown very large and bright since she had passed there last. The man was aroused, and glad to see the lady whom he had driven from the lodgings near the "Swan"—glad to jump out of the chaise and assist her into it, and then clamber to his own perch and wait commands to go.

At this juncture Fladge came back to himself, took some money which Hester Brake put into his hand, and muttered in a low, deep voice his thanks.

"He is not mad, Fladge, is he?" she asked in a low, excited whisper.

"He's as right as I am," was the confident reply.

"Oh! as you are," said Hester Brake.

"Has he told you?" asked Reuben, eagerly now.

"Yes."

Then the pony was urged into a trot, and away was borne the woman who had bribed Peter Spikins out of a secret he had kept to himself for five years. She sat very silent and rigid in the basket-chaise, thinking over the revelation of the night; but half-way toward her lodgings she showed she was alive to passing incidents by calling sharply to the driver.

"Stop here. Some one is coming down the road toward us," she said.

The man stopped, and Kitty Vanch advanced swiftly to the side of the chaise, and said,

"Oh! my dear mistress, I was afraid something had happened."

"So there has."

"Not to you—no—"

"No accident. I took advantage of your absence to steal away from home, you see," she said. "Step in and sit by me."

Kitty complied with her request.

"Why were you coming this way?" she asked, clutching hard at the hand of her companion. "Did you think if I were in any danger *it* would be found in this direction?"

"I thought you might have gone to Farm Forlorn."

"Why?"

"I can hardly say," answered Kitty.

"I have not been to the Farm," said the mistress, "but for a drive into the open country. Is it late?"

"Yes; it is getting very late."

"I shall be glad when we are at home," Hester Brake said, wearily; then, retaining the hold of Kitty's hand as though she found comfort, or strength, or sympathy by contact with it, the two women were driven back to Skegs Shore.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GUESTS OF THE FARM.

Miss Brake and Kitty Vanch arrived at Farm Forlorn in the afternoon of the following day, and received a hearty greeting from the proprietor. They were welcome guests, and John Woodhatch showed they were welcome. He was at the gate to receive them—a tall, handsome, gray-haired man, who doffed his hat as he came down the garden path toward them, and looked "mine host" to the life. There was a bright smile upon his face also, that took some of the natural gravity from it, as though John Woodhatch were extra pleased that day—which was true enough, for that matter.

For here was the success of one of his schemes—a long, elaborate plan at which cynics and sceptics had scoffed. Here was a very pleasant and satisfactory end to it—or so close upon the end, with everybody working toward it—that he had reason to congratulate himself already on results, he thought.

"After all these years, John," said Miss Brake, as the farmer assisted her to alight from the chaise, "I come an invited guest to Farm Forlorn."

"Is it my fault you have not come earlier, Hester?" he replied.

"Ah! I am not quite sure of that. I have fancied once or twice you were not too anxious I should come," she said, "and with all your kindness to me, not too pressing in your invitations."

"You're a woman of strange fancies, Hester—and," he added, laughing, "you always were, you know."

"Or you have always said so," she replied, looking up into his face with a smile a little forced—a smile that might have hidden pain almost at something he had implied rather than said. "I have been always eccentric in your estimation."

"I don't say *that*, mind."

"But you think it," she remarked—"just as I think you the most eccentric being I have ever known, and have the courage to say it, too, in your own house."

"Bold woman!" answered John, as he assisted Kitty Vanch to alight. "And see, Kitty, it is with a sharp tongue your mistress attacks me on the threshold of home."

"She will allow no one else to attack you, sir," answered Kitty; "for that I can answer."

"Ah! 'tis well to have a champion," said John, leading the way now with Miss Brake upon his arm—"a friend who will fight for our good names, for our credit's sake, when our backs are turned. They are the best of friends, after all."

"Where is the lover?" asked Miss Brake, suddenly and irrelevantly.

"On his way as fast as a good horse can bear him to his lady-love," said John Woodhatch in reply. "I thought he would get to Bleathorpe and back before your arrival. He will be sorry you have forestalled him."

"Have we come too soon, then?" asked Miss Brake, at this.

"No, my tetchy young woman, you have not," answered the farmer, laughing; "but you said about five o'clock, if my *memory* serves me correctly, and it is now striking four."

"So I am better than my word."

"Yes, and all the better for that," was the dry response.

This half-pleasant banter, indicative of the good feeling existing between Miss Brake and John Woodhatch, lasted the remainder of the way to the farm parlor, which was bright with flowers that breathed a second welcome to them. And standing at the table in a neat brown merino dress, new for the occasion, and to do honor to the new faces which were coming to Skegs Shore, was Mrs. Chadderton, her left hand busy with her snow-white apron, and rolling it up at one corner very nervously, for all the rigid attitude she had assumed.

"This is another friend who fights my battles too, Miss Brake, and of whom you have heard me speak very often; the faithful and true housekeeper of my poor establishment—Mrs. Chadderton."

"Yes, I have heard of Mrs. Chadderton," said Miss Brake, with a distant bow, and taking no notice of a hand half-timidly held toward her by way of friendly greeting. "I hope our intrusion will not trouble you too much?"

"It will not trouble me at all, madam."

Mrs. Chadderton looked at Miss Brake for the first time, and with a stern, grave expression, which might have signified anything, from grim respect to grim defiance. But this was generally Mrs. Chadderton's way; she never smiled, and was not cheerful company. It is doubtful if many people in and around Farm Forlorn, with the exception of John Woodhatch, had been struck by the good qualities of Mrs. Chadderton, and it was certain Hester Brake was not impressed by her, or by the master's flourish of trumpets over her virtues.

"Kitty will have heard of you too, Mrs. Chadderton," said Mr. Woodhatch, not noticing, or affecting not to notice, the frigid greeting between the two; "and you have heard of Kitty Vanch?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Chadderton.

And on this occasion the position was reversed, and it was the housekeeper, erect and stiff, who failed to recognize a little hand which was readily extended toward her, and as quickly drawn back

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again when no sign of reciprocity of feeling was evident.

"Are there any commands?" asked Mrs. Chadderton of Mr. Woodhatch, after this formal reception of the visitors.

"You will show my friends to their rooms, please," said John Woodhatch, almost with a frown at her, one might have thought, and as if in reproof for her demeanor, "and then I dare say an early cup of tea will not be objected to."

"Very well, sir."

Miss Brake, however, sat down in an easy-chair by the open window, and quickly took her bonnet from her head and disengaged a mantle from her shoulders.

"May I feel that this is home, John?" she inquired, "and be unceremonious and at my ease?"

"I dislike ceremony always," said John, "and this is home to you, or I am disappointed."

"I am too tired to go any further," she said; "let me rest here till the evening, please."

"Yes, and as you please."

She held out her bonnet and mantle to Kitty; she could not or would not see Mrs. Chadderton's movement toward the articles, and then she lay back in her chair, sighed, and closed her eyes. She opened them again widely, though, when the housekeeper said, "If you will follow me, Miss Vanch, I will show you to your room," and until the housekeeper and her companion had departed kept her gaze upon them both. When the door was shut behind them she closed her eyes once more, and put one thin hand suddenly upon the bosom of her dress.

"You are unwell to-day," said Woodhatch.

"I do not feel very strong," she murmured; "but then I am like a child in strength. A little always distresses me."

"What has distressed you since I saw you last?" asked the farmer.

"I don't know. I hardly know," she added, as one who would not wholly commit herself to a false statement, and yet was unwilling to offer an explanation to her interlocutor. "The day is very warm, and coming here seems very strange to me."

"Shall I leave you? A little sleep—"

"No, don't leave me directly," she said; "I want to speak to you before they come back. A few words, if you will."

"Certainly."

John Woodhatch drew a chair to the window also, and sat down facing her. She was a fragile woman without her out-door apparel; the folds of her mantle had disguised her extraordinary thinness, as the bonnet, or its trimmings, had given "tone" to the swarthy-skinned, wasted little face, in which two dark eyes were gleaming. Now in her in-door costume, and sitting there with her walking-cane clutched in one transparent hand, she looked ill and weakly enough—one who required great care to make her way in life even as an invalid.

"So that is Mrs. Chadderton?" she said to John Woodhatch.

"Yes, that's she."

"I can't say I admire your choice of housekeeper," she added.

"You don't like her?"

"No, I don't like her," was the slow, thoughtful reply.

"I am not surprised at it, Hester," he said, lightly, "for you do not take to strangers quickly, and your first impressions are *sometimes* deceptive."

"I should not like her if she were to live till doomsday," remarked Miss Brake. "What a cold, hard face it is!"

"Hers has been a cold, hard life."

"Ah, yes; so has been many a poor woman's," answered Hester Brake; "but one need not look like that. Can you trust her?"

"I have trusted her for many years."

"Don't trust her any longer; rather take my warning, and beware of her," she said, in a hasty whisper.

John Woodhatch regarded his visitor with close attention for an instant, then he shrugged his shoulders, got up from his chair, and laughed again.

"You are the most uncharitable person I ever met, with any claim to Christian charity," he said, ironically; "but then you do not always mean what you say, Hester Brake, and so I forgive your hard words."

"I have not asked your forgiveness," she said, abruptly, "and I am not compelled to admire Mrs. Chadderton because you do, John."

"Certainly not."

"Morris never cared for her."

"Very likely, poor fellow."

"He said she was always watching him," continued Hester.

"She is a watchful woman at all times. Why do you quote Morris?" he asked.

"Coming to this house brings back my thoughts of him," she replied.

"Well, you must not be hard or unjust to her because he was," said Woodhatch; "and I want you to take my word that Mrs. Chadderton is a worthy soul."

"You think well of everybody," she said, petulantly; "you are so different from me!"

John Woodhatch moved slowly toward the open French window. "What fine harvest weather this is!" he said. "I must look after my men now, I shall not be very long away."

"One moment more. Whom have I misunderstood—not taken to at first?" she asked, reverting to his former insinuation, as though she set store by his words, or they affected her by their injustice, and were not easily forgotten.

"Lucy Brake," he answered.

"She told you so?"

"Yes."

"She is mistaken. I like her."

"That's well," said John Woodhatch, brightening; "that is how it should be, for the sake of Morris, who loved her very much."

"It is you who are quoting Morris to me now. How is it he is in our minds so much to-day?" she asked. "Is it the visit here, the sad consciousness that he left this house one night to his death?"

"Try and rest for a few minutes," he said, evasively. "I spoke of Morris because you did. I was unwise."

"I will try and rest, then. I am detaining you."

"If you require anything, touch that bell," said Mr. Woodhatch; and he passed out of the window and along the garden ground by way of a short-cut to his fields.

Miss Brake looked round, as if for the bell he had indicated, looked very closely at the furniture of the room now, the pictures and prints upon the wall, the old stone-china on the mantelpiece, the Broadwood Grand, which had remained untouched since Lucy Brake was there last—nearly five years ago—and after this critical inspection she lay back in her chair, a languid, sad-faced woman, to whom life itself seemed a burden to bear.

The house was very still after the departure of John Woodhatch, and she was very tired with her journey. Yesterday there had been great excitement for her, and she had lain "wide awake and staring" all the long night afterward, and in the peace and rest of her new home she could close her eyes and fall asleep. It was far from a peaceful slumber, however, and disturbed even in that bright daytime by strange dreams, if one could judge by a low moaning, as of pain.

A heavy sleep, notwithstanding all this, and from which the opening of the door did not in any way arouse her. Mrs. Chadderton and Kitty Vanch had come into the room together—the former full of attention, despite her stolidity of demeanor, and anxious that the younger visitor should reach the farm parlor again without losing her way along the corridor.

"She is asleep," said Kitty, at first glance of her mistress. "You will not make any noise, please," she added to Mrs. Chadderton; "she has had a very bad night."

"I will take the keys from the cupboard yonder, and go," replied the housekeeper; and having been adjured to caution, she went across the room in so perfectly noiseless a fashion that Kitty marvelled at the process, as she herself crept to a vacant chair opposite Miss Brake.

But Mrs. Chadderton did not go after she had obtained the keys and locked the cupboard—lest her visitors should make free with the contents, perhaps; on the contrary, she came to the back of Kitty's chair in the same ghost-gliding fashion, and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Is she ill?" she asked, in a low voice.

"No; she is only tired."

"She looks like one at death's door," Mrs. Chadderton added. "You should be careful of her, Miss Vanch."

"I hope I am."

"One cares always for what one loves; and you love her very much, I am told."

"Who told you?" she whispered back.

"Mr. Woodhatch has often spoken of her care for you, and of how much you love her in return," she replied.

"Has he? Yes, I love her very much," said Kitty; "she has been everything to me for the last five years of my life, and so God bless her for it."

"God bless her for it," echoed Mrs. Chadderton; and as Kitty looked toward her, she added, "Yes, you ought to say that, I think. What would you have been without her?"

Kitty stared now at the housekeeper, and felt her heart sink even at these words.

"Don't mind me, miss," said the housekeeper, "and don't tell Mr. Woodhatch what I have said. It is a rule here to look away from the past, having lived it down."

"And your past, then?" asked Kitty, wonderingly.

"Was in Bolter's Rents along with *all the rest of them*," she said. "Do you despise me very much for that, Miss Vanch?"

"Heaven forbid! Why should I?" asked Kitty.

"I thought you would not, but I thought I should like to tell you this before any one else did, lest *she*," nodding to Miss Brake, "or Gregory Dorward should set you against me."

"Neither will try to do that," said Kitty, perhaps a little too confidently; "on the contrary, you seemed to despise me—to shrink away from me when I first saw you."

"I was ashamed, or flurried—I don't know which. I—"

"Hush! not so loud; you have awakened her. See!"

But Mrs. Chadderton did not stop to see, but went very swiftly from the room, as if afraid at present to meet Miss Brake's gaze, which, the instant after the door had closed, was fixed upon Kate Vanch.

"Have I been asleep?" she asked. "I did not hear you come in."

"You have been sound asleep," said Kitty.

"Who has just left the room—Mr. Dorward?"

"Mrs. Chadderton."

"Where is she now?"

"She has just left me."

"Come here and listen, Kate," said Miss Brake, with evident excitement.

Kate Vanch crossed to her side, and bent down her head to listen, as commanded.

"I am here to watch her; I have brought you to watch her too, and gain in some way—in any way—if possible, her confidence."

"But your manner when—"

"Yes, yes; I know. I was not prepared," answered Miss Brake, hurriedly. "She will take to you presently; but you must be always on guard too, Kitty, lest she deceive you in your turn. A terrible woman, I am sure."

"I hope not. I think not."

"It is not to be all love-making at Farm Forlorn, remember," said Hester Brake, scornfully; "we are in the house whence Morris was spirited away, and where his death was planned."

"Pray do not think of this, Miss Hester—not at this time."

"This must always be to me a house of shadow," she replied, "and I have always avoided it. But he brings me to it at last."

"John Woodhatch?"

"No. Morris."

"Oh, Miss Hester! Miss Hester!" entreated Kitty, "you will not brood on this again—not now, when there is a prospect of happiness for me. Is it fair?"

Hester Brake rested her thin hand on the soft dark braids of hair inclined toward her.

"Youth is selfish, and love is more selfish than youth—and I have outlived both, Kitty, oh, so long!" she murmured. "There, I will not weary you again yet awhile. I only wished to warn you."

"Of Mrs. Chadderton?"

"Yes. She knows who killed my brother!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VERSE.

THE summer's lovely rose
Much beauty brings, and yet
Its coming wakes a tender thought
Of spring's dead violet;
And many a happy song
In sweetest music set
Recalls, whene'er we hear it sung,
What we would fain forget;
And brightest smiles oft shine
Through eyes with tears still wet—
For there is scarce a joy in life
Unmingled with regret.

WINTER SCENES IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE sketches from the pencil of Mr. GRAHAM printed on page 8 present a strong and interesting contrast to the Southern scenes on the opposite page. The former were made on the northern shore of Lake Superior, and convey in a graphic manner a truthful impression of winter life in that region.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

CHRISTMAS-DAY in New York city in 1882 was noteworthy for the abundance of evergreens displayed, and for the very poor show they made. If the streets and sidewalks had been covered with snow instead of presenting an almost midsummer appearance; if snow blown from the roofs of houses and sifting down upon the projections had embossed their fronts with white; if the lawns in the parks had been buried under snow, and the branches of trees laden with it; if the jingle of sleigh-bells had been heard in the streets—then the unusual abundance of evergreens would have made a pretty contrast with the white, and would have given to the city a very bright appearance.

From observations of the great comet of 1882 Professor Frisby, of the National Observatory at Washington, concludes that its orbit is a very lengthened ellipse, which carries it outward from the sun about ninety times as far as the earth is distant from that luminary. Its period, he calculates, is about 763½ years, and he thinks the comet may be identical with the bright celestial wanderer which was seen 371 years before the Christian era, and again in the year 363. Since the danger of its falling into the sun on this lap, and kindling a blaze hot enough to destroy the earth, is past, none of those now living need borrow trouble in view of its return.

Optimists declare that they saw in the holiday season evidences of the decline of the tin horn as a device put in the mouths of urchins to enable them to express that feeling of peace and good-will which should reign in the hearts of all. The juvenile tin horn is an abomination against which no lover of law and order will ever cease to cry out.

Cats in the service of the government are entitled to a share in its revenues in consideration of the service performed, but their allowances are not enough to warrant such a raid as Mr. Jay Hubbell made on the government cats in the Philadelphia Post-office last fall. It has been ascertained that the "cat fee" allowed by the Washington authorities to one of the largest Post-offices in Central New York is two dollars a quarter. The number of cats employed is not stated. Their duty is to prevent mice and rats from destroying the mails.

The announcement of a new journal, to be edited and published by the patients in the City Asylum for the Insane, on Ward's Island, and to be styled *The Moon*, recalls a similar publication that was edited by lunatics in the State Asylum at Utica some thirty years ago. It was issued monthly, and was called *The Opal*. Its contents ran largely to poetry, a couplet of which has outlived the magazine. It runs:

"Canst thou be the mackerel's queen,
Plighted, blighted Isoline?"

When Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, arrived in Washington recently, the reporters sought to interview him, but the only word they were able to draw from him was the salutation "How!" Apparently he is learning the Yankee method of parrying the interrogations of the interviewer.

In Switzerland, when a policeman finds a person violating a city ordinance, such as driving a cab after dark without a lighted lantern, or shaking a rug from a window overlooking a street, the officer serves the offender with a card setting forth the nature of the offense, and adding: "If you acknowledge yourself to have committed the aforesaid breach of police regulations, you are to pay a fine of —— —— at the police office on —— ——. If you deny your guilt, you are hereby summoned to appear on —— —— at the tribunal of police, where you will have to answer my charge."

Boston will be interested to hear that a wonderful variety of bean is making its way westward from China, which is not only cooked and eaten like other beans, but is made into cheese. Experiments are now making with a view to its acclimatization in the south of France.

Georgia has a calf with hoofs like a mule's; but, as its hind-legs are shorter than its fore-legs, it can never emulate the mule family in that which makes the mule great.

A mountain grouse recently killed in Oregon had expensive tastes. A dollar's worth of gold was found in its crop.

Some of the young gentlemen of New York will be interested at the present time to know that "mashing" is a word of gypsy origin, from *mashâva*, meaning fascination by the eye.

In a notice of HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, the London *Literary World* says that it "keeps up the American reputation for producing 'big things.' This Christmas number is not only the biggest but the best thing that we have seen in connection with illustrated weekly papers. There are some half-dozen or more of full-page engravings, with several smaller pieces, executed with great artistic skill, and printed admirably on fine smooth-faced paper, which it is a pleasure to look at and to handle. . . We advise everybody who can afford to invest in a little of the Christmas literature, which may pleasantly fill up a few spare half-hours in the holidays, not to omit to get HARPER'S CHRISTMAS."

SELECTION.

BROWN (as he is leaving our Art Conversazione, after a rattling scramble in the cloak-room). "Confound it!—got my own hat, after all!"

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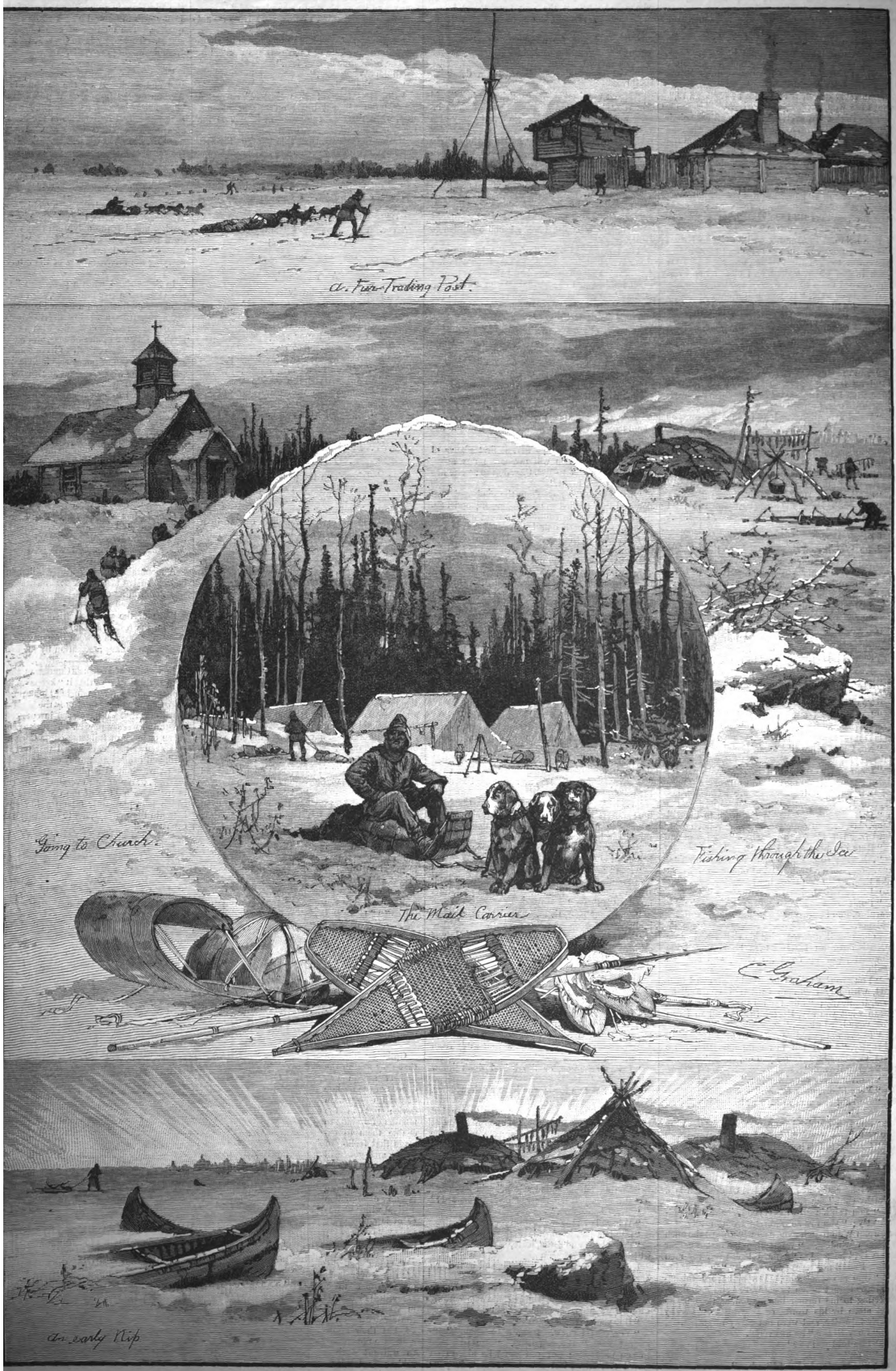

WINTER SCENES IN THE NORTHWEST—NORTHERN SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 7.]

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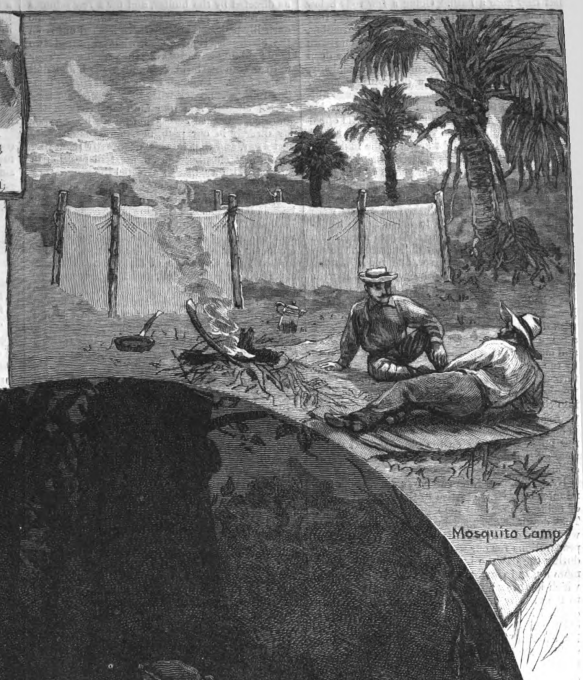


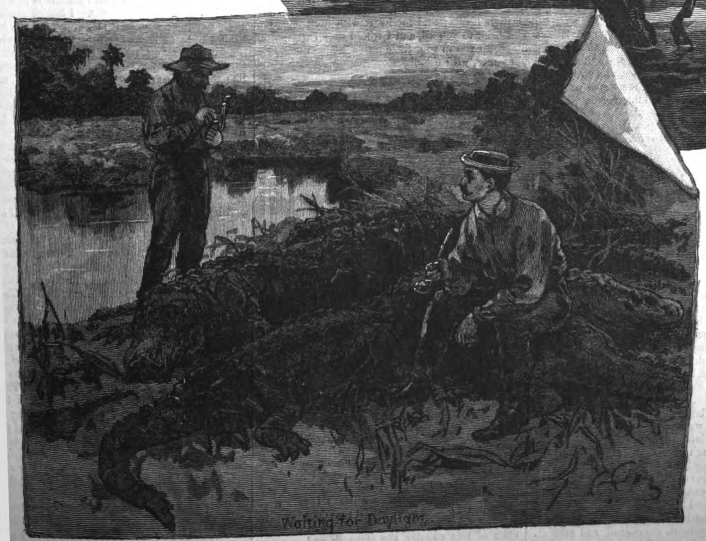
ADVENTURES WITH ALLIGATORS.

LATE one evening last February I sat on the porch of JOHN PIERCE'S hospitable though modest log house at Fort Bassinger, listening to tales of wild frontier life told by my host and his stalwart sons. Fort Bassinger is situated on the west bank of the Kissimmee River, in South Florida, and is, in that direction, the most advanced outpost of civilization, there being no settlers between it and the dread Okeechobee, fifty miles to the south, and but half a dozen along the whole course of the Kissimmee River, two hundred and fifty miles to the north. It is now a fort only in name, though during the Seminole war it was the site of a permanent encampment of troops. At present Fort Bassinger consists of the log dwelling-house and out-buildings owned by JOHN PIERCE, a cattle man, whose wealth lies in the herds which roam the broad prairies of South Florida.

Suddenly, as we talked, the light of a camp fire streamed across the waters of the river a quarter of a mile below the house, and curiosity impelled us to visit the new-comers and inquire concerning them. On reaching the fire we found but one man stretched at length beside it, and patiently watching the roasting of a wild turkey that he had shot some hours before. He was FRANK LEFILS, the best known and most successful alligator-hunter and guide of South Florida. For nearly twelve years he has made this Floridian wilderness his home, and is intimately acquainted with its most hidden secrets. Clad in hunter's garb, and with hair and beard tawny as a lion's mane, and uncut during his years of sojourn in the wilderness, his personal appearance was as picturesque as it was remarkable.

He was bound for the vicinity of Lake Okeechobee, on an alligator hunt, and readily consented that I should accompany him and share his labors; though he warned me that the trip would be arduous, and not devoid of danger.

We started at daybreak next morning, the hunter in a stanch cypress skiff, and I in the light cedar canoe in which I was exploring those southern wilds. All day long we glided down the swift-flowing crooked river, through its monotonous sameness of wide-spread swamps and lagoons of backwater—"dead rivers," they are called—filled with water-lettuce, bonnets, flags, and the terrible razor-edged saw-grass, but seeing no trace of human occupancy, not even the palm-thatched hut of the wandering Seminole. About five o'clock in the afternoon, or "an hour by sun in the evening," as the crackers express it, we reached a small hammock of cabbage-palms, which we decided to make our camping-place and the base of our future operations.



After unloading our boats I made the coffee, boiled the hominy, and fried the bacon and dried venison, which formed our staples of food, over a fire of "cabbage roots," or dry leaf stalks from the palm-trees, while LEFILS erected the mosquito canopies, each supported by four stout stakes, and prepared our beds of palm leaves. These mosquito canopies are indispensable in South Florida, and form a portion of the outfit of every traveler. They are made of cheese-cloth, are generally six feet long, four wide, and three in height, so that in reality they are airy little tents, and afford excellent protection against the heavy night dews as well as against mosquitoes.

After supper, with pipes alight, and stretched at ease on our blankets, with the fire blazing brightly between us, LEFILS and I exchanged anecdotes of hunting adventures, and from him I learned more of alligators and their ways than I had been taught by an experience of months of hunting in Floridian wilds. I shall never forget one of the stories he told me that night. It was of the tragic death of an acquaintance of his, named G——, on the upper Suwanee River. Told with dramatic force by the hunter, with the necessary surroundings of that camp, and the bellowings of the great bull alligators sounding in our ears, it was absolutely blood-curdling.

It seems that G——, who was a powerful man, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, went out bird-hunting with two friends, the party being only armed with shot-guns. On their

ALLIGATOR-HUNTING IN SOUTH FLORIDA.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. SNYDER.

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return, as they crossed the river, one proposed that they take a bath. Going a few rods below the bridge to where there was a deep pool, they took their bath, left the water, and were dressing, when G—— declared that he must have one more plunge. He dived from the bank into the deep water, re-appeared on the surface, and suddenly, with a terrific shriek and a desperate struggle, again disappeared. A moment later a huge alligator rose to the surface, holding the man in his awful jaws, and swam leisurely toward the opposite bank of the river. The monster had seized the swimmer by the right arm and the middle of his body, so that he was perfectly helpless. As poor G—— was thus borne across the river he begged in his agony that if his companions could not save, they would shoot him; but with only their shot-guns loaded with bird-shot they were helpless, and were forced to listen to his heart-rending appeals without the ability to render him the slightest service. They did, however, run up to the bridge, cross the river, and run down the other side, prepared to attack the brute with their knives and clubbed guns. He in the mean time had reached the bank, dragged his whole length out upon it, and lay there for a minute with lifted head, and holding his victim, still alive and struggling, though horribly crushed and mangled, high in the air. Suddenly alarmed by the approach of the men from the bridge, he turned, and with that quickness of motion so wonderful in these ungainly creatures plunged into the river, and with his doomed victim disappeared beneath the surface to rise no more. When the breathless runners reached the spot a few bubbles floating on the blood-stained water were all that was left to tell of the hideous tragedy just enacted.

By daylight our little camp was astir, and a few minutes later was pervaded by the grateful aroma of boiling coffee and the odor of sizzling bacon. That day was occupied in building a hut, which we thatched with palm leaves, and making other preparations for our week's hunt. At odd times during the day the hunter shot a number of cormorants, and caught a quantity of cat-fish, all of which he threw into the river to attract alligators to the vicinity of our camp. He also carefully cleaned his rifles, a beautiful Winchester and an old muzzle-loading Jaeger, upon which he placed his chief reliance, and overhauled his harpoon, making for it a new shaft of tough hickory, and testing every inch of the fine Manila line attached to the iron head. This line, by-the-way, would be easily bitten in twain by the 'gator into whose body the harpoon had been driven were it not for an ingenious device of the hunter, who uses for the last six or eight feet of his line a bunch of strong hempen cords, which slip between the teeth of the animal, and baffle all his efforts at parting them. And, last of all, LEFILS carefully cleaned and trimmed his bull's-eye lantern; for all our hunting was to be what is known as "fire-hunting," and was to be done at night.

At last the sun set, and almost immediately—for there is little twilight in those latitudes—came the darkness which we needed for our work. We ate our supper leisurely, however, and waited until about eight o'clock, "so as to give all the 'gators a chance to get out and be feeding," said the hunter. By that time it seemed to me as though all the alligators in the river were not only "out," but in the vicinity of our camp; for the cormorant and cat-fish bait had done its work, and it appeared little short of suicidal to venture out on the water in the blackness of the night amongst the monsters that we could hear splashing, grunting, and occasionally bellowing like angry bulls, apparently within a few feet of us, and I confess I felt rather "scary" as I took my seat in the stern-sheets of the skiff, and with paddle in hand prepared to send her forth into their midst; but with LEFILS it was a matter of regular business, and he was so collected and matter of fact that I quickly regained confidence. He sat in the bow, rifle in hand, and with the bull's-eye lantern fastened by a leathern thong to his head. As the skiff shot out into the river, under the strokes of my broad-bladed paddle, she seemed to follow a golden path made by the narrow gleam of light, which was so bright and sharply defined that the darkness was like black walls on either side.

We went down stream, and I had not taken a dozen strokes before a sharp "hist" from the hunter caused me to cease paddling, and for a few seconds our boat drifted with the current, as noiselessly as an autumn leaf, down the bright water path. The gleam of his rifle barrel as LEFILS raised it to his shoulder was followed by the sharp report, and a tremendous splashing in the water just ahead of us. But the bullet had done its work surely, and had crashed into the thick skull, plump between the eyes. The alligator sunk; but with the long slender shaft of the harpoon we quickly found him, and the sharp barbed iron was driven deep into his scaly body. A slight effort brought him to the surface, his specific gravity being but little greater than that of water, and in another minute the hunter had dexterously lodged the ungainly carcass in the boat. Within five minutes after the firing of the rifle-shot the harpoon had been detached from the dead body, and we were quietly paddling up stream in search of another. Within an hour two boat-loads of dead alligators, ten in all, had been killed, secured, and deposited on the little bunch of tussocks, about a quarter of a mile below our camp, that had been selected as our skinning ground. Here we pulled them ashore and piled them in a heap to be operated upon the next day, or after they had become "thoroughly dead," as LEFILS said. All this time I had not seen a single alligator until after he had been shot, and was very anxious to "shine" a pair of eyes. So after we had piled our 'gators on the tussocks, the bull's-eye was fastened to my head, and with rifle in hand I took my place in the bow of the boat, and LEFILS took that I had occupied in the stern. As we pulled out into the stream I moved my head slowly from side to side, as directed by the hunter, and for a few minutes saw nothing save the shining pathway among the dark lily-pads. Suddenly there flashed out from the blackness, right ahead, what appeared two lights shining at a great distance from us. They were of a dark lurid red, and glowed like dull coals of fire. I was about to call LEFILS's attention to them, and ask what they were, when they moved slightly, and like an electric shock the knowledge flashed across me that a huge 'gator lay directly in our path, not more than twenty feet away, and that he was steadfastly regarding us, without showing the slightest disposition to move. With a "hist" I arrested the progress of the boat, but not until she had drifted so close to the great motionless brute that the end of my rifle barrel almost touched the glowing eyes as I aimed between them and pulled the trigger. The report was followed by such a terrible lashing of the water under our bows that as the boat was swiftly backed from the scene of disturbance she was tossed like a cockle-shell, and I experienced the same sensation as when, years before, I had been forced to sit quietly in the stern-sheets of a boat from which a keen-edged lance had just sent a monster whale into his death flurry.

As we lay beyond the sweep of the terrible tail, watching the death struggle of the huge reptile, LEFILS said, disapprovingly: "That was a bad shot. You fired too quick. You didn't kill him half dead enough." It was very evident that I had not "killed him dead enough"; but his motions were so rapid and the light so uncertain that I had no chance to complete the deadening by another shot, and we were forced to wait patiently until he should become exhausted by his struggles. He did not attempt to move from the place in which we had found him, but circled round and round, now raising his horrid head high into the air, and then lashing the water into a turbid foam with his powerful tail. This state of affairs lasted for ten or fifteen minutes, and then the great reptile sank out of sight, and a few ripples only marked the scene of the recent commotion.

"We can't afford to lose him; he's too big," said the hunter as he picked up his harpoon, and we again exchanged places. A few minutes careful feeling among the bonnet roots, and then the barbed iron was driven downward with the full force of the sinewy arm, and as I backed the boat, LEFILS seized his rifle. At the same instant there was a rush through the water, and by the light of the bull's-eye, which still remained on my head, I had a vision of wide-open jaws and gleaming teeth. Just as they were about to close upon me, or so it seemed, there came a shot, a rending of wood, and I found myself struggling in the dark waters of the river, the lantern extinguished, and everything shrouded in deepest blackness. As I stood irresolute in water up to my shoulders, a vigorous stream of the most unique oaths from out of the darkness indicated the presence of the 'gator-hunter. I found that he still held his rifle in his hand, and as his cartridges were water-proof, our predicament was not so alarming nor our loss as serious as had at first appeared. But we were forced to wait until daylight before attempting the recovery of our boat. We waded to the bank, and found ourselves on the tussocks in company with our victims of the earlier hours of our hunt. Although they were supposed to be dead 'gators, and had been left there as such, several of them showed such unmistakable signs of life as we left the river and crawled out amongst them that they had to be "killed again," as LEFILS said. He did not waste ammunition on them, but killed them with his hunting-knife, in each case reaching across the animal, and driving the long knife into the body just back of the fore-shoulder. The "why" of this method of procedure was so evident that no questions nor explanations were needed, for the instant the alligator felt the knife, he struck so savagely in the direction from which he supposed the blow to have come, with both head and tail, that had the hunter stood on that side he would have received serious if not fatal injury. Having thus effectually quieted our companions in this our enforced lodging-place, we seated ourselves on one of the scaly bodies, and prepared to pass the hours until daylight as comfortably as possible. The tobacco and matches in my water-proof pouch proved of inestimable value, and in the glowing bowls of our pipes we found a source of cheerfulness which even our wet garments, made colder and wetter by the damp night breeze, could not extinguish. We also succeeded in relighting the bull's-eye lantern, which was very fortunate, for by its light we discovered and killed a number of venomous water-moccasins which had invaded the tussocks, probably only on speculative visits of inquiry, but possibly with murderous intent. I am not sure, however, that they were not attracted by the light, for in all my six months' experience of camp life in Florida I have never been troubled by snakes, and doubt very much if they will, unprovoked, attack a man. Our light also attracted several alligators, whose curiosity was repaid by bullets, and whose dead bodies we obtained next day. Had it not been for the clouds of mosquitoes that enveloped us, our night with the 'gators would have been comparatively comfortable, but they drove us to the verge of insanity, and the first streaks of dawn were hailed with delight.

As soon as it became sufficiently light for us to pick our way, we succeeded, partly by wading and partly by swimming, in regaining our camp, where our thorough enjoyment of dry clothes, hot coffee, and a hearty breakfast almost compensated for the discomforts and dangers of the preceding hours. In my canoe we repaired to the scene of our disaster, and found our enemy of the night before floating on his back, his white belly glistening in the sunlight, stone-dead, and still attached to the sunken skiff by the line, of which one end was fast to the harpoon in his body and the other to the bow of the boat. It seems that when he made his final rush at us LEFILS had fired a ball down the yawning chasm of his throat, and that in his death agony the alligator had seized the side of the boat, and torn it off from stem to stern. We dragged him up on the tussocks, and measured him, finding him to be within an inch of thirteen feet long. Although during that week we killed one hundred and twenty alligators, no one of them equalled him in size, nor did we have any serious trouble with any other during the hunt.

After eight days' hard work we abandoned our comfortable camp, and with heavily laden boats turned our faces up the river toward Fort Bassinger and the civilization which lay beyond.

FRESCOES.*

BY OUIDA.

PART I.—(*Continued.*)

Lady Hermione Latrobe, Milton, Ernest, Berks, to her Sister, Lady Dorothy Latrobe, The Cloisters, by Chesterfield, Derbyshire:

"MY DEAR DOLL,—There is quite too lovely a creature here, a Roman; Esmée has got him over to do the ball-room. You never saw anything so handsome; he is like a picture. And to think we were in Rome all winter, and never saw him! He is entirely *farouche*, and by so much the more fetching. He locks himself up in the ball-room—he is doing frescoes there; and if we happen to meet him in the woods or anywhere, he bows and runs away. He seems to think us a set of wild animals. I got Esmée to send for him the other evening, but he wouldn't show. It is too tiresome. Tabby says we all are too ready to treat him as if he were a gentleman; but I assure you he looks like one, and artists nowadays go everywhere, and actors too, and at the Duke's, last week, there were two of them, and all they thought about was mussel-dredging down in the bay. It's dull down here, on account of Tabby; she's such a grim old cat; but Esmée's awfully sweet and precious, and I wish you'd come; and Henry Hollys, I think, is coming, and he is always good fun, though he scolds. Last night, as the Roman wouldn't come to us, Esmée had five-o'clock tea taken into the ball-room; he couldn't run away, and he was *charming;* told us such delicious Italian stories, and sang such lovely Italian songs, just, you know, as we heard them sing going by in the moonlight in Naples, four or five of them, with their guitars, don't you remember? And then he sketched us all, and gave us the sketches; and I wished he had wanted to keep mine, but I dare say he can do me from memory. I thought Italians were always so courteous, but he isn't one bit: he says awfully rude things, and Esmée got quite angry; but he has a pretty way of saying them too. He seemed glad when we went away, and I heard him lock the door again while we were still in the corridor. He is to be here a whole year, all by himself in the winter; but winter's a long way off; Esmée will go to Cannes, and means to have the *Glaucus* to cruise about in. If she asks me to go with her, I shall.

"Your affectionate HERMIE."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Evellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"The days go on the same with me, my honored and dear friend. My work progresses as well as the uncertainty of the weather will permit; I have contented myself with six of the cartoons necessary: the remaining twelve are still in a vague, incomplete state. When I shut my eyes I see our little village, its oak and chestnut woods, its crags of gray marble and red porphyry, its strips of maize, and narrow ledges of pumpkins, and beans that need such coaxing to grow up on high upon the rocks; I see the bright, brown buxom maidens with their breasts heaving under their linen bodices, and the earthen jar balanced on their heads; and my heart with my thoughts flies back to you all, and I would that I were sitting with you in your little porch, under the great pine-trees, with the night coming on, so violet, so silvery, so clear and bright, with the glow-worms shining like little stars under the cabbage and pumpkin leaves. If I had only enough to live on, without being a charge to you, never would I have been thoughtless enough to leave our sweet silent Sabine hills.

"I find the luxury of this place grow oppressive to me: these endless carpets, that muffle every sound; these endless servants, who anticipate every simplest wish or act; these interminable meals, which need the appetite of Gargantua; this perpetual panorama of idle people, who are always changing, and yet look to me always the same—for there is such a likeness and sameness in fashion!—of all these I grow sick and impatient. One may lock one's self up alone as one will, there is no escaping the influence of the atmosphere of a house. A house has its moral atmosphere as a city has. Then the climate has a great heaviness in it. I feel only half awake; I am not myself without the full sunlight. And these eternal clouds are not grand, as our tempest clouds are; broken through with shafts of light, hurled by the wind, piled one on another in masses like mountain-crests, taking at evening on them, when the storm is spent, a pomp of color, a glory unutterable. No; they are more like great dusky feather-beds; indeed, I hear they are called wool-packs by the country people: they merely present a monotonous, uninteresting expanse of vapor: and as for a sunset, I have not seen one since I saw Civita Vecchia fade away in the evening glow. You will say I have nostaglia! Of course I have; but that does not prevent me from appreciating the rich and pastoral calm of this country, the strength and courage and good-humor of the people, the cleanliness of their homes, and the excellence of their agriculture. If we could transplant some of these qualities into Italy, in especial the cleanliness, we should truly have a paradise. I am ungrateful to murmur at my exile, for I have that greatest of all blessings, work that is sympathetic and delightful to me.

"After a few attempts at suggestion and interference on the part of my employer, which I rejected more peremptorily than was perhaps polite or politic, she has left me entirely to my own choice of theme and treatment. I imagine her cousin has written to her that I am an intractable. I have been here three months now: all this time there has been a constant succession of visitors; but these of course do not affect my own life: I have no more to do with them than if I were in the moon. They have, or rather she has, however, made a custom of coming into the ball-room for their six-o'clock tea, whenever they are in the house at that hour, and there have been several rainy afternoons. I can not be churlish; she is distinctly in her own right. Hearing that I am something of a musician, she has had an Erard placed in the big bare room for my use: I can not, of course, refuse to play to her when she comes. Indeed, I confess these afternoon hours break the monotony of my days, and I find myself stupidly disappointed when they are all out riding or driving, or playing their lawn tennis, which is a boisterous, meaningless game that I do not admire, when I chance to cross their court as I walk in the gardens. She has ceased to complain of the frescoes being slowly executed; I think she begins to take interest in seeing the blank plaster bloom like the rose.

"I have had some charming fair children out of the village as models; but they are *only* fair; they have no soul in their round blue eyes, and I could only model their little healthy bodies and well-fed white limbs: their faces said nothing. Now Italian children have the whole Inferno and Paradiso in their wonderful eyes: why is it? They have no soul *in* them; or at least they will sell any they have for a copper centime to buy salt fish or a tomato. But the look is there, and it is not here. Is it because we have so much tragedy in our blood, in our soil? or is it because the Italian mothers still croon strophes of Tasso and Metastasio over the sleeping babies? The English mothers certainly do not sing snatches of Shakspeare or Herrick over the cradles of these pretty, flaxen, pink-cheeked creatures.

"I have been translating Tasso, impromptu, into French, to miladi and her ladies; it seems poor stuff in Gallic dress, yet something of its spirit and sweetness seems to reach them. As I read to them by one of the great windows of what they call my prison-house, with the green lawns and huge cedars outside, and these lovely women around me, I must look like a story-teller of the Decamerone, and I believe that the grim dowager-grandmother disapproves of me. She has no power, however, to make the rod of her displeasure felt, for miladi is her own mistress, and having passed her majority, owes obedience to none. I imagine she was spoiled all her life. She expects impossibilities, and can be both insolent and capricious. Yet I think her nature is good, though so incrusted with the habit of the world that the actual heart in her can seldom beat as it might do.

"There is here, at this moment, a certain Duke of Kingslynn, who is one of her multitude of distant cousins, and with whom it is desired by her world in general that she should marry herself. He is a good-natured, amiable young man, whom she calls Vic., and torments incessantly; he has a certain simple dignity which makes him look manly when she teases him, but he is not her equal in intelligence, and if she take him it will only be because she wishes to be Duchess of Kingslynn, and they will both be extremely sorry for the step all their lives long, even if nothing worse ensue. I wish I could set her before you with any sort of distinctness. I inclose another sketch of her; I made it last evening. She had been riding, and got down at the foot of what they call the yew terrace, and I was standing there, as the terrace is just outside the ball-room. She took off the little melon-hat she wore, and leaned against the balustrade, and talked a little while. The redness of sunset was shining beyond the heavy boughs of the yews; it touched her hair with its warmth, and made her eyes look quite soft. I shall make a large picture from the sketch when all this is over, and I am back in Florinella, and ask myself if it be not a dream that ever I painted frescoes in England. I dare say she will have married 'Vic.' by that time, and have begun to break his heart and spoil his temper.

"She and those she calls her house party came to the ball-room last afternoon. I can not always lock out the mistress of it, and was forced to open the door, with some reluctance I confess. There was a quantity of people, male and female. They talked English, of which, of course, I understood nothing. I wished I had had an Italian with me to have been able to return them their bad manners in kind. Bad manners seem to me the rôle of these English patricians. I threw my cigar away when they entered, but the men, and one or two of the women, smoked the whole time. They had tea brought them, and the men drank the most horrible compound, produced by mixing together brandy and a kind of soda-water, and the women ate an incredible quantity of all kinds of hot cakes, sweet cakes, candied fruits, chocolates, and sugared dainties, and I knew that their dinner bell would ring at eight! I wonder that they do not all die of indigestion.

"When they at last remembered my existence, they spoke to me in French. Then I confess a silly demon of vanity entered into me. I perceived they thought me of no more account than one of my lay figures; and I said to myself, "Leonis Renzo, at the Greeco and in Paris they have always said you could talk: try now, and

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see if you can not make these soda-water drinkers look stupid.' So I did try. French seemed to them all the same thing as English, except to a very dull being called Lord Colchester, who has a glass screwed in his eye. I exerted myself to entertain them, and succeeded; soon I had the pleasure to see that the cake-eaters paid no more attention to the soda-water drinkers. I told them stories; I sang them songs, for I had my old lute in the room; I played them a concerto of Schubert, and some of the *Mose in Egitto*. Then I permitted myself to satirize them, and the only drawback to this diversion was that they were too stupid to be easily stung. Only miladi—my patroness—got angry, and defended her order and their ways of life, which I confess appear to me to be of a silliness and a selfishness that are degrading in view of the immense interests that the world contains. *Basta!* I had my turn, and used it. They staid till their dressing-bell rung, and they no more regarded me as a lay figure. Just before they left me I spoke at some length, in Latin, to a man whom they call Bertie, who appears a scholar and a good critic of art. He looked surprised, but he answered me in the same tongue. Miladi called out, 'Oh! you must not speak Latin, you know we don't know it!' 'Miladi,' I said to her, 'you know it as well as I know your English.' At that she was a little conscience-stricken and ashamed. 'A very good lesson, neatly given,' said this gentleman whom they called Bertie, to me.

"I hope they will not take the habit of having their tea here; it is not good to get angry, and it deprives me of the sunset hours' light, and there is so little light in this country at the best of times! Dear and reverend Father in God, I salute you lovingly."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"I should be only too delighted to come over, as you so kindly propose; but there is not a ghost of a chance of my getting away till September, and I shall hardly get ten days then. You know I am left in charge, and the dear chief won't be back from his stag-hunting till November. It is awfully hot and fearfully dull. I make a *scappata* to the villas of friends, and sleep very often up at Frascati or Tivoli, or down at Palo at Odescalchi's place; but one can't get out of the leaden weight of the intolerable heat unless one goes fairly off up into the mountains, and I can't leave the Chancellerie long enough to do that: there are complications, and the Chambers may re-assemble any moment. By-the-way, you have not mentioned either Renzo or the frescoes for ages: this strikes me as much more ominous than if you indited me reams in his praise. Have you already wholly destroyed him? Has he taken an overdose of chloral in despair, and been interred under the yews of Milton Ernest? If you do not answer me, I shall write and ask your grandmother. I shall have the truth from *her*."

Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"You will have the truth, my dear Harry, from me, though your absurdity scarcely deserves it. Your *envoi* is perfectly well, and the walls are getting covered, in outline, he calls it, for the most part; but it looks very well, and will have a very good effect. The music gallery he proposes to do in *graffiti*, whatever that may be; but I have obeyed you to the letter, and never interfered with him. He is left entirely to his own devices; he thinks lawn tennis ungraceful and senseless, so he can't be asked even to join in that. Now and then, once a week perhaps, we visit the ball-room; and then he sings a little, or plays, or reads some Italian poem very nicely. He really does sing very well; I wonder he didn't go on the stage like Capoul. Vic. has taken quite a fancy to him, which is droll enough, for they can't say more than six words to each other. You know Vic.'s Eton French, which ought to be so good, but isn't, and only just lets him understand naughty operettas and order supper at Bignon's. Nobody knew he could ride; but the other day, just as all the horses came round, Souchong (you remember her?) got loose and tore away. He was in the home wood as Souchong dashed through it, and he actually stopped her, mounted her, and after she had torn away with him, literally over bush and brier, for three miles, got her well in hand, and brought her in as quiet as a lamb, just when we all supposed she had broken her back in a ditch."

Mr. Hollys (on a post-card):

"Charming lady's hack, Souchong; but who was the hero? Surely you knew Vic. could ride?"

Lady Charterys (on a post-card):

"Who was to suppose an Italian could ride? I thought they were like Frenchmen."

Mr. Hollys (on a post-card):

"Forgive my stupidity; I stand corrected. Correct, in return, your narrow insular prejudices. Italians can ride, but they won't, as a rule, feed their horses. As for Frenchmen—ever been to the Chantilly hunt, or seen 'em go after boars in Ardennes? It is very generous of Vic. to like the *dompteur* of Souchong."

Lady Charterys (on a post-card):

"I am afraid the heat makes you dream strange things. Souchong isn't the least bit *domptée*, and is quite as ready to bite her groom and kick her loose box into splinters as ever she was."

Mr. Hollys (on a post-card):

"Only one word more: Do you mean to go to Cowes *as usual—or—not?*"

Lady Charterys (on a post-card):

"Why on earth do you underline such a simple inquiry? No; I do not; because the *Glaucus* is being recoppered, and I want her in the winter."

Mr. Hollys (on a post-card):

"Thanks: I could have predicted the answer. In winter will you want the *Glaucus's* cabin done in *graffito?* I have just seen the man I *ought* to have sent for the ball-room: he is sixty-eight, decorated, diploma'd, a 'professore,' an 'alunno' of a thousand artistic societies, and an ass; but if the frescoes would have suffered, at least their designer would not, and I am quite sure he would not have translated Tasso or done Mazeppa on Souchong. But one is always wise too late."

Lady Charterys (on a post-card):

"I have sent a paragraph to the society papers to inform the world of the distressing fact that the Hon. H. Hollys, so well known, etc., etc., etc., has gone mad in consequence of a severe sunstroke incurred in the discharge of his diplomatic duties in Rome."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Duke of Kingslynn, Milton Ernest:

"DEAR VIC.,—You know you have my very best wishes, but what can I do? I never had much influence over her, and at a distance I have none. If I wrote to her urging your desires she would probably be utterly set against you: women are 'kittle cattle,' and she more 'kittle' than most. I am quite sure she has great regard for you, and I don't think anybody would be as good a husband for her as yourself, setting altogether aside the tremendous advantages that have made you the hope of Belgravia ever since you left the Eton Eight. You will acquit me of any such snobbish meaning. It is your loyalty of nature, your honesty of purpose, your knowledge of her character, and your own sweet and patient temper which would make of you so good a companion of her life. But if you feel she doesn't care for you, do not give her the chance of making you wretched. Esmée is a woman who if she loved a man might be made anything of by him; but if she have only for you a good-natured, indifferent, friendly regard, then—then, my dear Vic., cut your heart out with a knife now rather than spoil all your glorious future by wedding yourself to eternal disappointment, carking jealousy, and perfectly useless devotion. I have said my say, and you must do as you please. I wish you would tell me one thing: have I done any harm by sending Renzo over to Milton Ernest? I thought she might bother him in his painting, but it never occurred to me that she would notice the man any more than she does the doctor or the curate. To be sure, I underrated the attraction of a perfectly regular profile and eyes of onyx."

The Duke of Kingslynn, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"No; I don't think there's anything of that sort with the Italian fellow. He seems wrapped up in his painting. I like him myself. Though he is tremendously good-looking, he is neither a fool nor a flirt. He seems an awfully proud beggar, and keeps out of our way as much as he can. I think he is down on his luck: I suppose you know all about him. I should hope she'd as soon think of the groom. I mean to try, despite all you say, though I dare say you are right. She doesn't care much for me, but then if she don't care for anybody else we shall get along. I can't put it in good language, nor look at her as the Italian fellow does when he reads 'em Tasso, but I would do anything in the world for her, and I don't believe there's another woman in the world like her. If she's got any faults I don't see 'em; she may treat me like dirty boots if she likes, I shall love her as long as I live."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Duke of Kingslynn, Milton Ernest:

"The true thing, my dear Vic., but women never care for it, and they do treat it like dirty boots; and I'm afraid they prefer to be treated like dirty boots themselves—odd taste, but they are made so. I have heard much of the acute vision of love; but love has always seemed to me to be as blind as ten thousand bats, and yours is no exception in cecity. However, God bless you, dear lad; go in and win if you can."

The Duke of Kingslynn, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome (telegraphs):

"I've had my innings, and I've made the duck's egg. She won't hear of it for a minute. I shall go and pot elephants. I am now off. Write me at London."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Duke of Kingslynn, Guards Club, London (telegraphs):

"So awfully sorry. Don't go to Africa; you don't want knife-handles. Go to Benderrick or Glenlochrie, and I will try and run over to you for a week up there."

The Duke of Kingslynn, Guards Club, London, to Mr. Hollys, Rome (telegraphs):

"Very well. Young birds very strong this year. It's no more the Roman than it's the stable-boy. You are a good fellow, for you don't say 'I told you so.' Come to Glenlochrie."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco (writes):

"I have received yours with delight and gratitude, dear Father. I am concerned poor Tessa's son has drawn a bad number; conscription is hard on men, but harder still on women. All the news of Florinella is charming to me. When I read your lines I hear the cicala boom, the maize stalks rustle, the *chiu* hoot; I smell the wild honeysuckle hedges, and the lemon flowers, and the dewy summer dawns; when I go into the conservatories here I think I am walking in the Italian fields at sunrise in mid-June. Miladi is almost alone in the house now; her guests are gone, with the exception of a pretty child called the Lady Hermione, and of course the stately grandmamma. The young Duke has been refused by miladi, so the head gardener tells me, who talks French well, and I have won his heart by suggesting to him your simple cure for his vines, which are afflicted in their hot-houses with what we call *crittommia*. It is certain the young Duke is gone. He behaved like a true gentleman to me; but he would never have suited miladi, who laughed at him, and plagued him, and plainly thought him a simpleton, which I do not think he was, though he had that awkward manner and clipped, bald speech which seems to characterize these young men of rank so far as I can judge by what I have seen in this house.

"Miladi and the young Hermione still come and have their tea in the ball-room, and they are beginning really to understand something of Tasso. Miladi has a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, but I do not like the way she has been taught to *sing*: it is too florid and not sufficiently accurate. She lets me correct her with great good-humor, and I teach her to use my old mandoline. These lessons, however, will not last much longer, for she is going away on a round of visits to grand houses; she says there is nothing so tiresome. It seems it is the shooting season in Scotland already, and she is going there first, and she says the men are all out after game the whole day, and stupid as sheep or as stones from fatigue all the evening. These very great people seem to me to create for themselves a very vast number of tiresome duties. They all hate what they are doing, and yet they all continue to do it. If I were one of them I should surprise them by leading my own life.

"Could you post to me that large sketch-book full of my illustrations to the 'Morgante Maggiore' which I did when I was quite a youth? Miladi would like to see it. She has been much amused with the poem, which of course I put into decent dress for presentation to a lady. I have been telling her how our peasantry still make dramas of these old poems, and play them on our hills, with no scenery save nature's. She is not hard to interest when her fancy is taken; she has mind, too, only it is frittered away. I confess I am touched by the change there has come in her since she repented of wounding me about the dress clothes. She is full of delicacy and courtesy. She can not altogether alter the certain *brusquerie* of her manner which seems natural to her, but she tempers it. She does not in any way resent home truths that I venture to tell her, and she seems now to be mortified at her own ignorance of artistic and intellectual matters, whereas at first she was proud of it. Her education has evidently been much neglected, though she tells me that from four years old to seventeen she was in the hands of governesses of all nations, and crammed with all manner of science she calls rubbish. At seventeen she went into the world, and all her studies were over. That is five years ago.

"She listens with great pleasure whenever I speak of you, and tell her of your vast attainments, your infinite goodness, and of the home that you have made so dear to me in that little hermitage-like house of yours, with dear old Marta to scold me if I let the chickens get amongst the flower beds, or the thrushes steal the olives. When shall I see the dear little whitewashed presbytery again?

"I am now painting Hylas drawn down into the water by the nymphs. I have no fit model for Hylas; I must go to my memory of the slender-limbed brown lads plunging in our hill streams for fish. To give the night, too, the beautiful night that mariners love, I must go also to my home memories. The moon seems to me always to dwindle when she rises here. The stars, when they are visible, which is but two nights out of five, seem pale and small. Oh, to see once more Venus burning with her translucent light above the dark brows of Soracte or the snows of the Leonessa!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW DECORATIONS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE interior of the White House has been of a cold and gloomy aspect, unrelieved by the timid and tentative attempts of successive Presidents' wives to enliven it, until about two months ago, when Mr. LOUIS C. TIFFANY'S society of "Associated Artists" was employed to decorate some of the rooms upon the ground-floor.

As it may be necessary to inform many of our readers, the ground-floor of the White House consists of a vestibule entered from the portico on the northern front, which gives access to a corridor running transversely, that is, the long way of the mansion. The vestibule is 50 by 30 feet, the corridor 80 by 23. The wall separating the two is pierced with three large segment-headed arches occupying the whole length of the vestibule, and fitted with doors. The corridor terminates at one end in the great East Room, at the other in the conservatory. Directly across it, from the centre of the vestibule, is the oval Blue Room, at the left of this the Green Room, at the right the Red Room, and at the right of this again, being the southwest corner of the house, the state dining-room.

The work done by the artists, with the exception of a new carpet chosen for the great EAST ROOM, has been confined to the decoration in color of the corridor, the Blue Room, the Red Room, and the state dining-room, the Green Room having been refurnished last year under the direction of MRS. GARFIELD. The designs for this later work were furnished and the execution directed by MR. H. M. LAWRENCE.

Perhaps the most striking and original of the decorations is the screen which fills the arcade between the corridor and the vestibule. This is now a glass mosaic of varying but symmetrical patterns, composed of sheets of opalescent glass incrusted with vitreous jewels of topaz and ruby and amethyst. These are arranged in rectangular patterns in the side arches, while the centre of the central arch is occupied with a great oval composition of mosaic of yet more vivid and luminous colors. There is a quaint suggestion of symbolism in the four eagles which surround this, and the rough monogram "U. S." which appears here and there in opalescent glass; but these are quite incidental, and the motive of the work is purely decorative, and aims at a harmonious and sparkling arrangement of rich color. The treatment of the leading, which is convex, and the surface of which is tinned, is everywhere an integral part of the composition. The screen is always well lighted—from without by day, and from within by night—and the "wrong side," which is without interest in ordinary glass-work, is here an interesting design in color, although of course the translucency of the material is always necessary to its full effect.

The inner wall of the corridor, opposite this jewelled screen, has been tinted a pale olive, as a suitable background to the historical portraits that hang upon it. Two niches which occur in it have been gilded, and in place of the statues for which the niches were originally designed, but which have not been supplied, vases of growing plants are to occupy their pedestals. The frieze of this corridor, which is bounded by a belt of open India brass-work standing out from a background of strong colors, is in tones of pale yellow and gold laid in stencilled patterns. The ceiling is divided by bands of color into five compartments, and is decorated in gold and silver and brass work on a field of pale color.

The time-honored names of the Blue Room and the Red Room have furnished the motives for their decoration. They have been left as they were found in all details of form, except that a wooden mantel has been added to the latter, while the white marble mantel of the Blue Room has been inlaid with opalescent tiles framed in silver. The ellipse of this room projects beyond the southern wall of the house, and it is in this projection that the three large windows that light the room occur. The blue of the walls is of a light greenish tint, intermediate to the deep blue of the carpet and the still paler and more silvery tint of the ceiling, produced by the use in oval patterns of very light bluish-gray and silver. The frieze is a band some three feet wide, or rather not a band, for the pale blue and silver of its decoration merge without an emphatic separation into the plain tint of the wall. The curtains and the furniture are of blue silk canvas, a new material in upholstery, and assist the extremely light and bright aspect the artist has endeavored to give it. On each side of the chimney-piece, and at corresponding points in the opposite wall, are superb sconces, each a diamond-shaped mosaic of glass jewels, some three feet in diameter, set flat against the wall, from the centre of which radiate the eight arms of a polished brass candelabrum.

The chimney-piece of the Red Room is a monumental piece of wood-work in cherry, stained a deep amaranthine red. The reeded columns at each end, wound with ribbons, have a somewhat fanciful resemblance to Roman fasces, and a belt of carving crosses under the shelf. Around the hearth is an inlay of tiles in changeful tints of brown and amber and brown-red. Above the mantel, and projecting from the wall, is an oblong mosaic of glass. The wood-work is painted a dark brown. The dado is of a brownish-crimson, and is separated by a slight moulding from the wall field of Pompeiian red. This is an unbroken color, and is separated by another moulding from the richly decorated frieze, three feet in width, the tone of which is a lighter and more tawny red. The cornice and the centre-piece of the ceiling are of a golden tint, with stencilled decoration in gold-leaf. The ceiling is profusely decorated in stars, with gold and copper-and-gold color, and there is some suggestion in these of the stars of the flag—a suggestion which is heightened by the suggestion of its stripes in the border of the ceiling.

The state dining-room is in tones of yellow, the walls a brownish-yellow, the broad frieze stencilled in three or four colors, of which the resultant tint is like that of the wall, but lighter and more positively yellow, and the ceiling is yellower still.

The decoration has taken two months to complete, and has cost about $15,000. It was opened to public inspection for the first time on New-Year's Day.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

A REMONSTRANCE.

GRAY heavens, gray earth, gray sea, gray sky,
But rifled with strange gleams of gold:
Downward all's dark, but far on high
Walk the white angels dear of old.

With faith in God and trust in man,
In patience strong our souls possessed,
Eastward gray ghosts may linger wan,
But golden glories crown the west.

Life's broken urns with moss are clad,
And grass springs greenest over graves:
The shipwrecked sailor reckons, glad,
Not what he lost, but what he saves.

What though our sun be set, his ray
Robes the hill-tops like saints new-born:
His after-glow turns night to day,
And when we wake it will be morn.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

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OR CHILDREN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 13.]

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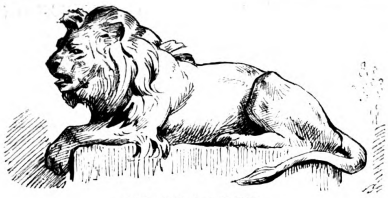


SIGN FOR A MUSEUM.

WOOD-CARVING.

When the stanch old whalers used to weigh anchor at New Bedford, and, manned by hardy Yankee crews, set sail for a three years' cruise, there was a figure-head at every bow to be washed by the ocean's bounding waves. To this day the "down-East" craft cling to the custom of carrying an image at their stems. The *Polly Jane* will be adorned with a form in wood which is intended to represent a young woman, and the *Water Witch* will dip in the main a mermaid, with scaly tail and flowing tresses, that stands out under her jib-boom. Time was when no vessel sailed the seas without a figure-head. There was at her head old Neptune, a jolly Jack Tar, a siren of the sea, or some other design. Sad to say, the days when abnormally shaped figure-heads distinguished sailing craft, from the merchantman to the fishing-smack, have passed. Modern craft, except now and then one built at some New England port, are sent out with carved bows perhaps, but no figure-heads appear. A private yacht, constructed for pleasure, may be supplied with a figure-head, but it will be far too accurate and artistic to suit the sailor, who likes to see things rough-hewn. It was with a substantial sigh that the captain of an ancient trader deplored the degeneracy of the sea when the abandonment of figure-heads was spoken of. There were cracks—and wide ones too—in the figure on his own ship, and parts were missing, but he vowed that it should stay in its place so long as the trader remained above-water. He declared that he would not sail in a ship without a figure-head, and no good sailor would have done so a quarter of a century ago. Above the door of a grog-shop down among the shipping on the river-front is a figure that must have been cut fully one hundred and fifty years ago. It is the bust of a swarthy Portuguese, and is crude and weather-worn. It did service on a merchantman that has been long dismantled. The tugboats mount eagles on their wheel-houses, but rarely carry figure-heads.

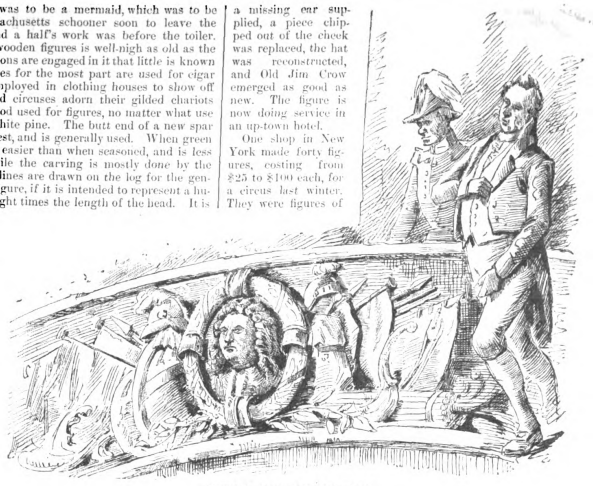
A man who whistled as he worked bent over the butt end of a spar in the top loft of a building on South Street the other day. He chopped and chiselled and gouged until it was plain to see that he was fashioning a figure out of the wood. He said it was to be a mermaid, which was to be fastened to a Massachusetts schooner soon to leave the stocks. A week and a half's work was before the toiler. The art of carving wooden figures is well-nigh as old as the hills, but so few persons are engaged in it that little is known about it. The figures for the most part are used for cigar signs. Some are employed in clothing houses to show off the latest styles, and circuses adorn their gilded chariots with them. The wood used for figures, no matter what use they are put to, is white pine. The butt end of a new spar serves the purpose best, and is generally used. When green the wood cuts much easier than when seasoned, and is less liable to split. While the carving is mostly done by the eye, chalk or pencil lines are drawn on the log for the general contour. The figure, if it is intended to represent a human form, is made eight times the length of the head. It is made of one solid block, unless the arm is extended, when a separate piece is put on, so that the grain will run the right way to prevent its breaking off. Regular carvers' tools are used. From a week to a month is required to make a figure, and the cost is from $50 to $250, according to the amount of work on it. A mermaid three and a half feet high costs $100. Eagles are less expensive. The prices for them range from $40 to $75. Figures have been known to last two hundred years, but the average life is twenty-five. If a thick coat of paint is kept on them they will last much longer than if neglected. The paint closes up the cracks, and prevents decay to a great extent. The figures are fastened to vessels' bows with bolts.

There are but four or five places in New York where figures are carved. The carver in the South Street shop said the business had nearly died out. He found plenty to do, however, executing fancy carving on yachts and other craft, and was well paid for it. Carving and scroll-work, he said, had taken the place of figure-heads almost entirely, and no vessel was launched without more or less of this work on it. The carver had thrown his hat over the head of a figure of Pickwick which stood near. It hung down over his left ear, and gave him a rather careless air. The old gentleman's hands were brought together under his coat tails, a fob hung from his watch pocket, his glasses were suspended from a cord around his neck, and he presented a very natural appearance.

Cigar-store signs are a cheaper class of figures. The work on them is not fine, and one can usually be finished in a week. The cost runs from $25 to $75. There are a great many different styles of cigar signs. A "fly" figure is one with the arm extended, a "rose-bud" is a squaw with a rose-bud in her hand, and a "scout" is an Indian with the hand shading the eyes and looking away in the distance. The greatest demand is for Indian figures, although princes, princesses, negro, and other figures are cut. In a Canal Street shop there were the figures of an æsthetic young man with bangs and a sunflower-and-lily air, Uncle Sam, Sambo, a clown, and Punch and Judy. The business of rejuvenating figures is about as large as that of making new ones. Old Jim Crow, a famous figure cut forty years ago by "Charley" Dodge—now dead and gone—was in the Canal Street shop for repairs not long ago. A new foot was put on, a missing ear supplied, a piece chipped out of the cheek was replaced, the hat was reconstructed, and Old Jim Crow emerged as good as new. The figure is now doing service in an up-town hotel.

One shop in New York made forty figures, costing from $25 to $100 each, for a circus last winter. They were figures of gods and goddesses, and beasts, birds, and reptiles, and were fastened on the golden chariots that appear in the street processions. When they are to be placed on the sides of chariots, half-figures are used, but when they are to be placed on the corners they are carved complete, and afterward cut out in the back to fit.

The carvers say they became carvers because they took naturally to the work. Most people have an idea that sailors do the carving, but this is not so. One New York carver developed his ideas and tastes at the Academy of Design. As a rule each man has a peculiar kind of work that he does. An old fellow called "Jersey Jim" cuts Punch exclusively.



HEROES OUT OF FASHION.

RECOGNIZING AN OLD FIGURE-HEAD.

THE PORTUGUESE—OLDEST FIGURE SIGN IN NEW YORK.

CARVER AT WORK.

TUG-BOAT DECORATION.

SANTA CLAUS AT THE FIVE POINTS.

A day or two before Christmas the children of the Five Points Mission School were gathered in the chapel at No. 63 Park Street to welcome a veritable Santa Claus. A great brick chimney had been erected in the end of the hall, and there were candles burning on the old-fashioned mantel-piece; boxes and barrels filled with clothing, toys, and sweetmeats were piled up on either side of the fire-place, and half a dozen great stock-

CIGAR AND TOBACCO SHOP SIGNS—PUTTING ON THE WAR-PAINT.

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ngs hung in the jamb. When a faint jingling of sleigh-bells was heard, the children all held their breath, and a moment later cries of "Whoa, there!" from the chimney intensified their excitement. Well repaid for all his trouble must the kindly gentleman have felt, masquerading in a great fur coat and white beard, as he sprang out of the fire-place and beheld the happy smiles on several hundred eager little faces. Wooden guns, fuzzy horses, dolls with blonde wigs and tartatan dresses, boxes of blocks, boots, hats, toy monkeys, and everything a boy or girl could wish for on Christmas, rolled out of the bag this bogus Santa Claus set down upon the floor. Child after child was loaded down with toys and candies and pop-corn.

It was interesting to watch how tightly the little gifts were clasped by their new owners as they hurried away with their treasures. If one could have followed the children as their little feet went pattering down the steps and out into the rain that stormy night on the way to their wretched homes, he might have seen the less cheerful side of their lives. But let us hope that the Christmas-time made a difference, for once at least, and that as they climbed the dismal tenement stairs on their way to miserable garrets, as many of them did, there was a light for them on the last flight, and a fire on the hearth to warm them, and that no drunken father or mother whipped them and burned their pretty toys.

One large dry-goods case full of good things was contributed by the Sunday-school of the Methodist church at Westfield, New Jersey, of which Rev. WARREN HOAGLAND is pastor. There were a number of toys in the box, but for the most part the articles were of a more useful kind, consisting of various articles of warm clothing. One little boy gave his first boots, none the worse for wear, and just the thing for some poor child who otherwise would have run barefooted on the streets.

The mission is under the direction of Rev. S. I. FERGUSON. Good use can be made of anything suitable for adults or children, and contributors may be sure of having what they send judiciously distributed.

THE LAST COACH.

THE distant bells ring sweet and clear
To chime the requiem of the year—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
What sound breaks in
With brazen din?
"Mount, mount and ride, good people, go!"—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Oh, look and see who rides so fast,
With foaming steeds and trumpet blast—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
The coach is filled,
More might be spilled.
"Nay, mount and ride, both friend and foe"—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

'Tis New-Year's Eve as on they sweep;
Is this the cheer fond hearts must keep?—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
With reckless heed,
On, on they speed,
And we must mount as if alone—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Ring, ring for riders, pealing bells;
The trumpet homeward passage tells—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
The race is won
When sets the sun,
And each is gathered to his own—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

THE MEANING OF IT.

IT has suddenly been discovered that the road to national prosperity and happiness is the abolition of the taxes on whiskey and tobacco. The discovery has been made simultaneously by certain prominent Republicans and by certain leading Democrats. Everybody has known for a long time that poverty, misery, and vice exist to a greater or less extent in our beloved land. There are men, women, and children who suffer from hunger; and in spite of the high rate of wages, the cost of living is so great that thousands find it difficult to procure the bare necessaries of life. Philanthropists have hitherto been unable to discover any method of rendering everybody happy and contented; but now we learn that free whiskey and free tobacco are all that are needed to bring about an immediate millennium.

If whiskey and tobacco are no longer taxed, the poor sewing-woman will be able to warm her room with whiskey and clothe herself with tobacco; and the same useful articles will supply the lack of blankets in the houses of day-laborers, and enable the ill-paid miners of Pennsylvania to present their wives with seal-skin cloaks and to educate their children. Dull people may be unable to see precisely how free whiskey and tobacco are to bring about these things, but there can be no doubt—so we are assured—that want and misery will either entirely cease or be very greatly lessened the moment whiskey and tobacco are made free. The demand for the abolition of the taxes on these articles may not have been put into words by everybody, but if we were to clearly express our unsatisfied longings we should all clamor for free whiskey and tobacco. It is free whiskey that the baby cries for who is erroneously supposed to be crying on account of hunger or pins; and the unhappy mother who is weeping, as she imagines, over the errors of an undutiful son, is really giving vent to a vague longing for free tobacco.

It will undoubtedly seem rather odd to many people that this universal longing for free whiskey and tobacco should have been hitherto unsuspected, and that free whiskey and tobacco should be represented as the panacea for all earthly evils. What is also odd is the remarkable coincidence that the statesmen who propose to abolish the whiskey and tobacco taxes are earnest advocates of protection. They point out that the amount of the surplus revenue of the United States is very nearly the same as the amount of revenue derived from taxes on whiskey and tobacco, and they assure us the lesson to be drawn from this fact is that the whiskey and tobacco taxes are unnecessary, and should therefore be abolished.

But if those taxes are abolished, there will be no surplus revenue, and hence the duties on imports can not be reduced. When wrong-headed men who fancy that cheap blankets and cheap steel rails are desirable ask for a reduction in the duties on those articles, they will be met by the answer that the reduction will cause a deficit in the national budget. If the whiskey and tobacco taxes are retained, the import duties can be reduced to the extent of more than a million of dollars annually, and we shall still have a surplus. If they are abolished, no reduction of any consequence of the import duties can be made.

The effort in behalf of free whiskey and free tobacco is simply a trick in the interests of protection. The protectionists perceive that the day is approaching when they will no longer be able to induce people to believe that it is cheaper to pay two dollars for a blanket than to pay one dollar for it, or that the tax on steel rails, which is virtually levied on every man who uses an American railway, benefits any one except the American manufacturer of steel rails. To maintain these duties, in the face of the fact that the annual receipts of the government are vastly in excess of its expenditures, will soon be impossible. To prevent a surplus by removing the taxes on whiskey and tobacco is therefore a necessity if a tariff for protection is to be retained. Free whiskey and free tobacco mean dear blankets and dear steel rails. When the facts are placed before the people, it will not take them long to decide whether the national revenue should be raised by taxing whiskey and tobacco or by taxing the necessaries of life. W. L. A.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR OVERWORK.

DR. G. W. COLLINS, Tipton, Ind., says: "I used it in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results."—[*Adv.*]

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Have lately made a Key and Stem Winding Watch for the Ladies, which is superior to any now in the market, because they are reliable as regards time, and are not liable to get out of order. Every watch is fully guaranteed. Ask for the LADY HOWARD WATCH.—[*Adv.*]

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The best of all hair-dressings. It allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, *thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair.* Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as *cannot be surpassed.* BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.—[*Adv.*]

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Has developed none comparable to Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food for young children and invalids. Druggists and Grocers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, Furrier, 103 Prince Street, N. Y., will send Fur Fashion Book free to any address.—[*Adv.*]

FOR Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and other diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no more useful article can be found than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"—[*Adv.*]

A DRESSING to beautify the hair every family needs. Parker's Hair Balsam never fails to satisfy.—[*Adv.*]

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Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
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TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

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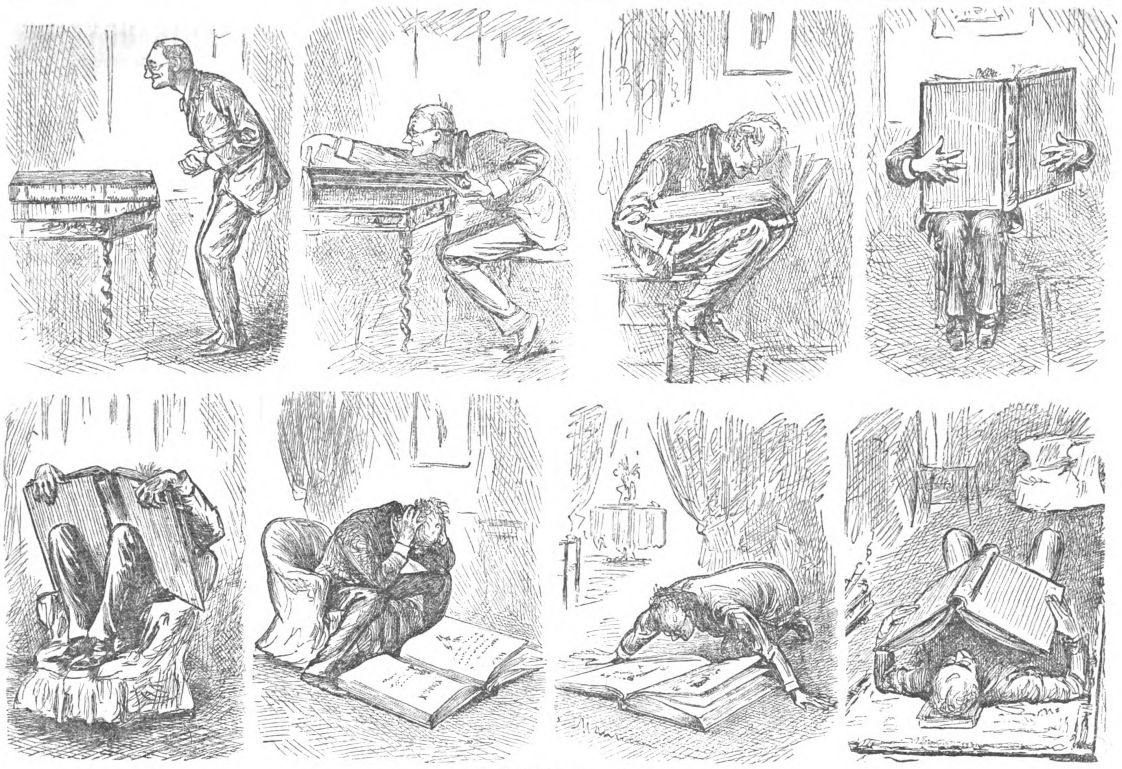

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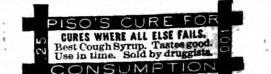

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1360. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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LÉON GAMBETTA.—[SEE PAGE 21.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 9, contains Part II. of MRS. HAYS'S *Christmas Fairy Tale, with a front-page illustration by* ALFRED FREDERICKS; *"The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," Part I., with an illustration by* HOWARD PYLE; *"Two Unexpected New-Year's Calls," a short story by* MARGARET EYTINGE, *illustrated by* SOL EYTINGE; *and Chapter XVI. of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *with an illustration by* JESSIE SHEPHERD.

In an article entitled "Concerning Wild Boars" EDWARD I. STEVENSON *gives an entertaining account of the old English customs connected with the chase.* MR. G. W. SHELDON *contributes a most interesting article on "Peter Cooper and His Institute," in which he describes the benefits to humanity resulting from the labors of that eminent philanthropist.*

The Number is enlivened by a beautiful full-page engraving, entitled "The Picture-Book," by F. G. COTMAN, *and a very humorous sketch, illustrating a poem, by* M. HELEN LOVETT, *entitled "The Pink of Politeness." The sixteenth page is given over to "Wiggles."*

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THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

A well-informed correspondent is of opinion that we have seriously misapprehended the CHANDLER-MCPHERSON plan of representation in the National Convention. He says that by that plan a district carried by the Republicans at *either* of the two preceding elections, the Presidential or the Congressional, will be entitled to an additional representative. This, he argues, if a sliding scale at all, is a scale that slides upward, because a district gained at the one election and lost at the other will still have its representative. The double object is to reward the victory and to aid the general purpose of Republican district control. Our correspondent objects to the FORBES plan that it discriminates against the districts lost in the Presidential election and recovered at the following election, of which New Jersey furnishes two illustrations. Moreover, by increasing disproportionately the power of the Senatorial delegations, which are selected by State Conventions, it discriminates against the districts. Our correspondent thinks, also, that the FORBES plan, by radically changing the basis of the Convention and by reducing its numbers, invites opposition.

The argument for the CHANDLER-MCPHERSON plan is said by its supporters to be that it diminishes the chances of depriving the Republicans of a Republican district of their proper representation because they happen in one election to be defeated. This view assumes, however, that districts are permanently of a certain party character, and if the other assertion be sound that the Republican vote is generally apathetic at the intermediate Congressional election, the conclusion is obvious that the true Republican strength is shown at the Presidential election. It is certainly as fair to suppose that a district which was anti-Republican at the Presidential election, and is carried by Republicans at an apathetic election, is carried not because it has become really Republican, but because of personal and local reasons, which will disappear at a Presidential election. How could such a district be properly called Republican? On the other hand, if defeat at the intermediate election is to be ascribed to apathy, the argument is stronger for making the Presidential election the basis of representation. The real basis should be the general election since the previous Convention, because by common consent it is at that election that the Republican strength is most accurately shown. To say that the intermediate election may be the basis if it happens, contrary to the general rule, to be carried by the Republicans, is not to argue soundly, but to urge taking advantage of a happy accident.

It must be borne in mind that the question is solely of additional representatives. Both the FORBES and the MCPHERSON plans give every district representation; but the FORBES plan adds a delegate for each Republican in the existing House of Representatives, while the MCPHERSON plan adds one for each Representative in the existing or preceding Congress. It is alleged in support of this plan that if the FORBES scheme should be adopted, New York would lose eight delegates in the next Convention, although it would not be contended that the loss of the eight Congressional districts at the last election indicates that the Republican vote is reduced. But this is too speculative a basis. We agree that the result of the election was a Republican rebuke rather than a Democratic victory, and that there is not a Democratic majority of 194,000 in New York. But we are also very sure that the eight lost districts will not necessarily return Republicans at the next election. That will depend upon several considerations. And if this be so, by what right are they assumed to be Republican? Is it not evident that if the object be to base delegate representation upon the real Republican strength of the districts, as shown during the four years' interval between the Conventions, that basis should not be permitted to "slide" back or forward two years, but be fixed upon the election when every minor local and personal consideration is subordinated to a real party preference, and which represents, therefore, the actual political sentiment of the district? As for the FORBES addition of a delegate at large for each Republican Senator, it is strictly logical. If the district delegation be increased by a Republican Representative, why not the State delegation by a Republican Senator? If this be thought to threaten district ascendency, the remedy is to abolish delegation at large, which would be an excellent measure, because such a delegation is wholly fanciful. The discussion of this subject is perfectly friendly, and so long as district representation is fully secured, and the decisive voice in the Convention is given to States which will probably cast their electoral vote for the candidate, there will be no dissatisfaction with the decision of the National Committee.

THE PENDLETON BILL PASSED BY CONGRESS.

ONLY those who read the *Congressional Record*—and they are not a large body—know the tact and skill with which Senator HAWLEY, chairman of the committee upon civil service reform, conducted the reform bill through the debate to the triumphant result. He withstood successfully the mass of vicious and treacherous amendments which were hurled at the bill by its enemies, and the most important addition to it, the section prohibiting political assessments in the public service, is substantially the bill introduced by Senator HAWLEY on the 9th of December, as reported by him on the 11th, and offered by him as an amendment to the PENDLETON bill, and it was unanimously adopted by a vote of fifty Senators. Senator EDMUNDS, from the Judiciary Committee, on the 23d of December, reported a separate bill, which is of the same general purport, and which passed the Senate, and went with the other to the House. The Senator clearly explained the constitutional reason of the limitations of the original HAWLEY amendment as well as of his own bill. Senator HAWLEY has thus led the way in destroying the abuse of official assessments, and the just indignation of the country with offenses of this kind which were revealed last summer has found in his action prompt and effective expression.

In the good work of guarding the PENDLETON bill from serious perversion, and in bringing it to a successful vote, Senator HOAR, an old and tried friend of the measure, was conspicuous, and with him may be fairly mentioned Senators LOGAN and ALLISON among the Republicans, and Senators BAYARD and BUTLER among the Democrats. Senator BAYARD has always taken the soundest position upon the subject, and the views of Senators BUTLER of South Carolina, GEORGE of Mississippi, and JONES of Florida contrasted most favorably with those of Senators BROWN of Georgia, VOORHEES of Indiana, and the Republican INGALLS and PLUMB of Kansas. It was a mistake to strike out the provision of entrance at the lower grade. But the error is not irretrievable, and for the manner in which the bill was brought through without more serious detriment, the country is indebted to Senator HAWLEY and his friends.

As we write comes the news of the immediate passage of the bill by the House, and by the significant and emphatic vote of 155 to 47. Mr. KASSON, in a spirit of patriotism which will be remembered to his honor, reported the bill unchanged, and asked that the vote be taken before the week ended. During the excitement that followed, Mr. COX of New York moved that it be put upon its passage at once. This motion fired the House, and after a few remarks and abortive attempts to amend and delay, the call of the roll began. At half past five on the afternoon of the 4th of January the result of the voting was announced, and the bill had passed by an overwhelming majority. The country is to be congratulated upon this happy event, and good citizens who believe that all abuses are not integral parts of a political system merely because abuses will creep into any system, may take fresh heart. The new law, however effective, will not introduce the millennium, but, honestly enforced and administered, it will be of essential practical service in remedying great and threatening evils; and as its efficiency is proved, the range of its operation will be extended. The especial friends of reform have been represented in Washington throughout the debate upon the bill by Mr. DORMAN B. EATON, a member of the Executive Committee of the New York Association, the chairman of the present Civil Service Commission, and the author of the admirable work upon the English service. No more fitting or accomplished representative for the purpose could have been selected. His ample knowledge and cogent counsel have been of the greatest advantage, and no man has more just reason for pride in the result than Mr. EATON. The bill now goes to the President, and we have no doubt that he will promptly sign it and honestly co-operate in carrying it out in its own spirit. If the whole movement be a mistake, the best way to demonstrate that fact conclusively is to enforce the new method vigorously. In selecting the Commission, which is now limited to three members, the President will probably designate one member each from the Eastern, Western, and Southern parts of the Union, and in that case, in choosing the Southern member, he will doubtless avail himself of the counsel of the conspicuous Congressional supporters of the measure from the Southern States.

THE SENATORIAL ELECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

No Senatorial election of the new year will excite so much interest as that in Massachusetts. The election of General BUTLER as Governor was a disagreeable surprise, but it was not a sign of serious political change, because he alone upon the Democratic ticket was elected. If, however, the Republican Legislature of Massachusetts should gratify General BUTLER'S earnest desire by rejecting Senator HOAR, it would be evident that an extraordinary political change had occurred in the State. While Mr. HOAR is in the Senate, Massachusetts has there a most characteristic and able representative, of great experience in public life, of great readiness in debate, of ample accomplishment, of unbending principle, courage, and independence. There is no more conspicuous figure in the Senate than he, no man whose ability is more generally conceded, or whose inflexible honesty is more universally acknowledged. His peculiarities and even his faults are those of his State. He is as distinctively a Massachusetts man as CHARLES SUMNER; and in view of the conditions of influence in a body like the Senate it is not to discredit any justly eminent citizen of Massachusetts to say that there is no one who could fully replace Senator HOAR, because no one unites such sympathy with Massachusetts character and convictions to that ample experience which is so invaluable in legislative life.

The reason, the only reason, indeed, that has been urged for his defeat is that he is a man of yesterday, and does not represent the Massachusetts of to-day. It is said that, without reflection upon his spotless character and life, his intelligence and experience, and his efficient service hitherto, he is in the position of WEBSTER and EVERETT and CHOATE and WINTHROP thirty years ago. They were men of another epoch, of other public issues and sympathies than those of that time, and as their ability and experience were properly set aside for the youth and inexperience of a new man who was yet the representative of the new ideas, so may some such representative now be preferred to Senator HOAR. But granting as we do that the questions of slavery and reconstruction are substantially settled, it is not true that Senator HOAR stands in the same position to the actual issues that the men mentioned stood to the question of thirty years ago. There was then one supreme and absorbing subject. Every public man was tested by his attitude toward slavery, and Massachusetts led the antislavery sentiment of the country. Yet even then that sentiment alone could not have elected CHARLES SUMNER in 1851. He was chosen by a coalition of the Free-Soilers and Democrats, and at a time when the Democratic party was practically pro-slavery. Massachusetts had ceased to be Whig because the Free-Soilers together with the Democrats were a majority. Mr. WINTHROP as a Whig did not represent Massachusetts. But how is it with Mr. HOAR? Massachusetts is still Republican, and Mr. HOAR is distinctively a Massachusetts Republican. In the Senate he has been always the sturdiest foe of what is known as Conklingism. Is not Republican Massachusetts its foe to-day? In his own State Mr. HOAR is the untiring and shrewd opponent whom Butlerism most hates. Is Butlerism now so dear to Massachusetts that she will sacrifice her Senator to its hostility? Upon the chief issues of the hour Republican Massachusetts leads in demanding civil service reform. In the Senate Mr. HOAR shares with Mr. HAWLEY the honor of leadership in the debate which has just happily resulted in the triumph of reform. Can it be fairly said of such a man as this that he stands toward progress to-day as the old Cotton Whigs stood in 1851?

It is true—and we are sorry for it—that Senator HOAR supported the River and Harbor Bill. But in his candid, elaborate, and forcible defense of his vote he justified it upon the general ground that a policy of national aid to facilitate State intercommunication for trade is not an unwise policy. It is akin to his views of the desirability of national aid to education. Is it quite evident that his general view of such a policy—not his support of the particular bill—is not the

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view of Massachusetts? Would Massachusetts probably condemn a policy of national aid to education and to facilitate inter-State trade and the general commercial and industrial welfare? Senator HOAR favors some form of protective tariff. But are opinions upon this topic, of the nature and degree of protection, of the true principles of revenue reform, so definite and conclusive in Massachusetts that it can be said decisively that he misrepresents the Republican sentiment of the State? It must not be forgotten that many of those who insist that Mr. HOAR has ceased to represent that sentiment were most strenuous in asserting last autumn that Mr. BISHOP was its especial representative in the actual situation. Yet Mr. BISHOP was defeated by the largest majority ever cast against a Republican candidate for Governor in Massachusetts, and was defeated by General BUTLER. It is impossible for reform Republicans in other States to see how Republican Massachusetts would help reform by refusing to re-elect Senator HOAR. Alone in the Senate his eloquent voice, seven years ago, reproved Republican recreancy to Republican principles and traditions, and recalled the party and the country to the ancient and honorable way to which they have returned, and upon which at this very moment he is a leader. Shall this be also the moment, when he has just given his powerful aid in the Senate to the triumph of civil service reform, when he still stands, as he has always stood, instinctively loyal to Massachusetts principles, a thorough Massachusetts man in conviction, character, and accomplishment, and a true and tried public servant, that Massachusetts declares him to be no longer her fitting representative?

THE POLITICAL NEW YEAR.

THE improved political feeling of the country was shown at the opening of the New York Legislature, when each of the two great parties put forward a young and conspicuous reformer as candidate for Speaker. The Democrat, Mr. CHAPIN, who was elected, is a gentleman who at the last session sustained many a good cause in concert with the honorary Republican candidate, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, one of the youngest and most independent of the representatives of his party. It is evident that the significance of the elections has not been lost, and that both parties will rely less upon machine management than upon public approval and confidence for success in 1884.

Governor CORNELL retires with universal commendation, except from jobbers whose schemes he has baffled, and from the machine of his own party, which nominated him but could not use him. We say it with the more pleasure because we opposed his election, when nominated, for reasons which have been recently ratified by a majority of nearly two hundred thousand. It will not be forgotten that Governor CORNELL withstood the most powerful and specious temptation to misuse his official authority in a way which would not necessarily have justified a charge of corruption, and which would have gratified his cherished ambition.

Governor CLEVELAND, to whom the circumstances of his election have given extraordinary prominence, begins his official career with singular modesty. His Message is a plain survey of the great interests of the State, in which his recommendations in regard to the canals show a firm grasp of the subject, while his remarks upon taxation indicate want of familiarity with the soundest views. That taxation should be in a just sense impartial is undeniable. But it is tolerably clear that to equalize them most fairly a very different policy from that recommended by the Governor is indispensable. With this exception the specific recommendations of the Message are excellent. But many suggestions which might have been expected are wanting. There is a certain timidity of treatment, which will doubtless disappear as the Governor becomes more accustomed to his position, and no Governor of New York has ever entered upon his office with greater certainty of candid consideration from his political opponents than Governor CLEVELAND.

THE EFFORT TO SAVE NIAGARA.

THE preservation of the Falls of Niagara as a sublime natural spectacle is rapidly becoming a pressing question, and we are glad to know that energetic steps have been taken by well-known and efficient citizens to procure legislative action upon the subject. The immediate vicinity of the cataract is being rapidly ruined by every kind of disfigurement, so that there is now not a foot of American soil from which the Falls can be seen without payment. Thus the mere spectacle of the falling water, shorn of its natural frame-work, has become a luxury, from which the poor are debarred. This is properly held to be a public wrong, and the time has fully arrived for the State of New York to save Niagara, unless it means to allow the grandeur and beauty of the great spectacle to be practically obliterated.

The objection that the proposition to prevent this untoward result is a mere sentimental project, and that the greatest water-power upon the continent can not be sacrificed to romantic whims, is easily disposed of. There is no suggestion that the advantages of the great water-power shall be lost. The character of the banks of the Niagara River is such, their line so curves, that the whole industrial value of the power can be saved without impairing the natural beauty of the scene. The busy factories can hum and spin, and distribute their various products all over the world, while from all the world pilgrims may throng to the unimpeded enjoyment of the sublimity of Niagara. It would be a disgrace to the imperial State, and a national shame, if the practical destruction of a scene of such lofty and solemn and universal delight should be permitted. To the guardianship of New York nature has intrusted a spectacle unparalleled in the world. It would be a new reproach to the name of republic if in this new way the State should prove unfaithful. The imperial State which fitly counts Niagara among its proudest possessions should certainly justify its pride by properly cherishing the treasure. If an English county should tolerate the wanton or trading desecration of a noble cathedral, it would be branded with an evil name. If New York should permit a desecration which is virtually the destruction of Niagara, it would have lost its imperial spirit and renown.

Three years ago a special report of the Commissioners of the State Survey presented this subject in the most forcible and reasonable manner. The general proposition was that of a public park, to include the shores bordering upon the cataract and rapids, to be maintained for public use forever. The area contemplated included the islands above the Falls and a strip of the bank beginning at the head of the rapids and extending to the upper suspension-bridge. The breadth of the strip is determined by a natural terrace which is generally about a hundred feet from the water's edge, but happily widening around the Falls, so that ample space would be obtained. Mr. OLMSTED, who with Mr. GARDNER has carefully considered the subject, proposes that the work of preparation should not be landscape ornamentation, but simply the removal of unnecessary and disfiguring artificial objects. This would seclude the Falls, and leave them in their natural grandeur, free from the intrusion of shops, booths, refreshment saloons, exhibitions, and every form of nuisance and disturbance. The report adds that the pecuniary loss to the people of the State from the destruction of the Falls as a place of resort, which is now imminent, would be much greater than the outlay required to carry out the scheme proposed. Petitions are now in circulation asking the Legislature to take action for the preservation of Niagara, an object which not only every intelligent New-Yorker, but every American citizen, must earnestly desire to see accomplished.

PEN AND LUTE.

THERE was a time when the name of RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, a younger brother of N. P. WILLIS, was familiar to many readers as that of a student of music who had lately returned from Germany an accomplished musical scholar. He became the editor of a journal of music in New York, in which the musical events and persons of the time were gracefully and intelligently discussed. But to a circle of private friends he was still better known by his delightful musical gifts, his exquisite taste giving to his delicate singing of his own verses, set often to melodies of his own, a singular charm. The changes of life carried Mr. WILLIS to Detroit several years since, and a Detroit publisher has just issued a small slender quarto, beautifully printed and flexibly bound, containing earlier and later verses by Mr. WILLIS. It is a tasteful and neat volume, and the verses are marked by the tender pathos and airy grace which characterized the poet's singing in other years.

MR. EVARTS AT NEWBURGH.

THE selection of Mr. EVARTS as the orator at Newburgh upon occasion of the celebration which closes the epoch of Revolutionary centenaries has been received with universal commendation. Orator, statesman, and scholar, he has all the accomplishments which the great commemoration demands, and as one of the most eminent citizens of the State, he is well chosen to speak the last centenary word for New York in the Revolution. The occasion, the theme, and the orator promise a memorable day. New York, indeed, is reproached with indifference to her own glory and a lack of just pride in her own annals. But her main root was transplanted from Holland, the soil from which English and New-English greatness grew, and her apparent apathy may be viewed as only one aspect of that disdain for sensational excitement which has become synonymous with the English name. The theme of the Newburgh celebration is great, and the orator will do eloquent justice to it.

GAMBETTA.

IN another part of this paper the reader will find a careful estimate of the character and career of the most conspicuous of recent Frenchmen. Of the three most prominent public figures in contemporary Europe GAMBETTA was the most picturesque, and no single life was so important as his. Neither the death of GLADSTONE nor of BISMARCK would shake England or Germany with such doubt as that of GAMBETTA shakes France.

This is far from saying that he was essentially so great a man as either of them. GLADSTONE and BISMARCK belong in a large sense to the class of builders of states, while GAMBETTA was intrinsically a revolutionary figure. He belongs with RIENZI and MIRABEAU and DANTON rather than with PYM and CROMWELL, and our own WASHINGTON and HAMILTON and MADISON. But his force of will and his oratorical power gave him a popular ascendency such as no other modern Frenchman has achieved. LAMARTINE'S influence in 1848, although honorably exercised—and to be always honorably remembered, because LAMARTINE more than any of the leaders of '48 prevented at the outset the lapse of that movement into a red republic—was thin and tepid compared with the passionate mastery of revolutionary France by GAMBETTA. Himself what is fondly called a child of the people, he spoke for the instincts of the people, and touched its heart with electric sympathy.

But if any one should be disposed to argue from the stormy and irregular life of GAMBETTA that moral strength and loyalty to principle and purity of well-ordered life are not essential in great political leadership and statesmanship, he has but to look from the dead Frenchman, exhausted at forty-four, to the greatest of living Englishmen at seventy-three guiding with increasing wisdom and undiminished power the political destiny of his country.

PERSONAL.

THE exquisite design on the first page cover of HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, representing the shadow of a woman's face on the moon, has been greatly admired by every person of taste. It was from the pencil of ELIHU VEDDER, one of the most imaginative of living artists.

—While the brilliant and fascinating society novel *A Transplanted Rose* was in course of anonymous publication in HARPER'S BAZAR, the public was on the *qui vive* to discover the author's name. From the intimate acquaintance displayed with the most exclusive circles of New York society it was evident that the writer was not an outside observer, and that the solution of the mystery must be sought within those charmed and narrow limits. As many ingenious but inaccurate guesses at the author's name have been made, we take pleasure in saying that the public is indebted to Mrs. M. E. W. SHERWOOD for this fresh and vigorous story of fashionable New York society.

—Mr. W. J. ARKELL is making arrangements for opening an American Art Gallery at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga Springs, next summer. The number of paintings exhibited will be limited to 150, and none but works by native artists will be admitted.

—The new President of Girard College, Professor FETTEROLF, is a native of Pennsylvania, and forty-eight years of age. He began his career as a professor of English literature and mathematics in the Freeland Seminary, at his home, of which he became principal in 1867, and so continued for five years. He was then elected principal of the Andalusia Seminary, under the care of the P. E. Church in Bucks County, and remained there until his election two years ago as successor to the then Vice-President of Girard College, HENRY W. AIBEY.

—It is rumored in Washington that the Hon. RANDALL L. GIBSON, U. S. Senator-elect from Louisiana, will resign that position to become president of the educational institution in New Orleans which has been so munificently endowed by Mr. PAUL TULANE, of Princeton, New Jersey.

—"There is a tide," etc., which, "if taken at the Flood," etc., leads to pleasant results. This was the case last Christmas-day, when Mr. J. C. FLOOD, the Bonanza potentate, divided $6000 among charitable associations in San Francisco, treating Protestants, Catholics, and Hebrews alike.

—General LEW WALLACE, United States Minister to Turkey, is one of the most scholarly as well as one of the most practical men in our diplomatic service. He has just been making a tour to Syria and the Holy Land, and his reception at Jerusalem was "a full-sized" event. All the Americans in the city came out to meet him at the Joppa Gate. The Star-spangled Banner was carried by the Jews, and a leading rabbi made an address of welcome, and led the crowd in giving three cheers. General WALLACE jumped down from his horse, thanked the rabbi in appropriate terms, and shook hands all around. Afterward he was given a reception at the consulate. The Sultan had telegraphed orders in advance as to General WALLACE'S lodgings and entertainment by the city officials, which was an unprecedented attention. General WALLACE is a prime personal favorite of the Sultan.

—The seventieth anniversary of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* has just been celebrated. It was first printed by WILLIAM WARLAND CLAPP in 1812, and subsequently by his son, Colonel WILLIAM W. CLAPP, now of the Boston *Journal*. The *Gazette* is now edited and published by Colonel HENRY G. PARKER, and besides being the oldest Sunday paper in the United States, is one of the very best.

—The American fashion of "corners" seems to have spread to England. The demand for HARPER'S CHRISTMAS so far exceeded the supply that the edition was exhausted on the day of publication, and some of the fortunate retailers got double the retail price. The English press has been unanimous in praise of the American novelty.

—When STEPHEN GIRARD died, fifty-two years ago, and left two millions of dollars to found a college for orphan boys, he little thought that his bequest would be so carefully and successfully managed as to be worth, in half a century, over twenty millions, and every year shows a large addition to its residuary fund. Its income in 1882 amounted to $1,022,807 98. The college now contains 1110 pupils, and there are 432 candidates for admission.

—Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON in his recently published autobiography says of Mr. BANCROFT, during his mission to England, that "like all well-bred Americans he was simple and unpretending in his manner, and without affecting republican simplicity, his establishment was unostentatious, and made no attempt to vie with the magnificent display at the Russian and Prussian embassies. But nowhere in London at the time was the society more instructive, or the conversation on a higher strain in point of thought or expression. I could not but feel flattered," he modestly remarks, "by the manner in which on all occasions Mr. BANCROFT endeavored to bring me forward." And our Mr. PRESCOTT pleased him too. "The more I saw of him," says Sir ARCHIBALD, "the more was I struck with his talents and acquirements."

—Writing of Mr. HURLBURT, editor of the New York *World*, a correspondent says that "he is a bachelor, and lives in three rooms in the building of the University of the City of New York. Few visitors enter his room. Their portal has no bell, no knocker, no knob; only a slit for a Yale-lock key, and a larger slit for letters. But they are said to be furnished in a style of barbaric splendor. Trophies of travel hang thick on the walls—rare paintings, china, glass, silver and gold arms and armor. The floors are covered with Oriental rugs and arctic furs. And there are many choice souvenirs, such as an autograph letter from the Shah of Persia, the letter from the Khedive TEWFIK giving the city of New York, through Mr. HURLBURT, the famous obelisk, and many other similar tokens of Mr. HURLBURT'S wide acquaintance among the notabilities of foreign lands. He goes to the *World* office late in the evening, and stays until the very early morning. At other times he communicates with his lieutenants by a private telephone line. He is a very handsome man, a highly cultured scholar, and is a charming companion and brilliant social star."

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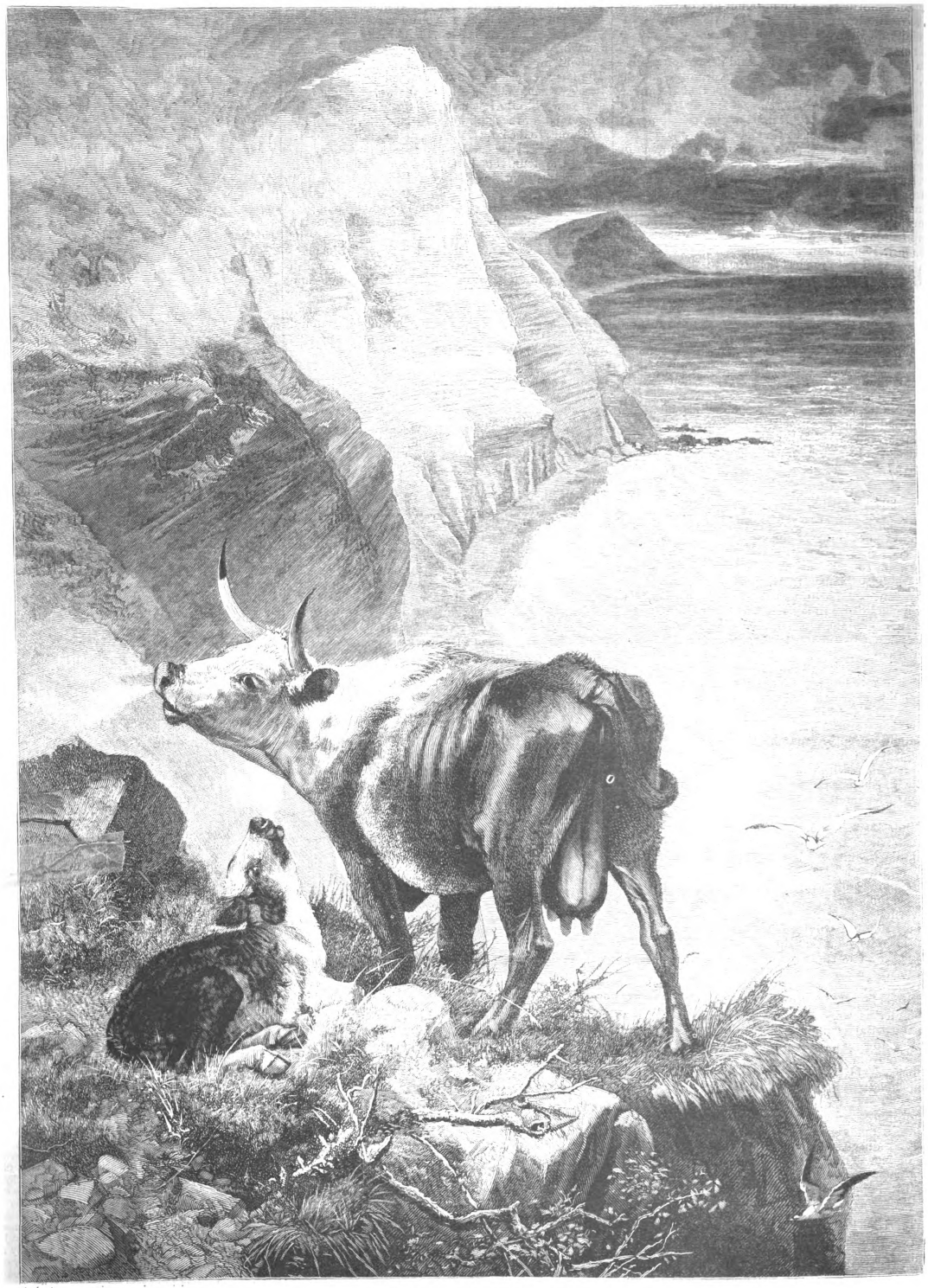

"LOST."—FROM THE PICTURE BY BEAVIS.

THE OVERFLOW OF THE SEINE.

THIS winter has been rendered memorable in Europe by most disastrous floods. The Danube has risen above its channel and inundated Vienna; the swollen Rhine has wrought havoc in the cities which stud its banks; the Seine has been in many places transformed into a lake. At Charenton and Alfortville, near the junction of the Seine and the Marne, an immense sea spread before the eyes of the spectator, who could discern in the vast waste of waters here and there merely a tree-top or a roof emerging from the liquid plain. At intervals huge black pipes stood up above the waters—they were the chimneys of factories; while over the surface of the waves—for real waves arose—sea birds were skimming, and screaming dolefully to add to the sadness of the scene. At Villeneuve the water rose so high on the railroad embankment that the wind carried the spray into the faces of the passengers on the train, and compelled precautions to be taken to secure the structure. The trains had to go slowly, and watchers were placed at intervals to indicate by signal to the engine-drivers when to proceed. At the left of the great line from Paris to Geneva, in front of Villeneuve-St.-Georges, all the lowland was submerged in spite of the high embankment of the Lyons Railroad, and the houses of the market-gardeners were ingulfed. The flood began to diminish on the 10th of December, but even then Bercy presented a sad spectacle of streets turned into canals and traversed by boats. At Ivry there was a general emigration, and over two hundred and fifty fugitives received shelter in the barracks, where relief was furnished to them daily. M. CAMESCASSE, the Prefect of Police, assisted at the distribution of clothing, food, and money to the destitute sufferers. The view of the Seine between Asnières, Puteaux, and Suresnes was lamentable, some tufts of trees alone indicating where the islands had been. Everywhere was the same spectacle, "water, water everywhere," bearing down débris of all kinds, and swirling round chimneys and trees in a thick muddy torrent. The police and the soldiers of the wagon train were kept busy in rescuing lives and property. At Courbevoie the town drummer was sent round to announce to the inhabitants that a rise of the river was imminent, and that the greatest precautions must be taken. The Bois de Boulogne was equally submerged in the portions adjoining the river, and the house of the keeper was turned into a resemblance of the dwellings of the prehistoric lacustrine population of Switzerland. The spectacle of

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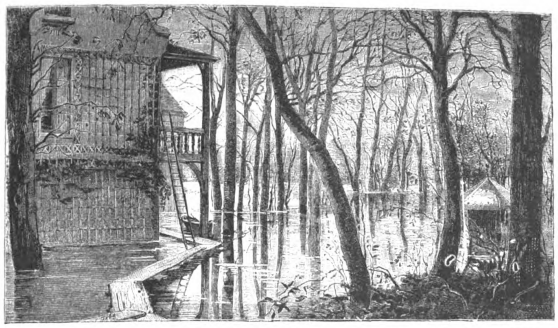


IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

A STREET IN ALFORTVILLE.

the inundation, like every other spectacle, attracted crowds to the scene, and from the Place de la Concorde to Bercy every bridge had its throng of spectators. The hydrometric station at the Quai Malaquais was a great centre of interest, and the news of the decline was read eagerly. By the 12th of December this decline was considerable, in the Seine as well as in its tributaries, the Marne, the Aisne, and the Oise. But there was still the same crowd of gazers, and, to accommodate the curious, extra omnibuses ran from the city to Saint-Cloud.

MOVING OUT.

The greater part of the quays have been mined by infiltration, and many places have caved in on the quays Orsay, Malaquais, and Austerlitz. The inundation went down as rapidly as it had risen, and some of the workshops and factories imprisoned by the waters began to prepare to resume operations. At Ivry two steam-pumps were set to work, under the management of the soldiers of the One-Hundred-and-First Regiment, who were relieved every two hours. But certain formalities have to be gone through before the inhabitants can return to their houses. The re-occupation of the damaged dwellings must be authorized by the Commissary of Police, who, assisted by an architect of experience, examines the cellars and foundations to see whether there is any danger of the building falling. Many houses will be uninhabitable without extensive repairs.

On the banks of the Marne similar scenes presented themselves. From the bridge of Joinville the sight was a striking one. The water had penetrated into all the villas; the houses on the banks were surrounded by the flood, some showing only the roof, others scarcely flooded, just as they happened to be situated, but all abandoned. At Joinville half of the plain was under water. The majority of the dwellers on the little island not far from the railroad were absolutely imprisoned in the upper stories of their houses, and a special service had to be organized to convey to them the necessaries of life. A small flotilla was created to rescue them if necessary, and gangways into the windows were built. Many distressing scenes, of course, took place. At the barrack on the Boulevard Massena a family consisting of a husband, wife, and eight children were sheltered; the man had his leg broken, and the rest of the family had neither clothes nor linen.

The efforts of the government and private charity have been active in endeavoring to alleviate the distress the inundation has caused. The press of Paris has, as usual, been foremost in the good work. A committee of its members has been formed to centralize the subscriptions, and to enter into relations with the committees instituted in each commune, in order to distribute relief as speedily as possible. It has been decided, with a view to repair the damages caused by the flood, to give a grand fête and to publish a special number of each journal for the benefit of the sufferers. The present flood, high as it has been, has not attained the height of the floods of 1872 and 1876. We smile at the Neapolitans who continue to build on a volcano: are those any wiser who continue to build in situations exposed to equal danger from another element?

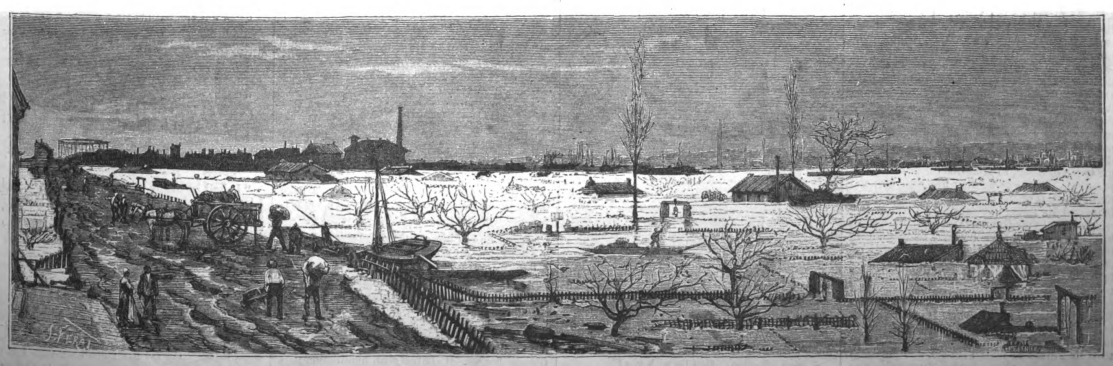
LÉON GAMBETTA.

LIKE several of the men who have been most conspicuous in French history, M. GAMBETTA was of Italian origin, his father being a Genoese, and his mother bringing the first strain of pure French blood to the family stock. The traces of this Italian origin are very clearly to be seen in the features of the portrait of the dead leader which we publish this week. They were also to be seen still more plainly in his character and speech. He had the fiery impetuosity, the unhesitating courage, and the indomitable will, combined with the aptitude for planning, the subtle personal influence, the sharp wit, and the winning eloquence, which showed the combination of the nature of Northern Italy with that of Southern France. His birth was humble enough, but by no means so much so as has frequently been asserted. His father was a man of considerable means; his mother was an excellent specimen of the French *bourgeoise*, with a strong mind fairly trained, a warm heart, and a generous sympathy with her son's intellectual tastes and ambitions. GAMBETTA was born in the little town of Cahors, in the department of the Lot, on the 30th of October, 1838, so that he was yet in the prime of life when he was so suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away. He was educated in part at a Jesuit seminary, where the fond priests flattered themselves they could harness his flaming spirit to the car of the Church, but gave it up when they found him declaiming ARMAND CARREL'S Republican articles to his schoolmates. Later he spent months of torture in the *Lycée* of his town, where his health was seriously impaired, and from there he was taken into his father's warehouse, which was greater torture still.

A STREET CROSSING.

At eighteen he ran away, aided by a contribution from his mother's little economies, and ventured on the law course at the Sorbonne, Paris. Before his meagre stock of money was exhausted his father was persuaded to pardon his contumacy, and give him an allowance to finish his studies, being thereto persuaded in great part by the prayer of the boy's old professor of law, who had been captivated by his pupil's extraordinary voice, and assured the reluctant parent that it would be a crime to deprive the bar of France of such "a magnificent organ." Young GAMBETTA completed in two years the course laid out for four, and devoted the remaining two years, which he was obliged to wait before he could be called to the bar, to general studies and to his first attempts at journalism. Curiously enough, these were not at all political, but essays in criticism of books, of the theatre, and particularly of art, for which he had always an ardent passion, and which he very thoroughly understood. In his later life, when he had become powerful in the land, among his most intimate friends were COQUELIN *fils*, the actor, ALPHONSE

A RECKLESS DRIVER.



VIEW AT ALFORTVILLE.

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DAUDET, and a group of painters, of whom FRANÇOIS MILLET was the chief. Happy student days, in which long hours of patient labor were fringed with careless meetings in the Café Procope, devoted to that wide, varied, witty, and penetrating conversation of which GAMBETTA was always a master. It has been charged that this morning of his life was clouded by dissipation; but whatever boyish excesses he may have indulged in, "dissipation" was the last thing of which he was capable. On the contrary, concentration was his ruling characteristic, and it was no idler who entered successively the offices of the great criminal lawyer LACHAUD and the almost equally noted business lawyer CRÉMIEUX, who had at that time the largest and most important circle of Israelitish clients in France, if not in Europe. With the latter, GAMBETTA advanced rapidly to the position of chief clerk, one which, as may be imagined, required hard work, exact knowledge, and the closest fidelity to duty.

In the mean time, among his journalistic excursions was one into the art of reporting the proceedings of the Corps Législatif—an occupation quite different from our conception of reporting, and including running commentaries on men, measures, and ideas. It was of service to him in his later career. At this time he was already an ardent Republican, and associated himself very early with the movement of "Young France" against the Empire. His first conspicuous appearance in connection with politics was his defense of DELESCLUZE, editor of *Le Rappel*, who had been prosecuted for opening a subscription for a monument to BAUDIN, a victim of the *coup d'état*. This was in 1868. GAMBETTA had just passed his thirtieth birthday. The "magnificent organ" which had charmed the professor of the Sorbonne was developed by practice, and inspired by the ripened convictions of its possessor. For two hours he held his audience fascinated by his eloquence. His appeal for justice, for liberty of the press and of speech, was enforced by a terrible arraignment of the Empire, its origin, its ideas, purposes, policy, its perils, and its vices. He pictured France bound, gagged, and thrown bleeding at the feet of a vulgar despot, a vain and unscrupulous pretender, and he predicted that when she snapped her bonds and rose to her feet, her oppressor would fall before her. The next spring the Imperialists were amazed to see the young defender of DELESCLUZE returned at once from Paris and Marseilles, at the latter over the heads of their candidate DE LESSEPS, the veteran Orleanist THIERS, and the conservative Republican and Legitimist candidates. A new element had made itself felt in the politics of the land of official candidatures and fraudulent *plébiscites*. Entering the national legislature as the most popular leader of the Republicans, GAMBETTA poured the vials of his hot wrath upon the OLLIVIER ministry, by which the frightened and failing Emperor sought to allay the rising storm, and it was unquestionably to the strength of the movement which he led that was due the mad effort of NAPOLEON III. to win back the estranged favor of France by a foreign war. With the war, opposition to the government for a time was suspended; but when the Emperor left the field of Sedan for a German prison, GAMBETTA was one of the Republican leaders who instantly organized the Government of National Defense; he was selected as Minister of the Interior.

This was in September, 1870. The next few months were the most eventful in the life of GAMBETTA. He was then less than thirty-two years of age. Though his companions were FAVRE, FERRY, SIMON, and PICARD—veterans of the liberal party—the weight of the work of resistance to the invaders fell upon him. To the duties of his position as Minister of the Interior were joined those of the Ministry of War. As the Germans hemmed in the capital, GAMBETTA, sailing above their levies in a balloon, proceeded to Tours, and assumed practically a dictatorship. Of his work during this momentous period there is no adequate account. That his labors were prodigious is certain. The best army of France was shut up in Metz. The larger part of the remainder was surrendered at Sedan. A considerable force of regulars were within the walls of Paris, and with these was nearly all the artillery and material of war not captured or confined with BAZAINE. To the armies still disposable GAMBETTA added six hundred thousand recruits, badly clothed, poorly armed, insufficiently equipped, it is true, but able to seriously threaten the communications of the Germans, and to hold in check the splendid forces of the victorious Prince KARL. He was foredoomed to failure, but the magnificent effort was of priceless value, for it taught France the lesson that mere zeal could not contend with intelligence, unity, and discipline, and that her humiliation was not due to the Empire alone, nor to any treachery of BAZAINE'S, but to the helplessness bred of her submission to a showy despotism. During this period GAMBETTA'S radical errors were in refusing to call together the people's representatives, and in his attempt, when the Assembly was finally summoned to pass on the terms of peace, to proscribe the principal Imperialists. This was fighting fire with fire, and showed a taint of the dictatorship which seriously marred his future influence.

After the peace GAMBETTA, completely broken in health, repaired to Spain, where he was during the insurrection of the Commune. He was re-elected to the Assembly by enormous majorities in nine departments. Returning to Paris, he took his seat as Deputy from the Bas-Rhin, and founded the journal *La République Française*. His political course since then is familiar to most intelligent readers, and need not be referred to in detail. At first he was looked upon with distrust by THIERS and his advisers, and not without some reason. But a good understanding was gradually established between them, the older man being content to allow the younger to point the way so long as he himself held the command. GAMBETTA rapidly matured a broad policy. Its first feature was union among the friends of the Republic, and this gained, the steady pursuit of a permanent republic, the practical development of representative parliamentary institutions, universal free secular education, a strong army, free trade, and commercial progress. The instrumentalities on which he relied were party organization, thorough and constant discussion, and the press. Of all these he was a master. His faculty for politics, as it is understood among us, would have been remarkable even here. His intimate acquaintance with the people, his accurate knowledge of the currents of public opinion, his influence over political leaders, were something quite unknown in France. As an orator he had no equal. His command of a miscellaneous audience was perfect, for either direction or restraint. He had the *true* of apt and significant phrases: "the new social stratum" (*la nouvelle couche sociale*); the marshal "must submit or resign" (*il faut ce son mettre on se démettre*); "the enemy is clericalism" (*le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*). These were the "key-notes" of his campaigns.

When THIERS was driven from power, the opposition to the Republic combined to replace him by Marshal MCMAHON, under whose rule it was hoped it would be possible to lay the foundation of another throne, the choice of its occupant being for the moment put aside. GAMBETTA'S greatest service to his country was the consummate skill and tremendous energy with which he led the resistance to this plot. His task was at once arduous and full of danger. Practically the people had to be instructed in the use of the ballot, and to be convinced that representative government was the only safe one possible for France, while the old leaders of the Empire were in power to repress, corrupt, and pervert the expression of popular opinion, and watching every opportunity to bring the Republican leader within the clutches of the law. But with an admirable combination of audacity and prudence, GAMBETTA, laboring night and day with voice and pen, accomplished the purpose which he had set for himself. In 1877, the country returned to the Assembly an overwhelming majority of Republicans, and shortly after the Senate also was lost to the reactionaries. M. GRÉVY, a Republican *de la veille*, became President. "The era of danger was closed," as M. GAMBETTA tersely announced: "the era of difficulties had opened." Secure in power, the Republicans divided among themselves. GAMBETTA, called to the head of the Ministry, was sacrificed to the jealousies and ambitions of smaller men, and retired to await a more propitious time for the resumption of that leadership which belonged to him by right of superior services, capacity, and wisdom.

He returned to the conduct of his journal, always his favorite occupation. Of the *République Française* it is small praise to say that he had made it the strongest journal in France. Others, like the *Figaro*, have a wider circulation, or, like the *Journal des Débats*, have more conspicuous contributors. None more directly and powerfully influences public opinion, none is so completely in harmony with the new order of things, or contributes so much to establish and perpetuate it. Strictly impersonal in its political department, it discusses both French and foreign affairs with vigor, breadth, and effectiveness. M. GAMBETTA'S contributions to its columns have been at all times considerable, and his brilliant statement, caustic wit, and delightful irony will be sadly missed, as will still more his sagacious and determined guidance.

M. GAMBETTA'S death is a severe loss to the republic. If happily it is not an irreparable one, it is largely because of the degree to which he has strengthened its foundations by the education of his countrymen not only in the love of real liberty, but in the employment of the suffrage. That work is regarded by his friends in France, as it was by himself, as his greatest, and ambitious as he unquestionably was, it was the source of his sincerest satisfaction that he had helped to fit his country to do without leadership. It may be added that he was an intelligent and discriminating as well as an ardent friend and admirer of the American republic.

EDWARD CARY.

FRESCOES.*

BY OUIDA.

PART I.—(*Continued.*)

Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, to Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest:

"I HAVE dispatched the book as you desire, my beloved son. I sent it down to Subiaco by Ammaro, so that I trust it will reach you by the post thence in safety. It delights me that so far away our humble dwelling and our little hamlet still keep a hold upon your heart-strings. Nowhere, my dear son, will you have warmer welcome than here; whenever again your steps shall bring you up our narrow mountain path you will bring joy with you. Marta grows very old, but not too old, she bids me say, to love you. May I, your oldest friend, presume on one word of caution? You take a natural interest in your English hostess. Be heedful that it grow not too strong an interest. My mind misgives me when you tell one of those music lessons, those readings of our poets. No doubt you are of as great an interest to this great lady; but since she *is* a great lady, and you are a man as proud as poor, there can be little to be hoped for from this intimacy, and surely its enjoyment is one fraught with peril. Forgive me if I hint this, and attribute my timidity to that which is always timorous—a great affection. God be with you!"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1358.

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"DEAR AND REVEREND FATHER,—Be not afraid; I have a triple armor of poverty, art, and pride, however misplaced pride may be in one born as I was. She is lovely, and interests me, I admit, if by mere force of contrast betwixt the obvious faults of her character and its potential powers for good. Her intense but unconscious selfishness and her possible greatness of nature, were higher emotions ever to touch her, make a psychological study quite out of the common. This sounds very abstract and didactic, but it is this contrast which interests me, nothing more. However, even this will soon cease to be near me. She leaves here, as I told you; it is doubtful whether she returns at all before going to the Riviera for winter.

"It seems they go on from one house to another until a whole autumn can be passed in this series of *viarai*. It appears to me that they are always as much *en scène* as if they were on the stage itself. It is an endless round of dressing, dining, trifling, talking; as I have come to understand it through the photography of her conversation, it seems to me the most vapid existence possible, but she assures me it has its excitements. She says that when once you are *dans le train* you could never lead any other kind of life. I am grateful that I shall never have the chance to be *dans le train* myself!

"Be easy on the score of my danger; I have a triple armor, I say, in my poverty, in my pride, in my art. Long ago I loved the woman in Paris that I told you of one summer night sitting in your little porch, with the great golden round moon coming up through purple clouds over the eastern mountains. She died, and what was worse, was worthless. Love-madness and I have parted company for evermore; and I shall be lonely as any hermit in this great house all through the windy English autumn and the darksome English winter. If only there be light enough to paint by, I shall be content.

"I am now painting the Burial of Daphnis. I have no models amongst these burly husbandmen and rheumatic laborers, but I have memories—so many memories—of lithe, light limbs, of brown, leaping forms, of ox-drawn harvest-wains, of rhythmic dances under the arching olive boughs, of naked figures, supple as river reeds, drawing water with the pole as in the days of Daphnis; in so much we are so little changed in Italy since the years of Theocritus. Ah, dear and best friend, be sure of this, my heart is too much with Italy to wander elsewhere in any folly. Besides, be also sure that if I have grown higher in miladi's estimation than the *fourcisseur*, I am no more than a secretary or a teacher in her eyes; at best a Rizzio to whom this haughtier queen would hardly drop a glove or give pity with a look. But I want neither glove nor pity; I shall be quite content if, when she shall see her ball-room finished, she shall smile, and bid me go. *A rivederci*, beloved and true friend!"

Mr. Hollys, Glenlochrie, Argyllshire, to the Countess of Charterys, Milton Ernest (telegraphs):

"Why don't you come to Drumdries? They are all furious, and I shall not see you at all, for I am only away for two weeks."

Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys Glenlochrie (writes):

"I'm too sorry, dear Harry, not to see *you*, but I really can't stand Drumdries. When I accepted to come I could not tell that poor Kingslynn would be close by on his own moor. I thought he was going to kill elephants in Africa or India. I should be quite afraid to stir a step outside the gates there for fear of meeting him; he bores me so unutterably. I know as well as you do that he is a dear, good little boy; he never does anything naughty except when he's in Paris, where it is conceded to all British virtue to go about in slippers; but I can't marry him, even to be one of the dozen Duchesses of Great Britain and Ireland, which all my friends are unanimous in declaring is the only thing worth living for in this world. I am quite content as I am. Yes, I am going on a lot of visits very soon, but not just yet. I have Hermione here; she is rather taken with one of our neighbors, John Herbert of Wardell; he is only just come home from endless travels, and if they like one another, there would be nothing for anybody to say against it, for though they are only baronets, the Wardell family counts back ages before that."

Mr. Hollys, Glenlochrie, to Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"That is it, is it? Hermione and Jack Herbert, and you and ——, a pretty *partie carrée!* Well, there's nothing to say, as you justly observe, against *Herbert*."

Mr. Hollys, Glenlochrie, to the Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, Milton Ernest:

"DEAR AUNT,—Pray pardon me, but can't you make Esmée keep her engagements and go to other houses if she won't come to Drumdries? It begins to look very odd. If she won't go out, get a lot of people down. For Heaven's sake break up the thing somehow. I would come myself, but must be back in Rome in sixty hours."

Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Glenlochrie:

"MY DEAR HENRY,—No one can be so painfully sensitive as myself to the lamentable imprudences (I might almost employ a stronger word) of my granddaughter, Lady Charterys. But I can do nothing; she is entirely independent, and you know of old her headstrong self-will. She does not go to Cowes; she does not go to any of her friends' houses. I confess with humiliation that I believe she remains at home because she finds a most lamentable attraction in the society of the Roman artist whom you deemed proper to send here. There is, of course, no absolute indiscretion committed; even Esmée has sufficient respect for my presence to make that impossible. But there are very great irregularities, a most reprehensible degree of intimacy. She actually asked this person to dine with us; he had good sense and feeling enough to refuse; but this will indicate to you the footing on which she treats him. He teaches her Italian, and corrects her singing: you know to what this sort of thing is invariably a prelude. Of course you could not imagine that Esmée could so far forget herself as to make a companion of a young man sent to paint her ball-room, but it is very unfortunate that you could not find some one at least middle-aged and less good-looking than this person is. The whole matter is painful to me, and scandalous to a degree which I can not describe. I am entirely at a loss what to do. Were it any one else I should at once leave a house in which I have ceased to have any influence, but I can not of course be the first to ruin my granddaughter's reputation by such a step. I foresaw that some miserable complication would ensue from this ridiculous idea of having an Italian over to paint the ball-room; if it had been put in the hands of good decorators, they would have done all that was needed, and Esmée would not have entered it until the walls were completed. You may be sure that I have exhausted all possible arguments in the endeavor to persuade her of the great and irreparable injury which will fall on her by her familiarity with a foreigner of whom even you admit you know nothing, except that he painted the altar of a Roman Catholic church in some village. But I regret to say that I produced no impression; at first she laughed and said there was no harm in learning Italian; at the end of my repeated counsels she hinted to me bluntly that Milton Ernest was hers, and that the manor-house at Staines was mine; of course she meant to suggest that I should go there. Can not you and Lord Llandudno, as her trustees, interfere?

"P. S.—It is impossible to ask people down when Esmée would not speak to them if they came; and she would not if they were asked in despite of her."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Dowager Lady Cairnwrath, Milton Ernest:

"DEAR AUNT,—I am quite too sorry, and can't forgive myself for being such an ass. But as Esmée has never before spent three months out of the twelve at Milton, how on earth could I tell this mischief would come on? I am afraid Lord Llandudno and I have no jurisdiction except over the property. We have no right to dictate to her about asking a painter to dinner. In point of fact, we both ask painters to dinner ourselves. You think painters are sweeps, but indeed the world has changed its mind about these things; I think she might ask him to dinner, but I am quite with you in thinking that for her to flirt with him is a hideous enormity. Besides, it is rough on the poor wretch himself, since nothing can come of it, for when she's tired of Tasso and the mandoline she'll forget he exists in twenty-four hours, and expect him to take five hundred pounds for his frescoes and be grateful. I don't fancy you need worry yourself seriously, though I can entirely understand how annoying it all is to you, and I wish to Heaven I had never found out Renzo's studio. It was hard enough to find, for it was up a hundred and ninety-five stairs, precipitous and pitch-dark, and it had a pumpkin tied to a string for a knocker."

Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"I am unhappily aware, my dear Henry, that your world nowadays thinks all social distinctions unnecessary, and all serious considerations pedantry. At the same time, if Lord Llandudno do ask painters to dinner, he would be the last man to allow one of his daughters to marry one of them, and I now solemnly warn you that I consider it quite possible that my granddaughter Esmée might in her madness and furious obstinacy throw herself away on this man. It is time, I think you will allow, for a *conseil de famille* on this most terrible dilemma."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, Milton Ernest:

"But there are no *conseils de famille* in England. What on earth shall we do?"

Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry, to Mr. Hollys (telegraphs):

"Can not you get his Ministers in Rome to order him home? What use are extradition treaties?"

Mr. Hollys to Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry (telegraphs):

"But if we have done nothing wrong, how can we demand his extradition? I am at my wits' end. I write to Llandudno. I am sure he will run down to Milton."

Dowager Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry to Mr. Hollys (telegraphs):

"I shall be happy to see Lord Llandudno, and I imagine Lady Charterys can scarcely turn her back on her own trustee. But be so good as to remember that it was *not* Lord Llandudno who sent this person here."

PART II.

Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest, to Hon. H. Hollys, Rome:

"DEAR HARRY,—I came down here as you asked me; I made a pretext out of the Monmouthshire leases. On my life I don't see what I can do. I think Tabby's fears have run away with her judgment. If Esmée is sweet on your Ro-

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man friend, she conceals it remarkably well. I like the man myself; he is a gentleman, and he has out-and-out talent. He will make a superb thing of the ball-room: his designs are worthy a Parthenon. It seems the fellow reads Italian with her, and is correcting her style of singing, and showing her the tricks of the mandoline, and all this goes on at tea-time in the ball-room; she lets him be quite quiet till five o'clock. I told Lady Cairnwrath (*who raves*) that I thought we did better to leave Esmée alone; she is not a baby, and she gets her back up very soon, and really to suggest to her that she can't be decently civil to a person who is doing things for her worthy of Domenichino, without compromising herself, or meaning to make a fool of herself about him, seems to me to be going very near the wind. I never do favor saying things to women that a man would knock you down for if you tried 'em on with him. Interference, I always believe, is the very hind-hoof of the devil. She is not the sort of woman for imprudences: it will be much more like her to amuse herself with the fellow while the novelty lasts, and then write him a check and forget his existence. She's as proud as blazes, and never would let herself down. It was a mistake having him in the house, perhaps: he might have lived in the village; but I don't think it matters. If she don't move before, she'll go to Cannes. I wish, with you, that she'd take poor Vic., but I can't see a chance of it. Little Hermie Latrobe is here, and going on with Herbert of Wardell till all's blue. Tabby will have it that your friend's an adventurer, a schemer, all the rest of it, and that he has all kinds of dark conspiracies to compromise Esmée and drive her up in a corner to marry him. But all this is moonshine. The man strikes me as a thorough gentleman. He hangs back whenever Esmée wants him to come out of his painting-room. They talk French, and I am not A1 at French, but as far as I can make out they quarrel a good deal. Hermione knows all they say, but she's a sly little mouse when she chooses. At all events, I'm quite sure interference wouldn't do any good: if you try to ride Esmée with a gag-bit she flings you a cropper at once; just like my daughters.

Truly yours, dear Hollys, LLANDUDNO.

"P.S.—Tabby's always for the gag-bit! What a time the defunct C. of O. must have had of it, and how glad he must be of those eternal shades, where the bothered are at rest! *But if she join him when she dies?!*"

Mr. Hollys to Lord Llandudno:

"DEAR LLANDUDNO,—So many thanks! you relieve my mind tremendously. The venerable C. of O. always foresees a conflagration of the universe whenever anybody strikes a match, especially if it's struck on the *wrong box*. Renzo is a gentleman, I am sure; there's such old patrician blood in so many of those fellows even when they're not very sure where they come from originally. I quite agree with you about riding with a light hand. Pray forgive a scrawl; I have to write a report on the quantities of jute and other similar articles used in this country during each year, which really and truly is only consular work. Nobody at F. O. in the least wants to know this, and nobody will ever read the report; it will be safely pigeon-holed for fifty years, and then be burned, still unread; but duty is duty, even when the thermometer is at 45° R. in the shade, and it is the twentieth day of August which finds your wretched friend in the Urbs—Eternal City it is no more: it is all going; pounded into dust under tramway cars and the modern builder's hods of stucco. We are in an age in which nothing is sacred. I expect they will get chopping at the palm of Augustus. Ever yours." etc.

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"BEST BELOVED FATHER AND FRIEND,—Your kindly fears for my peace may be at rest. Miladi is gone; they say she will not return till the spring. A week or two ago there arrived on a visit here an English lord with a name I can not remember, and could not spell if I did. He was one of her *tutori;* only now that she is of age to be her own mistress his powers of jurisdiction only extend to her property. In England it appears the property is always the first care. It is so fenced up and tied about in favor of people unborn that nobody ever seems thoroughly to enjoy it; but I am by no means sure that this self-denial is not the cause of the nation's great prosperity and solidarity.

"I think she is sorry to go. She seems interested in the studies that I have persuaded her to take up; she is beginning to understand what good singing is. I suppose her professors were too intent in making them agreeable to a young countess with two hundred thousand pounds a year to make themselves *dis*agreeable by insisting on accuracy and moderation in the use of natural powers. She is certainly regretful to go; she said as much frankly to me last night. But it seems she has neglected many engagements, and these unhappy great people are the slaves of their own world; it reminds me of Frankenstein! The lord with the strange Welsh name did not, I think, approve of her intimacy with me. He was a very light-hearted, pleasant, easy person, but he had quick eyes and a great deal of tact under that peculiar rough *nonchalance* which is so common to English gentlemen; they wear it like a sort of loose overcoat, under which they conceal everything. I do not know whether it was by persuasion or ridicule that he induced her to make these visits which she had promised to make in the coming month, but directly or indirectly he induced her to do so; a week after he left she went away; her grandmother is gone also.

"This great place seems very silent and lonely. Nothing can exceed her kindness in the orders she has given for my comfort. I am to ride or drive any horse I please, and the household is to obey all my commands. I imagine the servants do not like this at all. I am half afraid they accredit me with the delightful profession of a spy! My friend the head gardener alone is content; he is very fond of me, because I love flowers, and understand something of them, as all artists are bound to do. So here I am alone, with the exception of this legion of servants, who seem to me to do nothing but eat, yawn, and dress. The place grows on me for all that, and were there only fewer rainy days, there would be little of which to complain. The grandeur of the yews and cedars, of the huge oaks and of the long avenues of lime-trees, is always solemn, quieting, and beautiful. When the day grows too dark to paint more, I go out in the park—in the home woods, as they are called. Some of the deer are growing to know me, and one doe has become so friendly she comes to meet me. They say she is old; but she is a pretty creature, with a silver collar round her throat, placed there by the last earl, whose pet she was. Her name is on it, Nerina—the name, you will remember, of my poor mother. It is like finding an old friend in this strange land. I hear this earl, whose name was Alured, was much in Italy, and had what the people here call foreign tastes. I believe he was not at all a good man, and there are odd tales of him: so my ally, the gardener-in-chief, tells me: this gardener by-the-way, has a charming house in the village, keeps a pony-carriage, and has an income that would make a Venetian or Florentine gentleman rich. This gossiping will only interest you as enabling you to figure to yourself my daily life here. I confess I miss the presence of miladi: it would be strange to do otherwise; but I am solitary without being dull: I am never dull where I have my fancy free, and can go at will into the open air. It is true, the air here is not always inviting.

"I am becoming afraid, I candidly own, of getting too used to this life of *lusso*. I have always seen bare floors, bare walls where I had not scrawled over them, the simplest furniture, the simplest food, a dish of soup, and bread and fruit, a little flask of *nostrali* wine making all my banquet; but now—so soon does one learn bad habits!—now it seems quite natural to find my bath filled for me, my clothes brushed and ready, my wants all anticipated, a table spread thrice a day for me alone, with egg-shell china and Queen Anne plate, and all sorts of dainties and French wines, while two powdered giants move around me as noiselessly as if they were mice. It all seems so natural, and I am humiliated to feel that I shall miss it all when I go back to the old life of privation. And I used to think myself, not so long ago, a philosopher, a poet, content with the food of spirit, and scorning the comforts of the flesh. I am half afraid that, like many other wiseacres, I only scorned what I was ignorant of! To be sure, in our climate, it is easier to be reconciled to a crust and a handful of plums than it would be here, and a bare floor does not seem so amiss when it has our sunbeams shining down on it, and a trail of a wild vine straying across it. Still, it is ill to lie in Capua when one knows that on the morrow one must go away to toil and uncertainty and the hunger of hope deferred. No; believe me it is not, as you will suppose, regret for a woman that makes me feel that it will be a heavy trial to leave this place. It is considerations much grosser, much baser, much lower, that weigh on me. I am neither so stoical nor so spiritual as I thought, but I am, as ever, your devoted and grateful," etc., etc.

The Lady Charterys, Acorsby, Salop, to Signore Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, Berks:

"Comment va la peinture? Ecrivez-moi ici et donnez-moi de vos nouvelles."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Two well-dressed men were recently sentenced in Cincinnati to pay a fine of $150 each, and to suffer a month's imprisonment, for stealing an umbrella worth a dollar and a half. A Cincinnati newspaper endeavors to ward off a panic by explaining that it was the bad reputation of the men, and their manner of taking the umbrella from the rack, which convicted them. "Under similar circumstances," it adds, "no charge of larceny could be sustained against a reputable person."

The State of Minnesota recently found its treasury empty. The Railway Commissioner requested the managers of the trunk lines to advance a part of the three per cent. tax on the gross earnings of the roads, which would not be due for several months. The roads immediately came to the rescue with $60,000, and the State was enabled to keep its departments open.

Christmas was celebrated on a moving railway train between Cincinnati and Terre Haute by an opera company. A Christmas tree was prepared in one of the drawing-room cars, one of the singers personated Santa Claus, presents were exchanged, and speeches were made, and all while the train was speeding along at the rate of forty-five miles an hour.

It is said that Victor Hugo slept during nearly all of his play *Le Roi s'Amuse* on the occasion of its recent reproduction in Paris fifty years after the date of its production. A critic unkindly adds, "So did many in the audience."

The municipal authorities of Indianapolis have adopted a plan which they think may result in the removal of telegraph poles from the streets. It is to tax the telegraph companies two dollars a year for each pole. The companies can avoid payment of this pole-tax by putting their wires under-ground.

Item from an Illinois paper: "Napoleon La Mountain, the well-known bank burglar, who revels under a cloud of aliases, among which are 'Little Corporal' and 'Frenchy,' has been for two days attempting to pick the lock of the old safe at the Chicago and Alton office, the key having got lost some days ago." M. La Mountain's reputation is at stake.

Highwaymen armed with sand-clubs prowl the streets of Chicago at night. A Chicago paper advises persons who are out late to walk in the middle of the street for safety's sake.

The recent overflow of the river Seine drove vast numbers of rats out of the Paris sewers, and it is said that residents in certain quarters were fairly overrun by the rodents, finding them in their shoes, in their dressing-case drawers, and in all sorts of odd places, when they arose in the morning. Cats and rat-catching dogs were in great demand.

Beavers are building across Feather River, in California, a dam, in which they are using large cottonwood-trees. All the dams that the miners have built for protection against spring freshets have been washed away, and as it is said that beaver dams are never thus destroyed, the miners are watching with deep interest the results of the little animals' engineering.

The first number of *Le Passage de Venus* has appeared in France. It will be published as often as Venus crosses the sun's disk in line with the earth. The next issue will be on June 8 of the year 2004. Now is the time to subscribe.

A Detroit man has invented a furnace in which refuse tinware, oyster cans, fruit cans, etc., can be so treated that the solder shall be restored to commerce, and the sheets of tin made suitable for manufacturing purposes. At this rate of progress toward a higher civilization it won't be long before it will be impossible for a poor family to keep a goat.

Cartridges of powdered quicklime, strongly compressed, have been used with good results for blasting in English coal mines. Water is introduced into the cartridge through a perforated iron tube, and the chemical action rends the solid mass without noise, smoke, or danger. The upper parts of New York city, where extensive blasting is necessary before building can begin, and where the explosions are attended with danger to the public, afford a good field for the trial of the new method.

A dealer in New Orleans avers that he sends 1,500,000 cocoa-nut shells to New York annually to be ground up with black pepper.

Three men were captured by an Oregon mob a few nights ago and hanged. An account of the affair says that the men were accused of no specified crimes, but were known to be bad men, and were "hung on general principles."

There are many things to be taken into consideration before deciding what character one shall personate at a mask ball. A young man of Memphis went as George Washington, and became tipsy. The magistrate before whom he was arraigned added fifteen dollars to the usual fine because he had disgraced hiuself while personating the Father of his Country.

Speaking of Senator Anthony's bill to prohibit the use of capital for other than legitimate purposes, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says, "This bill ought to stop about half the legislation of an average session."

A Canadian who nearly froze to death while driving to his home has described his sensations to a reporter. The condition of extreme suffering gave place to a feeling of grateful warmth and exhilaration. "The sleigh, instead of crawling along at a snail's pace, appeared to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses fairly flew like pigeons. A sense of exultation filled the farmer's breast as he urged the horses to still greater speed, and the woods on each side were passing so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the sleigh bells sounded fainter and fainter, until the chimes disappeared in the distance, the farmer fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near being the sleep that knows no waking, and he knew no more until brought to life under a vigorous treatment."

While the custom of receiving New-Year's callers was generally honored in Washington this year, it was observed by comparatively few in New York. Under any other form of government than a republican the example set at the capital would be likely to result next season in a revival of the custom in the metropolis of the nation. Perhaps it will as it is.

While the ten Brooklyn Aldermen were confined recently in the Raymond Street Jail for contempt of court one of them was accosted by a tramp whom he had himself sentenced while sitting in the place of a police justice. Speaking in a husky voice, the tramp reminded the Alderman of their previous meeting, said he was to be released on the following day, and kindly inquired whether he could do anything for him.

In Philadelphia recently Mr. Wilhelm Steinitz, the famous chess-player, offered to pit himself against any thirty players that could be produced, and to play the thirty games simultaneously. Only sixteen players came forward. The first few moves, stereotyped openings for the most part, were made rapidly, the champion stopping for only a moment at each board. As the games progressed he gave more thought to his play, but seldom hesitated more than half a minute. Three hours from the beginning he had won all the games but one.

Although Secretary Teller was unable to grant the request which the Turtle Mountain Chippewa Indians brought to Washington not long ago, he was compelled to pay a tribute to the antiquity of the band. He told them that their claim to the Turtle Mountain country had been traced back two hundred years, but that they had no better claim to this tract than the other Chippewas, because they could base their claim only on the tribal title of immemorial occupancy. There are ten thousand white settlers on the tract claimed by the Turtle Mountain Chippewas, which embraces nine million acres of desirable land in Northern Dakota.

The Utah Commission, it is said, will recommend the abolition of woman suffrage in that Territory, on the ground that it is one of the main supports of Mormonism and polygamy. It is asserted that the Mormon women vote as a duty to the Church, while the "Gentile" women refrain from voting, and thus the Mormon element obtains an advantage in the Territory that it would not have otherwise.

An aged Indian was bewailing in Virginia City, Nevada, not long ago, the apathy of his race in respect to matters of a warlike nature. "Old times gone," he said. "Long 'go Shoshone meet Piute, Piute meet Washoe, one get killed. Now when meet, sit down and eat."

Writing from Washington, a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* tells of "an aristocracy unlike that of any other city." It is supremely indifferent to politics, and is, says the writer, composed mainly of the army and navy and the remnants of an old aristocracy which has clung to the government like a barnacle for half a century. Its members live in pretentious boarding-houses, and have always such an acquaintance in the ultra-fashionable circles that they are found at all their receptions and parties. They are generally in receipt of a quarterly check upon the Treasury—"a memento of some deceased relative who years ago belonged to the military establishment—or else have some perquisite in a department which yields a petty income without much work." The writer says that they hold a most supreme contempt of that class in Washington whom they style Congressional people. "Revelling in the memory of by-gone relatives who once drew salaries from the nation," it is added, "they hold themselves in lofty contempt of these later gentlemen who now hold the places which their grandfathers occupied." They are described as an aristocracy based simply upon traditions of official place.

THE COUNTRY FOR EVAPORATING THEORIES.

HERR MOST. "Do you call this a free country, where a person *can't* be arrested?"

U. S. POLICEMAN. "As long as you don't hurt any one but yourself, the law will not interfere; and when you have relieved yourself, *you will drop into oblivion like the rest.*"

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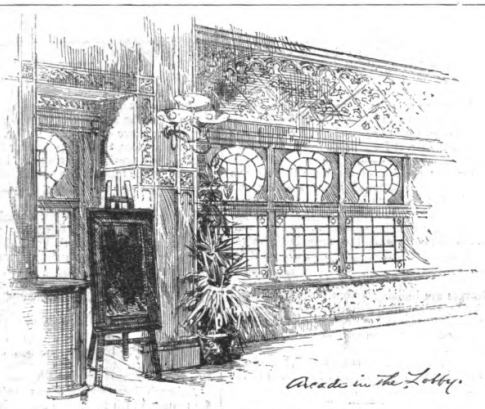

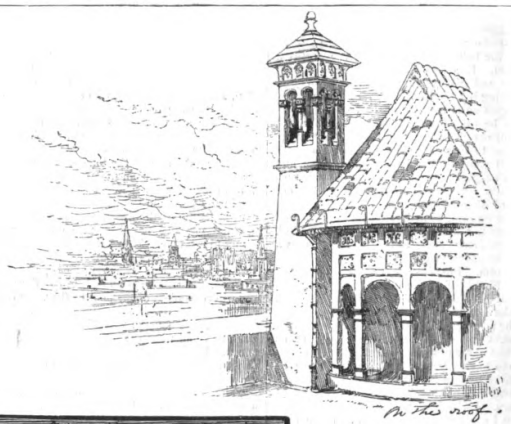

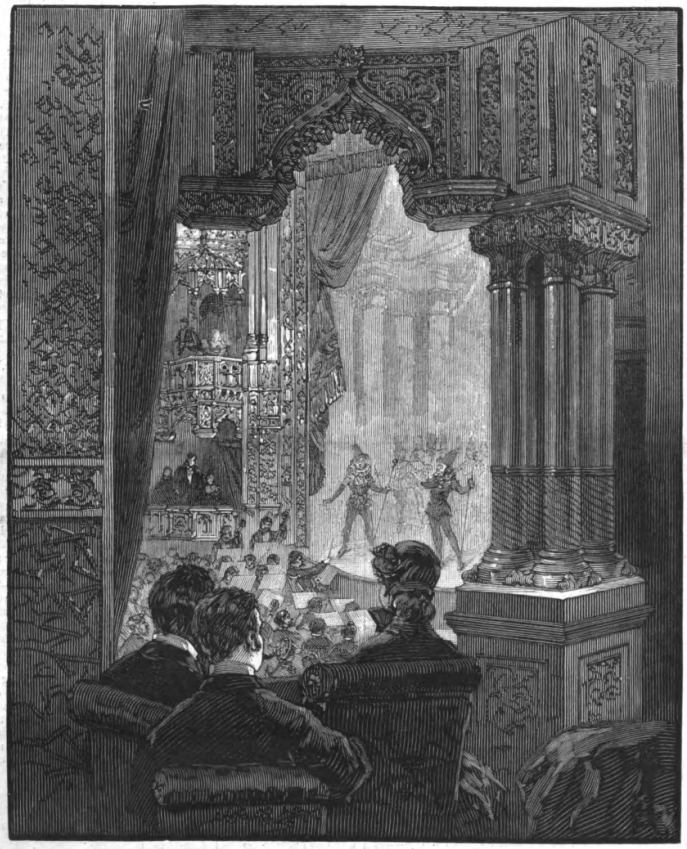

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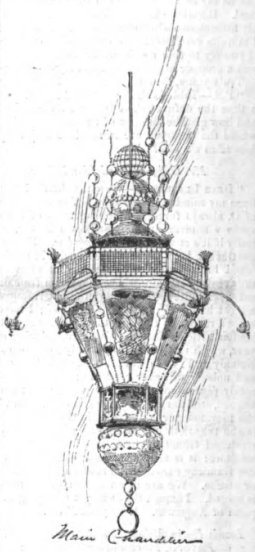

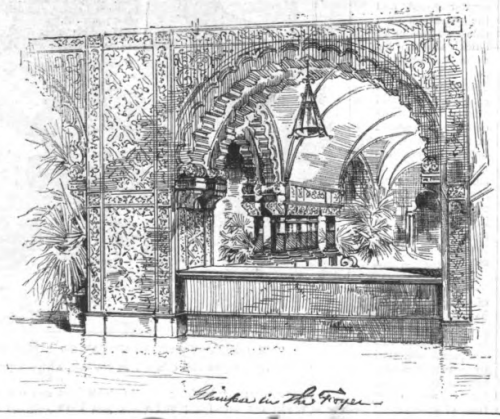

THE NEW YORK CASINO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 25.]

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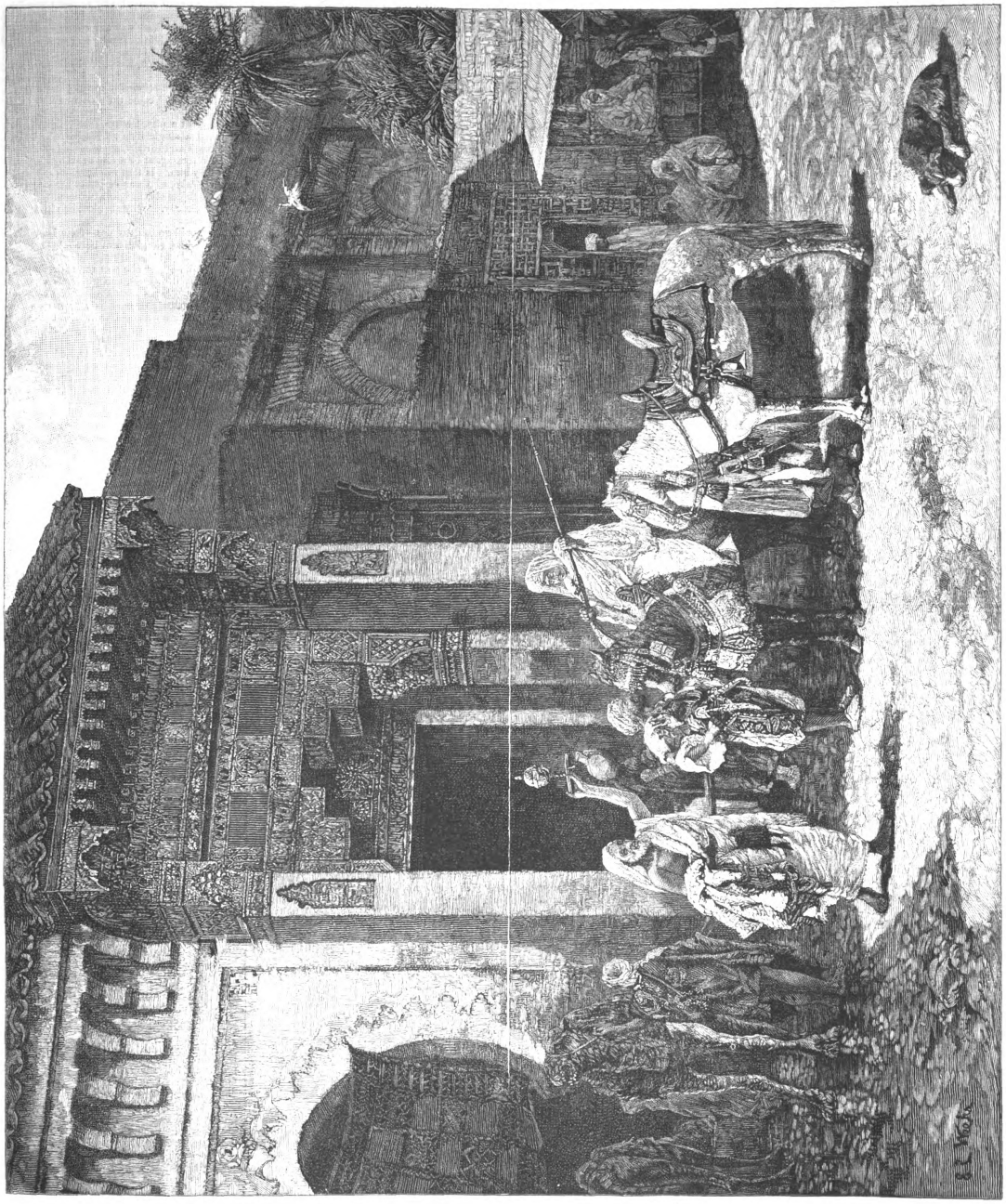

"A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY OF MOROCCO."—ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. WILLIAMS & EVERETT, BOSTON, FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

THE artist of the beautiful picture of which an engraving is given on this page was born in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1849. Evincing very early a predilection for the pursuit of art, he went to Paris while quite young, and studied there in L'Ecole des Beaux-Art, and afterward in the studios of GÉRÔME and BONNAT. He imbibed a love for the delineation of Eastern life, in the treatment of which he has been very successful. For several years MR. WEEKS travelled in various Eastern countries, carefully studying the manners and customs of the people, their modes of life, their architecture, and the scenery, filling his sketch-books with artistic memoranda, and firing his imagination with the spirit of the marvellous scenes in which he sojourned.

MR. WEEKS is a member of the Boston Art Club, and has exhibited works in this country, at the Paris Salon, the Paris Société des Amis des Arts, and other places. Among his pictures are "A Cup of Coffee in the Desert," "A Pilgrimage to the Jordan," "A Scene in Tangiers," "Jerusalem from the Bethany Road," "An Arab Story-Teller"—which was exhibited at the Centennial in 1876—"Alhambra Windows," "A Moorish Camel-Driver"—exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1878—"They Toil not, neither do they Spin," etc. He has never departed from his early fondness for the East, and his later works, as, for example, the one which we engrave, show a constantly increasing power in technique, and a steady growth in those qualities of imagination and perception which distinguish the true artist.

MR. WEEKS has resided in Paris for several years, making frequent visits to Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, Tangiers, and other Eastern cities. A portrait of him will be found on page 29.

THE NEW CASINO.

SOMETHING over a year ago HARPER'S WEEKLY gave an exterior view of the new Casino from the drawings of the architects, Messrs. KIMBALL & WISEDELL. The architectural promise given by the drawings has been more than fulfilled as to the outside of the building, while the interior, of which some sketches are given in this issue, is not less interesting and successful.

The material chosen for the building was favorable to repose. The outside is virtually a monochrome in red baked clay, for the angle mullions of the Broadway elevation are almost the only stones visible. The surface, however, is relieved from monotony by the employment in the walls of alternate bands of Croton and Collaberg brick, slightly different in tint, while the terra cotta is of a still brighter tint, and the visible wood-work is painted in complementary olive. These are all excellent materials, the selected common brick having a better color and giving much more sense of texture than the costlier pressed brick, while the terra cotta is not only of good color, but is moulded with unfailing sharpness and precision, insomuch that the large band of arabesque ornament below the uppermost stages of the tower and the moulded string-courses of the front are distinct and effective from the street, although the relief does not exceed two inches.

The defects of the composition are scarcely worth mention in comparison with its excellences. The terminal pier at the southern end of the Broadway front looks slender and weak for its position, although this defect will be much mitigated, if it does not disappear altogether, when the balcony, shown in the drawings, is inserted in the tall and narrow arch next the pier, so as visibly to tie it to the main wall. The terra-cotta voussoirs of the longer flat arches have not depth enough to appear to contain the arch line, and it is evident that the real reliance for the support of the superincumbent wall is upon the inconspicuous iron lintels, the pressure upon which the relieving arches can scarcely relieve appreciably. On the other hand, the courageous experiment of exhibiting the sweep of a theatrical auditorium above a nearly rectangular base is completely successful, and the skill with which these contradictory forms have been blended, and the ellipse adjusted to the square upon which it stands, is thoroughly admirable. The detail, the motives of which have been suggested generally by the Saracenic architecture of Spain, and sometimes by that of Egypt, is uniformly well studied. Copious as is the ornament, the masses are so strong that the building nowhere seems overloaded, and so much intelligent study has been given to the ornament

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itself that it everywhere invites and repays study.

The interior, of which the outside is the expressive vesture, is the result of a careful study of the requirements of the plan. It is a theatre and ball-room and concert garden, with the dependencies required by each of these uses, in which the optical and acoustical necessities of the case have controlled the forms. Nothing has been sacrified to "making architecture," and consequently the interior architecture has the extremely satisfactory look of having come of itself. The flattened curve which takes the place of the conventional horseshoe line of the gallery front looks a little forced and capricious, but this is almost a solitary exception to the rule. There are a number of interesting points of arrangement, the most noteworthy of them being the garden on the roof, which gives scope for some ingenious features in the form of sheltered balconies and porches, one of which, a tiled porch, is included in the illustrations. The suspension of the orchestra above the proscenium has been introduced in former works by the authors of the Casino, but has never been developed into so important and successful a feature of the interior architecture as in this building.

In fact, it would not be easy to name an interior in New York which has been so thoroughly thought out in detail as that of the Casino, and which has so much the appearance of having been "designed all over." Moorish architecture, which the architects have not so much adopted as taken for their point of departure, contains an almost inexhaustible repertory and an endless suggestion of surface ornament, and the mine has hardly been worked at all. The only Moorish interior here which can be compared for thoroughness and skill of design with that of the Casino is the Temple Emanu-El, in Fifth Avenue, which is now some fifteen years old. That work, brilliant and successful as it is, lacks the relief which with the Moorish architects of Spain at least was always an integral element in decoration. The interior of the Casino is throughout wrought in reliefs in varying patterns executed in the material of the Moorish architects—a tough plaster. It owes no more to the Moorish work than each generation of Moorish workmen owed to its predecessors. The inspiration and the system are Moorish; the details of design are in almost every case original. Many of them are in themselves very interesting, although what is most interesting is the relation of them to each other. The relief of the arabesques varies somewhat with the scale and density of the ornament, according to size and position. It is everywhere slight, however, but everywhere sufficient to give a peculiar life and changefulness to the color applied to it—a changefulness which prevents the patterns from becoming tiresome, and gives a new aspect to every piece of decoration with each new point of view. The scale of the ornament varies greatly, from the great polygon which fills the domed centre of the ceiling to the surfaces of the lower walls, in which the unit of design is a square of only a few inches.

Moorish architecture, inexhaustible as it is as a repertory of surface decoration, does not contain all the elements needed in a modern theatre; and the architects of the Casino have not scrupled to introduce elements from other historical styles with a success that entirely justifies them. As in the Temple Emanu-El, there is a mixture of Gothic and Moorish detail. The canopies that divide the proscenium-boxes vertically are reminiscences of late French Gothic. The inverted cones that connect the stilts over the Moorish shafts with the ceiling are reminiscences of English perpendicular vaulting, and reproduce in their decoration the fan tracery of King's College Chapel at Cambridge and Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. But these features show such an affinity with the Moorish work as to assure the spectator that the Moorish architects only did not use them because they did not know them. Rather more disputable is the introduction in the soffits of the galleries of sunken panels surrounded by prominent mouldings. These are constructively meaningless, and scarcely happy enough as decoration to make us forget that fact. But in general it is true that unity has been attained by means of these diverse elements; and that is the only rational test that can be applied to the eclecticism of a modern architect who is to produce works which can not have an exact historical parallel.

We have spoken of the color-decoration of the Casino, but blue is the only pigment that has been used with any freedom, although a dull red has been sparingly introduced in the dado of the auditorium. In place of the blue, red, and gold of the Alhambra, the walls and ceiling are covered with metallic lustres of bronze and silver and copper. The resultant tint is a pale terra-cotta, complementary to the blue, and the effect is of a sheeny softness. The combination of richness and softness, at which the architects seem to have aimed, has without doubt been attained, and of itself constitutes an unusual success in color decoration. But it is doubtful whether pigments might not, with advantage, be introduced more freely at points and lines calling for special emphasis, with the result of more sharply separating the various fields of decoration and accenting structural divisions, which are now not indeed confused, but scarcely so brought out as to give the architecture its full value in the decoration.

But it seems ungrateful to find any fault at all with a beautiful work which gives us so much pleasure, or even to suggest change in it. After one has gone over the building again and again, his surprise increases at the thoroughness with which it has been designed, and the study which has been given to every square yard of its surface. Nothing seems to have been forgotten, and nothing slurred. In such details as the pavement of the vestibule—a very effective mosaic in broken tiles—and the grills of the boxes, and the brass and glass of the chandeliers, it is as evident as in the most conspicuous features of the building that they have been thought about. This is rare praise to give a modern building, and especially a building built, as the Casino has been built, in a hurry. Its owners and its architects are to be congratulated upon having made a valuable addition to the architectural ornaments of the city. Study of it makes more incomprehensible the neglect of such a mine of detail as Moorish architecture offers, by so many of our young architects, who have forsaken it to follow the aimless vagaries of the English Renaissance.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

LOVERS AT THEBES.

In the Eternal House they slept.

"How is it with thee, Princess,
Within this secret gloom?
Thy bed is set with jewels,
And crowned with lotus bloom.
By Isis and Osiris,
Thou has a glorious tomb!

"How many solemn ages
Have passed since thou wert free
To sleep within my bosom,
Or sail the Nile with me?
How it is with thee, Princess?"
"King, is it well with thee?"

"How many weary ages
Have passed us here in night?
Alas! could we but wander
Forth to the Sacred Light—
Hear Memnon speak at sunrise,
And watch the skies grow bright!"

"Nay, the great gods have ordered
That here we shall abide;
I may not doff my cerements,
Thou mayst not clasp thy bride.
Then sleep, O mighty Pharoah."
"Sleep, Princess, at my side."

ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNSETTLED.

Miss Brake was not talking in her sleep; on the contrary, she was calm and matter-of-fact in her stern decisiveness. She spoke as if she knew, thought Kitty Vance, who accepted the assertion, and did not in any way gainsay it, although one natural question escaped her at the moment.

"Who told you?"

"I have found it out; but there are reasons why I should put you on your guard against this woman," she replied; "and you can guess them."

"I must not trust her," suggested Kitty.

"And must be watchful of her—always."

"But will she ever disclose—"

"Oh! I do not want her co-operation," cried Miss Brake, almost scornfully now, "or her evidence. It will be complete without her, and I shall face them with my proofs some day. I see it all now—to the end."

Wise woman who saw so much, and who would presumptuously shape out the workings of her little world; who saw virtue triumphant and vice overwhelmed, as by God's hand it should be; who, from her misty cloud-land, as from heaven, saw the iron hands of Justice dragging forth to the light the shivering, pitiful Cain, who had lain in ambush all this while!

"What motive could Mrs. Chadderton have had in keeping back the truth?" said Kate Vanch, musingly; "whom has she tried to screen, I wonder?"

"We shall not wonder very long," said Hester, confidently. "And now do not speak of this again to me, or to any one in this house. It's my secret, no one else's; my plan of action, not yours."

"I will try and not think of it," said Kitty. "But, oh! dear mistress, if you could set it aside too for a while! if you only would!" she entreated.

"Is it possible?"

"There have been so many dark days in your life, which I had hoped this visit would brighten—which I meant to help to brighten, thinking this would be a pleasant holiday," said Kate.

"Pleasant holiday!" echoed back Miss Brake. "I am like that strange young woman whom my brother Morris married, and there is no pleasure in the world for me. Why should there be? Why should it come to one so dissatisfied and suspicious and afflicted as I am—as I have always been, Kitty?"

"Oh, no, no; you have not."

"Pleasure is for the young—for men with money, sometimes; for girls with lovers, always," she said, musingly; "and yet what a crowd of disappointments, Kitty, comes to him who schemes, and the woman who dreams!"

Kitty looked wonderingly at her, as if this mournful musing were scarcely in her usual tone, or to be reconciled with many words and acts preceding yesterday—as if she were disposed to believe in happiness herself, and to take credit for some brighter days in store for her. For Greg loved her, as in the old bad days, but with a purer heart; and she loved Greg Dorward very faithfully. Only a few days back Miss Brake had spoken of the promise of her future, and now she seemed to warn her, although she had said that pleasure was for girls with lovers always. How did she know that unless from story-books, she who had stood apart from love and lovers all her life, thought Kitty, despising it and them, as one soured by long illness or a plain face might do with some excuse, poor thing!

There was no further conversation on this subject; when Kitty would have replied, the invalid lady raised her thin hand in protest; and the companion, trained to obedience, was silent, and silent very willingly. Presently Miss Brake closed her eyes again, and Kitty did not venture to disturb her. There were brighter thoughts for her, and the death of Morris Brake lay five years back, and had affected her at that time by the mystery surrounding it, and by her depth of sympathy for the sister's grief, rather than by any absorbing interest she had experienced herself in the young fellow struck from the life-roll.

She was almost doubtful if Miss Brake had gained any fresh intelligence, and whether this was not another phase of eccentricity on her part. That she said and did strange things at times no one knew better than Kate Vanch; she was often harsh and repellent, but more often still full of a Christian sympathy with the unfortunate of her kind, that was remarkable even in a tender-hearted woman. Hence an inconsistent female, which is a *rara avis* at all times, we trust.

Coming to Farm Forlorn had disturbed Miss Brake, thought Kitty; and as the mistress was disposed to judge by first appearances, it was possible she had disliked the look of Mrs. Chadderton. For, thought Kitty, she had done that herself, and had felt a little frightened of the housekeeper, who had so hard and strange a face, and whose deep-set eyes looked at her and her mistress so inquiringly—perhaps so unlovingly—as at intruders in a home which she had ruled with a mild despotism, but still a despotism, for more years than the new-comers were aware.

And Kitty Vanch had Greg to think about—a pleasanter subject than Mrs. Chadderton, or mystery, or murder. Here were fair memories of last night's wanderings by the sea-shore with him, of all that he had said, of more that he had implied, and her mistress's sad words did not overcloud her long. Kitty's heart was against it, the very day, with its sunshine, its birds and flowers in the garden beyond, was against it; even the drowsy hum of the bees spoke of calm content and honey-gathering; and the young girl's heart was full of gratitude for the great change in her life. Bolter's Rents lay further back to her than to Greg Dorward; she could scarcely believe now in the reality, it was all so distant and obscure, so hideous and unreal—an enigma, a wild dream. She had been one of the many wholly despaired of; she remained one of the few who had gone steadily upward, looking neither to the right nor the left. Yes, John Woodhatch, clumsy philanthropist as he had been, had done good service here; he thought so himself, as though the work was done for good, and he had never heard in all his life that it was in humankind to err.

"What are you thinking of, Kate?" came the sharp voice of Hester Brake upon Kate's ears at last.

"I—I hardly know."

"You were smiling—almost laughing."

"Was I? I am very sorry," answered Kitty, in good faith, and with no satirical intent in her apology.

"You have nothing to be sorry for. I am glad you are happy already," Hester said, rising. "Let us walk in the garden for a little while; this room is very stifling."

"I will fetch your bonnet."

"No, this will do," and very quickly Miss Brake twisted a white handkerchief over her head, and without much regard to the effect which such an extempore covering might give to her personal appearance.

"The sunshades too," added Kate.

"Trees are the best sunshades," answered the mistress; "and there is a seat under that big apple-tree yonder, is there not?"

"Yes."

"Let us go there, Kate. It will be cooler than in the house."

Miss Brake's wish was a command; and offering her arm to the delicate woman, Kate Vanch escorted her mistress into the garden which stretched round Farm Forlorn—a fine expanse of flowers and fruit trees and grass-plat, from which innumerable standards rich with roses sprang and flourished.

"It is a fair picture," said Hester Brake, when they were seated under the apple-tree, and were looking across the lawn at the long length of farm-house, with its latticed windows blinking in the sun. "Why did he call it Farm Forlorn, as if he had foreknowledge of the misery to come?"

"It was called Farm Forlorn before his time, I have heard him say."

"Oh yes; I had forgotten," said Hester. "I remember Morris being full of a legend that the old house stood alone here years and years ago, and the sea came closer to its walls. It was a smuggler's hiding-place in those old days; it is a murderer's now."

"Do you think the murderer is there, then?" said Kitty, in a low tone—"still living in the place?"

"I do not say that, exactly. Who can tell? Speak of something else, Kate," she said, techily; "you have had enough of my misery to-day. Tell me of your younger thoughts."

"What will they be, I wonder?" replied Kitty, not wondering very much, for all that. "I have had so much to think about since I came."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Miss Brake, absently. "Do you think Mr. Woodhatch will ever marry, madam?" asked Kitty, somewhat irrelevantly, and for the sake of starting an entirely new subject for discussion.

Hester Brake started, and turned toward her companion to see for herself—and if it were possible—whether there was any covert meaning in the question. But the frank, clear eyes were sufficient evidence of fairness.

"What a question, Kate! Why should *I* think of it?"

"It has often seemed to me so great a pity."

"What has?" came the sharp inquiry at this too.

"So great a pity, I mean, that he should have remained a single man all his life—he so good and honest and earnest, so deserving of—of—"

"Of a termagant or a fool to sit by his fireside and worry him. Is that what you mean?" asked Hester Brake, who was certainly hard to please on any subject that bright afternoon.

"Not exactly. Why should it be either of the two?"

"He would go to extremes—from Lucy Brake, a good-looking simpleton at best—"

"Oh, madam!"

"I think so—for she was romantic, and made a hero out of Morris, and we know what poor Morris was. From Lucy Brake," she continued, "John Woodhatch would pass to the other extreme, and marry a scold, if he took to himself a wife now."

"I don't see—"

"And you don't know, Kate, and all this is speculative maundering which tries my temper not a little," she said; "but I am in a fretful mood to-day. Bear with me, please. I shall want your help, true friend—and soon."

"Trust me," answered Kate Vanch, very readily.

"As you will trust me—always?" said Miss Brake.

"Yes."

"Hating me never—under any circumstances?" she asked, very anxiously.

"Oh, never, Miss Hester—never!"

"Remember that," she said; "remember you have promised that."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOVERS.

Hester Brake and her young companion had not sat long in the garden ground of Farm Forlorn before Greg Dorward came across the lawn toward them.

Kate, who first saw him advancing, gave a little start of joyful surprise, and said:

"Here he is. I thought he would not be long."

"So this is he," said Miss Brake, in a lower tone. "How strange it seems that I see him for the first time, having heard of him so much!"

"Strange to me too that this should seem like the beginning of a new life."

"It is the beginning," answered the mistress. "How it will end, Kate, it is not for you, or me, or *him* to guess."

Kate turned quickly to her, and Miss Brake added, almost bitterly:

"It is for John Woodhatch, the wise master, who regulates Greg Dorward's life, and sees it keeps step with your own. Introduce me—he is here."

Greg was close upon them now. He raised his hat as he advanced, and with an easy grace, indicative almost of an inborn courtesy.

"And this man comes from the prison and the reformatory!" muttered Miss Brake; "yes, it is remarkable."

"Kitty," said Greg, shaking hands with his fiancée, "I am sorry I was not here at the time of your arrival. May I say welcome to you, if a little behind time with my greeting?"

"Yes—thank you," said Kitty; then she turned to her companion and added, "This is Mr. Dorward, Miss Hester. Greg, this is my true and tried friend Miss Brake, whom you know by report very well."

"Whom I hope to know better by the honor of a personal acquaintance," said Greg, with a low bow.

Hester Brake bowed low in response, but did not offer to shake hands with him, as under all the circumstances Greg thought she would have done. She regarded him very intently—Greg thought almost rudely—and said,

"Have we not met before?"

"Oh no."

"Your voice seems familiar to me," said Hester Brake, thinking perhaps of the last night's meeting, wherein Greg had flattered himself that he had well disguised his organ of speech.

"No, Miss Brake, I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before," said Greg, who amidst his manifold accomplishments certainly possessed the art of lying with facility and frankness.

"It is always a matter of interest to me to meet any one who has known my brother Morris," she said, speaking very slowly. "Sometimes I hope to obtain from one or another of his past acquaintances a clew to the mystery of his death. I do not despair."

"It is a mystery which, in my own small way, I have endeavored to solve, Miss Brake," said Greg, politely but gravely, as befitted the solemnity of the subject.

"And without result?" she added.

"Without much result—at present."

"Oh! then you have a clew, perhaps—an idea—a theory," she said; "your living here so long, knowing Morris so well, has—"

"Pardon me, but I knew very little of your brother. I came here as a youth, and within two days afterward he was murdered. We had not exchanged a dozen words together, I should say; I was a boy, he was a man."

"Mr. Dorward, I have not come to the farm to oppress everybody in it with what disturbs my mind terribly," she said, by way of explanation. "After to-day, I may not allude to my brother's

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death again, whatever I may think or do. But coming here for the first time in my life has, Kate will tell you, very much unsettled me, and the old sad business rises up again. I have been told by Mr. Woodhatch you are a singularly acute and clever young man—"

"Mr. Woodhatch is too kind; he flatters me too much," said Greg, with a deprecating manner, and laughing a little even, though he did not take his eyes from Miss Brake, whose earnestness interested him.

"And doubtless you are clever," continued Hester, without heeding his interruption, "or Mr. Woodhatch would not give you so good a character. Will you tell me your idea as to the motive for my brother's murder—and then the subject shall not be mentioned between us again."

"I have no fixed idea; the mystery was too complete," Greg replied. "I can only imagine some long, desperate grudge against him, or—"

He paused for a moment, and then went on:

"—or some one profiting very much by his death, and in a way that is not yet clear to us. Had he been rich, had his death meant riches to another, there would have been a motive, which seems wholly lacking now."

"Yes," said Hester Brake, very thoughtfully, "had he been rich! and the person or persons benefiting by his decease would have incurred your suspicion?"

"They would, I think."

"They would be—they are—Lucy Brake and myself, then," said Hester. "My father died in Paris, a rich man; his money passes presently to Morris's wife and child, and to me, the sole surviving daughter of Julian Brake."

"Oh, I was not aware of this," said Greg, "and of course I should exempt—"

"Probably you would," she said, not waiting for him to complete his sentence; "and as neither Morris nor I knew of my father's position—for he had deserted us when we were children—the question of money could not have affected Morris's death. The motive was revenge."

"Had he any enemies?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Brake thinks he had not an enemy in the world," said Greg.

"Lucy Brake can not tell friends from enemies," said Hester, rising, "and her poor idea of the world is limited to Skegs Shore."

Kitty rose with her mistress, but Miss Brake said, quickly:

"Stay here, Kitty. You would like to talk to Mr. Dorward, and the heat is too great here for me. I would prefer to be alone."

"Very well, madam."

She had come into the fresh air complaining of the heat of the house; she was going back to the house with a protest against the closeness of the outer atmosphere—evidently a woman hard to please. Kitty had made a movement to escort her, as usual, but she had waved her back almost impatiently, and then had crossed the lawn. As she entered the house through the open French window by which she had passed from it, Greg sat down by the side of his betrothed, looked at her, and laughed.

"A trifle eccentric, I should say," he remarked.

"But a good, earnest, honest lady always, Greg," added Kitty.

"Ah! very likely; but has she come here to talk of murder?" asked Greg; "is the death of her brother always in her thoughts like this? If so, what a cheerful companion she has been to you all these five long years, Kitty!"

"She has seldom spoken to me of her brother."

"Something has disturbed her lately?"

"Her visit to this house, I think," said Kitty; "but I don't know—I can't say."

"And it is not worth while speculating upon it, Kitty," he replied; "it affects neither your life nor mine, and we are a young couple emerging out of the shade. Guess where I have been this afternoon."

"To Bleathorpe?"

"Why, how do you know?"

Kitty laughed pleasantly at his surprise.

"Mr. Woodhatch told me you had ridden over there," she explained.

"Did he tell you what for?"

"No."

"Ah! there's the rub," cried Greg, "and that's like his generous self. Upon my soul, after all, there never was but one John Woodhatch."

"You think so?"

"I do. I am only sorry, Kitty, that his schemes are often so wild, so full of little mysteries and surprises, so grand in design, but often so impossible to realize, so full of complications to the very end," he said, a little ruefully.

"But in the end turning out so well sometimes," added Kitty.

"Not very often; but in our case, a complete success. Is it not?"

"How should I know?" rejoined Kitty, in her natural brisk manner.

"Everything was against you and me—and yet, here we are, Darby and Joan."

"And what did Darby want at Bleathorpe?" asked Kitty, archly.

"To see the farm which has been taken for us there, our new home, which John Woodhatch places at my disposal, which I am to pay for some day—any day—so that I may not feel too dependent on him now. As if I were not dependent on him for my very life, Kitty, as it is to-day!"

"I am glad you are grateful, Greg," said Kitty, "that you see this man, our benefactor, as I have seen him for myself—a something more than man to me, whom I do not understand, he is so much above me and beyond me."

"This is enthusiasm, Kitty," said Greg; "but I don't blame your warm heart for it, although I don't think John Woodhatch quite faultless. If he were, I should love him all the less."

"What should we have been, you and I, Greg," said Kitty, in a low voice, "without John Woodhatch?"

"Yes," said Greg, looking down, "that's it."

His face changed, and was strangely moved, almost distorted; but it was only for an instant, although Kitty Vanch had perceived it, and wondered at the emotion or pain—she was doubtful which—that had affected him. He was very quick to recover, to become a different Greg—a ready-witted, sharp, humorous young fellow, pleased with himself and her, and with the prospect stretching out before them, the reward for diligence and faith and obedience, implicit obedience, to John Woodhatch. They were more like sweethearts than they had been yesternight; they were more like old friends, with perfect confidence between them, and love, not greatly demonstrative, but lying like a jewel at the bottom of their hearts. They did not speak of the past again, but always of the future. The past was surely dead, and hidden under withered leaves which no adverse wind could stir now. This was a new Greg Dorward, thought Kitty, and yet something like the old—something like him in his acute perception of surroundings, in his total want of fear, in his courage to confront opposition. He was sanguine of his future; he believed in his advancement; he spoke lightly, almost defiantly, of the difficulties in the way of his success; he was in the highest and best of spirits.

John Woodhatch came toward them while they sat there.

"So you two together at last," he said, heartily, "just as in the picture I have painted."

"Greg has told you we met by accident last night," Kitty hastened to remark.

"Yes; Greg keeps nothing back, and I have forgiven both of you for stealing a march upon me," replied John Woodhatch; and then turning to Greg, he added, "Well, does Bleathorpe please you?"

"Yes, sir, very much."

"You will do well there. It's a little farm, but it is a beginning, and everybody has prospered at Tolland's Farm, Greg. So you two together at last!" he said again, and this time with more exultation; "and the life began so desperately, and with such surroundings, ending very peacefully."

"Thanks to you," murmured Kitty—"to you alone, sir."

"Both repentant," he continued; "both meeting again with new and contrite hearts, with hearts full of hope, and both so young still. It was right I should plan for this as the best thing; the only thing I could do for my poor waifs."

Yes, he was very sure it was for the best, and it was satisfactory for him to consider he was sometimes right in his judgment, and not always blundering in the dark. "What will that old skeptic Alec Larcom say to this now?" thought John Woodhatch—he who had for some years prophesied the folly of it all.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER I.

IN GOOD SPIRITS.

To most of the characters of our story there seemed peaceful days at Farm Forlorn after Miss Brake and her companion had "settled down." There were those amongst them believing in the better days now, John Woodhatch and Kate Vanch especially; there were others hopeful, and one or two who saw only the treacherous calm before the storm, and were prepared for the oncoming tempest and the rage of the black night.

Still all was outwardly very peaceful, and they were talking of a marriage in a few weeks, when the young folk thoroughly understood each other; and, added John Woodhatch jestingly, "when the harvest was all in and he had more time to attend to 'life's frivolities.'"

Miss Brake had said no more about her brother, but had assumed her usual manner, and was often companionable and chatty, and very much like an ordinary middle-aged lady who is ailing and crotchety and in a state of single blessedness. It was only when she was alone, or thought she was alone, that her face took grave shadows to itself, and the dark, deep-set eyes seemed looking straight ahead of her as at a something in the distance which dismayed her as a spectre might have done standing in the gray dimness of another world and looking from it toward her.

Mrs. Chadderton had noticed these moods—no one else; but then Mrs. Chadderton was a woman exceedingly observant. The man who had been murdered had been known to say of her that "she was as watchful as a cat"; and certain it was that very little passing at Farm Forlorn escaped her vigilance, as a rule.

Still it was a place where those in authority had a right to watch, where it was part of the duty of all trusty subordinates. They were a fair average of quiet men and women in service there at that time, and our story does not touch upon them or their actions; but they were people chosen by John Woodhatch, and brought from various strange places, hard and stony atoms of humanity, who would have gone speedily to the bottom of the gulf without his helping hand and generous encouragement. He was a persevering man, whom failure had not daunted; he had been discouraged very often, he had owned his failures, he had experienced much ingratitude, but his heart had never wholly failed him; and there had always been some little sign, some little green blades peeping up from arid soil to reward this strange man for his work. It was his life's task, and he did not flag by the way; and here was his duty, salutary always, if distressing at times.

And whether successful or a failure, most of these men and women loved him, and seemed very quickly to understand him. Bad as some might be in themselves, he was the master over them, striving to make them better, and even the despairing, the irreclaimable, in drifting from him and his help, would cry, "God bless you, sir!" before they were swept away down the dark stream, away from their last chance.

In the calmness—may we not say the false security?—of this present time, sat John Woodhatch late one summer's evening in the parlor of Farm Forlorn. Supper had been over half an hour or more, but he had lingered with his guests, and somewhat contrary to his general rule. It was a warm night, with the moonlight streaming on the sea and fen-land lying beyond the farm, and close to the open window facing him sat Hester Brake, almost buried in the big arm-chair which her host had always insisted upon her occupying, and despite her protest at being considered an invalid, from the day of her arrival. At her feet lay Carlo—a dog who had grown a little old, but was still strong and of service, and who had evinced much gratitude for the attention he had lately received from her—and in the background playing draughts sat the engaged couple, happy enough to all outward seeming—happy, one of them at least, in the reality.

Miss Brake had glanced toward them once or twice, as if deeply interested in their movements, and John Woodhatch, smoking his long clay pipe—his one indulgence after work was over for the day—glanced more than once at her.

Suddenly she caught his gaze, leaned toward him slowly, and touched his hand.

"I wish you were not so proud of your work, John," she said, earnestly, "not so sure of its being for the best."

"This coming marriage?" he said, in the same low tone which she had adopted.

"Yes."

"You have thought with me for some years that it was best. You have been one of the few to encourage the visionary," he said, smiling.

"What a time that seems ago—ages!"

"Don't you like Greg on further acquaintance with him?" he asked, curiously.

"I am hard to please, John," was the evasive answer, "and I see—"

"Well?" he said as she paused.

"And I see disappointment may come to you—and them," she concluded. "They are strange lives, after all, and you should be prepared for strange actions to occur."

"Have you anything to tell me?" he asked.

"Not about them," said Miss Brake; "something about myself and others, if you will listen."

"Proceed, Hester."

"I don't mean to pretend to listen and be staring over my head or shoulder at something a hundred miles away—as you do sometimes," she said.

"Do I?" he said, laughing now. "Well, that is very rude of me. Now I am all attention."

"I made my will to-day, John," she said in a lower voice—"a practical and business-like will."

"Without a lawyer?"

"And without much to leave at present," added Miss Brake; "but then there are expectations, and I may be a rich woman before the week is out."

"You have had news from abroad to tell you this?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you."

"I don't want to be congratulated upon becoming a rich woman," she answered, peevishly, "and I don't want you to ask me how I have left my money—though I will tell you, if you like."

"No, I don't want to know. I think I can guess," he said, looking toward Kate Vanch.

"You never guessed right in your life; you are a gigantic mistake, John," she said, still acrimoniously.

"Very well. Then I will not attempt to guess or to argue, only to say this, though," he added, "that if you have forgotten Kitty or your brother's widow—"

"*She* will be rich enough," said Hester, quickly, at this—"rich as myself."

"—or Alec Larcom—"

"Why, you are dictating to me what to do," cried Miss Brake, "and when it is done already."

"Just allow me to finish," said John, good-temperedly. "I say, if you have forgotten these, or been foolish enough to pitch your money at me, it will be a dead failure."

"And suppose I have pitched it all at you?"

"Then I shall divide it after my own fashion, never touching a penny of it myself."

Miss Brake shrugged her shoulders.

"Why should I bequeath money to a man who is already well off," she said, "and who would be sure to misapply it—who would only surround himself with more offscourings of the jails, and risk his life that way, as Morris's was risked—and lost?"

"There! there! let us change the subject."

"Take care of my will, then—will you?"

And Miss Brake drew a long envelope, sealed with black wax, from the pocket of her dress, and almost pitched it at him. John Woodhatch caught it adroitly, looked at the superscription a little critically, and then put it in the side pocket of his coat.

"I will lock it in my iron safe upstairs along with my own will," he said.

"Thank you."

"You are a prudent woman, Hester; one of the few women strong-minded enough to make a will, and not leave everything afterward at sixes and sevens," he said, "for friends and relatives to fight about."

"I have made a dozen wills in my time; I have never flattered myself I am going to live long," she replied, "and I am a weakly woman, with nothing to live for."

"Well, for that matter, what are you going to die for?" asked John Woodhatch, bluntly.

Miss Brake did not answer at once. She sat there very still, and with her gaze directed into the dark garden. Presently she said,

"You are in excellent spirits to-night."

"I feel in good spirits, as if life were less dark and oppressive," he replied; "I feel younger even."

"Why is that?"

"I don't know. There are young people about me, in my home," he said; "perhaps that's it."

"Have you seen Lucy Brake lately?" asked Hester.

"Well, yes, I have;" and John Woodhatch blushed at the inquiry, and the lady facing him saw he was blushing. "Why do you ask?"

"I fancied she might be the reason of your wonderful spirits."

"Probably," said Woodhatch, thoughtfully. "She and her father think of joining us in a few days; I have persuaded them at last."

"Oh! I see. And when shall Kate and I make room for them?"

"You will both remain, of course," he answered; "there is plenty of room at the farm. Besides, I want you all here together—to feel surrounded by my friends who are presently to witness Greg's marriage with Kate."

"Lucy is more strong-minded than I thought to come to this place," said Hester Brake; "and I admire her courage."

"It has pleasant associations for her as well," replied John Woodhatch. "Her husband was happy here, and loved her here, and this was like home to her."

"Would you make it a home for her now if she would have you for a second husband, John?" asked Miss Brake, unceremoniously.

"Willingly," he said, looking her in the face as she leaned forward to watch the result upon him of her bold questioning.

"It is the old love, then, as strong and as foolish as ever," she said.

"It is the one love of my life. I have never thought to disguise it. I have always told you the exact truth of it."

"Ay—yes," said Hester Brake, with a long inward sigh, which he did not hear. "And when does she come?"

"Oh, it is not exactly settled; it is only half a promise," he replied. "Soon, I hope."

"Not yet, I hope," whispered Hester Brake almost to herself, although he heard the words and marvelled at them. "Not yet!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SURPRISE.

Did no one ever long to see a face
With such intensity of strong desire
That their swift soul went seeking it through space,
In eager restlessness that naught could tire?

Then, one good day, lo! at the open door,
The face was there—a glad and sweet surprise—
And they with kisses touched it o'er and o'er,
Catching fresh love from the bright bending eyes.

Did no one ever for a voice so long
That they were aching with a listening pain,
Then start to hear it shedding sudden song
And sweet glad laughter through their home again?

The angels of our lives, who sentinel
Our hearts and homes and ways with guardian eyes,
Rarely to those who watch a joy foretell;
For they delight in giving sweet surprise.

LONDON SWINDLERS.

One of the many dodges of the English sharper is tried on retired military or naval officers. The swindler, says *Chambers's Journal*, sends a letter recalling some reminiscence of mutual service in an army corps or on board a man-of-war a number of years ago. He mentions his vivid recollection of these happy days, and hints that he has not been overfortunate in worldly affairs. He has been security for a friend, who has failed to meet the bill, which he himself has had to pay. The last installment is nearly due, and he is still eight or ten pounds short, while the consequences will be serious if the money is not forth-coming. Can he presume so far upon the memory of old times as to ask a small loan to tide him over the difficulty? This type of swindler possesses more than an average education, and his information regarding the antecedents of his dupe is curiously accurate. It is probably gathered from some old tar or discharged soldier, many of whom are extremely garrulous regarding their favorite officers.

An ingenious fraud has lately been practiced in London. A tall, well-dressed man, apparently a city merchant on his way home from business, is seen talking on the street to a man in workman's dress, who carries a basket and some tools. The "merchant" accosts some well-dressed passenger, and tells him the "mechanic's" tale of want of employment and family distress. He adds that he has satisfied himself of the truth of the story, and is about to give a trifle; will the gentleman join in giving a small sum to relieve deserving necessity? The apparent respectability of the voucher often succeeds where a common begging petition would fail, and the person accosted generally gives something. A gentleman who had given a small sum saw both swindlers issue from a public-house some time after. Of course on seeing him they decamped.

A clever dodge has lately come to light, which shows how thoroughly the swindler understood those on whom he was to operate, and forms a curious commentary on the relations between servants and tradesmen. A man having the appearance of a gentleman's servant called on several tradesmen in a fashionable part of London, asking them to come to a certain house for orders for different classes of goods, at the same time throwing out a suggestion that a small gratuity for himself would be acceptable, and might not be lost by the tradesman in a distribution of further orders. In a number of instances small sums were given; but when the shop-men attended at the place named they found their services were not required, and that the small fees had flowed into the pocket of some clever rascal.

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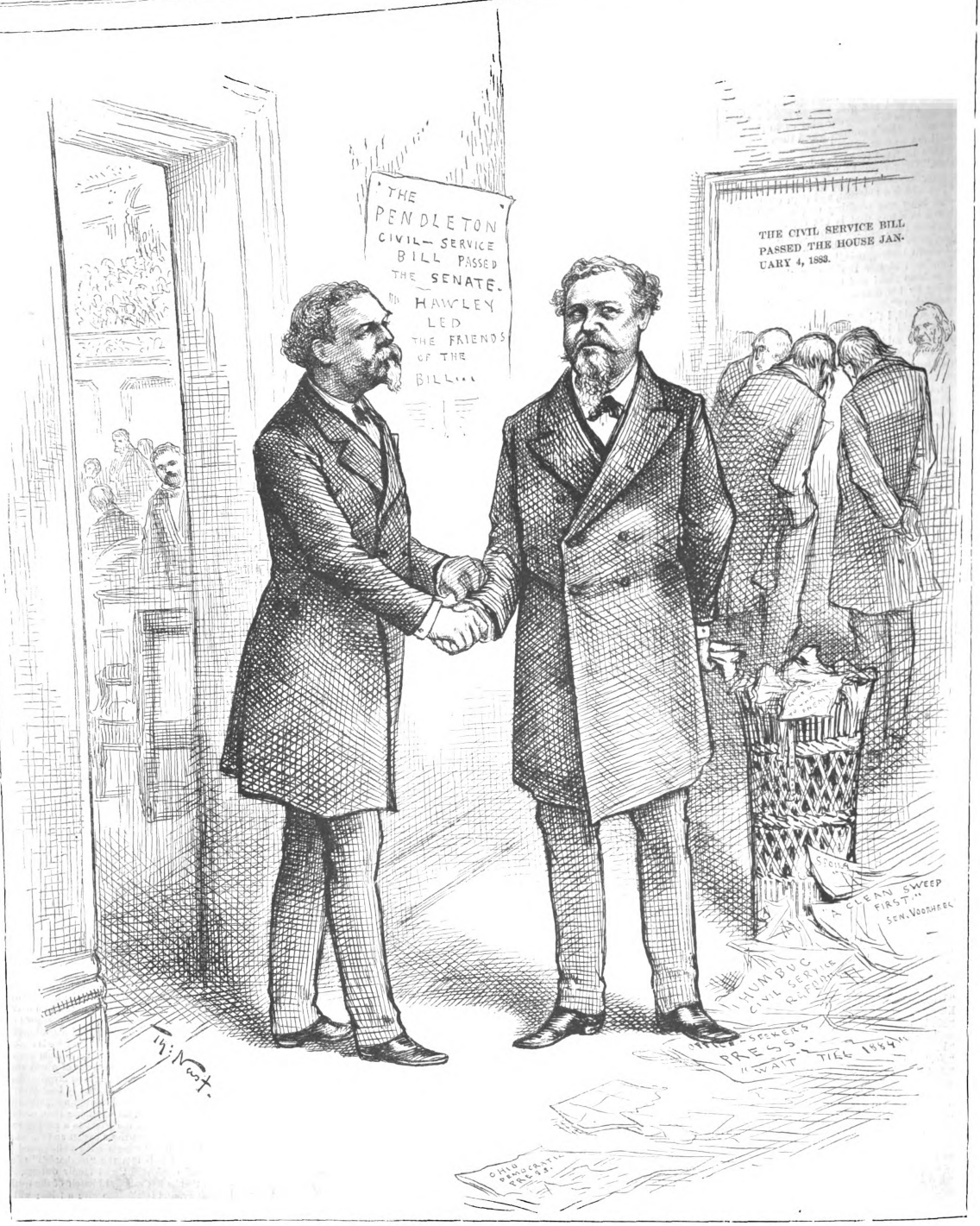

ALL HONOR TO SENATOR PENDLETON.

PENDLETON TO HAWLEY (*in strict confidence*). "I thank you for your help and congratulations, but find myself in a peculiar position. Your party supports me, while my party gives me the cold shoulder."

THE REV. TITUS M. COAN, D.D.

THIS remarkable man, whose death occurred at his home in Hilo, Sandwich Islands, on December 1, was one of the oldest missionaries in point of service rendered that ever bore the cross to heathen lands. He had served in the Sandwich Islands as a missionary almost without intermission for a period of nearly forty-eight years, and he was regarded by the natives with a feeling of affection and veneration. The venerable missionary was attacked by a severe stroke of paralysis on September 16 last. He rallied from this attack, and became so much improved that he was able to take daily exercise in the open air up to the very day of his death. His funeral services were held on the morning of Sunday, December 3, in the native church at Hilo, the services being conducted in both the Hawaiian and English languages. He was in his eighty-second year at the time of his death.

In his interesting account of a visit to the Sandwich Islands in 1873, Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF gives the following pleasant sketch of the life and work of Dr. COAN:

"And in Hilo, when you go to visit the volcano, you will find Dr. COAN, one of the brightest and loveliest spirits of them all, the story of whose life in the remote island whose apostle he was is as wonderful and as touching as that of any of the earlier apostles, and shows what great works unyielding faith and love can do in redeeming a savage people. When Dr. and Mrs. COAN came to the island of Hawaii its shores and woods were populous, and through their labors thousands of men and women were instructed in the truths of Christianity, inducted into civilized habits of life, and finally brought into the Church. As you sail along the green coast of Hawaii from its northern point to Hilo, you will be surprised at the number of quaint little white churches which mark the distances almost with the regularity of mile-stones; if, later, you ride through this district or the one south of Hilo, you will see that for every church there is also a school-house; you will see native children reading and writing as well as our own at home; you may hear them singing tunes familiar in our own Sunday-schools; you will see the native man and woman sitting down to read their newspaper at the close of day; and if you could talk with them, you would find they knew almost as much about our late war as you do, for they took an intense interest in the war of the rebellion. And you must remember that when, less than forty years ago, Dr. and Mrs. COAN came to Hilo, the people were naked savages, with no church and but one school-house in the district, without printed books or knowledge of reading. They flocked to hear the Gospel. Thousands removed from a distance to Hilo, where, in their rapid way, they built up a large town, and kept up surely the strangest 'protracted meeting' ever held; and going back to their homes after many months, they took with them

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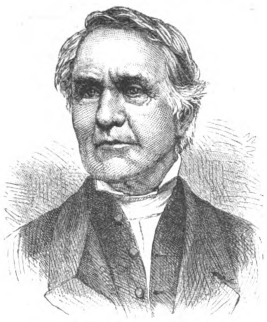
EDWIN LORD WEEKS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCHARD.—[SEE PAGE 25.]

knowledge and zeal to build up Christian churches and schools of their own. Over these Dr. COAN has presided these many years, not only preaching regularly on Sundays and during the week in the large native church at Hilo, and in two or three neighboring churches, but visiting the more distant churches at intervals, to examine and instruct the members, and keep them all on the right track. He has seen a region very populous when he first came to it decrease until it has now many more deserted and ruined house-places than inhabited dwellings; but also he has seen a great population turned from darkness to light, a great part of it following his own blameless and loving life as an example, and very many living to old age steadfast and zealous Christians."

SPEAKER CHAPIN.

THE gentleman from Kings County who has just been chosen Speaker of the Lower House of the New York Legislature is among the youngest of those who have held that distinguished place. Senator PITTS, of Orleans, was Speaker in 1867 at the age of twenty-eight; the present incumbent is less than thirty-five. He was born at South Hadley, Massachusetts, March 8, 1848, and belongs to an old and honored family, whose ancestry in the Connecticut Valley can be traced back more than two hundred and fifty years. After attending various public and private schools he was admitted to Williams College in 1865, from which institution he graduated in the class of 1869. After leaving college Mr. CHAPIN studied for two years at the Harvard Law School, graduating in 1871, in which year he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar. He was admitted to the New York bar in 1872, and immediately began the practice of his profession in this city, taking up his residence in the Seventh Ward of Brooklyn. He is a director in the Manhattan Beach Improvement Company. His politics have always been Democratic, but he never until the fall of 1881 allowed his name to be used in connection with a public office. He was then chosen to the Assembly over FREDERICK HEEG, his Republican opponent, in a district previously very largely Republican, by a majority of nearly 1200. In the Assembly of last year he made a most creditable reputation, having been chairman of the special committee to investigate insurance receiverships, and a member of the Judiciary Committee. He was re-elected in the last election, receiving 9181 votes against 5553 cast for his opponent. He was chosen Speaker by a vote of 84 to 41.

MR. CHAPIN is described by the New York *Herald* as being tall and slim, with a pale, impassive face, regular features, and jet-black hair. He has a cool, quiet, imperturbable manner, and gives the impression that nothing less than an earthquake or the explosion of a ton of dynamite would disturb his equipoise. He talks in an under-tone, with slowness, precision, and deliberation, and appears to weigh his words carefully before giving them utterance. While his face is not full, neither is it thin, but long and oval and fairly well rounded. He has an intellectual, student-like appearance, and his habitual expression is one of gravity and great decorum.

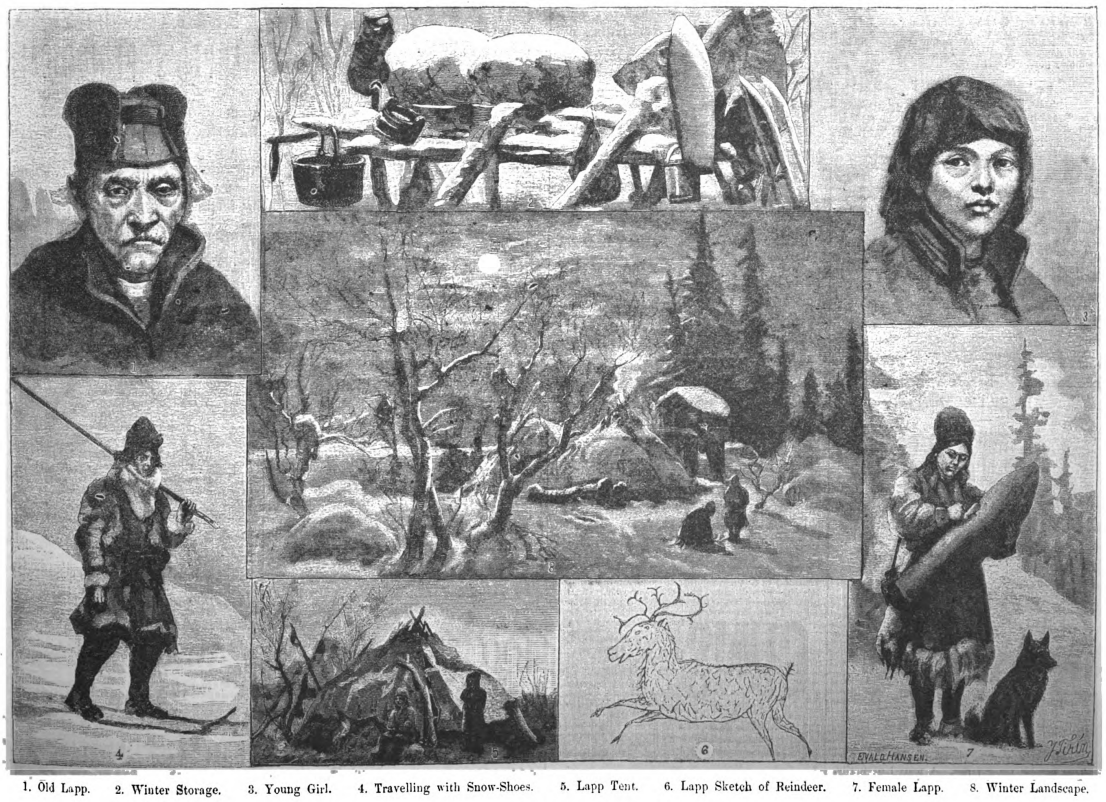


THE REV. T. M. COAN, D.D.

THE HON. ALFRED C. CHAPIN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

ULTIMA THULE.

STRETCHING along the coast of the Arctic Ocean from the Atlantic to the White Sea, lies the barren and forbidding country known as Lapland, inhabited by a semi-barbarous race of men, hardy and courageous. In personal appearance the Lapp is inferior to the Finn, having a large head, short neck, small grayish eyes, long thin legs, and projecting abdomen, the latter the result of improper or insufficient food. Like the Finn, he lives by fishing and hunting. A very interesting account of a visit to these people is given in PAUL DU CHAILLU'S *Land of the Midnight Sun*. He found them frank and simple, but not very pleasant to live with, on account of their exceedingly primitive habits and rude



1. Old Lapp. 2. Winter Storage. 3. Young Girl. 4. Traveling with Snow-Shoes. 5. Lapp Tent. 6. Lapp Sketch of Reindeer. 7. Female Lapp. 8. Winter Landscape.

ULTIMA THULE—SCENES IN LAPLAND.

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dwellings. There is a tradition that the Swedes and Lapps were originally brothers; when a storm came on, the Swedes put up a board and sought shelter under it, while the Lapps took to a tent; and ever since the Lapps have lived in tents and the Swedes in houses.

The Lapps have been driven northward by their southern neighbors into the bleak and barren land which they now inhabit. Their number is steadily though slowly decreasing, partly from the terrible hardships of life in the severe winter, which lasts for nine months, during two of which they are entirely deprived of the light of the sun, and partly by emigration to milder climates.

The Lapps, although nominally converted to Christianity, are still prone to forms of heathenism and old superstitions. They believe in supernaturally wise men, called noaids, who are supposed to be the mediums between the human and the Divine, and to possess unlimited power over the spirit world. Some of these noaids are skilled in sleight of hand, and by their tricks are able to impose on the credulity of the people. They are believed to have the power of selling favorable winds to fishermen, and securing good luck to hunters. They are also the "medicine men" of the Lapps, and share with the picture of the Madonna, which is to be found in every household, their religious reverence.

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YOU WILL FIND NEW AND INTERESTING INFORMATION

Scattered through The Frank Siddalls Soap Advertisement every week it appears.

In our last advertisement we told you what Madame DEMOREST, Judge TOURGÉE, *The Detroit Free Press*, and the *N. Y. Witness* think of The Frank Siddalls Soap. This week we present a few more opinions.

THE
Chicago Western Rural
The champion of the farmer's rights and his protector against bogus advertisers, says:—
That Frank Siddall will do as he advertises, that The Frank Siddalls Soap has really wonderful merit, and that it should be tried by every farmer and farmer's wife throughout the land.

THE
N. Y. Christian at Work
(A leading New York undenominational paper; a standard of moral and religious literature)
Strongly backs the claims made for The Frank Siddalls Soap as being the finest Soap of modern times:—*The Christian at Work* **was the first paper in the great metropolis to editorially endorse every one of its various claims.**

The Philadelphia Times
(McCLURE'S TIMES)
(An Authority on politics throughout the United States, and the leading —Reform Journal of Philadelphia)—
Endorses in its columns —Frank Siddall—Frank Siddalls Soap— and Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and all the claims made in this advertisement.

THE BOSTON PILOT
One of the most valuable advertising mediums in New England, with a circulation exceeding that of any other Catholic Journal in the United States and an authority throughout America and Europe, says:—
The announcements of The Frank Siddalls Soap are a welcome addition to the columns of "The Pilot," as it is one of the few advertised articles that comes fully up to every claim made for it, and every man and woman should give it a trial.

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that **it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White if put away for years!
The Soap Positively guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!
Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, remember that with The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water are enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove **the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag: use the Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

—FOR HOUSE-CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paint, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant thing for this purpose that can be used.

For Washing Bed-clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—**but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.**

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last longer, **and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

IT IS ELEGANT for washing Printers' Rollers, for washing the Ink from Type, Electrotypes, etc., and for washing Printing Ink from the hands.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—*one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.*

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other Soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.
For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

Remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed in this Advertisement, and to contain nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed*, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid*; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used*, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap causes; it leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.
It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake Water.

Persons who despise a musty sponge or wash-rag will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing: plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat-Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing grease spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH and ARTIFICIAL EYES will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes telescope lenses and Photographers' plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design, for washing brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other Soap (not even Castile) must be used.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles—

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oilcloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, and they will last much longer.

Use it for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Milk Pans and all Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun.
It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY
At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap
will be sent, *postage prepaid;*
it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents,
because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.
Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.
A PERSON OF REFINEMENT will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.
A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.
A PERSON OF HONOR will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.
Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be *because you have not made the promises,*
or because *you have sent for more than one cake.*

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it,
she MUST send in a separate letter.

☞ And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike, FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash. *Where water is scarce or has to be carried far The Frank Siddalls Soap will prove a great blessing.*

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper*, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle THE FIRST TIME, no matter how odd it seems.

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

Next, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE the BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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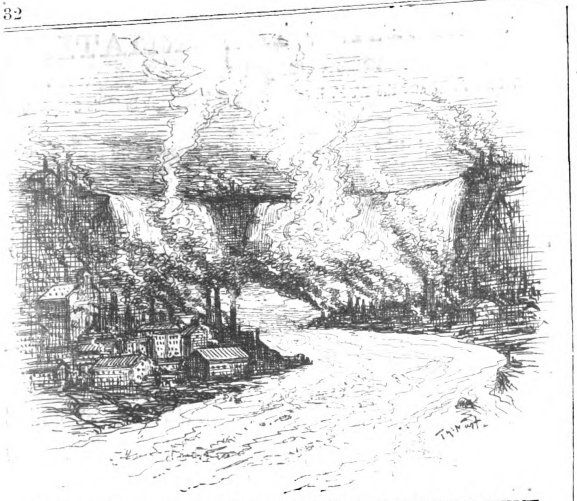

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A Treatise containing Practical Instructions in Cooking; in the Combination and Serving of Dishes; and in the Fashionable Modes of Entertaining at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. By MRS. MARY F. HENDERSON. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

MRS. Senator Henderson has rendered an acceptable service to the women of America by the preparation of this thoroughly practical as well as thoroughly sensible book. She not only shows how to prepare and cook dishes, but how to serve them elegantly, and how to entertain company with quiet grace and refinement at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. * * * There is no detail of the economy of the table that is overlooked, and many of these are made more intelligible by illustrative engravings.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

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Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, natives and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys. None genuine on draught.

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OF Coughs and Colds, Influenza and Bronchial complaints, are effected by using **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar**, a pleasant and efficacious remedy, which does not contain opium or anything whatever injurious to the most delicate constitution, yet exerts almost magical power in all affections of the Throat and Lungs, soothing and allaying irritation and inflammation, and strengthening the tissues, thus enabling them to endure the changes of the seasons, which are so severely felt at this time of the year. Ask your druggist for Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar (full name), *and take no substitute.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

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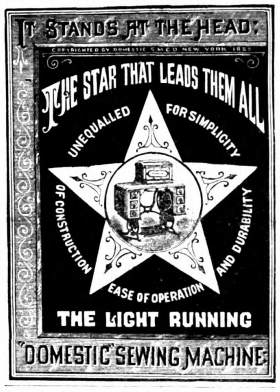

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE MILWAUKEE TRAGEDY—DESTRUCTION OF THE NEWHALL HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1883.

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MR. CLARK RUSSELL'S SERIAL STORY.

A correspondent inquires what has become of MR. CLARK RUSSELL'S *serial story, "A Sea Queen," which was advertised to begin in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *at the commencement of the present year. The facts are these: We had made a positive engagement with* MR. RUSSELL'S *London publishers to begin the story at the time specified, simultaneously with an English journal; but, after our announcement had been published, an arrangement was made, without notice to us, for its commencement as a serial in England in November last. As we were unable at that late date to alter our own arrangements, and as the conductors of the English journal refused to postpone the publication of the story, we were compelled to relinquish it.*

THE FIRST STEP.

THE year just ended completed a half-century since the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832, in England, and a paper by Professor DICEY in the *Fortnightly Review* for January recalls the tone and the words of the opposition to that wise and timely measure. Professor DICEY'S paper may be read with great profit by the opponents of the reform bill which has just passed Congress. The Duke of Wellington, Lord ELDON, Mr. CROKER, and other Tories saw in an increase of the number of voters only a war upon property, the overthrow of the government, and the ruin of the nation. Reform was stigmatized as impracticable, visionary, and needless. The existing system was defended as a natural development, and so fitting and excellent that it could not be touched without fatal injury. The Whigs retorted that they also shared the apprehension for the fate of the country, but that the real ground of fear lay in a dogged persistence in abuses and wrongs against which the best opinion of England earnestly protested. In one of his famous speeches in support of the bill MACAULAY said that he favored it not only because it would improve English institutions, but because it tended to preserve them. The opposition to the civil service reform bill in this country has been inexpressibly feeble in comparison with that in England to the bill of 1832. There has been a great deal of silly talk about an aristocracy of office-holders, and fraud, and sham, and sentimentality, and party advantage, and personal aims. Even Mr. EATON, who went to Washington at the request of the New York Association to aid the passage of the bill by his familiarity with the bill itself and with the general subject, has been accused of lobbying a bill creating an office for his own advantage. It would be hard to find a lower depth of twaddle. Such talk is the mere mouthing of futile hostility.

The friends of reform, however, will not forget that the bill merely begins the work, and that the same spirit of hostility will dog every step of the movement. The operation of the bill will be watched, and in every detail it will be maliciously misrepresented. Every untoward event in the service will be attributed to the reform system; every defaulter and incompetent officer or employé will be cited as a pupil of the new school of reform. Whatever goes wrong will be in consequence of reform; whatever goes right, in spite of it. This is an old form of demagogism, but it need deceive no one. The bill which has passed Congress is the beginning of a system, the efficiency of which, as in all such enterprises, must depend largely upon the men to whom it is intrusted. The rules which by authority of President HAYES were adopted in the New York Custom-house and Post-office have been singularly successful in their results, because they have been administered by intelligent men who honestly believed in them, and meant to carry them out in their own spirit. This success in the two greatest offices of their kind in the country was one of the most powerful arguments for the reform bill. The practicability of the system was already established beyond cavil. The sneerers at visionary statesmanship were silenced, as Sir BOYLE ROCHE would have said, before they opened their mouths. The proposition of the bill was simply to apply to a few other offices what has been proved to be so effective in these two, and to extend the system further, only under the direction of the President. The bill, of course, neither increases nor diminishes the powers of the President which are defined in the Constitution. But it gives him the lawfully declared moral support of Congress, and it is a declaration that members of Congress, who have been the chief obstructors of reform, will no longer obstruct. The action of Congress at once disposes of the objection, which has hitherto paralyzed the progress of practical reform, that in promoting it the President was recreant to his party, and undertaking what the country did not demand.

We repeat that the new bill is but a first step toward a complete and exhaustive measure of reform. It is, as we have said, a beginning. There are, in round numbers, about 100,000 persons who may be called in a general sense officers of the government. Of these only 10,000 are subjected to the provisions of the bill. It applies, after a delay of six months for proper classification, to the clerkships in all the departments at Washington, and to custom-houses and post-offices in which fifty or more clerks are employed. There are not more than thirty such offices in the country. The operation of the bill at the outset is thus limited that the system may be easily and completely under the control and survey of the Commission, and that every advantage may be taken of the results of actual trial and experience. There must be a board of examiners for every department in Washington, and at each of the offices in the Union to which the bill at once applies. This will make a total of about thirty-five boards, which will be under the superintendence of the Commission. The initiation and the extension of the system will depend entirely upon the President. The bill simply authorizes him, with the consent of the Senate, to appoint the Commission and to remove its members at pleasure. The Commission will draft rules, which will be valid only with the President's approval. When adopted, they will be obligatory upon all officers concerned, and after the lapse of six months from the passage of the bill no officer or clerk included in the rules approved by the President can be lawfully appointed except in accordance with their provisions, until the law is repealed or the rules are changed. In a word, the bill assumes, as all such bills must assume, the good faith of those who enforce it. A President hostile to the bill could appoint a hostile Commission, which could frustrate its purpose. But they could not do this without drawing upon themselves the wrath of the country. Such hostility upon the part of President ARTHUR would be very surprising, after his frank declarations upon the subject, and no future President will be anxious to court public indignation by renouncing a reform which will have justified itself wherever it shall have been fairly tried, as it has already justified itself in the New York Post-office and Custom-house.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

THE question of the Presidential succession, which Mr. HOAR has brought up in the Senate, was one of those that engaged the attention of Congress soon after the inauguration of the government. It was considered in the House of Representatives in the First Congress, in January, 1791, and the first officer of the United States who was proposed as the proper successor to the President and Vice-President in case of disability was the Secretary of State. This is also the suggestion of Senator HOAR. It was at once said, however, that the vacancy contemplated would not happen once in a hundred years. Mr. BURKE, of South Carolina, indeed, said that a gentleman skilled in the doctrine of chances had informed him that the contingency would not happen more than once in eight hundred and forty years. But still it was a contingency, and besides the Secretary of State there were proposed the Chief Justice, the President of the Senate, and the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. MADISON favored the designation of the Secretary of State, and it was observed that the friends of Mr. JEFFERSON all took the same view. But the reasons of the preference were, nevertheless, wholly impersonal, and in March, 1792, the present law was passed, designating the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House for the succession, and providing for an election to fill the vacancy.

The defect of this arrangement is that the government may be left without a head. This is not a merely illusory chance, for after the death of President GARFIELD there was a long time during which the death of Vice-President ARTHUR, who succeeded to the functions of the Presidency, would have deprived the country of a Chief Executive, as there was then no Speaker of the House nor President *pro tem.* of the Senate. The Constitution prescribes that in case of inability of both the President and Vice-President Congress may declare by law the officer who shall discharge the Chief Executive functions. This is a general discretion to be exercised with just regard to the character of the office and the necessities of the situation. The guiding principle should be that the officer designated be one whose succession would assure the country that the general policy which it had approved in the election of President and Vice-President would be carried out. None of the officers who were first named for the succession, or who are suggested now, are elected by the people. The Chief Justice, the Secretaries, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House are all either appointed by the Executive or elected by a branch of the Legislature. In respect of popular election, therefore, they are all alike. But the Chief Justice is appointed by the Constitution to preside when the President is tried under impeachment. It can not be supposed, therefore, that the Constitution could have contemplated him as an alternative President. The President of the Senate would still be the Senator of a State, and as such could vote upon his own nominations. The Speaker of the House might be opposed to the views and policy of the President.

For these and similar reasons the better selection would be that of the cabinet in order, and for the reason that the President properly calls to the cabinet leading and conspicuous representatives of the views with which he is identified, and which the country by electing him has approved. This has been the rule, and if there have been exceptions, the tendency of the bill introduced by Mr. HOAR would be to diminish the exceptions, because every member of the cabinet would be a possible President. The question of the succession ought to be settled without delay, and the plan of Senator HOAR is the simplest and most reasonable that has been proposed. The bill reported by Mr. HOAR passed the Senate by a vote of 40 to 13—a very significant majority; and the question of ordering an election was settled by a provision that the acting President under the law shall immediately call a special session of Congress, if Congress be not sitting at the time of his accession to the office, and it will then be for Congress to decide whether to order an election. The law designating the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House as acting President is repealed. But the bill should be amended in the House by a definite provision as to election. The necessary excitement of the situation contemplated by the bill should not be increased by a debate upon an election.

GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

WHATEVER may be the final decision of Congress in the case of General FITZ-JOHN PORTER, there is no doubt that the long debate has deeply affected public opinion, and favorably to General PORTER. To this impression his own attitude has largely contributed. In the midst of the war, twenty years ago, he was practically convicted by a military court of treason, and of the most odious form, for no crime can be more detestable than that of the general who betrays his country upon the field which he might have saved. If General PORTER was really guilty, he deserved to be ranked with BENEDICT ARNOLD. His life was spared, but the infamy of the conviction remained for him and his children and his name. But he has not submitted to the disgrace. Instead of seeking to bury it and himself in obscurity and neglect, he has steadily and boldly challenged a re-opening of the whole case, when a confirmation of the judgment would have been damning. Asserting his innocence, he has appealed to fresh evidence only accessible after the war, and invited the closest scrutiny from administrations that could not be prejudiced in his favor.

President GRANT, persuaded of his guilt, would not authorize a revision of the case. But President HAYES summoned a board of inquiry. General PORTER gladly confronted the risk of a deliberate confirmation in peace of the judgment recorded amid the hot passions of war, and after the most exhaustive and minute scrutiny by men of the purest patriotism and impartiality, the verdict was reversed, and the immense injustice to General PORTER was declared. Ex-President GRANT, carefully restudying the case, acknowledged the propriety of the decision, and nothing in his career is nobler than his frank declaration of his error, and the manly urgency with which he has sought to procure the righting of what he believes to be a great wrong. The mass of evidence in the case is enormous. Few persons have read it. Still fewer have the knowledge and experience which are essential to an authoritative opinion upon it. It will not be disputed that General GRANT is as capable a judge of the case as can be found, and his opinion and its reasons, stated briefly and strongly in a recent paper in the *North American Review*, have naturally and properly greatly impressed the country.

General LOGAN, with unquestionable sincerity and skill, has presented in the Senate the counter-argument. But in the midst of the conflict of testimony

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and assertion much that is emphasized as conclusive of guilt is to many minds really conclusive of innocence, and it is certain that any one who reads the evidence and the arguments must be amazed at the stigma which has been cast upon General PORTER. That there was a MCCLELLAN or West Point "ring" in the army is very probable, and that General PORTER and many other officers may have had and may have even expressed an unfavorable opinion of General POPE is quite possible. But this is very far from a deliberate disobedience and neglect upon the field which was the betrayal of the country, and the personal dishonor and degradation of the treacherous officer. It is disgraceful that the question of justice to General PORTER should occasion any form of party contest, and restoration to rank and pay is a consideration entirely subordinate to the correction of an immense injustice. The question for Congress is simple. Was FITZ-JOHN PORTER unjustly convicted? If he was, the disgrace of twenty years, the prime of his life, can never be made up to him, and what restoration is still possible an honest and just people will not begrudge.

A THRIFTY ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

WE called attention last summer to the singular circumstances of an advertisement announcing the connection of Mr. FRANK HATTON, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, with a Western newspaper for which postmasters were requested to act as agents. This advertisement was printed in the official *Postal Guide*, and whatever its intention, it had presumably the effect of persuading postmasters whose terms were about expiring that the chances of reappointment would not be diminished by zeal in procuring subscriptions for the paper in which the First Assistant Postmaster-General was interested.

Another incident of the same kind has just been reported. Every Republican member of Congress recently found upon his desk a package of lithographed letters, with a request from First Assistant Postmaster-General HATTON that the members would sign them and return them to him. These letters were addressed to the postmasters in the districts of the various members, requesting them to secure subscriptions to a Washington newspaper which has recently passed under the control of First Assistant Postmaster-General HATTON. The letters, which were provided with the heading of the House of Representatives, would thus have appeared to be a spontaneous request from the member of Congress to the local postmaster, whom he practically appoints, to tout for the newspaper of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, who could remove him. This is at least a thrifty proceeding. But if the facts are as reported from Washington, including a copy of the letter, it is a proceeding into which the President might well inquire.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

THE conduct of Mayor EDSON has already justified the Citizens' movement of last autumn. His first serious duty was the nomination of several important officers, and his discharge of that duty has been universally censured. Every leading journal in the city, of every shade of politics, on the morning that the nominations were announced, united in condemning the Mayor's action. One of the journals which supported his election most strenuously said that he had been tried and failed, and that he had committed political suicide before his term was a fortnight old.

The journals agreed in the view that the Mayor had shown himself to be the mere agent of those who bargained for his nomination. But this was urged last autumn as the reason for not supporting a nomination so made. When a wholly inexperienced man like Mr. EDSON accepts a nomination to the Mayoralty of New York under the present charter, a nomination which is the result of a trade between notorious political managers, it may be safely assumed that he will become their passive instrument unless his character and ambition are such as to lead him to invite a stormy conflict by defying them and aiming at an independent administration for the public benefit.

This was what Mr. CAMPBELL would certainly have aimed at, and it was precisely what there was no reason to suppose that Mr. EDSON would undertake. He may have disappointed those who voted for him, but he has not disappointed those who, for no personal reasons, opposed his election. Mr. CAMPBELL had proved his ability, his courage, and his independence in the management of municipal affairs, and the circumstances of his nomination pledged him to the course that he preferred and that his supporters desired. The lesson will not be lost. A radically reforming pope is almost as impossible as a truly independent mayor nominated by the bargain of political factions. If the government of the city is ever to become what the best citizens of all parties wish it to be, the best citizens of all parties must unite in electing it.

NAVAL OFFICER BURT.

THE Philadelphia *Press* suggests that Naval Officer BURT of this port would be a singularly efficient member of the Civil Service Commission contemplated by the reform bill. Of that there can be no question. Mr. BURT is one of the most sincere, intelligent, and able friends of the reformed system. The success of that system at the Custom-house has been one of the most powerful arguments for the PENDLETON bill, and that success is largely due to Mr. BURT. He has been most efficiently aided by the Board of Examiners, but his clear comprehension of the subject was of the greatest service in establishing the system. Undoubtedly his knowledge of the practical details of the public service and his long experience would make his services upon the Commission of very great value.

But they would be of as much if not of higher value in the position [illegible]. It is in a few great offices, of which the New York Custom-house is the chief, that the system is to be first applied, and it is indispensable that it should be intrusted at the outset to officers in the service who have both the convictions and the practical knowledge and efficiency of Mr. BURT. It is from the skepticism, indifference, and secret hostility of persons in office that the new system will have most to fear, and the more friends it has in the service, the more honestly and satisfactorily it will be enforced.

It would be very much easier to select a fitting member of the Commission than to replace Mr. BURT as Naval Officer; and if he should be replaced by any merely political or factional successor, his nomination for the Commission would be less an earnest of the good faith of the Executive than the appointment of such a successor would be evidence of unchanged attachment to the old system.

WILLIAM A. SEAVER.

MR. WILLIAM A. SEAVER, one of our associates in the WEEKLY, died very suddenly a few days since of pneumonia. He was a singularly genial companion, and the friend of many distinguished persons, who highly valued his social talent and sympathy. In other days he had been the editor of a daily paper, and had taken his part in political contests. But of late years he had cultivated altogether the interests and relations which unite instead of alienating, and when discussion became warm, his tongue was silent. Mr. SEAVER was a man of pleasant literary tastes, which he indulged with the aid of an excellent library, and by correspondence with noted authors. He was a man of ready humor, observant and affable, and his sudden death will be sincerely regretted.

EX-SENATOR MORRILL.

LOT M. MORRILL, whose name was very familiar as that of a late Senator from Maine, has just died at the age of seventy. Mr. MORRILL had been nearly thirty years in public life as a member of the State Legislature, as Governor, as Senator, as Secretary of the Treasury, and finally as Collector of Portland. He was formerly a Democrat, but he left the Democratic party because of its pro-slavery tendencies, and he has been a steadfast Republican ever since. During the war Mr. MORRILL well represented the sturdy patriotism of his State, and his views of reconstruction and of finance were those of the soundest Republicanism. His native shrewdness and his business talent made him a most serviceable member of the Senate, and his name belongs to that group of Maine men eminent during the stormy years of twenty years ago, and which includes FESSENDEN, WASHBURN, HAMLIN, and BLAINE.

A DANGEROUS ABYSS.

ON the 8th of January a feast in commemoration of General JACKSON took place in Boston, at which the Democratic politicians present nominated General BUTLER for the Presidency. As a serious spectacle nothing could well be droller than that of ex-Governor SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, announcing that the country is drifting toward a dangerous abyss, and that General BUTLER is the best man of all to bring it into a safe haven. Mr. JONAS FRENCH, who seems to be a kind of prophet of BUTLER, so to speak, declared, with the cheap clap-trap which is so familiar upon such occasions, that "General JACKSON never forgot what he owed to the people, and that General BUTLER never will." Did General WASHINGTON ever forget what he owed to the people? Certainly the people will never forget what they owe to General WASHINGTON. Nor, indeed, will they forget what they owed to General BUTLER at New Orleans. But it will hardly help him to obtain the votes that he especially desires.

The General himself glorified JACKSON, and said that he adopted his maxim, not, indeed, that to the victor belong the spoils, but that the government belonged to its friends. But who and where is the extraordinary person who says that it belongs to its enemies? General BUTLER has not the pluck of Senator MARCY. That gentleman did not wince in justifying the maxim of the New York politicians that to the victors belong the spoils of their enemy. As this is what General BUTLER means, it is a pity that he did not have the courage to say it.

The only reason recorded in the reports of the speeches that was offered for the nomination of General BUTLER to the Presidency is that suggested by ex-Governor SPRAGUE, that we are drifting toward a dangerous abyss. That would indeed be the conviction of many others besides ex-Governor SPRAGUE if it were supposed that the country were drifting toward the Presidency of General BUTLER.

PERSONAL.

THE most notable piece of furniture in General GRANT's house, No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, is a carved oaken cabinet in the library on the first floor, which contains a variety of presents received by the illustrious soldier during the last twenty years. One of its shelves is laden with gold-headed canes, suitably inscribed; another, with little caskets inclosing the freedom of several European cities; a third, with curious meerschaum pipes and other knickknacks. So liable has the General been to give to a guest some souvenir from his collection that Mrs. GRANT recently locked the cabinet and hid the key.

—The London *Athenæum* believes that of all the thinkers who have appeared in America, the late HENRY JAMES "may perhaps be described as the most mystical," and that "the impersonality which he worshipped gradually gained expression in his face and manner, not, indeed, without adding a certain charm."

—Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, being about to edit a new biographical dictionary, has been asked whether anything in the way of "literary style" is to be admitted into the work. He replies: "If style means superfluous ornament, I say, emphatically, No. But style, and even high literary ability, is required for lucid and condensed narrative, and of such style I shall be anxious to get as much as I can."

—The Chinese Minister at Washington is said to own silk and satin clothes worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

—Governor BENJAMIN F. BUTLER's wearing of a full-dress suit at noonday on the occasion of his inauguration is warmly defended by a Massachusetts editor, who declares that the General "followed the custom of his predecessors in being inaugurated in a swallow-tail," and that "full dress is the proper apparel for all high public occasions and duties"—for instance, DANIEL WEBSTER "always appeared in the Senate of the United States" so arrayed, and it is still customary for "lawyers of the old school" to argue before the Massachusetts Supreme Court in full dress.

—In his recently published *Autobiography*, the late Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON expresses with much freedom his opinions concerning some of the persons he had met. He dislikes Dr. CHALMERS for his republican sentiments, Lord BYRON for his wretched conceit, the historian HALLAM for his superfluity of conversation, Lord HOUGHTON for his post-prandial rhetoric, the Duke of Argyll for his self-confidence. MACAULAY seems to have bored him, and GLADSTONE was a "most dangerous person to be intrusted with practical topics." DICKENS made a fatal mistake in painting the manners and foibles of middle and low life. "We are unhappily too familiar with them; if you wish to see them, you have only to go into the second-class of a railway train, or the cabin of a steamboat." Sir ARCHIBALD, who prides himself in having moved in "respectably descended" society, laments the lack of female beauty in "elevated circles." When about forty he was earning ten thousand dollars a year as sheriff of Lanarkshire and man of letters. He died at seventy-five, with a poor opinion of the critics.

—Justice SAMUEL F. MILLER wrote to the Illinois State Bar Association: "It is to the State Bar Associations we must look for such control over the social relations and professional intercourse of the members of the bar as their increasing numbers render necessary; for only by the united sense of the profession, as expressed by these societies, can any practical restraint be exercised over the black sheep that get into our flock, as into all others."

—Count CAVOUR's letters are being collected and published in Italy in three volumes. In several of them the statesman expresses his admiration for Sir ROBERT PEEL, upon whose character he endeavored to form his own. Many of them are written to ladies, and are said to present the Count in a "very charming aspect."

—Professor TYNDALL is lecturing at the Royal Institution, London, on "Light and the Eye."

—The artists and special correspondents of the late war in Egypt have been feasted by the Savage Club of London.

—A country ball and a children's dance were given by Lady BRASSEY during the holidays, previous to her departure from England for a cruise in her yacht, the *Sunbeam*, in the Mediterranean.

—Lord ROSEBERY has been exciting the admiration of Scotchmen in the neighborhood of Edinburgh by "driving in a very smart sleigh"—to quote from an English journal.

—Some persons who live near Tintern Abbey are angry because the Midland Railway Company proposes to build a new line through the "steep woods and lofty cliffs and green pastoral landscape," which WORDSWORTH has immortalized. They demand to know whether such scenery is to be "polluted by cuttings and sidings."

—If Mr. GLADSTONE, says one of his countrymen, is willing to accept some titular recognition of his public services, it may be predicted with confidence that it will be in the nature of what may be called a vicarious peerage, and that it is upon the head of Mrs. GLADSTONE or some other member of her family that the coronet will fall.

—Mrs. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, of New York city, who has already provided one thousand waifs of this metropolis with homes in the West, sent thither a hundred more on New-Year's Day.

—The late GODLOVE S. ORTH left all his property to his second wife, with the following explanation to his children by both wives: "I desire all my dear children to know and feel that this disposition of my estate is, in my judgment, the best under all the circumstances surrounding it, knowing that they will find my said wife as much disposed to love and care for them, and to deal justly by them, as I have always felt and acted toward them myself."

—The third and concluding volume of the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, by his son, is pronounced by a foreign reviewer to be not exactly what the bishop's truest friends and admirers could have wished it to be; for, "instead of depicting this eminent man as gradually travelling down the decline of life, leaving behind him in his course all the passions and ambitions which had vexed its meridian, and setting an example to the world of the philosophic mind and charitable temper which befit the old age of a great Christian prelate, we find, we are sorry to say, a record of personal malignity and petty scandal which it is grievous to peruse, however enlivened with witty repartees or humorous anecdotes."

—At a recent meeting of the New York Associated Press the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, GEORGE JONES, of the *Times*; Secretary, WHITELAW REID, of the *Tribune*; Executive Committee, WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT, of the *World*, CYRUS W. FIELD, of the *Mail-Express*, and DAVID M. STONE, of the *Journal of Commerce*. Mr. JONES received the vote of every member of the Association except his own.

—We congratulate the conductors of our literary contemporary *The Critic* on the well-deserved popular success which enables them to present that journal hereafter once a week instead of semi-monthly. The change is made at the beginning of the third volume.

—LOUIS BLANC's wife was ignorant of French, imperfectly acquainted with her own language, the German, and incurably consumptive, and he was more than fifty when he married her. But he prided himself on her beauty, and spoke of her as resembling the Empress JOSEPHINE. She was the daughter of his landlord during his residence in London, and won his affection because, while dusting his room, she respected his papers, and allowed his table to remain in all the litter that he loved.

—The youngest of OFFENBACH's three daughters was recently married in the Church of the Trinity, Paris. There was much music, vocal and instrumental, and a great crowd. The bride's name is PEPITA, and the husband is the commander of a French merchantman.

—Mr. LOUIS C. TIFFANY, who is spending the winter in Florida, expects, in the new house now erecting in this city for his father, his sister, and himself, to embody for the first time his complete ideas on the subject of artistic decoration.

—Among the latest bills paid by a well-known club in New York was one "for mending the leg of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT." A statue of that gentleman had met with an accident.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT is still issuing cards of invitation to visit his picture-gallery on Thursdays. In addition to the one hundred and twenty-three oil-paintings mentioned in his printed catalogue, he has recently come into the possession of some fine water-colors, notably two superb examples of VILLEGAS. Most of the pictures are hung against a background of tapestry of a dull reddish tone, above a wainscoting of ebonized oak and cherry.

—A remarkable octogenarian is Professor ALPHEUS S. PACKARD, of Bowdoin College, who, after receiving the congratulations of the Massachusetts Historical Society on his eighty-fourth birthday, said: "In ordinary health age steals upon us velvet-footed. The celebrated Dr. CHALMERS, of Scotland, when beyond sixty declared that he often felt like a boy. A relative of mine at eighty-four told me that when in his chair he felt as young as at twenty-five. My father at the age of eighty-seven left unfinished a letter to Mr. STEPHEN LONGFELLOW in as steady a hand and as consecutive in thought as any written in earlier life. On my eightieth birthday it was hinted that I might have callers. I accordingly donned my best attire, and as I stood to receive I will say frankly that I felt as if I were acting a farce, and my friends were pleased to join in carrying out an illusion and a pretense. There are compensations for those in advanced years: they have the privilege of thinking that former times were better than the present."

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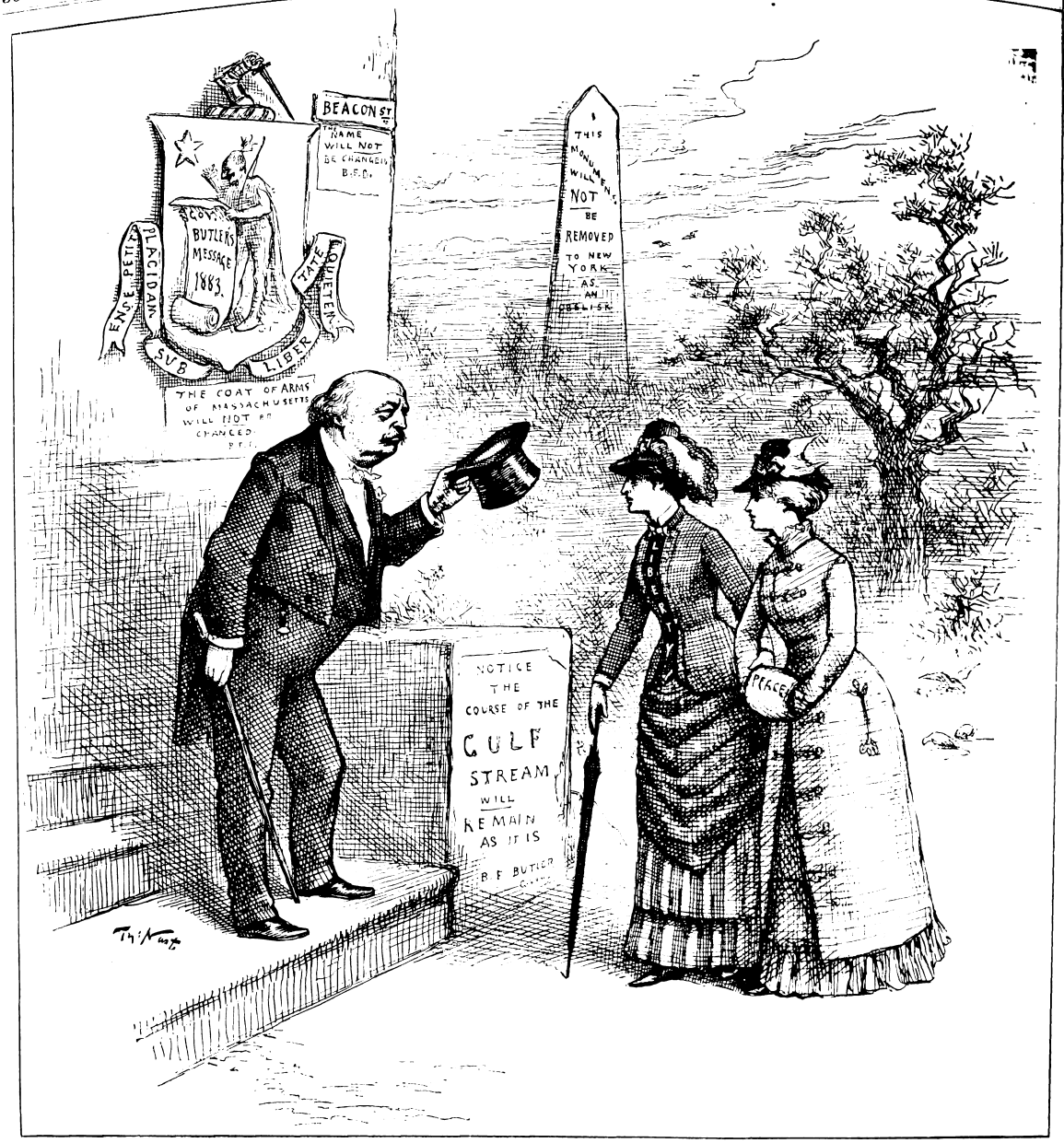

LIBERTY AND PEACE STILL EXIST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE NEW GOVERNOR. "I am your most obedient servant."

RABBITS AND HARES.

A CERTAIN distinguished lawyer of New York, some two years since, happened while abroad to visit the country house of an Englishman of title. He, knowing that our traveller was a sportsman, took uncommon pains to show him over his preserves, which were extensive and well stocked. After exhibiting his pheasants, old and young—the latter hatched and hovered by barn-yard fowl—he showed him how rabbit-shooting in England is conducted. He supplied our friend with a gun. Together they proceeded to a large field thickly covered with ferns. This field was on the edge of a wood, near which was a rabbit-warren. The Englishman explained that the ferns were grown exclusively as a covert for rabbits. Later on, when the shooting season opened, parallel roads were cut through the fern, in which the sportsmen took their stations, while beaters drove out the game. As the rabbits bounded across these open spaces they were shot at. The Englishman remarked in parenthesis that it was a by no means easy thing to make successful shots; as a proof, he led our friend to the edge of the ferns nearest the wood, while he stirred up the rabbits. These came lumbering out of the ferns in large numbers. As they flashed across the open, the American, although a good shot, made a number of very flagrant misses. The Englishman, who was critically watching his performances, on the occasion of every miss shouted to him, in a high, shrill voice, "Sharp little beggars, aren't they?"

In this country we know nothing of these "sharp little beggars." We have no wild rabbits. The animal which goes by that name with us is, in fact, a hare. The English rabbit is a burrowing and gregarious creature. Its young are born blind, and destitute of hair. Our rabbit, or rather hare, never burrows; he is solitary in his habits; he is born with his eyes open, and body covered with fur. The English rabbit, when disturbed, makes directly for his burrow or warren, while ours seeks refuge in a tuft of grass or under the underbrush of the woods; when started from his form, he travels in a circle of greater or lesser radius, always returning to the original point of departure.

Our rabbit is usually found in pine woods and in thickets on rocky hill-sides. Its diet consists of leaves, berries, and wild grapes. As an article of food the rabbit is very much underestimated. Among country people a superstition exists that it is not fit to be eaten until after a frost. In point of fact, when properly cooked, and served with a rich brown sauce, no flesh is more delicate and succulent. The white meat found on the back has the juiciness of a well-fed fowl, while the darker meat has a gaminess of flavor not inferior to that of the partridge. Yet how seldom does one meet with wild rabbit on the dinner table! This is possibly owing to the skill required to prepare it. There is no higher test of a cook's capacity than the power to serve a *salmis* of wild rabbit so that it shall not be full of feline suggestiveness.

The rabbit or hare found in Canada and our Middle and Eastern States is a pigmy compared with the species met with on the plains and western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. There is found the mule or jackass rabbit, a true hare, with ears six inches in length, and weighing from seven to eleven pounds. It possesses great speed and powers of endurance. The only coursing club formed to hunt these animals with greyhounds in this country is in California. This furnishes a valuable suggestion to the members of the various fox-hunts which have within late years been established, in imitation of the English, in various portions of the United States. It is the fashion with these to run an aniseed drag over selected country; within a hundred yards or so of the finish an apology for a fox is turned loose. This creature is frequently so bewildered and exhausted by long confinement that he barely has time to make a few feeble leaps before he is torn in pieces by the hounds. Now if these huntsmen will dispose of their dogs, and import an equal number of couples of English harriers, and bring from the West healthy specimens of the jackass rabbit, they will have cut out for themselves a form of hunting which will either make the sport something worth indulging in or entirely suppress it. These jackass rabbits can probably be procured in any number. Confine them any length of time, on their release they will exhibit a vigor and go which will be a surprise both to the huntsmen and the hounds. The level plains of Long Island are particularly fitted for this purpose. The only drawback there is the use of the barbed wire fence—an ugly thing to put a horse at. Those, however, who hunt for the pleasure of the thing, and not to be in with a temporary fashion, will not mind this. These "hunts," if they wish to save themselves from ridicule, should look into the subject of utilizing the mule rabbit. There could be no finer sport than to course this animal over the breezy plains of Long Island with greyhounds, or follow him along the wooded slopes with a pack of harriers. This is no new thing in this country. It is done, and well done, in California, and by our army officers at distant Western posts. To successfully accomplish it here, however, over the miscellaneous fences with which our landscape is covered, would demand the best of horseflesh and cool, accomplished horsemen. Barring the

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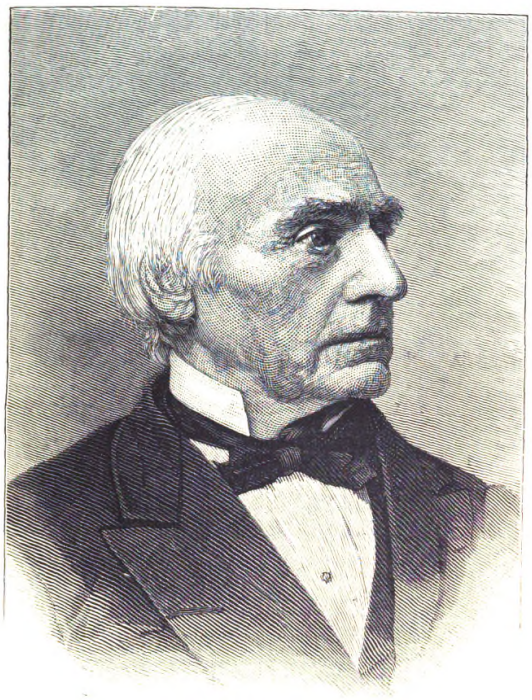


THE HON. LOT M. MORRILL.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CONANT, PORTLAND, MAINE.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

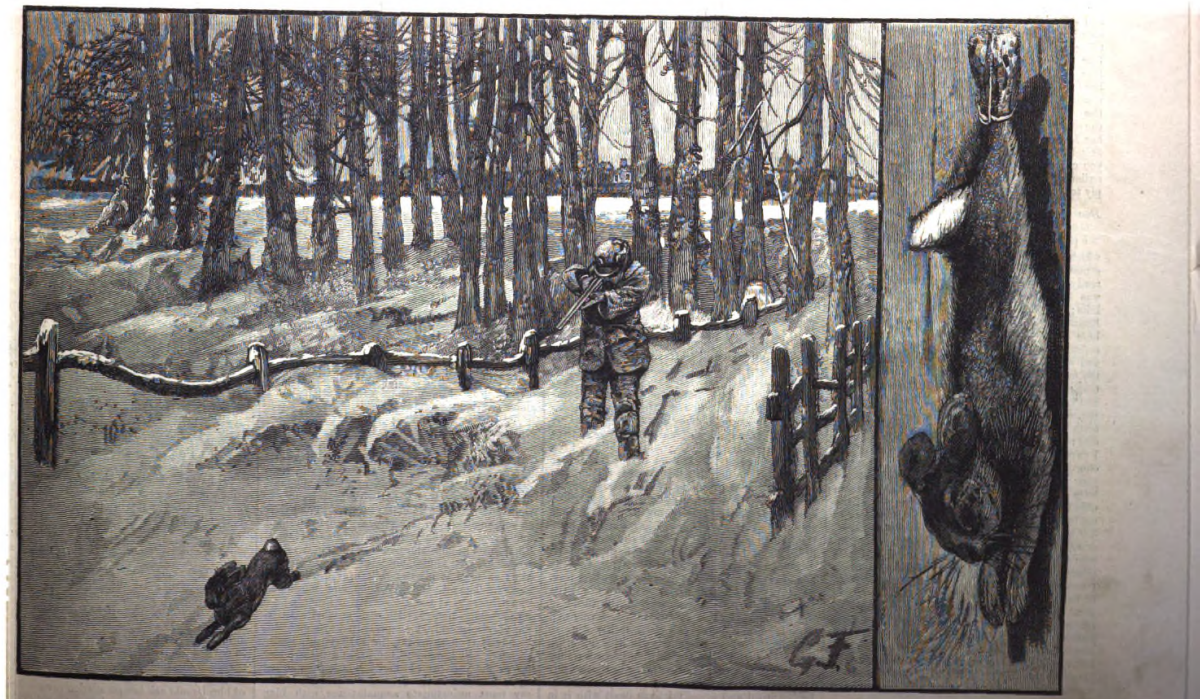
WILLIAM A. SEAVER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

wire fences, there is no reason why it should not be attempted. The rabbits indigenous to our locality would not be at all suited to this purpose. They lack speed and endurance. Moreover, they run in a small circle, and confine themselves almost entirely during the daytime to the thick cover of the woods.

Rabbit-shooting is essentially a winter sport. After a light fall of snow one is surprised at the vast activity shown by one of these animals, as seen in the multitude of tracks which dot the surface in every direction. To follow those which lead to the pile of brush under which the rabbit has his home requires a good deal of experience. It is but rarely that two are found occupying the same "form." Indeed, if a wild rabbit is caught alive and put into a box, and a second be placed with him after the lapse of a day or two, they will in a few moments tear each other in pieces.

To have in these days rabbit-shooting in any profusion one must go to the West. Formerly Long Island was one of the most noted localities in this country for these animals. They would be found there to-day in considerable numbers were it not that every lad during the winter season devotes his leisure moments to setting snares for them. The few which are left conceal themselves in the desolate wilds covered with scrub oaks and underbrush.

Everything original and bizarre which we have in this country, whether of wit, or of quaint disclosures of domestic life, or of strange and fantastic deviations in the animal world, comes to us from the West. The hare and rabbit form no exception to this rule. East of the Mississippi River we are content with one variety of this animal; west of that point we are confronted with half a dozen sorts of the same, the most startling member of the group being captured by Dr. HAYDEN in the Wind River Mountains. This was a small rabbit, of which he secured only a few specimens. These revealed the fact that the males suckle the young. This was satisfactorily demonstrated by careful observations and dissections. It is possible that in the ages to come, in the process of evolution, the male of the human species, at least in that section of country, may develop the same habit. When this comes to pass, the most exacting mother-in-law will cease



RABBIT-SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY GASTON FAY.

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her reproaches, and rest content. Such an occurrence would crown the edifice of Western wonders. To the humorous paragraphists of that period there will be opened a field compared to which ours is a dismal and barren waste. This is only one of many specimens of the hare or rabbit kind found in the wonderful West. Besides the mule rabbit already spoken of, there is the prairie hare, hardly inferior in size. We often see him in our markets in the winter season; he is distinguishable from being entirely white—a marking he always takes on on the approach of cold. Then we have the California hare, another of the largest kind. The "cotton-tail" is more akin in size and color to the one common to our section of the country. The sage rabbit is peculiar to the plains of the West on which the bush of that name flourishes. As an article of food, save to a starving man, he is valueless. The above are not all found in the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. After Professor HAYDEN'S revelations we may be prepared for developments in the rabbit way far more startling than were "the sharp little beggars" to our friend the lawyer. GASTON FAY.

FRESCOES.*

BY OUIDA.

PART II.—(*Continued.*)

Leonis Renzo to the R. P. Vicario, etc., etc.:

"I have something to tell you, which excites and oppresses me, yet when you hear it you may think it is nothing. I must premise this by saying that miladi, when she left, gave me the keys of the library, and free permission to look over and employ as I chose all the works on art, and all the old engravings and drawings, of which there are many. The family has not been a studious one as a rule, but it appears that the late Earl, the uncle Alured to whom she succeeded, was a collector, a *dilettante*, a *virtuoso* (the terms are not entirely synonymous), and almost all these collections that concern art were made by him. I demurred to having the keys of these cabinets left with me, but miladi so insisted, and seemed so bent upon giving me this mark of her trust in my good faith, that I could not without churlishness refuse, though I would willingly have been without so great a responsibility, and I believe Mr. Landon, the magnificent major-domo, was extremely offended. However, I thought I could not reject so kind a sign of confidence, and there is an amount of congenial work to be done in this room on those rainy days of which there are so many! The drawings (really valuable old masters) are all in confusion both as to dates and manners, the miniatures and medals are similarly pell-mell, and a fine collection of old proof engravings, chiefly Italian, are in as much disorder as though they were mere cuttings from illustrated newspapers. I lock up the library when I am not at work there, which makes the dignified Mr. Landon regard me as his mortal foe. Now amongst all this chaos, of which almost every component part has a distinct artistic value, there are sketches by the late Earl Alured, who died some thirty years ago or more. They are sketches of considerable power and spirit: if he had not been a great gentleman, he might very likely have been a famous painter. Amongst these sketches, which are chiefly of figures and faces, there is one in red crayon of a Roman girl, and this girl has the features that I so well remember as those of my mother. There is nothing written under it; but in another portfolio I found three other drawings, all of the same face, and one, a full-length figure bearing on her head a water jar. You will say this may be the merest coincidence and accident of resemblance, the national type—no more. It may be so. On the other hand, is it impossible that this man was her lover? Will you, my best friend, be so infinitely good as to write me word, any details that you can remember or collect of her? Was the nationality of my father ever known? Pray reply to me fully, and at once."

Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, to Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest:

"I reply instantly, my dear son, to your letter, which *Ammara* brings me from Subiaco this afternoon. But I know no more than I have already and repeatedly told you: that your mother was known all her life to the people of these hills; that she was the daughter of Evaristo Renzo, the *buttero;* that a foreigner was about here some weeks who was supposed to be an artist; that Nerina Renzo went away with him, and was absent for a year, in which year Renzo the *buttero* was killed by a bull he was lassoing; that on her return she said no word of where she had been; inherited just enough to live on from Renzo the *buttero*, and in a few months' time gave birth to a son—yourself—whom I myself baptized and registered under the names of Leonis Renzo. I gave you Leonis as the name to which my little church here is dedicated, and Renzo as that of your grandfather. Your mother lived till you were seven years old, and when she died she was only twenty-five years of age. She never, in the confessional or out of it, told me a syllable as to her history during the year she had been absent, or as to the name, country, or rank of the man who begot you. Though she was a most lovely creature in person, and quite sane in many ways, I never believed that she was quite in possession of her mental faculties after your birth. Some great grief which she had had, and the shock of hearing of her father's death, which was told her abruptly and with all its horrible details by a shepherd whom she met on her way here, had, I think, unhinged her mind without destroying it. However this might be, it was impossible to extract a word from her as to your parentage. I have always concluded that she was deserted in some capricious and sudden manner by her lover, who very possibly might not even know that she was *gravida*. It is not improbable that he was a noble. The few people here who remember him all say he was *un' vero signore*. But they would say that of any one who spent a little money. This is all that I know, my beloved son, who has been truly a son of the spirit to me. If I knew more, under the seal of the confessional, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; but your mother either never wholly trusted me, or loved her seducer too well to speak of him. She erred in that; but it is my belief, as I have said, that her mind was always clouded after her return. She adored you, and perhaps would have left some truth for you to hear, if she had lived till you were older, or if she had had any foreboding of her early and sudden death from heart-disease. It is strange that you should have found any picture which is like her in that English house so far away. But you will forgive me if I suggest, my beloved Leonis, that the childish memory even of a mother's face can not be entirely trusted, and the purely classic type of face which she had, and which you have, is by no means rare in our country, especially in remote places where the blood has been kept pure and unchanged since the days of Æneas."

The Lady Charterys, Acornby, Salop, to Mr. Hollys, Rome (telegraphs):

"The D. of K. has arrived here, so I go to the Adrian Vansittarts to-morrow. What good do you suppose can come of this intolerable annoyance? Make him understand that no one can bully me into anything. I shall have a big party at Milton for pheasants. Come."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Acornby, Salop:

"All I shall see of pheasants will be quails: I reply *more hibernico*. Do you mean you are going back next month? I thought you never could be at Milton in autumn because it was so damp."

The Lady Charterys, Redleaf, Devon, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"It is damp in a damp autumn. This is a dry one. I shall soon be home."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Redleaf, Devon:

"Perversity, thy name is woman."

The Lady Charterys to Mr. Hollys:

"Not an original remark. Was it worth paying a post-card to say *that?* Why I should not invite my own friends to my own house to slay my own pheasants is, I confess, wholly beyond my own comprehension. Perhaps you will explain a little?"

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Lifford, Hants:

"In my trade we never explain. A discreet roundabout is all we venture on; I have given a hint, I dare no more."

The Lady Charterys, Lifford, Hants, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"Hints and innuendoes are first cousins. Neither are remarkable for courage; and I confess I am never disposed to be at the trouble to take their masks off. If you like to come to Milton, do; I shall be most happy to see you. If you don't, stay, and eat your quails rolled up in vine leaves, and spare me moral saws and stale apophthegms, and inappropriate counsels that don't dare show their faces."

Mr. Hollys to the Lady Charterys, Montolieu Abbey, near Winchester:

"You are unkind, and are you quite grateful? The ball-room would never have been painted if it hadn't been for me. You would have had a *fournisseur*, and you *wouldn't* have discovered a 'dry autumn.' By-the-bye, the Meteorological Report states the rain-fall in England this September to average eight inches!"

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, etc., etc.:

"She has returned, bringing a great number of gay and great personages with her; she is very sweet and thoughtful in her manner to me, but it seems to me as if I were millions of leagues farther off from her, since the possibility which haunts me that I may be the bastard of her uncle: it overwhelms me with shame. There are coming here some English princes, and the ball-room and all my outlined frescoes are being covered temporarily with primrose-hued satin, so that I am driven from my labors; and she has proposed to me that I shall take her portrait, and send it to the Salon or the Academy next week. I can not refuse. So every morning she gives me a sitting in the library, of which she allows me to make a temporary studio; she would not take back the keys of it. I admit that it is a trying thing to me to do, with this suspicion upon me, which is indeed to my mind almost a certainty, that the Earl Alured, to whom she succeeded, was the faithless lover of my mother. I have ventured to speak of him to her when we have been alone in these sittings, but she knows very little about him. She was not born when he died suddenly, being thrown from his horse; she has always been told he was an eccentric, wayward, capricious man: she said, with a little laugh, that capriciousness was in the blood of the family. The Lady Cairnwrath has returned with her; and, alas! conceives it her duty to be almost always present in the library during the time that I am painting this portrait; they regard me as a wild beast, seeking to devour this lamb with the golden fleece! The portrait will be beautiful and grand; I have dealt with it in the Venetian way: she wears a wonderful dress of dead-gold brocade, with scarlet touches in it here and there, and holds a large fan, black and gold, and is just looking over her shoulder with a little smile; her great Leonsburg dog Berwick is beside her; he is gray, and tones down the intense mass of gold and scarlet. But the face! there is the miracle and glory of it. She is much more beautiful than I first thought her, and her expression is changed—deepened and softened both. This week the sittings are interrupted by the English Prince and Princess. The house is all *sotto sopra* on account of them. Stupendous efforts are made for their entertainment, and the English Prince, with seven other gentlemen, slew fifteen hundred pheasants in a day, which is considered admirable. I am always glad to think that I never in my life slew anything. I have seen many other better ways of proving one's address, if one needs to do so. There was a grand ball last night, in the room that I am temporarily turned out of; I keep away from it all, of course. I even proposed to her to go away out of the house during the time, but she would not hear of it; and the other afternoon she showed the Prince and Princess what I have done of her portrait, and sent for me and presented me to them both, and they said gracious things, which I am conscious were not overstrained, for I know my force in my own art. One of the gentlemen of the suite told me later that the Princess would command me to paint her portrait. I answered him, perhaps wrongly, that I was no portrait painter. Miladi scolded me very prettily for being *bourru* and proud at the wrong moment. "When they are delighted with you, what is there to offend you, even if they are princes?" So she remonstrated, and had reason in her remonstrance, and perhaps I was thankless; I suppose it is these people who represent the goddess Fortune nowadays. The royal guests remained here but three days, during which, I am told, they were well pleased. They sent for me again before their departure, and again expressed themselves with much grace and kindness. The greater part of the other guests also went away; to-day and to-morrow she will sit to me again. I fear that the civility toward me of the royal persons did not gratify my formidable enemy the Lady Cairnwrath. But what does it all matter! Soon they will leave me alone again. The long winter will pass, and the spring will probably find the ball-room and the portrait alike finished, and then I too shall go away, and she will not hear, see, or remember me any more. There is one thing quite certain, I will not take her money for either of the works. Perhaps fame may come to me through her; and for that I shall be grateful. Yet I do not care for fame of any kind; I care only for art. I should be glad to have moderate wealth, enough to spend my life as I like, after my own manner, and in the pursuit of my own dreams. I must seem to prose to you intolerably, but it is a relief to me, for there is no one here in whom I can confide my thoughts. To miladi I dare not; to the others I could not; and you have been my confessor since the hour of my first sin!. . . .

Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest, Berks, to Hon. H. Hollys, British Embassy, Rome:

"DEAR HOLLYS,—It was no use. She *would* come back, and she asked a whole tribe of people, and then to top it the P. and P. suddenly fixed their arrival for the end of the month, so there was no more to be said, and all my ingenuity in having succeeded in persuading Esmée into these visits was bootless. She made the painter begin her portrait, and whatever else she means, she's getting plenty of good work out of him. The fellow is amazingly handsome; he reminds me of somebody, but I can't remember of whom. Esmée certainly puts him to the fore a good deal; she talked about him so to the P. and P. that she made her point, and was allowed to present him to them. But this may all be done only to rile Tabby. There is no knowing with a woman like Esmée what she's really up to; she knows the world down to the ground, and if she makes a move, she's a purpose in it; but yet again she's a weather-cock. The Italian adores her—that's plain to be seen; when we were last here, he'd the whip-hand of her; now she's the pull over him. I suppose it's only her fun, but it will be rough on the poor devil. I don't see what we can any of us do. Esmée isn't a chicken. If you'd sent the diplomaed and decorated ass that you spoke of, there would have been none of this bother. She *says* she's going to Cannes next month, and has ordered the *Glaucus* to refit and get in Mediterranean trim. She can hardly take the painter on board with her. The C. of O. informs me that you and I are responsible for all this scandal. You, I know, are; but I don't see where I come in; by-the-way, in case we're obliged to have more to do with this man, can't you learn really something about him?"

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest:

"DEAR LLANNY,—There is nothing to learn; he never concealed where he came from. He's the natural son of a woman of Fontanella, and his grandfather was a *buttero;* that is, please your ignorance, a wild-cattle keeper. The priest of Fontanella—who has a history too, for he is a noble, and took the vow of poverty and entered the Church in consequence of the tragic death of a mistress—loves him, but has nothing to do with him: as to that all the folk of Florinella are agreed. The priest educated him, and maintained him afterward at the University of Rome, where he took high honors. He then studied art (living very miserably, I suspect) in Paris and Munich, and then spent his life between his studio (a garret) in Rome and the priest's little house up in the hills at Florinella, where he painted those frescoes in the little church which led to my most unfortunate acquaintance with him. That is all that is to be known. He is now thirty-three years of age. You will see it is all quite creditable, more creditable perhaps than yours or mine; but, as society is constituted, Esmée must no more look at him than if he were a forger or a hangman. I suppose we are all humbugs. But *telle est la vie.* If you are at your (very clever) wits' ends on the spot, what am I a thousand miles off? What I should most fear would be an irreparable breach between Esmée and the C. of O., and the adoption as *chaperon* of some frisky matron, like her friend Mrs. Alsager, who will let her do just as she likes, and get compromised in a hideous fashion. My chief hope lies in Renzo himself; I think he is a man of honor. I think if he sees mischief ahead, he will go away out of it."

Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest, to Hon. H. Hollys, Rome:

"I have never believed in Joseph; especially would Joseph be an impossibility when a beautiful young woman offered herself *en tout bien tout honneur*. Don't be alarmed; she's not at that point yet, perhaps never will be. As yet she is only having her portrait taken, and I bet it will beat 'La bella di Tiziano.' The C. of O. presides at the sittings, looking like Duty on a rock staring at Danger, or something of that sort. The Alsager *is* going on the *Glaucus*, and that may mean any amount of mischief. Vic. was at my house the other day, looking very blue, poor boy. He won't take his punishing without whimpering. How could that marriage miss fire? You and I should have had nothing to do except to sign our names to the most perfect settlements the world ever saw. To think, too, how the properties dovetail into one another! It is flouting Providence; but she has done the same thing twenty times a year ever since she left her school-room."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lord Llandudno, Milton Ernest (telegraphs):

"Do you mean to say you think the affair with R. *serious?*"

Lord Llandudno to Mr. Hollys (writes):

"It looks like it. She put me off the scent last time, but now I begin to think the C. of O. not altogether so wrong. However, it may be all caprice. She is, after all, only having her portrait taken; why should we interfere? I tried to say something this morning, and she looked me in the face with the coolest little smile, and just said, 'It is so much nicer than a photograph, that people can sell, whether one lets them or not.' Just as if she couldn't have Carolus Duran or Baudry to take her portrait! Just as if she hadn't been painted half a score of times before now! I do believe he has a great influence over her; she has left off using the kolb to her eyes; she wears her hair in loose soft masses, instead of crimping and frizzing her fringe; she has taken to quite simple sorts of gowns, with old-fashioned gold girdles and gypsires as her only ornament. 'I suppose that's æsthetic?' I said to Hermione, and Hermie regarded me with scorn. 'How can you be so silly? It's Renzo. She sent some of his sketches over to Worth, with orders. Esmée never did care a bit about the æsthetes, but she likes to please him, don't you know?' I did know, and I groaned, and I know the man ought to go away, but on my life I don't see why he should throw it all up merely to oblige us. Besides, he is honestly in love with her; he is the only person in the house, perhaps, who does not know it, but he is so. As she is perfectly charming and enchantingly considerate toward him, why should he turn his back on all that?"

Mr. Hollys to Lord Llandudno:

"You know as well as I do that men who are poor *do* turn their backs on all that when they are gentlemen, and I think he is a gentleman; but I grant the temptation is terrible if he really can see he has any influence over her. I confess the whole thing seems so incredible to me that it is like a nightmare. What does she mean to do? She never can mean to marry him. He hasn't a *soldo*, and not even a name!"

Lord Llandudno to Mr. Hollys:

"I certainly don't dare hint to her that she does, but I think her quite capable of it. She would love to do it if only for the pleasure of braving the C. of O. and quarrelling with all the rest of us. She is her own mistress, you know. No hope of the Lord Chancellor *here*. Frankly I want to be out of it, so I'm going to shoot bears and steinbok with Hohenlohe in Styria. I think if she's left quite alone she'll see the folly of the thing. The sense of opposition keeps her obstinate; not, mind you, that there's anything definite yet. They're only still at this infernal portrait. The portrait will be grand; he handles the dead gold and the scarlet with amazing skill; you certainly knew what you were about, and picked out a man who could paint. Hermione and Jack Herbert have come to terms; they'll be married some time after Christmas. Everybody quite pleased all round. '*That* would spoil it to *me*,' said Esmée the other day. I declared I quite believed her. She likes a chopping sea and a stiff wind when she's out. If she does lose her head about the Roman, it will only be out of 'contrariness.'"

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"DEAREST FRIEND AND REVEREND FATHER,—You are quite right; the suspicion which has come into my mind concerning the Earl Alured poisons the peace and pleasure I had found in my pursuits here. It may be altogether fanciful and unfounded, but the mere shadow of it is enough to darken my path: especially when I am in her presence the thought is oppressive and of an almost unbearable humiliation. If I could speak of him I could ask her permission to seek through any papers he may have left for more evidence,

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more confirmation; but this it is impossible to do; I could never bring my lips to frame a hint of it. After all, too, I should most likely see nothing more. The mere pastime of an English nobleman with an Italian girl would leave no impression on the life and memory of such a man as he, even if he loved her, as the name on the doe's collar would suggest. These great gentlemen break so many of these poor butterflies upon the wheel in a summer's day!

"The portrait grows; they say it is like the style of Cabanel, which incenses me: Cabanel is a great master, but I hope I am not borrowing from him or any one; I paint what I see as I feel it, and if I have any master at all, I go farther back than Cabanel, and straightway to the Venice of the Cinque-cento. Miladi is all that is sweetest and most kind; nay, she is too good to me; it offends all her own people, that I can see. When the portrait is done, she will go away at once on a vessel of her own southward, and the long, cold, blank English winter faces me. Well, if only there will be light enough, I shall occupy myself. I rise at daybreak to go on with the Theocritian frescoes; I can not bear her to suppose that I purposely delay my work for sake of the ease of my life here. If the weather serve, I mean to finish them by next Easter. She does not, I believe, return until then, as she goes from the Riviera straight to her house in London, without coming here after her winter in the South. She asked me, a little abruptly, this morning if I would not like to go to Rome for the winter; she said I was not to think for a moment that I was bound to finish the ball-room until it was quite convenient to me; if my habits or my health needed a warmer air in winter—then she stopped and looked at me, and I did not altogether understand her, but I felt my face grow hot, for I knew that I had no money to return to Rome; I spent all I had in coming here and in the purchase of the colors, and certainly I would die sooner than tell her that. When I hear all these people talk of going here, going there, of flying this way and that, like so many happy birds, I understand that to be poor is to be a bird without wings, like that poor hopeless, ugly apteryx which is the laughing-stock of naturalists and the cruel jest of nature....

"The lord who is a sort of *tutore* came to me just now when I was alone and commenced conversation. He does not speak French very well, but I could fairly understand him. He said some hard things of miladi. He ended by hinting to me that she was '*coquette et fine mouche*.' I said to him that I did not think that concerned me, and that it was not for me, who received many benefits from her, to listen to blame of her. This confused him a little. He got up, said quickly '*Eh bien je m'en lave les mains!*' and then added that he was himself going away into Styria. He seemed to wish me to give him some assurance, but I did not see that any was needed. They seem to attach much more importance to me than I can possibly claim. Is she a coquette? I do not think so. And if she be, what is that to me? I am only a man who paints her portrait and her ball-room. And I may be something she would think yet lower than the sweeper who clears her terrace of its leaves....

"This morning whilst it was still very early she entered the ball-room when I was beginning my work. She has risen early the last week or two; I have seen her, and once or twice met her in the gardens soon after sunrise. 'Why do you work so hard?' she asked me when she had looked at what I was doing. 'Why are you in such haste to have finished the thing? Are you tired of England, of Milton?' I told her that I thought common honesty needed that the work should be done with as little waste of time as it could. 'And when it is done,' she said, in her abrupt fashion that yet is graceful too, 'will you go away and have no regret for us?' I felt myself grow pale, for I knew that I should suffer—much—but I answered her that if in the end she considered the work well done I should have no regrets: none; I should have only great gratitude. 'Gratitude!' She repeated the word with some anger. She looked very beautiful. She had a white woollen gown on with black fur all round it, and she had a quantity of red autumn roses in her hand. 'It is we who owe you gratitude,' she said, warmly. 'It is I who owe you gratitude. You give my house beautiful fancies and images, and you have made me think; you have made me feel; you have made me conscious of the emptiness and the egotism of my life.' I said nothing—what could I say?—to *her*. 'I think you are far too proud,' she said, after a little pause, 'and yet you have so far too much humility. Do you mean to say you will like to remain here all alone all the cold, dreary, lonely winter? You will be miserable. You have no idea how cold it is, how unutterably dull!' I told her I did not think that it would be colder than my fireless garret had been in Paris, or was even in Rome, when the tramontana blew; and I said that I should not be miserable because her memory—and her portrait—would remain with me. Perhaps it was wrong to say even so much. But it did not offend her. She smiled and gave me one of her roses, and ordered me to come to breakfast with her. I hesitated very much, but she insisted, so that I could not refuse. I breakfasted with her and the little Lady Hermione before any one else staying in the house was up, and we laughed and chattered and were merry and happy, and the smell of the sweet wet grass and the late roses came through the windows which we could leave open a little, for it is here what we call St. Martin's summer. Well, it is much to have these beautiful hours to remember even if afterward one goes out into endless hunger and darkness for evermore!

"But, looking back on it all, here, as I write alone, the thought comes to me which seems in itself almost madness. Is it possible that she would—that she does—love me? What must I do? Counsel me."

Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, to Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, etc., etc.:

"MY BELOVED SON,—It is not for me to counsel you at such a distance from you as I am, and having so long and altogether abandoned the great world. But your nature is noble, your pride is great, greater perhaps because some would deny your right to it: act, therefore, as both these bid you. That this lady is drawn toward you I can well believe; that you care for her more than you know, I have long felt; but I confess I see nothing but suffering in store for you through this passion. If you wish to leave the place and the country, command me; you know my purse, meagre as it is, is always open to you, and here you may find, as I have done, peace at least of conscience, if pains of memory pursue you even to these heights."

Leonis Renzo to Don Eccellino Ferraris, etc., etc.:

"You are, as ever, good beyond my merits. If she leave here, I will stay on and complete the work. If she remain, you are right—I must go. Peace will be no more mine wherever my steps may turn."

The Countess of Charterys to Mr. Thomas, Yacht "Glaucus," Cowes Harbor:

"Take her round to Marseilles, and there wait telegram from me."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, etc., etc.:

"She is gone. I suppose some pressure was brought to bear on her, or perhaps she wished to escape from a position that became an embarrassment. I do not know; I think she has some love for me; but I hear always the voice of that old lord saying, '*Elle est coquette et fine mouche.*' Yet I wrong her; I am base to want more than she has given me—the utmost sweetness and delicacy and consideration to the last; so much more than I should have been warranted in expecting! The evening before she left she came to take farewell of me when I was at work on her portrait, which is all but finished; a few touches to the drapery and to the dog alone are needed. She said to me, 'If it be very cold, indeed you had better go to Rome, or will you come out to us at Cannes, and make another picture of me amongst the palms?' Her voice was very low and kind. It cost me very much to look at her calmly and say, as I did, No. I think she understood that it was no discourtesy. She said nothing else. She gave me her hand. There were tears in her beautiful eyes. Mine were dim. You were right. There is pain, great pain, for both of us; but hers will soon pass, rich, happy, adored, surrounded, amused with a thousand distractions as she is and will be; but mine— No doubt what she feels for me is mere interest, mere compassion, rather than the divine pity of Desdemona; perhaps she has respect for me too, because I have never flattered her. But it is impossible that she seriously loves me. If she did, she is far removed from me as though mountains were between us. If I could accept her were she to offer it, how she would despise me then and forever!

"I have my first taste of an English winter to-day. It is bitterly cold, and rains, and hails, and snows. It is impossible to paint. I continue my work in the library; I have seen many cases and drawers full of drawings, manuscripts, and engravings still to examine and arrange. It is a noble room, and the great fire lit at either end fills it full of mellow color. I could be quite happy here if—if—if! I have sent to my friend Vico in Rome to dispose of the pictures there are in my studio if he can, even if he get but twenty francs apiece, and send me the money; I can leave here if she return, as it is her choice to do sometimes at a day's notice. She wrote me a most kind and pretty note this morning. It cost me much to answer with a few formal lines, but she would despise me if I let myself do more. She has reached Cannes a fortnight ago. She describes her villa, with its orange woods and gardens and its walls of many-colored marble, and the little harbor all to itself, with such deep water that her yacht can anchor there. She asks me to go out and see it, and paint it all: she puts aside my refusal as if it had never been uttered. Do you think she would be so cruel as to play with me so far? Yet I am a fool, and thankless. No doubt she only means it in innocent kindness, and never dreams that I shall distort it so."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MILWAUKEE FIRE.

THE burning of the Newhall Hotel in Milwaukee, with the sacrifice of perhaps one hundred lives, is another terrible warning against the numberless "fire-traps" which, in the form of hotels, theatres, and tenement-houses, are tolerated in American cities. This hotel was notoriously an unsafe structure. It was old, most of the inner partitions and all the floor beams were of wood, and it had been so often on fire that the local insurance agents had recently refused to take any risk on the building. Six stories in height, with intricate passages and with stairways that allowed the flames and suffocating smoke to rush almost instantaneously from basement to roof, it was provided with only two fire-escapes.

Yet, so heedless is the travelling public, this dangerous building was one of the most popular hotels in Milwaukee, and on the night of January 9 it harbored more than three hundred people, including servants. A little before four o'clock on the morning of the 10th the alarm of fire was given, and the firemen who hastened to the scene beheld a spectacle of horror that has scarcely a parallel in the annals of similar calamities. Every window of the immense building was filled with struggling men and women, frantically and piteously calling for the aid which it was impossible to render. Some of the inmates found their way to the main entrance and escaped, and others might have been saved had an immediate and concerted attempt at rescue been made. But there was no one with sufficient presence of mind to take the lead. The halls of the hotel were the scene of the wildest confusion. Men, women, and children rushed hither and thither in the suffocating smoke, missing in their frenzy the stairways and windows leading to the fire-escapes. All this was witnessed by the horrified crowds that gathered in the streets.

The firemen worked with all their accustomed energy and dispatch; but their efforts were impeded by the net-work of telegraph wires which surrounded the building, and which prevented the raising of ladders to the windows. This is another warning which should not be allowed to pass unheeded. But for these wires, which should never be permitted to stretch along the sides of hotels or tenement-houses, many people might have been rescued by the firemen. The wires were also a hinderance to rescue in another way. Many persons who jumped from the windows toward the canvas held below struck the wires, and fell fearfully mangled on the pavement.

The tragic details of this calamity, already familiar through the full reports of the daily press, ought to make a more than passing impression on the public mind, and incite the proper authorities to take immediate measures for the security of life in hotels and other buildings where people congregate in large numbers. The proprietors of such buildings should not only be required, but compelled, to make them as absolutely safe as human precautions can make them. Every theatre, hotel, and large tenement-house should be fire-proof. The public is accustomed and willing to take chances, and should be protected, in the interest of humanity, against its own heedlessness. The Newhall was old, and everybody, says a Milwaukee editor, "had looked upon it as doomed if it ever got on fire in the night." Who can read of the heroism of the brave firemen who carried the forms of fainting women over the ladder bridge thrown across the narrow alleyway to the upper story of the burning building, of their unavailing efforts to reach the windows where the struggling victims were imprisoned, of the bodies mangled by falling on the deadly telegraph wires and striking with a sickening thud on the pavement—who can think of the suffering and agony endured during that awful half-hour of martyrdom—without hot indignation that such tragedies are possible? Yet any night may bring another. We open the morning paper dreading to read of some terrible calamity. On the seas it may be impossible to guard against disasters; but there is no excuse whatever for such tragedies as attend the burning of a theatre or a hotel. Such structures can either be made fire-proof, or be so provided with appliances for putting out fire, and with adequate means of escape, as to make the loss of life from this source as rare as it is now common.

THE LATE SENATOR MORRILL.

THE HON. LOT M. MORRILL, who died at his residence in Augusta, Maine, after a lingering illness, on the 10th inst., was born in Belgrade, Maine, on the 3d of May, 1818. At the age of nineteen he entered Waterville College, in that State, afterward studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. Mr. MORRILL made his entry into political life in 1854, when he was elected to the Maine Legislature. In 1856 he was elected to the State Senate, and became its President. Two years afterward he was elected Governor, and was re-elected in 1859 and 1860. Senator HAMLIN having been elected Vice-President, Mr. MORRILL was chosen to take his place in the United States Senate for the remainder of his term; and in 1863 he was re-elected for the term ending in 1869. On the death of Senator FESSENDEN, Mr. MORRILL was again elected to the Senate for the term ending in 1877. On the resignation of Secretary BRISTOW, in June, 1876, Senator MORRILL was made Secretary of the Treasury, which post he occupied until March, 1877. After his retirement from the secretaryship he was appointed Collector of the Port of Portland, Maine, which position he held at the time of his death.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHEN a cold wave sweeps down from the Northwest, and the sympathies of the charitable go out toward those in the midst of us who are ill prepared to meet the rigors of winter, how many of the philanthropic ever give a thought to the distress of the poor Kennebec River icemen as their visions of a monopoly in ice suddenly pass away?

A young man of Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania, was choked to death by swallowing a shirt stud. When the loser is called upon to pay a forfeit of that nature, it is always allowable to remove the studs and buttons.

The title of the new journal, *The Undertaker's Assistant*, may be objected to on the ground that it is ambiguous. *The Toy Pistol* is suggested as a substitute.

While the Prince of Wales was on a recent pleasure-trip he alighted at a railway station and bought a piece of sponge-cake. The bell rang for the train to start before he had finished eating the cake, and he left the remnant on the restaurant counter. The keeper of the restaurant labelled it: "Great curiosity! The Prince of Wales bit this. For sale." The story has it that he not only sold the piece for a large price, but also disposed of his entire stock of sponge-cake in the same advantageous manner before he destroyed the label.

A man who was skeptical as to the utility of the telephone was induced to step up to the instrument and shout "Hello, Sarah!" to his wife, who was five miles away. At that moment lightning struck the wire and knocked him senseless. His first words on recovering consciousness were, "That's Sarah, every time."

The *Sun* takes Mayor Edson to task for mentioning the "working classes." It insists that there are no such classes in this glorious republic. There is here and there, however, a man who finds it necessary to stick to his play pretty regularly.

After those who had gathered at a church in Providence, Rhode Island, to see a wedding ceremony had waited an hour for the contracting parties to appear, the organist struck up the tune, "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" The bride soon came in smiling, and proved that she was not "tied up to an apple-tree."

A Boston statistician comes to the rescue of those who have not attended church regularly with these figures: stormy Sundays in Boston last year, 24; average per year for the past fifteen years, 16½.

On the nineteenth anniversary of the proclamation of freedom three Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States were seen standing up in a Washington street car and holding on by the straps, while the seats were occupied by negro laborers.

One of the first official acts of Governor Cleveland was to dismiss the Pardon Clerk, and say that he would attend to the duties of that position himself. It is said that when Governor Cleveland was practicing law he went to Albany to intercede for the life of a man who had been sentenced to the gallows, that he was told by the Pardon Clerk that "we" could do nothing in the matter, and that he found considerable difficulty in obtaining an audience with the Governor, but easily succeeded in obtaining mercy for the condemned man when he had an opportunity to present his petition. The Pardon Clerk who stood between him and the Governor, the story has it, is the one who was dismissed.

Item from the southern boundary: "The Mexicans are rapidly becoming Americanized: they prefer Kentucky whiskey to aguardiente."

A feature of life in Denver, says a writer, is that fortune-hunters are sometimes found paying their addresses to the kitchen rather than the parlor. The secret of this is that servant-girls have a way of investing their earnings in building lots, which advance in value so rapidly that the owners soon find themselves in a state bordering on opulence.

The advent upon the floor of a new member of the Stock Exchange subjects him to experience at the hands of the younger and more frisky brokers which must remind him of the vicissitudes of his Freshman year in college. The *World* says that when a new member made his appearance recently he was "greeted with howls of delight." His hat was promptly knocked off, and other men's hats were banged on to his head, some of them stopping on his crown, and others going down till they were stopped by his ears or nose. The account continues: "Then they rushed him around the room, and bitterly lamented the fact that the table which used to stand in front of the rostrum had been removed, for it used to be one of the features of a man's initiation to be laid on his back on this table, which was fastened securely to the floor, and then his tormentors, taking his arms and legs, spun him round and round like a pin-wheel. They tore his coat, and chalked him all over with strange signs, till at last in despair he offered to sell his newly acquired seat for very much less than he paid for it." Three other gentlemen who were admitted to membership on the same day failed to appear on the floor, and no wonder.

There are at least a few places in the world where rats are appreciated by men. In the lower levels of the Nevada mines the old miners neither kill the rats nor suffer them to be harmed by others. These rodents are the scavengers of the mines. They pick the meat bones thrown away by the men, and devour such scraps of food as would vitiate the hot air of the mines if left to decay. They also give warning when a "cave" is about to take place. The miners believe that the rats detect the settling of the ground before the cracking of timbers is heard, for they come out on the floor and scamper about uneasily. If rats come into a new drift or cross-cut, their presence is taken as a sign of a good yield. "The other day," says the Virginia City *Enterprise*, "when the men were at work on the face of a new cross-cut on the 2700-feet level of the Sierra Nevada Mine, a rat came in to them, travelling along the line of the compressed air pipe. When the little rodent was seen some of the new hands wanted to kill it, but the old miners would not allow it to be hurt. They said it would bring luck to the cross-cut. So they fixed up in the roof of the drift a box as a house for the rat, and placed food near at hand, in order that it might find its new quarters profitable as well as comfortable. There is much talk among the miners about the coming of this rat, and the men in the new cross-cut are very proud of it, and have high hopes on account of its presence."

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WASHED ASHORE.—Drawn

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REINHART.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 42.]

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WASHED ASHORE.

See double-page illustration.

"He was found at the dawning?" "Yes." "And his name is?" "Jacques Minot."
"Where did he live?" "At the fishers' village, about a mile below."
"Was he born in the village?" "Yes; he has lived there all his life."
"Married?" "Yes, monsieur." "How many children? Where is his wife?"

"Ah, monsieur, that is the sorrow. Poor Babetta
died last year;
And there are six little children. The youngest stands by me here.
She is half afraid, you see, of *what* lies there on the shore:
Afraid of her father! Poor child, she never feared him before!"

"Who cares for the children? Will they go to friends, or the state?"
Paul Zettering rose from his knees: "He was my friend and my mate;
Mate and brother and friend, I've been promising poor Jacques now
I would care for his children; and, comrades, you hear my vow."
"Good. You may bury him, then, poor fellow. A man so brave
Methinks should have found in the sea he loved a clean deep grave;
But the sea's a cruel mistress, and scornfully flings ashore
The broken life and the broken clay of him who sails no more."

"Nay, monsieur, the sea is faithful; she knew our Jacques would rest
Better beside the little church, with the cross upon his breast;
Would rather lie by his Babetta; for through the church-yard grass
The feet of the kindly fisher-folk and his little children pass.

"'Tis the winds that are cruel, monsieur; the sea—the sea loves man;
When the cruel winds leave her alone, she does for him all she can;
And when they lash her to fury, and she can do no more,
She bears the poor dead fisherman safe to his own home-shore."
So the gendarme wrote of Jacques Minot: "Found drowned, and washed ashore."

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER II.

WARNING.

John Woodhatch did not reply in any way to Miss Brake's wish that the coming of Lucy might be delayed. The remark was not intended for his ears, and he was gentleman enough at least to affect that he had not heard it. He wondered a little why Miss Brake should object to the visit of the Larcoms; one of his little plans had been to draw Lucy and Hester Brake together by the common tie of their one loss. They were related, too—there seemed nothing in the world to keep them at arm's-length, and presently this ailing, fretful, warm-hearted little woman would need sisterly help and solace. Kitty would be away with her husband at Tolland's farm then, and Hester Brake would be very much alone.

He had professed to be in good spirits that evening, but her questioning had somewhat disturbed him. She had asked him boldly whether he was still in love with Lucy, and he had replied at once that he was, but the conversation had not tended to keep the good spirits of which he had boasted to their abnormal level. In his "heart of hearts" he had objected a little to the question, but Hester Brake was a "privileged" friend who had known the secret of his life, had even guessed at it shrewdly before the truth came out at the inquest, and the truth was still that he loved the fair, sad young widow, and would have brightened her life if he could: even by the sacrifice of his own life, if in any way it would have cheered her own, he could have said without much boasting.

"It is getting late," he said, restless now. "Have you anything more to say, Hester—to ask?"

"Why?"

"Why!" repeated Woodhatch, rising. "Because we are early folk at Farm Forlorn, and these are late hours for us."

Miss Brake looked at her watch.

"Yes, it is getting late," she said; "but there was one subject to which I had intended to allude. You have put it out of my head with your talk of these Larcoms."

"Of old Alec and your sister-in-law," he said, mildly, "not 'these Larcoms' exactly. Well, what is it you want to cross-examine me upon?"

"I have no more questions to ask, John. Sit down," she said; "I can not look up at you and shout my wishes."

"Oh! they are wishes now, are they?" said John, lightly. "Well, five minutes to attend to *them*."

He sat down by her side now, in a second chair that was handy, and she laid her hand upon his arm. The expression of her face was very fixed and earnest, and had strange meanings in it, which he could not guess at, he was sure already.

"John," she said, "for many years I have believed you a just man—a man who has suffered from injustice, I might add, and been above resenting it. I don't think it is in your heart to bear malice, is it?"

"I don't think it is," he said, smiling, and endeavoring to regard her preface lightly. "Who is the party who says I am malicious?"

"No one."

"Ah! that's all right," was his reply.

"But you are unforgiving."

"Hester, you are laying yourself open to an action for libel; but there, I forgive *you*, at any rate."

"You are unforgiving," she continued, "and you are aware of it. The man who has injured you, or slighted you, or put a false construction on your actions, you turn against at once. You would do him no harm, but—"

"But I should not be anxious to ask him to dinner, or subscribe to a testimonial for him, or lend him a hundred pounds. Well, no. If he has a bad opinion of me," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "let him keep it, but at a respectful distance from me. Why should I seek the company of a man who would treat me vilely if he could, and who, when I was at my best, perhaps, thought the very worst of me? What good is he to me?"

"And you would not forgive him," said Miss Brake.

"How do you know, Miss Persistency?"

"And," she went on, "I want you to forgive one poor weak fellow who has sinned against your pride, and is very penitent, I am sure. Whose life your sternness has wrecked already, I am afraid."

John Woodhatch was quick to seize the motive of all this.

"You mean Reuben Fladge?"

"Yes."

"He was led away by Morris, and talked into playing the spy, but I forgave him on that night, and would have seen to his future had he let me—had he not grown desperate, and—"

"And killed my brother. That is what you think in your heart," she said, with excitement. "Is that not so?—tell me!"

"So we have come round to the old ghastly subject," said Woodhatch. "When will you set it aside?"

"Presently. I am a new-comer here. Put up with me John, and my associations conjured up by this farm, for a little while," she said. "And now—you think this Fladge killed my brother?"

"I am no man's judge."

"But you suspect him. From the very first you suspected that poor half-witted lad."

"Who tells you this?"

"Fladge himself."

"Where have you seen him?"

"No matter; I have seen him," was the reply. "More than once *I* have given him money, and kind words, which he values more than money. And," she added, "he did not kill my brother, I am convinced."

"I should be glad to be convinced of that too," muttered Woodhatch.

"I want you to take my word for it: I, who never in my life deceived you, and whose word you could always trust," she said. "Will you do this?"

"Because you take Fladge's word for it," said the farmer, moodily. "But that is no reason why I should."

"Oh, you are terribly obstinate!" said Hester. "It is your besetting sin; it will be so to the end. Why can't you believe what I say?"

"You keep something back from me," was the sharp reply.

"For the present, yes; but," she added, "only for the present."

"You think you have a clew. Ah! Hester, many shrewder heads than yours have thought so too."

"Trust me."

"Who has been bewildering and exciting you with statements most likely to prove false? Come, now, confess," he urged; "for you are not often like this."

"I will tell you presently."

"Not now?"

"Not now."

"Then I will forgive Fladge presently, too," said Woodhatch, quietly; "when there is any proof in his favor with which a man may grapple."

"You drive me to extremes by your doubts," she cried, angrily. "You will not give me time to prove the truth indisputably; and I must have time."

"I have said some one has disturbed your mind, Hester, for a purpose of his own, knowing how credulous you are. Where is this Fladge?" asked John Woodhatch. "When did you see him last?"

"Don't ask me any more questions," she said, wearily.

"I will not. I am glad to end the subject, and should be very glad to know it was not Fladge who killed poor Morris. And now, Hester, good-night to you."

"Good-night," she replied, in a low, offended tone, as she rose and walked across the room without looking at him again. She paused before Kate Vanch, and touched her shoulder. The game at draughts was finished, and the betrothed couple had been conversing together quietly and confidentially.

"You are the best of friends, I see," she said, lightly. "Come, Kate, I am tired, and need rest to-night."

Kitty sprang up at once, and Hester Brake placed her hand upon her arm.

"Good-night, Greg," said Kate, with a bright smile at him.

"Good-night, Kitty," he answered, as cheerily, as they shook hands together; "and good-night, Miss Brake."

"Yours *is* certainly like a voice I have heard before," said Miss Brake, in lieu of her salutation in response. "Where could it have been?"

"I can not give you any information," said Greg, smiling; "I wish it was in my power." Then he opened the door for her and Kitty to pass through, bowed again, and closed the door behind them.

He did not return to his place, but walked to the window where John Woodhatch was sitting, pipe in hand, and the tobacco burning away by itself in the bowl.

"I think I will bid you good-night also, Mr. Woodhatch," he said. "It will have to be early rising to-morrow to see to the seven-acre lot."

"Yes, we must clear it to-morrow, Greg."

"It shall be done, sir."

"Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Woodhatch."

Greg had expected for the last day or two that the master would have asked him about Kitty Vanch, and of his feelings regarding her, now that she was part and parcel of his life, and a new addition to the home here, but Mr. Woodhatch did not broach the subject; on the contrary, he said, almost sharply,

"When did you see Fladge last, Greg?"

"Fladge?" repeated Greg, in surprise.

"Yes; I have him on my mind to-night."

Greg hesitated for an instant.

"Now you mention it, sir, I am reminded that he was seen in the village yesterday."

"Who saw him?"

"One of the servants told me this morning she found him at old Spikins's when she took the beef tea round," said Greg.

"Ah! I see."

Greg glanced at the farmer, who looked thoughtfully out-of-doors, and said no more upon the question. Taking this as a hint to go, the favorite pupil withdrew, and John Woodhatch stood up and stretched his arms out as though the day's work or the conversation with Brake had wearied him very much. He was closing the open window, when a thin, claw-like hand touched his arm and sought to draw him, as if against his will, into the shadows of the garden and out of the range of the lights within the room.

"Master," said Mrs. Chadderton, in a husky whisper, "it is all found out. You must go away at once."

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD SUSPICION.

The master of Farm Forlorn was startled for an instant, then his hand responded to the clutch of the housekeeper, and the position was quickly reversed. By his superior strength, the grasp of his iron fingers which contracted firmly and closely on the fingers of Mrs. Chadderton, he drew that estimable and watchful lady into the *room from* the dark garden ground wherein she had been concealed.

"What a bad habit you have of lurking about and listening, Mrs. Chadderton!" he said, coolly. "What is the matter with you?"

Mrs. Chadderton, once in the house, was released. She closed the shutters with a quick hand, went to the door of the room, looked out into the corridors, and then returned with a feline step to the side of John Woodhatch. She was deathly white, he saw now, and her slight frame was shaking very violently.

"I have not spoken before; I have not said a word of this *before*," she whispered, fiercely, to him. "Oh, master! my dear old master, who has befriended me so much and saved so many more deserving, I ask you, beg you, pray to you to go away from here. Pray *do*, for God's sake, for your own. Don't stop another day!"

"Mrs. Chadderton, you are as mad as a March hare, or—"

And then he stooped and looked closely into her face.

"No, I have not been drinking," said the housekeeper; "for years I have never touched a drop of drink. You know that."

"No, you're sober; then, old girl, you must be mad," he said, "or ill, or walking in your sleep."

"No, no, no," she answered. "Don't speak so loudly; can't you whisper, so that—so that if anybody was at the door they could not hear what we were saying?"

John Woodhatch frowned.

"They may hear anything I have to say, and welcome."

"Ah! you don't know," she cried; "you don't *see*—you won't see—how the net *is* closing round you."

"Go *on*," said the master, calmly.

"That woman knows—that hateful woman whom you brought to this house—"

"Hateful! You call her hateful!" said Woodhatch, in a tone of stern reproof. "Try and remember."

"Yes, yes, but I only remember now she is your bitterest enemy," cried the housekeeper; "she is deceiving you and all the rest. Oh, sir, I wouldn't say so—I would never have said a word—*if I* were not quite sure. You know me well enough for that, and after all these years of faithful service *to you*."

John Woodhatch set down his pipe, and rested his two big brown hands on the shoulders of the woman, generally so quiescent and passive and grim, and now more like a madwoman than ever, as he had told her that she must be.

"Listen to me, Mother Chadderton, will you?"

"I am listening," she answered; "I will not lose a single word. But please don't speak so loud."

"You are an old servant here, and we have not many secrets from each other," said John Woodhatch. "You know my life, you think; I know yours, I am sure. And there has been on your mind, then, for five long years, the murder of Morris Brake?"

"Yes."

"And you think I killed him," he said—"nay, you are sure I killed him?"

She did not attempt to prevaricate; she looked down, and answered again, "Yes."

"And you are still my friend! You do not shrink away from the hands red with blood that hold you to your faith in me, despite it all?" he said, wonderingly.

"No, I do not shrink," she answered, boldly. "I saw how he stood in your way, how he had deceived you, robbed you of the one woman who could have blessed your life, and made it all so different. I saw how your heart was wrung—how you suffered!"

"You know nothing about it. I—"

"Oh! don't tell me anything; don't say a word, but let me *save* you," she entreated. "Let me swear you were never away from the house that night; that you were ill, and I attended to you; that— Oh, good God! let me be in some way of help. That is all I want, sir; nothing more than that."

"You don't blame me, then?" he said.

"Blame you—no. Why should I?"

He released his hold of her, and shuddered for an instant.

"You are a terrible woman, Mrs. Chadderton," he said, with a laugh that had not much merriment in it; "you would screen even a murderer, then, from the Hands of Justice?"

"With all my heart, if that murderer was John Woodhatch."

"As you are sure he is."

She did not answer again; she wrung her hands together and looked down, after her old fashion. And he did not repeat his question; he only regarded her sorrowfully, even very regretfully, and said:

"Tell me your news. Where is my danger?" Mrs. Chadderton gesticulated wildly.

"*She* was in the village alone the night before her visit here. She went to the cottages on the low level," the housekeeper exclaimed.

"Miss Brake?"

"Yes."

"What did she want?"

"Spikins sent for her," was the answer.

"How did you learn this?"

"From Reuben Fladge. He has been here to-night," she went on, speaking with an uncommon rapidity of utterance; "it dawned even upon him there might be danger to the master, and more in it than he had guessed at."

"What did Spikins say to Miss Brake?"

"I don't know," she said, helplessly.

"Does Fladge?"

"He does not. He was sent out of the cottage," was the answer; "but the object of the meeting was to tell this woman who killed Morris Brake."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"And Spikins knows who was the murderer?"

"Yes, for certain," replied Mrs. Chadderton.

"I will *go to him*," said John Woodhatch. "It is important I should see that man."

"You are losing time," murmured the housekeeper.

"No; I'm gaining it," said John Woodhatch. "You see it will be more easy to get away from Spikins's house, Ann Chadderton. There will not be so many to notice which way I have gone."

"Yes—yes—but—" And then Mrs. Chadderton stopped as John Woodhatch broke into a laugh which sounded very strangely at that hour of the night, and seemed to ring throughout the farm.

"Hush! hush!" she exclaimed. "Why are you laughing at me? Where is the *fun*, at such a time as this?"

"You will not see I am jesting with you," he said, "and that this murder story has affected you for nothing."

"Ah! you are beyond me. I do not make you out, master," she said, with a deep sigh. "I would help you at all hazards if I could. I am not thinking of the murder, or caring for it: I only care for your escape."

"Did Spikins tell Miss Brake I was the murderer?"

"I do not know," she said again.

"Has he ever said to you he thought I was?"

"I have never listened to him. All I know is, he was abroad that night when I sat up for you, and must have seen you," she said, in a lower tone of voice.

"Seen me on the sands, then, walking down the disappointment of my life, Ann Chadderton—nothing more than that. It is strange," he said, regarding her reproachfully, "that you should think so badly of me as to set me down as the assassin of a youth who shared my home, and of whom I was proud. I did not kill Morris Brake, woman—I would have rather killed myself."

"They may accuse you all the same," she answered, in a passive tone.

It appeared to be a matter of complete indifference to her whether John Woodhatch had killed Morris Brake or not. It was his safety which concerned this woman, nothing else.

"Will you believe me?" he asked, sharply.

"Yes," she said at once.

"And bear in mind, too, that Miss Brake has no suspicion of me."

"She knows who is the *murderer*—I heard her say so—and I—I thought she must have meant you, sir, Spikins knowing, and I knowing—"

"Nothing," said John Woodhatch, interrupting her. "See here."

He drew from his pocket the envelope containing Miss Brake's will, and held it up before her astonished gaze.

"She has intrusted me with this to-night—probably has left me all her money in it. This is the will of Hester Brake," he said.

"Indeed?"

"Yes—indeed it is."

"After all, this may be a trick," she said, very eagerly, "to put you off your guard."

John Woodhatch stamped his foot, and then broke into a laugh again.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

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"If you were not a woman I should shake you," he said, bluntly; "but you are a poor creature with only one idea. There! go to bed, and leave the outer door on the latch; I may be late."

"Late, sir?"

"Yes; we are late people sometimes at Farm Forlorn, and prowl at night like wild beasts. But then the farm is a wild beast's den—to you."

"Forgive me. I have tried to think for the best for many years. Always," she said, in a trembling voice again, "what is the best for you, and as a return—my poor return, sir—for all you have done for me."

"There! there! we will not discuss that question over again. You can only show your gratitude," he said, "by speaking well of me."

"That I have always done."

"What!" he exclaimed, "when you thought I had killed poor Morris?"

"That did not matter to me," said Mrs. Chadderton, stolidly. "You might have thought it right to kill him, and you would have known so much better than any of us—"

"Good-night, Mrs. Chadderton," he said, dryly. "You will want a deal of improvement yet before you are quite fit for the highest society."

"Are you going to Spikins?"

"Yes. If he thinks I did it, he must not slip out of the world with that idea; and if he knows who did," he added, with a frown, "he shall tell me as well as Hester Brake."

He locked the will in a cupboard by the empty fire-place, and then strode out of the farm in search of the old man who had had no confidence in John Woodhatch, and so had preferred to trust a woman. A most remarkable man this Spikins, thought the farmer, as he went along his garden, and out of the front gate into the high-road, where he took the route which Greg and Hester Brake had taken a few nights ago. He walked very swiftly, being a tall man, prone to long strides when business was brisk or thought was deep with him, and here was one matter to be settled off-hand and at a high pressure.

When should he fairly understand human nature? he thought, as he marched on; when would human nature understand him or award him common justice? To think that this quiet housekeeper of his had set him down as a murderer, and had constituted it her duty in every way to screen him! To fancy "for even a moment" that old Spikins on his dying bed—by way of confession which might have its terrible weight with a skeptical world—should have raved out that the master of Farm Forlorn had killed his pupil out of spite. He was not quite sure what would be the result of that outcry, or how the meshes might close round him for all the light way in which he had treated it half an hour ago. But he could not think for long that Spikins and Miss Brake had him upon their minds. It was not likely, it was not natural; but it was necessary to know what this poor old dotard had upon his mind—the little mind which old age had left to him.

He reached the rough-hewn path leading into the darkness of the lower ground, and plunged into the shadows without a moment's thought and at the same quick pace. To his surprise there were figures flitting in the darkness, men and women chattering there as if it were midday, and trotting to and fro, a few of them.

"Mister Woodhatch—is that you, sir?" came an inquiry at last in the broad provincial accent; "ye have heard the news then, sir, a'ready?"

"What news?"

"He's gone at last, poor soul!"

"Spikins?"

"Yes, sir. He went off like the snuff of a candle," said the man in the dark, "all of a sudden like, just as Reuben was feeding him with a teaspoon and a-hollerin' at him for biting it. Well," was the remark, "he's had a good innings, and can't complain where he's a-gone to."

"No, he can not complain," said Woodhatch; then he walked to the last cottage, pushed open the door, and joined a group of sight-seers who were already there staring down at the still white figure in the bed—more dignified in death than it had ever been in life.

"He's gone, sir," said Fladge, who had been at the bed's foot, "and he won't want me ever again."

And without another word, and with a half-wistful, half-frightened look at the old master, who had scared him by his sudden presence there, Fladge attempted to walk past and drift into the night away from him.

But the strong hand of the master caught him by the wrist, and a voice less stern and hard than he had expected fell upon his ears.

"Stay, Fladge. I want you," said John Woodhatch.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VISITORS.

A few days after the death of Peter Spikins, whose sudden departure from this vale of tears was pronounced to be an especial "mercy," particularly by those retainers of John Woodhatch who had had the privilege to attend to him, "turn and turn about"—Alexander Larcom and his daughter Lucy arrived at Farm Forlorn.

It was close upon five years since they had visited the place, but the farmer's perseverance—his pertinacity—had brought them once more within the farm-house walls. Lucy Brake had given way at last, and consented to accompany her father, although this had occurred probably not so much for John Woodhatch's sake as on account of a letter received from Hester Brake, asking her to come, and begging that she would not delay her visit, as she was anxious to make friends with her.

"Ours was not a happy first meeting, and I would make amends for it," Hester Brake wrote frankly, and thus disarmed her young sister-in-law at once. "After all, she is Morris's sister, and he would have been glad to see us friends," said Lucy to her father. "Let us go."

Before the week was out they were located at their old quarters; the ice was broken, and the new home circle at Farm Forlorn was quite complete. And the woman who one night had whispered to herself, "Not yet, I hope," when told by John Woodhatch of the possibility of Lucy's visit, was the first to welcome her, and appear very glad to see her.

"I was afraid you would never come, or that you would come too late," said Hester Brake.

"Too late—for what?"

"To understand me."

John Woodhatch shrugged his shoulders as he walked away. He had heard the salutation, and marvelled at it not a little.

"Of a surety, I shall never comprehend these women," he soliloquized as he crossed the fields after the interview. "What makes them such 'kittle cattle,' I wonder?"

Had he listened more, he would have had less to be perplexed at, for Hester Brake explained the position satisfactorily enough to Lucy, if after her eccentric fashion.

"I have so many things to talk to you about, and I may not have much time before me," she said; "see how thin that hand is."

She held it up toward the sun for her sister-in-law's inspection.

"I am not going to live very long," Hester added, "and, after all, it is better for me."

"You must not think that," said Lucy. "You are young still—comparatively."

"Compared with poor old Spikins who died last week—oh yes!" she said, sharply; "but then I have not the constitution of old Spikins. We Brakes die early."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy, as though an arrow had struck her.

"I beg pardon; I talk at random," said Hester, hastily. "See what an inconsiderate woman I am, and always in the wrong. Where is Mr. Larcom?"

Lucy looked hard at her, remembering the past suspicions of her father, and Miss Brake said, more hastily still:

"I wish to ask his pardon for the one suspicion I have had of him. You know."

"Yes," answered Lucy; "I have not forgotten."

"I was in the wrong. And," she added, "I have never been backward in confessing my errors. Ask Kate Vanch—ask John Woodhatch, if I am."

"I am only too glad to take your own word for it," said Lucy, a new friend on the instant, and for the first time in her life she stooped and kissed Miss Brake in gratitude for the *amende honorable* which had been made to her. Then she tripped away with a brighter look upon her face, and went in search of Morice, who it need hardly be said was also a guest at Farm Forlorn, and who had already found out her old companion of the sands, Kitty Vanch, and was romping with her in all the exuberance of happy childhood.

Lucy felt her heart sink a little at the sight of them—as she had done by the sea-shore—for there was only this child to live for, she thought, in her morbid devotion to her, and what if it should happen that some day Morice should love some one better than herself, when Morice grew up even? Why, it would break her heart!

"You are fond of children, Miss Vanch," said Lucy, as she approached them. "I think you told me this when I first met you."

"Yes, I dare say I did," answered Kitty; "and this child would be so bright if she had more companions of her own age, probably."

"Morice does not want any more companions," said Lucy. "She is contented with her mother."

"Yes—of course; but then the mother should not be quite all in all—should she, Mrs. Brake?" said Kitty, thoughtfully; "for the mother might die, or be separated from her in some way, or—but there! I don't know, I can't say. I have no remembrance of a mother ever looking down upon me as you look at her."

"Poor girl!" and Lucy's hand stole out and touched Kate's in sympathy.

"And your mother, madam?"

"She died when I was a baby. I never saw her; I can not imagine what she was like," said Lucy.

Kate Vanch seemed strangely drawn to this beautiful, almost desolate, young woman. Indeed, there were many reasons why she should feel attracted by her, and was solicitous to gain her friendship—she had heard so much of Lucy Brake, and knew so much more than Lucy would have given her credit for knowing.

"I hope we may be friends, some day," said Kitty, frankly, "and that when Greg and I are married you will not keep entirely away from us."

"Would you care to see me then?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, indeed I would. I have thought I should like to be a humble but true friend of yours," said Kitty, "even before I had seen you; I used to think that."

"Indeed!" said Lucy, interested and astonished; "and how was that?"

"I had heard you were so pretty, and good, and clever."

"From Morris?" came the eager question now.

"Oh no! you were secretly married, and he did not mention you very often to his sister," said Kitty. "It was from Mr. Woodhatch, of course."

"Ah, yes, yes; I had forgotten John," said Lucy.

"Forgotten him!" cried Kitty.

"Did he speak of me so much, then, years ago?" asked Lucy, looking sadly on the ground.

"He spake of little else," said Kate, frankly; "and of course I knew—everybody knew."

"Mine has been a profitless life, and has troubled others a great deal," said Lucy, more coldly; "and you must not speak of this again."

"I beg your pardon if I have said anything to pain you."

"It is granted, and readily."

"I—I have a bad habit of speaking out, of saying what is in my thoughts," Kitty explained; "and your coming has made me more abrupt than usual in my speech. And perhaps I have not improved lately, as Greg is something like me in that way."

"Greg is frank, then?"

"He has not a secret from me in the world."

"That is very good of him. I admire perfect confidence."

"Part of this habit of speaking out we have both learned from the master. That is it, I suppose," said Kitty, after a moment's reflection: "he is our model, and we copy him."

"Does he teach you to talk in this way, and about himself?"

"Oh no," said Kitty, coloring; "but you—you do not mind my mentioning his name to you. You can not hate him, surely."

"I have a great respect for him. He is my father's friend and mine, and I should be glad to see him happy; and," she added, after a moment's pause, "that is all. Come, Morice dear, bid Miss Vanch good-by for the present."

"Dood-by," said Morice, holding up her rose-bud mouth to be kissed by her new friend; and then mother and child strolled away, and Kate Vanch stood looking after Lucy Brake.

"How pretty she is!" she murmured; "how young and fair, and unlike everybody else at Skegs Shore! Why did not my steady old faithful Greg fall in love with her, and forget me altogether? What would Kitty Vanch have done then, I wonder!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIAM A. SEAVER.

Mr. William A. Seaver, whose sudden death on the 7th instant was a surprise and shock to all his friends, was born in Albany, New York, March 10, 1815. His parents removed to Batavia while he was in his infancy, and there he was brought up and educated. His first venture of any importance was in connection with the Buffalo *Courier*, of which he was for several years the editor.

Mr. Seaver came to New York more than twenty years ago, and occupied himself with literary pursuits. He was at one time editor of a Church journal in this city, and correspondent for several newspapers in the South and West. In 1868 he was placed in charge of the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine, a position for which he was well qualified by his acquaintance with men, his position in society, and his rare aptitude as a *raconteur*. The "Drawer" is literally what the name implies. When this department was first projected, in the summer of 1851, the clippings and contributions intended for it were thrown into a drawer of a certain desk, and this circumstance suggested the name. The same method has been pursued ever since that time. The contributions for this department of the Magazine, which come from every part of the country, are still deposited in the drawer, whence the editor takes them and culls his selections. Many of the contributions are merely crude suggestions, and Mr. Seaver displayed fine tact in editing, condensing, or enlarging them. For many years Mr. Seaver also conducted the "Personal" departments in Harper's Bazar and Harper's Weekly, the latter until the last week of his life. On the Wednesday preceding his death his "copy" came to the office, written in his usual clear and remarkably neat hand, and the editor, glancing over the familiar MS., had little thought that it was the last he should receive from his long-time associate.

Mr. Seaver was for some years President of the Adriatic Fire-insurance Company, of this city, and was also a member of the New York bar. He belonged to the Union Club, where his presence was always welcome, for his genial social qualities and his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and story. He resided in a pleasant cottage at Mount Vernon, where he had gathered an extensive and well-selected library. The cause of his death was acute pneumonia.

A SLEIGH-RIDE IN NORWAY.

Dinner ended, and by the time the coffee and cigars have been consumed, in Norse fashion, with the ladies, the stars are already twinkling from the dark blue Northern sky. We hear the stamping and neighing of the horses as the sleighs are being brought round to the hall door. You finish your cigar—it is too cold to smoke out-of-doors—and get into your fur coat, made from the fell of a Norwegian wolf; top-boots lined with soft sheep-skin; fur gloves; and to crown it all, a bear-skin cap drawn over your ears; and you feel fit for a drive to the north pole.

You see that the ladies and children in the roomy family sleigh are well wrapped up in bear-skin and foot-bags; but your interest is concentrated more on your own "fare," the girl from whose eyes you last night in the dance drank those sweet but painful draughts of uncertain love, who now again trusts herself to your guiding arm, and this time to curb the capricious temper of a Norwegian sleigh-trotter. Carefully you embalm her in the light *spids skæde*, or point sleigh; you examine the wiry shafts and the harness with great care, stroke the arching neck of the animal, with an encouraging word, and take your seat on the perch behind. "Let him go, Gustaf."

And you are off along the hard-trodden road with the speed of an avalanche, whilst the frosty air whistles around you, and makes the blood for a moment tingle in your cheeks, and you feel, through the rapid motion, a delight and internal exuberance of spirits, which is equally shared by the fair companion before you, as you speed through the glistening snow. How you bless the inventor of that vehicle, whose genius has created this pleasant little gondola of the snow for your individual benefit, in which you may be so near the object of your affection, watch every play of her capricious nature in her shadowed eyes, and inhale that sweet perfume so delicious and intoxicating to every lover! Yes, how many tales of true love have not been told in a Norwegian point sleigh, and treasured forever by the fair listener!

And what a scene, what an impressive atom of nature's creation you gaze on! High above you is the vaulted arch of the deep blue heavens, the color of which you will only see near the polar circle, and which is closely studded by innumerable silvery stars. There is the merry polar star right above you, round which the "Great Bear" walks his nightly beat, followed in solemn procession by the valiant Orion, who lifts his glistening glaive against the frontlet of the defiant Bull; while lo! just above the crowns of the pine-trees in the forest yonder a brilliant star arises, a visitor from a milder clime, not always seen in the Northern sky, the Dogstar, the vigilant Sirius of the Greeks; and across the heavens is cast a broad ribbon shining with myriads of invisible worlds, the Milky Way, along which the valorous Scandinavian *Kjempers*, the gallant warriors of the Saga, rode to Walhalla, the portals of which you see encircled by the carved segment of the aurora borealis, whose fiery rays erratically flood the heavens with a thousand colors and fantastic shapes of liquid flame. And around you is the scenery of a Norwegian landscape, with its hills and dales bemantled in virgin snow, in which the distant mountains recline in bold relief on the dark background, which also invests the solemn pine-trees, under whose snow-laden crowns and boughs we are now sweeping, with a mysticism which makes us ponder on the innumerable tales of the goblin and the brownie in which old Norway abounds.

ORIGIN OF "PAUL PRY."

It has often been repeated that Paul Pry was drawn from a familiar figure of the time, the eccentric Tom Hill, editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*.

Mr. John Poole, the author of the delightful comedy, expressly contradicts this in a little biographical sketch of himself which he addressed to one of the magazines of the period. "The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested," he says, "by the following anecdote, related to me several years ago by a beloved friend: An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbors that she at length knew the sound of each particular knocker within hearing, and could tell to which house it belonged. It happened that she fell ill, and was for several days confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on outside, she stationed her maid at the window as her substitute for the performance of that task. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation; she became careless in her reports, impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. 'Betty, what *are* you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?' 'The first-floor lodger, ma'am.' 'Betty! Betty! I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 24?' 'Why, Lord, ma'am, it is only the baker with pies.' '*Pies!* Betty? What *can* they want with pies at No. 24? They had pies yesterday!' Of this very point I have availed myself. Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as the representative of any one individual, but of a class. Like the melancholy Jacques, he 'is compounded of many simples,' and I could mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character. That it should have been so often though erroneously supposed to have been drawn after some particular person is perhaps complimentary to the general truth of the delineation. With respect to the play generally, I may say that it is original; it is originial in structure, plot, character, and dialogue—such as they are. The only imitation I am aware of is to be found in part of the business in which Mrs. Subtle is engaged: whilst writing those scenes I had strongly in my recollection Collin d'Harleville's *Vieux Célibataire*. But even the little I have adopted is considerably altered and modified by the necessity of adapting it to the exigencies of a different plot."

METHODISM IN BROOKLYN.

Lord Macaulay said that he had seen a book purporting to be a history of England, that made no mention of John Wesley. Not only is religion, as one of the great forces moulding the fashion of society, to be taken into the account in estimating the condition of a community, but the character and relative influence of the several forms into which religion may shape itself are also to be considered. Especially is this necessary in a state of society like ours, in which all religions are alike unobstructed in the propagation of their views, and in the enforcement of their respective moral and social practices. Twelve thousand persons holding a positive form of belief, and professing to be governed by defined rules of moral conduct, distributed through the several departments of active life, must exert an appreciable influence upon the morals, education, trade, and politics of the community. The state of Methodism, therefore, is not a mere sentimental question, affecting only the devout sister who breathes out the fervor of her spirit in a class-

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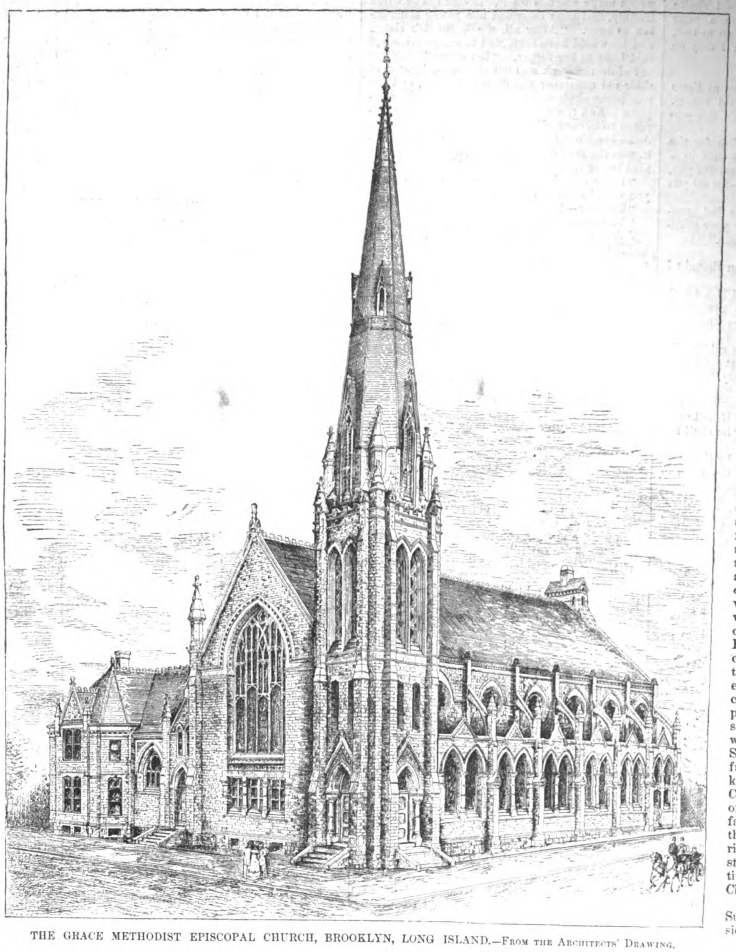
meeting, or the stalwart parson who thunders from his pulpit on the terrors of the Law, but is one of practical interest to the citizen, the philosopher, and the political economist.

There are now thirty-nine Methodist Episcopal churches in the city of Brooklyn. Of these nearly one-half have come into existence within the past twenty-five years. The increase of members in these churches has with remarkable uniformity kept pace with the general growth of the city. In 1857 the numbers were 4122, and in 1882, 11,799, being in each case about two per cent. of the entire population. The value of church property has increased at a greater ratio, being in 1857 a little more than one-third of one per cent. of the assessed value of the real estate of the city, while in 1882 it was a little more than one-half of one per cent., showing an increase of the value of church property, as related to the aggregated wealth of the city, of about fifty per cent. As related to the number of communicants the advance has been still greater, the increase of numbers in the twenty-five years being threefold, and the increase of property being fivefold, as the figures would show, but in so short an article we must deal sparingly with statistics. The contributions to the benevolent and religious institutions of the Church during the same period have advanced in proportion to the growth of numbers, but not in proportion to the growth of wealth. It must not, however, be forgotten that large sums have been contributed within the above-named period to the great educational and philanthropic institutions of the country. The thoughts of every reader of these words will at once revert to the distinguished citizen of Brooklyn whose princely munificence has spread his name throughout the entire land, and caused the heart of every Methodist to beat with pride and gratitude.

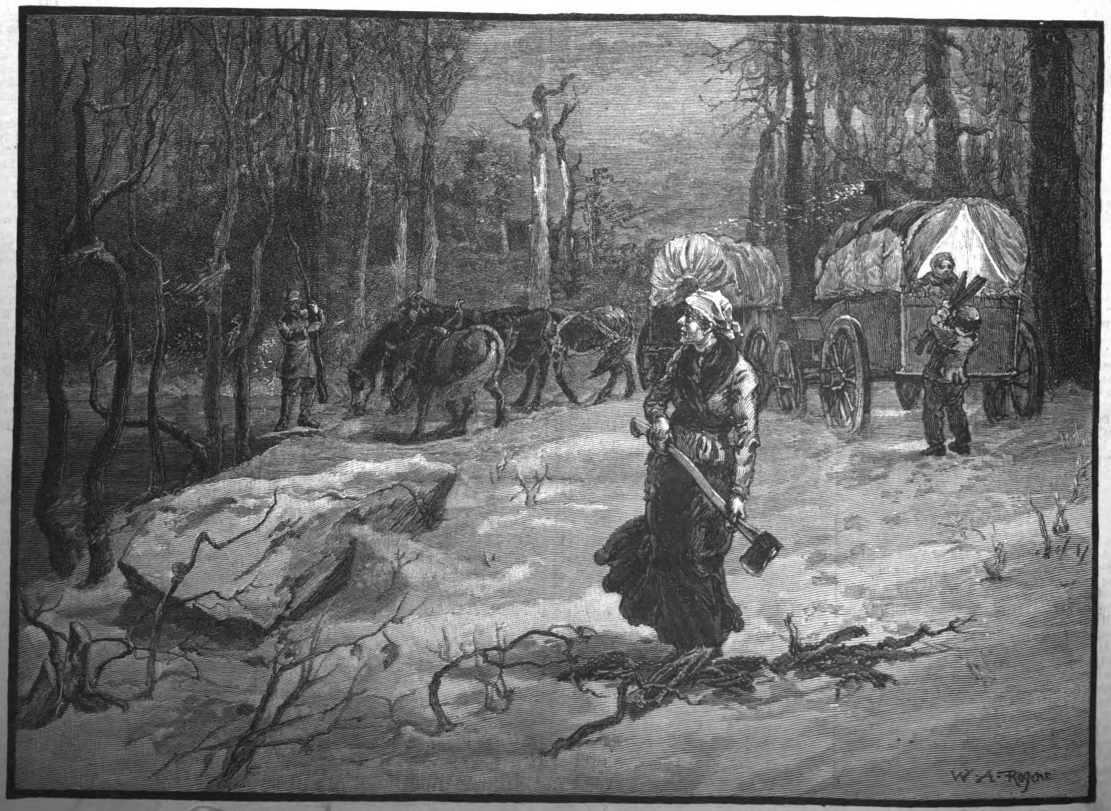
The territorial growth of Methodism has of course followed the current of the population, which, reversing the order of the star of empire, has held its way eastward instead of westward. The older churches still maintain their ground in the older parts of the city, laboring, under great discouragements, for the salvation of the poor and the ignorant. The new churches correspond in character with the improved neighborhoods in which they are built. In point of architecture they have all aimed more at neatness, convenience, and economy than at elegance. Indeed, the Summerfield Church, situated on Washington Avenue, and St. John's, in the Eastern District, were, until the erection of Grace Church, the only two having any pretensions to architectural beauty, St. John's being the larger, more imposing, and costly edifice, and more complete in the symmetry of its design. The Grace M. E. Church (an engraving of which accompanies this article), situated on Seventh Avenue and St. John's Place, though smaller than some others, is, we think, the most beautiful Methodist Episcopal church in Brooklyn. As described by the architects, Messrs. PARFITT Brothers: "It has one of the most ornate and richly carved exteriors of any church in New York or Brooklyn. The style is an admixture of thirteenth-century Gothic with just enough of the Florid to impart to it great richness of detail. The entire front walls are of stone from Martinsville, New Jersey. The trimmings, viz., the small columns and capitals, voussoirs, pinnacles, cornices, flying-buttresses, etc., are of terra cotta of both a light drab and rich brown color. . . . The general form of the interior is rectangular, with a central nave forty-eight feet wide, and two aisles each six feet wide, making the auditorium sixty by ninety feet, with accommodations for about six hundred full-size sittings." Adjoining the church, and fronting on Seventh Avenue, and forming part of the architectural structure, is the chapel and Sunday-school-room, built in the same style, and finished with the same degree of elegance. The whole is furnished with highly ornate cathedral-glass windows. Behind the pulpit is a fine organ, built by HOOK & HARTING, of Boston. The entire cost of the church is about $70,000. The erection of this complete and beautiful edifice is highly creditable to the society that worship in it. They have passed through many vicissitudes since their organization in 1868, when the church was situated on Sterling Place, with a contemplated front on Seventh Avenue, and was known as the "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church." But with the true heroism of faithful men, aided by the indefatigable exertions of their pastor, the Rev. GEORGE P. MAINS, they have risen superior to adverse circumstances, and now present this beautiful edifice to God and the general Church.

The dedication is to take place on Sunday, January 21, on which occasion Bishop SIMPSON will officiate.

GEORGE F. KETTEL.



THE GRACE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.—FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWING.



EMIGRANTS IN MID WINTER—MAKING CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

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THE STORY OF A CAT.

IT'S the same with cats as it is with sailors (remarked the mate). There's able cats, and ordinary cats, and first and second class kittens. Speaking of able cats, the one we picked up when I was second mate of the *H. T. Clifford* just laid over any cat that you can read of in the Scriptures or elsewhere.

We found him aboard a derelict bark in about the latitude of Rye-oh, we being homeward bound from 'Frisco at the time. The bark was the *Richard Pendleton*, and the captain he gave the same name to the cat. The men who boarded the derelict found the cat sitting on the harness-cask as comfortable as you choose. He yawned when he saw the men, as much as to say, "You've been a precious long time a-rescuing of me," and then he smiled and showed all his teeth, just to let 'em know that he didn't bear no malice, and went aboard the boat and came off to the *Clifford* as dignified as a commodore.

Our doctor—the medical chap, I mean—took a fancy to the cat immediately. Richard went up to him and purred round him as if he wanted medicine the worst way, and had perfect confidence in the doctor, and wouldn't have any other medical chap at any price. So the doctor puts Richard in his state-room, where he kept a big collection of all sorts of stuffed vermin—birds and rats and such. Didn't Richard have a lovely time with those specimens, though! When the doctor came back after leaving the cat alone for half an hour he couldn't have told his collection from a cart-load of old bones and feathers. Richard came flying out of that state-room as if he had an important engagement on a back fence, and could wait on no account whatever.

Next the cat tackled the captain's parrot, that hung in a cage in the cabin. He thought he was going to have a first-class dinner of roast parrot, but he changed his mind when the parrot tackled him, and making fast to his fore-leg, hauled in on it as if he was boarding the fore-tack. I said he was an able cat, and you'd have said so if you could have heard him yell and swear. The steward came in and rescued of him just as his fore-leg was fetching loose from the socket.

As soon as he was loose, away the cat goes forward, and presently he sees a gull on the flying-jib-boom. He wasn't a bit discouraged by the parrot, and felt he was able to fetch that gull without more than half trying. So he crept out on the flying-jib-boom, and just as he jumps for the gull the gull flies off, and Richard Pendleton goes overboard like a shot.

It was pretty near a dead calm, and as the cat drifted slowly aft one of the men gets a boat-hook and fishes him up about the time he comes abreast of the rudder. The man wrings him out, for there was about a bucketful of water soaked into him, and then chucks him on the top of the quarter-deck awning to dry.

Richard didn't stay there long. He heard somebody making a remark about tea, and he roused himself and went below to see

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about it. The steward had just set the table, and there was a jug of milk on it. The cat jams his head into that jug, and when he found he couldn't get his head out again he just capsizes the jug, catches hold of the table-cloth, and pulls everything on to the floor, calculating rightly that the jug would smash and let his head out. When the steward rushed in to see what was the matter he didn't find much cat, for Richard had stowed himself away inside of the captain's particular Stilton cheese, and only the end of his tail was visible.

They found him that night asleep in the box where a passenger that we had, who was consul to some outlandish port, kept his cocked hat. There was a good deal of milk and preserves and manevelins generally sticking to that cat, and perhaps that was the reason the consul would have hove him overboard if the captain hadn't stopped him.

That was only one day's duty that Richard did aboard that ship, but it was a fair sample of his every-day work. Why didn't we heave him overboard? Why, sir, I thought you, being an intelligent man, knew that killing a cat is like praying for the worst kind of luck, and being absolutely certain that you'll get it. If we'd hove that there cat overboard, the probability is that the *H. T. Clifford* would never have come to port again.

A MIDWINTER CAMP.

THE hardships endured by emigrants travelling over the Western plains are well represented in the picture on page 44. A small party, apparently a single family, have arrived just at night-fall at the edge of a wood, where they will encamp until morning. While the father breaks the ice on a stream or pond to water the tired horses, the mother collects wood with which to cook supper and keep the "living" wagon warm through the cold and gloomy night. Happy will they be if one of those heavy snow-storms which occur so frequently on the plains does not overwhelm them during the hours of darkness, and turn their camp into a tomb.

It has sometimes happened, especially in earlier years, that a party travelling over the plains in spring, soon after the snow had melted away, have come across the evidences of just such a tragedy—a wagon containing the dead bodies of some family, and close to it the remains of the faithful team that had borne them on their way until overtaken by the storm that buried them. They may have perished without realizing their fate, or they may have suffered for days in the hopeless struggle with the elements.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

MR. SCHUYLER CROSBY, the Governor of Montana, has written an interesting letter to Senator VEST, a member of the Committee on Territories, concerning the Yellowstone Park. This reservation consists of nearly four thousand square miles, and contains some of the sublimest scenery in America. The same causes which make its scenery sublime, and have thus far rendered it a safe refuge for the great game which has almost disappeared from the plains, make it almost useless for any other purpose than that of a national park, for which it has been wisely reserved. There is very little arable land in it, and if it were left open to settlement, it would not be settled. What would happen would be that it would be overrun by "skin-hunters" and "bag-hunters," whose only aim is to kill the greatest head of game in the shortest time, and who would in a few years exterminate the great game of which the Yellowstone region is now almost the only asylum.

That is precisely what Congress meant to prevent in reserving the region as a park, and that, it seems, is what is likely to happen in spite of the reservation, unless Congress takes some further action. The act reserving the Park provides that the Secretary of the Interior shall provide against the wanton destruction of game, and against its capture or destruction for purposes of profit. The game laws of the Territory of Montana are strict enough, if they are properly enforced, to secure not merely a continuing, but an increased supply of great game, although the game laws of the other Territories contiguous to the Park leave something to be desired. Nevertheless, General SHERIDAN, in his report for 1882, declares that during last winter not less than two thousand elk were slaughtered within the Park, either wantonly or for their skins. Governor CROSBY joins General SHERIDAN in recommending that the limits of the Park be extended to the eastward. He also urges that the game within the Park itself be protected absolutely. He also suggests that an engineer officer be detached to report to the Secretary of the Interior or Superintendent of the Park, with power to call upon the troops when it is necessary to enforce the Park regulations. By these means it is hoped that the overflow of game from the Park will secure a constant supply to the sportsmen of the adjacent Territories.

All this seems very sensible. On the other hand, a company of speculators has been formed, which has applied to Congress for a lease of the whole domain. The object of these persons is, of course, to make the largest possible amount of money out of the Park in the shortest possible time. That object is altogether inconsistent with the purpose of preserving the Park as a public pleasure-ground for us and for posterity, which animated Congress in reserving it from settlement. The lease would be sure to result in spoliations and desecrations from the effect of which the Park would never recover. The application of the speculators ought not to be considered for a moment. How would our citizens like to witness in the National Park such a scene as the one depicted by Mr. ROGERS on the opposite page?

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN SICK HEADACHE.

DR. N. S. READ, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia, and diminished vitality."—[*Adv.*]

THE ADJUSTED
E. HOWARD & CO. WATCHES

Are the most reliable time-keepers made. The Company is willing to test any number of them against a similar number of the finest grades of imported watches. For railroad purposes they are unsurpassed. Examine them before buying.—[*Adv.*]

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Promotes the Growth of the Hair, and renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCOANUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. *No other compound* possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.—[*Adv.*]

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cold, Cough, or over-fatiguing the voice. These symptoms are allayed by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," but, if neglected, often result in a chronic trouble of the Throat.—[*Adv.*]

THE flowery and lasting fragrance of Floreston Cologne explain why *it* is the favorite with ladies.—[*Adv.*]

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Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

PETROLINA COLD CREAM.
CAMPHOR ICE.
Reliable, meritorious preparations, which never become rancid, nor irritate the most sensitive cuticle; unsurpassed as emollients for rough skin, chapped hands, face, and lips; remove tan, freckles, sunburn, or pimples; effectually counteract the injurious effects of French pastes, cosmetics, and grease paints. Sold by druggists and dealers in toilet articles. Manufactured by BINGHAMTON OIL REFINING CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

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OF THE WORLD.
LEA & PERRINS'
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to
EXTRACT
of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
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HOT & COLD
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Lea & Perrins
Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
Sold and used throughout the world.
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BRANCH OFFICES } 1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y. 279 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia. 43 North Charles St., Baltimore.
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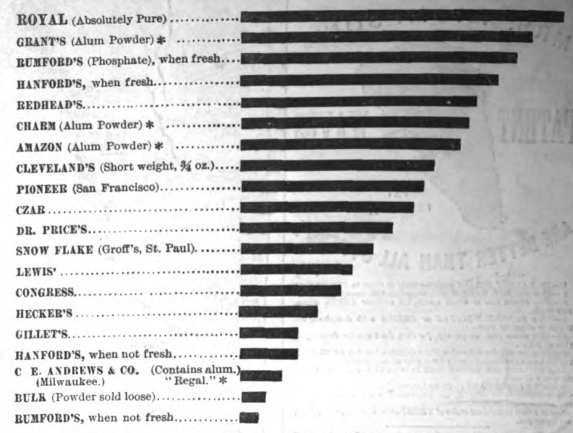

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NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A one-pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated in the above diagram. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than the ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work.

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* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1362. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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THE ICE PALACE FOR THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL, CANADA.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 23, *contains "An Open-air Prison; or, Captain Harcourt's Adventure in the Trail," by* DAVID KER; *"The Fast Freight," a short story, by* ELIOT MCCORMICK; *"Hunting the Rhinoceros," by* JIMMY BROWN; *and Chapters XIX. and XX. of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

MRS. LILLIE *also contributes an interesting biographical sketch of the great musical composer* CARL MARIA VON WEBER. *With "The Great Stone Picture-Book"* MR. CHARLES BARNARD *concludes his interesting series of articles on the action of the sea upon the land.*

Among the artists whose contributions make this Number especially attractive are W. M. CARY, W. L. SHEPPARD, MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *and* HENRY STULL. *There is a very beautiful engraving of luxurious boyhood "Building Castles in the Air."*

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A TEST FOR 1884.

WHEN the PENDLETON bill came up in the Senate we remarked that it submitted both parties to a severe test, because both had long been making resonant demands for reform, and the country, which had expressed its views at the polls, would watch closely, with a view to 1884, to see which party could be trusted upon the subject. The reform of the civil service, indeed, is not properly a party question. That is to say, it does not involve principles of public policy. It is true that it concerns both the honesty of politics and the national character, and is therefore a question of the highest importance; but so far as it is a matter of legislation it simply provides methods of appointment, promotion, and removal, and regulates administrative detail. Yet while not in its nature essentially a party question, it affects party prosperity. When the country plainly requires a correction of administrative methods, the party that resists and obstructs will certainly suffer. There may be differences of opinion as to the proper interpretation of all that the extraordinary election of the autumn meant. But it is universally agreed that it meant some reform of the spoils system, and Congress has shown plainly enough that it accepted that view.

In this situation true party policy demanded unanimous support of a reasonable measure such as that of the PENDLETON bill. The Republicans have felt this strongly, and have acted accordingly. But the Democrats as a party have been plainly reluctant. Mr. PENDLETON, indeed, moved in the matter two years ago, and introduced a bill, for which he most generously substituted another prepared with care by the friends of reform. The true policy of his party friends was to support him, and, if possible, secure for their party the credit of reform. But when it became a serious practical question, although the Democratic leaders in the Senate sustained him, the real opposition and the opposing votes were Democratic; and although Mr. COX moved to put the bill upon its immediate passage in the House, yet of the forty-seven negative votes forty were Democratic, and one was a Greenbacker's. Meanwhile Democrats elsewhere have foolishly taken a course which tends to identify their party with the old spoils system, and at the very moment when it was sound party policy to dissolve the connection. A large part of the Democratic press has sneered at the PENDLETON bill or faintly praised it. In the Legislature of Ohio, Mr. PENDLETON'S own State, not only did the Democratic members of the House refuse to vote to commend Congress for passing the bill, but they put upon record a solemn protest against it; while in the Senate the Democrats refused to vote upon the resolution of commendation. In Massachusetts, General BUTLER, the Democratic Governor, ridiculed the subject in his Message, and at the Democratic feast where he was nominated for the Presidency by ex-Governor SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, he put forth as his cry the phrase that the government belongs to its friends—a flat and meaningless paraphrase of MARCY'S crisp and trenchant defiance, to the victors belong the spoils.

In New York Democratic hostility is not less apparent. In the Senate, at the opening of the session, Mr. COVERT offered a resolution to the effect that the proper nominations of the Governor should be confirmed. But this was as suspicious as a man's vehement assertion that he means to tell the truth. If the Senators should refuse to confirm such nominations they ought to be impeached. They might differ as to what are proper nominations, but that is another point. As this resolution was said to be intended to express sympathy with reform, Mr. PITTS, a Republican Senator, offered an amendment explicitly declaring certain reform principles, and he used the language of Governor CLEVELAND in his Message. But Mr. COVERT, in warmly opposing the amendment and denouncing the Republicans as Latter-day Saints, proclaimed his adhesion to the spoils doctrine, and his party friends, with two or three exceptions, voted against the amendment. The Democratic reluctance to approve the reform for which the party Conventions have been loudly declaring is due to the expectation of success in 1884. But with the genius for blundering and the singular incapacity for practical statesmanship which now seem to be inherent in the party, the Democrats are surely alienating the vote upon which their success depends. The only distinctive declaration that the Democratic party is making for the Presidential election is that of the spoils for the victor. It is as stupid a cry for 1884 as the cry of "the war is a failure" for 1864.

THE BASIS OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE National Republican Committee has decided to retain the old basis of representation, and that the delegates shall be elected not less than thirty nor more than sixty days before the meeting of the Convention, and that the district delegates may be chosen either at local district conventions or by the district delegates in a State Convention. This decision changes the present situation only by preventing such performances as those of the New York and Pennsylvania conventions of 1880—which were held about four months before the assembling of the National Convention—and by the option of a local district convention.

The basis of representation is left as before, and exposes the nomination to the chance of decision by the "rotten boroughs." Mr. LOGAN asserted strenuously that there was a principle in basing the representation upon population, but no principle in basing it upon the vote. On the contrary, the only principle in the matter is with the latter proposition. The object of selecting delegates is to ascertain the preference of the party. To that end the delegate constituencies must be reasonably equalized. But to give a thousand Republican voters in one place the same representation with five thousand in another is not only to choose a false basis, but it is to subject the nomination to the chance of being decided against the wish of the majority of Republican voters. If, therefore, it be considered wise to give every Congressional district in the country a representation, nothing is plainer than that the increase of representation should be determined by Republican voters, and not by mere population.

But another result could hardly have been expected from a committee in which Territories and non-Republican States were largely represented. The distinct gain is that the absurdity of the unit rule is abolished. The Republican sentiment of every district will be heard and respected. This would have been still more assured by requiring the delegate election to be held in the districts. But the old tyranny yielded as little as possible. Meanwhile it is well to remember that Republican success depends, not upon the manner in which delegates are elected, important as that question is, but upon what the country believes to be the spirit and purpose of the Republican party. It is Congress, and not the National Committee, which can do most for Republican triumph in 1884.

PRESIDENTIAL INABILITY.

SENATOR INGALLS has introduced a bill providing a method of determining the inability of the President to discharge the duties of his office. The bill provides that whenever two heads of departments shall state in writing to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, if the court be not then sitting, the Chief Justice shall, within ten days, convene it to hear and determine summarily the question of the alleged inability, and if upon the hearing it shall appear to the court that inability exists, they shall certify their decision to the Vice-President, who shall thereupon discharge the powers and duties of the office of President. The second section makes a similar provision for determining the removal of the inability, and provides that, upon the ascertainment of such removal, the President shall resume the discharge of the powers and duties of his office.

This appears to be a simple and judicious settlement of a question which is full of mischievous possibilities, and which the Constitution left open. The Constitution says that "in case of the removal of the President from his office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President." That is all. No mention is made of Congress or of legislation. But in case of the inability both of the President and Vice-President, Congress is expressly authorized to declare what officer shall act as President. Senator LAPHAM, of New York, in discussing the Presidential succession bill asserted that the exclusion is irresistible that the Vice-President alone must decide when to assume the duties of the Presidency. The constitutional provision he declares to be self-executing, and requiring no legislation. The President, however, in his annual Message, hopes that Congress will settle the question, in order that no possible embarrassment may arise; and the action of the Senate in passing Senator HOAR'S bill prescribing the succession in the cabinet, and the prompt introduction of Senator INGALLS'S bill, show a satisfactory disposition to follow the recommendation of the President.

The view of Senator LAPHAM, if correct, would reveal a peril in the Vice-Presidency which has not been hitherto suspected. The office has been regarded as an honorary superfluity, a fifth wheel, an excess. But the argument of Mr. LAPHAM would introduce anarchy at any moment. To the pertinent question of Senator BLAIR, of New Hampshire, as to what would happen if the Vice-President should assert the inability of the President, and the President deny it, the only answer of Senator LAPHAM was that the President, being in possession, with the army and navy under his command, could probably maintain his right. Senator BLAIR properly replied that this was no answer. This is evident, because in the case supposed the army and the navy would be obliged to decide for themselves, as Mr. LAPHAM says the Vice-President must decide for himself, whether the inability exists. Half of the army might decide one way and half the other, and each would obey the commander-in-chief that it believed to be such. A more anarchical view could not be offered. The want of due provision for ascertaining inability is, like the want of precise definition of the power of Congress in determining the electoral vote, an omission in the Constitution. It is not conceivable that the fundamental law intended to allow the Vice-President to assume the Presidency merely upon his own assertion of the inability of the President, and to hold it as long as he might choose to allege the continuation of the inability. Mr. INGALLS'S proposition is a reasonable solution of the question, and, except that all such provisions allow infinite hair-splitting in debate, we should expect to see it promptly adopted, as it should be, with an amendment applying its procedure to the case of the Vice-President.

DANGERS IN HOTELS AND THEATRES.

CARE for human life does not keep pace with the astonishing progress of invention and with the advance of the conveniences of living. The elevator enables us to live in buildings enormously high, and with no more trouble in reaching the highest rooms than if they were all upon a level. But the elevator also furnishes a convenient and fatal passage for smoke and flame, and in a lofty house its increased advantage is thus at once set off by increased danger. Immense hotels capable of holding a thousand guests are the natural product of a country in which there is such incessant and enormous travel. Every device of convenience enables such a huge house to be thoroughly organized for the lodging, the eating, and the other accommodation of guests. But the means of escape from a building which holds a thousand persons are not greater, and by reason of the elevators are even less, than for buildings which hold only a hundred. Thus almost in the degree that hotels become vaster and more luxurious, and theatres more splendid, their safety diminishes, and stopping at a hotel and going to the theatre become serious perils.

This is another illustration of the inadequacy of the *laissez-faire* and *laissez-aller* theory. This theory holds that private enterprise must not be interfered with, because the sense of public or common aid and protection leads to laziness and the decline of the progressive spirit. But this principle, although stoutly preached by a certain school as the sole secret of progressive human welfare, is constantly challenged by the experience of society. Society does not tolerate the *laissez-faire* doctrine in the matter of making and selling gunpowder or other dangerous material. It does not allow ardent spirits to be sold at the free-will of the seller. It requires inspection of the safety of buildings and of the proper sanitary care of dwellings. In fact, society properly and necessarily interferes with individual action in a hundred ways, and for the good reason that mere self-interest is not found to be a sufficient protection to the community.

This principle of common interference in the interest of human life needs to be much more rigorously enforced. The fact that such a building as the Newhall House was tolerated in Milwaukee makes all the luxury and splendor of that city seem to be only gilded barbarism. The test of civilization and refinement is not electric lights, and elevators, and French cooking, and frescoed parlors, and Turkey carpets, but provision for the safety of human life. In the city of New York, for instance, there ought to be a strict and thorough scrutiny for this purpose of

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all hotels and lodging-houses by an authority competent to enforce necessary changes. Had there been such authority in Milwaukee, duly enforced, the frightful catastrophe of the Newhall House would not have disgraced the name of that city. If travellers who observe a want of proper means of safety in great hotels would "write to the papers," they would do a good public service. As it is, there is very great risk for every traveller who is put away in a remote corner, at the end of a narrow and intricate series of corridors, upon the fifth or sixth floor of an American hotel, with an elevator shaft ready to fill the house instantly with smoke and flame. It is not the builder or the host who is to blame, but the good-natured public which does not choose to exercise its power to protect itself.

THE RE-ELECTION OF SENATOR HOAR.

IT would have been a sorry tale to tell of Massachusetts that within three months she had elected General BUTLER Governor and defeated Mr. HOAR for the Senate. Fortunately the latter part of the story is not to be told. On the second day of the joint balloting the name of Mr. CRAPO was withdrawn, and apparently without authority from him, although he declared that he was not a candidate, and that his supporters were quite at liberty to vote for anybody else. Mr. HOAR was at once elected. Governor LONG, however, permitted his name to be used to the end.

The preference among the candidates was wholly personal. Neither Governor LONG nor Mr. CRAPO represented any principle or policy different from those represented by Mr. HOAR, and for that reason the Republicans who by refusing to support him gave to the Democrats the opportunity of electing the Senator took a great responsibility. Governor LONG is an excellent gentleman, and justly popular, but Governor LONG, elected Senator of Massachusetts by Democratic votes, would have rent Massachusetts Republicanism asunder. This rupture would have been the sole reason for Democratic support, and it was so obvious that it is surprising, when the Republican preference was so plainly declared, that Governor LONG'S name was not withdrawn. We repeat that if his name had represented any principle, as in 1851 that of CHARLES SUMNER represented as against ROBERT C. WINTHROP, the case would have been totally different.

We shall look with great interest to see in what way Mr. HOAR does not represent the progressive Republicanism of Massachusetts, which is the charge against him. Meanwhile, if spotless character, eminent public ability and experience, the respect of his Senatorial associates, sturdy independence, unflinching courage, and strong convictions in general accord with the sentiment of his State, are proper qualifications, Massachusetts has in Mr. HOAR a most fitting Senator, the Republican party a representative of its best character and aims, and the country a wise and upright legislator.

AN OBVIOUS QUESTION.

A BILL has been passed by the New York Assembly authorizing the Committee on Charitable Institutions to investigate and report upon lunatic asylums. But why should a junketing commission of persons who know nothing of the subject be appointed to do the proper work of the State Board of Charities, which is especially fitted by knowledge and experience to perform the duty required, and at no extra expense? A few years since a committee of the Senate, of which Mr. WOODIN was chairman, investigated the lunatic institutions. It was an able committee, but it ascertained either too much or too little, for its report was of small value.

The State properly maintains a Board of Charities. It is composed of persons of the highest character, who devote their time and ability to the work. It is a body at once singularly efficient and modest, and its negative service in prevention, as well as its positive performance, is very great; but it is a quiet body of diligent workers, not of politicians, and its reports are not widely read. The State Board has a general supervision of all the charitable institutions which receive State aid. It is the authorized agent of the State, and it is entirely familiar with these institutions. If the Legislature requires specific information, why does it not ask it of its own agent? And upon whose report may the people of the State most confidently rely, that of a "champagne" commission of totally inexperienced legislators, or that of a peculiarly competent State Board of experts?

If it be supposed that the State Board may have some kind of connivance, understanding, or conspiracy with unwise or improper management in the institutions, so that its report would be suspicious, it would be a good reason for an inquiry toward removing the members. But no such accusation is made or could be justly made; and even if it could be suggested or sustained, why should not a Legislative committee be quite as open to suspicion? Indeed, experience has shown that nothing is more justly to be suspected as a mere pretense for "a lark" at the expense of the State than the appointment of what has come to be known as a smelling commission. If there be reason to suspect mismanagement in a particular institution, let the State Board be required at once to report the facts. If there be doubt of the wisdom or efficiency of the general system of management, let the State Board be asked to submit its views. If the results of the reports are unsatisfactory, the Legislature may itself investigate. But its disregard of the Board is in itself suspicious, and it tends to discredit one of the most important public bodies in the State, to which similar bodies in other States must naturally turn for information about public charities in New York, but to which they certainly will not turn if they see that the Board is virtually contemned by the action of the Legislature.

THE RESCUE OF NIAGARA.

AN association has been formed, with Mr. HOWARD POTTER as president, to secure legislative action for the preservation of Niagara Falls. This was the result of a meeting of a large number of gentlemen interested in the project, and whose character is the proof of the unmixed public purpose of the undertaking. Mr. JAMES T. GARDNER, Director of the State Survey, who, with Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, has made a thorough investigation of the whole subject, stated at the meeting, in an interesting address, that within a short time Goat Island would be sold to settle the estate of the heirs, and as offers of many kinds and for many purposes have been already made, there must be no delay if the public value and the characteristic charm of the Falls are to be preserved. Mr. D. WILLIS JAMES, the chairman of the meeting, truly said that the destruction of the natural loveliness of the Falls must be regarded as a world-wide calamity.

When in 1878 the Governor-General of Canada proposed to Governor ROBINSON the movement for the rescue of the cataract, Governor ROBINSON, although always of the "old-fashioned" school of official economy, warmly approved the plan, and upon his suggestion of the subject to the Legislature it authorized the United States Survey Commissioners to report. The result of the inquiry was a bill providing for a State reservation of land around the Falls to preserve its scenery, which passed the Assembly of New York in 1880. But as Governor CORNELL announced his intention to veto it, it was not pressed in the Senate.

It is hoped and believed that Governor CLEVELAND is more friendly than his predecessor to a scheme which is in itself so excellent, which must be accomplished immediately if at all, and which it would be a disgrace to New York not to accomplish, when every circumstance shows that it could be carried out in its true spirit and without extravagance. The family of the late General PORTER, which has been long the owner of Goat Island, has kept it virtually intact. But its ownership must now change, and the question for the Legislature is whether the State shall preserve unimpaired the sublimity of a natural spectacle within its domain which is unparalleled in the world, or whether the grandeur and beauty of Niagara shall be obliterated by unsightly buildings and the smoke of factories, by drinking saloons and dance halls and curiosity shops, an indelible stain upon the good name and an endless reproach to the public spirit of New York. Those who are interested in the good work can procure petitions for signature from Rev. J. B. HARRISON, Franklin Falls, New Hampshire.

PERSONAL.

IN a very appreciative notice of Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY'S *Travels in South Kensington*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, the London *Times* says that they "are more extensive than the title would imply. For he not only takes us on a walk through the Museum, indicating its most remarkable features with the quick appreciation of a master, but he invites us to accompany him into some of the private dwellings in London, which have either been decorated as a labor of love by the prosperous artists who inhabit them, or enriched by the millionaires who are discriminating patrons of the arts. . . . As regards the advances of decorative art, Mr. CONWAY shows that few people have any conception of them. . . . You may pass the threshold of many a sober-looking mansion in our streets or squares to lose yourself in the admiration of a fairy-like museum of the arts of all ages and countries."

—Many of our readers will remember with pleasure the concerts given in this country several years ago by the VESALIUS sisters. Since then these young ladies have made a very successful tour through the English colonies in South Africa, singing chiefly in *Pinafore*, *Patience*, and other light operas. One of the sisters, Miss LOUISE VESALIUS, has been engaged to play a leading part at the Strand Theatre, London.

—Mr. WINSLOW HOMER, the well-known *genre* painter, does not care to paint girls under fourteen years old. His favorite age for them is not the poetic sixteen, but nineteen. Mr. HOMER will make a notable display at the forth-coming Water-color Exhibition.

—Mr. ELIHU VEDDER has the good fortune to be appreciated alike by the National Academy of Design and the Society of American Artists. He thinks that in the model republic of the future an artist will have money enough to paint as he likes, and will hang his pictures in a public gallery where the people can see them without charge.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S country residence at Bryn Mawr, near Philadelphia, is a perfect example of a Queen Anne villa. It is built of red brick on a knoll in the midst of a far-reaching, rolling landscape, and furnished throughout in the interests of truest comfort.

—A part of the library and some of the pictures of the late Dr. JOHN BROWN, author of *Rab and his Friends*, will be sold by auction in Edinburgh near the end of January.

—In OTTO JAHN'S new *Life of Mozart* that celebrated composer appears not only as a true artist, but also as a well-nigh faultless husband, son, and friend.

—Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, according to the *Saturday Review*, is not merely the titular head of English art, but "by common consent, perhaps, the most universally accomplished of English artists."

—General WOLSELEY has been telling some school-children how to succeed in life: "We should all begin life with a determination to do well whatever we take in hand; and if that determination be adhered to with the pluck for which Englishmen are renowned success, according to the nature and quality of our brain power, is, I think, a certainty. Had I begun life as a tinker, my earnest endeavor would have been to make better pots and pans than my neighbors, and I think I may venture to say without any vanity that with God's blessing I should have been fairly successful."

—To restrain the depopulation of the Scottish Highlands the Duke of Argyll wishes to see the district cut up into farms of all sizes, including the smallest capable of supporting a man and his family.

—Says the *Hour*: "On Monday last the flags at half-mast on some of the well-known club-houses of this city conveyed to the members the sad news of the almost sudden death of their associate Mr. WILLIAM A. SEAVER. This genial gentleman and good companion will be missed and mourned on both sides of the Atlantic. WILKIE COLLINS, EDMUND YATES, HENRY IRVING, and a host of literary men will join WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Judge BRADY, and scores of others eminent on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, as well as in the journalistic profession here, in doing honor to his memory. Who that dined with him last week, and listened to the jolly *raconteur*, could have imagined him to have been sixty-nine years old. But for his gray hairs, he seemed rather to be thirty-nine. His friends were legion. Bishops, editors, actors, lawyers, littérateurs, and judges will join in a common and sincere lament that 'a fellow of infinite jest' has gone over to the silent majority."

—THOMAS HUGHES thinks that the great majority of moderate Churchmen care very little how the question of "mixed chalice, lighted candles, and vestments" is ultimately settled.

—A foreign reviewer is particularly pleased with HAWTHORNE'S naïve remark, in *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, that "deceased people see matters from an erroneous, or at least too exclusive, point of view." He declares that it has "all the genius of HAWTHORNE in it."

—Mr. E. A. ABBEY, says the London *Spectator*, "is so enamored of HERRICK that he has taken the utmost pains to reproduce Devonshire scenery and rural life by studying it, and has made himself master of the STUART period. His labor has been rewarded with a signal success. It may be questioned if there is any living English artist who could have given such sketches, at once faithful and beautiful."

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 16th inst. pays a feeling tribute to the character and ability of its late financial editor, Mr. JOSEPH SAILER, who for more than forty-two years conducted the money-market department of that paper. He was a man of distinguished capacity, and was highly esteemed by the financial authorities of this country.

—The greatest living writers for the French stage, ÉMILE AUGIER, SARDOU, and DUMAS, have, says the *Academy*, already done the greater part of their work. SARDOU, the youngest of them, is a fully middle-aged man, and there is not one of the three whose literary position is better to-day than it was ten years ago. And who is to succeed these three to-morrow? Where are the young French dramatists of serious talent—the men with the capacity for a career?

—Professor EDWARD DOWDEN is sorry that in Professor JOHN NICHOL'S *American Literature* some writers are dismissed in haste. "I could wish," he writes, "to hear more of GEORGE RIPLEY than that he is a 'newspaper reviewer of distinction'; and in the chapter on Politics and Oratory to find at least the name of RUFUS CHOATE; and in the chapter on Poets to learn why the distinction of appearing first among American authors in a monumental statue fell to FITZ-GREENE HALLECK; and in that on Transcendentalism to have the secret of the extraordinary influence of MARGARET FULLER, and of the veneration with which many regard Mr. ALCOTT, revealed somewhat more fully."

—The Miss Lydia Languish of the last century (observes a recent writer) found it necessary when a visitor was announced to hide her novels. "Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet," she bids her maid; "throw *Roderick Random* into the closet; put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket; now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table." But the Miss Lydia Languish of the present day is not so skittish about her novel-reading at the advent of a maiden aunt or an elderly gentleman.

—A philosopher remarks that if, as soon as a man of distinction is dead, his literary heirs are allowed to publish every anecdote he knows, however depreciating, of his surviving contemporaries, a fresh terror will be added to human intercourse.

—Mr. SAM WARD, of this city, declares that his nephew, Mr. CRAWFORD, wrote the novel *Mr. Isaacs* in less than a month.

—The *Critic* thinks that many professional performances might be put to shame by the amateur theatricals given a few days ago at the Madison Square Theatre. The play was *A Russian Honeymoon*, by Mrs. BURTON N. HARRISON. It is the story of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and "nothing is prettier than to see the true womanly nature of the heroine beating down her pride, and to watch her heart softening to her husband, until she tears up her demand for a divorce, and would rather share his poverty than let him go." Mrs. J. B. POTTER played the heroine, and Mrs. W. S. ANDREWS the Baroness. Mr. G. C. HOWLAND, Jun., Mr. A. T. MASON, Mr. W. S. ANDREWS, and Mrs. FRANK G. WHITE were also in the cast.

—The late Bishop SAMUEL WILBERFORCE wrote in his diary in 1868: "I have very much enjoyed meeting GLADSTONE. He is so delightfully true and the same; just as full of interest in every good thing of every kind, and so exactly the opposite of the mystery man! He is now writing opposite to me in the railway carriage, on his way to Windsor Castle."

—Obituary notice in the London *Era*: "Died.—KATE, the beloved wife of Professor VAN HARE, formerly a famous equestrienne, after a long but painless illness, took her last and final leap, without fear or excitement, on the 21st ultimo, we hope to a better world, where envy and ambition are unknown. Interred (27th) at the Brompton Cemetery."

—The London *Times*, in a notice of HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, pays a high tribute to the genius of Mr. ABBEY, Mr. REINHART, and the other artists whose work appears in that publication, as well as to the skill of the engravers. Of the latter it says: "The workmanship is really beyond praise. The labor expended in producing these prints is amazing. Such is the delicacy of the work that it imitates the freedom and subtle shades of a chalk drawing, and seems at times almost to reach the power of color. . . . No English illustrated paper has, so far as we know, produced engravings of such remarkable excellence as are to be found here."

—In his very interesting autobiography, just finished in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. RENAN assures the public that he has not told a lie since the year 1851. Before that time "I lied often enough," but not from unworthy motives, his desire having been simply to present things in their most agreeable aspect. The few "social white lies" that he has told in later days were only those pardonable ones "que tous les casuistes permettent."

—Mrs. BLOOMFIELD MOORE'S house in Philadelphia contains an art gallery in which the chief attractions are a still-life by ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING, and a life-size marble statue of Mrs. MOORE'S daughter, the Countess ROSIN, of Sweden. The still-life, presented by the artist's father, ROBERT BROWNING, depicts a skull, a metallic pitcher, a Japanese fan, and some stuffs and books on a rug on a table, the whole treated with considerable pictorial aptitude. The statue shows the countess sitting in a chair of state, and displaying with fine effect the unusual beauty of her hands. The back of the chair is an intricate piece of carving. It represents Cupid watching two birds who pay court to each other on the edge of their nest. Mrs. MOORE is at present residing in Europe.

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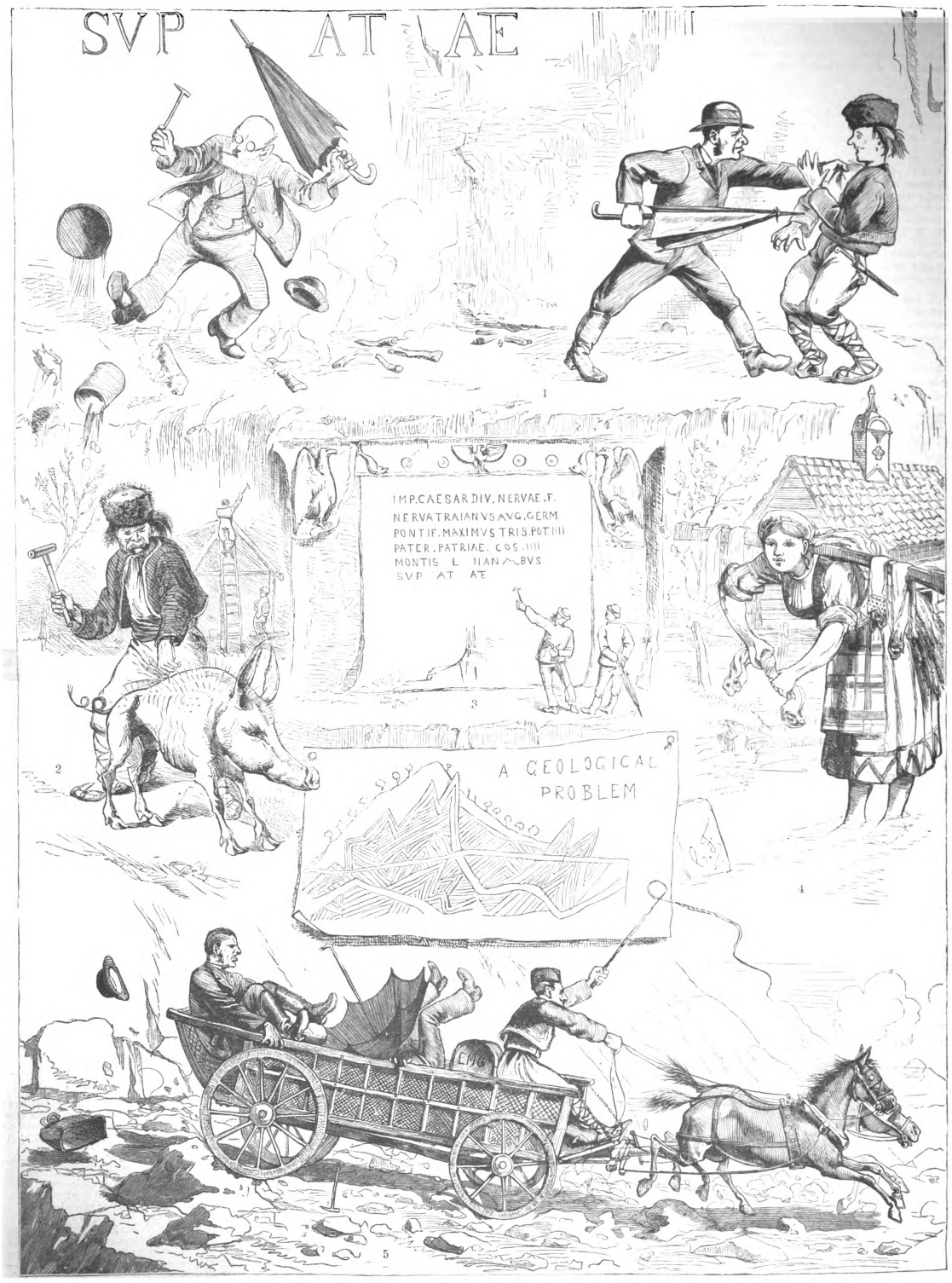

1. The Professor's Wrath. 2. Servian Peasant and Pig. 3. The Tablet of Trajan. 4. Servian Girl washing Clothes. 5. Jolting down-hill.

SKETCHES ON THE DANUBE.

THE outlet of the famous defile of Kazan, through which the Danube rushes with tremendous velocity, is marked by the inscription which was carved on the solid rock by command of the Emperor TRAJAN, seventeen centuries ago. Along the rocky face of the defile are still visible the sockets drilled by his soldiers to receive the supports for the wooden bridge by which they made their passage down the river. Other remains of Roman work may be seen at various points along this section of the Danube; but the tablet, by reason of its perfect condition, attracts more attention than any other token of ancient Roman occupation.

The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the above sketches writes that when he and his travelling companion, a learned professor and geologist, reached this interesting spot, a miserable fisherman was found cooking his dinner over a fire built directly under the venerable inscription. The smoke was blacking the still clearly defined letters and figures, and the professor's wrath was roused to such a pitch by the desecration that he immediately assaulted the offender with umbrella and geological hammer, and kicked his dinner off the ledge into the rushing current.

The artist's diagram will give an idea of the inexplicable manner in which the strata of rocks forming the celebrated "Iron Gate" of the Danube are cut up and intermingled. The most wonderful of all is the regular stratum of rock, about twenty-five feet in thickness, which runs in a nearly horizontal direction through these wildly confused masses.

The artist and his companion had a most disagreeable experience of the reckless manner in which Servian drivers urge their teams down the stony roads. Remonstrance was useless, and the travellers were bounced and jolted about in the most uncomfortable manner in the springless, hard-seated wagon.

CONGER-FISHING OFF THE COAST OF CORNWALL.

IN the early history of England, congers, the catching of them, their preparation and exportation, seem to have played an important part. In King JOHN'S time there was an established trade in the curing of congers, and to certain merchants of Bayonne was accorded the privilege of catching and drying congers in England,

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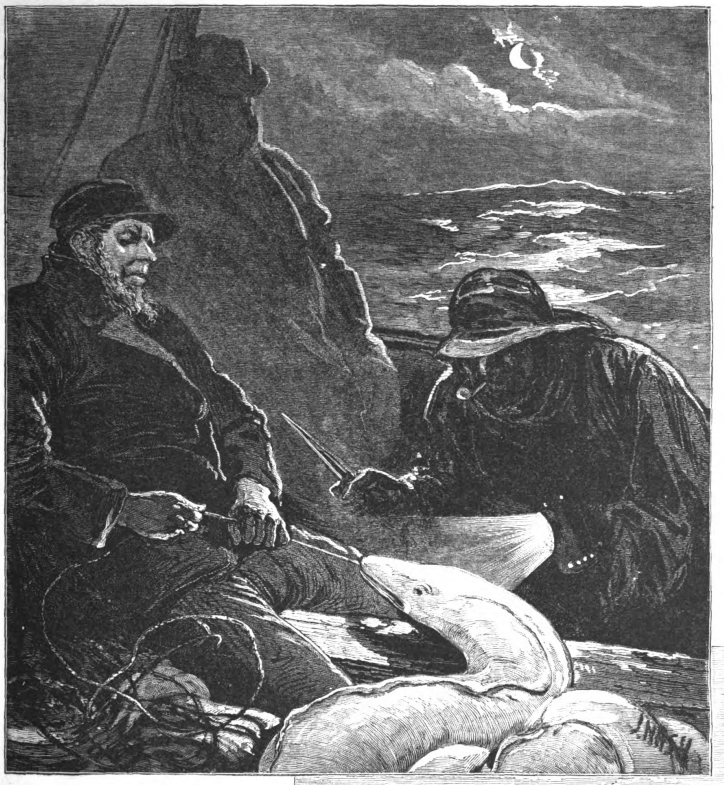
and the sending of them to Spain and Portugal. As there really is nothing absolutely new in the world, it looks as if the method of preparing the conger approached quite closely to our "desiccated fish." The congers were dried, powdered, and what the old commercial chroniclers called conger doust, or conger douse, was made. In time, however, the fish-eaters of Spain and Portugal seem to have tired of their conger; the trade in this special fish declined, and finally disappeared, to be replaced by the cod. The discovery of the great fishing banks off the Newfoundland coast revolutionized the fish food of the world, and though the conger is still sought after in Norwegian waters, it enters but in a limited way into general consumption.

In American waters the conger has a wide geographical range, and a species has been lately described by GOODE and BEAN, the *Conger caudicula*, coming from Pensacola, Florida. The American conger differs, however, very much in size from the English fish. Mr. E. G. BLACKFORD, the Fish Commissioner of the State of New York, states that congers taken occasionally by the cod fishermen are rarely above eight pounds in weight, while these fish have been taken in England of ninety pounds. This difference of size seems due to temperature, as in Northern Europe the congers are larger where the seas are colder, diminishing in size in warmer waters, the congers of the Mediterranean being the smallest.

Conger-fishing off the coast of Cornwall is still prosecuted both for business and sport. There seem to be certain localities where congers are the most abundant, and their peculiar haunts are in proximity to those bold rocks which stud the deep water along the Cornish coast. It is believed that the fish are quite sensitive to the effects of cold, becoming torpid in severe weather, and in some cases very low temperatures apparently kill them. Fishermen assert that congers are sensible of any change of wind and weather, coming up then from the deeper water and ranging nearer the shore. Variations in the color of congers appear to be due to that wonderful power many creatures possess of adapting themselves to their surroundings. About thirty miles from the Cornish coast

A HEAVY PULL.



A GOOD CATCH.

there is a reef, rising almost to the surface of the sea, where good conger-fishing is found. The top of the ledge is of dark-colored rock, while the sides where it slopes to the deeper sea are of a lighter shade. Congers caught on the black rock are of the same color, while those close to the deeper gullies are almost white.

The conger feeds at night, and fishing is always carried on after dark. A moonlight night interferes with conger-fishing. At times the fish seem to be particularly voracious, seizing with avidity almost any kind of live bait. The capacity of a conger as to swallowing a large fish is very great, and a ten-pound lobster has been found in its stomach. Like all fish, the power of digestion is very rapid, and COUCH in his *History of English Fishes* states, "when a hook is swallowed it becomes acted on and consumed in a very short time."

The favorite bait of the conger fisherman is the squid, or cuttle-fish, and the fresher they are the more likely are they to afford good sport. Some acquaintance with the nature of the cuttle-fish is necessary, for otherwise, while the fisherman is in the act of putting it all squirming on the hook, it may eject its inky black fluid all over him. A dark night being selected, then, three fishermen take a small row-boat and skirt the coast. While one pulls at the oars, the others prepare the tackle. A good strong line capable of standing a heavy pull is a necessity, and hooks must be tied on in the most approved manner, as the conger is supplied with sharp cutting teeth, which he can use by the movement of his head in a rotary manner. The other accessories in the conger boat are few—a heavy gaff, a sharp knife, and a lantern.

A good spot having been selected—and wonderful is the knowledge the Cornwall fishermen have of localities which are quite out at sea—a sounding is taken of the depth, the line arranged, and it is dropped overboard baited with a lively squid. Sometimes the conger is slow at biting, and noses and plays with the hook. At last a good strong tug is felt, and the fish is struck, and hauling in commences. This is by no means an easy job. Being nothing more than a huge eel, the conger has all the tricks of that fish, which anglers dread so much. As soon as the conger feels the restraint of the line he begins revolving, and with sufficient force to sometimes disengage himself from the hook. The fisherman, on his guard, keeps a taut line on the fish, gradually hauling him to the surface. The boat leans over with the heavy strain, for a sixty-pound fish is no light weight to hold on to. Alongside of the man with the line is his mate, ready to strike the fish with a gaff. Just as soon as the head of the conger is above the water, the gaff is driven into the neck, and in this way the fish is hauled on board.

A big conger in a boat is by no means a pleasant companion. Endowed with great muscular power, he strikes powerful blows with his tail, and snaps with his mouth. Instances are recorded of congers brought into a boat, when the fisherman has struck his foot at the conger, it seized the man's shoe, carried it off his foot, and then jumped overboard. To prevent such disturbance in the boat, just as soon as the conger is well on board a sharp knife is driven into him just back of the head, and the fish dies at once, with hardly a struggle, the spinal cord being severed. In point of fact, it would be better as food if all fish could be killed at once after capture instead of being allowed to die a lingering death.

In former years conger fishing was more successful than at present. Thirty years ago fishermen considered the taking of 4000 pounds of congers as not an unusual night's work, but to-day not half as many are taken. Still as a sport it has a great many devotees, and many Englishmen frequent the coast, fishing of nights in search of the conger. There is just that little spice of danger which adds to the zest, and then there is always a certain amount of excitement in catching such a large and vigorous fish as the conger. Off all night in a small boat in the open sea, in the companionship of a couple of old salts, who spin their wonderful yarns of huge congers caught in former years, the hours pass rapidly.

TAKING HOME THE SPOILS.

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THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER V.

BECOMING FRIENDS.

The superficial observer—that very indefinite character which no one in particular cares to acknowledge—would have surmised at this period that there was a happy family at Farm Forlorn. Here at least, he would have thought, had assembled those whom past doubts and dislikes had set apart for a while, and who under the hospitable roof of John Woodhatch, and influenced by his kindness, had shaken hands, and set the bygones forever aside. Here was the new life fitting to the new times—a brand-new era of perfect confidence, a fair landscape stretching out in the present, a fairer prospect for the future, and the sun coming up over the great gray hills which yesterday had been like eternal barriers in the paths of these folk now sitting side by side with smiles upon their lips. The superficial observer would have gone on his way marvelling at the felicity of Farm Forlorn, and noting never a sign of the great upheaval to come, of the conflicting forces armed to the teeth marching silently onward to do battle in these calm green fields, and wreck the peace of many.

Yes, this was the calm before the storm, not perfect peace, as Woodhatch, the dreamer, thought it was. Miss Brake was quiet and grave, with her past peevishness no longer evident, a model visitor whom nothing disturbed, and who apologized for the trouble that she was to everybody, and seemed to regard even Mrs. Chadderton as a humble friend whom she might presently love very much. She sat in her big arm-chair, and smiled, if a little sadly, at all visitors, saying but few words, and watching every one with an interest that was remarkably flattering. If there were one person more than another to whom she showed an extra amount of respect now, it was the Reverend Alexander Larcom, making amends thereby, as it seemed, and as it really was, for her ungenerous suspicions of him.

"I have been in the wrong; I am a woman very often in the wrong," she confessed on the first occasion of addressing him under John Woodhatch's roof; "but you are a Christian minister, and will forgive the hard thoughts I have had—the hard words I sent to you by my brother's widow."

"Ye sent them in no hurry either, Hester Brake," he said, dryly, and with his shaggy eyebrows lowering a little over his deep-set eyes, "and ye had five years to pick and choose them."

"Yes, I know," she answered. "But the story seemed to fit in with my doubts—it seemed so probable you should kill him."

"I am obleeged to ye for the notion."

"You had discovered Morris and Lucy together; the thought of their secret marriage might not have occurred to you—you saw a woman deceived and an honest home dishonored, and you struck him down in a mad fury. That is how it seemed to me. Forgive me, old friend, of whom I should have had more charitable thoughts," she cried, "remembering your past kindness to me."

"And ye have changed your mind about me now?"

"Yes, completely," she said. "Am I forgiven?"

"Wa'al, yes," he replied: "why not? Ye were always a poor, flighty thing, I'm fancying, darting like a lapwing to conclusions, and I was not much deesturbed by your suspicions. 'She'll think somebody else killed Morris preesently,' I said, 'and she'll forget her doubts o' me.' And so it is?"

"Yes. So it is."

"And if ye'll take a sensibeel friend's advice, Hester," he said, "ye'll not bother any more about the matter. It's kept you down too long—it's made ye ill too aften."

"It has killed me, Mr. Larcom."

"Ye were vary fond of that brother o' yours, though I did not see much in him myself but a fly-away style like your own," said the parson, "and ye spoiled him."

"I loved him for his good qualities—I knew he would grow out of the bad, and if time was not denied him," she said, with a sigh, "and he—"

"Ye—es, preceesely." And then Alexander Larcom walked away from the maiden lady, tired of this one subject, or extremely anxious to avoid it. Still he was glad in his heart that she had professed her regret for doubting him; he hated people doubting him, his mission being, as he thought, to gather love and confidence around him, to preach and pray and do his best for poor humanity. To have been, even in this weak woman's mind, an object of distrust had wounded his self-respect—and clashed with the very good opinion he had always had of himself, for that matter. Still Hester Brake was a poor, eccentric creature, and she had been as sorely tried as his own daughter Lucy.

And Lucy Brake, who had been a fortnight now at Farm Forlorn, and was one of this new and happy family? She had surely benefited by the change from the little cottage in the high-road to the spacious rooms of the big old farm-house—to the great garden and the broad meadows lying beyond. The association had been painful rather than pleasurable to begin with, but this she was prepared for, and, after all, her happiest times had been within these walls; here she had learned to love Morris, and Morris to love her; here had been wild impulsive romance, leaping forward blindly and without much regard to consequences, but still a romance, pure and ardent and full of the deep joys of life—a girl and boy's love, perhaps, but, whilst it lasted, like no other happiness on God's earth. It was all ended, but there were sweet thoughts amongst the ruins, fair flowers amongst the tares, and after a while the shadows did not fall so darkly across her path, and even to think of Morris became a peaceful retrospect.

Then again here was life for Lucy Brake, we have said, and a new affection growing very rapidly and remarkably, she thought herself, for Kitty Vanch. That she could hardly understand, but there it was, and she did not attempt to resist it, or to reason with it, or to account for it. She was romantic still, poor Lucy, and thought it remarkable and fateful in its way, when it was simply a very commonplace proceeding, the natural outcome of a loving nature, the instinct for affection in some shape or way, the craving to be loved, which every woman has, and a few men, perhaps, with hearts upon their sleeves.

It was strange that these two young women should approach each other, the elder one knowing little of life, and the younger a scarred warrior after life's battles with poverty and crime, but both women in earnest, who had known great trouble and had had few friends, and both grateful for affection, and in themselves affectionate. Lucy Brake could not account for it, we have said, but it was flattering to know that Kitty Vanch began to look up to her, to regard her as a friend above her in position, character, mental capacity, and to show by various little ways that she was proud to be noticed. There was certainly a strange and deep interest in her evinced by Kitty Vanch, as if some hidden motive were at the bottom of it, drawing Kitty toward her, almost at times, Lucy could imagine—being highly imaginative—against her will, against even the wishes of others, she was inclined to fancy sometimes. And in return for this Lucy Brake found it easy to love Kitty Vanch. There was something original about the girl, she was so frank and open and fearless, her dark eyes looked so earnestly, sometimes so sadly, at her, and in all her life Lucy had received such little sympathy, she thought — village beauty, and something more than a village beauty, though she was. Lucy had never become in any way attached to a female friend of her own age—Mr. Larcom had not encouraged female friendships at any time, it may be said—and Kitty's life, away from Bolter's Rents, had been spent with an eccentric, fretful, if warm-hearted invalid. Hence after a while, and without taking the Fates into consideration, these two young women were drawn together, and even little Morice became a link between them despite Lucy's experiencing at times a jealous pang when Kitty's brightness won too many smiles from her daughter.

Add to all this Lucy's knowledge that Greg Dorward was to be Kitty's husband, and that Greg Dorward had spoken only a few weeks back of his deep love for herself, and one need not be surprised at Lucy Brake's interest in her new friend. Lucy was somewhat perplexed, and hardly able to reconcile Gregory Dorward's present manner with that of their last meeting on the high-road and his words of love and passion. At times she wished she had not promised to keep his secret, it was so like treachery to the unsuspecting Kitty, who was deserving of a true affection, and not a make-believe love to oblige John Woodhatch, farmer. And whether Greg Dorward would make Kitty a good husband was even a matter of grave doubt to her, Greg being clever and ambitious, and surely not loving Kate Vanch very deeply yet—trying to love her even, as he had confessed to Lucy, and as a mere matter of obedience to the patron who had insisted on the match.

Still Kate Vanch was happy, and Greg Dorward was content. Perhaps Greg had only fancied he was in love with *her*, thought Lucy, very humbly, and while Kate Vanch was away from him. He was only polite to her now, as became him, or very much on guard, and he seemed to encourage rather than to dislike the growing friendship between her and his *fiancée*.

"I am very pleased to see you two together, Mrs. Brake," Greg had said on one occasion. "You and she true friends, may be some day of service to each other."

"I don't see how that can be," said Lucy, inquiringly.

"Oh! And I can not explain," he replied; "but sometimes I think you may. Life changes rapidly, and you two have been all *my* life, as it were."

"But—"

"You in the past," he said, in a low voice—"the past that is dead—and she in the present, which exists for her and me. Do you understand?"

"Hardly," she replied; "but the past *is* dead?"

"Yes," he responded.

"And you love Kitty Vanch truly, and as she deserves to be loved?"

"Is she not going to be my wife?" he rejoined.

"That is not an answer."

"Yes, then, I love Kitty; but it is a very different kind of—"

"Spare me," said Lucy, quickly. "I know what you are going to say, and it must be left unsaid for all our sakes; for Kitty's, most of all."

"I can trust you."

"With your past secret," she answered. "Do not trouble me with any new ones, for I will not promise to keep them."

"I am silent," answered Greg.

"And women can not keep a secret."

"I do not believe that," said Greg; "I would trust a woman rather than a man in a great affliction."

"You would trust John Woodhatch?"

Greg Dorward shuddered strangely, and Lucy Brake remarked this.

"There are troubles which no man could share with Mr. Woodhatch," Greg answered, moodily; "he could never understand them. Some women might, I fancy."

"You talk as if you had all the troubles of the world upon your shoulders, Greg," said Lucy, "instead of the world opening out before you bright with color."

"I am in a moody fit to-night," he said, with a forced laugh; "I feel as if something were going to happen to me."

"Here is Kitty to cheer you," she said, as Kate came into the room, looked toward them, and advanced in their direction.

"We were talking of you, Kate," said Lucy, as she approached.

"That's right. I should be jealous, I dare say, if you talked only of your two selves," she answered, frankly.

"Jealous of me?" asked the young widow, a little later on, and in allusion to Kitty's last remark; "never of me, I hope; that is not likely."

"Likely that you should love my Greg," said Kitty, laughing. "Well, I can not imagine that happening."

"No," replied Lucy Brake; "it is impossible."

CHAPTER VI.

JEALOUS.

There were two inmates of Farm Forlorn, very probably three, who did not regard the growing friendship between Lucy Brake and Kitty with any great amount of favor. Hester Brake hardly seemed to care for it, although apathetic and generally amiable; and John Woodhatch felt that his calculations for the future were a little disturbed by this unlooked-for incident. He had not thought of the result of bringing these two young women together, or of a sisterly love springing up between them; their characters were dissimilar, their lives were likely to be always apart, and he had not given a thought to them as friends. He had wished to interest Lucy in Hester Brake, and Hester in Lucy; he had planned and plotted to bring them together, and with a kindly forethought as to the time when Kitty should be married, and the mistress, left alone, requiring some earnest, kindly companion at her side in Kitty's place. Who more fitting than the sister-in-law from whom Hester Brake had held aloof till now, and had indeed never seemed to like?

"Had it not been for her, Morris would be alive," Hester Brake had said two years ago to John Woodhatch; and now that the invalid lady was inclined to regard Lucy with less asperity, to judge her character more truly, to remember she was Morris's widow, and still mourning for him, it was a little vexatious to find that Lucy preferred Kitty's company, and though respecting Hester now, made but very little advances toward an intimate acquaintance with her.

"It will come in time," soliloquized John Woodhatch, philosophically; "when Kitty is married, and these two are drawn together more."

The marriage day was fixed at last. Four weeks hence from the time of which we speak it had been appointed by John Woodhatch, and neither Greg nor Kitty had a word to say against it.

"The farm at Bleathorpe will be quite ready by that time, Greg," said John Woodhatch; "meanwhile I have put an old friend in to mind it for you."

"An old friend!" repeated Greg, wonderingly.

"Yes; Reuben Fladge," said Woodhatch, "who has turned over a new leaf: at least he says so, and I am disposed to believe him."

"You trust him again, sir," said Greg, "and after all?"

"Yes."

"That is singular."

"What is singular?" was the sharp inquiry.

"That you should. I understood—I have heard—I did not think," stammered Greg Dorward, "that you could ever put faith again in man or woman who had once deceived you."

"Who told you so?"

"I can not remember; yourself, I think."

Mr. Woodhatch frowned a little. Possibly he had done so, in the old days, in order to keep Greg Dorward up to the mark, and thinking his creed was true enough at that time; but it did not please him now to be reminded of it. Had not that rule of his—if it had been his, he added, with a reserve—led on by a strange chain of events to the death of Morris Brake? Who should say that it had not?

"Faith is a strong word, Greg," he answered at last; "and, at all events, try and remember this: I have learned to forgive—to believe in man's repentance."

He walked away after this; he seemed afraid of more questions from Greg Dorward. Presently Greg rode out on horseback, and went at a tolerably swift pace to Bleathorpe, to see Fladge for himself, probably to congratulate him on being once more re-instated in the favor of John Woodhatch; more probably still to ask a few questions of that young gentleman, Greg being of a curious turn of mind, and conscious that all was not as fair sailing at Farm Forlorn as the calm aspect of surrounding things and the serenity of the master might seem to warrant at first sight.

Lucy Brake, from the garden of Farm Forlorn, had seen Greg ride away, bidding farewell to Kitty before he mounted his horse; and Hester Brake had stood at the open window of the farm parlor, also watching them with interest. When Greg had departed, the invalid came slowly into the sunshine, and separated, as it were, Kitty and Lucy, by intrusting Kitty with her keys, and giving her some lengthy instructions as to the arrangement of her wardrobe.

Lucy Brake suspected there was a reason for this, and was not surprised when Hester said, presently,

"I have sent Kitty away, because I have something to say to you this morning which I don't want any one else to hear."

"Is it so very important?" asked Lucy.

"I think it is. Let little Morice leave us, please; the child fidgets me this morning."

Lucy regarded the fretful woman dubiously. Was the incident of the meeting on the sands to be repeated? Were hard words and new suspicions to be the order of the day? For who could tell what strange topics Hester Brake might broach, having had so much time to brood on the mysteries about her, and being a mystery in herself?

"You need not be afraid of me," said Hester, accurately reading the expression on the fair face confronting hers. "I want to speak to you for a little while concerning Kitty. That is why I sent her away."

Lucy let little Morice trip off after this, and Hester Brake put her arm within that of her sister-in-law.

"I am restless to-day; ill, perhaps. Let us walk up and down the lawn for a while, until I am tired; or," she added, "you are tired of me."

"Will this not overfatigue you?"

"You are very kind to be thus considerate," said the elder woman, with a spice of her old acerbity; "but I can bear more fatigue than you imagine. And now to business."

This did not sound like a pleasant beginning, but Lucy was patient, and deferential to her senior. She did not believe it was in Miss Brake's power to disturb her equanimity now; she imagined she had learned to know Miss Brake a little better, and to make more allowance for her eccentricities. And certainly Miss Brake *was* eccentric, and with an awkward habit of taking people unawares.

"You will not be astonished to learn I am a jealous woman," Hester Brake commenced. "I acknowledge that myself; and I am jealous of Kitty's growing affection for you."

"Oh, Miss Brake, I hope not! You are surely not so childish as this."

"I think I am. Pity me, if you think it childish; but I can not help it, being weak and vain, as you are, Lucy—as we women all are, for that matter," she said. "You see I am not speaking angrily or dictatorially; only in all confidence—sisterly confidence, if you will allow me to say as much."

"Am I doing harm in being one more friend to Kitty Vanch?"

"Be the friend to her after I am gone, Lucy, and when she will need one most," was the reply; "not before."

"I can not treat her coldly."

"I do not ask you."

"I am interested in her—drawn toward her by her interest in me. Do you think that wrong?" asked Lucy.

"My dear, sometimes I think I don't know right from wrong," said Hester. "The whirl of the world confuses me; and, God help me! I have much to think about."

"I am sorry for that—sorry to think you allow your mind to be disturbed by little matters which other folk would set aside or smile away."

"As in this instance, you mean?"

"Yes, in this instance," answered Lucy Brake. "It is not a little matter," said Hester. "For five years I have had Kitty Vanch under my care—for more than five years, I may say. I have been interested in her progress. I have, after my own fashion, helped to train her; brought her, as it were, from darkness into day, and you must not step between us. As I have intimated before, you must wait until I am dead."

"You speak as if I were a rival or an enemy," Lucy replied: "as if I could not love her with yourself, and share her love with you. And you forget."

"What do I forget?"

"That she is engaged to Greg Dorward."

"I can think of little else save that. That is a worse trouble than the thought of her liking you better than *me*," said Hester.

"Ah! Miss Hester, I think such troubles as these might be easily set aside if you would only try," said Lucy, very gently.

"Shall I tell you something more?" asked Miss Brake, quickly, in reply.

Lucy could scarcely repress a shudder. She was afraid of her sister-in-law's confidences, and what might follow them.

"If it is necessary—if you think it is necessary," she added.

Hester Brake looked round cautiously, as if afraid of listeners, or suspicious that Mrs. Chadderton might, after a fashion of hers, be lurking in the background, and then said, in a low voice,

"Kitty Vanch will never marry Gregory Dorward."

CHAPTER VII.

A PROMISE.

Lucy Brake was astonished, but credulous. She had begun to regard Morris's sister as scarcely a wise woman; rather a woman who had strange fancies, and was remarkably suspicious, and never twice the same. Was it possible that she was sane—quite sane, that is? Might not the past affliction which had nearly crushed herself, allied to the natural weakness of this fragile being's constitution, have wrecked her more completely? If Hester Brake were really mad, and had up to this time and with a madwoman's cunning carefully disguised it, what was to be done?

"Not marry Greg?" Lucy repeated.

"I would rather see her in her coffin; it would be better she should lie there than in his arms," exclaimed Hester, passionately.

"Why should you think this?" asked Lucy.

"Pray, compose yourself."

"I am *not* raving, Lucy," was the answer, "and do not need to be composed."

How quickly Hester Brake read people's sus-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

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picions of her! was Lucy's next thought, before she said:

"You naturally surprised me. Why will not Kitty marry Greg?"

"Why?" repeated Miss Brake, like a woman anxious to gain time before she answered.

"Yes," said Lucy again, "why?"

"Because—he does not love her," she added.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he loves you."

Lucy took a deep, long breath. Yes, an acute woman indeed, as well as a suspicious one, this Hester Brake. How could she have guessed a secret which she had promised Greg to keep for him, which Lucy had thought only Greg and herself could possibly have known?

"I have seen this very clearly. I have watched his every look since you came here."

Lucy did not reply.

"You do not deny this, Lucy?" continued Hester Brake, after a moment's silence. "Where is the virtuous indignation which should follow such a charge as mine?"

"You do not charge me with loving him?"

"Do you?" asked Hester.

"No. God forbid!"

"God be thanked," corrected Hester Brake, "for I do not like this man. I am afraid of him—I do not in any way believe in him."

"He is honest and straightforward and energetic—he will make Kitty a good husband—he—"

"Have I not said he will never marry Kate Vanch?" said Hester Brake, sharply. "Do you think I have no will of my own, no power to stop it, no power to make you assist me to stop it? I tell you that I have!"

"Whether you have or not," said Lucy, in the calm clear tones which, despite of Hester's vehemence, seemed to exercise some influence on her listener, "you will have to consider whether it is a wise step to part them."

"He does not care for her."

"I am not sure of that."

"And finding it out afterward—oh! the terrible afterward to us women—would be to kill her, possibly. You must warn her, Lucy, and let her act for herself."

"No, no!" cried Lucy, quickly. "I will not do that. Greg does not love me; there was a foolish, fleeting fancy once, and that was all. I will not be the one to disturb a woman's confidence in her lover."

"You would prefer her being deceived."

"I believe it would be as well," said Lucy, thoughtfully.

"You are romantic still, poor child," replied her sister-in-law; "but you are terribly selfish, for all that. You thrust a task upon myself that is beyond my strength to bear."

"You would never act so cruelly."

"So mercifully would be a better word," said Miss Brake, taking her hand from Lucy's arm, withdrawing it even in anger from her; "for this will be a mercy."

She walked slowly toward the house, with Lucy keeping step by her side, not liking to leave her in her present mood, and with that look of set determination on her face. It presaged too much; it might mean more trouble than any one could foresee, than this miserable and envious woman could imagine, thought Lucy, indignantly again.

"You will do nothing in haste, Hester," she said—"if I may call you Hester now. It is so easy to do harm, so hard to stay its effects when done!"

"I know it without your preaching—which you might leave to your father. It's his business," Hester answered. "I am aware I am not an amiable woman who can soften a blow. You can."

"Why should it be told to Kitty at all?"

"Let her marry the man, then, knowing the truth? I detest deception more than you do. I have never practiced it as you have."

"Miss Brake!"

"You deceived your father when you married my brother secretly, did you not?" Hester asked.

"Ah, madam, you might have spared me that reproach!" cried Lucy; "it is late in the day to stab me. And I loved your brother so truly and so well!"

"Too well," muttered Hester; "but I am fighting hard to-day not to think of Morris."

"And to thwart John Woodhatch."

"He will be sure of the wisdom of this presently. I," she added, taking Lucy's arm, "will answer for him."

"Hester," said Lucy, suddenly, "I will tell Kitty, then."

"When?"

"Before the day is out, if you will promise to be silent."

"I promise. More, I am grateful to you, Lucy, for your offer."

When they were at the open window of the front parlor, she stopped again, and said:

"You see now, Lucy, why I did not wish Kitty Vanch to think too much of you. She will go back with me to my house, needing all my affection. She will begin a new life side by side with me. That is," she added, "if I live. If I die, then take care of her in God's name. I have arranged for that."

"But is it probable anything that I can say will part her from Greg, after all? Will she be not likely to forgive him?" asked Lucy. "Is it not more than probable she will?"

Miss Brake looked at her steadily. "Yes, it is," she answered.

"Therefore what reason—"

"Leave the rest to me. I have your promise, Lucy Brake," was the reply.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE HIGH-ROAD.

Yes, she had her promise, thought Lucy, as her eccentric sister-in-law passed out of her sight; but it was a different promise from that which Hester thought she had exacted. If Hester Brake preferred to speak in riddles, so did she; if the elder woman would not be frank with her, and only drop mysterious hints and make dire threats, it must be her own mission, thought Lucy, and in her woman's way, to foil her. For it had come to foiling Hester Brake, if possible—almost to distrusting her and the motives which might be lurking in the depths of her secretive nature.

She wanted Kitty to herself, and did not wish to part with her; she had taken a dislike to Greg Dorward, just as she had once taken a dislike to her, and she had been keen and watchful enough to learn a secret, and to surprise Lucy by its sudden revelation. For her own selfishness it seemed possible that Hester would plot to bring about the separation of these lovers—for they were lovers now—and Lucy, full of sympathy with them and interest in them, would do her best to stop this. Heaven knows there was not so much happiness in life that one should seek to mar it by a word, and in her warm, generous impulse Lucy shrank with horror from the thought of dashing down one hope of Kitty Vanch's. She would tell her the truth, but in a way that she believed would not affect Kate very much, and at least it would spare her Hester Brake's construction of the facts. And she would tell Greg Dorward first what had been resolved upon, and ask his advice concerning it, and his permission to speak to Kitty in her own gentle way.

Here was a new incentive to life, and she set about her task without much fear, and with considerable faith in the result. There was something to do, and a new incentive to be active, and Lucy after a while felt lighter and yet stronger for the cause she had resolved to espouse. What Hester Brake might think of her presently for siding with the young couple whom she had wished to separate did not affect her greatly; Lucy had made up her mind, if not to dislike Hester Brake, to be distrustful of her, and at the very best only to pity her. To wish to part Greg and Kitty, because she thought Greg loved another—which Lucy did not know herself for certain now—was too hard and cruel a task for a nature like her own. She believed in these two and their future, and she had listened to Kitty's rhapsody concerning Greg and her life to come with him until her own heart—still young and not free from romance—had opened at the other's frankness, and taken warmth and hope from hers.

Lucy did not trust herself with Kitty yet awhile. In the afternoon she and little Morice strolled along the quiet country road toward Bleathorpe village in order to meet Greg Dorward and tell him what had occurred. After all, he might refuse her permission, or think it would be better to tell Kitty for himself, and Lucy's word had been pledged to Greg first. And after all, and in any way, it would not matter a great deal—it was a "fuss about nothing," she said, smiling to herself, and with no small confidence in her own powers of setting this little matter in its proper light.

Lucy had well calculated time and distance; about three miles from the farm, and where she had thought she might encounter Greg on his homeward journey—if he were anxious to meet them all at the tea table—he came trotting rapidly along the road. He did not see them both till he was close upon them, he was so deep in thought—and a thought that was grave enough to furrow his brow and give a dark and angry look to his face—but at first glimpse of Lucy he raised his hat and sprang from his horse.

"I did not expect to see you, Mrs. Brake," he said, with his face aglow with smiles now. "You are taking a long walk with Morice. Is it not too far for her?"

"She is a good walker. And I wanted to meet you at a fair distance from the farm," answered Lucy.

"Indeed!" said Greg, with one of his quick glances, by which he essayed to read the facts confronting him, and which had been as patent to Bolter's Rents and "Fretwell's" as to the new existence at Skegs Shore. "What has happened?"

He associated her presence with some disaster at once; it was his nature, perhaps, and he was full of forebodings, like the rest of them, and doubted the dead calmness which reigned at Farm Forlorn.

"Are you strong enough to bear a little trouble, Greg?"

"I am always prepared for it," was the answer, and in so deep and even mournful a tone that Lucy regarded him wonderingly. He noted her look, and said: "I do not believe this peace *can* last. It does not seem to fit in with my life, with Kitty's, or anybody's here."

"I am sorry to add unpleasant news, Greg, to your present frame of thought. But walk a little way with me whilst I tell you all," she said.

"Morice?" he said, interrogatively.

"She is not listening. She will not understand us."

"Very well."

They walked on side by side, Greg's hand upon the bridle of his horse. People might have thought them lovers, had they chanced to pass that way, they spoke in such faint tones, and he bent his head so low to hear her story. He was very attentive, and did not interrupt her by a word; and once or twice he glanced at little Morice to note if she were listening too, or was likely to comprehend the explanation which the young mother offered of the incidents of the morning.

"I thought it was only fair I should tell you all this, and warn you," said Lucy, in conclusion.

"Thank you," he answered. "I did not think I had so true a friend. I am very deeply obliged to you, Mrs. Brake, for putting me on guard against an enemy."

"She is hardly an enemy," said Lucy; "she is thinking probably more of Kitty than yourself, and her disposition is so variable that she may become your friend, and take your part even, before your marriage day."

"Very probably," answered Greg Dorward; "for I do not consider Miss Brake responsible for all she says and does. You will forgive me if I pain you by this opinion; but it is mine. I think it is the master's."

"I hope it is wrong," said Lucy, not telling him that her own opinion, at times, almost coincided with his own. "And now will you trust Kitty to me to relate this story of a foolish fancy, as I have promised Miss Brake I would?"

"Kitty is strange. How will she receive such a story from you? How will you tell it?" he inquired.

"Can not you trust me?"

"With my life."

She would not notice his impetuosity, but continued, very calmly:

"I can assure her honestly that never in my life have I thought of you with any affection"—he shrugged his shoulders at this—"save the respect of one friend for another," she added; "that I was glad to hear of the engagement between her and you, and thought it was best for both; that you have had a boy's fancy, a boy's folly, whilst away from her, and it is ended now completely; that you are looking forward to the future with her, as to no other future which could give you happiness."

Greg listened as patiently as he had done to her story of Miss Brake's interposition.

"Yes," he said, listlessly; "tell her that, if you like."

"And as the truth?"

"Heaven knows what is the truth," he said, in a deeper tone; "neither you nor I, Lucy Brake, as yet."

"But—"

"Tell her what you please; I think, with you, it is better in your hands. Say all you can to make this a light and pleasant jest, and to spare her. I shouldn't like," he added, thoughtfully, "to make *her* unhappy; she's too good and honest for that. And yet—"

"And yet—what?" asked Lucy, as he came to a full stop.

"How will she receive your version of the matter? She is not like you, or any other woman, but herself. She will think with me, perhaps," he added, gloomily, "that this is the beginning of the end."

"I do not understand you now, Greg."

"No. Better, Lucy, that you should not."

He sprang into his saddle, and to Lucy Brake's astonishment turned his horse's head in the direction which he had come.

"I will find my way to the farm by another route," he said; "it will be better that I don't see Kitty yet. You will meet her coming along this road, and she will be surprised to find you instead of her old sweetheart. God speed you, and good-day!"

Lucy could almost fancy, looking up at his grave face, that there were tears swimming in his eyes; but that was hardly possible in a young man of so firm a character, and with so light a trouble, after all, to bear. And, before she was certain, he had ridden away at full speed, and left her to carry out her task, self-imposed, and in any fashion she might choose to adopt. She went on, wondering somewhat at Greg's manner, and the way in which he had received the news; and presently, Kitty Vanch in the distance—and in the bright sunshine—was seen upon the high-road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE woman in Leadville who shot her partner because he danced awkwardly has furnished an argument in favor of dancing schools which extreme moralists will find difficult to refute.

The Montreal *Witness* says that in Maitland recently a pump was inserted in a well that had been drilled through thirty feet of solid rock, and the first thing brought to the surface was a live toad. The name of the milkman who had previously used the pump is withheld.

Fifty-two tramps who applied for shelter at a police station in this city on a recent cold night were put under arrest. When they were searched, whiskey bottles were found on twenty of them. Who can consider the condition of the other thirty-two and still maintain that this is not a hard winter?

A shower of mud is reported from California. There being no political campaign in progress there, the occurrence is mentioned as a phenomenon.

A Philadelphian has obtained a verdict in his favor in a libel suit against *Mind and Matter*, a publication of that city. There have been triumphs of mind over matter and of matter over mind, but this is a case of the triumph of the plaintiff over both.

Under the Canadian law, a building can not be exempt from taxation unless it is used exclusively for religious services. The city of Montreal has made a claim for taxes against the Temple Emanu-el on the ground that a fair was recently held in the building for profit.

Additional evidence that this is a hard winter comes from Chicago, where a single pawnbroker has lent money on twenty-two hundred revolvers.

The history of a California post-office was told the other day in the Star Route suit. Mr. Walters, ex-postmaster of the Greenwood office, was asked in cross-examination to tell where Greenwood is, and he frankly acknowledged that he could not do it. He said that he lived in a tent, and wherever his tent happened to be pitched, there was Greenwood.

Statistics show that it is a misnomer to style Brooklyn the City of Churches. There is one church to every 1988 persons in Brooklyn, but at least four other large cities of the country have more churches in proportion to the population.

Marian, Mattie, and Rachel Coffin are three little sisters, whose home is in Muirkirk, Maryland. Becoming interested in the effort to endow HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Cot, they last summer resolved to work for it, and on December 15 they held a fair in the Muirkirk school-house, the result of which was a contribution of $100, sent to the treasurer of the fund. Of the $3000 necessary, more than $1600 have now been raised by the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

An authority says that the wasp works two hours to the bee's one. The bee is satisfied to devote each shining hour to gathering honey, whereas the wasp stays up nights devising and executing plans to stow himself away in the lining of the unsuspecting farmer's Sunday trousers.

A lady who has recently returned from Europe, where she visited the art galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Munich, is credited with having said that "for versatility of invention and variety of style none of the other German painters can compare with Unbekannt, a genius who figures prominently in the galleries of all three of those cities." It is presumable that her favorite English author is ANON.

"The Democrats of Maine have sworn off from fusion." Now let them continue the good work by swearing off from fusel.

Maine and New Hampshire are suffering greatly from a winter drought. Very little rain has fallen in those States since June. Mills are stopped, lumbermen are unable to float their logs, farmers can not get water for their cattle, and the resulting scarcity of money in circulation is severely felt by the tradesmen. "If rain does not come soon," says the Boston *Globe*, "the consequences will be appalling." An electrical storm in the West of unusual intensity is another odd feature of the present winter.

At half past eight o'clock the other morning Governor Butler was making the rounds of the departments at the State House to see whether the occupants were there on time. It is not stated whether he required the tardy officials to stay after working-hours and make up lost time.

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the coinage of five-cent nickel pieces of a new design. The new coin will be one millimeter heavier than that in circulation at present, and will be a little larger in circumference and thinner. On the face will be a woman's head, bound with a fillet on which will be the word "Liberty," the whole surrounded by thirteen stars. The reverse will show the Roman numeral representing the denomination of the coin within a wreath. The description of the proposed coin seems to preclude the possibility of its being so ugly as the one which is to give place to it. Mexico is also going into the coinage of nickel pieces, machinery for supplying that government with nickel one, two, and five cent pieces to the value of some four million dollars having been shipped recently from this city.

ELEPHANTS IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

IF our readers will turn to page 106 of HARPER'S WEEKLY for 1882 they will find a full description, with illustrations by Mr. JAMES C. BEARD, of the manner in which the animals belonging to Mr. BARNUM'S establishment are housed, tended, and trained during the winter months. In many respects what may be called the home life of these animals is more favorable to the study of their habits and disposition than is their life of show and exhibition on the road, where they are constantly put through the unnatural tricks which they have been taught for the amusement of the public. There is something wonderful in the performances to which intelligent animals can be trained; and yet it is a pity that the public taste should demand a training which is not in accordance with natural aptitude. The movements of a well-ridden horse in the ring are graceful and beautiful, while nothing can be more ungraceful than the action of the same animal prancing round on his hind-legs in a so-called waltz. But the public will applaud the waltz more loudly than the natural action, as it will an elephant for standing on its head or balancing itself on a barrel.

The favored few to whom Mr. BARNUM grants permission to visit his animals in their winter-quarters enjoy the opportunity of seeing these creatures at their ease, as well as in the process of training for exhibition. Both phases of elephant life are depicted in the sketches which were recently made by Mr. F. S. CHURCH, reproduced on page 56. Some of these sketches are, of course, humorous exaggerations; but the incident of the elephant declining to be sketched was a real occurrence. While Mr. CHURCH was sketching he observed that his subject was becoming uneasy, and was eying him with evident suspicion, at the same time twisting up a wad of hay with his trunk. Mr. CHURCH went on with his work, however, until the elephant, his patience apparently exhausted, suddenly hurled the hard wad with unerring aim at the artist's head, which finished the sitting for that day.

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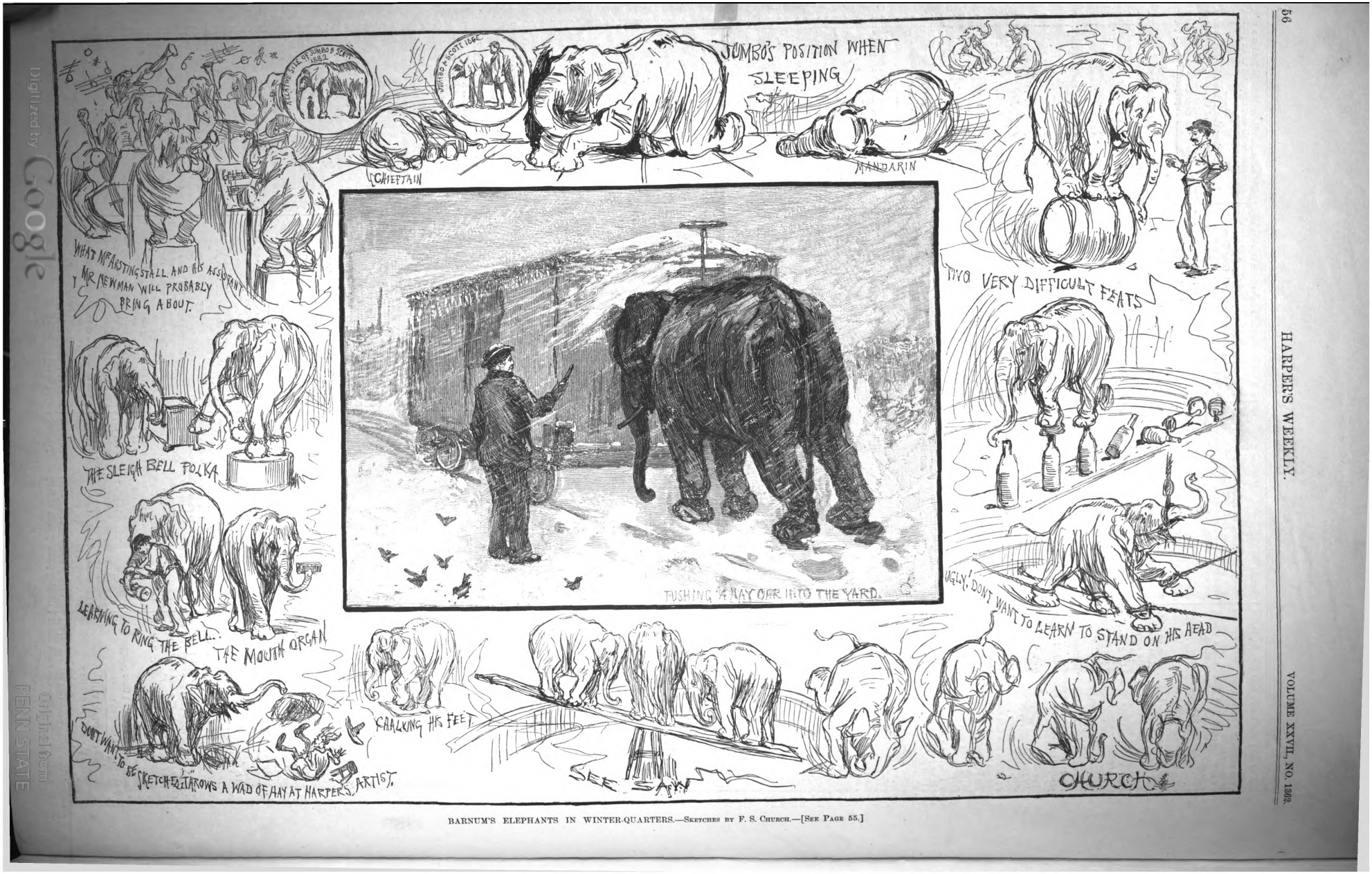

BARNUM'S ELEPHANTS IN WINTER-QUARTERS.—Sketches by F. S. Church.—[See Page 55.]

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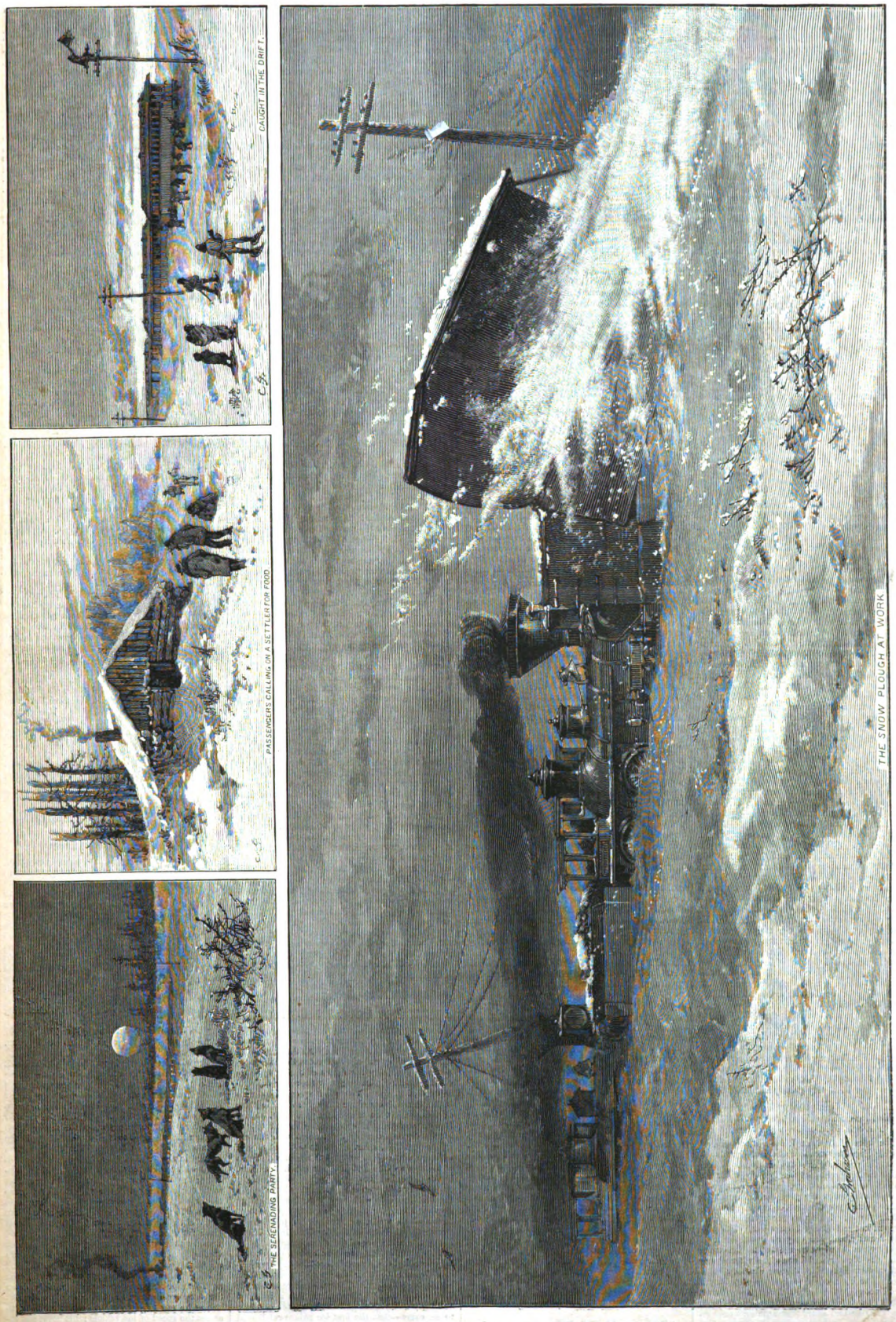

WINTER RAILROAD TRAVEL IN THE NORTHWEST.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 58.]

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WINTER TRAVEL IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE enormous snow-plough represented on age 57 is well known in Minnesota as a famous ad-breaker through the heavy falls of snow hich frequently cause a temporary blockade n the railway lines. It is named "The Snowing," and when propelled by two strong engines will penetrate the largest drifts and clear the ack for the passage of trains. When driven t full speed, it flings the snow right and left to great distance, and is sometimes entirely hidden from view in the flying cloud it raises.

The smaller pictures on the same page represent scenes which are familiar to every winter raveller in the Northwest, but of which those ho only read of them at the cozy breakfast table can hardly form a conception. Often a passenger train is stopped by the snow on the wild rairie miles and miles away from any settlement, and is obliged to remain there until the rack can be cleared. Meanwhile wolves serenade the passengers by night, from a safe distance, and Indians—friendly ones—tramp over he drifts on snow-shoes to pay them a visit. It sometimes happens that a train is so long delayed that the passengers are compelled to wade or a great distance through the snow in search of food from lonely settlers, who rarely refuse o share their store with them. Winter travel n the Northwest has its picturesque side, especially when enjoyed by the aid of the artist's note-book; but the artist who thus contributes o the pleasure of our readers can certify that it also has its full share of discomforts and annoyances.

FRESCOES.*

BY OUIDA.

PART II.—(*Continued.*)

Mr. Hollyx, Villa Glorietta, Cannes, to Lord Llandudno, St. Govan's, Merioneth:

"DEAR LLANNY,—I have run over here for two days to see the object of our mutual anxiety, Vic. is near too, by my advice: he's got his old tub in the Villefranche bay. I think she is looking worried; she says very little to me. I asked her about Renzo, and she said, very coolly, that he was in England at work on the frescoes; and hang me if I could muster up cheek enough to say any more. She has a way of looking at you that shuts you up at once. I pleaded Vic.'s cause; but I suppose very badly, for she only looked bored, and said it was a pity to bring boys out anywhere near that horrid Monte Carlo. She had been there herself, and couldn't see why people cared to go, but they did, and I had far better send Vic. home. I objected that an English Duke aged four-and-twenty, who was in the Life-Guards, was not to be treated like a child in the nursery. She looked more bored, and asked me the name of a horrid cactus that looks like a tennis racquet covered with bristles. I don't know its name; I don't know why such a creature should have a name at all. I am out of temper. I candidly confess it. I am very fond of Esmée, and I don't like being treated as if I were somebody seen at the gaming-tables or the railway station for the first time to-day. I don't like Mrs. Alsager either, who is staying with her, and does her no good. When I tried to get something out of Mrs. A. as to Renzo, the woman only laughed, and said she thought he was coming here. The C. of O. is in bed with a chill. She sends me little pencil notes three or four times a day—agonizing, frigid, terrible little effusions. She evidently considers I could marry Esmée to Vic. out of hand if I did my duty. She has fever from the sun, rheumatism from the mistral, smells typhus in the rose-buds beneath her windows, and cholera in the mignonette; is invisible, impotent, and still terrible, restricts her diet to Liebig and her receptions to the English clergyman; if Renzo come to Cannes, she will, she delares to me, be carried out of her bed in a *chaise à porteurs* to die. On the whole, the atmosphere is depressing despite a buoyant barometer, a gay thermometer, and a sea and a sun forever smiling. I don't see what I can do. As I said before, if Esmée mean it, she'll do it, and my only hope is in the man himself. I don't believe he will come to Cannes, and I do believe he is too great an artist to be a blackguard. I go back to Rome to-night, and am thankful. I feel like a fool when I look at Esmée and tell myself that I don't dare to ask her a point-blank question. But you didn't dare either.

"Sincerely yours, H. H.

"P.S.—Vic. lost a hundred thousand francs yesterday over there, and he would go back this morning first train. Lelah Dé is at the Hôtel de Paris, and I am very greatly afraid she'll get hold of him."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"You were wiser than I, dear old friend. I see in an English journal which I can just spell out that the young Duke is at Cannes also. Will she end in doing what all her friends wish? It must take so much courage, so much constancy, in a woman to resist the pressure of her world; and she is courageous, but not constant. At least I should say so. I may do her injustice; I did her much in the first day I knew her. The days go by drearily, and are very cold and dark. I am glad when the night comes, and the lamps are lit, and the big dog and I are alone after dinner in this library which has become almost a home to me. The head keeper asked me yesterday if I would not go out shooting. I could see that no words could have measured the might of his scorn when he had heard that nothing would induce me to kill any bird or beast that lives. The entire household think me a harmless lunatic, but they begin to like me.

"I work sedulously at the frescoes when the light permits; I ride sometimes; I read a good deal. There are thousands of Latin and of French books, and some few Italian ones. Her portrait stands on a large easel at the north end of the library. Both the dog Berwick and I look at it, and regret—in our divers ways. I am sure that he knows it is hers.

"It was Natale yesterday; a great deal was given away in her name by the stewards to all the poor for many miles around, but the people looked to me sullen. Perhaps they feel that she does not care a straw about them, or know A from B amongst them. It is a pity. She might so easily make herself beloved. At the end of my solitary dinner they brought me the national pudding—a gorgeous, indigestible globe; I thought it very nasty; Berwick approved and ate it. To-day there is a violent snow-storm. The whole country is white; the yews look very grand against the snow. I have been out and seen the deer fed: Nerina nibbled at her turnips from my hand. It is intensely cold. I pity the peasantry. The stewards give away a great deal of coal and clothing.

"She has sent me another little letter; she says she is sitting amongst geraniums in full flower on the edge of a marble wall overlooking a blue sea with the thermometer at 20° Réaumur in the sun. She asks me if I sometimes do not envy that. I envy the flowers that are near her —yes—but I answer her merely, and that is the truth, too, that I am growing enamored of these keen winds, this white landscape, these sombre woods, these dusky, oak-panelled chambers with their warm fires and their painted oriels. Perhaps I grow so fond of them because I know that in a little while I shall leave them forever, and my place will know me no more.

"I have made a discovery which overwhelms me so that I can scarcely see the paper on which I write to you. I have discovered documents that make me believe I was the legitimate son of the Earl Alured; at least so it seems to me, beyond any possibility of error. This is how I found them. Forgive me if I be incoherent. In arranging the drawings, etchings, etc., I had the permission of miladi to open all drawers, cabinets, and cases; she gave me an old and very imperfect manuscript catalogue to help me. In one corner of the library there is a secrétaire of fine Louis XV. work. It was full of old letters, old cards, old sketches; I did not like to touch these, though she had expressly told me to look anywhere I chose. As I was about to close the doors of the bureau I suppose I must have accidentally touched some unseen spring, for a panel turned and a secret drawer shot out; in the drawer was a packet of letters, a curl of dark hair, and a folded paper. I lifted the paper to re-shut the little drawer, and then saw that it was a record of their marriage in the church of S. Helena, in Rome. I copy it below; you see there is no reasonable doubt of it. I will write you more to-morrow. I feel stunned, and the room goes round with me. If I am not the sport of a delirious dream—oh God, if my mother were living!

"My letter was too late for the post last night. I add all I know. I send you copies of the letters that were tied up with my mother's hair. They are her letters—*cara anima!*—Italian, ill-writ, overfond; telling so little and yet saying all. I see the whole story in these piteous letters. He married her privately, and was ashamed of her, and she was left in obscurity, and he went into the world, and then came jealousy and misunderstanding and rage and doubt on her side, and anger and indifference on his; and there must have been some Iago near to suggest to her the doubt that her marriage had been only a farce, and so she ran away blindly, madly, to her own old home and found her father dead. There are only her letters. There is nothing to tell us what Lord Charterys thought or did. I imagine he was a heartless man, who found his liberty welcome and did not seek her, and so never knew of me. I dare say he was ashamed of his folly in wedding a peasant girl from the Sabine hills. One can not tell. That is all a blank. But the records of the marriage are clear. The date is thirty-four years ago. I am his lawful son. I am her cousin.

"Two days have passed since I wrote you. I am somewhat calmer. A deep gladness has succeeded the madness of my first amazement. The shadow is gone off my life. I am any man's equal now. I do not know whether these things would content the law; they content me! How strange the hand of fate that led me here! My poor mother! how plainly one sees her story in those letters! The passion, and pain, and jealousy, and doubt, and all the pitiful weakness and ignorance, are so sacred to me. They did not touch him; I suppose they only irritated him. Some men are made so. When they are thus, women only break their hearts on them like frail ships on a rock. He must have been cruel to her. I can not forgive him. But what I think of more than of her or of him—Heaven pardon me!—is Esmée; I may call her so now. I shall stand in her place; she will hate me. After being the recipient of her goodness and her trustfulness, I shall despoil her of her kingdom if ever I make this known. It is I who am Lord Charterys! She will hate me. .....I have been out in the great dusky woods. It is very cold and the wind is high, but it did me good; it cooled the fever in me. I feel as if I had done her some treasonable wrong. This is childish, I know, but I can not help myself. If she had not trusted me with these library keys I should never have known my own rights.

"To-day my friend in Rome sent me word no one would buy the sketches, but he sold a little marble that I had, which is said to be of Mino di Fiesole, for thirty napoleons, which he sends me. I will go up to London, and get the address of a great lawyer from our consul there, and take the lawyer's opinions on the facts. I shall give him no names, so there will be nothing risked. I have spoken of the Earl Alured with the landsteward, who knew him well. He describes him as a wayward, inconstant, and unstable man. He was thrown by his horse shying near these very gates, and died instantly on the road. Perhaps had he lived he might have sought my mother out in after-years. I will try to think so.

"I have been to London and seen a famous man of law. I showed him copies of all the documents, without any names to them, and after careful examination he gave it as his opinion that the marriage was quite legal (as a merely religious marriage was so at that period in Italy, and this earl was of our own religion, as the whole race was in old days), and that the proofs were sufficient to give the son by such a marriage title to inherit, provided the son was distinctly proved to have been born at the date I described. That, we know, is easily done. The lawyer said there would be, no doubt, long litigation; the other side would contest; marriages in Italy before the Independence were irregular and often secret, and so subject to suspicion; the case would go up to the House of Lords; it would be long, but there could be no doubt, he thought, of the ultimate result if the facts and the papers were as I stated to him. I thanked him, and came back here.

"When the great gates were thrown open in the twilight I felt that I came home. It was very odd to know that I was the owner, the master here; an English earl—I! Then as I sat before the hearth with her dog's head on my knee, other thoughts came over me. The lawyer had said *the other side would contest.* The cold sentence had gone to my heart like a knife. She and I should be enemies! There would be nothing for either of us to be ashamed of in the facts that would be made public, yet it would be hateful—we should be foes. The lawyer, indeed, suggested that perhaps the present owner of the property and name might yield without law if convinced of the justice and veracity of the claim. Yes; she would yield at once, my beautiful proud cousin! She would go out of my house, and leave me master here, and never see my face again! What should I have profited?—and there is a meanness and a treason about it, too: but for her condescension to me, her trust in me, I could never have known this. I could never even have guessed that my poor mother had wronged herself by her hasty flight and unhappy suspicions, and that I had been born in deutally touched some unseen spring, for a panel wedlock. It seems treacherous, unworthy, to use the results to dispossess her of her heritage. This is what torments me; I can see no way by which I can come by my own without injury and pain to her.

"There is more still to remember: as I say, when once she knows that I am the Earl Alured's legitimate heir, she will wait for no decision of the court; she will scorn to defend herself by any legal quibble or flaw that may present itself; she will give up everything, and—hate me forever. Or, even if she be so generous as not to hate me as a usurper, she could never, she would never, forgive the man who took advantage of a search which she permitted to him, of a sojourn to which she invited him, and whilst he staid beneath her roof used his leisure to undermine her claims—claims that the law and the world have allowed her all her life. Even if she believed all these papers to be genuine (and she might even not believe that), she would despise the person who brought them forward against her. This is my torture, my perplexity. So well I love her that to be recognized as the Earl of Charterys by all England will avail me nothing if I lose her smiles. Though my honor be cleared, and my pride is now a permissible thing, I am more miserable than I was before I opened that secrétaire. I see no way by which I can make good my title and yet retain her favor. If I show her these papers, I must seem her foe forever; I may even seem a traitor too. I would sooner remain Leônis Renzo whom she respects, and whom—perhaps—she loves. Counsel me, dear and reverend friend."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1359.

THE ICE PALACE IN MONTREAL.

DANCING in an ice house may strike the dweller in temperate zones as a somewhat stiff and cheerless form of recreation. At the same time the spirit of our arctic and antarctic contemporaries in accepting the rigors of their respective climates, and pretending that they like them, is worthy of praise. The glad spontaneity with which the students chose the only available horse of Hobson set an illustrious precedent. Since Russia and Canada can not be moved ten or fifteen degrees toward the tropics with the autumnal equinox, their people do well not merely to fence themselves against the cold with such palliatives as furs and blubber and hot toddies, but to maintain that they enjoy the winter. They dauntlessly toboggan even when they have to rub frost-bitten noses with snow and handle brittle ears with extreme caution; and they propose at Montreal to waltz, or at least to promenade, through colonnades and under glittering roofs of ice by the cold glare of the electric light.

This year, indeed, the Montrealers (or should they be called the Mountaineers-Royal?) have bidden defiance to their fate with an ostentation heretofore unknown. Their ice palace is not the first in the world by many. It was a hundred and forty odd years ago—in the winter of 1740, to be exact—that the first ice palace celebrated in authentic history reared its crystal battlements on the shores of swampy Neva, and ice palaces along that river are now regular features of the St. Petersburg social season. But that "eligible winter residence," which everybody pretends to know all about, and which nobody, not even a cyclopædia, seems really to know anything about, would have been laughed to scorn and tepid water by the Montrealer of 1883. For the "palace" of Czarina ANNA was only fifty-five feet long by fifty wide and twenty high, while the central tower of the palace on Dominion Square will reach the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and its other dimensions, as may be inferred from the illustration, are upon a really palatial scale. Adherents to "truth" in architecture will, however, be shocked to remark that the constructor of the Montreal palace has not confined himself to doing what could be done with his material, but has made a hidden frame-work of timber for his towers of ostensible crystal, and has constructed his roof of poles covered with cedar brush. After this frame-work is complete, it is to be expected that critics of Milesian extraction will throw cold water on the architect's efforts.

It is not said that the Montreal people have emulated the Russian Czarina in establishing ice cannons before the portals of the palace, from which ice balls could be, as the historian absurdly asserts, fired, or, as he meant to assert, expelled, without exploding them until they struck the target. But we can not expect the Canadians to emulate the Russians in all things glacial, since ice commonly forms on the Neva to the thickness of more than three feet—a figure which, we believe, the St. Lawrence has not yet attained; and loyal Canadians will read with envy that in a well at Yakutsk, the earth was once found firmly frozen to a depth of 382 feet.

But if the Canadians do not emulate the Czarina in "firing" frozen cannon, they do emulate the American small boy and PIETRO DE' MEDICI, at whose order MICHAEL ANGELO modelled a statue of snow, in applying their abundant crystalline material to the plastic arts. Two sentinels of snow guard the entrance to the palace, and if the condition of the snow permits, it has been intended to build also two Esquimau huts. Mr. RUSKIN "takes on" a good deal, in his eloquent way, about the injudicious conduct of the Florentine Doge in setting MICHAEL ANGELO to do ephemeral work. A statue of ice has its disadvantages, perhaps, in a liability to confusion between the shadows and the reflections, but only think what we might have been spared if half the statues in Washington had been made of molten ice instead of molten bronze!

In all seriousness, the preparations for the Canadian Carnival seem to have been made with the utmost intelligence and liberality, and they ought to secure a brilliant success. The arrangements have been in charge of a committee of citizens, and the sports have been planned by consultation of all the curling, skating, snow-shoe, and tobogganing clubs. The programme begins with the "inauguration" of the ice palace on the 23d, and extends over the rest of the week. It includes contests in trotting on the St. Lawrence, curling and skating, snow-shoe races and steeple-chases, a fancy-dress carnival at the skating rink, a ball at the Windsor Hotel, and a torch-light procession of all the snow-shoe clubs. The Mayors of other Canadian cities and of New York and Boston, and Governors of States adjacent to Canada, have been officially invited to attend the Carnival, which promises to be memorable in the annals of Montreal. Rooms have been engaged during the period of the festivities for many families of New York and other American cities.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY MRS. FRANK MCCARTHY.

ONE wild March night, not many years ago, two young men walked rapidly through the main street of a crude Western settlement. There was little attempt at paving, as the place seemed to be scooped out of the solid rock which hemmed it in. The width of the street was a serious drawback to its distinction. The houses on either side, slanting down from the hills behind them, dilapidated, detached, and with little or no attempt at architecture, became more insignificant by the long distances which separated them and their grim surroundings. An icy wind, that grew more and more violent at night-fall, congealed all inclination for conversation, but the younger of these pilgrims muttered through his chattering teeth,

"God-forsaken, beastly hole, MAX!"

"Not altogether," replied his companion. "Look yonder, Tom!"

The wind, increasing in velocity, drove before it the murky clouds that had rested upon the jagged hill-tops, and all at once could be seen a hundred martial, maritime, and grotesque shapes clearly defined upon the sky. Myriads of stars began to glow with wonderful brilliancy, but the younger traveller gazed longingly upon the minor lights of the railroad depot that shone hopefully in the distance. The wide portico of a country store loomed in sight; cheerful arrays of patent medicines with their gaudy placards adorned the windows; the battered and broken-nosed figure of an Indian maiden insured the presence of tobacco to the way-worn traveller—and Tom began to soften with these signs of approaching civilization.

"We'll soon shake the dust of this wretched place from our feet, Max," he said. "I've had a nasty presentiment hanging over me all day that something would happen here; but there's the blessed old flaming eye of the engine at last."

It all happened in a quarter of a minute, even as Tom spoke. A wagon came rapidly down the steep cross-street, the driver vainly endeavoring, as he saw an old woman on the crossing, to arrest the speed of his vehicle; his beast was intelligent enough to aid him in this endeavor, but the grade was steep, and the old woman stumbled. Max sprang forward just in time to lift her to her

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feet. As he rose to his own the shaft of the wagon gave him a rough poke upon the leg, which made him wince for a moment, but he carried his light burden to the corner, where she struggled down out of his arms, saying, in the weak, tremulous quaver of age, "Thank ye, thank ye, young man," and hobbled away upon her stick in the gloom.

The man in the wagon called out: "All right, boss? Nobody hurt, I reckon?"

"All right—nobody hurt," echoed Max, and the wagon went rattling on.

The old woman had already disappeared; the engine was belching forth flame and steam only a few rods away. In less than five minutes Tom was filling the brackets over their heads in the car with their travelling traps, and singing softly,

"I got broke at playing poker,
Three of a kind."

This was Tom's favorite pæan of joy. He never got beyond the one line and the refrain, but these seemed to suffice him. He broke off shortly, however, upon looking at his companion. Max was deathly pale, a white quiver about his mouth had a premonition of ghastly faintness about it.

"Hallo, old fellow," cried Tom, "you were hurt, after all; take a swig of this."

He poured some liquor down the throat of Max from a little brown flask, which quickly brought him round, but Tom remained anxious.

"Where's the trouble, Max?" he said.

"Only a blow on the leg," said Max. "I shouldn't wonder if there was a black and blue spot there as big as your hand; but that's all. I'm tired and hungry; let's eat something."

They fell to upon a little supper which Tom brought from the recesses of his travelling bag. The train started on, Max regained his fine florid complexion. Presently he let his head rest upon his beard, and closed his eyes in a light and easy slumber. Tom drew a breath of relief. The train increased in speed. As it went spinning eastward the very cockles of poor Tom's heart warmed at the thought of home. He pulled up the collar of his overcoat, extended his feet upon the luxurious upholstery of the seat ahead, folded his hat into a pillow, and was soon mingling his humble snore with the continuous rattle and occasional shriek of the railway train. With the morning came an amelioration of the cold, but it brought with it fog and mud. The nine miles' ride at the close of the second day, over an uneven country in a lumbering stage-coach, wrung sometimes from Max an exclamation that was nearly akin to a groan; his leg had been a little stiff when he got off the train. Tom thought it was the awkward position in which he had slept. He began now to be of the opinion that a touch of rheumatism might be at the bottom of the trouble.

"We'll give it a rub with some of Aunt Em's liniment when we get home," said Tom, with a soft inflection upon the last word. Tom wouldn't have believed it possible he could have been so ridiculously glad to get back to stupid old Barnesville; he had been so grateful to get away from it, at that time, he had made up his mind that in the whole range of the States he could not stumble upon a duller, more perversely stagnant and exasperating spot than the village of which his father was so proud. It nettled him beyond endurance after he got back from college to see his father stand with his back to the dining-room grate, his hands folded beneath his coat tails, and hold forth by the hour upon the petty themes discussed in the City Council, of which he was an influential member. A sword hung conspicuously over the mantel-piece, which seemed to Tom to crown the absurdity of the scene. The little attention Tom had given to the sanguinary ancients during his collegiate course increased his contempt for the regiment of home guards at Barnesville, of which his father was the colonel, and the approach of Washington's birthday quickened Tom's decision to join his friend Max Beling in that venture out in the mining districts.

"Why, you'd better stay till after the twenty-second," said Aunt Em, who was busy with silken flags and rosettes at a side table. "Merry's coming home from school on purpose, you know."

"Yes," said the colonel, "I thought it judicious to send for America—in—a—fact, I believe she is to personate the Goddess of Liberty; she is tall for her age, you know."

Yes, Tom knew she was taller at fourteen than most girls at twenty. He was exceedingly fond and proud of his sister, but he went, nevertheless.

Tom left Barnesville without a single regret, and vowed in his heart that many a year should go by before he should again see the white houses and green blinds, and little front gardens, and neat palings, and slender saplings of elms and ash-trees and maples that at stated distances marked so many miles of his father's domain. This young lad of twenty, in the innocence and arrogance of youth, thought of many a lively joust and tournament that awaited him yonder, which made the present placid surroundings insipid beyond degree.

Five years had gone by, and he was coming back again, with a lively respect for the fleshpots of Egypt. He had spent all the money left him by his dead mother, a considerable sum loaned him by his father, not to mention some little savings of Aunt Em's. He had spent all this money, and was coming back for more. Yet he had not been given to riotous living. Heaven knew the simple fare upon which he had served, the rough raiment he had worn. The money had all gone in unfortunate ventures in the mining districts. His friend Max had risked and lost even more than Tom. Fortune was a fickle jade, and had led them a sad dance, but at last she had warmed to their favor, and now the tide had turned. All this new investment wanted was a little more capital, and their fortunes were made. His father had a clear head for business; it would be an easy matter to assure him that the venture was a safe one, and at last the future would be secured. Tom thought this all over as they jogged along in the stage-coach, and as the familiar old landmarks began to appear he put down his coat collar, brushed his hat with his sleeve, pulled his pantaloons down over his boots, and began to feel that he was Thomas Jefferson Barnes, the only son of Colonel Barnes of Barnesville. His dark, thin, eager face grew more and more jubilant as the fine fertile lands of the old homestead were passed. Acre after acre of orchard and meadow and woodland were pointed out as the property of Colonel Barnes, and presently the jaded horses began to pull up the hill to the big, square, newly painted mansion that crowned its summit. A crimson flame from the setting sun burned in each window-pane, a brand-new flag floated from a new flag-staff, and a second portico and observatory had been added to the already fine and bedizened building.

A few hours later the elder of our pilgrims found himself arrayed in the one extra suit that he had worn upon state occasions for an incredible period of time—a sack coat and pantaloons of blue flannel, and a high military vest: indeed, the whole appearance of Max smacked of the martial. His skin was bronzed by exposure; even his hair had been toned by the elements to a dozen different shades of reddish-brown. His shoulders were square, and his big shapely head had a trick of inclining forward upon his beard, which somewhat detracted from his extraordinary height, but gave him, the colonel thought, a Napoleonic air of deliberation and distinction. The colonel was positive that Max had seen some sort of service; the stiffness in his leg was immediately accounted for by the fretting of an old wound. Tom humored this fancy, but begged his father not to mention it in the presence of his friend, as he was particularly sensitive upon this point.

"Modest attributes that very commonly belong to heroic natures," acquiesced the colonel. He was standing in his old attitude before the drawing-room grate, his feet far apart, his hands beneath the tails of his coat. Max was tormented by an idea that the colonel closely resembled a hoary sheep that had been a pensioner upon the mining camp for many years—the peculiar triangular shape of his head, which was pointed at the bottom, long and narrow, clean shaven and bald; the expression of the face, bland, timid, deprecating, yet persistent; even the blatant tones of his voice, which went beyond Max, and reached a small, daintily dressed, neat, and dapper gentleman, who had been introduced as Mr. Fry, a prominent lawyer in a neighboring city, and a candidate for the Legislature. Max found his feet sinking into a fine velvet carpet, and above his head the ceiling was frescoed, and the supposed was the prevailing style of the day. Chandeliers of crystal shed rivers of light upon striking pictures in gorgeous frames; upon the satin, brocatelle, and ebony of the furniture; and even as Max's eyes rested upon one of the heavily belaced and upholstered windows that lined the apartment, it resolved itself into a door, through which glided a tall slender girl, with bare shoulders, and magnificent black eyes that rendered the rest of her face pale by contrast. Her ears and neck, arms and fingers, Max thought, were disfigured by chains and rings, and when he took her out to dinner, his stiff leg became awkwardly entangled in her long train. The weather-beaten red in his cheeks deepened, and he did not know how much he was disconcerted until Miss America begged of him not to begin to hate her for the accident.

Max bowed with scant and stiff courtesy, and wondered how this young woman with the ridiculous name of America could be the little sister that Tom so adored. She talked too much, and as if she had known Max for years (which she had, in truth, through her brother's letters); she was overdressed and too handsome, and too conscious of a loveliness that Max never could admire; she was able to stare a fellow out of countenance, and it was very difficult to take up the thread of conventional chitchat when one had been buried in the heart of a cañon for five years, which any sensible girl would know, and not stare, and not chatter.

"Of the Goddess of Liberty style," Max said, scornfully, to himself. He was puzzled to keep up with the routine of the meal, which was not only in courses, but served with too many silver and cut-glass accompaniments for the simple convenience of Max Beling. The variety of forks alone became a study to him. If America could only have known the cause of his vexation and abstraction, it might have saved her a deal of future trouble: she would have begun by pitying him, perhaps despising him; but Tom had led her to form an exalted conception of his friend's character, which her own extravagant imagination had completed. When poor Max was puzzling over the peculiar shape of one of his extra forks, America thought he was deep in some abstruse problem in metaphysics or mining machinery in the mean while the furtive and disturbed glances she bestowed upon him were interpreted into pity and ridicule by Max, and so these two really sympathetic and congenial natures misjudged each other.

Nevertheless, each dreamed of the other all night—a natural sequence to their discomfort in each other's society. To Max it took the shape of nightmare. He dreamed that he was stretched upon the rack for refusing to disclose a state secret, and that the beautiful America, attired in a décolleté costume of alternate stripes of red, white, and blue bunting, presided at the instrument of torture. He awoke to find that his leg was becoming the theatre of some positive suffering. It was sore to the touch just below the knee, and the red spot which had formed there was increasing in size. In spite of every effort to the contrary he was compelled to relinquish his desire to walk over the estate after breakfast, and to accept the ignominious alternative of a drive in America's pony-phaeton. He felt bigger than the pony and heavier than the phaeton, and what with a vague uneasiness about his leg, and the presence of the lady executioner in his dream, he was in no humor to enjoy the drive. He was relieved, however, to find that America did not begin to chatter, and that she wore a quiet, sensible sort of suit buttoned to the throat, with hat of some neutral color to match. Her hair was brushed back and caught in a simple knot in her neck, so that, as she drove, Max could readily admire the exquisite proportions of her head. The morning was fine and breezy; the pony, seemingly undisturbed by his extra load, trotted cheerily along, shaking his shaggy mane, and making a merry rattle with his hoofs on the excellently conditioned road. The village was left speedily behind, and they soon entered a woodland path where, in the nude branches of the trees, premature and amatory songsters were already prospecting for nests. The moss about the old gnarled roots looked fresh and green, and in a sheltered nook Max pointed out to America the first violets of the season. She threw him the reins, and as she came back to Max and gave the frail blossoms to his keeping, he began to thaw with the rest of nature, and to talk in a way that was new to America, but delightful. At first she thought he was trying to suit himself to subjects that she could understand, his discourse was so simple and natural; but she soon gave up conjecturing, and yielding herself to the enjoyment of the hour, became as natural and simple as himself. In this way they grew to understand each other before many miles had been trotted over, and Max, now fully at his ease, and with a strange sense of happiness hitherto unknown to him, even went so far as to tell her of his dream of the night before.

"I assure you, Miss Barnes," he said, "you really did give an extra screw to the torture with your own hands. I can feel it in this miserable joint of mine yet." She looked upon Max with an expression of such sweet compassion that he hastened to add: "I'm glad of the extra wrench that disabled me, for otherwise I should have been trudging over bald and boggy fields with your father and Tom, instead of exploring this exquisite bit of woodland with you."

"It is strange, but I also dreamed of you," said America, gravely.

"Oh, did you, indeed? Well, be as frank as I was, and tell me of your dream."

"It was too ridiculous," said America; and Max saw the color creep into her clear pale cheek. To his confusion, he felt his own beginning to tingle.

"Could it have been more ridiculous than mine?" he said, gently.

"Perhaps not that way," she replied. "I dreamed that you rescued me from something horrible." Here she blushed deeper, and paused.

"A dragon?" said Max, with ill-concealed curiosity. And she replied that it was not a dragon; and by that time they were trotting up the avenue of poplars, and soon Max saw her disappear up the broad staircase. Tom was coming down. Max saw that he was pale and disturbed.

"I must have a talk with you," said Tom: "let's take a turn about the grounds." Then, noticing that Max limped painfully, "The devil!" he exclaimed; "that's another confounded nuisance that must be seen to at once." Then he took Max's arm, and helped him up the stairs to the guest-chamber he had slept in the night before. Tom shut and barred the door, and coming close to his friend, who had thrown himself with an air of exhaustion into an arm-chair, he said, in a tone of suppressed wrath and disappointment: "There's no hope here, Max—nothing but a hodge-podge of ruin and desolation. My father is next door to a beggar."

Max bore this news with resignation. He had been thinking while limping up the stairs that all that spoiled America was the natural meretricious consequence of being rich.

"I spoke to my father," continued Tom, "right after breakfast, determining to have the thing settled at once, and he confessed to me that it is merely hanging on by a thread so far as he is concerned—that everything is mortgaged to the hub, and the depreciation in real estate has made most of the mortgages fairly cover the property. It is only the peculiar and lucky relation that this little sharper of a Fry holds to the family that saves everything from going to the hammer. Fry holds all the mortgages, and is lenient about the interest, as well he may be. He's got some money himself, and has the handling of a quantity more through a rich old grandmother out West. When he marries Merry, this whole property will come into his hands."

"When he what?" said Max, suddenly leaping out of a sort of lethargy that had crept over him.

"When he marries America, my sister," said Tom. "Fortunately for my father he has a daughter beautiful and wise enough to keep the wolf at bay. It's a lucky thing for Merry she's not the kind of girl to hobnob with poverty. She'll see to my father and Aunt Em. As for me, the pick and pan of a miner— But what in thunder—hey! Max, my boy!"

Max was shaking and chattering in a congestive chill; his face was livid; his nails purple. Tom got his friend to bed, and sent for a doctor at once. Max scrambled out of the chill into a fever.

"Some trouble with the bone," said the doctor. "Brings about a nasty complication sometimes. Keep the patient quiet just now."

Which was easier recommended than done. Max tossed and tumbled and talked wildly, and with an unnecessary form of patriotism, Tom thought, about America and the Goddess of Liberty.

"I'll save her, Tom," whispered Max—"I'll save her if I die for it. I did once, you know."

"Save who, my poor Max?" said Tom.

"Why, the Goddess, you know—the Goddess of Liberty! She's turning the screws again in that accursed rack, but she don't know it. Who would have believed she could have been so simple and womanly and sweet?—as fresh and pure, before Heaven, Tom, as the violets she held in her hand. I hated her by gas-light in her low dress, with all those gewgaws about her."

Tom saw that his sister's face was red and pale by turns. "Perhaps you'd better go out of the room, Merry," he said. "God only knows what fancies beset his brain." Merry thought she knew; she fancied she could tell of a certain Venetian vase that held the very violets Max raved about.

The violets in the Venetian vase were dead; others had taken their place; March ripened into April, and April was fast verging to May, and still poor Max was a prisoner in that fine luxurious upper chamber in the colonel's house at Barnesville. His leg had all this time been under treatment, and the doctor thought it possible by a series of probings and applications to effect a temporary cure. "The core of the disease will possibly remain for a longer period," said the physician, "but the fine physique of the patient will bring him round when he can get air and exercise."

Max's fine physique, however, began to be rather against him than in his favor. The doctor leaned to the opinion that he would prefer a more sanguine temperament.

In the mean while the most of Miss America's time was spent in the vicinity of the sick-chamber. A wonderful aptitude as a nurse had developed itself in this versatile young woman, and she had even shown a rare ability in concocting broths and dainties to tempt a jaded appetite. As usual, she devoted herself to this new hobby with enthusiasm.

"She gives her whole heart to everything she undertakes," said the colonel, apologetically, to a visitor who had called several times and found it impossible to see the daughter of the house; "but this mania will spend itself like all the rest, and then she won't want to hear of a sick person for a twelvemonth."

The colonel's auditor smiled complacently, and began to talk of other things. Although there was something amounting to a betrothal between himself and the lady in question, his mind also was preoccupied and absorbed. An unlooked-for complication had arisen in his own affairs. His grandmother had altered her will, and left more than two-thirds of her property in a way that might occasion Mr. Fry considerable trouble. He was compelled to go out and see the old lady, and had called to bid Merry a brief farewell. Under these circumstances the young woman consented to come down. She left the hot hand of Max and his eager, devouring eyes, for the cool, clammy palm and the foxy gaze of her promised husband. Merry found, as they stood together, that she really was a half head taller than Mr. Fry, as Max had once laughingly told her. She looked down upon the dapper little man with grave courtesy, and left her hand in his own, but he saw that her manner was constrained and her attention wandering.

"I won't keep you from your studies, America," he said; "I'm in somewhat of a hurry myself; I must catch the noon train." Then he went on to tell her that his interests with his grandmother were seriously threatened, and his presence was necessary out there for a short period; that he would write, and he hoped she would find time to reply. America promised she would write, and began for the first time since their engagement to find it absolutely repugnant to her to have his thin lips touch her own. He was ordinarily a cold, unimpassioned wooer, and was not a whit warmer now than usual; but custom required that he should kiss her good-by. America yielded to the brief caress, but it was only when he was well out on the portico, with his hat on, and barely time to catch the train, that her manner warmed to the occasion or the impatient crimson abated in her cheeks. On her way back to Max's chamber she stopped in her own, and laved her face, her lips, and washed well her hands. She met the doctor in the corridor, and behind him was evidently another professional gentleman. They both walked gravely and silently down the stairs to the lower hall, where the colonel was pacing to and fro, his hands beneath his coat tails.

"Ahem!" coughed the colonel, sympathetically. "What is the ultimatum?"

"Just as I said," replied the family physician: "an amputation is necessary to save the patient's life; but he objects—strenuously and violently refuses."

Merry ran up the stairs without waiting to hear more, and found her brother Tom sitting by the bedside, his face buried in his hands.

"Here is your sister, Tom," said Max, with a warning inflection in his voice, and holding out his hand to the young girl with his usual cheery smile.

"You needn't try to conceal anything from me," she said. "I know all about it; I am studying medicine and surgery, and mean to be a physician. Now that the worst has come, we can meet it bravely. You'll get well and strong, and be yourself again, Max; and, after all, an old soldier surely don't mind the loss of a leg."

Then Tom, seeing a look of distress in Max's face, told Merry for the first time of the rescue of the old woman.

"If she had been young, or even pretty," groaned Tom; "but she was a veritable witch—there was something uncanny in her whole appearance, and no doubt she held an infectious curse about her. Her old bones might better have been ground to powder than to have brought all this about, for she hadn't long to live in any case; but Max was always reckless."

"You'd have done the same thing," said Max, "if I had not anticipated you."

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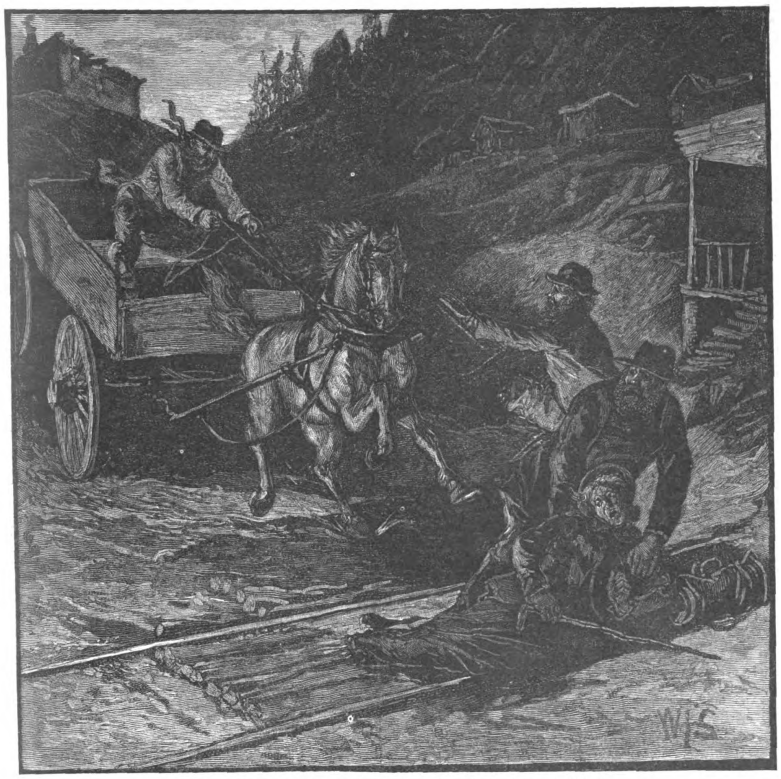

"THE WAGON CAME RAPIDLY DOWN THE STEEP CROSS STREET."

"I wish I had," cried Tom—"I wish to Heaven it was I that had to choose between my leg and my life; the leg would go mighty quick!"

"Your leg is of less consequence to you, perhaps, and your life more," said Max. "The one would be useless to me without the other, and both are of little account. You know, Tom, that I haven't a relative or friend in the world outside of yourself."

Here Tom saw that his sister had reached the door, and was beckoning him out of the room.

"You must get upon a horse," she said, as soon as the door was closed upon the sick-chamber, "and go down to the city, and bring those doctors back with you before night. The operation must be performed at once; and tell them to get more doctors if necessary—to spare no expense. I've—I've got money of mamma's, you know, Tom," she stammered, gently—"that dear mamma left me for my own."

Tom nodded. That money of their dead mother's was bound to go in some way.

"But Max has not consented," said Tom.

"It doesn't matter," said Merry; "it must be done. He'll know nothing about it till all is over. Do you go after the doctors, and I'll see to the rest."

It seemed to Tom that the remaining hours of that day went by like a queer, awful dream. He remembered bringing the doctors stealthily in, and becoming conscious of a faint odor—sickening, sweet, overpowering—that filled the room immediately afterward, of holding his sister tight in his arms in the adjoining chamber while something terrible was going on inside there, and during an agonizing tension of his nerves, later on, hearing a terrible cry burst from the lips of poor Max.

"Gracious God!" he groaned, "whose work was this?"

"Mine!" said Merry. "Did you think I would let you die?"

It would have taken a stronger man than Max to have turned away from that beautiful, earnest, pallid face now caressingly close to his own. Tom looked on in speechless and rapt dismay, remembering his father's perilous plight.

Max remained dazed and bewildered, but after that first outcry made no complaint. The operation was eminently successful. The doctors rubbed their hands over it, and eulogized the system, the patient, each other, everything and everybody concerned. A speedy convalescence and radical riddance of the whole disorder was prophesied. But days went by—weeks—a month and more, and still Max lay under the silken canopy, his face as waxen and weak-veined as that of a sick infant, his eyes unnaturally bright and hollow, his hands feverish, and his whole aspect fit to strike terror to the hearts that remained steadfastly but despairingly fond.

"Life is sweet, Tom," Max said one day. "I never thought it could hold so much of happiness; but you see, I can't, I must not live—it would be too cowardly; there's no other way out of it but to die. Would you see your incomparable sister tied for life to a pauper and a cripple—the wife of a one-legged flag-man at a railway crossing, or accompanying his efforts with a hurdy-gurdy upon a tambourine? Then remember the desperate condition of your father. My good Tom, it is a hopeless case."

It was a long speech for poor Max. Great beads started out on his forehead, and his voice had sunk to a whisper before he was half through with it. But it told the whole story.

"We might take Merry's money into consideration," said Tom, then paused, remembering the insufficient quantity there was to take. Tom plunged his hands deeper into his hair, and wished there was a bank somewhere adjacent, and he was an A 1 tip-top burglar with an elastic conscience. He felt positive that only a few thousand dollars would develop the mine to such an extent that another leg would be a superfluity to Max.

One magnificent morning in June, Nature was at her happiest, at her best. The long windows of Max's chamber were opened to the full; the branches of the sycamores tempered the rays of the sun and subdued the frolic of the breeze. A celestial silence reigned in the garden below, where the tulips blazed, the pinks exhaled spicy odors, stiff parterres of blossoms were made wanton by bees and butterflies, and pale phantoms of statues were robed and relieved by a prodigality of reflected color and shade; the birds sang, the bees hummed, all in an under-tone of dreamy delight. But the pale lips of Max broke into an old rhyme that somewhat marred the voluptuous ease of the moment:

"Oh, to think my name is crossed
From duty's muster-roll—
That I may slumber through the clarion call,
And live the joy of an embodied soul,
Free as a liberated ghost!
Oh, to feel a life of deed
Was emptied out to feed
That fire of pain that burned so brief a while—
That fire from which I come as the dead come
Forth from the irreparable tomb!"

Two human beings in the next room looked at each other in speechless dismay. Tom shook his head, and let it fall, with a gesture of despair, upon his hand again; and Merry, to control her nerves, picked up a paper that had lain upon the table since the previous day. A sealed letter, addressed by the same hand, had remained there even longer. They were both from the Western town where Mr. Fry was still sojourning. His grandmother had died in the interim, which palliative calamity threatened further complications and a longer delay. Merry opened the paper, and read it with her eyes alone; the nerve that connected the organ of vision with her brain was dormant and paralyzed. The advertisements, being in larger print, she read first. Presently her eyes fell upon the following:

"If the tall, brown-whiskered gentleman who, on the evening of the 18th of March, near the depot at ——, rescued an old lady from being run over, and immediately afterward, with his companion, took the train eastward, will communicate with H. K. Fry, solicitor, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

Merry read this over several times, sometimes repeating the words half aloud to get their meaning, her eyes gradually gaining intelligence and expression. Then she turned to the neglected letter and broke the seal. Her hands trembled, and her lips parted eagerly. She drifted over the letter till she reached the following passage: "And this, dear America, is the story the absurd old lady told: that while crossing the street she stumbled, and a wagon rattling down the hill would have inevitably gone over her had it not been for this tall deliverer, who seized her in his arms and carried her to the corner; that he was himself struck by the pole of the wagon, but, apparently unhurt, took the eastward train. And to this mythical knight," added Mr. Fry, "my grandmother has left one-half her money and her share in the mine. The money alone will amount to sixty thousand dollars. But I doubt if he can be found very soon, and in the mean while I am the executor and administrator of the estate."

Merry's eyes had dilated to an enormous extent; a crimson flame burned in her cheek. The letter and newspaper she clutched in her hand, and striding over to Tom, touched him upon the shoulder. Tom looked up, and was startled to find this magnificent face glaring down upon him. Merry thrust the paper into his hand, and pointed to the solicitor's advertisement. Tom read, and the paper began to rattle in his fingers. Then Merry pushed the open letter upon the paper, and pointed to the interesting paragraph. Tom read, and his face grew pale as ashes. He shortly arose to his feet, to the ends of his toes, and lifting the letter above his head, went pirouetting around the room, singing in an effective undertone this touching refrain:

"I got broke at playing poker,
Three of a kind!"

This powerful tonic had to be administered to Max *in small* doses; but we must refer the reader for the sequel to this story to an issue of the Barnesville *Chronicle* some months later on. It was a lengthy bit of eloquence, but the pith of it consisted in the information that the bridal excursion of the happy pair—which was in rather a barren direction for a convalescent, however—included a suggestive visit to a prosperous mine, and that the sole party who accompanied them was "our esteemed fellow-townsman Thomas Jefferson Barnes, Esq., the brother of the bride."

"WHOSE WORK WAS THIS?"

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TWEDDLE HALL, ALBANY.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with the State Capital will remember the plain but commodious "brown-stone" building which for nearly a quarter of a century stood on the corner of Pearl and State streets, half-way up the steep hill the brow of which is crowned by the Capitol. The site of the building is famous in the annals of the city. There, until 1832, stood the "White House," the parsonage of BALTHAZAR LYDIUS, whose name was borne by one of the principal streets of Albany until in a moment of weakness and ambition the city authorities committed the folly of substituting that of "Madison Avenue." The parsonage was built of white brick, brought from Holland along with the bell and pulpit. After the building was abandoned as a parsonage it was occupied by the publishers GEORGE and CHARLES R. WEBSTER, who sent out from it to the limits, not then very extended, of the Union the "Webster's Spelling Book," which until very lately held its own in many a school of the State. There also was printed the old Albany *Gazette*, a noted journal in its day. The building was shaded by the "Old Elm-Tree," the chief of those which made Pearl Street on a midsummer day, before the march of improvement had widened it, one of the most charming of the winding streets of Albany. The old tree on the corner stood till 1877, and when it was cut up into relics for the reverent Albanians it was found that several inches in thickness of its trunk was thickly studded with tacks, it having been in former times the favorite place for posting all sorts of public notices.

Tweddle Hall was built in 1860, and was at that time and for a long while after the only decent assembly-room in the State capital. It was the scene of many a notable gathering and entertainment. Its acoustic properties were peculiarly good, and it was a favorite house with singers, some of the most celebrated of whom have been heard within its walls. It was in Tweddle Hall, on the 31st of January, 1861, that the famous Democratic Convention was called to consider the then troubled condition of the country, and at which many words were spoken which their authors would afterward have given much to be able to withdraw. Everything was in confusion. Men's minds were excited not only by alarm for the existence of the government, but by partisan disappointment and disgust at the overthrow of the powerful party which had so long swayed the destinies of the government. Governor SEYMOUR, Judge CHURCH, Mr. TILDEN, Hon. LYMAN J. TREMAINE, and JAMES S. THAYER were the ruling spirits of the Convention. Mr. SEYMOUR there delivered the first of that long series of characteristic speeches which made him one of the most conspicuous and most unfortunate men of his time. He likened the Republicans to maniacs at the burning of an asylum, and while beseeching his hearers to lay aside all party feeling, insulted and maligned the statesmen into whose hands the government was passing with the most cruel insinuations. Mr. THAYER went further. "If a revolution is to begin, it shall be inaugurated at home," he vociferated; and if "coercion" were to be attempted, he threatened the Republican leaders with the "guillotine." Mr. TREMAINE'S language was scarcely more moderate, but it must be said of him that the actual rebellion found him among the most energetic and influential of the supporters of the national government.

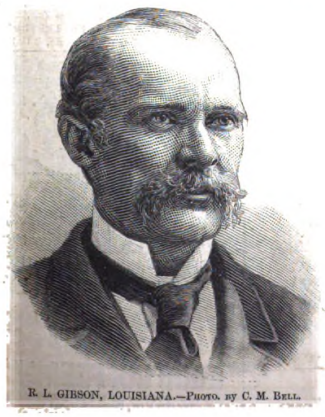
At this Convention the venerable Chancellor WALWORTH was brought upon the stage to lift his feeble voice in deprecation of the horrors of civil war, and he drew a pathetic picture of the fate which he dreaded for the country should the government undertake to put down resistance to the laws by force. The Convention adopted a long series of resolutions, the most significant of which was "that the worst and most ineffective argument that can be addressed

THE RUINS OF TWEDDLE HALL, ALBANY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

GEORGE F. HOAR, MASSACHUSETTS.—PHOTO. BY BRADY.

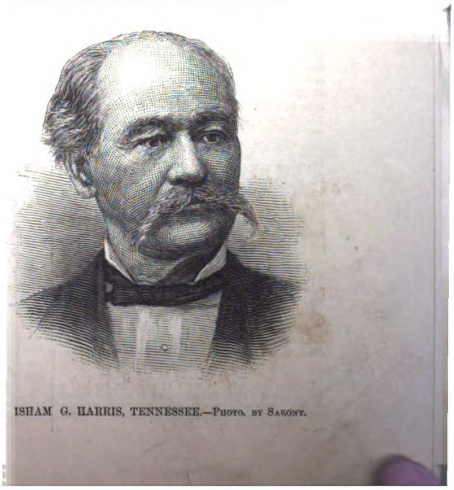
ALFRED H. COLQUITT, GEORGIA.—PHOTO. BY C. W. MOTES.

JAMES F. WILSON, IOWA.—PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.



R. L. GIBSON, LOUISIANA.—PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.

S. M. CULLOM, ILLINOIS.—PHOTO. BY DEANE.



ISHAM G. HARRIS, TENNESSEE.—PHOTO. BY SARONY.

THE UNITED STATES SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

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by the Confederacy" (that was then the Democratic name for the United States), "or its adhering members, to the seceding States, is civil war. Civil war will not restore the Union, but will defeat forever its reconstruction." Delegates were named to a Peace Convention, which never met. The mischief done by the Convention was very great. It was one of the principal proofs on which the South relied that secession could be peacefully accomplished, and that the use of force by the President would awake the flame of insurrection in the North. Its records read like very ancient history. Most of the men who took part in it are dead, or sunk in an obscurity as impenetrable as that of death.

Of more recent conventions held in Tweddle Hall the one most likely to be remembered in political circles was that of 1877, when the first heavy blow was dealt to Mr. TILDEN'S fortunes in the house of his friends, and the combination was formed in New York State which robbed him of the coveted nomination in 1880. Of the political meetings held there, one was made memorable by a speech from Governor MORTON, of Indiana. It was at the darkest period of the war. The hall had been partly packed with men sent to break up the meeting. As Mr. MORTON, then in the prime of his powers, was advocating the most energetic measures, one of the disturbers called to him, "Would you arm the niggers?" "I would fight the rebels with hyenas!" thundered the speaker, in a voice which rose above the tumult and silenced it.

Tweddle Hall was burned to the ground on the morning of the 16th inst. In point of safety in case of fire it was wretchedly defective. A delay of five minutes in giving the alarm enabled the flames to get beyond control, and had the auditorium been filled, the tragedy of the Brooklyn Theatre must have been repeated.

THE SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE elections to fill the places of twenty-six United States Senators whose terms expire on March 3 have been of unusual interest, and in a few cases have been closely contested. In a majority of instances, however, the present holders have been returned to their seats for another six years. Of the six Senators-elect whose portraits are given on page 61, four, Messrs. COLQUITT, GIBSON, WILSON, and CULLOM, are new men, and two, Messrs. HARRIS and HOAR, are in the present Senate.

Ex-Governor ALFRED H. COLQUITT, of Georgia, who succeeds Mr. POPE BARROW, the temporary occupant of the late Mr. HILL'S seat, has made a good record in his State, but is altogether inexperienced in Congressional service. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, of Louisiana, the successor of Mr. WILLIAM PITT KELLOGG, on the other hand, has served four terms in the House of Representatives. He goes to the Senate by the unanimous vote of the General Assembly of his State. Mr. GIBSON is a Kentuckian by birth, and is fifty years of age. He served in the Confederate army throughout the war. The Senator from Iowa, Mr. JAMES F. WILSON, is an old hand in Congressional matters, having served in the House during the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth sessions. He was one of the managers of the impeachment trial of ANDREW JOHNSON. He is fifty-four years of age, and was born in Newark, Ohio. Mr. SHELBY M. CULLOM, of Illinois, who resigns the honors of the Governor's chair for those of the Senate, can also lay claim to considerable experience in the national legislature. He was a member of the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, and Forty-first Congresses, and served on various important committees. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and about fifty-four years of age.

Messrs. HARRIS, of Tennessee, and HOAR, of Massachusetts, are their own successors. Mr. ISHAM G. HARRIS was born in Tennessee, was a Representative in Congress from that State from 1849 to 1853, a Presidential elector in 1856, and Governor from 1857 to 1861. He took part in the rebellion, and in 1867 resumed the practice of law at Memphis. In 1877 he was sent to the United States Senate. Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts, has served his State in many important positions. He was a Representative in the Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, and Forty-fourth Congresses, but declined a renomination for the Forty-fifth. Mr. HOAR was an Overseer of Harvard College from 1874 to 1880, presided over the Massachusetts State Republican Conventions of 1871 and 1877, was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1876 at Cincinnati, one of the managers of the BELKNAP impeachment trial in 1876, a member of the Electoral Commission in the same year, and President of the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1880. He is in his fifty-seventh year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1363. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL—THE TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.—DRAWN BY H. SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 30, contains a rare collection of stories and sketches, viz.: "The Fort on Abbott's Hill," by JAMES OTIS; *"A Story about Mr. Du Chaillu," by* MISS L. M. CRANE; *"Swimming for Life," by* DAVID KER; *Chapters XXI. and XXII. of "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE; *and Chapter I. of "Reg," a story in four parts, by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

There is a most interesting article on the tiny forms of animal life found in sea-water, by MISS SARAH COOPER, *entitled "Some Dainty Morsels for the Whales."* MISS EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER *contributes a poem entitled "Baby," and* MISS SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT *one entitled "The Cricket and the Tea-Kettle."*

The art-work in this Number includes a beautiful wood-engraving by H. P. WALCOTT, *with the legend, "You Can't Come In, Jack Frost"; two drawings by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD; *a full-page picture of "The Gorilla"; and a charming winter scene by* E. J. MEEKER.

A "STALWART" VICTORY.

THE retention of the rotten borough system of delegate representation in the National Convention is called a Stalwart triumph, and certainly it has the mark of such triumphs in its total want of apprehension of the actual political situation. The two conspicuous Stalwart performances in this State within the last two years are the attempted CONKLING-PLATT re-election in 1881 and the State nominations in 1882. They were both characteristic of that Bourbon dullness in politics which is called Stalwartism. This is the spirit which disbelieves in popular intelligence, sneers at political honesty as sentimentality, and holds lying and cheating in public affairs to be evidence of "virility." It is touching to see the innocent Stalwart faith which thought the Whiskey Ring frauds were disproved by calling the charges "mud slinging," and which complacently sneers at the purpose of the country to break up nefarious practices in politics as snivel service reform. Indeed, this last phrase has imparted as much consolation to despondent Stalwarts as the term "Woolly Heads" applied to Republicans twenty-five years ago gave to Hunker Democrats and Silver Gray Whigs. But Republicanism prevailed.

The Stalwart victory in the National Committee consists substantially in the decision that representation in the Convention shall be based upon population and not upon party strength. The result of this decision is to make a real expression of the party preference more difficult and to make bargains easier. This is undoubtedly, as far as it goes, a characteristic Stalwart victory. But, on the other hand, the elections are to be actually district elections—an arrangement which makes the manipulation of State bosses more difficult. It would not be easy for the most candid Stalwart to show why the delegation to a National Republican Convention should not represent the real Republican strength of the country, equalized as nearly as practicable. This should be the object of every plan in regard to a Convention, because the action of the Convention loses moral weight just in the degree that it is felt not to represent the actual sentiment of the party. The fatal argument against the old method of nomination by a Congressional caucus was the evident opportunity offered by it of bargaining between members of Congress and the candidates, especially if the President were one of them. It was but natural, therefore, that in 1824, when the contest was wholly personal, the caucus nomination carried no authority. Whatever tends to disturb general confidence in the action of the nominating body is very injurious to the party, and such disturbance is inevitably produced by any scheme which favors illegitimate control of the Convention, and it is therefore a very barren victory to persuade the National Committee to approve such a scheme.

So far as this point is concerned, what is called the Stalwart victory merely makes party success more difficult in 1884. But it also increases that difficulty in another way. MR. CHANDLER is reported to have said at the meeting of the committee that defeat awaited the party if the representation were not reformed. We doubt whether MR. CHANDLER allowed himself to make any such admission. But the refusal to reform is an unfavorable augury of success because it shows an unwillingness to read wisely the signs of the times. It is certainly very desirable, if not indispensable to Republican success in 1884, that the party should be conformed to the evident changes in public sentiment, and that it be plainly the best representative of the best opinion of the country. Now the palpable predominance in its councils of the spirit and the leadership that were discarded in the Convention of 1880 could hardly be an earnest of victory in view of the state of political feeling disclosed by the last elections. The action of Congress in the prompt passage of the reform bill was a much greater Republican advantage than some of its supporters probably supposed. It showed a thorough sense of the situation. But the conduct of the committee is discordant with that of Congress, and defies a clearly expressed public opinion. The vote which was so independent at the election was largely a Republican vote. Now a second adverse vote is always easier than the first, and that protesting vote of 1882 will not be recovered merely by practically announcing that the party sees no reason to change its methods and its management. Such victory as was won by Stalwartism in the committee was, therefore, as we have said, a characteristic Stalwart victory because it tends to injure the party. The one thing which, since the election, is a hopeful evidence of Republican vigor is the passage of the reform bill. But while we gladly acknowledge the efficient aid that it received from certain gentlemen known as Stalwarts, it will not be claimed as in any sense a Stalwart measure, but, on the contrary, it is known to be repugnant to Stalwart sentiment. Indeed, the history of two years shows pretty plainly that if Republican dominance be desirable, Stalwart victories are not to be prayed for.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS DECISION.

THE Supreme Court has pronounced the conspiracy clause of the Ku-Klux law, section 5519 of the Revised Statutes, to be unconstitutional. At the time of its passage it was held to be authorized by the Fourteenth Amendment, which lays certain restriction upon State action. The substance of the decision is that under that amendment the United States can protect the civil rights of individuals only when violated by State authority. But for a simple conspiracy against such rights the remedy must be sought under State law.

The sound opinion of the Court, which commends itself to every intelligent mind, shows the groundlessness of the fear expressed by ex-Governor SEYMOUR in his late article in the *North American Review*, that there is a dangerous centralizing tendency in the government. The loose, vague, and perilous Jeffersonian-Virginia-and-Kentucky-resolution theory of the Union has been happily discredited by the war. Of that theory CALHOUN was the logical advocate in asserting the superior sovereignty of the States. But the declaration of the true doctrine of national supremacy, with distinctly defined State authority, is one of the great traditions of the Supreme Court, and its present decision is in strict accordance with it.

The long and terrible civil war sprang from the dogma of State sovereignty invoked to protect and perpetuate slavery. It was natural that at its close the tendency to magnify the national authority should have been very strong, and especially to defend the victims of slavery. That tendency was in every way preferable to the disposition to connive at the crimes of the old slavery spirit under the same old plea of State sovereignty. In a calmer time the laws passed under that humane impulse are reviewed, and when found to be incompatible with strict constitutional authority, they are set aside. It is another illustration of the singular wisdom of our constitutional system.

A DISGRACEFUL TAX.

THE grotesque difficulties and injustice of the tariff appear in many ways, and there are two or three illustrations which have been recently reported that deserve attention. Attempts have been often made to tax American invalids who use the mineral waters of Europe. But Congress drew the line of protection at that point, and declined to levy a tax upon the efforts of the sick to get well. Congress, however, could not outwit the indefatigable ingenuity of the owners of American mineral springs, who obtained a ruling from the Secretary of the Treasury that the bottles and jugs in which the European water was imported must pay a tax of about thirty per cent., although the jugs and bottles are useless for any other purpose. Emboldened by success, the same interest has now pushed on, and proposes to change the duty to one and a half cents per pound, which would quadruple the tax, and make it about one hundred and twenty per cent.

But a tax even more grotesque is that upon pictures and statues. The dream of every poor American boy who feels the instinct of the artist stirring within him is to save and save until, by the most careful self-denial and economy, he can lay by money enough to carry him over the ocean to see and study the great works of the great masters of his art. Every lover of art feels that the most serious impediment for the art student in this country is the want of what he calls an atmosphere of art, which is only to be found where there are works which at once educate the taste of the community and inspire and teach the young artist to gratify it. A more whimsical and barbarous device in a civilized and actively developing nation can hardly be conceived than a prohibition of the means by which such taste is to be fostered and such talent encouraged. Such a prohibition is a proscription of genius. It is saying to RAPHAEL and MICHAEL ANGELO, to TITIAN and TURNER, to the refining and humanizing influences of beauty and grace as revealed in all historic and contemporaneous art, that they are not welcome to America, and shall be treated as invaders and enemies. A consequence of this foolish exclusion is well shown by Mr. F. D. MILLET in a recent letter. An exhibition of the pictures of one of the most distinguished living English artists, ALMA TADEMA, is proposed in London. Some of the most important of his pictures are owned in this country. The owners are willing to loan the pictures for the exhibition, provided that they are guaranteed against payment of the duty upon them when they are returned. But the Secretary of the Treasury declares the law to be explicit, and upon the present value of the pictures, which the customs appraisers may determine, the return duty would be much greater than the original.

Could anything be more ludicrous and more shameful for a generous and civilized nation? MR. TADEMA is to be denied the advantage of exhibiting his pictures owned in this country because his greater fame makes those pictures more valuable, and the reason alleged is that if good pictures by foreign artists are permitted to come into the country, the production of good pictures in America will be checked. Does the introduction of beautiful foreign shrubs and plants ruin the American florist? Was the Parthenon built or the "Last Judgment" painted by promoting ignorance of the great achievements of art, and shutting up Athens and Rome to a stifling provinciality? American artists are wiser than American legislators, and the Society of American Artists has recently passed a resolution which Congress, in revising the tariff, may well heed:

"*Resolved*, That the attention of the present Tariff Commission and of Congress should be called to the fact that whereas the United States of America is the only leading nation in the world that has not inherited the works of art of any great epoch of the past, it is at the same time the only nation that puts a penalty, by means of a tariff, upon the importation of works of art, both ancient and modern, and that in the opinion of this society all works of art should be excepted from the payment of duties, both in the interest of art in general and of American art in particular."

THE LOSS OF THE "CIMBRIA."

OUR remark of last week that improvement in the means of saving human life does not keep pace with all other improvement is sadly verified by the terrible catastrophe of the *Cimbria*. the Hamburg steamer which was run down by the steam-ship *Sultan* on Friday, January 19, on the way from Hamburg to Havre, sinking within a quarter of an hour, with a loss of nearly four hundred passengers. This is one of the great disasters upon the sea which no care or skill seems to be able to avert. Maritime signals, water-proof compartments, every life-preserving device, often become futile in the terrible hour, and the ocean remorselessly asserts its supremacy over the utmost human ingenuity.

There are certain kinds of catastrophe, however, which seem to be avoidable at sea, and among these may be included such a collision as that of the *Sultan* with the *Cimbria*. There was a dense fog; signal-whistles were heard; a ship is suddenly seen one hundred and fifty feet off; there is a crash, and almost immediately the vessel that is struck heels over and sinks. So far as now appears, officers and crew and passengers behaved well, and nothing that science has devised for safety was wanting. But there was not a storm. Both vessels were entirely manageable, and it would seem that if both had been merely holding their headway, so fatal a crash need not have occurred. The most baffling enemy of the seaman is fog. It destroys the possibility of seeing, and it is now said that it also paralyzes sound. The only reasonable course to pursue is to move as slowly as possible. But the accounts of the sailing of vessels in fogs show generally that they either dash on at full speed or proceed at half speed. In the crowded bay and harbor of New York, when serious collisions occur, it is because vessels are doing more than merely keeping their headway. When the Staten Island ferry-boat *Castleton* was run down by the sea steamer *Spain* a few years ago, the *Spain* was moving out of the harbor, not perhaps at full speed, but with the consciousness of superior force to any craft that she was likely to encounter.

There is no easy method of enforcing a rule regulating speed during a fog. The management of vessels under such circumstances depends very much upon the temperament of the commander. An adventurous and bold captain naturally takes risks and runs for luck, depending upon the momentum of his vessel and the chapter of chances. The prudent captain holds his cautious way, and in the midst is overtaken and run down. The perils of the sea are very little diminished. Iron hulls, and collision bulkheads, and Atlantic voyages of a week, and every comfort and luxury of accommodation and entertainment, alleviate somewhat the discomforts, but they do

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not obviate the dangers, of a sea-voyage. But the great number and variety of disasters by sea and land which have marked this winter will certainly emphasize the fact that running for luck is not the conduct of wise men or of a sensible community.

BULLION CERTIFICATES.

MR. J. W. SYLVESTER, of the Assay Office, has issued a little pamphlet making a simple and valuable practical suggestion for a safe currency. The actual use of coin in business transactions is so small as to be computed at only five per cent. of the whole amount. Mr. SYLVESTER proposes that the bulk of bullion be manufactured into fine bars, with the weight and fineness stamped upon them, and that such bars of a defined fineness be made legal tender for their stamped value.

The government is to keep the bars on deposit, issuing for them certificates of deposit redeemable upon presentation. The certificates, of any fractional value, secured by bullion actually upon deposit and always ready to be delivered, would be the equivalent of gold, and circulate as banknotes or legal tenders, and for convenience would be greatly preferable to coin. Mr. SYLVESTER estimates that nine-tenths of the present coinage would be dispensed with, as the only need of coin would be to supply the occasional demand of holders of small certificates.

The application of this scheme to silver bullion is more difficult. Mr. SYLVESTER thinks that silver bars might be treated in the same manner, and made legal tender at the market value of silver calculated in gold. This relative value he would have authoritatively determined each business day in the year, and that determination should fix the relative legal value for the next business day. This is more uncertain. But the uncertainty is inevitable in the attempt to deal with a double standard. Mr. SYLVESTER'S proposition in regard to gold bullion is certainly admirably simple and feasible.

LIEBER'S LETTERS.

THE massive head and the serious, half-melancholy face of the portrait in the *Life and Letters of Francis Lieber* vividly recall that earnest, thoughtful, and learned man. The book itself, edited by Professor PERRY, is a delightful contribution to our literature, for the freedom and familiarity of LIEBER'S letters, and the shrewdness of his perception, made him one of the most charming of correspondents. Neither time nor fate could affect the simplicity, enthusiasm, and tenderness of his nature. Age did not wither him, nor custom stale the generous impulse which led the boy of fifteen joyfully to Waterloo and Greece.

Those who saw the grave elderly professor could not readily believe that his young life had been singularly romantic. He grew up with the young Germany of the earlier part of the century, with which hatred of NAPOLEON was a kind of religion, and among the noble labors of his life none was nobler than that of founding political liberty upon a moral basis, and expounding the moral sanctions of law. From 1835 to 1857 LIEBER filled the chair of history in the University of South Carolina, at Columbia. It was a long and sad exile for him. His friends were all elsewhere, and he had no sympathy with the life, the opinions, and the tendencies of the society around him.

The sense of isolation, however, gave him all the more leisure for his real work, the preparation of his treatises upon political science, which are the most important that have appeared in this country. His ardent and effusive nature also constantly overflowed into letters, which are a most interesting series of comments upon the quarter of a century preceding the civil war, by a man of foreign birth, but of the truest American sympathies and of a strong mental grasp, living unwillingly in the very heart of the secession movement. When the war came, his great knowledge and experience made him a most useful counsellor of the government, as the book shows. With admirable judgment Professor PERRY has so skillfully disposed the letters that they tell the story of the life, and make an autobiography so singularly interesting that all who knew Dr. LIEBER personally will rejoice to know that their admiration will be now confirmed by a more general public appreciation.

THE GREEK LEXICON.

THE seventh edition of the Greek-English Lexicon of LIDDELL and SCOTT, just issued by the HARPERS, is a noble work. It has been revised and augmented throughout with large additions, and in this work the editors have had the great advantage of the co-operation of the most accomplished American scholars, of which they make honorable mention: "We have gratefully to acknowledge the assistance rendered us by many scholars. More particularly must we mention the names of Professors DRISLER, of New York, GOODWIN, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and GILDERSLEEVE, of Baltimore. Professors GOODWIN and GILDERSLEEVE have rewritten several important articles, which their well-known grammatical learning makes peculiarly valuable; we may specify the articles on ἄν, εἰ, ἐπεί, ἐστε, ἵνα, ὅπως, ὅτι, ὁπότε, οὐ, μή, and πρίν: the former has also supplied some excellent additions to Attic law terms, such as γραμματεύς, παραγραφή, σύνδικος, ὕβρις, ὑπωμοσία. Professor DRISLER has gone carefully over the whole book, and there is hardly a page which does not bear some trace of his accurate observation." The work, which is invaluable to every student of Greek, is finely printed, and it is bound in the most convenient style.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY.

AT the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League last summer three addresses were authorized—one to the voters of the United States, one to the clergy of all denominations, and one to the friends of education and the authorities of schools and colleges. The first address was issued just before the election in November, the second has been just issued, and the third is in preparation. The address to the clergy is signed by the Hon. JOHN JAY, chairman; and by Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D., of Boston; the Right Rev. STEPHEN V. RYAN, of Buffalo; the Rev. SAMUEL J. NICCOLLS, D.D., of St. Louis; the Rev. J. ANDREWS HARRIS, D.D., of Philadelphia; and the Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., of New York.

The names and the standing of these gentlemen well illustrate the extent of the interest in the subject, and the character of those who are interested. The question is not one of party, but of political morality, to which none more than the clergy would be naturally attracted, and the address just issued calls especial attention to a branch of the subject which hitherto has not been made prominent—the effect of the spoils system of appointment upon the treatment and welfare of the most helpless class in the community—the recipients of public charity. The clearly defined facts and the cogent reasoning of the address upon this point will arouse renewed interest in one of the simplest and most beneficent of reform movements.

The address is brief, and is to be obtained for circulation, at the most moderate price, at the office of the League, No. 4 Pine Street, New York.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.

THE venerable JAMES WATSON WEBB, ex-Minister to Brazil, and long the editor of the old *Courier and Enquirer*, who will complete his eighty-first year on the 8th of February, writes cheerfully to the *Times* to correct a statement of his greater age, and adds some striking reminiscences.

In 1819 Mr. WEBB was a young lieutenant of artillery, and he says:

"I was stationed at Detroit when its population was only 2000; it is now upward of 150,000. I was stationed at St. Louis when its population was 25,000; it now exceeds 550,000. I was stationed at Chicago ten years before the first house was erected, and its present population exceeds 600,000. When I first passed through Buffalo, in 1819, it contained some fifty houses, and it now boasts a population of nearly 300,000. At that time the shipping of Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan consisted of one steamer, the *Walk-in-the-Water*, lying high and dry on the shore near Buffalo, three small schooners, the *Decatur*, the *Jackson*, and the ——, and one hermaphrodite brig belonging to Canada."

As adjutant of the Third Regiment, Mr. WEBB passed up the Fox River and down the Wisconsin:

"Now all Wisconsin and the west bank of the Mississippi are well-settled flourishing States. And all this during the active period of a single life. Then all the region of which I write was a solitary wilderness, occupied by the Indian only and the game upon which he lived. Now it boasts a population of nearly twenty millions of intelligent, enterprising, and prosperous freemen."

REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENTS.

THE close of the Revolutionary centennial season is a fitting time for the passage of the Revolutionary monument bill by Congress. We have more than once called attention to this measure, and the completion of the monument on the Saratoga battle-field, the movement for the memorial at Valley Forge, and the impending celebration at Newburgh, which will close the series of commemorations, naturally renew public interest in the subject.

The bill before Congress provides that whenever any incorporated State association shall have begun to raise money to erect a memorial upon a Revolutionary battle-field, it shall be entitled to receive one dollar from the public Treasury for every dollar raised by its own efforts, within a limit to be specified. There are proper safeguards provided against unauthorized payments on foolish undertakings, and thus the chief objection that might be offered is readily removed.

Such a bill is its own argument. When jobbery has been prevented, every old State, and every new State sprung from the old, will naturally favor its passage. In our swift national life whatever recalls with honor the great deeds and the great men that helped to make us a nation is a priceless benefit. The proposition of the bill concerns, of course, a sentiment, but patriotism and love, the strongest social and moral forces, are no more. Grants for such memorials will not return in dividends of money. They are like appropriations for flags and salutes. But the reason and the merits of the bill are so obvious that, could it once be brought to a vote, it is not doubtful that it would pass. New York is one of the original States interested, and we are sure the Senators and Representatives would gladly support a well-considered bill.

PERSONAL.

HERR MOST, the anarchist, was sent to jail in London for expressing his delight at the murder of the Czar, but was very generally ignored in Chicago for exhorting the inhabitants of that city to "kill every one now ruling over the people." The *Pall Mall Gazette* thereupon takes occasion to notice "the wiser tolerance of the Americans."

—Professor FELIX ADLER assures the Society for Ethical Culture that "the bond that attracts man to woman always begins with admiration. As the Brooklyn Bridge grew from its first wire, so love springs from admiration. Women acknowledge the difference, but not the inferiority, of their sex, by their admiration for masculine strength; and unless a man has some strength, mentally or physically, he can never attract any but silly misses."

—The late Bishop WILBERFORCE'S diary contains the following: "It is hard to convince a person like the Archbishop of York that you do not agree with him—(1) because his self-importance makes him almost unable to apprehend such a possibility; (2) because it leads him so perpetually to repeat his own assertions that it is not easy, without a seeming breach of courtesy, to force in the mention of your own opinions."

—On his fifty-fourth birthday the TICHBORNE claimant, still in Portsea Prison, was allowed to receive a visit from his two sons. He showed them "a first-class conduct badge" which he wears for good behavior.

—The reading of DANTE, says Mr. GLADSTONE, "is not merely a pleasure, a *tour de force*, or a lesson; it is a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man. In the school of DANTE I have learned a great part of that mental provision (however insignificant it may be) which has served me to make the journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years."

—A correspondent of the *Lancet* writes: "There is just now a demand for highly educated young women for work requiring all those qualities of mind which doctors' girls may be supposed very often to inherit, being such as tend to the success of medical men, viz., an interest in anatomy, a quickness to note the movements and appearance of the body, and a desire to relieve the suffering of their fellow-creatures." He refers to the work of teaching the deaf and so-called dumb to communicate by the oral or German method. There is a college in England where this method is taught. The number of deaf and so-called dumb persons in the United Kingdom is about the same as the number of "qualified medical men."

—JOHN BRIGHT'S sister, Mrs. MARGARET B. LUCAS, said at a temperance meeting that women are the greatest sufferers by drink, and the hardest to convince as to the necessity of total abstinence.

—*Punch* thinks that at the present festive season even paupers might be permitted to enjoy the festivities of music and dancing, and suggests to any benevolent board of guardians the idea of a workhouse ball at least once a year. "Sets of workhouse quadrilles and workhouse waltzes might be composed expressly for such entertainments, and the dance music might include a *Menuet de la Maison d'Industrie*. It might do the hearts of some of the parishioners good to attend a *bona fide* charity ball."

—Mr. W. W. ASTOR, our Minister to Rome, has organized in that city an American club, with reading, card, dress, billiard, and conversation rooms.

—PATTI is said to receive $4000 every night she sings, and NILSSON $2000.

—That distinguished octogenarian surgeon, Dr. WILLARD PARKER, has been seriously ill from a cold.

—While on his trip to Charleston, the Marquis of Lorne had a difficulty with the railroad authorities, who wanted to charge him $900 for towing his two special cars from Richmond to that city. Having explained that he did not propose to be gouged, the Marquis bought tickets for all the seats in a PULLMAN car, transferred his baggage and the Princess LOUISE'S "things" to it, and proceeded on his journey, leaving the special cars behind.

—In his newest poem, Mr. SWINBURNE announces that love is "the loyalest and lordliest born of things."

—Dr. W. ROBERTSON SMITH'S professorship at Cambridge is a non-resident one. His chair is that of Arabic.

—The many friends and admirers of the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM H. MILBURN in and about New York will be pleased to learn that the distinguished lecturer contemplates giving during Lent a popular course at Chickering Hall. His subject will be, "The Great Orators, from Demosthenes to Webster and Clay." These lectures are historical and picturesque rather than critical and technical, and will prove a positive treat to those who hear them. The first will be delivered on Thursday, FEBRUARY 15, at eleven in the morning, and the others on the Mondays and Thursdays following. The success of the previous morning course, given in the same hall last spring, on "The Great Poets," was very marked, and judging from the rapid sale of tickets for the Lenten lectures, they will be received with equal favor.

—The Boston *Advertiser*, while admitting that "the rest of the country has been making fun" of Bostonians on account of their partiality for baked beans, finds comfort in the thought that the Bostonians have been forcing all creation to eat their dish at their price.

—An English editor expresses his amazement that an unmarried lady should expatiate to married ladies on such a subject as "How to Wash a Baby." "Such was the case, though. Thirty women listened the other night, in the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, to Miss MARY HOWARTH'S hints on baby-washing, which were illustrated with a live specimen lent for the occasion by a young mother in the audience."

—Women are to be employed as clerks in the French post-offices, beginning their operations in the Money-order Department. They know how to give orders about money.

—BONNÂT, BASTIEN LEPAGE, and ANTONIN PROUST were successful in making sketches of the dead GAMBETTA at Ville d'Avray, but MEISSONIER came away without having accomplished his purpose.

—Advertisement in the London *Queen*: "Address wanted of a lady who will embroider my initials on my own linen. E. L. C., Timaru, Kemnal Wood, Chislehurst."

—The King of Portugal has had his town residence connected with the Lisbon Telephone Exchange, and is said to be the first monarch to do such a thing.

—ARABI Pasha's wife did not accompany him in his exile to Ceylon. She is living in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, where she is known as Madame ARABI. Although dressing in European costume, she is Orientally veiled when on the streets.

—Mr. EDMUND YATES observes: "I do not think that artists should be too literary. Therefore I decline to find fault with the *naïf* grammar with which Mr. MILLAIS has just lauded JOHN LEECH: 'Few of we painters will leave such good and valuable work as he has left.' Let the worry of pronouns and their cases be left to we journalists; they need not oppress the mind of he who painted the grand old man so grandly."

—The majority of French journalists, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *World*, have strange ideas of dignity and self-respect. Scandal—that is their great resource. A Parisian celebrity is reported to be ill, for instance. Straightway a dozen reporters besiege his door and insist on having information. If he has the intruders turned out, they go and publish some horrible calumny on him. The accident to M. GAMBETTA is a case in point.

—M. GOT, the celebrated actor of the Comédie Française, will receive this year in salary and perquisites about eight thousand dollars.

—LOUISE MICHEL, the French socialist, is tall and thin, with square shoulders, and a high but somewhat receding forehead. She dresses in black, and wears a long black veil. Her voice is clear, and her utterance fluent and distinct. She demands that women shall have the right to work on equal terms with men.

—The "Congress of Professors of French," held recently in London under the presidency of the French Consul-General, has resolved to admit governesses "as adherent members of the society."

—The decorations and furniture of Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT'S Japanese parlor, which adjoins his drawing-room, cost thirty thousand dollars.

—Mr. GEORGE INNESS'S monthly lectures before the Composition Class of the Art Students' League are making a deep impression upon his listeners.

—Professor ERNST HAEKEL writes from Ceylon, where he has been travelling, that he procured the greatest delicacies for his table by hunting. Of these delicacies the best was roast monkey. "This noble game proved excellent, whether freshly roasted or laid for some time in vinegar." The flesh of the flying-fox was less agreeable, but the gigantic lizard when cooked resembled veal. On one occasion the chief of a village gave the professor a reception, and "a band of five tom-tom-beaters and as many flute-players began to make a noise that would soften a stone. At the same time two dancers, on stilts twelve feet high, executed the most wonderful evolutions. Meanwhile the chief's daughters, plump, black-haired maidens, from twelve to twenty years of age, with very delicately shaped limbs, offered toddy or palm wine in cocoa-nut shells, and cakes and fruit. Unfortunately I could not understand a word of the long speech which the chief addressed to me, but I made out that he was telling me he considered my visit a great honor—an idea that was pantomimically carried out by ten naked painted and decorated dancers, who jumped madly round my throne."

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PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE sudden and unexpected death of this eminent artist sent a thrill of sorrow and regret through two continents. His popularity was not confined to his own country. He was as well known in England and America as he was in France; and his own countrymen can not grieve more sincerely over his untimely decease than do the people on this side of the world, who have admired him and his work ever since he became known here through the publication of his illustrations to the legend of the Wandering Jew.

His life has been one of extraordinary industry and success. Born at Strasburg in 1832, he went to Paris in his thirteenth year, and finished his youthful studies at the Lycée Charlemagne, and when only fifteen was employed on the *Journal pour Rire*. He also sent some pen-drawings to the Salon in 1848, and continued to exhibit every succeeding year. In 1857 his work received honorable mention, and the exceptional merit and originality of his designs were recognized on every hand. The fertility of his imagination was marvellous, and not less so was the amount of work which he accomplished. This, indeed, was to be regretted. So eager was he to produce the weird and fantastic drawings which were so popular that he gave himself no opportunity for the reflection and study which would have developed his extraordinary powers of mind, and enabled him to achieve something greater than anything he has done in painting or design.

DORÉ'S works are so numerous that a mere catalogue of their titles would fill a large volume. It has been estimated that his designs number more than 50,000; and at the time of his death his imagination was as fertile as ever, and his hand had lost none of its cunning. Of course there is a vast amount of rubbish among these drawings. Many of them, like the razors in Peter Pindar's story, were "made to sell"; and, unfortunately for DORÉ'S fame, they did sell. No other artist ever had a following so large and enthusiastic. Everything which he produced was eagerly caught up. Art was with him an industry. He drew innumerable pictures for illustrated journals, in almost every phase of art—caricature, landscape, pathos, satire; and in all his facility was simply wonderful. But his fame rests chiefly on his book illustrations. His designs for the works of RABELAIS, the *Wandering Jew*, BALZAC'S *Contes Drolatiques*, the Essays of MONTAIGNE, *Don Quixote*, DANTE'S *Inferno*, TENNYSON'S poems, MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, the Bible, COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner*, etc., gave him a world-wide celebrity. The sale of these works was immense, and their popularity has not declined with time. They are held, as a matter of course, in various grades of estimation, on the one hand lauded to the skies, on the other condemned with every possible note of depreciation. The true estimate lies between these extremes. "It is hazardous," says Mr. JARVIS, "to undertake to analyze the gifts of a man who, at only thirty-two, has made nearly fifty thousand designs, and won universal fame; who is cosmopolitan in his choice of subjects, as familiar with the great writers of England, Germany, Italy, and Spain as with his own, and who finally laid the whole Orient under contribution by illustrating anew for the nineteenth century the Bible." Again, dwelling on a certain cast of DORÉ'S mind, Mr. JARVIS says: "If the prominent trait of DELACROIX was physical force, that of DORÉ is fiendish horror. That which devils most enjoy he most heartily depicts. . . . Even DANTE, reared in mediæval notions of theology and politics, finds some springs of tenderness, and always of faith, in his soul; but DORÉ, in translating his *Inferno* into pictorial French, discards all humanity, and presents the horrors of the Dantesque imagery in forms more appalling than the original."

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ.

The first of DORÉ'S works which made a decided impression in this country was his *Wandering Jew*. Here his imagination had full play, and he gave it a loose rein. No other of his works approaches it in grotesque, grim horror. The power of these designs is undeniable; the work immensely enhanced DORÉ'S reputation, and the demand for his designs became so clamorous that his publishers could not supply it. His Bible illustrations, engraved by the greatest masters of the art in France, were no less popular, and his Milton and Tennyson went through many editions. The magnificent edition of his *Don Quixote*, published at vast expense, and with every luxury of paper, printing, and binding, proved to be so popular that the plates were used in many cheaper editions in America and England.

None of DORÉ'S recent works has had a more extended sale in this country than his *Ancient Mariner*. COLERIDGE'S weird and fantastic poem presented a magnificent field for the display of DORÉ'S best qualities. Here was everything to excite and nothing to trammel his imagination. The excellence and beauty of his illustrations were at once acknowledged. They took a strong hold on the public, and the volume, which was brought out in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, by arrangement with the author and his Paris publishers, became at once one of the most popular gift-books of the season—a popularity which it still retains.

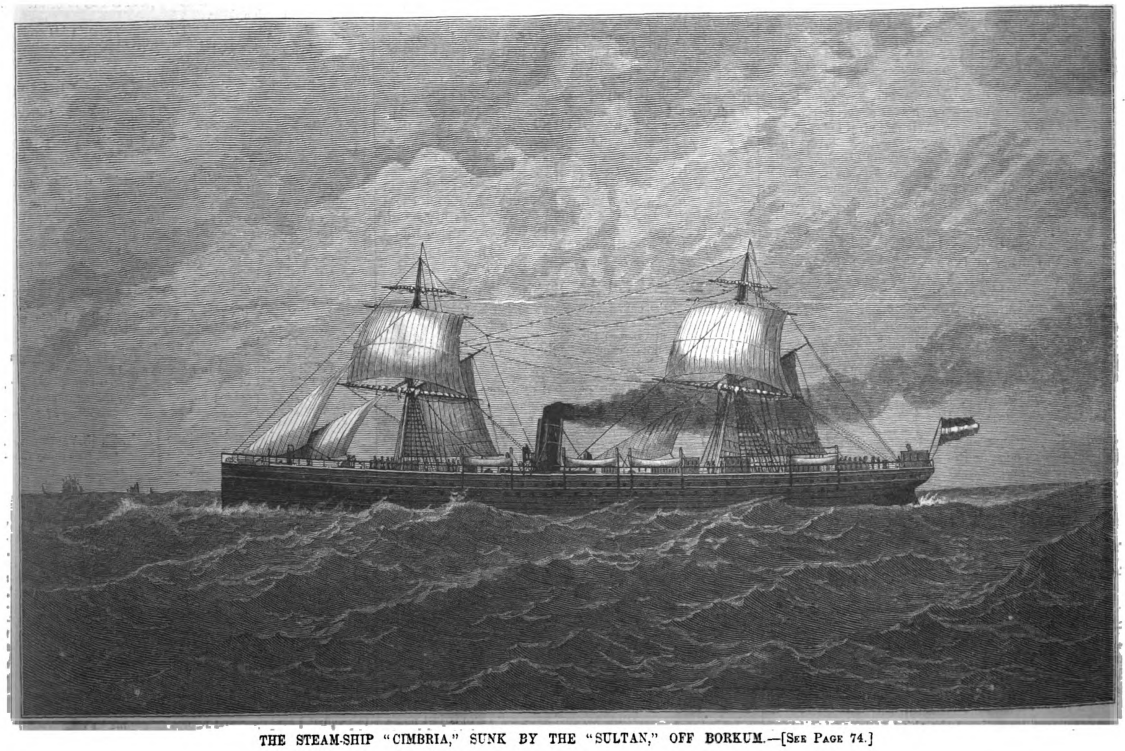
The success of this remarkable work suggested to HARPER & BROTHERS the idea of engaging GUSTAVE DORÉ to illustrate a volume for their house; and in the course of the correspondence which ensued it transpired that the artist was already meditating a series of illustrations to POE'S *Raven*, a poem which had taken a strong hold on his imagination. The wonderful advance which the art of wood-engraving had made in this country convinced him that nowhere else could his designs be more faithfully and artistically rendered. Other work, already on hand, prevented him from prosecuting this scheme until last summer, when he took it up with his accustomed energy. The designs, twenty-six in number, were executed in about sixty days, and sent to this city to be engraved. They were at once placed in the hands of the most distinguished men in the profession, by whom no pains have been spared to render them in the best and most effective style of which wood-engraving will admit. The designs are among the most remarkable of the long series of illustrations which have come from DORÉ'S hand, and they will be published in a form and style worthy of the master's work. The volume, now ready for the press, will be similar in size and shape to the *Ancient Mariner*, and will contain twenty-four full-page engravings, and two smaller ones, with a portrait of the artist.

It is an interesting fact that DORÉ'S last and in many respects his best work should have been executed for an American publishing house, and put on wood by American engravers. He was sanguine of its success, and competent critics who have seen proofs taken from the finished blocks assert that nothing finer has ever been done in wood.

DORÉ was unmarried. His home is thus pleasantly described in a recent letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

"He has lived for years in his mother's house in the RUE ST. DOMINIQUE, St. Germain, the ancient, historic faubourg, so full of ministerial residences and old aristocratic hôtels. His home is approached through a huge porte cochère, opening into a court-yard, where you mount a broad staircase, and reach a large apartment furnished after the French manner, but filled with artistic objects and mementos of every sort. There are bits of armor, pictures, engravings, books, bric-à-brac, musical instruments, tapestry, curious weapons, china, souvenirs, several small dogs, to which the artist is much—I should say irrationally—attached; whatever, in short, may lead to picturesqueness and comfort. He has a small studio near the apartment, and does much of his work there. He has also in the Rue Bayard a large studio, one of the finest, if not the finest, in the city."

DORÉ died on Tuesday, January 23. He caught cold on the previous Friday, while returning to his home from a soirée. Inflammation of the throat set in, and despite all effort it was impossible to arrest its progress. He died in the fullness of his powers, and when he had reason to look forward to many years of active life.



THE STEAM-SHIP "CIMBRIA," SUNK BY THE "SULTAN," OFF BORKUM.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

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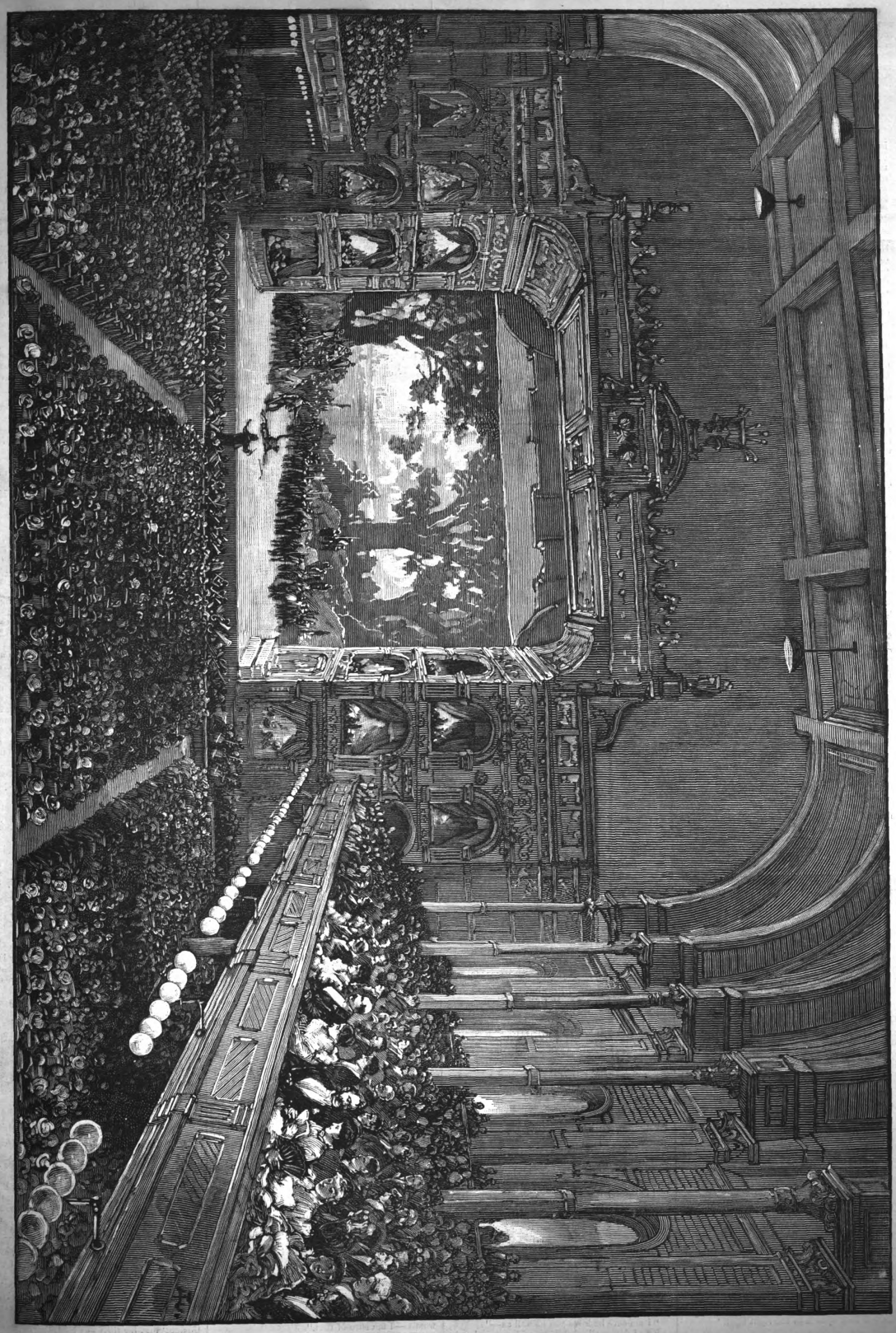

THE CINCINNATI OPERA FESTIVAL.—SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "LOHENGRIN."—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

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THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER IX.

"THEY ARE VERY MUCH ALIKE."

THEY were strange, almost unaccountable feelings with which Lucy Brake watched the approach of Kitty Vanch. She did not think till then that matters foreign to herself and her grave thoughts of life could have so materially affected her. She was afraid her hand was trembling, for little Morice looked up into her face as if for an explanation of it, and she was sure her heart was beating very rapidly.

After all, what did this meeting portend? The explanation was not likely to be elaborate, and the story of Greg's love for her could be treated so lightly that her listener might by the very force of example be brought to regard it lightly too. And if she, Lucy Brake, were sentimental, of a surety Kitty was not. Kitty looked at life practically, and yet was so fond of Greg that she was certain to forgive, perhaps laugh at, Greg's romance. And if it were romance! thought Lucy, as though some doubt of Master Dorward's *bona fides* crossed her mind even at that instant.

How to begin, in what way to dash into a delicate subject, and conclude it satisfactorily before Farm Forlorn was reached, was not so clearly apparent to her as it had been, and now that the distance between her and Kitty was diminishing with every moment.

Kitty was walking briskly; she had seen them, and increased her pace just at the time when Lucy had wished she would saunter more slowly by the way, or wait for them to come up with her.

Was this task beyond her strength, after all? thought Lucy. She was a weak woman, seriously weak in argument and self-possession; and yet she expected to influence one whose strength of character was certainly greater than her own, and whom she did not wholly understand. She might set her against her, just as she was learning to be loved, and proud of the affection she had drawn toward herself. She hoped not that, for there was in her mind even the wild fancy that they were being drawn together for some reason, inexplicable and strange, and that the time was advancing when they would be of help to one another. *All fancy this, but not to be set* aside in the mind of one whose life wild fancies had influenced and marred, and who would escape by fancy still if possible from the grim realities by which she was surrounded.

Kate Vanch had reached her now; little Morice had run on to meet her, and was jumping with delight at her side, and asking many questions, and Kate was bright with smiles.

"I did not think to find you on the Bleathorpe road," said Kate; "I came a little way to meet Greg. You have seen him, Morice tells me?"

"Yes, I have seen him," repeated Lucy, somewhat confused at being thus forestalled.

Kitty regarded her curiously, perhaps critically, and then said, briskly,

"Where has he gone?"

"I think he—he said he must take another road to the farm," stammered Lucy; "and that I was to keep you company instead. You do not mind?"

"You have arranged it very nicely between you," said Kitty, laughing, "although I don't quite understand it yet; and I don't mind your company, Lucy—indeed, am very glad of it."

"Mumma," remarked little Morice at this juncture, and to her young mother's intense dismay, "was to tell you all about it. Mitter Dorward said so."

"Oh!" ejaculated Lucy.

What awkward remarks children *will* make at times, and what powers of observation they possess!—observing without being observed, which is a great faculty, a wise man has assured us. And here little Morice had precipitated the crisis of explanation *most* wofully.

Kitty Vanch turned to Lucy.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

The dark eyes were full of inquiry—clear, bright, and unflinching; it looked as if the elder speaker might require consolation rather than this tall young woman at her side.

"Yes, I have a little to tell you, Kitty. Nothing much—nothing very serious, for that matter," said Lucy, in reply; "and which you will see in its true light, and smile at, I dare say."

"Very likely; I hope so," was the quick answer back.

"And—"

"And as little children notice a great deal, and talk a great deal more of what they see and hear," said Kitty, interrupting her, "might it not be as well for Morice to run on in advance of us?"

"Yes, I think it would," replied Lucy.

Morice received her instructions, and was disposed to disobey them, until pacified and bribed by the sole custody of her mother's parasol, with which she tripped along some thirty yards ahead, looking behind her now and then to make quite sure that there was no deep plan to desert her on the part of her friends following.

"I suppose it is about Greg, all this," remarked Kitty, when they were alone together on the road to Farm Forlorn; "so you can rely upon a patient listener."

"It is very little to tell you, Kitty, after all," Lucy began again; "and you are a sensible girl who will look upon it in the right light."

"Who looks upon it in the wrong?"

"Miss Brake," answered Lucy; "she has been having a long conversation with me to-day about you."

"About me and Greg together. Is not that it?"

"Yes."

"Poor mistress! she lets everything trouble her, even my engagement to Greg Dorward," said Kitty; "but then she is an invalid, and has much to brood upon. I have never known her really well, and that excuses everything."

"Yes," said Lucy again, thinking it was rather strange that Kitty was having all the talk at present, and she was answering in monosyllables. Kitty saw this too, and added:

"But I have to listen to you, Mrs. Brake. I forgot."

"If you will call me Lucy, always, instead of Mrs. Brake, I shall be glad," said the widow. "It was understood a week ago that we were friends enough for that; and to be always friends, and under every circumstance of life, from this time forth, you and I, I hope."

"I'm sure," replied Miss Brake, at first, "she added, with a sudden reserve, "I think I'm sure."

"You must not have a doubt of it, or a doubt of me," said Lucy, very earnestly; "that would be to grieve me. I want you to believe implicitly in me, and what I tell you; otherwise I fail."

"Fail in what?" asked Kitty.

"Miss Brake said to-day, Kitty, that you would never be happy with Greg for your husband; that he was not deserving of you, that he did not love you," began Lucy, dashing desperately into the subject at last; "all this is a great mistake of judgment on her part, but which she wished me to tell you, and which I promised I would."

"I thought it was Greg whom you promised," said Kitty, a little bewildered in her turn.

"I had to ask Greg's permission to speak of this at all."

"You are very kind, Lucy. I do not know, in your place, whether I should have been so considerate as that, or thought of that. But," she said, and as quick as lightning now, "*why* Greg?"

"Because I had promised Greg never to speak of this—to keep his secret, such as it was, to myself."

"Greg's secret too, then?"

"Yes. A foolish thing altogether, based on nothing—on a silly fancy even," said Lucy.

"On Greg's being in love with you? That is it, I suppose," said Kitty, very quietly now. Perhaps too quietly, thought Lucy.

"Yes, that is it," was the reply; "on Greg's fancying that he was—being only a boy; and boys always take romantic ideas into their heads concerning women older than themselves."

"You are not an old woman, Lucy," Kitty remarked. "I don't suppose two years make much difference between man and woman at any time, and with real love between them—"

"But there was no love between us," said Lucy, quickly, in her turn; "on the contrary, a little dislike on my part, a feeling of offense, perhaps of wounded pride, that he should think it possible I could forget my murdered Morris, who—"

"Never mind your Morris just now," said Kitty, impatiently; "I have heard so much about him in my time. We can talk of him presently, Lucy, at the farm. Tell me of Greg, the one who is all in all to me, who was all in all to me when I was a little desolate wretch with no father, mother, sister, to keep me straight; only the policeman at the corner of the Rents!"

"Well," continued Lucy, "there was a passing fancy for me in Greg's mind as he grew up. I was kind to him, I was interested, like my father and Mr. Woodhatch, in his facility for acquiring knowledge, in his perseverance and industry. But as for any love for him, I had none to give to anybody."

"Not even for John Woodhatch, who deserved it," muttered Kitty. "No," she added, "I don't suppose you would care for my Greg. That he should love you was very natural, and I have wondered before this why he did not. For you are a beautiful woman, Lucy Brake, though you do not want my word to tell you so."

Lucy blushed, and did not answer. She was not particularly vain of her good looks, but she was conscious of her beauty, and possibly of its power.

"If he had told me so himself," Kitty continued, "I could have forgiven him; for what was I to him, after all? And what," she added, sadly, "could he remember of me but a child's shadow in a London street? It was my doubt always that he should keep me in his memory; it was only the dear master watching us, as God watches us, I think, who said, 'I will bring these two strange lives together; I will end it like a story-book'—who thought we were worse even than we were, and children as we were," she added, shivering, "and that it was my one chance, and his duty, that we should become man and wife."

"As you will do, loving each other very truly," said Lucy.

"Yes, I love him very truly," answered Kitty, thoughtfully. "I have always loved him. I was the only one who understood him as a child; perhaps I am the only one who sees clearly now what he will become. When a boy, whom everybody feared but me, he would share his last crust—the crust he had stolen—with Kitty Vanch; when we had been driven out-of-doors together to steal, by Greg's father or mother, we would, if *unlucky*," she added, scornfully, "console each other by hopes and fancies for the morrow as we huddled together amongst the baskets in the market, or on the dung-heaps in the stable-yards. We were together, helping each other, that was enough. We had no other friends. And I would help him now, in everything and for everything, even if he hated me."

"Which he does not, you are sure."

"No; he likes me—a little."

"I am sure he loves you as well as—"

"As I deserve," cried Kitty, with a short laugh. "Ah! I don't fancy there is much love in the matter, now you have told me he has thought of you. Of course," she added, with a little sigh, "that can not be."

"It can."

"He is afraid of Mr. Woodhatch, who has asked him to marry me."

"You must not look upon it in that light," said Lucy.

"I don't know in what light yet to look at it," answered Kitty, irresolutely. "I want time to think it over, and to see what is best—what is best for Greg, I mean, not for me. *That* doesn't matter."

"What is best is that you should not think any more about it," said Lucy, cheerfully. "The position is settled, you are going to be married, and the rest is the morbid fancies of a sick woman who thinks too much of herself, and the doubts of a true-hearted girl"—touching her arm—"who thinks too little. And that is never wise."

"I suppose not," answered Kitty; "but then," she added, quaintly, "I have such a very little to be proud of. I should not think much of this—what is it, after all—"

"Ah! what is it?" said Lucy, with alacrity.

"*If*," continued Kitty, "it was all over, had happened two years ago, and Greg was smiling at it now—or at all events not grieving. Well, one must consider this. I am not likely to make him in any way unhappy—and by marrying him I might."

"No, no—surely not."

"Did he ever ask you straightforwardly to become his wife?" she asked.

"Yes—he asked me."

"When?"

Lucy Brake did not relish this questioning, more particularly this identical question, which certainly was a leading one, and of an awkward tendency. She was compelled to answer truthfully, although it was in her heart to deceive her, and for her good. But Kitty Vanch looked like a woman whom it would be difficult to deceive just then.

"A little while ago," she said at last.

"*How long* ago?"

"I—I can hardly remember."

"Oh yes, you can. You will in a minute or two," said the persistent Kitty.

Lucy hesitated again. She was not getting on very well—not so well as, in her naive conceit, she had imagined that she was. This was a question worse than all the rest. What put it into Kitty's head to ask it, of all troublesome questions in the world!

"Was it before I came to Skegs Shore, or afterward?" said Kitty, further, as if to assist her fair companion's memory.

"Well—afterward," confessed Lucy at last. "You had just arrived—he was unsettled, and not his quiet self."

"Had he seen me?"

"Oh no," said Lucy, with alacrity. "It was before he had seen you."

"I am glad to hear that," responded Kitty. "I dare say it was on the night I found him tramping along the sands—where we met again after five years of separation—after nine years, if I do not reckon seeing him at the railway station. That's it."

"To part as children, and to meet as man and woman resolving to begin life together, speaks well for faithfulness on both sides," said Lucy, "the romance between was—but romance."

"You are never likely to care for Greg?"

"Never."

"He does not seem—quite good enough for you?"

Lucy looked askance at Kate, as though she could believe there was satire in this questioning; but the grave, sad face wore no mocking expression to check all sympathy toward her. Kitty had asked in simple faith, and was waiting patiently for a reply.

"I have not thought of that at any time. It is not of a man's past a true woman thinks, but of his present life."

"Thank you. That is John Woodhatch's teaching?"

"Yes."

"And your father's?"

"And my father's, assuredly."

"And under any circumstances," continued Kitty, "you would not marry Greg Dorward?"

"Not under any circumstances."

"I am worrying you with many questions," said Kitty, "but this is a turning-point in my life, and it is difficult to decide."

"Is there much to decide, after all? You are engaged to be married, the day has been fixed," said Lucy. "You—"

"I am thinking of Greg," cried Kitty, impatiently, "as I told you just now. Not of myself. And I will not stand in his light. Why should I?"

"You do not."

"He will answer that for himself," said Kitty, quietly; "he is not likely to quarrel with me when I tell him he can have his own way, and act as he thinks best. It is not a very serious matter, as you say."

"No."

"I suppose men are all very much alike; but then I don't know much about them," said Kitty, irresolutely. "I have been brought up with Miss Brake of late years, and shut away from lovers. I can fancy most men being wild and weak and unfaithful, as they mix in the world and see so many faces to tempt them."

"What an awful, miserable thought!" exclaimed Lucy at this. "One would hate most men were they as weak wretches as that."

"We should be more likely to forgive them," said Kitty, smiling—"after a good scolding; as I may forgive Greg for thinking you so much more to be preferred for his wife than Kitty Vanch. But," she added, "men are weaker than women—I am sure of that."

"My Morris was not weak," cried Lucy, confidently.

"Yes he was—very," was the thoughtful answer.

"What!" cried Lucy, forgetting the motive which had brought them together that afternoon, and changing on the instant from the wise, kindly counsellor to the indignant woman—"what did you say? What did you dare to say?"

Kitty Vanch turned pale at this sudden outburst, and then colored.

"I am sorry if I have pained you. I had forgotten for a moment," she said.

"Forgotten what?"

"That you were his wife—that he had been very dear to you," replied Kitty. "I hope you will forgive my foolishness. I did not know what I was saying."

"Then Morris was not weak?" cried Lucy; "you were not thinking of him when you answered me?"

Kitty did not reply to this interrogatory; it was her turn to find questions vexatious and embarrassing.

"*Were* you thinking of him?" asked Lucy again.

"Yes," said Kitty; "it's no use my pretending I was not. I saw Morris Brake a great deal the year before he died: he came often to his sister's house, and I used to think then he was very weak."

"In what way weak?" asked Lucy: "tell me, please, Kitty, what you mean?"

"I can not tell you any more, save that I thought him weak. Weak in his good opinion of himself, his handsome face, his manners, and vain of his own judgment—little faults that Miss Brake said he inherited from his father," answered Kitty, with great rapidity of utterance.

"His father ran away from his children and his wife to live with another woman. Have you heard that?" said Lucy.

"Yes; part of it," said Kate. "Don't weary me, Lucy, with fresh stories. Has it not struck you I have had enough of my own misery to-day, without hearing of other people's?"

"I will say no more. Only, Kitty, you frightened me," said Lucy, with a shudder.

"You must not mind what I say."

"No," said Lucy, very thoughtfully, "I will try not."

They were close upon the farm, and Morice Brake ran on toward it, being tired of her own company, and conscious that even her mother did not care for it at present.

Presently she was at the farm-house gate, holding John Woodhatch by one hand and her grandfather by the other, swinging herself between them and laughing merrily. Greg Dorward stood there also, having reached home quickly by another route. At the distant window sat Miss Brake knitting busily, with Carlo watching her, as though he was taking a lesson in the art; at the door, under the creepers which were flourishing above the porch, stood Mrs. Chadderton, prim and neat in her black dress, and above all alike were the blue sky and God's sunshine. It was a fair picture, but what a host of thoughts at work beneath the placid masks of these strange folk about here! If they could have read each other's thoughts that afternoon, or the rustling green trees could have whispered what they were!

Kitty walked on a few paces in advance of Lucy. She had seen Greg already, and noticed that his face was pale, and wore an anxious look. He smiled faintly as she approached him, but his dark, deep-set eyes looked closely into hers, perhaps asking a question which before that group of friends he dared not shape into outspoken words.

"You are home before me, then," she said, smiling very faintly too. "Did you come by the other road?"

"Yes, Kitty," *he answered.*

As she passed him she slipped her hand into his for a moment, and pressed it in earnest of good faith, of trust in him, of her own affection, and then went slowly into the house and upstairs to her own room.

CHAPTER X.

THE RESULT OF IT.

GREGORY DORWARD was not quite happy in his mind, although he possessed the art of concealing his emotions tolerably well. He had more upon that mind, too, than Lucy or Kitty imagined, and Miss Brake's first move in her campaign against him, or Kitty—which was it?—had been successful in its uncomfortable way. Still, the ice was broken; Kate Vanch understood the position, and there was one secret the less. He hoped Lucy Brake had told the truth after her own fair fashion, and better than he could have done it, but there was a feeling at his heart now that he might have told it better, having love on Kitty's side to plead for him.

If he wanted it to plead for him; for we are not certain how Gregory Dorward regarded the position, any more than Kitty was certain. He was not sure, either, that he had escaped cross-examination by Lucy's proposition that she should undertake this delicate matter for him; he and Kitty must speak of this when they were alone together for the first time, and when Miss Brake was not watching them so narrowly. It was not likely they could go on side by side as if nothing had happened since the happy, peaceful yesterday.

Later in the day, in the beginning of the evening, with the sky aglow with crimson, Kitty Vanch and Greg Dorward strolled across the flat, sandy land to the sea-shore, where they had met first as man and woman. Greg had proposed going, and Kitty had acquiesced very readily, and there they were alone together, as they had wished and Greg had schemed for. If an explanation were to cause a crisis, it was better it should come at once, both thought now, for time was hastening on, and the present position had grown perplexing and false.

Greg would not be nervous over his statement;

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1366.

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Lucy Brake had paved the way for him, when he had shrunk at first from telling Kitty the whole story for himself. A few words now might be necessary, nothing more; but he did not say them till the deep stretch of sea-sands was beneath their feet, and there was no living soul upon it but themselves.

"You have been told a strange story to-day, Kitty," said Greg at last, "and you feel you hate me for it."

"Not at all," answered Kitty, very calmly and yet sadly; "it was what I thought must happen three years ago or more, when John Woodhatch spoke of my marrying you. If you had grown to be a gentleman almost, I could not fancy my being a lady to match, and I *could* fancy your choosing for yourself, and not thinking much of me. And it was Lucy Brake's fault you did not."

"Yes; that is partly it, Kitty," he confessed; "I wish I could say it was not."

"As it is the truth, I am glad to hear you say it," she answered; "we shall get on better without lies, Greg."

"Certainly," he replied. "And are you very much offended with me?"

"I am not offended."

"Surprised?"

"To hear it all for the first time to-day, so late as it is—yes."

"And sorry?"

"Very," said Kitty, without a moment's hesitation.

"After all," said Greg, "there is not much to be sorry for. The story is ended, Kitty, and we shall be happy enough without Lucy Brake to bother us."

"I am not quite sure of it," answered Kitty; "it is not so easy to see the end of it."

"She can never be anything to me," said Greg; "and I am not one to fret for a woman who would not have me. It is all over."

Kate Vanch looked at him, and said, in a strange, pitying tone,

"Poor Greg!"

"Why do you say 'poor Greg'?" he asked.

"Because you love her still," she answered; "because her beauty is a snare for you, and still bewilders you; because it would be heaven's happiness for you to call her your wife, and because you never, never can."

"I have said it is all over."

"But you love her."

"I am not sure of that."

"Oh! but I am. Sure, too, that you are sure, only you think it kind to spare my feelings—as if I had any feelings worth considering, Greg!" she added, with a little sigh.

"We do not come to any fair understanding by useless talk like this," he said, presently. "I have been a fool, and I own it. She was not fit to be my wife; she would not have been a helpmate to me, and you are the very one to suit me in all respects, knowing me so well. And we shall be happy; by God, I know we shall!"

He was excited, and gesticulated almost in dramatic fashion.

"But you have no real love for me?"

"Yes, I have."

"Ah, no, Greg, I know better than that," said Kitty. "You would marry me, but at any moment there might come to you unhappiness, or a new temptation; and without me there will be freedom, and the power to make your own way. And so, Greg, I am about as likely to be your wife as Lucy Brake."

"Kitty!"

"This afternoon," she continued, "I thought I could make up my mind to let things go on just the same; that I should be able to make you comfortable and contented in the new home at Bleathorpe. But no, it can not be."

"Why not, Kitty?" asked Greg.

"You might learn to hate me. Once tied to me for life, you might learn to see in me a bar to your advancement. You will be better without me altogether," she replied.

"You can not tell."

"Yes, I think I can," was the answer. "Why, I should only doubt you now, feel I was in the way, be always afraid of you."

"Has it come to fear?"

"Not as we are. But I—I don't quite make you out, Greg, always. You are beyond me; not in any way like the Greg Dorward I knew once."

"Is not that something to be glad of, remembering what I was?" he asked, bitterly.

"Ay—yes, thank Heaven; but I should like the boy's love back again—at least the trust in me, the feeling I was of help to him, the old Greg Dorward, even in his rags," she exclaimed.

"We may come to rags again, now that we defy John Woodhatch," said Greg, gloomily.

"Then I will come to you," cried Kitty, "if you'll have me. To help you out of trouble, always Kitty Vanch; to be miserable in your prosperity, why, never!"

"I haven't lost you, then," muttered Greg, scornfully; "there is some hope for me."

"Ah! you can say bitter things," said Kitty; "but I do not mind them."

"I feel bitterly," he answered; "I feel that everything is crumbling to dust beneath my touch."

"You will be rich, you will be prosperous," said Kitty. "Mr. Woodhatch will not think any the worse of us for altering our minds."

"You do not know him as well as I do."

"I will take the blame upon myself," said Kitty.

"He will not believe you," Greg replied; "he will require full explanations of the reasons which have parted us."

"I will give them to him."

"If you tell him I have thought of Lucy Brake, it will be my ruin," said Greg. "You know he loves her. You have heard people say he killed Morris Brake because of her."

"No one is likely to believe that now," said Kitty; "and he will not be hard on me. I will tell him—which is the plain truth, Greg—that I have altered my mind; that I feel I am not fit for you, or good enough."

"Good *enough*!" he cried.

"Or clever enough, or well-educated enough, to be your wife. That, despite your wish," Kitty went on, "I will not have you, and don't care for you. And I will not say a word of Lucy Brake."

"And your mistress? That horrible woman," he said, "hiding like a witch in the darkness, she will know all."

"She knows it already."

"And," he said, "*you* can trust her not to tell the master? I would as soon trust Mrs. Chadderton."

"I would trust them both in this."

"Why?"

"They would spare him a care at any cost," said Kitty; "and he will be satisfied if we tell him we shall be happier apart."

"You do not know him," said Greg again.

"Oh, Greg! we shall see who knows him best in a little while," she said, "and let us part friends, you and I, at least."

"Are we going to part for good?"

"We part as lovers—if we have ever been lovers. Nothing more than that. To remain as brother and sister always—if you will," she answered.

"No," he said, slowly; "let it be for good. You will go away with your mistress as soon as it is possible, and then the less we see of each other the better for us both."

She drew a little quick breath at this, then said, "Yes, I think so too."

Greg stopped, as if this was the end of it all, and there was no more to be said, and Kitty understood the movement, and went on slowly toward Farm Forlorn alone. There was no more to say; she had explained everything that was on her mind; she had told Greg what she had determined, and he had not urged her very warmly, very passionately, to reconsider her decision. He had spoken more of the result of the separation, and of how John Woodhatch would regard it, than of any disappointment on his own part; of what would be his prospects after this, not what would become of her, owning her love for him still, letting him see that he was first and foremost in her heart, but witnessing but little affection in return, only a poor clumsy imitation of it, that did not stir her, unless it was to anger.

Well, there was an end of it. Better that it was all concluded in this fashion, thought Kitty, than to make him miserable for life, to feel day by day increasing the horrible conviction that she was a clog upon him, a something between him and his progress. What would become of her presently she did not know; across the waste land of her life stretched the rugged up-hill path with no light upon it yet, and she must pursue it to its close. There would be no one to care for her after this; and she did not want any one to care.

She went straight to her own little room, tired out with doubts. Miss Brake had given her permission, and guessed the object of her going.

"It is all working as I wish," she whispered to herself as Kitty went away. There had been no difficulty in noting how Kitty's brief love story had ended. The face of the girl was calm enough, but it was the gravity of a fixed despair. Kitty Vanch had been so happy—so truly happy—only that bright morning; having acted for the best, she was now like a child, shut out from happiness forever. Greg would be all right presently, and that would be her solace presently too; not yet awhile.

She sat and thought of this at the open window of her room, looking upward at the shimmering stars, and hour after hour passed away without much knowledge of time and how it stole along recking not of her love troubles. She heard the shutters of the farm-house closing, the voices of men and women below calling good-night to one another, and to John Woodhatch, who answered cheerily, not guessing yet that his last grand scheme had collapsed, and thinking all was fairly well at Skegs Shore. Footsteps echoed along the corridors without and died away, doors were closed and locked, and presently, when all was very still, her own door, which she had not fastened, was tried, and then opened, and Lucy Brake came stealthily into the room and laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"It is all over between you and Greg," she said, and in so stern a tone of voice that Kitty looked up in faint surprise.

"Yes. Do not let us talk of him again to-night, please."

"I have not come to speak of him," said Lucy.

"Thank you for that."

"I have come to speak of my lost husband."

"Ah, well," said Kitty, wearily; "what of him now?"

"Why did you not tell me all the truth this afternoon, when we were so close upon it? Where was your frankness—your good faith—of which they boast in these parts?"

"Who do?"

"Answer this, and tell me the truth in one word, if you can," cried Lucy, without replying to her question; "one word will do it, and I will not believe it from her."

"From Miss Brake, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Can not you spare me for one night?" urged Kitty; "can not you see my grief for the living is greater than yours should be for the dead?"

"Ha! you know what I am going to say!" cried Lucy.

"I think I do," Kitty responded.

"Did my husband Morris, then, at any time," asked Lucy, in a voice that shook with its emotion—"I mean a little while before his death—only a week or two, my God! and after we were married—make love to you?"

"Yes," answered Kitty Vanch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"WE ONLY!"

COME, wife, dear woman, and sit by me,
For the toilsome day is done,
And many thoughts in my heart are born
With the setting of the sun.
Ay, give me your hand, my patient love,
That my own may clasp it tight;
Not dearer it was in the years agone,
Dear *wife*, than it is to-night.

Old and wrinkled it may be, dear,
But look you, wife, at the shine
Of the ring that has clung to your finger there
Since the day that I made you mine.
'Twas a long, long march from our youth to age,
But Time, be he ne'er so gray,
Can never tarnish the lustre, dear,
Of the pledge of our wedding day.

E'en so the truth of a faithful love,
Born far in the auld lang syne,
In our steadfast hearts, through weal and woe,
Never has ceased to shine.
There are tears in your eyes, my wife, to-night;
You are thinking, dear, I know,
How strange it is that as shadows fall
We only are left below—

We only, to sit at the old hearth-stone
In the twilight, dear, of life,
While our children wait at the gates above:
When shall we meet *them*, wife?
Nay, dry those tears, and be glad with me
That the day is almost done,
And father, mother, and children all
May meet—with the set of sun.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

HEAD OF PEASANT.—J. C. BECKWITH.

THAT prosperous organization, the American Water-color Society, has just opened its sixteenth annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design, in the usual and reasonable expectation of selling a vast number of pictures — thirty thousand dollars' worth at least—and of having a good time generally. For some years, indeed, the American Water-colorist has been altogether the cheerfulest type of artist to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. The public buys his works, and attends the display of them; and neither the beauty nor the fashion of the metropolis is scandalized by the question, "Have *you* seen the Water-color Exhibition?"

Of course the American Water-colorist has earned this bliss, for did ever an American picture-buyer unjustly praise an American picture-maker? or praise him too much? or lodge his work too honorably in his home? The American Water-colorist, not to put too fine a point on him, enjoys the most deserved artistic success in the city. He understands his business, for one thing; knows the value of broad relations of color, the proper subserviency of details to masses, the blessedness of suggesting an idea rather than chopping it fine and heating it in a retort, the excellence of translating ethereal effects out-of-doors, the indispensableness of snap, sparkle, vivacity, spontaneity. He shows us in the winter what he gathered for us in the summer. He brings autumn, too, to our hearts; and if he has snows to tell of, we may be sure that his information comes not from gossip, but from actual observation.

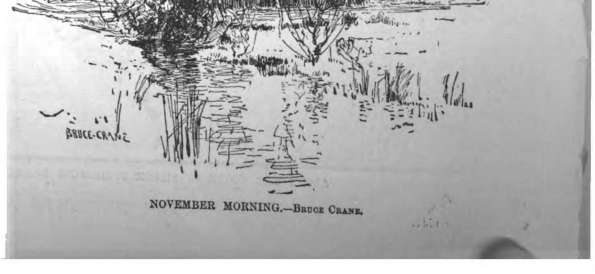
Then he is the most generous-minded fellow in the world, admitting to his annual exhibitions pictures of all classes and conditions, and treating each with courtesy, in spite of his dislike of some. There, for instance, are the works of MR. FRANK CURRIER. Though the American Water-colorist has not yet climbed into the admiration of them, the least discerning visitor to this sixteenth annual exhibition will not fail to notice how hospitably MR. CURRIER has been received. Not less than five—possibly six—of his fearless productions appear in the principal gallery, one of them on the line; and in return for this protracted generous-mindedness MR. CURRIER this time has painted more rationally than ever before. Instead of sending mere memoranda of color, he has in two instances forwarded real organized wholes. MR. BLUM, MR. LUNGREN, and MR. MUHRMAN also have done more than formerly to dissipate the doubt of the scoffer respecting their ability as picture-makers; and MR. W. M. CHASE'S young lady in black feels unwontedly at home in her present surroundings.

Doubtless it would not be too much to say that to him the sunny landscape with figures, signed E. A. ABBEY and ALFRED PARSONS, and situated in the place of honor in the South Room, is more fully the ideal of what a water-color picture should be than any other work in the exhibition. No lack of serious and beautiful inspiration here; no lack of requisite technique; but a fine mode of looking at nature with a desire to get, not a photograph, but a loyal and pictorial representation, and this too within the strictest limits of the water-colorist's art. Beyond the shadows of the foreground trees the green field lies in bright-est sunshine, which softly glows on the tower, roof, and walls of the old stone church; and the perfect collaboration by which MR. ABBEY has introduced into MR. PARSONS'S landscape the figures of the two village lassies lends to the total impression an added intellectual charm. MR. ABBEY has painted more highly vitalized and interesting faces than those of these maids, but he has never made the human figure more indisputably an integral part of a landscape.

Yet if for the numerous class of works of which the one just mentioned may be considered as at the head in the present exhibition the American Water-colorist has a special and proud affection, there is another class that he is always ready to swear by, and to the head of this class MR. WINSLOW HOMER stepped up some time ago. It can not be doubted that the opinion long held by most of the French artists, and still held by many of them, that water-color painting on paper, as distinguished from *fresco* or *oil painting*, is better fitted for girls than for men, has even in this country some advocates in the studios, and of course some advocates outside of them. To all such persons MR. WINSLOW HOMER has had the honor of demonstrating more ably than any other American the virility of resource of the water-colorist's art. In his hands it is pre-eminently a man's art; and there are certain things of his in this sixteenth exhibition, notably the pose and expression of that brawny woman who stands in the wind beside a stream waiting for a boat to come and fetch her, which the Greeks might have admired for commanding attitude, and MICHAEL ANGELO for the evidence that statuesqueness may have a soul.

The painter who, two or three years ago, introduced us to the American shepherdess as she can be seen any day in the uplands of New York State, now invites us into the society of the American fisherwoman as she can be seen any day on the coast of Maine. But neither the shepherdess nor the fisherwoman had ever visited the metropolis before, nor (to speak with strict truth) will any one who recognizes the creative possibilities of divine art suppose that either this shepherdess or this fisherwoman is visible elsewhere than in these mirrors of the painter's imagination.

The managers of the exhibition deserve the thanks of the contributors and of the public. They have made its surroundings a feast of decorative skill. They have brought together an array of etchings which present in a fresh and most encouraging light the American aptitude in this felicitous artistic direction. They have published an illustrated catalogue of more serious import than any of its predecessors. And they have hung the pictures in the galleries with an intelligent feeling for general chromatic effect, so far as this can be realized simultaneously with attention to the traditional claims of each member of the society to a place on the line.



NOVEMBER MORNING.—BRUCE CRANE.

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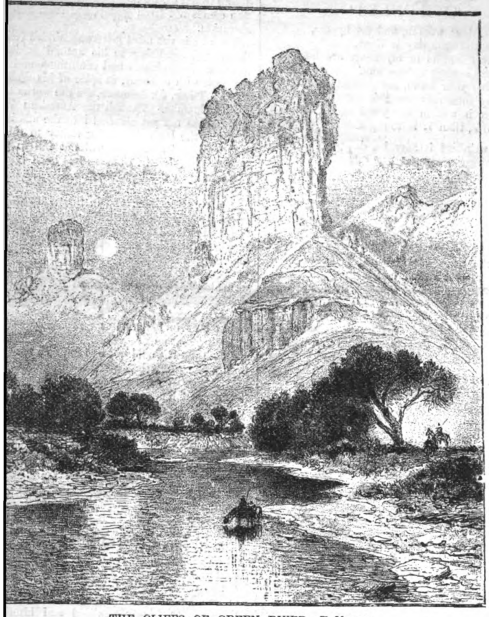


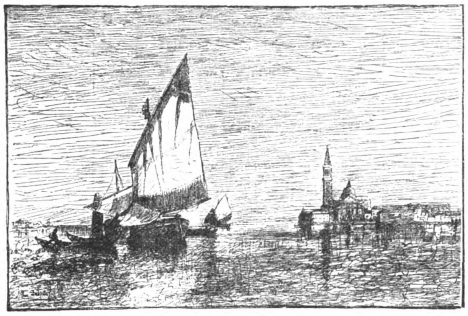
THE CLIFFS OF GREEN RIVER.—T. Moran.

A VOICE FROM THE CLIFF.—Winslow Homer.

A SKETCH.—W. M. Chase.

STUDY IN ST. AUGUSTINE.—

CULTURE.—W. H. Lippincott.



AFTERNOON IN VENICE.—Arthur Quartley.

A GENERATION AGO.—W. S

ALONG THE SHORE OF SILVER STREAMING THAMES.—E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons.

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY, AT TH NA

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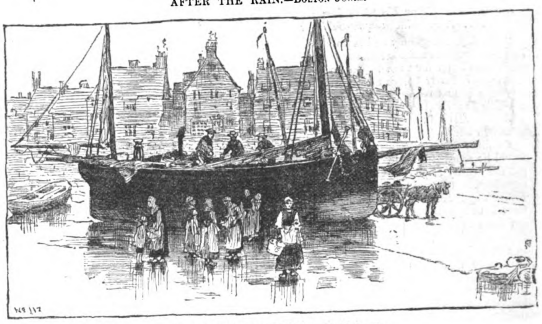
ARSHALL CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA.—Harry Fenn.

SUNNY DAYS.—G. Y. Turner.

OUIS C. Tiffany.

AN OLD-TIME FAVORITE.—Frederic Dielman.

AFTER THE RAIN.—Bolton Jones.

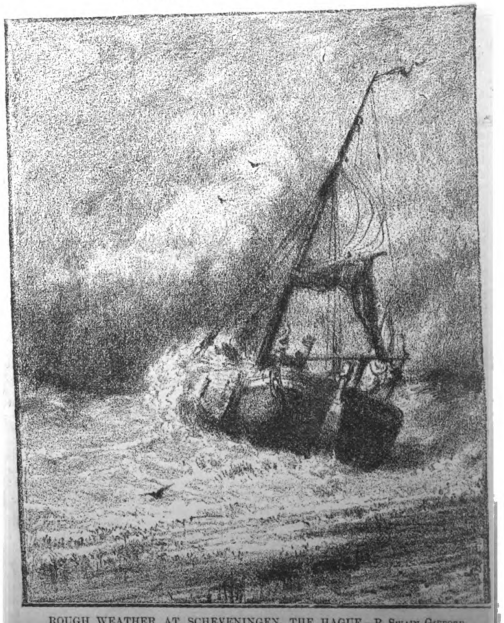


OLD WHITBY, ENGLAND.—H. P. Smith.

W. Smedley.

LOADING THE CART.—H. Muhrman.

NOW CAME STILL EVENING ON.—Henry Farrer.



ROUGH WEATHER AT SCHEVENINGEN, THE HAGUE.—R. Swain Gifford.

H NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—SELECTIONS FROM THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—[See Page 71.]

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FRESCOES.*

BY OUIDA.

PART II.—(*Continued.*)

Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, to Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest:

DARE not advise you, my son, in a matter ch lifelong moment. Your whole future on your decision. I see the difficulty that you. You love your cousin better than or place, or power. I do not say that you rong. You hesitate to alienate her from y an effort to secure the recognition of just rights: I understand your hesitation: f it did not make her your enemy, it would least a barrier (insurmountable to a proud n) to any confession on her part of affec- She would never submit to the appearance r eyes and the world that such a confession h a time would present. On the other hand, ousin may not be worthy such high devo- uch extraordinary sacrifice. You will re- er that when you saw her first she seemed insolent, capricious, artificial, a mere crea- the world and of its follies. Are you sure our colder estimate was not the juster? The ation she now has for you may blind you truth. If this be so, you may lose a ca- f happiness and usefulness, a life of peace gnity, the possession of a noble name, for an too idle and shallow to appreciate such fice if she knew of it; and she will never of it or suspect it. All your suffering, all oss, will be borne mutely and be unrecog- I do not dare to sway your decision either All I say is, think long, and do nothing on e. There is no need of haste. You are ed to remain where you are until your work lled. It will be time to decide when she s. The generosity you contemplate is al- uperhuman, but I believe you are capable nd would not even regret it if you knew orthy of it. If! You will have had my etter in which I answered the marvellous once you gave me; alas! that your poor had not courage enough to confide the o me! My poor Leonis! when I think of any years of privation and unrecognized my heart bleeds for you. I pray Heaven ese tidings of great joy come not too

s Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

e days are gloomy and seem very long. I a strange confusion and agitation. Your lim letter does not lessen my trouble, for t so clearly before me the truth that 'ei- y I must repine.' If I claim my inherit- e is sured if for evermore; and if he secret in my own heart, how can I ever h her?—I, who shall still seem to every nere adventurer, a mere beggar, and who e scorned even by herself if I so far for- dignity of poverty as to say a syllable of ation to one so far removed from me. way it seems there is no chance for me to to approach her with any hope of becom- re to her than I am now. You say truly no haste. I have locked the papers up le iron box, and, unless I choose, no eyes ine and yours will ever look on them. seem to you so very Quixotic that I can f the possibility of going on all my life h this secret untold, this great birthright ed? Do you not know I would do any- see her eyes smile at me? and the smile never come there if she knew it—never, nore. It seems strange, as I move about realize that it is all mine, actually mine!— have never had anything of my own ex- box of colors and a hired garret, with a bust here and there. doing nothing all the long evenings, with at my feet, and it seems to me that I can ake it at all, since, for me to take it, she e it. And she was so thoughtful of me, derate, so delicate, so kind—shall I repay obbing her? I work on when the light at the frescoes; these at least I wish to onor. The other day I laughed outright e major-domo spoke with some little in- about them; it seemed so ridiculous. If only guessed who I was, how he would inged and kissed the dust! To think I e right to sweep all this *valetaille* out of se! But it is not the power or the pos- of this birthright of mine that makes the ion; it is the leisure, it is the repose, it is ity to pass all my life in the pursuit of the surround myself with all that is beauti- spiritual; but then, without her, even with my life would be only 'a home without a 'ruche sans abeilles.' What can I do? I muse hour after hour, night after night, no nearer to any determination. I look ortrait, and the thought that I could ever hat glorious creature seems to me almost I have not heard from her again. If uld marry the young duke— No, I do k she will do that.

winter is long, long, long. It is now the February; in Rome how the land laughs, flowers spring, how the blood dances in ins so near to March! Here all is snow d, or fog and sleet, and the poor deer look g and sad under the leafless trees amongst k frosted bracken. . . . . house-steward has just brought me a tele- message he has had from her. It is sent is, and merely says, 'We come home to- To-morrow! Like that! Without a preparation. He says it is the way 'my ays does. My God! what shall I say

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to her? How shall I receive her? I know not whether I am most overjoyed or most wretched. If only I knew what I should most wisely, most rightly, do! And to think that it is all not hers, but mine—that she is in truth my guest! She has been away four months. For some time she has not written to me. I may have become no more to her than the nameless painter of her frescoes. If so—well, I will never take up my rights. It would be too much like vengeance. If she seem to care at all—well, then I will go away, send her portrait to the Salon, perhaps conquer a name in the world great enough to make it not too impossible for me to say to her, 'I love you.' No; I will not take away her little kingdom from her; I have a wider kingdom—Art. She trusted me. She shall not have cause to repent it.

"The 'to-morrow' is now 'to-day.' I could sleep not at all. It is now noon; she may be here at any moment. I scrawl this with a crayon in the ball-room. There is still snow, but the sun is shining. They have sent her Russian sledge to meet her with the three Russian horses. Berwick is gone of his own accord with the sledge. He would never leave me before. It seems he knows. How shall I meet her? What shall I say? I feel as if I were false to her. It is absurd, but I can not resist the feeling. I hear a noise of sleigh-bells, of voices, of great doors opening and shutting, of dogs barking: then all is still again—she is come.

"It is nearly four o'clock and almost dark. I scarcely see to scrawl this to you by the light of the fire. The frescoes are not one-half finished; this vexes me much; but the weather has been so utterly against all work. Her friends will tell her I have purposely delayed. I suppose I shall not see her till to-morrow. The man who especially waits on me has been in with wood, and says that Lady Cairnwrath has returned with her, no one else, but that many people are expected in a week from this. By that time I shall be gone. She must get the frescoes finished as she can....They have brought me word that her ladyship sent me her compliments and wished to see me in the library; she is taking her tea there after the journey. Will I go at once? I can not refuse. She has not forgotten. I tremble at the thought of seeing her, though I long so greatly to do so. I feel as if she would read all my secrets in my face. I love her so well, and yet I can not say a word! Pray for me, dear father. When next I shall write I shall be in Rome. Rome is the Mater Dolorosa, the Mother of Consolation.

"This was not posted last night. I open it to add that no one under heaven was ever so greatly blessed as I. Even now as I sit in the clear morning light, in my own chamber, I can not believe in my own paradise; I can not believe that, having wearied so long, the angel blesses me at last! When the servant brought me her message in the ball-room, I got up and walked through the house, and felt like a drunken man as I moved. To see her in the library! It seemed to me as if the very walls would speak to her, as if the French secrétaire would find a voice! I was like one in a dream. I found myself still as in a dream, standing before her in the familiar room. It was dusk, for which I was thankful, the long dusk of these gray English days. There was a gleam of low light from the windows which look west, and the full warm glow of the great fire. It shone on the silver tea-tray and samovar, on the white bear-skin by the hearth, on her as she stood there. She looked lovelier than ever I had seen her. She looked very pale and a little tired; she had what they call a tea-gown on, a thing all soft old lace and gleaming trailing satin: a thing which most becomes her, I think, of all she wears. She put her hand out to me, and I bent low over it. I said nothing; I could say nothing. She, too, seemed more silent than her wont. She murmured in a hurry, indistinctly, all sorts of little phrases: there was fever at Cannes; her grandmother was unwell; she had been so bored; it was only London emptied out by the Mediterranean; she hated the mixture of scorching sun and icy wind; she liked a fast gallop over a wet Berkshire road much better. I remember all these sentences now; at the time I do not think I heard them. I was gazing at her, and thinking how I loved her, and of how I must go out of her presence and away from her in silence. I could see no other way. All this while I never spoke a word.

"She came closer to me, in the half-glow from the fire-light and the lingering daylight, and we stood quite near together on the hearth. I still could not speak; I kissed again the hand she again held out to me; I kept thinking if she knew—if she knew! Perhaps I looked strangely, for her eyes had a startled glance in them. She said at last, in her old, pretty, quick fashion: 'Well, have you not a word to say? Are you displeased that I am home again? What have you done on the walls? Have you been very dull?' I could not have uttered a word to save my life or hers; I could only gaze at her, and I saw she grew very red—rosy red, like the hothouse camellia she had at her breast. 'Why would you not come to Cannes?' she said, without looking at me. 'I wanted you; could you not understand?' I said nothing; I could hear my heart beat as if it would break my breast, but I said nothing. Then she touched my hand with hers. 'Why will you be so proud?' I heard her say, in quite a whisper. 'You do like me a little: why don't you tell me so? I do not care what any of them think: I only care for you. We might be so happy, if you would not be so proud!' Then I fell at her feet and kissed them. Later that night I told her all the truth. I showed her all the papers; she does not mind. What is hers is mine, what is mine is hers. We will tell her own friends, but not the world; the world can think what it likes. If it deem her the most generous of all living women, it will only be right for once."

The Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"I love you already! You must come to us at Easter. He means to buy that deserted palace above Florinella and make it beautiful, so that we may often visit you. He says Bramante built it, and that you have often regretted to see it forsaken."

The Lady Cairnwrath of Othwestry to Lord Llandudno, White's Club, London:

"A great scandal has been most mercifully and providentially averted. Lord Charterys—for this gentleman is indisputably Lord Charterys: I see a strong resemblance in his features to poor Alured's—behaves in the most admirable manner; he will not hear of the truth being made public. He says the world may think him the debtor of his wife if it please. It does not really matter, because, of course, either way, the first son she has will bear the same title and ultimately inherit. I am very thankful the publicity is avoided; and I reflect with pleasure that I never allowed the obscure name and place of the unknown painter to prevent my recognition of him as a high-bred gentleman. You will remember that I always said he had *l'air noble*. It will certainly be difficult, as you observe, to make society comprehend why we consent to such an apparently unequal, indeed improbable, union; but when it is known that we all approve, no one will venture on an adverse comment; every one will be aware that *I* should never give my countenance to what was either unwise or incorrect. Besides, I do not see why, in a private sort of manner, the facts should not be made known. If you think proper you can tell one or two of your friends in the window at White's, quite confidentially; it will soon be all over the town, and it will perhaps be better than to allow people to suppose a mésalliance possible to *us*. Esmée has been a great and sore anxiety to me for many years. I am thankful that my responsibility will pass at last into other hands. She is quite *extraordinarily* in love with him and obedient to him. I should never have supposed she could so change through the mere influence of a sentiment."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"You must come for Easter, and leave your sanctuary on the hills for once, to give us your benediction, my first and my holiest friend!"

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"I am thoroughly bewildered. But I heartily congratulate you both. I feel, as our beloved Transatlantics say, 'a little mixed.' When will the frescoes get finished? I suppose you forgive me?"

The Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"Yes; I forgive you even the rude nonsense you wrote. I shall always call him Renzo. We shall remain here all the summer, and he *will* finish the frescoes!"

THE END.

THE ICE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

THOSE who have braved the discomforts of Niagara in the winter are in the habit of assuring those who have not that they have missed the great cataract at its greatest. The various æsthetic nuisances which have been entailed by the commercial occupation of the shores, and which there is now a good hope of abating altogether and permanently, are mitigated and dissembled by the indiscriminate veil of the snow. The hackman, sleek with his summer's booty, hibernates and sucks his paws, to emerge with the vernal equinox lean and insatiable. The bridal parties do not invade the seclusion of the winter tourist, nor are articles of aboriginal manufacture thrust upon him. He is almost sure to be alone; and to be alone at Niagara is a hope that all tourists of sensibility have cherished, and few summer tourists have realized.

Moreover, the aspect of the cataract itself in winter is full of wonder and of mystery, even to those who know it best in summer. Nowhere else does a frosty night work such miracles in mimic architecture as in fixing the forms of the unceasing rush of waters. The shapes of the torrents as they fall and of the clouds of spray as they rise are alike arrested, and the roar of the water-fall is muffled, and its outline veiled at once and revealed in the frozen music to which its motion is converted.

Not seldom is the whole channel below the falls gorged from bank to bank with the glittering masses into which the cataract has crystallized, and sometimes these heaped masses assume the form of a practicable bridge—practicable by venturesome pedestrians alone. Ice gorges are of periodic occurrence in places subject to the same conditions as Niagara, where a powerful stream is confined between high and narrow banks. Sometimes the breaking up of these by the spring floods is a source of great danger when the dam of ice forces the water above its usual level. At Port Jervis, on the Erie Railway, a long ravine is filled in rigorous winters with a vast wedge of ice, the breaking up of which is awaited by the people of the place with alarm, although the fact that it is expected has prevented any serious disasters such as occur from the unpredictable avalanches of the Alps, where the load of snow slowly accumulates through many seasons, and when its equilibrium has at last become unstable the concussion of a pistol-shot or of a shout may precipitate the whole mass upon whatever lies below. But once or twice at Port Jervis the danger has seemed imminent enough to warrant more or less futile attempts to dislodge the gorged ice with dynamite.

Of all the "ice bridges" formed at Niagara within the memory of living men, that of this winter is said to have been the most impressive to look at. It was formed about the middle of January, and became a solid mass, or rather a close aggregation of masses, spanning the deep gorge immediately below the falls. One observer declared that it was in some places 100 feet thick; another says that it seemed to be solid from the bed of the river to a point more than fifty feet above high-water mark. Hundreds of people had crossed the structure in safety. A strong westerly wind on Sunday, January 21, increased the volume of water and ice tumbling over the falls, which attacked the bridge by burrowing at its base. The water at the foot of the fall steadily rose, until at four in the afternoon a deep rumbling showed that the tremendous and increasing pressure upon the bridge had become irresistible. The centre of the great mass—last an enormous berg—gave way, and floated slowly down stream for about 500 yards, when it brought up with a great crash against a mass already fast in the narrower gorge. The loose ice which had been embanked above, some of it in fragments larger than a common dwelling-house, floated into the channel thus opened through the bridge, until it in turn brought up against the lower barrier. The wedging and shouldering aside of the floes by each other in the process of adjustment brought them into collision, with a continued fusillade of crushes, in which great bowlders of ice went to powder, while others meeting sent jets of ice and water in the air. By dark the gorge was again a solid mass, but now nearly two miles in extent, from the foot of the falls to below the suspension-bridge. During Sunday night loose floes were hurled over the falls and thrown on the shores, destroying the observatory and dressing-rooms at "The Shadow of the Rock," and some 200 feet of the inclined railway which gives access to that place. The house of the ferryman on the Canadian side, some seventy feet above the ordinary ice-level, was battered down, giving the inmates barely time to escape. The ferry-boats themselves were destroyed, and some of the guys of the new suspension-bridge torn from the rocks to which they had been bolted. It is said that the ice bridges of the last ten years at Niagara, all put together, would not be equivalent in mass to the glacier which now occupies two miles of the bed of the river.

THE SINKING OF THE "CIMBRIA."

THE appalling disaster in the North Sea is calculated to shake the confidence of those who "go down to the sea in ships." The *Cimbria* was one of the largest and best of the ships of the Hamburg-American line. Captain HANSEN, her commander, was regarded as a very brave and skillful officer, and though a comparatively young man, was trusted by his owners on account of his coolness and energy. The vessel was not old, having been built in 1867 by the famous firm of CAIRDS; she had seven bulk-head compartments, and was supposed to possess all the appliances for safety known to the ship-building art. Yet she went down, in fifteen minutes, in a quiet sea, carrying with her over four hundred human beings. Such an overwhelming catastrophe proves only too plainly that, with all the progress of science and mechanical ingenuity, the dangers of the ocean more than hold their own, and the thousands afloat upon its treacherous bosom run much the same risks as the men and women who set sail upon the *Mayflower* nearly three hundred years ago.

The *Cimbria* left Hamburg on the afternoon of Thursday, January 18, for New York *vid* Havre. She is reported to have had a crew of ninety-four officers and men, and four hundred and two passengers, though the numbers are variously stated, all but a score of whom were emigrants, mostly peasants from Eastern Prussia, Posen, and Russia. She ran aground before getting out of the Elbe, but was got off without damage, and proceeded on her voyage. On Friday morning, about one o'clock, a heavy fog closed down about her when she was off the island of Borkum, on the frontier of Holland and Germany. The captain and first officer were on the bridge with the pilot. The engines were put at half speed, and subsequently again slowed, and at 2 A.M., as nearly as can be gathered from the accounts so far published, the vessel was on her proper course, going at about four knots an hour, and giving frequent fog-signals, when suddenly through the mist, only a few hundred feet distant, appeared the green lights of an approaching steamer. The helm was put to port and the engines reversed; but in less than a minute the other vessel struck the *Cimbria*, nearly at right angles, about forty feet from the bow. The blow was like that of an armored ram. It crashed through the port side with such force as to keel the vessel over to the starboard until her decks were under water. The greater number of passengers were of course asleep. Those of them who could escape from below rushed to the deck, frantic with terror, but many others must have sunk with the ship. The captain retained his self-command, and the discipline of the crew seems to have been excellent. While the first officer held torches to light those who sought the boats, the second officer was cutting away spars and rigging for floats. Four of the eight boats were either crushed or rendered useless. The others were lowered with great difficulty, owing to the keeling of the vessel, and one of them capsized as soon as it reached the water. In a quarter of an hour all that could be done was done. The noble vessel went down in ninety feet

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of water, and of her precious freight only fifty-six were saved. Thirty of these escaped in one of the boats, nine in a second, and seventeen in another. The sea was covered with the dead or dying, and many who succeeded in clinging to the floating fragments perished from cold in the icy water. The captain must have gone down with his vessel, as he was last seen standing at his post on the bridge, and no trustworthy tidings of his escape have been received.

The vessel which sank the *Cimbria* was a freight steamer, the *Sultan*, Captain CUTTIL, from Hull to Cuxhaven. The *Sultan* was of 1000 tons burden, and was heavily loaded with coals. Her captain and the crew refused to give any information as to the disaster to the agents of the press, but a statement has been made through another captain. According to this, the *Sultan* was going slowly, and sounding frequent signals, when the *Cimbria*, without warning, appeared two ship's-lengths off in nearly a direct line, approaching rapidly. The latter vessel, says Captain CUTTIL, changed her course and crossed the bows of the *Sultan*, collided with and severely injured her. He also says that he remained as near the scene as he could until eight o'clock the next morning, but heard no cries, and saw none of the passengers or crew, dead or living, from the sunken vessel. This story is, to say the least, highly improbable. A careful examination of the reported courses and positions of the two vessels immediately before and after the collision shows that no such damage as was done could have resulted from the *Cimbria's* striking the *Sultan* diagonally when the latter was going at only four knots an hour. The conflict of testimony as to the subsequent action of the *Sultan* is irreconcilable. Her captain says he made constant signals with lights and whistle; the *Cimbria's* survivors unite in saying that they heard none. The latter testify to hearing piercing cries until all the unfortunates upon the surface of the sea were silent in death; the captain of the *Sultan* declares that he heard no sound. The mystery which thus surrounds the conduct of the vessel which escaped from the awful collision is most painful. It is hard to believe that any sailor could have been so stony-hearted as to steam away from hundreds of his fellow-creatures crying to him from the darkness. If that can be proved against him, death would be a trifling penalty for his crime.

While the conduct of the officers and crew of the *Cimbria* appears to have been in every way worthy, the owners of the line have a very grave responsibility resting upon them. It is plain that there was not an adequate number of boats or rafts for the number of passengers on board; and though those which were provided proved to some extent unavailable, the lack of others remains inexcusable. It is a sad commentary upon what is commonly called the tendency of the age to the care of human life that the lives of emigrants are so recklessly risked. There is a callousness in this regard which it seems impossible to overcome, but which this last and most terrible warning ought to penetrate.

THE CINCINNATI OPERA FESTIVAL.

WHEN they get an opera company in Cincinnati they make the most of it. We call an extended series of operatic performances an opera season; the Cincinnatians call eight operatic performances an Operatic Festival. They lay a parquet floor in Music Hall, build a proscenium and boxes, get together a chorus of two hundred voices, an orchestra of a hundred, and the season becomes a Festival. In other respects the scheme is quite ordinary. Not only has no new work been produced, but at least three of the stock operas have been given with an *ensemble* that would not be tolerated here. With the exception of Madame ALBANI, all the leading artists have been heard in New York last season. They are, besides Madame ALBANI, Madame PATTI, Madame FURSCH-MADI, and Madame SCALCHI; Signor MIERZWINSKI, Signor RAVELLI, and Signor GALASSI. These artists were the strength of the Festival, as they were of our season. No basso is included in the list. In this respect Colonel MAPLESON'S company is very weak. M. DURAT, who sang Assur in *Semiramide*, has a strong voice, but it is rough in quality and poorly schooled, while Signor MONTI, who sang the King in the wofully mediocre performance of *Lohengrin* at the Academy last season, is only a conscientious singer of the second order. There is also but one baritone in the above list—Signor GALASSI. As this noble artist could not be called upon to sing at every performance, Signor CIAMPI-CELLAI was cast for several important parts. This singer came out of the New York season with the unqualified disapproval of audiences and critics. He is the first barytone I heard sing the cavatina in *Il Trovatore* without being encored.

The interest of the Festival centered in the four great artists who took part—Madame PATTI, Madame ALBANI, Madame SCALCHI, and Signor GALASSI.

Madame PATTI, both of whose parents were singers, was born in Madrid, February 19, 1843. "But the first language I spoke was English," she said, in an interview with the famous Viennese critic, EDUARD HAUSLICK; "for in 1844 already our family came to New York with the impressario of the Chambers Street Opera-house." When asked if she was taken to the theatre as a child, she replied: "Yes, often. Whenever my mother sang I used to get so excited over the performances that I could not sleep. When I thought all my family asleep, I got up, lit a night-lamp in front of the mirror, put on an old scarlet coat of my father's and an operatic hat of my mother's, and went through all the gestures I had caught from my mother's performance, humming over the melodies. Sometimes I got through the whole opera, and applauded myself, and threw crumpled newspapers at myself for bouquets. Once unfortunately I applauded so loudly that I woke up CARLOTTA, and got a scolding."

When she was seven years of age her parents, who had been left destitute by the disappearance of their manager, thought the little girl, who was always singing about the house, might prove a resource to them. So a concert was given at Tripler Hall. Standing on a table in order that people might see how small she was, ADELINA sang "Casta Diva" and "Una Voce." At fifteen years of age, November 24, 1859, she appeared at the Academy of Music as Lucia. Nearly twenty-three years later, on the 6th of November last, she was heard again at the Academy in the part in which she made her début. From the ambitious débutante she had become one of the world's most famous soprani.

One does not criticise the nightingale's singing; no more does one criticise the singing of ADELINA PATTI. She has long been acknowledged complete mistress of all the arts of vocalization. She might be called the SARAH BERNHARDT of the operatic stage, for, like SARAH BERNHARDT'S acting, her singing is the apotheosis of applied science. All she does has been calculated to a nicety, but upon every personation she has bestowed those charms of which only one so bountifully endowed as she has command. She has the art of seeming artless, of giving to what is pure art the semblance of spontaneity. It is perhaps in the perfect ease and freedom of her singing—the total absence of effort—that the principal charm of her personations lies.

Madame ALBANI is a French Canadian by birth, as is shown by her maiden name, LA JEUNESSE. She was educated at the convent in Montreal, receiving, when twelve years of age, a gold medal for musical composition. Later her father left Montreal and came to Albany. From him she had lessons on the piano and the harp, and also in singing. His musical lessons and piano-tuning not proving as lucrative as he had hoped, and recognizing the beauty of his daughter's voice, he arranged to have her appear in a concert at Troy. In this concert she played on the piano and harp, and sang. So great was her success that she gave another concert in Albany, soon afterward. This led to her engagement as organist at St. Joseph's Church in that city. Later, the position of soprano soloist was added to her duties as organist. She also sang with the choir of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. BRIGNOLI chanced to hear her, and recognizing the beautiful quality of her voice, recommended a course of foreign study. As she was too poor to defray the expenses of instruction abroad, a complimentary concert was arranged for her. From the proceeds she was enabled to go to Paris, where she studied under the tenor DUPREZ. Afterward she studied two summers in Italy with LAMPATTI, through whose assistance she made her début as Amina in Malta. She sang in Italy, in Russia, and in London with great success. She appeared here in opera, under STRAKOSCH, during the season of 1874–5. Since then she has achieved many triumphs in London and on the Continent.

Madame SOFIA SCALCHI, who appeared as Ortruda in *Lohengrin*, and Arsace in *Semiramide* on Thursday, was born at Turin, in 1852, of parents whose love and talent for music were very pronounced. She was precocious, and her precocity being readily recognized by her parents, she was placed under Madame BOCCABADATI for instruction. In her sixteenth year already she appeared at Mantua, and subsequently at Naples, Milan, and Turin. Within a year thereafter Colonel MAPLESON secured her services for London. Under his management she also visited the English, Scotch, and Irish cities, remaining with him another season. Then she went to St. Petersburg, where she became such a favorite that she was induced to stay there nine consecutive seasons. After that she divided her time between Madrid, Vienna, and Warsaw. Year before last she was engaged at a thousand dollars a night to sing in Rio Janeiro. Every effort was made to retain her there, but she determined to join the MAPLESON company here. On the voyage the vessel was nearly shipwrecked, and in consequence of the rough passage she was so prostrated that she was unable to appear in New York until toward the close of the season, when she was heard in *Semiramide* and *Linda di Chamouni*.

Madame SCALCHI is among contralti what Madame PATTI is among soprani. She has a pure, rich, large contralto voice, which, while superb in its power, is no less remarkable for its flexibility. This union of power and flexibility is rarely found in a contralto, and easily places Madame SCALCHI in the foremost ranks of operatic artists.

Signor GALASSI was only twelve years old when he had the pleasure of being patted on the head by Pope PIUS IX., and of being called by him a "contraltuccio di prima sfera." This occurred during a visit paid by PIUS to Loreto, where GALASSI was born in 1845. At the outbreak of the war for liberty, GALASSI, like his friend CAMPANINI, joined GARIBALDI'S forces. His dashing bravery and genial good-fellowship made him a great favorite with his comrades. At the camp fire he used to regale them with songs and snatches of opera, which he executed in the weird light with dramatic gestures. After the war he again joined his family, which had settled in Faenza. At a concert there a rich nobleman was charmed with GALASSI'S voice, and furnished him with the means to study at Bologna under BIANCHI. A year later he made his début at the Lodi in *La Straniera*. Soon afterward he went with a company to Brazil, where he at first sang subordinate parts. His talent was, however, soon recognized, and at Bahia he scored a brilliant success as Carlo in *Ernani*. From Brazil he went to Milan, where he remained until 1874, when he was engaged by Colonel MAPLESON. He is one of the finest barytones on the operatic stage. Like Madame SCALCHI'S contralto voice, his barytone is flexible as well as powerful. He is, moreover, an admirable actor. His versatility is remarkable.

Signor RAVELLI is an excellent tenore di grazia; he has a light, sympathetic voice, and sings easily, clearly, and purely. Signor MIERZWINSKI is remarkable for the fine quality of his high notes, and the passion and fervor of his singing and acting in high-wrought scenes. In subdued scenes he is uninteresting and commonplace. His Arnoldo in *Tell* is a superb performance throughout, and his Lohengrin often rises to a high level of power. Madame FURSCH-MADI is a soprano who is remarkable for the dramatic expression of her singing and her fine acting. The musical directors, Signor ARDITI and Mr. OTTO SINGER, are well known. G. K.

THE MONTREAL ICE CARNIVAL.

MONTREAL in winter hardly needs the aid of an ice carnival to make it attractive. Its dry, crisp atmosphere—no colder at zero than that of New York at twenty above—its garment of snow, and its gay out-of-door life present all the charm of novelty to the ordinary visitor from the States. Every turn reveals some new and picturesque situation. Snow covers the streets from house to house. If there is a city ordinance requiring the sidewalks to be cleaned, it is not enforced, and one may take the choice of breaking his neck upon the icy foot-path or being run over by the dashing sleighs in the roadway. Conveyances of every kind are on runners, and sleighs to hire are as plenty and as cheap as cabs in London or Paris. One may secure a cab sleigh holding three or four persons, with driver, one horse, and five or six buffalo-robes, for one dollar the first hour, and seventy-five cents each additional hour; and at the tremendous speed at which even the hack horses go, one may take a sufficiently long drive in an hour and a half—sufficiently long, that is, to be thoroughly chilled if he is not protected with furs and arctics against the piercing cold. No one in Montreal hesitates to wrap up. Fur is the common head-covering, and a tall silk hat only exposes the wearer to derision and frost-bitten ears. When well wrapped, however, one may enjoy the cold and take as much pleasure in the famous drive around the Mountain as though it were midsummer, and the distant St. Lawrence were not a broad sheet of ice.

In past years relatively few Americans have seen Montreal in winter dress and the impression has generally prevailed in the States that from November to June Canada was cold, rigorous, and uninviting. It has been to remove this mistaken notion, and to give American visitors an opportunity to become acquainted with the characteristic features of a Canadian winter, that the late Ice Carnival was planned. If any one person is entitled to the credit of projecting the scheme, it is Mr. R. D. M'GIBBON, a young Montreal lawyer and member of the Snow-shoe Club, who proposed at the annual meeting of that club last year that a week of Canadian sports should be held in the winter of 1883. The idea was taken up by the various snow-shoe, tobogganing, curling, skating, hockey, and trotting clubs, and committees were appointed to prepare a plan of operations. How this was arranged it embraced skating and curling matches, trotting races on the St. Lawrence, snow-shoe parades and steeple-chases, tobogganing for the public, a fancy-dress skating carnival, a grand ball at the Windsor Hotel, a concert of French *chansons* by the Snow-shoe Club, and the construction of a building from blocks of solid ice, which should be not only a novelty in American architecture, but the most conspicuous feature of the Carnival itself.

While a glance at the palace satisfies the observer, one may linger long over his enjoyment of the Canadian sports. Of these the foremost and chiefest is of course toboggan. One who has never tobogganed, even though he has seen others indulging in it, can not begin to understand its wonderful exhilaration. The sensation of plunging down a nearly perpendicular precipice at the rate of over a mile a minute, with only a quarter-inch bass-wood board between one and the icy ground, and hardly as much as that, it seems, between one and eternity, is simply indescribable. One takes a long breath at the start, but it is soon gone. He gasps, and chokes, and shuts his eyes, and prays for the twenty-three seconds which it takes to accomplish the descent to come to an end, and when it has come to an end he toils up to the top of the hill and tries it over again. With the second or third time he gains more breath and experience, and finds it increasingly fascinating. The toboggan is the materialized whirlwind, and it is no wonder that people enjoy the sensation of riding it.

During Carnival week the private tobogganing slides have been thrown open to the public, so that visitors have had an unusually favorable opportunity to indulge in the sport. Nothing could be more animating or picturesque than the sight of one of these slides at night, lit up by Chinese lanterns and bonfires, and crowded with gay tobogganers, to whose shouts and cries the skir-r-r of the toboggan over the ice plays a sort of unmusical accompaniment. It is not only on the private slides, however, that the sport is practiced. On the hills around the city every man is his own tobogganer, and in vacant lots, where ever there is a declivity a little longer than the toboggan itself, boys may be seen guiding its swift flight down the hill, or laboriously pulling it up after them. Accidents are not as common as one would think. The thin flexible wood readily adapts itself to the undulations in the ground, and with practice in steering one runs but few risks. As between the coasting bob of New England and the toboggan of Canada, the element of safety seems greatly in favor of the latter.

One can understand the fascinations of tobogganing, but it is less easy to account for the popularity of the snow-shoe pastime—if indeed it may be called a pastime. Why men should enjoy tramping over frozen snow with what seem to be tennis racquets flapping at their heels does not readily appear, nor is the utility of the extraordinary costume in which they get themselves up any more obvious. The snow-shoe is indispensable, no doubt, in the open country, but to employ it for amusement in the cities would seem to be making rather a toil of pleasure; and to indulge in a snow-shoe steeple-chase—if one may judge from the jaded appearance of the men at the finish of Wednesday's race—must be one of the severest of all human experiences. Notwithstanding this, however, there are eight snow-shoe clubs represented in the Carnival, which at the torch-light parade on Wednesday night turned out over one thousand devotees of the sport. A wonderfully picturesque display they made with their white blanket coats and knickerbockers, red or blue leggings, blue tasseled caps, and yellow buckskin shoes, and one could not but think of the sensation which their appearance would create in New York. It would not be a bad idea for some one of the New York athletic societies to extend an invitation to its Canadian brethren to visit the metropolis during the next snow-storm. The occasion of the snow-shoe parade was made the occasion also of the inauguration of the ice palace, and the spectacle of Dominion Square illuminated by the flickering glare of the snow-shoers' torches and Bengal lights, and by the more brilliant electric rays that shone through the palace walls, presented a picture the singular beauty of which not even the thickly falling snow could dim.

Next to the grand ball at the Windsor, which took place on Friday night, and which can hardly be said to have presented any peculiarly Canadian features, the most elegant spectacle of the week was presented at the skating carnival on Thursday evening in the Victoria Rink. Whatever may be the attractions of tobogganing, curling, snow-shoeing, and the other sports, there is, after all, no more delightful exercise than skating, whether one engages in it himself or only watches the performance of others; and when the charms of music and fancy costume are added to the skater's graceful evolutions, the scene becomes indescribable in its exhilaration and picturesque effects. From such a spectacle of beauty and poetic motion the New York visitor comes away, as he does indeed from the entire Carnival celebration, with emotions of envy and regret. If the four or five days which he has spent in Montreal are a fair specimen of the Canadian winter—and there is no reason to doubt that they are—they present a strong temptation for one to exchange the penetrating New York winds and violent alternations of warmth and cold for the more equable if colder climate of the Dominion. ELIOT MCCORMICK.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A YOUNG woman of Boston has written a four-act play, to be performed by seven girls. In the first act the girls talk separately. In the second and succeeding acts they all talk at once. It is difficult to understand how the play can possess sufficient merit to compensate for the glaring improbability which runs through its first quarter.

It is announced that the Emperor William intends to appoint the Prince of Wales chief of the Blucher Hussars, as a memento of his visit to Berlin. If the Prince accepts, it will be, of course, with the tacit understanding that he is not to be expected to turn out with the boys on midsummer occasions, and march all day with a green cabbage leaf in his cap to keep off sunstroke.

A Southern newspaper ventures to hope that since one of the framers of its State Constitution has been raised to the bench, that bewildering document will get what it has never had—a satisfactory interpretation. This item contains a hint which might be utilized, perhaps, in connection with the new Penal Code of the Empire State.

It costs Ohio two dollars more per pupil to educate the rising generation than it costs Wisconsin; but the schools of the latter State do not claim to fit their graduates for the profession of holding government appointments without supplementary practical training.

The best of order prevailed in the House of Representatives during the period for which Mr. Smalls, of South Carolina, was recently called to the Speaker's chair. Being congratulated upon this fact subsequently, he said, "White men don't like to be ordered by a colored man to keep quiet."

An ingenuous Frenchman announces himself as the author of a scheme for an "oral journal." Having never attended a tea party in New England, nor spent an evening sitting on a mackerel keg in a Western village grocery, he fancies that he has hit upon something novel.

Another story of variation in the marriage ceremony comes from Louisiana, where a colored preacher is said to have asked the groom, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife, and vote for the Hon. Taylor Beattie for Congress?" The man assented, and the ceremony was completed.

The enterprising Chicago highwayman believes in keeping his advantage when once he has gained it. A Swede named Petersen was stopped in a street of that city a few nights ago by a man who demanded his money. Petersen had none to give, and the highwayman took him into custody, marched him to a police station, and had him locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct.

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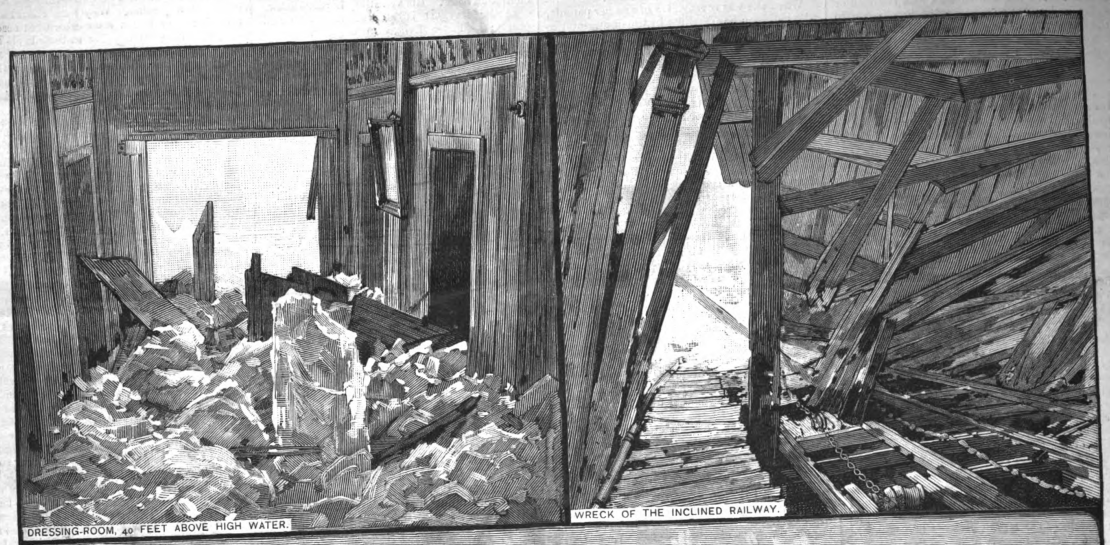

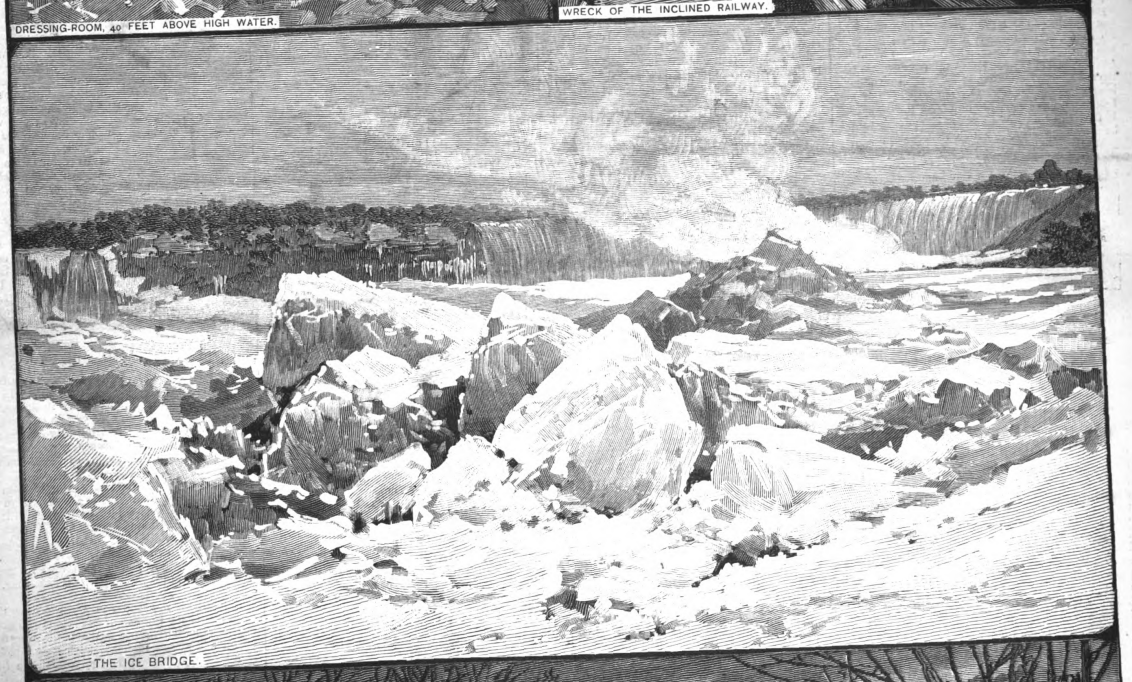

THE ICE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.—From Photographs by George Barker.—[See Page 74.]

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A RAY OF HOPE.

UNCLE SAM. "Come to our American Republic if you are ambitious to be a bill-poster. You may surfeit yourself, and no one will interfere."

SIX SOUTHERN SENATORS.

THE six United States Senators from the South whose portraits are given on this page have been honored by a re-election to their high position for another term. They are all lawyers, and, with the exception of Messrs. GARLAND and SAULSBURY, have served in the Confederate army. The youngest of the group is Mr. BUTLER, who is in his forty-seventh year, and the eldest, Mr. SAULSBURY, who is nearly sixty-five. Between the two are Mr. GARLAND, fifty-one, Mr. COKE, fifty-four, Mr. RANSOM, fifty-six, and Mr. MORGAN, fifty-nine. Messrs. GARLAND and MORGAN were born in Tennessee, Mr. COKE in Virginia, and the others in the States they represent.

Senator MORGAN has resided in Alabama since he was a boy of nine. When twenty-one years of age he was admitted to the bar, and practiced until his election to the Senate. He was a Presidential Elector in 1860, and voted for BRECKINRIDGE and LANE; was a delegate in 1861 to the State Convention which passed the Ordinance of Secession. He joined the Confederate army as a private, but was promoted finally to be a brigadier-general. After the war he resumed his practice at Selma. In 1876 he was again chosen a Presidential Elector, and voted for TILDEN and HENDRICKS. One year later he was elected to the United States Senate.

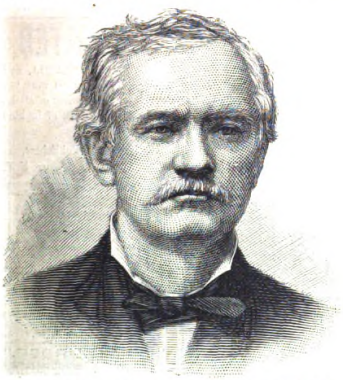
Senator GARLAND'S parents emigrated to Arkansas when the little fellow was scarcely a year old. The lad was educated in Kentucky, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. He was a member of the Secession Convention of his State, of the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, Alabama, in May, 1861, and subsequently of the Confederate Congress, first in the House and afterward in the Senate. In 1866 he was elected to the United States Senate, but was refused a seat. He followed his profession until 1874, when he was elected Governor of Arkansas, and two years later he was chosen Senator.

Senator SAULSBURY, of Delaware, was educated in the common and select schools and at Dickinson College. He studied and practiced law, was a member of the State Legislature in 1853 and 1854, and in 1871 took his seat in the United States Senate. In 1876 he was re-elected, and on March 4 he will enter upon still another term. Senator SAULSBURY is a man of ability, of fine presence, and polished manners.

Senator RANSOM received an academic education, was graduated from the University of North Carolina when twenty-one years of age, and soon afterward was admitted to the bar. He was a planter as well as a lawyer. He was Attorney-General for his State from 1852 to 1855, a member of the Legislature from 1858 to 1860, and a Peace Commissioner to the Congress of Southern States in 1861. He has been in the United States Senate continuously from April 24, 1872. A recent writer says of him: "In scholarship, taste, and culture he has had no superior in the history of his State, while as an advocate he is eloquent, powerful, and a consummate master of the effective weapons found in raillery and invective. Like Athenian Croux, who was equally victorious on sea and land, General RANSOM has shone in such various fields of action that it is difficult to determine his merit in any one." The degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by his alma mater, the North Carolina University, a few years ago.

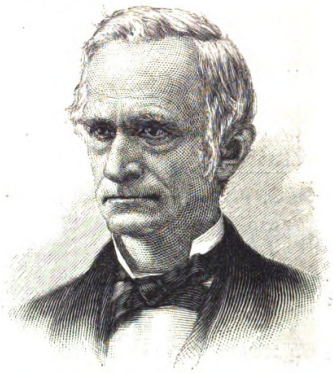
Senator BUTLER received a classical education at the Edgefield Academy, and afterward an incomplete course at the South Carolina College. He studied law at Stonelands, and began practice in his twenty-first year. Three years later he was chosen a member of the State Legislature, was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in 1870, and in 1877 became the successor of Mr. ROBERTSON in the United States Senate.

Senator COKE did not remove from Virginia to Texas until he had been graduated at William and Mary College and admitted to the bar. He has since practiced law constantly when not in the public service. He joined the Confederate army as a private, and afterward was made a captain. In 1865 he was appointed District Judge, and the following year was chosen Judge of the State Supreme Court, but was removed by General SHERIDAN as "an impediment to reconstruction." In 1867 he returned to the practice of the law. He was made Governor of Texas in 1873 by 50,000 majority, and in 1876 was re-elected by 102,000 majority. Two months later he was elected to the United States Senate, and in the following December he resigned his seat as Governor to take his new position. He is said to be a man of great executive ability.

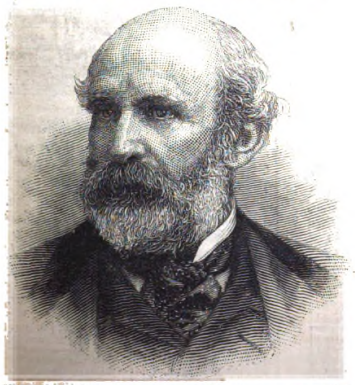


JOHN T. MORGAN, ALABAMA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.

AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND, ARKANSAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.

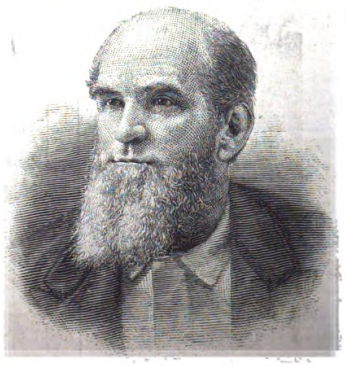


ELI SAULSBURY, DELAWARE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.



MATT W. RANSOM, NORTH CAROLINA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.

M. C. BUTLER, SOUTH CAROLINA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.



RICHARD COKE, TEXAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARKS.

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8.—*MOST IMPORTANT: Every lady can look young and attractive with a THOMPSON WAVE,* AS HUNDREDS WILL ACKNOWLEDGE *who look ten years younger.*
9.—*As I have 10 different styles of THOMPSON WAVES, every fancy can be gratified.*

☞ **Beware of parties endeavoring to sell you Waves representing them to be the Thompson Wave, as I do not allow any other Dealer to sell my goods.**
HEADQUARTERS OF
MRS. C. THOMPSON,
No. 39 East 14th Street, *NEW YORK.*

HARPER'S BAZAR
CUT PAPER PATTERNS.
We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.
We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.
HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S
BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES
The **only** establishment **making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARGE HOUSES for ROSES alone.** Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for $1; 12 for $2; 19 for $3; 26 for $4; 35 for $5; 75 for $10; 100 for $13; We GIVE a Handsome Present of choice and valuable ROSES free with every order. Our **NEW GUIDE,** *a complete Treatise on the Rose,* 70 pp. *elegantly illustrated—Free to all.*
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,
Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED
To sell our RELIGIOUS CYCLOPÆDIA, now complete in Ten Volumes. This great work has been endorsed by prominent clergymen of all denominations, and is the leading work of its kind in the English language.
Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

YOUR NAME In Elegant Script Type, on 50 beautiful imported Chromo Cards, 10c. 14 pks. $1. 20 pearl bevel gilt-edged cards with lapped corners, 10c. Agents' large album containing all the latest styles of imported bevel edge and satin fringe cards, with illustrated premium list & private terms to agents, 25c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn. CARDS

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE. THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. For Sale by Grocers. D. S. WILTBERGER, Prop., 233 N. Second St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Dr. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at sight.* You double your money. Address Dr. CHASE'S Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

"SWEET AS THE ROSE."
Beautiful new set of *Gift Palettes,* by mail, on receipt of two 3c. stamps. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

$.65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—$3.75 BUYS an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Cases, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

100 Scrap Pictures, (C) $10 bill (curiosity), and 15 money-making secrets for 10 5-cent stamps. J. FAY, Montpelier, Vt.

BIG PAY Guaranteed at home. SHEPARD BROS., Cincinnati and Kansas City.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York.

CARDS NEW STYLES: *Gold Beveled Edge and Chromo Visiting Cards, finest quality, largest variety and lowest prices.* 50 chromos with name, 10c. *I present with each order.* CLINTON BROS. & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

SILK Goods for Patch-work. Elegant styles. Send 10c. for Sample Pieces. N. H. SILK Co., New Haven, Ct.

50 Large Cromos, New and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. VANN & CO., New Haven, Conn.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Ct.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

30 Fine White Gold-Edge Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book, 20c. M. SHAW & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

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THE ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

WHICH LATELY APPEARED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Have been the means of attracting the attention of thousands of intelligent families who have taken advantage of the extraordinary offer of sending the Soap by mail for trial:—

Thousands of letters have already been received from Subscribers of HARPER'S WEEKLY who having made the required promises, have each received in return a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap, *in accordance with the most liberal offer ever made to the public.*

Although it is very expensive to send the Soap out for trial this way, it is believed to be the cheapest and quickest way of getting it introduced, AND THE OFFER IS STILL OPEN TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET WRITTEN.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS NO HUMBUG OR IT WOULD NOT BE ALLOWED IN THIS PAPER

And remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here publicly guaranteed to do everything claimed for it in this advertisement, and positively contains nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors, or the finest fabrics

And is a Godsend to Housekeepers and Servant Girls

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that **it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!
Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, remember that with
The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, a few buckets of water are enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove **the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE-CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paint, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant thing for this purpose that can be used.

For Washing Bed-clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—**but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.**

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Barber at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., it is indispensable. No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last longer, **and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

IT IS ELEGANT for washing Printers' Rollers, for washing the Ink from Type, Electrotypes, etc., and for washing Printing Ink from the hands.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—*one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.*

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when any other Soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing sores on the feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.
For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, *that is always pleasant, even to an invalid*; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap causes; it leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.
It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

Persons who despise a musty sponge or wash-rag will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing: plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Barcoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat-Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing grease spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH and ARTIFICIAL EYES will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes telescope lenses and Photographers' plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design, for washing brushes used by the students.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other Soap (not even Castile) must be used.

Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off oilcloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, and they will last much longer.

Use it for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Milk Pans and all Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun.
It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY

At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

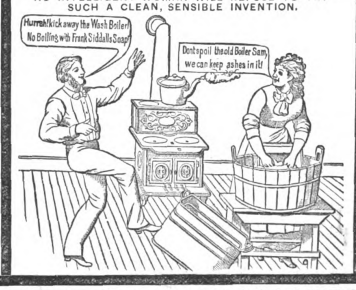
Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day* after receiving it, *and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid*; it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have NOT made the promises, or have sent for more than one cake.
Make the promises very plain or the Soap will NOT be sent.
A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.



How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A PERSON OF REFINEMENT will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A PERSON OF HONOR will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.
You must NOT send for more than one cake: *if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike, FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful Housekeeper*, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap*; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

Next, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE the BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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A CHILL DOWN HIS BACK.

H. R. H. "What dreadful things happen in American society."

HALE'S HONEY.

ONE of the best and most reliable remedies for Throat and Lung affections is found in the old-established and well-known remedy, **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.** This is especially the case in families where there are young children, as a dose administered upon the first symptoms of Croup will not only speedily give relief to the little sufferer, but, by causing free expectoration, prevent the formation of the false membrane, which is at once the terror of physicians and the despair of parents. This remedy should always be kept in the house, as it may sometimes save the lives of little ones, when no physician is within call. Ask your Druggist for Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar (full name), *and take no substitute.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

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Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

(MIDWINTER NUMBER),

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FULL OF

Information and Illustrations for Southern Travellers.

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Sold Everywhere.

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Best Made Driving Gloves.

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CONGRESS WATER.

Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, native and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys. None genuine on draught.

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FOR FASHIONABLE CORRESPONDENCE.

Sold by all Dealers and by the Manufacturers.

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THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

BY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

A Large and Sumptuous Volume. Folio, Cloth, $10.00.

The right subject was chosen for M. Doré when they chose for him the "Ancient Mariner." The "Ancient Mariner," like the "Wandering Jew," gave him room for his best.—*The Academy,* London.

It was a felicitous idea of the great French artist to illustrate this intense, picturesque, and semi-preternatural poem of Coleridge's. It is apparent that he has been thoroughly imbued with the impressions that moved Coleridge's teeming brain when he produced this marvellous legend, and has been responsive—as it was the purpose of the poet that his reader should be—to all the more violent emotions and visions which sailed across the poet's soul. In this field he has reproduced and even heightened Coleridge's grandest conceptions.—*Christian Intelligencer,* N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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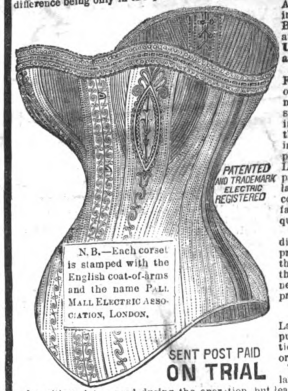
"ARE YOU COLOR-BLIND?" Send two 3-cent stamps for New Scientific Tests. E. PEARL, 23 Union Square, New York.

1883---New Prices!---1883.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSET.

$1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.

Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale and use of our $3 Electric Corset, and the constant demand for Electric Corsets of less price, but of the same therapeutic value, we have decided to place upon the market **A HANDSOME LINE OF ELECTRIC CORSETS,** ranging in price from $1 to $3, thus bringing them within the reach of all who desire them. They are equally charged with electro magnetism, the difference being only in the quality of material. The higher grades are made of correspondingly good quality, those of lesser price are of correspondingly good quality. All are made on the latest approved Parisian models, thus imparting a graceful and attractive figure to the wearer. By a recently invented process of boning or cording, we are enabled to offer to the public an **ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE** Corset, and will guarantee them as such with all ordinary wear.



Being **"Electric," "Unbreakable,"** the true French shape, and of **better material** than those ordinarily sold at the prices, these Corsets will command the preference of the purchaser. They are constructed on scientific principles, generating an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system. Their therapeutic value is unquestioned, and they quickly cure, in a marvelous manner, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Plaints, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Numbness, Liver and Kidney troubles, Impaired Circulation, Constipation, and all other diseases peculiar to women, particularly those of sedentary habits. They also become, when constantly worn, equalizing agents in all cases of extreme fatness or leanness, by imparting to the system the required amount of "odic force" which Nature's law demands.

Scientists are daily making known to the world the indisputably beneficial effects of Electro-Magnetism, when properly and scientifically applied to the human body in this manner; and it is also affirmed by professional men that there is hardly a disease which Electricity and Magnetism will not benefit or cure, and all medical men daily practice the same. Ask your own physician!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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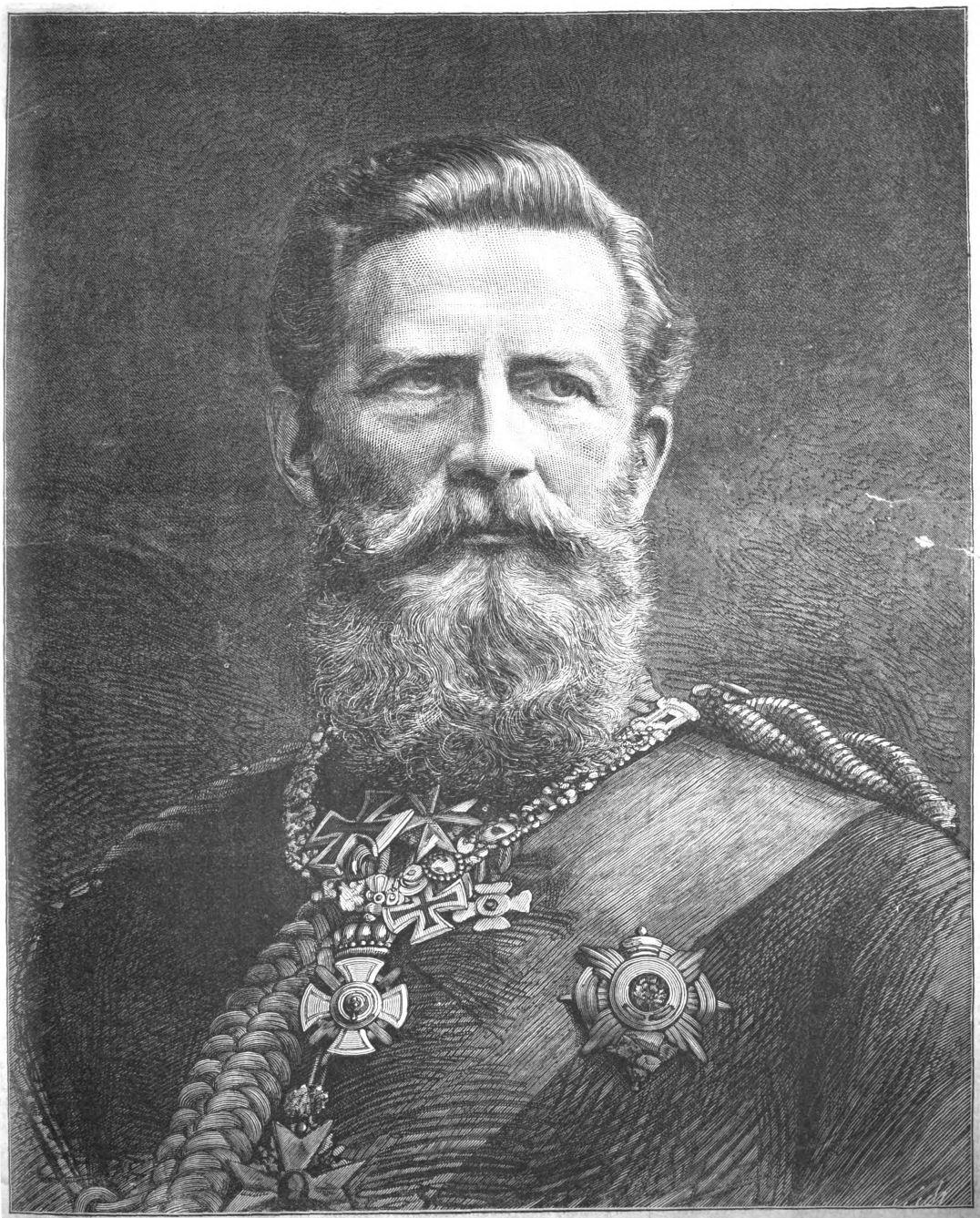

"UNSER FRITZ"—CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCE IMPERIAL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published February 6, contains a short story by W. O. STODDARD, *entitled "The Snow-ball Jury"; Chapter XXIII. of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE; *and Chapter II. of "Reg," by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.; DAVID KER *contributes a thrilling account of "A Fight with a Big Snake on the Amazon."*

In "A Visit to Muscat" LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY *describes the experiences of our friend Tom Fairweather in that curious old city.* SHERWOOD RYSE *contributes an article on "Hare and Hounds" that will delight the boys.*

The art-work of this Number includes a beautiful front-page illustration on wood by W. M. CARY, *and drawings by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, A. B. SHULTS, SOL EYTINGE, *and other well-known artists.*

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BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

A SHREWD observer in Washington says that leading Republicans believe, with reason, that when the Democratic party comes face to face with the tariff it will break up. However this may be, nothing is more evident than the reluctance of both parties in Congress to deal decisively with the question of revision of the tariff. The reason is obvious. It is that neither of the existing parties was formed upon the tariff issue, and that Democratic protectionists and Republican revenue reformers are each equally doubtful of the general effect upon their party of pressing their particular views. Still further difficulties arise from the want of agreement upon details even among those whose general views are in accord. Protectionist sentiment ranges all the way from the highest to the lowest rates, and the opposing doctrine stretches from free trade to a well-considered revenue tariff. Each side tests the position of the other by logical extremes, and the specific clause or duty under discussion at any moment offers an irresistible temptation to debate of the abstract question. Meanwhile the air of the capital rings with charges and counter-charges of corruption and lobby. The agents of this and that American monopoly actively canvassing members are held up to public scorn by one side, and the representatives of foreign manufactures striving for the American market are ruthlessly denounced by the other. Imposing statistics fatal to protection are encountered by tremendous figures destructive of free trade. And amid the universal uproar of contention it is gratifying to remark that the sole purpose which animates either side, if we may trust the orators, is the welfare of the people, and especially of the manual laborer, who in the ardor of debate is sometimes described by the politician as belonging to the working classes, forgetting that in this country "classes" are not acknowledged.

It is a safe conclusion, when two armies are evidently unwilling to fight, that there will be no battle. When the two parties in Congress are uncertain whether they wish to pass a bill, the bill will not be passed. It might, indeed, be predicted with certainty that the tariff will not be revised at this session except for one consideration, and that is the attitude of the country. Precisely what the elections meant must be, of course, a matter of inference. Of one meaning, however, Congress was very sure, and that was that they meant some kind of reform in the civil service. There is a very general conviction that they meant also a reduction of taxation. The public feeling in regard to the River and Harbor Bill was unmistakable. It was believed to be a vast system of extravagance, and an extravagance made practicable mainly by an overflowing Treasury. Extravagance and corruption go together. Honesty and economy, therefore, must be secured by diminishing the revenue. This, then, is the dilemma—that action is felt to be imperative, but that neither party is ready for action, because it can not calculate its party effect. Few Republicans would be ready to join the Democratic party to secure revenue reform when the Democratic party as such holds no position upon the subject, and few Democrats who desire protection would join the Republican party to secure it so long as Republicans differ upon the question. It is as foolish to treat the Republican party as the residuary legatee of the HENRY CLAY Whigs as to regard the Democrats as holding the protective views of ANDREW JACKSON. Mr. RANDALL is certainly not a free-trader. But Mr. RANDALL'S prospects of the Democratic Speakership are very promising.

The responsibility of present action, however, rests with the Republican party. There is unquestionably a general expectation that the revenue will be reduced, and if it is not reduced, the Republicans will be justly held to account. It is equally plain that no sweeping change of principle or method is demanded. In the present condition of the country and in the present state of public sentiment the Democratic party would not dare to contest the election of 1884 upon the total overthrow of a tariff. It is a wise and fair administration of that system, without violent changes and with the purpose of reducing taxation and preventing a surplus, which is the reasonable public expectation. And it is by that administration, as shown in the action of Congress, that parties will be judged. While it is true that both sides are very reluctant to do anything, it is obvious that something must be done. In this position could a Republican Congress do better than follow the general recommendations of the Republican President, in his annual Message, so far as the tariff is concerned? His proposal to repeal all the internal taxes except those upon distilled spirits was indeed too sweeping, and not in accord, it seems to us, with the sound general principle of taxation that he laid down. But his recommendations of a considerable reduction of the duties on iron, steel, cotton, and silk goods, wool and woollens, sugar and molasses, with a liberal enlargement of the free list, are wise and feasible suggestions. The Secretary of the Treasury also recommended immediate and extensive reductions of the revenue. The abstract question of protection is not under discussion. Assuming the present general system of indirect taxation, the Republican Congress must reduce the taxes, or the Republican party will pay the penalty.

A BILL TO BE WATCHED.

THE bill called the Freedom of Worship Bill which has been offered in the New York Legislature is an attempt to introduce the teaching of a specific religious creed into certain State institutions. It is in direct contradiction of the non-sectarian policy of those institutions, and is designed to give one sect an ascendency which is not enjoyed by others. No doctrinal or denominational teaching should be authorized in public institutions, while of course ministers of all denominations, within necessary regulations, should enjoy equal rights of visitation. There is no State Church, and religious liberty is infringed by any State preference of religious denominations.

Every effort to circumvent the absolutely non-sectarian policy of the State, however specious and plausible, should be resolutely resisted and baffled. The wise rule that religious teaching in public institutions shall be non-sectarian is opposed as irreligious, just as the public schools in which some form of religious faith is not taught are denounced as "godless."

But there is no sounder American principle than that the public schools and public institutions of every kind shall be non-sectarian, and the Roman Catholic body is the only religious denomination which, as such, shows itself steadily hostile to this fundamental condition of equal rights.

HOW TO COMPLETE THE NEW CAPITOL.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND has wisely decided to introduce some system into the expenditures for the new Capitol. More than $14,000,000 of "the people's money" has been expended upon this vast building, and the end is not yet. Governor ROBINSON would not countenance it in any way, and although on the evening of the formal opening he was officially present, it was but for a very short time, and he passed through the building with the air of a man who washed his hands of the whole business. Comptroller WADSWORTH also called attention to the vast cost and the doubtful security of the structure. A special Commission recommended taking down the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber. The Court of Appeals refuses to occupy the room designed for it. The grand staircase is the finest upon the continent, and painfully dark. The predominant impression of the new Capitol is that of immense cost and immense waste, of immense helplessness upon the part of the public, and immense negligence upon the part of the Legislature.

The only consolation yet offered for all this cost and waste is the praise bestowed upon the building by Mr. FREEMAN, the English historian. But he praises its noble effect, which was sure to be produced by any massive building upon so noble a site. He does not praise the extravagance and the general shiftlessness and aimlessness which have distinguished its erection. A bill has passed the Assembly to remedy these, at least, for the remainder of the expense and the building, by an actually responsible direction. The present Commission is composed of certain State officers. It is an *ex-officio* board, and an *ex-officio* board has not been generally found to be the best device for securing economy and satisfaction in any enterprise. So far as can be learned, there has been no plan of limiting expense by defining the general style of construction. Vast sums of money—hundreds of thousands, if not millions of dollars—have been lavished upon rare marbles, Mexican alabaster, mahogany for wainscotings and ceilings, and every kind of luxurious decoration. There is little reason to suspect enormous jobbery, frauds, and thefts in the building. It is only this reckless extravagance which is deplorable.

New York is a great State, undoubtedly, and a rich State, and magnificence in public works is an agreeable spectacle. But New York is a republican State, and republican government, or government by the people, should commend itself not only by its reasonableness and its care of liberty, but by its simplicity and economy. Splendid extravagance does not become a republican State. No man would venture to say that the people of New York would have voted to pay fifteen or twenty millions of dollars for a State-house. This is not because they are mean, but because they are wise, and it is the duty of the Legislature to act in accordance with what every member knows to be the public feeling upon the subject. It is late to begin to do what ought to have been done at first. The Capitol must be completed, but it should be completed upon a close estimate of the probable cost, and under an intelligent and responsible director.

REFORM IN THE STATE.

SINCE the PENDLETON bill passed Congress similar bills have been introduced into several State Legislatures, notably in New York and Pennsylvania. In New York the measure presented is substantially the Congressional bill applied to the State. It provides for a Commission whose duties are to be like those of the national Commission, and within four months after the expiration of the present session of the Legislature the subordinate officers and clerks in the State service are to be classified, under the direction of the Governor; but the classification is not to include elective officers, nor, except by request of the Senate, persons nominated for confirmation, nor laborers. The bill also empowers the mayors of all cities with a population of fifty thousand or more to prescribe proper regulations for the admission and promotion of persons in the municipal service. From this provision are excepted elective officers, and the police, health, fire, educational, or law departments of any city, and responsible financial officers. All such departments, however, are invested with such authority for their own regulation as the bill confers upon the mayor, to be exercised in consultation with him. The bill also stringently prohibits political assessments.

Like the PENDLETON bill, this is an initiative measure. It does not seek at once to include everything, but it selects a certain area within which it is to operate, and within which it may be carefully tested. It is properly tentative, and seeks the correction of experience at every step. It is but fair that a new system should be satisfactorily tested before it is universally applied, and it can be tested satisfactorily only under the careful supervision which is practicable within a limited range. For such reasons the operation of the bill passed by Congress is restricted at the outset. That bill, for instance, will apply at first to about thirty post-offices only, including those at Boston and Providence in New England; New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore in the Middle States; Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and St. Paul at the West; New Orleans at the South; and San Francisco upon the Pacific. In these offices it can be fairly tried, and satisfactory results in them would lead naturally to its extension to others. The same principle is applied to municipalities in the bill which has been introduced at Albany.

The Legislature will hardly forget that the popular demand for reform, which was so promptly heeded by Congress, was nowhere more emphatic and impressive than in New York. And in this State, which has inherited its civil service system from the Council of Appointment, nothing remains to be learned of the evils of a wholly political and partisan minor service. The vote of both parties in the Legislature will be curiously watched, and every vote for obstruction and delay will be seen to be a vote against a just and general popular demand.

THE FATHER OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE passage of the civil service reform bill naturally recalls a man who would have justly rejoiced in it—THOMAS ALLEN JENCKES, of Rhode Island. Mr. JENCKES is the father of the movement, and the PENDLETON bill merely embodies his principles and purposes. Mr. SUMNER introduced a bill in 1864 providing for competitive examinations, which LIEBER thought would be bitterly opposed, and which Mr. SUMNER did not press. In 1871 he said that the first essential step to reform was a single term for the Presidency, and he proposed a constitutional amendment to that effect. But the continuous movement which has now resulted in the passage of the reform bill began with Mr. JENCKES. In obedience to a concurrent resolution of July 19, 1866, Mr. JENCKES, then a Representative from Rhode Island, brought in a report on the 31st of January, 1867, from the joint select committee on retrenchment. The report was accompanied by a bill establishing a Department of the Civil Service, and providing for competition and probation. This report was followed by another on the 25th of May, 1868, and both were accompanied with

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a great body of evidence upon the condition and system of the civil service, together with ample information regarding foreign systems, and especially of the reformed methods then recently introduced in England. Mr. JENCKES argued, maintained, illustrated, and defended his recommendations in many speeches and against all comers with great readiness, ability, and adroitness. He came to New York in January, 1869, and in an admirable address to an audience of conspicuous and influential citizens he produced a very decided impression, and gave definite form to a growing conviction.

But the subject seemed to be too remote and speculative until General GRANT, upon his first election, saw the extreme pertinence of Mr. JENCKES'S suggestion to the actual situation, and with the aid of Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, then chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House, and of Mr. ARMSTRONG, of Pennsylvania, Mr. JENCKES succeeded in attaching an amendment to the Civil Appropriation Bill, which is now Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes, authorizing the appointment of persons to devise regulations to promote the efficiency of the civil service. It was in pursuance of this action that General GRANT appointed the Commission of 1871, which reported to him a general scheme that he recommended to Congress. During the consultations of this body the members were in constant communication with Mr. JENCKES, who placed at their disposal his valuable correspondence with the English Commissioners, and they had the benefit of his suggestions and criticisms at every step. When the constitutional question regarding the action of the Commission was suggested by one of its members, and was referred by the President to the Attorney-General, an able and elaborate letter of Mr. JENCKES was of great service to the Attorney-General in the determination of the question.

Public opinion, however, was not yet ripe; Congress and party managers were hostile; and after a brief struggle General GRANT abandoned the effort for reform. But the question was too vital and important to be set aside. The discussion in the press and the general awakening of public opinion continued. In the autumn and winter of 1880 the moribund Civil Service Reform Association of New York was revived, followed immediately by the formation of other associations in all parts of the country, and by the organization of the National League in 1881. Documents were issued and addresses delivered under the auspices of all the associations, and the powerful aid of many of the chief journals in the country was given to the movement. In the winter of 1880–81, the bill which has now passed Congress was framed by the New York Association, in accordance with Mr. JENCKES'S general views, and with the scheme recommended by the Commission in 1871. While the public interest in the subject was rapidly increasing, the murder of President GARFIELD immediately concentrated universal attention upon it. Reform then became a general demand, which the HUBBELL assessments made at once imperative. Upon the meeting of Congress the Senate took up the bill. It was cordially supported by the leading Senators of both parties, and at its passage only five votes were recorded against it. In the House it was referred without delay, and the committee was authorized to report at any time. Putting aside his own bill, the chairman reported the Senate bill at the earliest moment. It was immediately put upon its passage, and in prompt obedience to the emphatic demand of the country the measure which Mr. JENCKES substantially originated, and to which he devoted himself with unselfish assiduity, has become law.

THE STATE COMMISSIONER OF LUNACY.

IN speaking of the existing and responsible agencies by which the Legislature could undertake investigations into the condition and management of State charitable institutions we mentioned the State Board of Charities. For the specific purpose which we were discussing, that of an inquiry into the lunatic asylums, the obvious resort would seem to be to the State Commissioner of Lunacy, Dr. HARRIS, an officer whose competency is conceded, and part of whose duty it is to know the exact condition of the institutions, and to report upon them intelligently.

The agents whom the State appoints to perform certain duties may be incompetent or untrustworthy, and it may be necessary to put them aside and ascertain the truth. But it is not necessary to assume that agents who are appointed especially for their fitness are unfit, nor that a committee of the Legislature can ascertain what is hidden from an expert. If a committee of investigation into the management of the State lunatic asylums is to be appointed, it might wisely begin its inquiry by consulting the State Commissioner of Lunacy and the State Board of Charities.

FIRE-PROOF HOTELS.

A LETTER from Milwaukee states that it is a mistake to describe the Newhall House as a death-trap because of intricate corridors and difficulty of finding the way. The writer very justly says that the catastrophe was so tragical that the precise facts should be clearly understood, and not misrepresented, if proper means are to be taken to prevent such disasters hereafter.

The house was built around an open court, with straight corridors, and with two fire-escapes on each floor, and a bridge across the alley. So far as the corridors alone were concerned there was no trouble. But there were few brick walls above the office floor. It was a huge wooden tenement, with a dozen or more shops in the basement, and it was instantly filled with smoke, so that many of those who were nearest the fire-escapes perished. A person in a room on the fifth floor, next to a fire-escape, was lost, and the occupant of the room over it, upon the sixth floor, was saved. Fire-proof walls, however, would not have availed for safety, nor could anything have been of use in corridors filled with suffocating smoke.

For some reason, however, the Newhall House had a bad name. It was stated—nor have we seen it denied—that the insurance companies regarded it as a peculiarly dangerous risk. We can see no objection to a requirement that hotels shall be made as nearly fire-proof as possible. Brick walls, iron girders, floors laid in cement, are illustrations of what might be required. It is conclusively proved that the safety of the public can not be intrusted to private enterprise in building hotels and theatres, and it will be a great public gain if some of the original cost can be diverted from flimsy extravagance of decoration, which increases the peril, to solid fire-proof construction. There is not a tawdrily luxurious hotel in the city of New York, for instance, which could compete with a well-furnished and plain hotel which was known to be as truly fire-proof as some other well-known buildings in the city. The *Herald* truly says that what is wanted is not patent fire-escapes, but fire-proof buildings.

EAU-DE-MORT.

THE *Christian Union* recently published some interesting letters from eminent gentlemen upon the best methods of dealing with intemperance. The discussion must receive a marked impetus from the situation in Switzerland, which is the more striking because Europe has been constantly cited as an illustration of sobriety without restrictive law. A letter to the London *Times*, full of interesting details, states that drunkenness is becoming a national peril in Switzerland. The public fortune is compromised by the rapid growth of the evil habit. Failures and forced sales of property, due to this cause, have so increased that land is depreciating in value, and it is difficult for mortgagees to find buyers or tenants. The associated mayors in the Bernese Jura have addressed themselves upon the subject to the cantonal government. The Church synods loudly condemn intemperance. The societies of public utility and the press are contending with the evil, and the National Assembly has directed the Department of the Interior to see what can be done by restrictive legislation.

The increase of drunkenness dates from 1874, when the cantons were deprived of the power of regulating the traffic in drink. Before that time it was subject to many and stringent restrictions. Now it is as free as the trade in bread and meat. As a result of the removal of the restrictions, the number of public-houses or drinking shops has risen from 17,807 in 1870 to 21,738 in 1880. The population has increased by six per cent., the drinking shops by twenty-two. Deducting women, children, and the sick, the average number of drinking shops is one to every thirty persons. In Geneva they are as numerous as all other shops together. In parts of the country forty to sixty per cent. of all the crimes can be traced to the habit of drink.

More than all other evils which the general dram-drinking produces is the waste of wages and time. Some curious figures are given from the account-books of liquor-sellers. One man earned in a week 23 francs 60 centimes, and spent 20 francs 5 centimes for drink, thus carrying home 3 francs 55 centimes—say seventy cents—for his week's wages. One week the book of a liquor-seller, who was also a contractor, showed that his men had drunk up more than their wages, and began the next week with a balance against them. The remedy for this alarming evil is the revision of the constitution, and the restoration to the cantons of the regulation of the traffic. The facts are a significant evidence of the value of its careful restriction.

PERSONAL.

DURING his visit to this city the Marquis of Lorne bought for the Princess LOUISE a duplicate of a gold bracelet on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. It is a simple band of gold, the ends of which are clasped by lions' heads. The original came from Cyprus, and duplicates of it are said to be owned by the Princess BEATRICE and by the two daughters of the Duke of Argyll.

—The Women's Insurance and Accident Company of New York City is an organization that owes its existence to the fact that the old and prosperous insurance companies discriminate very unfavorably against women. Mr. GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, actuary of the Equitable Life-insurance Company, having had his attention called to this statement, replied: "Women are bad risks. We take them, but we don't want them; though, singularly enough, when it comes to annuities, the women display a perverse habit of living on and on, so that from any point of view they are bad risks. A wife insured for the benefit of her husband is not liked as a risk."

—Once a year Sorosis opens its doors to men. Among its guests on the 30th of January last were the Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, Dr. J. P. NEWMAN, and Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

—In a paper read recently before the Nineteenth Century Club, Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE told of a learned Boston lawyer who said, "I can neither read nor understand EMERSON, but my daughters can."

—Mr. FROUDE says that Cardinal NEWMAN'S supreme merit as a talker when at Oxford was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength.

—Mr. J. COTTER MORISON, the biographer of MACAULAY, declares that when the historian was a guest of Lady HOLLAND at Holland House the imperious mistress scolded, flattered, and caressed him with a patronizing condescension that would not have been to every person's taste.

—Few men (according to the *Athenæum*) living wholly in the atmosphere supposedly serene of art have stirred more personal affection than DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, or roused in late years less personal antagonism. Those most opposed to his views in art found in a man who mingled in no strife, shared perceptibly in no competition, and bid for no prize, no fuel for their animosity, and allowed it to expire.

—Dean BRADLEY is to publish a volume of *Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*, ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S son an autobiographical memoir left by the novelist, and ROBERT BROWNING a new collection of poems, under the title *Jocoseria*.

—Professor HUXLEY'S connection with Cambridge University, England, has become closer. He will deliver one of the regular courses of lectures there this year, and will act as an elector to the professorships of Anatomy and Physiology.

—The widow of General "Stonewall" JACKSON and her daughter, a young lady of nineteen, now reside at Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. JACKSON left the South because she was there compelled to mingle with society, and could not find the retirement and rest that her health demanded.

—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE thinks that a good actor can not also be a good dramatic critic, and introduces Mrs. SIDDONS, Mlle. RACHEL, and PASTA as cases in point.

—The phenomenal child called KRAO, now being exhibited at the Royal Aquarium, London, as the long-sought-for missing link between man and monkey, is pronounced by a writer in the *Academy* to be distinctly human, possessing the faculty of articulate speech, and endowed with an average share of intelligence. Her low forehead is covered with ink-black hair, with which also her whole body is overgrown, though the coating is not thick or long enough to conceal the dark olive-brown color of the skin. Her nose is short and nearly flat, her feet are prehensile, like an ape's, and her hands can bend back over the wrists. "Her beautiful round black eyes are very large, and perfectly horizontal."

—Says the London *Spectator*: "President GARFIELD did not die altogether in vain. CHARLES GUITEAU in killing him in 'Stalwart' interest gave a deadly wound to the system of patronage which the 'Stalwart' party were trying to protect. The crime fixed the attention of the people on the 'wire-pullers,' whose desire for patronage was its original cause, and it was silently decided throughout the Union that their trade should cease."

—F. M. his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., G.C.B., having been appointed a "Personal Aide-de-Camp" to Queen VICTORIA in recognition of his services during the Egyptian war, the London *Spectator* finds it "impossible not to smile." Suppose, it asks, President LINCOLN, after the surrender of Richmond, to have rewarded General GRANT by appointing him "My First Usher," or "My Chief Orderly," what would the world have said? "The laughter would have been endless."

—Mr. SEYMOUR J. GUY has, as usual, made the sensation of the Artists' Fund Exhibition. His contribution this year, representing a handsome young mother saying "Hush!" to an unseen intruder who might awaken her infant in its cradle, is a piece of strictly scientific drawing and exquisitely tender sentiment.

—Mr. J. CARROLL BECKWITH has distinguished himself as the Committee on Decoration for the Water-color Exhibition. The galleries of the Academy, with their Japanese portières, backgrounds, and bric-à-brac groups, excite the admiration of those who appreciate fitness in ornamentation.

—M. BONNAT, the French painter, who went to Ville d'Avray to make a sketch of the dead GAMBETTA, spoke afterward with much earnestness of the inartistic and disorderly manner in which the statesman had been lodged

—Says the London *Academy*: "We have never read a more encouraging report than that just issued by President GILMAN, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Only next after teaching and study is the duty of publication. In this respect Johns Hopkins may claim to be doing better work than any other institution in the world." It publishes regularly a Journal of Mathematics, a Chemical Journal, and a Journal of Philology.

—Lady WILDE (OSCAR'S mother) congratulates her countrywomen that, owing to recent British legislation, "the whole social and legal position of the sex is changed. From this time forth a woman enters the married state no longer as a bond slave, disfranchised of all rights over her fortune, but equal with her husband before the law as regards property, free from his control, and perfectly independent of him in respect to the use she makes of her fortune." She adds that "women have been so long politically non-existent that they almost tremble to assert they have any rights apart from their husbands." They require, she declares, "much training in habits of self-assertion and self-reliance."

—Says the Rochester *Post-Express*: "People who are constantly inveighing against Mr. VANDERBILT simply because he is rich, and spends his money as he likes, should remember that some day they may be rich themselves. Never strike a man when he is down."

—Great Britain expends annually $4,466,910 on Queen VICTORIA and the rest of the royal family.

—The universities of Königsberg and Heidelberg having had a dispute, it was settled by duels with swords, three members of one institution fighting three members of the other. Königsberg won, having drawn blood fourteen times, in the presence of delegations from all the German universities. It is noticeable that the German newspapers mention the affair without comment.

—The Prince of Wales, at the urgent request of the Princess of Wales, is taking measures to suppress the sport of pigeon-shooting.

—In a book called *A Scamper Through America*, written by T. S. HUDSON, an English ship-owner, and published in London, we learn that the Arkansas River "in some places reaches a width of as much as forty miles."

—From *Punch*: "The *Daily Telegraph* thinks the conversion into a dry-goods store of Booth's Theatre, in New York, originally erected as a permanent home for the 'legitimate drama,' is a curious theatrical metamorphosis. We can not see it, for the reason that dry goods and legitimate drama are almost synonymous terms."

—Mr. RUSKIN having been re-elected to the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford, everybody, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be delighted to hear of it. "Genius is not an over-common quality in the occupants of professional chairs, and any academical body would do itself honor by accepting a man like Mr. RUSKIN on his own terms. The wide circle of Mr. RUSKIN'S readers outside the university, in England and America, will be equally pleased. His acceptance of the chair is a sign of his restoration to health."

—A South African correspondent writes that all reports that CETEWAYO'S reception in Zululand was cold are untrue. The restored monarch was greeted with open arms, and "chatted freely" with his people.

—In his life of JONATHAN SWIFT, Mr. HENRY CRAIK insists that his readers shall make a distinction between SWIFT'S relations to Stella and his relations to Vanessa. Of the former woman SWIFT was very fond; with the latter he simply carried on a cold flirtation. "We see the truth about Stella and Vanessa only when we look at them apart."

—"Whether we like the fact or not," says an English journalist, "a very large number of women have now to make their own way in life; and surely it is only fair that if they must compete with men, they shall receive in youth the kind of instruction which will prepare them for their future struggles."

—For seven hundred years Lambeth Palace has been the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is surrounded by ten acres of beautiful grounds, to which the poor of the neighborhood are admitted in large numbers by free season tickets, good throughout the year.

—A breath of the war period stirs at the mention of the name of Colonel HARRY GILMOR, ex-guerrilla chieftain and free-lance of the Confederate army, who is now dying in Baltimore of necrosis of the jaw. The writer of this paragraph will not soon forget being a passenger on an express train from Washington to Philadelphia in the summer of 1864, when the redoubtable colonel and a detachment of cavalry captured the train just north of Baltimore, ordered the passengers to leave it, took prisoner every man wearing the Federal uniform, set fire to the cars, and backed them over a long bridge of trestle-work which they had crossed a minute before, and which, in its turn, was also soon ablaze. Most of the victims were treated with the greatest consideration, but the Union soldiers on board, some of whom, poor fellows, had been ill with typhoid fever, and were going home to convalesce, were marched off to Richmond. The contents of the baggage-cars received a thorough examination, and the colonel soon cut a droll figure by walking nonchalantly among his prisoners with a large new tooth-brush thrust through a button-hole on the breast of his coat. Considerable feeling on the part of the loyal passengers was aroused by the affection displayed by several of the ladies, who hung upon the necks of the rebel soldiers, and loudly declared their delight at seeing them. Toward evening a tug-boat came up and took the most of us to Philadelphia, where those demonstrative women unfortunately soon found themselves in the hands of the United States Provost-Marshal.

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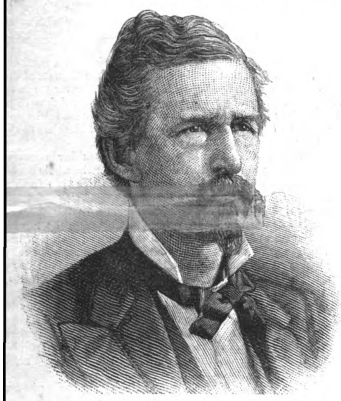
JOHN E. KENNA, WEST VIRGINIA.—Photo. by Bell.

JOHN R. McPHERSON, NEW JERSEY.—Photo. by G. W. Davis.

HENRY B. ANTHONY, RHODE ISLAND.—Photo. by Bell.



THOMAS M. BOWEN, COLORADO.—Photo. by Bohm.

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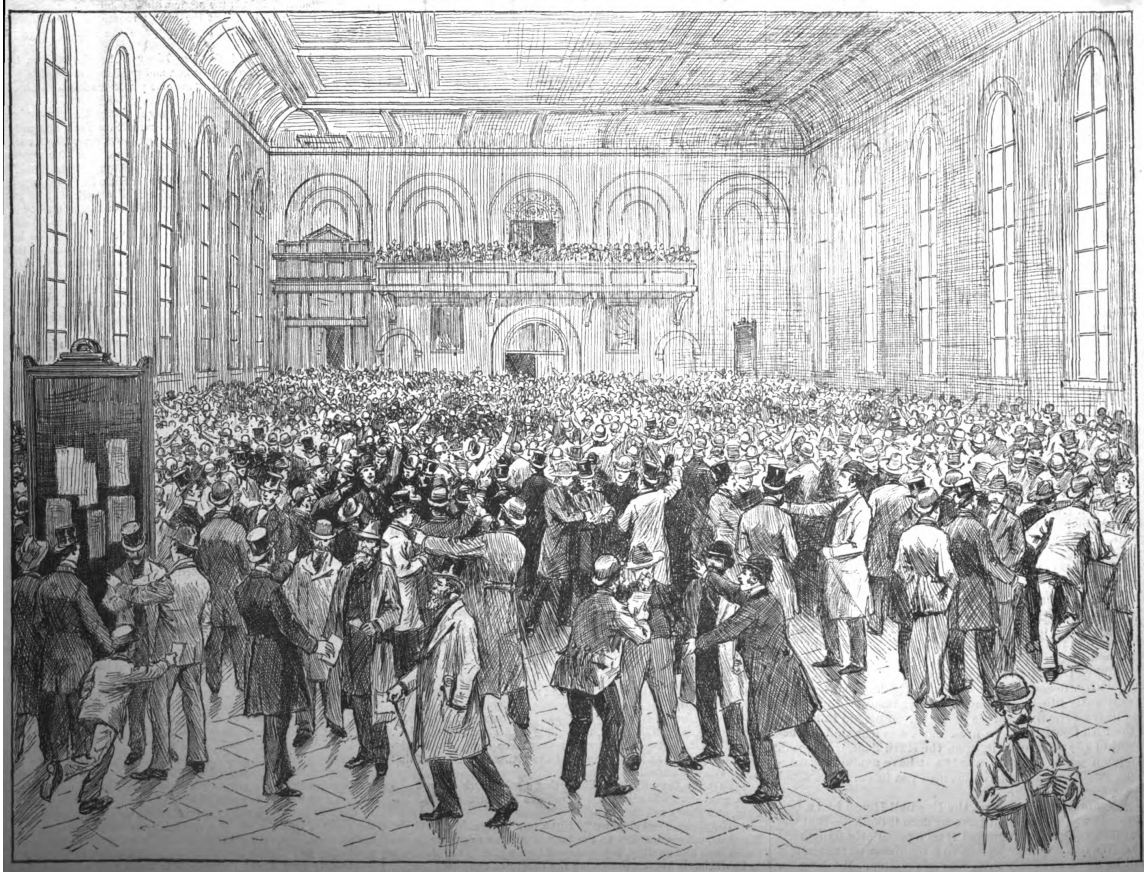
P. B. PLUMB, KANSAS.—Photo. by Bogardus, 872 Broadway.

RECENT SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.—[See Page 87.]



THE CHICAGO STOCK EXCHANGE.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 87.]

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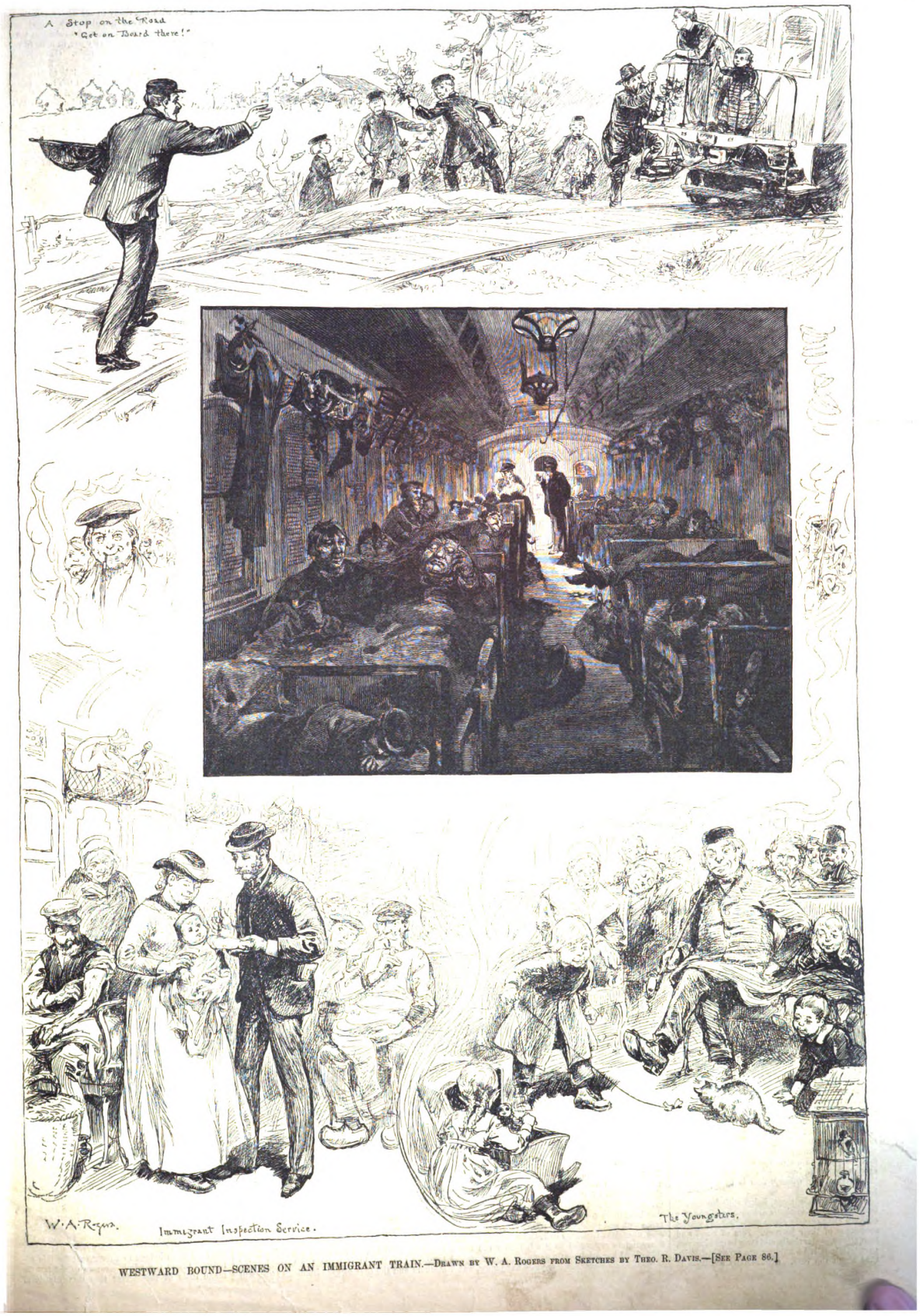

WESTWARD BOUND—SCENES ON AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 86.]

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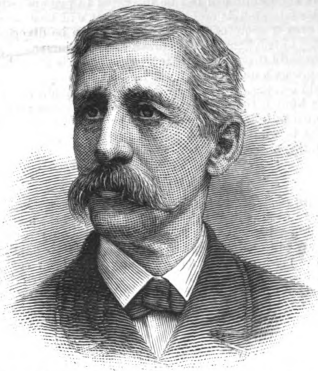
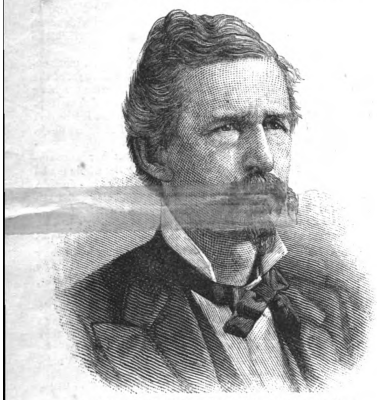
JOHN E. KENNA, WEST VIRGINIA.—PHOTO. BY BELL.



JOHN R. MCPHERSON, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTO. BY G. W. DAVIS.

HENRY B. ANTHONY, RHODE ISLAND.—PHOTO. BY BELL.



THOMAS M. BOWEN, COLORADO.—PHOTO. BY BOHM.

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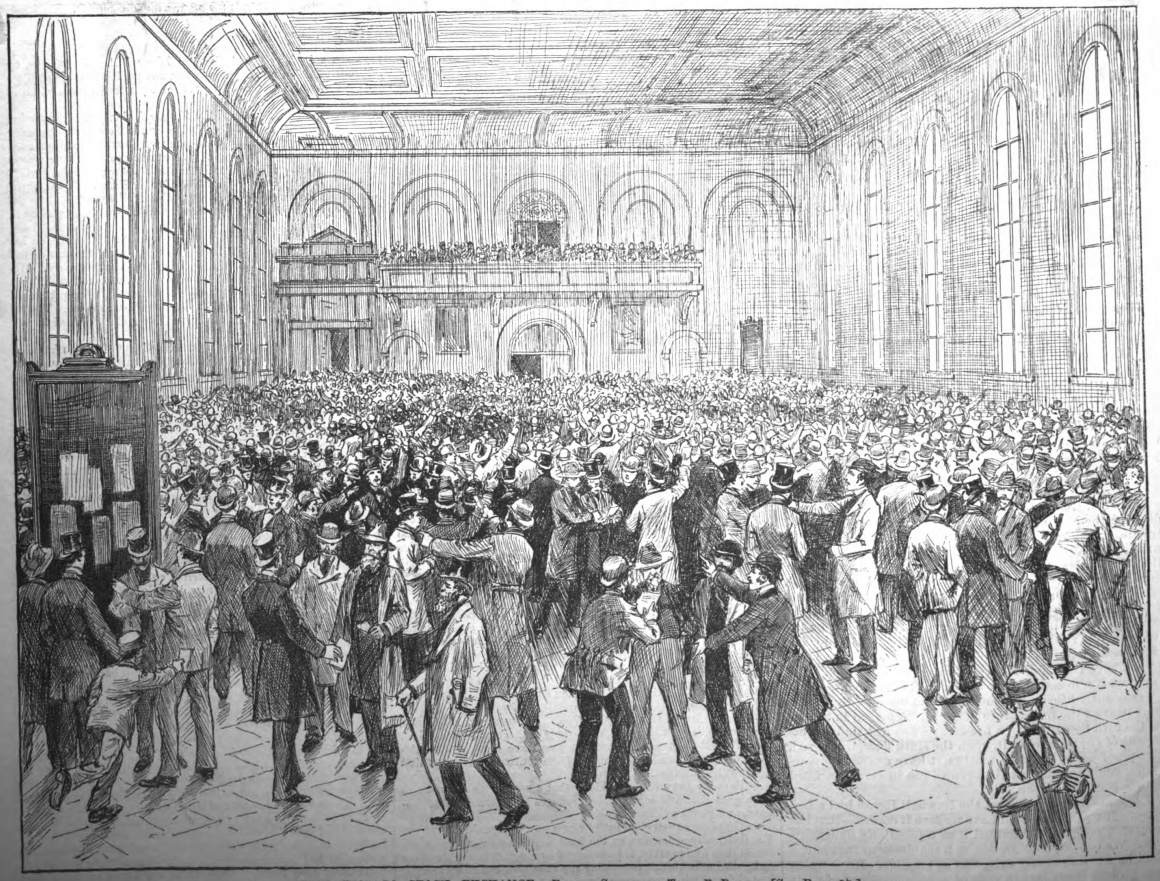
P. B. PLUMB, KANSAS.—PHOTO. BY BOGARDUS, 872 BROADWAY.

RECENT SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.—[SEE PAGE 87.]



THE CHICAGO STOCK EXCHANGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

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WESTWARD BOUND—SCENES ON AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 86.]

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MOTHER-LOVE IN HEAVEN.

ONCE I met a little child astray
In the wet and windy winter street.
He'd been wandering the long, cold day:
Oh, so weary were his little feet!

But a baby of four summers old,
In a small straw hat and cotton dress.
"What's the matter, little one?" "I's cold."
"Where's mamma?" "She's gone away, I guess.

"I's been looking for her all the day:
Oh, I's 'fraid she'll never come again!"
Then the pent-up anguish had its way,
And the baby's tears fell down like rain.

Once he had been shielded safe and warm,
A pet nursling in a happy nest,
Dreaming not of cold or pain or harm,
In the shelter of a mother's breast.

Now he had but cold and hireling care:
No one missed him from his little place;
No one taught him childhood's holy prayer;
No one kissed his patient, pleading face.

Oh, clasp tenderly the little hands
That no mother's hand again shall hold.
Do not doubt his Angel pleading stands:
Mother-love in heaven will not grow cold.

Be afraid to wrong the motherless:
They have guards invisible but strong;
They have pleaders in their sore distress,
That will right, with mighty hand, their wrong.

WESTWARD BOUND.

THE bare statistics of immigration to the United States are sufficiently imposing. During what is termed the last fiscal year—which very inconveniently ends on the 30th of June—nearly 800,000 immigrants arrived in this country. The exact number was 788,992. Whence did this vast army set out for the peaceful invasion of the American republic? The greatest percentage from any one nation was from the mother country—179,423, or 22.74 per cent., while 98,295, or 12.26 per cent. more, came from Canada, making 35 per cent. from the English-speaking race. Of these 82,394 were from England, 76,432 from Ireland, and 18,937 from Scotland. The proportion from Ireland is the greatest, regard being had to the population from which they were drawn. Almost invariably these immigrants were of a high order in apparent character, in strength of purpose and in equipment for their new life, the principal exceptions being among the Irish. Next in the order of numbers came the Germans, a quarter of a million strong (250,630), forming 31.76 per cent. of the whole. These too were of excellent average character. From these generally kindred sources almost precisely two-thirds of the immigration were derived—a fact to be remembered when the prophets of evil bewail the influence of foreign-born recruits. Next after Germany came Sweden and Norway, of whom the first furnished 64,607, the second (poor, struggling country, whose people are being only too rapidly driven away by frost and flood), 29,101, 93,708 in all, or 11.88 per cent. of the year's total. Next came the Celestial Kingdom, which appears—for the last time until the Pacific coast recovers from its scare—with 39,579 immigrants; then Italy, with 32,159—more than twice as many as the year before.

The probability is that immigration has, for the time at least, reached its highest point. For the last three months there has been a decided falling off from the arrivals of the corresponding months last year, so that the total for the calendar year 1882 is but 735,000, which is only 16,000 more than for 1881. The only nationalities in which the rate of immigration is sustained are the Russians, Hungarians, and Norwegians, and these form as yet but a relatively small portion of the usual arrivals.

The immigrants usually come to this country with well-defined plans as to their place of destination, and for the most part provided with railway tickets for their journey inland. In such cases they are immediately taken in charge by the special agents of the various lines, who sort them out, place the women and children in separate cars, with their natural protectors, when they have any, and keep the rougher persons by themselves. At the start the cars are rude but cleanly. Plenty of fresh water is provided. Some effort is made, too, to keep the air fresh and the car decent, but this is very difficult. Most of the passengers are little accustomed to ventilation or to cleanly habits. Pipes are lighted, meals are spread in which sausage, cheese, garlic, and sour-krout form prominent elements, and their mingled odors combine with the smoke of cheap tobacco to render the cars insupportable. Then there are children, and sometimes sick ones; there are men and women who regard dirt as a part of the natural protection against cold; there are still other sources of malodorous emanations which would make a resident of ancient Cologne hold his experienced nose. But if the immigrants as a class are far from neat, they are equally removed from the sensitiveness of those who have led gentler lives; they are accustomed to what seem intolerable hardships, and the success with which they endure the smells, the confinement, and the poisoned air of the emigrant trains bespeaks them the heroes of the struggle for the "survival of the fittest," that is to say, of the fittest to survive.

When the train stops, laden with its miscellaneous freight, the adults are glad to alight, the children rush eagerly about gathering the oddest mementos of their journey. Bits of wood and iron, stones, oyster shells, and stray twigs of leaves, particularly if it be autumn, are proudly distributed about the cars. Occasionally a kitten is captured, to the delight of the whole car-load. Until it manages to escape it is petted, fed, put to sleep in the dinner pails, locked in the arms of its friends, and rarely abused. Our artist represents some of these scenes.

Chicago is the first main point of distribution. Before the arrival of the immigrants at this place the work of sanitary inspection is commenced, principally with reference to small-pox. The inspection is very thorough, and is conducted under the direction of the National Board of Health. The inspectors board the trains about one hundred miles east of Chicago. They first direct inquiries as to the general condition of the immigrants, then as to the fact of vaccination, and if it has been effected, the date of the last operation. This should have been attended to on shipboard, and no passenger of this class should be landed who has not been effectually vaccinated within a proper time, or failing that, vaccinated upon the ship. In some vessels the work is very carefully done; in others it is almost entirely neglected; in all it depends upon the fidelity and skill of the surgeon of the steamer, and there is no adequate system with reference to its enforcement. The vessels of the several great steam-ship lines differ widely. Each immigrant passenger, male or female, young or old, should be provided with a card on board the steamer, giving the facts as to vaccination, but this requirement is only partially complied with. Thus, in his report dated October 10, 1882, Dr. RAUCH, Supervising Inspector of the National Board of Health, stated that during the previous month one-fifth of the immigrants arriving in his district (Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri) were found "imperfectly or not at all protected against small-pox, liable to contract the disease and to propagate the contagion." This condition of things, however, is in a fair way of amelioration. The efforts of the National Board of Health have been earnestly seconded by the railway companies in every direction, and a good deal of interest is taken in the work abroad, so that the proportion of immigrants vaccinated before leaving the foreign ports is steadily increasing. The general sanitary care of the immigrants is also improving, most of the improvement being due to the influence of the National Board.

THE THREE GRANDMOTHERS.

"AND you would marry this fellow," said Grandma Von Breeks von Starch, in her bassoonest (that is the only word I can think of with which to describe them) tones, "if you could?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Gertrude, meekly but firmly.

"The idea is simply preposterous!" declared Grandmother Huffey's fife-like voice.

"Preposterous indeed!" responded the bassoon. "More than preposterous—disgraceful! A mechanic! a common working-man! a house-painter!"

"He's a fresco-painter," timidly corrected Gertrude.

"Which amounts to the same thing," groaned the bassoon.

"Michael Angelo—" began Gertrude.

"Heaven preserve us!" shrilled the fife; "she's bringing some Irishman into the discussion now! Be silent, miss. We'll *not* hear another word from you. And understand distinctly, once and for all, that if that person calls here to-morrow, which no doubt he will have the impertinence and assurance to do, you are to dismiss him instantly, or *we will*."

"And endeavor to begin the new year"—the bassoon took up the strain again—"in a manner befitting a descendant of the illustrious General Von Breeks von Starch, whose unexampled bravery made him and Bergen-op-Zoom—the city of his birth—famous not only throughout Holland but the entire world, at a time when you were not dreamed of."

As for Great-gran Peeky, she had sat softly rocking to and fro in her cushioned rocker, munching her caraway biscuits—a store of which she always carried in a little satchel suspended at her side—sleepily regarding the group of talkers, and saying not a word herself. But that was nothing strange for her. She scarcely ever spoke save in monosyllables, and never even in them when Madame Von Breeks von Starch and Mistress Huffey were laying down the law (a favorite occupation of theirs, by-the-bye) to servants, trades-people, or granddaughter Gertrude. And the last thing that could have occurred to either of the amiable law-makers would have been the idea of appealing to the old lady for an opinion on any subject whatever. It sufficed them that she paid without grumbling the greater part of the expenses of the household out of the income which was to cease at her death, and yet allowed them to manage all things pertaining to it in their own way.

Gertrude—so named by Madame Von Breeks von Starch in honor of the patron saint of Bergen-op-Zoom—had lost both her parents in her infancy, and her father having been reduced to poverty some time before he died by various gentlemanly vices, she had been left wholly dependent upon her three grandmothers.

Of these Great-gran Peeky was the mother of Grandmother Huffey, who in turn was the mother of Gertrude's mother, while Grandma Von Breeks von Starch held the same close relationship to her father.

The bassoon grandmother was at the head of the American branch of her family (she had been a Von Breeks von Starch herself, and had married a cousin of the same name)—a family of great prowess and many bags of gold in their father-land some century and a half ago. She was tall, stout, and solid, with a round face, big black eyes, abundant iron-gray hair, and a carriage that immediately suggested to the beholder the last syllable of her aristocratic name.

The fife grandmother, five years her junior, was directly her opposite, being, short, slim, and limber, with a sharp-cut face, extremely thin fair hair, and faded blue eyes.

Great-gran Peeky, notwithstanding her eighty-three years, was by far the best-looking of the three (though she did look, I must confess, when munching her caraway biscuits, somewhat like a very nice meditative old rabbit). Her snowy white tresses waved prettily above her still dark eyebrows, beneath which beamed with a mild, dreamy light her soft brown eyes, and a pleasant winter bloom lingered on her wrinkled face.

It was from her Gertrude had received all the picture-books and sugar-plums, almost always bestowed in perfect silence, that had brightened and sweetened her childhood, Grandma Von Breeks von Starch supplying the lessons in deportment, and Grandmother Huffey (let me whisper it) the punishments, usually inflicted with a slipper or the back of a hair-brush. But in spite of the lectures and lessons and other disagreeable things, Gertrude led a tolerably happy life with her three grandmothers until her eighteenth birthday. From that day dated such strict surveillance, so much sarcasm, so many scoldings, that even the hair-brush-and-slipper period seemed by comparison a regrettable one. And all on account of the young man who came to fresco the parlor ceilings. A handsome young man he was, possessing the highly euphonious name of Everdell Tremlett. But neither his good looks nor his romantic name availed him aught with the two managing grandmothers, who saw in him only one of the working-day race, with which the Huffeys and the Von Breeks von Starches had nothing in common.

And therefore with no more thought about the matter than if John the man-servant had been there in his stead, they allowed their granddaughter to practice her music lessons in the back parlor—the sliding-door being partly open—while he was at work in the front.

And so it happened that Gertrude, trying to play an air from memory, and finding it continually eluded her, was about giving it up in vexation, when some one softly whistled it behind her; and turning quickly on the revolving stool, she saw the young painter, brush in hand, standing in the doorway.

"Beg pardon, but that is what you wanted, is it not?" he asked as he ceased whistling, in a voice as deep as that of the bassoon grandmother, though much more melodious.

"Oh yes, thank you," said Gertrude, with a blush; and turning to the piano again, she played the whole air skillfully and gracefully.

"It's a beautiful thing," said the painter, still standing in the doorway; "but I think the song beginning in this way"—and he prepared to whistle again, when he encountered the frozen frown of Madam Von Breeks von Starch, as she stepped into the room from the balcony, and fled.

And the next day the piano was closed and locked, and the fair performer a prisoner in her own room; and Grandmother Huffey, meeting Mr. Everdell Tremlett as he came to work, requested him in one brief sentence to "get through his work and go about his business as soon as possible."

But Love—bless his merry little heart!—laughs at locks and locksmiths, and the very next time Gertrude went for her singing lesson to the Conservatory (to and from the door of which she was always escorted by either Madame Von Breeks von Starch or Mistress Huffey) she found there a new pupil with a magnificent bass voice, and that new pupil was the fair-haired, blue-eyed young fresco-painter. Not one word of this meeting, nor of the meetings that followed it two or three times a week for six *months* thereafter, did the naughty girl breathe to either of the three grandmothers, and the two younger of the trio exulted greatly over the strict vigilance with which they guarded the future bride (according to their long-laid plans) of Diedrich von Breeks, the rich Holland merchant, due in New York with the new year. But their exultation came to an end on New-Year's Eve. On that evening the Conservatory of Music gave a pupil concert, and the very first duet was sung by Miss Gertrude Von Breeks and Mr. Everdell Tremlett. In vain had the latter begged to be left out of the programme; in vain had he summoned to his aid a mysterious throat-disease. His professor declared that sing he must, or lose his place in the Conservatory, and, what was still worse, prove himself an "ingen-a-te!" And so the three grandmothers, sitting in great state near the stage, were horrified—that is, two of them were (great-gran munched her caraways as placidly as ever)—by seeing and hearing their granddaughter made operatic love to, in a very real love-making way, before a most fashionable audience, by the young man who frescoed their parlors.

In a moment the whole truth flashed upon their minds, and how they sat out the rest of the concert, so great was their indignation, they never knew. But at last, much to their relief, it came to an end, and the ominous silence with which they received the pretty culprit prepared her for the storm (the after-claps of which I have recorded at the beginning of my story) that burst upon her head as soon as they reached home. When it was over Gertrude was allowed to seek her room. Here she threw off her cloak, turned the key in her door, and took from her bosom a note, which she hastily read.

"MY DEAREST" (thus it ran),—"I suppose—in fact, I know—you will have a scene to-night with her Royal Highness Von Breeks von Starch and her faithful henchwoman the Duchesse de Huffey. I am so sorry for you, dear! But don't let them frighten you; and don't be frightened at what I am about to propose. To-morrow will be New-Year's Day. Consent, I entreat you, to begin the new year with me. I have but a humble home to offer you, but in it waits the blessedest of mothers and the best of grandmothers (who will make your fourth) to welcome you. I shall be waiting, when you read this note, with a carriage around the nearest corner. Our alto and tenor will be with me, ready to act as bridesmaid and groomsman. Your grandmothers would never consent to our marriage, and unless you take a decisive step they will marry you, in spite of yourself, to your Dutch fifth cousin. Come, my darling, come. EVERDELL.

"P.S.—If you find it impossible to make your escape, why, then I must beard the lions in their den to-morrow, and fight a duel with *the* Von Breeks von Starch as soon as he arrives in the country."

Gertrude stood an instant in thought. Then she glanced in the mirror. It reflected a bride-like figure. Dress of some clinging creamy white material, daisy-decked head, a cloud of lace clasped at the throat by a tiny gold cross. She smiled softly, re-read her note, waited impatiently until half an hour had passed, and then unlocked her door, opened it, and listened. All was silent as the grave. Cautiously she ventured out into the entry, groped her way to the stairway, and began to descend the stairs, pausing on every other step to make sure that no one was astir and watching her. At last she reached the street door in safety. It seemed an age to her until she had succeeded in unfastening the heavy chain across it—in reality it was just three minutes—and then she felt for the key. It was gone! Her heart sank within her.

"Poor Everdell!" she said, and sadly prepared to retrace her steps—not daring to try the basement way, because the servants slept in that part of the house—when a faint light appeared above her head, and looking up, she saw great-gran, carrying a lighted candle in her hand, coming down the stairs as carefully as she had come down them herself. "She will call the others as soon as she is sure it is I," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in an agony of fear. But great-gran came straight on, without a word, until she stood beside the frightened girl.

"Here's the key, my dear," she said, in a whisper, and with quite a girlish air. "I've got a key that fits the General's door, though she don't know it, and I took this from under her pillow. Oh! if she'd caught me. But she sleeps like a soldier of the Revolution. And here's a little gift for you"—putting a small package in Gertrude's hand. "Law, child, how much you do look like me the night I ran away with Oliver Peeky! Your sweetheart's a good boy; I know all about him. Good-night, and a happy New-Year to you both!" And exerting all her strength—Gertrude standing motionless in her great surprise—the old lady unlocked the door, and gently pushed the girl out into the arms of her lover.

And when the flight was discovered next morning, the anger thereat was nearly equalled by the wonder in regard to the manner of it.

"She never went by the front door, for the key was under my pillow," thundered the bassoon.

"She couldn't have opened one of the parlor windows to have saved her life," squeaked the fife. "Only John and myself know the secret of the fastenings. And if she could have opened it, she certainly could not have fastened it behind her. Some of the servants must have helped her."

But the servants emphatically declared their entire innocence.

"There's no use asking ma," said Mistress Huffey, looking rather spitefully at the old lady as she rocked in her favorite rocker and munched her favorite refreshment. "She never sees nor hears anything. But however the ungrateful minx got out, I'm glad she's gone, and not a penny of my money does she ever see."

The great-gran's "little gift" proved to be a bonbon box filled with fresh caraway biscuits, in the midst of which lay a crisp thousand-dollar United States Treasury-note. But never did Everdell or his wife hear from or see her again, for very soon after their marriage she passed quietly out of life, and so will remain an enigma to them forever.

And Madame Von Breeks von Starch and Mistress Huffey having succeeded in marrying the merchant from Bergen-op-Zoom to a distant relative of the Von Starch family—sought out and dowered for that purpose—departed with the bridal pair for that once-renowned military town, and "the land of the free and the home of the brave" knew them no more.

MARGARET ETTINGE.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Card-playing on Railways.—Anthony Trollope.—Henry Fawcett.—No Cross on the Book.—The Primacy.—Bishop Wilberforce's Memoirs.

A NEW crime has long been the great desideratum among our sensation novelists, yet it has been reserved for the ingenuity of the judicial bench to discover it. Imagination, of course, had nothing to do with it; the legal mind never takes even a swallow-flight in that direction, but after poring into certain dusky volumes it has come to the conclusion that what has been heretofore held to be an innocent relaxation—namely, a friendly rubber in a railway carriage—is a misdemeanor. As at least one-half of the business men who come to town from Brighton by the early express are in the habit of passing the time in this way on their journey, we may look for some wholesale apprehensions. It will be very pretty reading some fine morning to learn that Mr. Bullion, the banker, Messrs. Contango Brothers the stockholders, and Mr. Square the city architect have all been lodged in Bow Street for this offense. When the administrators of the law do make fools of themselves they certainly do it

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thoroughly. I suppose it is because these bigwigs are so highly placed—so much "up in a balloon," as Mr. Gladstone said of the House of Lords—that they occasionally exhibit such stupendous ignorance of what is passing below them. Otherwise it seems impossible they can be unaware that to many persons reading in a railway train is impossible, and that when a party of male friends are together, going up to Scotland to shoot, for example, nothing is more common than that they should beguile the tedium of the railway journey by whist. I can state of my own knowledge that two of her Majesty's present ministers are accustomed to do this. Perhaps these judges are Tories, and their object in this astounding interpretation of the law is to send half the cabinet to prison. It is interesting to conjecture which of the new law courts will be the scene of this impressive ceremony.

Long ago one of the quarterlies commenced an article, intended doubtless to be final in its criticism: "Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens—a descending scale, we allow," and went on to apologize for placing the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit* in such good company. Since then there has been another trinity of literary men—Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope—whom it is still more natural to name in the same breath, and the last, alas! has just taken leave of us. Here, too, we will say "a descending scale, we allow"; and by the great majority of readers that opinion will be indorsed. Still Trollope, if not the equal of the other two, has much in common with them. It is far from my purpose to imitate the herd of obituary writers who, when a great man is dead, think they pay him the most honor by depreciating his living rivals—an easy task, which commends itself at once to indolence and envy. Yet in some respects, it must be confessed, Trollope as a novelist is the last of the giants. There are others left behind him who can write more thrilling stories, and one or two who have a greater command of humor, but there is no such creator of character. When I think of Trollope there rise before me, as if summoned by an enchanter's wand, a score of personages as real as any known to me in flesh and blood. I see the worldly Archdeacon, the masterful Mrs. Proudie, dear, worthy Dr. Thorne, and the proud Duke of Omnium. I see sweet Mary Thorne and honest Miss Dunstable and pretty Lucy Robartes. When I think of all these people, and remember that one man begot them for the delight of us all, I feel a genuine gratitude to him, and acknowledge his genius. When I remember how many thousands of his fellow-creatures this man has pleased, beguiled them from sorrow and from pain, and made the hours that would have been leaden to them pass by in innocent mirth and fancy, I feel that we owe him more than a tear of farewell. People in the country who see but little of society are especially indebted to him, for he supplied them with it. A new novel of Anthony Trollope's was as good as a dinner party, without the inconvenience of having to drive ten miles to it. The people he drew were often commonplace enough, but not more so than those they would have met, and just as real. He was not a painter of a high class; he could not have drawn Claverhouse or Tom Pinch; he was deficient in imagination; but those he saw he could photograph to the life. They were with few exceptions the folks we met yesterday, and the folks we shall meet to-morrow; but they were types, and stand for the whole of their respective classes. This is why I call him the last of the giants. There are more cunning workmen in his line of business than he was; his style was slipshod; his stories were thin; but his figures are stereoscopic; they stand out statuesque and solid. This is a real test of a good novelist. Tried by this standard, very few story-tellers, however excellent, come up to the mark. When one thinks of Lever, for example, one recalls only Mickey Free, and even he was but an Irish Sam Weller. A great fuss has been made about the death of the late archbishop, a pious, excellent man, regretted by all who knew him; but to the outside world the incident gives no sense of loss. The death of Anthony Trollope will be felt by tens of thousands who have never seen him, and in lands where he never set his foot. It is at the final moment that we discover how far inferior is the highest rank to genius.

If Mr. Fawcett is not a genius, he has done great things in spite of obstacles from which genius might well have shrunk. There may be abler men in the present ministry, but none who have won for themselves a higher place in the opinion of the nation at large, for Henry Fawcett's includes his opponents. An honest, independent workingman, without a touch of priggishness, or of that Jack-in-office insolence which is so infectious that even the healthiest nature is apt to catch it, he has earned the respect of all parties. That the physical disadvantage under which he labors helps to attract the public sympathy there is no doubt. The majority of mankind are content to succumb to circumstance. In this man they see one who has conquered it in its most adverse and antagonistic shape, and has set an example of heroism and philosophy to his fellow-creatures which will never be forgotten. It is not the mere politician, far less the mere partisan, who eagerly scans the bulletins that are issued from the blind man's sick-room; but in the railway carriage and in the tram car one hears from all classes of the community, "I am glad to see Fawcett's better," or, "To have lost Mr. Fawcett, sir, would have been a national loss."

A great deal of comment (and no wonder) has been made upon the conduct of a witness for the defense in the Lough Mask murders, who acknowledged that she had lied unhesitatingly, because "there was no cross on the book she was sworn upon." It no doubt exhibits a religious sentiment not distantly akin to African fetichism, but there are many people, after all, who hold pretty similar views, though they are not displayed in the same manner. Every man who takes advantage of the necessity of another to drive a hard bargain, and flatters himself that he is free from blame in so doing, is in the same position. "The law can not touch me," he says; or, in other words, "There is no cross on the book I kissed." It is the same with hundreds of persons, lawyers, financiers, politicians, critics, who, not being actually in Newgate, persuade themselves that they have done no moral wrong. As to the cross itself, that symbol is peculiar to the Catholic; but in this country the Protestant witness is often found kissing his thumb, instead of the Bible he is pressing with it, under the amazing belief that since he does not kiss the book itself, his falsehood is not perjury. It is a fact difficult to persuade what the advertisments call "a very large and important class," that it is not the gold, but the temple which sanctifieth the gold, that is of real importance.

I have been wondering during the last ten days whether I should like to be made Archbishop of Canterbury. The chance was so slight of my being appointed to the post that, as the mathematicians say, it might be "disregarded"; I could wonder quite freely, and without any personal prejudice or embarrassment. Of course I *could* have been made; everything is possible in an age which produces apricot jam from turnips; and should I have said, "*Fido episcopari*"? In some points I should have improved the place—I mean the palace. An American bishop once bitterly complained to me that the hospitalities of his brethren of the bench in England never included a cigar. "There was no tobacco," he assured me, "even at Lambeth." Well, *that* I should certainly have remedied. But in other matters I might have fallen into error. If I saw two of my clergymen, in a parish full of destitute and heathen people, quarrelling over the cut of an ecclesiastical garment, I am afraid I should knock their heads together, which would probably be returning to a too early form of church discipline. If I found another bent upon being a martyr because he was not allowed to waste candle-light in the middle of the day, I should send my apparitor—whom I should choose for his thews and sinews—to shake him, which would probably produce paragraphs in the High-Church papers. Then, as no promotion would ever take place without a searching examination in the works of Scott and Dickens, the evangelical clergy who "object" to novels would be always complaining that they were debarred from "the higher sphere of usefulness"—which is Parsonic for good livings. The sympathy of the public would be with me, but I should suffer from cliques and coteries. It must be impossible to be called "your Grace," and never to stir without a chaplain at one's heels, and at the same time to act naturally. To have £20,000 a year, but with the sacrifice of personal comfort! No. The offer, if it did come, would come too late. I had arrived at a period of life when comfort is everything. I decided that I would not take the Primacy. The matter is over now, but I honestly confess that I should have refused it on selfish grounds, and not "to oblige Benson."

It makes one very old to think that I was that gentleman's contemporary at college. Think of being contemporary of the Archbishop of Canterbury! When I knew him he belonged to "The Ghost Club," that under-graduate society I wrote you about for the investigation of physical phenomena. Observe the advantage of giving your mind in early life to spiritual things! If I remember right, he could tell a certain dream story of a very striking and surprising kind. An archbishop, I suppose, may not tell stories, which, to my mind, by-the-bye, would be another and a most serious drawback to the acceptance of such a post.

I say "I suppose," for, to judge by some recent memoirs, this liberty of story-telling is not absolutely denied to bishops. "Oh, Sammy, Sammy, why did you ever keep a diary? And oh, son of Sammy, what sum in four figures could ever have induced you to publish it?" I perceive that in reply to some remarks upon his "amazing indiscretion" he has naively replied, "Oh, but if you had only seen what I forbore to publish, you would have been amazed at my moderation." My own conviction is that when a man finds himself a literary executor, his nature undergoes a transformation. The gravest man becomes a humorist, and the most respectable loses sight of the decencies. I am credibly informed that the editor of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* is still utterly at a loss to conjecture what harm he has done to his deceased friend's memory, and how it has come about that from having been one of the most respected of writers, Carlyle has sunk to zero in the barometer of public respect. I am convinced that every man ought to edit his own posthumous works. R. KEMBLE, of London.

FINISHING AND REPAIRING.

THE Naval Appropriation Bill which recently passed the House contains a provision appropriating a large sum of money for the completion of the famous Monitors, upon which millions have already been spent, and which for a long time have been the support and comfort of contractors.

It is obvious that the design of completing the Monitors is not to furnish the nation with war vessels capable of resisting hostile men-of-war, since their armor is so light that it would offer no resistance worth mentioning to the guns in use in foreign navies; they can not be designed for offensive purposes, for we have no guns with which to arm them that would pierce the armor of foreign iron-clads; they would be useless as cruisers, for they are unfit to go to sea; and they could not be used as receiving-ships, for they have room for a very small number of men, and they are so badly ventilated and lighted that they are dangerous to the health of the men who are compelled to live on board them. For what purpose they are to be completed is therefore far from clear.

As the Monitors are strongly built, they might be used to break up and crush the ice in the harbor, but unfortunately they are so slow that they can not be driven against the ice with force enough to accomplish anything except perhaps to entangle themselves hopelessly in the ice. The same want of power would make them useless as steam-tugs, not to mention the fact that they steer so wildly as to endanger everything that is afloat in their vicinity. They would be useless as hospitals, or prison-ships, or floating Bethels, and as unfit for yachting as for warlike purposes.

There must be some reason why the completion of these extraordinary vessels is thought desirable by such disinterested friends of the navy as Mr. Robeson and his associates, and it is a pity that the public is not told what this reason is. Can it be that they are to be used for decorative purposes by the painters employed by the navy? A great deal of paint could be lavished on their hulls and turrets, and the painters could thus obtain much valuable experience in the practice of their profession. Still, there are already so many vessels in the navy that are fit to be painted—and fit for nothing else—that we can hardly believe that the Monitors are to be finished solely in the interest of the painters. Possibly the government intends to establish a museum of specimens of obsolete types of naval architecture; but in this case why provide so many duplicate specimens of Monitors?

The only reasonable explanation is that the Monitors are to be completed in order that they may be repaired. Repairs upon the Monitors and their machinery have now been in progress for many years. If they have afforded so much opportunity for repairs before their completion, they can certainly be repaired a great deal more as they grow older. A really able Secretary of the Navy ought to be able to support in affluence at least two contractors for every Monitor by giving them a constant succession of contracts for repairing either the hulls, the turrets, or the machinery of these vessels. When we think how much these repairs would cost, and how much money would thereby be placed in circulation, we can begin to see that there is a reason for completing the Monitors. In fact, were work upon them to be now abandoned, we should thereby strike a serious blow at a very important American industry. At the same time only a Protectionist will consent to complete the Monitors solely in order that mechanics may grow rich by repairing them; and only an unusually violent Protectionist would think of converting the Naval Department into a sort of Department of Protection charged with protecting American industry in ways having only a nominal connection with naval affairs.

CHICAGO STOCK EXCHANGE.

STOCK exchanges are much the same the world over, and the scene of bustling excitement depicted by our artist on page 84, in the exchange of an American city which fifty years ago was not in existence, does not differ materially from what may be witnessed any day in Paris, London, or New York in the places where brokers congregate for business. The Chicago Exchange is a large and handsome building, and the amount of business transacted there is immense.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THREE of the six United States Senators whose portraits are given in this number are re-elected, and three are new to the position. Among the latter is MR. JOHN E. KENNA, of West Virginia, a young man of less than thirty-five years of age, who has already served his State as Representative throughout three Congressional terms. He was born at Valcoulon, Virginia, lived as a farmer boy, and, when the war broke out, joined the Confederate army. In 1864 he was wounded in the service, and the following year was surrendered at Shreveport, Louisiana. Subsequently he attended St. Vincent's College, at Wheeling, was admitted to the bar in 1870, and has practiced since that time. He has been Prosecuting Attorney for Kanawha County, and has held the Circuit Courts of Lincoln and Wayne.

The Colorado Senators, Messrs. BOWEN and TABOR, the former for the long term and the latter for the short, are both immensely wealthy. Judge BOWEN is about fifty years of age. At the outbreak of the war he was living in Kansas, where he organized a regiment, and served in the Southwestern campaigns. He was brevetted for meritorious conduct, and was given a special command in Arkansas. At the close of the war he became a delegate to the Constitutional Convention for the reconstruction of the State, and was made chairman of that body. After the re-admission of Arkansas into the Union Mr. BOWEN was elected an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. At that time he was recognized as one of the prominent Republican leaders in Arkansas. In 1871 he removed to New York, and in 1872 President GRANT appointed him Governor of Idaho. Afterward he removed to Colorado, and was elected a judge of one of the courts in that State. He became interested in mining property, and is now reckoned as one of the "Bonanza kings." Mr. TABOR, whose fortune is estimated at from eight to ten million dollars, was a poor man five years ago. He kept a small store in California Gulch, near Leadville, for the sale of miners' supplies. At that time GEORGE HOOK and a shoemaker named AUGUST RISCHE, both without means, induced him to enter into a partnership with them, and put in what miners call a "grub stake." In other words, Mr. TABOR was to furnish tools and provisions to them while they were engaged in searching for minerals, and in return he was to have a share of what they found. HOOK and RISCHE went upon a hill near Stray Horse Gulch, now known as Fryer Hill, where GEORGE H. FRYER was searching for ore. Soon after Mr. FRYER found the vein Mr. TABOR's partners pierced it. Mr. TABOR afterward bought out his partners, and in five or six months he took out of the mine and sold three or four hundred thousand dollars' worth of ore. He then sold the mine to MESSRS. CHAFFEE & MOFFATT for a large sum of money. These two mines and two smaller ones were afterward consolidated under one management. Although the mine was the basis of Mr. TABOR's present wealth, he has often said that if he had known where his partners were going to begin work, he never would have risked anything on their success, and more than once before the ore was struck he talked of withdrawing his "grub stake." In 1879 and 1880 he was Lieutenant-Governor of his State.

The Senator from Rhode Island, Mr. ANTHONY, is in his sixty-eighth year. He is a graduate of Brown University, was editor of the Providence *Journal*, twice Governor of Rhode Island, has been in the United States Senate for the last twenty-four years, and has twice been elected President of that body.

Senator PLUMB, of Kansas, originally hailed from Ohio, where he was born in 1827. He learned the printing business, and before he was out of his teens removed to his present State. He was a member of the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention in 1859, and was afterward admitted to the bar. He served in the Legislature, and was Speaker of the House. This will be his second term in the Senate.

New Jersey's Senator, Mr. MCPHERSON, is a well-to-do farmer and dealer in live stock. He was born in New York State in 1833, and removed to Jersey City in 1859. He was an Alderman from 1864 to 1870, and for three years was President of the Board. In 1868–9 he was President of the People's Gas-light Company, and in 1873 was chosen President of the Central Stock Yard and Transit Company. He was a State Senator in 1871–3, a Presidential Elector on the TILDEN ticket in 1876, and succeeded MR. FRELINGHUYSEN in the United States Senate in 1877.

"UNSER FRITZ."

ON our first page we present a portrait of the Prince whose succession to the honors and responsibilities of the imperial throne of Germany can not be far distant. The reigning Emperor, full of years and in declining health, must before long be "gathered to his fathers," leaving the government in the hands of one who not only as a soldier but as a friend of the people has won the admiration and affection of his countrymen.

FREDERIC WILLIAM, Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Imperial of the German Empire, was born on the 18th of October, 1831. He received a liberal education, and at an early age entered the military service, in which he was rigorously trained. On the 25th of January, 1858, he was married to VICTORIA, Princess Royal of England, the eldest child of Queen VICTORIA and Prince ALBERT—a union which, besides being a true-love match, was very acceptable to the people of both countries. The twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding was to have been celebrated with great magnificence, but sympathy with the sufferers by the disastrous floods led them to decline the public festivities, and to request, in addition to their own large charities, that those who were intending to send them silver-wedding gifts should distribute the money among the poor of the devastated districts.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the incidents of the Prince's military career. In two great wars he has exhibited great capacity as a soldier, and will succeed to the throne with all the glamour which distinction on the field of battle can bestow upon his name. But he is not a soldier merely. He has broad and liberal views of state affairs, is a friend of popular education, and in him Prussia will have the most enlightened and progressive monarch that kingdom has ever known.

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.

ICE-BOATING is not a purely American sport. For many generations it has been known and practiced in the fiords of the Scandinavian peninsula. But in this country, and especially upon the Hudson River, which offers almost unequalled facilities for it, the sport has attained its greatest development, and ice-yachts built that the most inured Norwegian would view with apprehension and alarm. There has been more or less ice-boating done on the Hudson for twenty years, but the establishment of clubs and the bringing of the sport from a pastime *fera natura*, as it were, under definite rules and regulations, are not much more than half that age.

Like all great things—like the toboggan, like Magna Charta and COLUMBUS's egg and NEWTON's apple—the ice-yacht is simple. "The earth is very simple," said GOETHE; "otherwise it could not have lasted so long." The ice-boat is very simple, or it could not go so fast. It consists, when reduced to its simplest expression, of two planks and three skates, two sails and a rudder, and it is little more in its ultimate evolution. One plank, technically the stringer, crossing the boat, has a skate, technically runner, at each end. The other, running fore and aft, has its forward end firmly bolted to the centre of the stringer, and its after end shod with a runner, and furnished with a rudder, also shod with sharpened iron. At this end sits the steersman.

This is the germinal idea of the ice-yacht. The framed T is scarcely a foot from the ice, so that prudence dictates to the wayfaring man on the ice not to be run over by an ice-yacht any more than by the cow-catcher of a locomotive. In the modern

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ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

ice-yacht the mast is stepped at the centre of the stringer, and steadied by being also stepped through a short mast plank a few inches higher, and by stiff iron shrouds "set up taut" and bolted to the stringer. The stays of the bowsprit lead to the ends of the stringer. The rig is jib and mainsail, though some adventurous vexers of the ice add a superfluous and defiant club topsail. All of this gear needs to be of the very strongest. At a race last week the leading boat, making for the winning-post at the rate, as an enthusiastic spectator declared, of seventy miles an hour, one of the bowsprit stays gave way, and then the bowsprit itself, with a report like that of a cannon, and in three seconds the madly careering yacht looked as if she had been converted from a thing of life into a miscellany of lumber and junk.

The runners of the modern ice-yacht are about four feet long, and act like outriggers in securing stability. In fresh breezes the windward runner, of course, tends to leave the ice, and throw the whole weight and strain of the yacht upon the lee runner. This tendency is counteracted by ballast, generally composed, by the experienced skipper, of an honored guest from the city, who hangs on [illegible] and he is borne onward at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. Whether this proceeding assists the gravity of the runner or not, so as to keep it bearing, it certainly counteracts any tendency to undue levity on the part of the ballast.

The crew and passengers do themselves up into the likeness of hedgehogs with coats and mufflers and many stockings. The breezes of January on the Upper Hudson in ice-yachting weather are apt to be a trifle keen when one is going against them or at right angles with them at the speed of a special express train. Moreover, the thickness serves another purpose. When the helm is put down on the wind to tack, or the cheerful operation of jibing is undertaken going free, the change of direction is so sudden that the incautious passenger finds himself suddenly left, and is apt to be extremely surprised at his own momentum. He goes skipping over the ice like what is called in the base-ball field a hot grounder, and his only hope is that he may not be "sharply fielded" by an imbedded log in the ice or a casual bowlder. So long as he has only the ordinary asperities of the frozen surface to contend with he goes on without damage until friction and gravity re-assert their sway, provided he is thickly enough clad to insure him against casual contusions. Tremendous as is the speed the ice-boats attain, and great as seem to be the risks of the sport, serious accidents are very rare, and fatal accidents almost unknown.

The speed of ice-boats is a mooted question. The sensations of the ice-boat men, which are commonly appealed to in oral discussions, are about as trustworthy as would be the impressions of a man who had been shot out of a gun touching the rate at which he was travelling, and the radius of the curve he was describing. The ice-yachts, however, have no difficulty, with the right breeze and good ice, in beating the fastest express-trains, and one boat has an undisputed record of nine miles in seven minutes, or at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. No wonder that the votaries of such a sport find all other winter sports "slow" after it, nor that the excitement of peril adds to the exhilaration it induces!

Size, in ice-yachting as in yachting in the fluid element, is the measure of power. The dimensions of the "vessels" are steadily increasing, and the latest addition to the winter fleet, the *Icicle*, has runners of about twice the usual length, measures 90 feet from bowsprit end to rudder-post, 100 feet from bowsprit end to end of main-boom, and spreads over 1000 feet of canvas.

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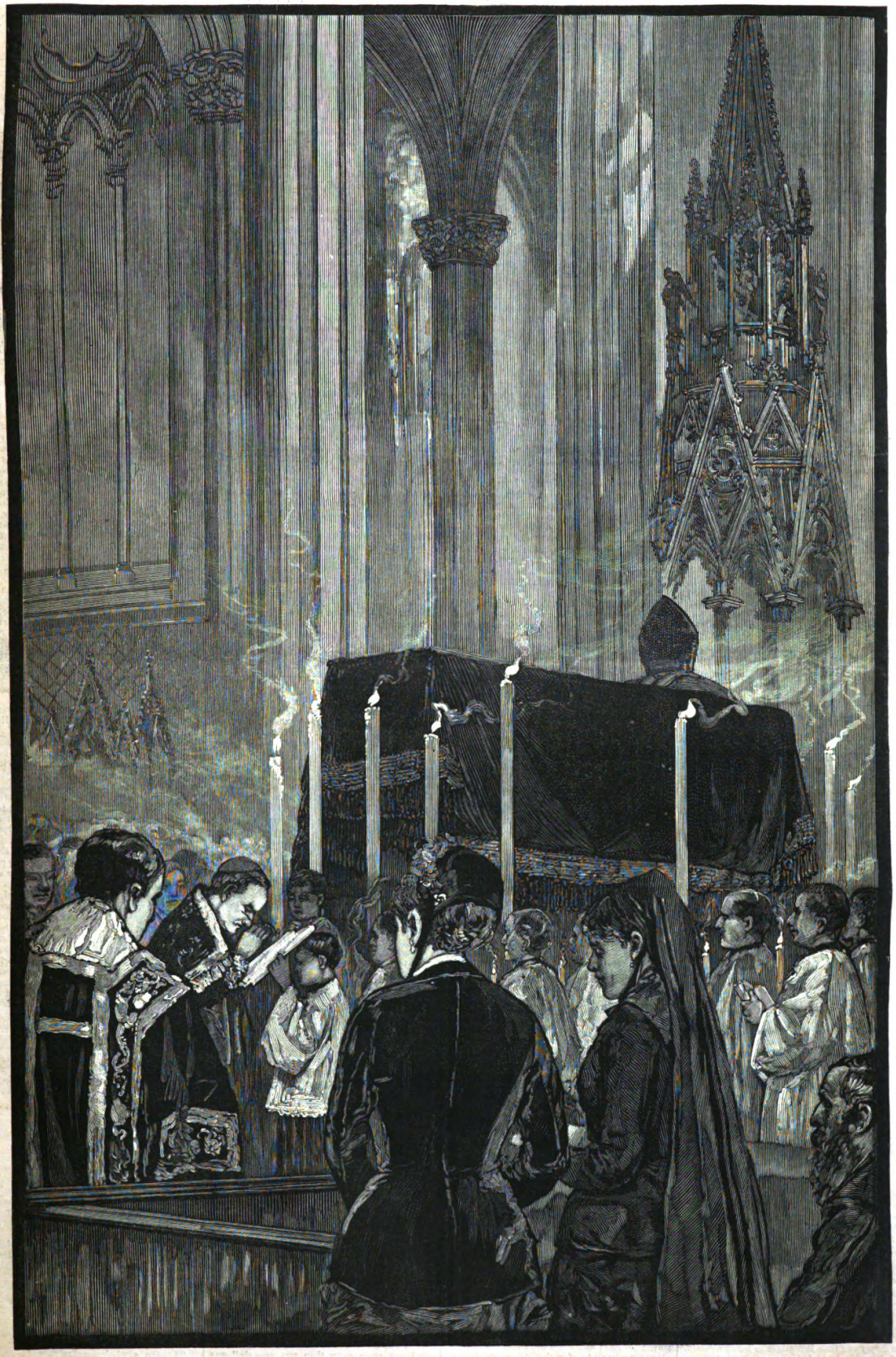

LAID AT REST IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—Drawn by Weldon and Graham.—[See Page 94.]

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THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

Lucy Brake dropped like a stone to the floor. Had Kitty shot her, the effect could not have been more complete. Prepared as she was for the avowal, the answer was nevertheless as hard for Lucy to resist as to accept.

She had brooded for so many years on the love and constancy of her young husband, of the hero that he was in her generous estimation of him, and never dreaming for an instant of the hero he was not.

When she came to herself she found her head resting on Kitty's breast, with Kitty's arms round her, and her tears upon her cheek.

"My poor Lucy! I did not think you would give way like this," said Kitty.

Lucy struggled from her embrace, rose to her feet, and sat in a chair away from her; and Kitty stood with folded hands, sadly submissive to this new evidence of aversion. It was to be expected, perhaps; there had been too lavish a profession of friendship for a beginning, and hers had been a terrible confession, or appeared like one at first sight. Kitty moved slowly to the window and closed it, went to the door and locked it, and then resumed her position before the young widow, like one prepared to answer any questions which Lucy had the heart to put to her.

Lucy Brake continued to regard her with a grave fixed stare, like a woman wondering at her and forever perplexed.

"I am sorry you have heard this," said Kitty at last, "that such a miserable truth should have come to you to-night."

"She told me, not you," replied Lucy, in a low tone; "you would have deceived *me* to the end of your life, had it been in your power."

"I think I would," answered Kitty. "I think it would have been for the best. Morris Brake is dead; what necessity was there to speak of his faults, or to shake your trust in his virtues? It is all over and gone."

"Yes, it is all gone," repeated Lucy, "gone like a dream."

"Why did Miss Brake tell you anything of this?"

"To crush me down, to make my dark world darker and more desolate," said Lucy; "that is all."

"No, hardly that," answered Kitty. "She was thinking you had made an idol in your heart of Morris, and he was not worthy of your devotion; that he stood between you and all chance of happiness."

"Why do you think so?"

"She has spoken of it very frequently," replied Kitty. "'If Lucy would think less of my dead brother,' she has said, 'she would love a better man some day.' She—"

"I don't want to hear what Miss Brake has said," cried Lucy, petulantly, "but what you have to tell me. You own he made love to you. In what way do *you* mean?"

"Is it worth while?" asked Kitty, helplessly; "is it any use?"

"Yes. Let me hear the whole truth; let me know my Morris as he was, rather than as my fancy made him. He is dead," she added, mournfully; "he was everything to me. I shall not love him the less."

"Then why—"

"He made love to you— Well, go on," cried Lucy, impatiently.

"Pretended to love me, would be a better term," said Kitty, "for he did not care for me in any way, and I disliked him from the first."

"I can't believe it," said Lucy at once. To dislike Morris Brake was a complete impossibility, thought this young one-ideaed woman.

"When he came to see his sister he would pay me a great deal of attention. It was dull at Boston, he did not always agree with Miss Brake, and I was a little distraction to his dullness, probably nothing more at any time. I am not quite certain," continued Kitty, "that Miss Brake would have been sorry if I had learned to love her brother, she thinking he was single, and a wild young fellow with no constancy of purpose in him. Of his future she had been afraid; he had as many faults as good traits of character, she used to say of him, and his impulses might lead him on at any time to ruin. I thought then he might have been in love with me a little. I did not fancy it was all play-acting until I heard he was your husband."

"And you heard that?"

"After his death."

"Not before then—at Boston? Go on, please."

"There is no more to say. There is very little which you can care to hear. I knew I was not fit for him. I was always glad of a pretext to avoid him and his compliments. His one surprise, poor fellow, was that I was not flattered by his notice, or to be led away by it."

"To be led away," repeated Lucy, in a husky whisper.

"Yes; he would have led me away if he could," said Kitty; "he liked me a little, and I was only his sister's servant in his eyes; one ruined woman more or less would not have mattered to him any more than it matters to many a scoundrel like him. Ah! forgive me," cried Kitty, quickly; "I forgot for a moment he was your husband."

"You have a right to think the worst of him," murmured Lucy, "if this is true—if it is possible to be true."

"If it will spare you any pang, pray think the worst of me," said Kitty, "and that all this is my poor invention. What can it matter?—what does it matter?"

"Yes—he is sleeping in his grave. He can not answer any charge against him; he has had no time even to say 'God forgive me!'" murmured Lucy. "Yes, what does it matter now?"

She sat and stared before her like one who had been struck a heavy blow and was bewildered by it; the pained, perplexed look on the fair young face touched Kitty's heart, and set her own troubles further back that night.

"You will never care to speak to me any more," said Kitty, mournfully; "and all this has been so much against my will that you should know. So I lose two friends in one night, and am more alone than ever."

"You have quarrelled with Greg?" asked Lucy, in a faint, far-away voice.

"Not quarrelled with him. I have lost him."

"You have been too hasty. You are playing into the hands of that dreadful woman Hester Brake, as I have done to-night. Why does she exult in human misery so much?" moaned Lucy.

"She acts for the best—for what she thinks is right," said Kitty; "and if the truth kills, it is still the truth with her."

"You feel she has injured you too?"

"I—I would rather not hear a word against her," answered Kitty.

"Strange the power to do mischief which she has," said Lucy, shuddering again. "She rests amongst us like a blight. How long will she live, I wonder," she added, bitterly, "to do such cruel work?"

"Hush! hush!" cried Kitty. "She has only stripped the bandage from our eyes so roughly that the truth has blinded us. That is all. We shall see more clearly presently," she added, with a sigh.

"You may," answered Lucy; "I shall not."

"Yes, yes, Lucy, you will; and if I may call you Lucy now," said Kitty, stealing toward her, bending over her, and putting her arms timidly around her neck; "and you will grow more content, more happy, with every day that follows this. This is no new trouble to you—only an old one which you have chanced to hear of, and from which I would have spared you all my life."

"You would have deceived me, then?"

"Yes, I would."

"And would have been glad to be deceived?"

"About Greg?—yes," answered Kitty, "I think I would; but God knows! I have been trying to piece it out, and have only failed. I had been so sure—so very sure—that his life belonged to me, and was to be trusted to me. But—you don't care to hear. I'm selfish to speak of it to-night."

"And I—I can not think of it," said Lucy, rising. "I should be glad to get to my own room. I feel very weak."

"Lean upon my arm, and let me lead you."

"I—I am afraid of you," said Lucy, faintly. "I don't know what other secrets you may have—what else you may tell me some day. Yours has been so dark a life!"

"Yes, madam," said Kitty, very humbly, "that is true."

"All is confusion with me, and nothing seems as it was this bright morning."

"Nothing is," came the slow answer back.

"I am like a half-witted girl who has lost her way; but," she said, "I may come back to it, with some one to love and to trust in—and with God's help. To-night I am dreadfully alone, trusting no one in the world."

"You have a father to love, you have John Woodhatch to love you, Greg to love you, little Morice to love you," said Kitty. "Ah! Mrs. Brake, you are rich in affection, and have lost no friend. It is I who am alone."

Lucy put her hand through Kitty's arm.

"But it is you who are strong—who will know what to do. Why is it," she asked, "that I am weaker than you—so much more of a child?"

"That may be all the better presently," said Kitty.

"I do not see that."

The two young women went out into the corridor, Lucy walking with difficulty, like a woman in her sleep, and Kitty guiding carefully her steps. Lucy's room was only a few paces off, but it was very dark without, and some one seemed to rustle away in the distance, and be lost in it.

"Mrs. Chadderton, I suppose," said Lucy, after pausing for a moment; "she has been playing the spy as usual. Ah, well, what does it matter?—as you said a little while ago."

"Not much," responded Kitty.

At Lucy's door they paused.

"If I have stabbed you with my words to-night," said Kitty, "try and forget them presently. I would have spared you had you let me."

Lucy put her hands upon her shoulder, and kissed her softly.

"I thought I hated you an hour ago, but I don't," she said. "Good-night."

Kitty returned her kiss and good-night, and walked back thoughtfully to her own room.

CHAPTER XII.

A LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Peace remained in the ascendant at Farm Forlorn for several days after this, and each inmate, in trouble and doubt, kept the trouble and doubt in the background, and did not harass other folk with them. Still it was a false peace, which deceived no one; and there were many waiting—almost patiently!—for the storm which they thought must come soon to the homestead of John Woodhatch.

John Woodhatch, perhaps, was the least suspicious of all the little community gathered at Skegs Shore, although he had been roughly awakened to the fact that one great scheme of his life was, so far as it had gone, an utter failure after all. One more mistake of his, despite his generous plotting for other people's welfare, and his planning for the common good. The collapse of one more scheme, the greatest and the best; and it had all ended as Parson Larcom had prophesied.

"Not that it *is* the end of it, Alec," he said; "or I will own it is the end. You are only right up to present date, and life is full of change."

"And women *too*," added Mr. Larcom; "they never are of one mind very long, ye know."

"I don't know," answered Woodhatch; "the few I have known I used to think were absolutely fixed to one idea."

"Miss Brake excepted," said Mr. Larcom, with a laugh.

"Oh, she's mad!" was the short reply, as John Woodhatch tramped away over his fields. He hardly meant what he said, although Miss Brake aggravated him at times by her innumerable suspicions, by her calm demeanor, as well as by her fits of fretfulness. He was discontented with the whole sex at present; there was no clinging to one idea now about them; he should be a woman-hater in good time, he thought; the fickleness of women vexed him, their sudden change of opinion and intention kept him restless, and the mystery encircling their motives, when he asked for motives, would have made him as insane as they were if he had not sought refuge from everything and everybody in sheer hard work, and bargains at the markets.

It was Kitty who had given the last turn to his thoughts. The girl from whom he had least expected a disappointment or rebuff had suddenly confronted him with the announcement that she was not going to marry Greg Dorward. She had faced him a few days ago with this astounding statement, looking so earnestly and straightforwardly into his inquiring face that he had not the heart to be very angry until after she had left him. As he informed Mr. Larcom afterward, he had stood like a fool, and had had scarcely a word to say in reply, although a five years' scheme had been shivered and splintered before him as though it had been glass.

He had been speaking of Tolland's farm to her; indeed, had paid her the compliment one morning of offering to drive her to it on a visit of inspection, and she had seized the opportunity of apprising him that the engagement was at an end between her and Greg Dorward.

"It is as well to tell you I shall never marry him, sir," was the statement made; "that I have persuaded him to agree to the breaking of our engagement; that seeing him again, and judging for myself that I am no more fit for him than he is for me, I feel sure it is the best to part whilst we are friends."

All this had been spoken very rapidly, like a girl in considerable haste to get to the end of a story which embarrassed her seriously in its relation.

"This is Greg's fault, not yours," came the quick answer back, and in the listener's first surprise.

"No, sir; it is mine."

"On your honor?"

"On my honor, Mr. Woodhatch," was the reply. "Greg is sorry, I think. Greg would marry me to-morrow if I would change my mind again."

"What the devil have you been quarrelling about?" John Woodhatch had exclaimed; and this was the one little burst of anger he had indulged in during the interview. "Do you think I asked you here to wrangle with him?"

"I have not quarrelled with him; he has not been angry in any way with me. It is all my fault, if there is any fault in judging what is best for one's self," said Kitty.

"You are only a child. How do you know what is best?"

"I think—I hope I do," answered Kitty.

"And are my wishes to go for nothing?" he asked; "and at the last, like this, when I have found a farm for him, and stocked it, and made a home for you both? And both of you dumb till it was all arranged, and I had spent my money."

"Ah! there I am very sorry. But Greg and I have just met as man and woman; we had been so long strangers to each other. You had only talked of him to me for all these five long years, and I did not know him for myself. There was the mistake of it all, Mr. Woodhatch," continued Kitty; "and when it came to the reality, when I could but see in a marriage with Greg much unhappiness and more mistakes, I made up my mind never to become his wife."

"Very well," said John Woodhatch, gloomily.

"You do not wish me to be unhappy, dear master, I am sure. You would not care to saddle Greg with a soured and discontented woman."

"Like her I was idiot enough to put you with, and whose manners you have copied," he said, bluntly.

"Oh, Mr. Woodhatch!"

"There! do as you like, Kitty," he said, touching her shoulder with his broad hand by way of consolation or apology; "it is your life, not mine, and I don't want to make it unhappy."

"Thank you."

"Still I am sorry for Greg. He has not been treated well in this matter, so far as I can see; but," he added, quaintly, as he walked away, "hanged if I see an inch ahead at present."

He had gone away, thinking Greg might offer some clearer explanation of the facts; but Greg's frankness had only more completely mystified and disheartened him.

"I am more sorry than you are, sir," was Greg's explanation of the case. "I am sure she would have made me the best of wives. It is her self-depreciation which renders her morbid and nervous. She is unfit for me, she says, and nothing at present will convince her to the contrary."

"At present? Then you think it likely she will change her mind?"

"Yes, sir. We have not quarrelled."

"So she tells me."

"And I don't give up the hope that all will soon come round," Greg added.

"You are not one to give up," remarked John Woodhatch. "Every day you remind me more of what I was at your age—full of courage and trust, and not to be cowed in the face of opposition. I should be very sorry if you were not able to conquer this silly fit of fastidiousness in Kitty Vanch. It is so right a thing you two should marry."

"Yes, it is," Greg responded.

"I suppose that fidgety Miss Brake has been advising her," he muttered. "I wish she had never come here."

"She *is* full of fancies, poor woman," answered Greg, as moodily as his master.

Then they had separated; and matters, as we have already intimated, had gone on peacefully, to all outward appearance, until this date; that is, some two weeks since John Woodhatch had filled his house with guests, and, as it appeared now, to his own discomfiture. All would be right in time, he hoped; but the present was not very encouraging, although he could take comfort in it, and satisfaction from it, Lucy Brake being one of his guests, and one who it was a deep, silent pleasure to know was close at hand, and once more a part of his strange home. That her face was very full of sad thoughts, even of vague doubts, only increased his old interest in her—his wish to be of service to her for the remainder of his days. And if the wish were futile, as he knew it was, still she was by his side at Farm Forlorn, and did not speak yet of going away.

Meanwhile, Hester Brake remained very impassive, and to all outward seeming took no satisfaction to herself at the result of her last revelations. The thin, worn face remained in shadow still, and the eyes had the same far-away look which they had always had. Kitty was as attentive as ever, but the consciousness that the mistress's words had helped to separate her from Greg seemed to show itself in Kitty's manner, try how she would to appear the same. It was for the best, it had been done for her good, but forever after this she, Hester Brake, would be associated with unhappiness, with having worked much ill.

"Better to hate me than marry a man who never cared for you," she said one day, suddenly, to Kitty.

"I don't hate you, Miss Hester," was the reply.

"Do you love me any the less?"

"No, no. You were right enough in guessing Greg did not care for me, and it was right I should know. You gave me my chance," answered Kitty.

"No, I did not."

Kitty looked surprised.

"You would never have married him, even had you forgiven his loving Lucy Brake," said Hester.

"It was not to be."

"I forgave his love for her at once," answered Lucy, quickly. "I keep away from him—forever perhaps—because I can not be of help to him."

"So that is it," muttered Hester, "and you are as weak a fool as the rest of us."

Kitty did not know what Miss Brake meant by this half-soliloquy, and did not press her for an explanation. She stole away the instant afterward, and Miss Brake, staring before her into the garden, was not aware that she had gone. Lucy replaced her in a few more minutes, but she did not look toward her, and the young widow passed through the room with no salutation to her sister-in-law. Lucy was less of a heroine than Kitty Vanch, perhaps; at all events possessed less of that heroic quality which consists in forgiving those who have dispelled our conceits, and toppled over the idols which those conceits had set up. In a fit of petulance, of angry recrimination, as it seemed to Lucy, Hester had drawn the true portrait of Morris Brake, and Lucy had not been grateful for the portraiture, and had even told Hester that she lied. Hence the reference to Kitty Vanch, and all the stern, bare truths of these latter days—the clear, cold, cruel daylight wherein no fancies lived.

"You and my Lucy don't appear to be quite as big friends as ye ought to be, conseedering the relationship," said Alec Larcom to her one morning, when she was reading a letter which had just reached her from abroad.

"No. She does not like me," commented Miss Brake, without looking up, "and I am tired of trying to make her."

"Ye've had more wards, I suppose?"

"Hasn't she told you?"

"No. She never did tell me more than she could posseebly help," was the dry reply. "Ye see, I'm a kind of creature that don't encourage confeedence."

"No, you are too hard," said Hester, still perusing her foreign epistle. "If there had been more gentleness in your nature, and less presumption, you would have been a better father to her."

"Marcy on us, woman, what next will ye say?" exclaimed Mr. Larcom.

"She never had a mother. And girls brought up without mothers have a harder battle than the rest, let fathers be what they may," she said, looking up from her letter for the first time.

"Ay, there's something in that," answered Mr. Larcom, "although ye have an uncoomfortable way of explaining matters, Hester."

"And money will not comfort her a great deal, I presume—as it might you, Mr. Larcom," she added.

"I have a wholesome raspect for money," confessed the Methodist, "knowing the good it may do."

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"To yourself?"

"To most folk, properly applied," he added.

"Will that console Lucy, do you think, for all the wretched past?"

Hester Brake held the letter she had been reading to Mr. Larcom, who took it, and adjusted his glasses carefully on his nose.

"It's in French," he said with disgust, "and ye know I can't read such outlandish rubbish."

"It says that the estate is all settled, and the money which my bad father made abroad, Heaven knows by what means, is at the sole disposal of his heirs; that is, at the disposal of myself and little Morice, presently, who represents my dead brother, I suppose. I don't know French law, and it is too late to learn."

"Ye can take some things vary coolly, Hester Brake," observed Mr. Larcom, returning the letter. "To think ye should have been reading good news like that with so meeserable a face, and talking to me of my presumption all the while!"

"It is not good news to me. It comes too late, even if it were. I would rather have one true friend than all this money."

"How much money is it altogether?" asked Mr. Larcom, with increasing interest in the subject.

"Some forty thousand pounds."

"Lard save us all!" ejaculated her listener.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAITING TILL TO-MORROW.

THE news of the change of fortune for Hester Brake—for Lucy Brake and Morice—was not long in circulating through the farm, and there was much discussion on the subject, and a new topic of interest, which the invalid lady alone appeared to shun.

"It is not good news to me, John," she said, for the second time, when the farmer had offered his congratulations in his blunt way an hour or two later, after Mr. Larcom had been overwhelmed by the intelligence.

"Larcom tells me you think so," said Woodhatch, "but you do not know."

"Shall I have time to know?" she asked.

"To be sure you will."

"Where is the will I gave you to mind?" she asked.

"In my safe, there."

"Take care of it, now there is much money to leave behind me," she adjured, satirically, "and so many people to think of."

"It is not likely to be lost."

"That's well. And should I live to become possessor of this money," she said, "there is a long account to settle between us, John, and as speedily as may be."

"Oh, rubbish!"

"You were very kind to me and Morris," she continued; "you saved us from the evil examples and bad lives; you stood our friend when we were short of friends, and knew not where to turn. For your care of us there are only the grateful thanks now of a disagreeable woman, but for the money we have cost you I can at least make some amends."

"When you get your money," laughed John Woodhatch, "we can have half a dozen hot words over the settlement."

"Ah! you think, with all the rest of them, what a bad-tempered, envious, querulous woman I have been. Don't you?" she asked.

"What a question!"

"Don't you?" she repeated. "Why can not you answer me in a straightforward manner?"

"Well, I have not so bad an opinion of you as all that, Hester, or I should have never chosen you to take care of Kitty Vanch."

"I was more amiable then."

"So you were," assented Mr. Woodhatch.

"And I have altered very much."

"You have altered a little," he remarked, "but that—"

"And I have stood between you and your pet scheme of marrying Kitty to Greg Dorward."

"Well, probably you have," said John Woodhatch.

"And I have told Lucy that my brother Morris was not the good, faithful, high-souled being she had pictured him," she added.

"What on earth did you tell her that for?" exclaimed the farmer. "Of all the inconsistent, aggravating women, I believe you are the worst."

"Yes, that's your opinion," said Hester; "very likely I am. It is hard to judge one's own character, self steps so formidably in the way. But I thought it was best she should know that poor Morris was not a hero."

"Best for her, do you mean?"

"And for you," she added, calmly; "the dead husband was in your way, John. And you will never be happy without she becomes your wife."

"I have given up all hope of that."

"How long?"

"Years. I wish I had told you this before," he replied.

"Hope will come again to you."

"Lucy Brake and Morice and her father will go abroad and live abroad presently—very shortly, indeed," he said; "they have been talking of it to-night as a settled thing. The mere thought of the money brings already changes with it."

"Change is the lot of all of us. There is no rest."

"No," answered John Woodhatch, thoughtfully.

"And you can live abroad too, John," she said, after a long silence.

"Impossible."

"You will have nothing to stop in England for except Farm Forlorn, and its crowd of miserable failures," she said.

"I will live for my failures, then," was the reply. "I have always said to myself, to God, that here was my one task."

His voice faltered for an instant, and she reached out her hand and touched his own very gently and even timidly.

"Good man, striving to do good, and failing perhaps more completely than you think," she said; "still there is God's reward for all this presently. And so, God bless you, John!"

To his astonishment she raised his hand to her lips, and brought the blood in a rush to his face. He looked round hurriedly, and in no small confusion, but there was no one to observe them.

"Let me lean upon your arm to-night, the one friend whom I have not set against me yet," she said; "will you see me to my room door, and save Kitty coming down?"

"Yes—if you wish," he replied, almost reluctantly.

"They will only think you are becoming more attentive to me now that I have some money to leave behind me," she said, with her old satirical vein asserting itself once more; "but what they think of you—or me—does not matter in the least."

"Why, no," answered her old friend.

They went upstairs together, she leaning, as he fancied, more heavily upon his arm than he had known her do on the few occasions that he had offered her his escort.

In the corridor, and a few paces from her room, they met Kitty coming toward them. She was surprised to meet them, and Miss Brake put her, gently but not unkindly, aside, and walked on to the door of her room by the side of the farmer.

There she paused, with Kitty for a witness, and with her hand still upon his arm.

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-night, Hester," he replied.

"There is one thing more I should have liked to tell you to-night, John," she said, regarding him wistfully, "but I am afraid."

"Yes, yes; don't let us have anything new to-night," he said, with alacrity; "it is getting very late."

"To-morrow, or the next day, perhaps, if you will."

"Very well," he said, "and if it is important."

"It is terribly important to you."

"Oh, never mind me."

"And to most of us at Skegs Shore," she added. "Good-night again, and—to-morrow—then!"

"Ah! yes—to-morrow;" and then John Woodhatch hurried away, glad to escape his companion before any fresh news should escape her.

But the morrow found Hester Brake a woman very wild and strange, who knew not friend from foe, and cowered from all alike in the frenzy of the fever which had come to her, suddenly and swiftly, like the trouble which had followed her through her life, and had never let her rest—that had even met her on the threshold of her new prosperity, and struck her down like this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLDS, AND HOW TO CHECK THEM.

WHAT is the most common of all diseases in our climate? A cold.

Are colds curable? Strictly speaking, no. After it is fully developed, I have never known a cold to be cured by medical treatment: the disease runs through a certain course, and in the popular phrase "cures itself" after a greater or less degree of suffering on the part of the patient. It is, in the scientific phrase, one of the "self-limited" diseases. But sometimes, when a damaged organ is attacked, a cold may terminate less favorably; sometimes in pneumonia or pleurisy, or even in consumption. More frequently a succession of neglected colds brings on chronic catarrh, a complaint that is particularly frequent in our trying climate.

But if we can not actually cure a cold after it is fully developed, it is all the more important that we should be able to do one of two things with it—first, to cut it short at the outset, before the disease has time to develop itself; or second, to prevent its running on into any of the bad consequences that I have named.

We will look at these cases separately. And first, what is the nature of this disease which I have called incurable, but which can still be checked in many cases at the outset, or even, if it should run its usual course, may be controlled as to its consequences?

A cold is an inflammation, attended by more or less fever; its usual cause is exposure to a draught, and especially exposure of the feet or of the throat. It attacks the lining membrane of the nostrils, the fauces and pharynx, or the trachea and bronchi, or more than one of these regions; and we ordinarily speak of these three forms as cold in the head, sore throat, and cold in the chest. A cold in the head begins with sneezing and "defluxion," or a discharge from the nostrils; a cold in the throat, with hoarseness and sore glands; a cold in the chest, with a cough. Either form often runs into one or both of the other forms; but it is important to distinguish them at the outset, as I shall point out in speaking of the treatment.

1. *To cut short a cold at the outset.*—When the cold begins "in the head," with sneezing, watery eyes, and defluxion, the following treatment will cut it short four times out of five; but it must be taken at once, or at the latest within six hours after the first symptoms occur. I don't say it is a pleasant treatment, but it is an effective one. Fill a tumbler half full of tepid water (four ounces), add to it twenty drops of laudanum, close the left nostril with the forefinger of the left hand, incline the head to the right, and holding the glass in the right hand, press the edge of it against the right nostril, inclining the glass, then sniff up very slowly a quantity of the solution, until you feel it beginning to run down at the back part of the throat. Reverse the operation for the other nostril. Do not blow out the laudanum and water at once, but let it remain a minute, or until the stinging sensation that it causes grows less. Immediate relief is generally given by this simple treatment. It must be done deliberately and thoroughly; if the symptoms are not checked by the first trial, repeat it a few times at intervals of half an hour, and keep within-doors, if possible, for a day. I have often practiced this operation on myself and on patients; if carefully done, and promptly, it will break up a cold in the head before it has a chance to get a fair start. A sniff in time saves nine. But if this treatment is put off later, it is of no use, for the inflammation of the nasal passages soon takes firm hold, and the cold passes on into what I have called the *incurable* stage, in which there is little to be done except to palliate the sufferer's discomforts.

When the cold commences in the throat, what shall we do? Tie up the throat in a piece of flannel (red or any other color—the color makes not the least difference), and by all means stay at home if possible. If you know by experience that the cold threatens to be a severe one, take ten grains of Dover's powder, and some warm drink (the better if gently stimulating, though I do not urge this upon total abstainers), and go to bed as early as may be. You have an even chance of being well, or much better at least, in the morning. A good perspiration always helps the cure.

If the cold begins in the bronchial tubes, the above measures should be taken without delay, and, in addition, a mustard poultice should be applied to the upper part of the chest, and kept on until the skin is red, but not long enough to blister. A towel or a linen bandage around the throat, wet with tepid water, often does much good; it should be kept on through the night, and covered with a piece of flannel to check the escape of moisture. In winter keep the room at an even temperature of about 70°—not higher.

So much for treatment at the outset. Now a word upon the other point mentioned.

2. *How to prevent a cold from running on indefinitely, or turning into something worse.*—Many persons find relief by a tonic treatment from the start, as by quinine or iron. But a physician's advice should always be had by those who find that their colds are likely to hang on. No hard-and-fast rules can be laid down. The main points are, first, to avoid unnecessary further exposure to cold; second, to get competent treatment adapted to the individual case; and third, as a means of prevention, to give special care to the question of how to clothe one's self, winter and summer, in this most trying climate. I will only say, on this point, that there is no greater superstition among intelligent people than that of going with the neck unprotected in cold weather. This exposure will do for the very robust, but for nobody else. But the question how to dress in our variable climate is one that requires a paper to itself. TITUS MUNSON COAN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE Philadelphia parson who published a marriage notice with the addition, "No fee for the minister; empty envelope dodge," may have acted with unwise haste. A preacher in Indiana has recently received a letter containing one hundred dollars, with the explanation that it came from a man whom he had married when he was too poor to pay for the service, but who had prospered abundantly, and was willing to pay a liberal interest on the original obligation.

The Hartford *Courant* takes the law-makers in Washington to task for using the alleged word "auto-mobile" with reference to torpedoes. It says that "auto-mobile" is an improper combination of Greek and Latin roots, and suggests that "self-moving" would convey the meaning which the etymological monstrosity is intended to convey.

Plans have been presented to the Light-house Board in Washington for erecting an electric light tower at the entrance to Hell Gate. A similar tower is in use at the entrance to the harbor at Savannah. It is expected that the board will decide at the meeting to be held this month whether the project shall be further considered.

The government has been exerting itself in behalf of pole-boat navigation of the Savannah River above Augusta. The engineers have already expended $24,000 in blasting out rocks and building side dams, and the last River and Harbor Bill appropriated $15,000 more for the work. One of the engineers has now discovered that if this money be expended, the current may be made so strong that boats can not be poled up the stream. In that event the strong current would do away with the necessity of poling boats down the stream, and the interest of pole-boat navigation on the Savannah would receive a serious blow. It is a great thing to know when to stop fostering a tender industry.

It has been decided by an Oregon judge that Chinese actors are not laborers, and that they may be permitted, therefore, to enter the United States, under the law recently enacted, without passports. When the wages of actors have been reduced to a mere pittance through the competition of Chinese cheap "Hamlets" and Oriental ham-fatters, perhaps he will see and acknowledge his error.

Much solicitude for the welfare of the obelisk in Central Park was awakened by the extremely cold weather of a few weeks ago, and it was suggested that the stone be protected from the cold by a sheathing of glass, or that a museum be built around it with a dome lofty enough to protect the monolith—something after the manner of the circus wagon in which the giraffe is carried. Advice was sought from those who were informed as to how Egyptian obelisks are affected by low temperatures, and their assurances that the precious stone was in no danger allayed the anxiety. It was learned that the Paris monolith was covered with a transparent varnish when it was first brought from Egypt; but that protection was allowed to crumble off, and the shaft has stood the wear and tear of the weather as well without it as with it. Commander Gorringe, who brought the obelisk across the sea, says that it will probably be five thousand years before the hieroglyphics are beaten off by the weather, and he thinks that this period, added to the present age of the shaft, will be a very respectable age for an inscription.

The young Democratic reform Governor of Pennsylvania has discarded the title of His Excellency, and given orders that he shall be styled simply The Governor. This preference was made known to the State Senate through his private secretary, who was instructed to present communications as coming from "The Governor," and not from "His Excellency the Governor." Displeased Pennsylvanians are preserving the term by sarcastic references to "His Excellency the Governor's private secretary."

A newspaper tells how "a good breakfast can be prepared from the remains of yesterday's dinner, providing that consisted in part of roast mutton." What the exigencies of the hour demand is a recipe for making a good breakfast from the remains of yesterday's dinner when that repast consisted solely of reminiscence.

THIS IS NOT A KNIGHT GOING TO A TILT. IT IS SIMPLY AN ENTERPRISING CITIZEN OF NEW YORK, WHOSE OFFICE IS ON A LINE WITH THE STEAM-HEATING COMPANY'S PIPES.

An expert has given his opinion as to the recent upheaval in lower Broadway and an earlier explosion in another down-town thoroughfare, each of which injured a few persons and alarmed a good many. He believes that the solder with which the lengths of gas-pipe were joined was melted by the heat radiated from the underground steam-pipes, and that the released gas followed the line of the pipes till it found a reservoir in the man-hole where the intersecting steam-pipes are connected. In one case the explosion was caused by the lighting of a match by a workman who thought he smelled gas—a workman usually strikes a match when he thinks he smells gas—and in the other case the cause of the explosion remains a mystery. The expert believes that similar explosions may occur at any time till the heating pipes and the gas-pipes shall have been separated, or till the soldered joints of the latter shall have been replaced with connections that will not be destroyed by heat. The somewhat laborious and costly task of providing a remedy has not been begun, and is not likely to be for some time. Meanwhile New-Yorkers who have occasion to go about down-town will not know at what moment an inquiring laborer may strike a match and send them "kiting" with paving-stones and other débris toward the tops of the tall buildings, or when some unknown and mysterious agent of ignition may treat them to a like surprise. Uncertainty in the minds of the majority as to where the under-ground steam-pipes are located will stimulate conjecture as to when and where the catastrophe is to take place. Meditation in this line will recall the fact that at frequent intervals beneath the sidewalks are large boilers, in the care of janitors, or without care, and will recall the circumstances of the explosion of one of these boilers not many months ago. Walking in the middle of the street is out of the question, except at dead of night, when trucks and stages are not running. There seems to be nothing for the man to do whose business requires him to go about on foot down-town but to revise his expectations as to longevity, and to endeavor to so live that he may be at all times prepared for the worst. To clamber over heaps of paving-stones or barriers of iron and wooden pipes piled up, or to tumble into excavations, was annoying, but it seems that the steam-pipes were much less a source of danger when the streets were torn up to receive them than they are after the system has been perfected.

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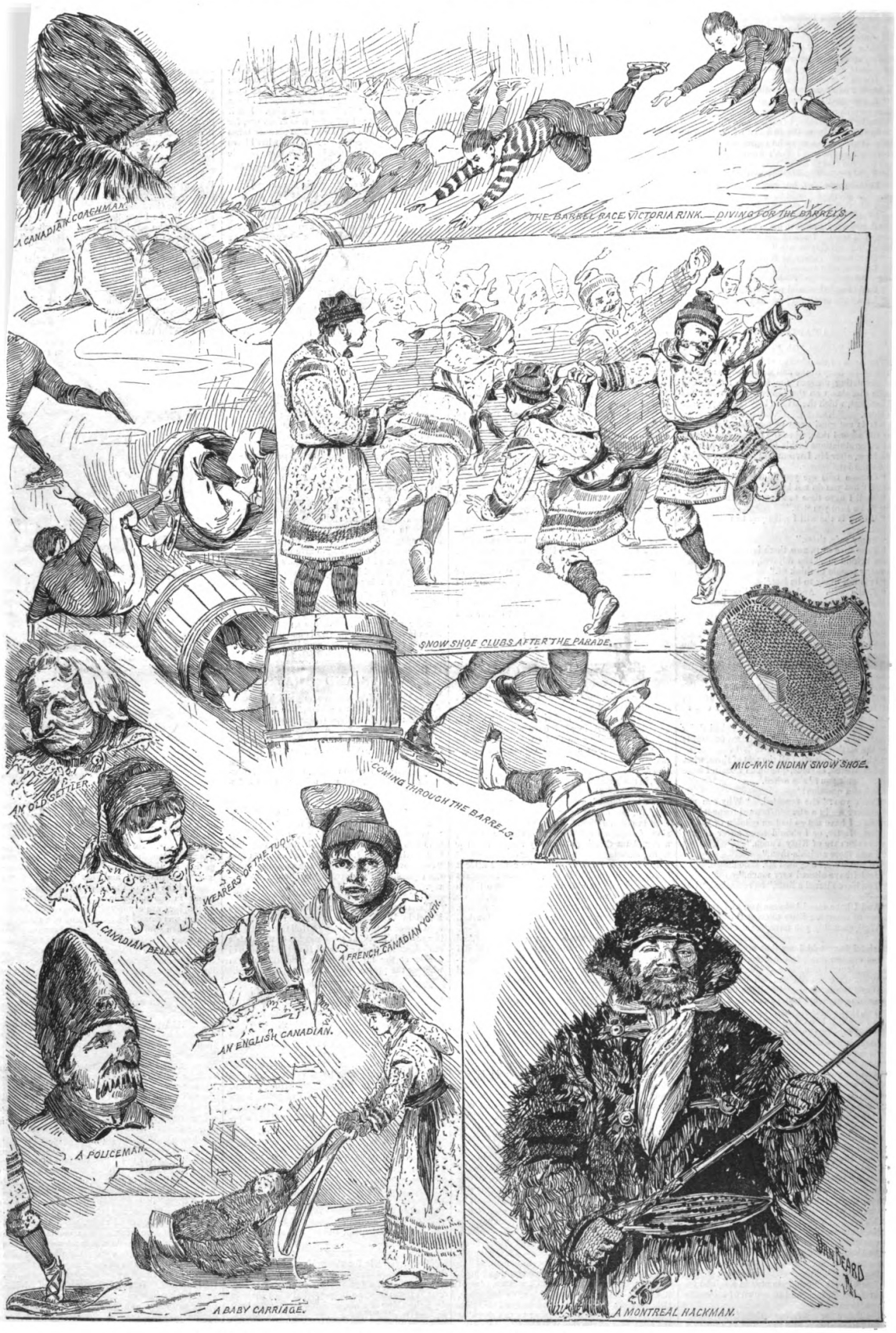

SPORTS AND CHARACTERS AT THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.—Drawn by Dan Beard.

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COMING HOME AT LAST.

[On the proposed removal of the remains of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE to this country.]

By WILL CARLETON.

I.

e banishment was overlong,
but it will soon be past:
e man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
or years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be!

II.

He can not come with cheerful brow,
And step of conscious pride;
He will not hear the tributes now
That fall on every side:
And when we tell him how his rich
Sad strains our hearts have sought,
He can not tell the price at which
The yearning words were bought:
And silently this man must come
Unto the waiting throng—
Who gave a trumpet voice to Home,
And thrilled the world with song!

III.

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone:
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And wheresoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

IV.

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And wheresoe'er true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown:
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own!

V.

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine.
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.—THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE London School Board has once more been successful in its triennial election, and the friends of the most liberal form of education have again obtained a majority of the members. Mr. Buxton is chosen chairman, and the policy of the board will be unchanged. Its tendency is to free and unsectarian instruction. A small charge is still made to parents who can pay, but not to the very poor. The board schools are, like our own, unsectarian, but some religious instruction is given. The English system embraces two kinds of schools—the voluntary and the board schools. The voluntary are sectarian schools, supported chiefly by the English Church and the Roman Catholic, aided by large grants from the public funds. They equal in number the board schools, and owe their chief support to religious zeal. But they have grown up chiefly within the last ten years as an opposing influence to the unsectarian schools, and their friends in London have constantly aimed at each election to gain a majority in the ruling board. In this they have been as constantly defeated. But it is asserted by the *Standard* and other Conservative newspapers that they have gained in strength, and made some progress toward their aim in the recent election. They claim that the board schools and the School Board have declined in popularity. This the friends of the School Board deny. The voluntary schools resemble the charitable and sectarian schools we once maintained in New York; the board schools are founded in part upon the best form of American education. The visits of Mr. Dale, Mr. Hastings, president of the recent Social Science Congress, of the Rev. Mr. Fraser, now Bishop of Manchester, and others to the United States have had an important influence upon English education.

The London School Board is composed of fifty-three members. They are elected by the tax-payers, male or female, from the different districts of the metropolis. They have under their care three hundred thousand children, and the number increases rapidly. They have never as yet been able to provide for all the children of the city; many are still without school room: the wonderful growth of London outstrips their efforts. But they boast that they are fast overtaking the wants of the community, and will at last provide for them all. The School Board is made up of clergymen, intelligent women, working-men, teachers, members of Parliament and of the House of Lords. Its first chairman, Lord Laurence, brought to its aid the energy and honesty of purpose which had marked his successful career in India. He and his associates in 1871 laid the foundation of the remarkable educational edifice. His successor, Sir Charles Reed, followed out the policy of the board with untiring zeal and good-humor, and planted schools all over the metropolis. His labors were incessant and invaluable. He met with ceaseless opposition. The friends of the voluntary schools accused him and his colleagues of extravagance and even waste; they denied that London needed so many schools; they offered to supply all its wants with sectarian schools. But the School Board sent out its intelligent agents into all the worst districts of the metropolis, and soon proved to the public the necessity of a rapid reform. They showed that the voluntary schools were wholly unable to meet the wants of the people, and that where they existed they were often unfit to educate and improve. They pointed out great numbers of children who never entered a school. Their arguments and their facts were conclusive, and the people sustained their liberal policy. When Sir Charles Reed died in the midst of his honorable labors, he was succeeded by Mr. Buxton, the present chairman of the board. Mr. Buxton is a leader in the advanced methods of education. But it is not only the chairman, but almost every member of the board, whose labors have been untiring and incessant. It is said that the members of the School Board are even more industrious than their teachers.

At the recent election the friends of the School Board united to give strength and intelligence to its membership. A committee was formed to guide the opinions of the voters. It was composed

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of Lord Aberdare, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. S. Morley, Mr. Fawcett, the Rev. D. Davies, Miss Simcox, Mrs. Anderson, the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Derby, and a varied list of men of intellect, nobles, working-men, and cultivated women. It was a true democracy of the mind, a union of various classes of intellect in one honorable aim. The committee issued an appeal to the people. They reminded them that the industrial power of the country rested upon knowledge, and that the working-man, of all others, required a thorough education. They strove to arouse the interest of the voters by personal solicitation. They selected candidates of real merit, chiefly those who had been members of the old board, and they succeeded in their aim of defeating the efforts of the reactionary party, and of placing in office persons devoted and faithful to the cause of popular instruction.

The example of London is encouraging to the friends of education everywhere. It shows that the dullest conservatism can no longer resist the advancing power of knowledge. The great capital is resolved not to linger behind its sister cities in intelligence, and is laboring to educate all its people, and the most promising trait of modern politics is the general spread of education. Nations seem once more united in one common aim. It is a crusade against ignorance. It is a pacific rivalry and contest that may end in securing everywhere the solid victories of peace.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

On page 89 will be found an illustration of a part of the ceremonies which attended the interment of the remains of the late Archbishop HUGHES beneath the middle altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Fifth Avenue. The remains had been removed to the Cathedral from the church in Mott Street on Monday, January 29, and the funeral services, which took place the next morning, attracted an immense audience. The casket containing the remains was placed on a catafalque in the central aisle. It was covered with a black pall edged with white. There were no flowers or other funeral emblems on the casket, and nothing but the Archbishop's mitre on the top of the casket told that it was the funeral of a high prelate. The chancel rail and the pulpit were draped with black, presenting a vivid contrast to the white arches in the body of the church, and the massive blocks of stone in the roof over the vestry, to which the bright sunlight streaming though the windows gave the appearance of blocks of gold. Hundreds of candles burned on the altar, and priests wearing rich vestments moved to and fro on the green carpet of the sanctuary. All the aisles were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and there was no place unoccupied except by the catafalque, around which four arches of candles burned.

Cardinal MCCLOSKEY, although in feeble health, occupied his throne, and took part in the services, and there were present six bishops and a large number of the Roman Catholic clergy of New York and other cities. The services were very impressive. In his funeral sermon Mgr. PRESTON dwelt chiefly on the ecclesiastical career of the Archbishop, whose memory he eulogized in terms of warm affection and of reverence.

Our artist represents the Cardinal in the act of performing absolution, after which the casket was carried to its final resting-place beneath the high altar of the Cathedral.

MUSICAL CREATURES.

IN some parts of the world there is a superstition that fish can be attracted to the surface of the water by music, and it is no uncommon spectacle to see an Indian standing in the bow of his canoe with spear poised, while his companion—usually a child—elicits a few plaintive notes from a reed at intervals. Such a notion is, of course, absurd, since fish give very few signs of hearing proper, and are only affected by sounds of such violence that, communicating their vibration to the water, they can be appreciated by common sensibility, just as a person who is "stone-deaf" can perceive and experience a disagreeable sensation on the report of a cannon near at hand. Tame fish confined in an aquarium may not be alarmed at the most boisterous movements or moderately loud noises close to them, but if the glass be thin, the slightest tap will cause them to flash away.

It is curious that the so-called "singing fish" of the Indian Ocean and Spanish Main is yet unknown to naturalists; that is to say, the fish itself may be known, as no doubt is, but the particular species which emits the remarkable sounds has not been identified, nor has the precise mode of their production been discovered; though many hypotheses have been framed. I have heard them on several occasions on still nights, lying at anchor off Greytown—a rhythmical, monotonous, but not unmusical twanging, like the stroke of a Jew's-harp, faintly heard on deck, but loudly audible in the hold, especially of an iron ship, and proceeding apparently from directly underneath her keel. Black sailors attribute a supernatural origin to these tinklings, and declare that they are caused by seamen who have found a watery grave trying to get back into the vessel. I believe that nothing would induce a negro to go below when this harmonious hammering is heard.

The venomous tarantula was said to be rendered docile and harmless by music, while the dancing paroxysms of its bitten victim were immediately exorcised by soothing melodies. In an old medical volume I find the bite of this insect to be characterized, amongst other symptoms, by "mournful complaints when questioned, a melancholy look, and the patient points to his breast"; also, that "the symptoms usually return the next year," and that "music is reputed the only cure; but this must be of a particular kind, which can only be found out by trial." Unfortunately, trial has found out the imposture of the saltatory antics instead of the particular kind of tune requisite for their remedy.

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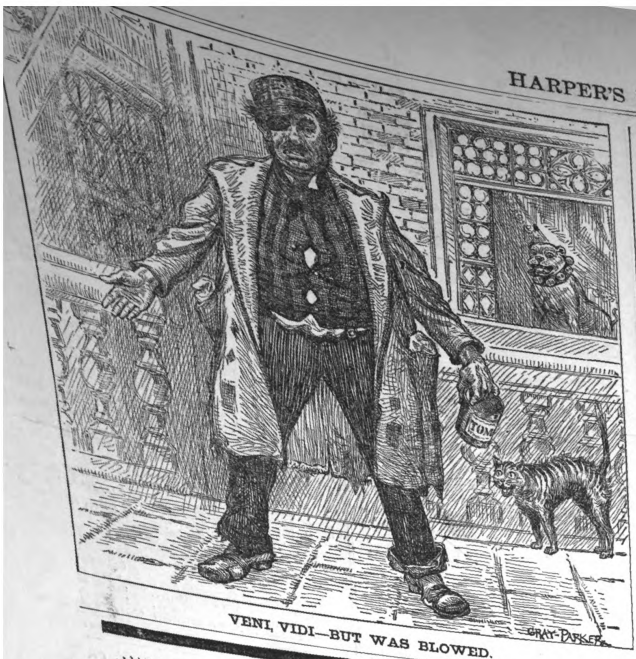

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STATEMENT
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F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1882.

ASSETS.....$97,961,317.72.

Annuity Account.

	No.	Ann. Pay'ts.		No.	Ann. Pay'ts.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1882.	58	$21,139 81	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1883	55	$19,200 91
Premium Annuities		4,338 20	Premium Annuities		3,712 44
Annuities Issued	2	480 68	Annuities Terminated	5	3,045 34
	60	$25,958 69		60	$25,958 69

Insurance Account.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1882.	101,490	$315,900,137	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.	106,214	$329,554,174
Risks Assumed	11,416	37,234,458	Risks Terminated	6,692	23,580,421
	112,906	$353,134,595		112,906	$353,134,595

Revenue Account.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last account	$89,618,413 97	By paid Death Claims	$4,743,853 40
" Premiums received	12,845,592 86	" " Matured Endowments	1,286,759 80
" Interest and Rents	5,078,765 79	Total claims— $6,031,913 20	
		" " Annuities	24,046 55
		" " Dividends	3,139,320 83
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions	3,653,554 66
		Total paid Policy-holders— $12,848,835 24	
		" " Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future)	842,322 91
		" " Contingent Guarantee Acc't.	29,703 77
		" " Taxes and Assessments	243,059 06
		" " Expenses	795,865 56
		" " Balance to New Account	92,782,986 68
	$107,542,772 62		$107,542,772 62

Balance Sheet.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Reserve at four per cent	$92,469,059 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$47,389,317 82
" Claims by death not yet due	850,120 00	" United States and other Bonds	20,618,635 00
" Premiums paid in advance	29,735 55	" Loans on Collaterals	17,099,900 00
" Agents' Balances	10,928 31	" Real Estate	7,851,516 39
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee Fund	4,611,414 86	" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,729,386 87
		" Interest accrued	1,236,731 63
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual	959,242 61
		" Premiums in transit, principally for December	115,527 40
	$97,961,317 72		$97,961,317 72

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is over $12,000,000.

From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a dividend will be apportioned to each participating Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1883.

THE PREMIUM RATES CHARGED FOR INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY WERE REDUCED IN 1879 ABOUT 15 PER CENT ON ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

ASSETS.....$97,961,317 72

New York, January 18, 1883.

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The question is sometimes asked why the Mutual Life Insurance Company does not extend the sphere of its operations to foreign countries. This inquiry, indeed, generally comes from residents of such countries, who desire to share in the advantages which insurance in this company affords. While it is alleged that other companies deem it for their interest to extend their business to the West Indies, Central and South America, and to remote and insalubrious countries, this company has seen no reason to change its action in regard to the area of territory in which the business of life insurance may be safely conducted by a company of this State.

The objections to the extension of its business to foreign countries are chiefly these: That it has not appeared to be fair and equitable to introduce into a mutual company risks on lives exposed to especially deleterious climatic influences, the effect of which would be to impair the equilibrium which ought to prevail among all the members of a company, where reciprocation of hazard and of advantage should be a ruling principle. It would be unjust to place persons of distinctly different race, habits and residence upon the same plane; in other words, the healthy, vigorous, long-lived race, residing in a temperate and salubrious climate, under a stable government, should not be called upon to insure those living in an unhealthful climate, and of a race inferior in vigor and stamina. This Company does not even extend its business into such portions of this country as are deemed insalubrious, and where it would be necessary to exact an extra premium, because of the hazard involved in the climate or the habits of the people. Hence its business has been limited chiefly to the northern and western portions of this country.

That it does not seem wise to subject the business of this Company, in any degree whatever, to the operation of the laws—however arbitrary and oppressive they may be made—of such countries. The creation of obligations in a foreign country may be regarded as a warrant for the assumption by that country of the direction and control, in some degree, of the reserves designed to insure the fulfilment of such obligations. Grave complications may at any moment arise out of such relations, which may be fraught with inconvenience and peril to the interests of home policy-holders.

That the remoteness of the field of action offers temptations and facilities for frauds, and augments the difficulties of exposure.

That the home field affords ample scope for the exercise of whatever capacity and energy any company may possess; a field within which this Company has organized and maintained a business greater than any similar business in the world; and which yet presents, in its growth and development, ample resources for a safe and prudent expansion of that business. These are among the reasons why the glittering allurements to enter into foreign countries have not seemed to outweigh the possible perils and disadvantages.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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VALENTINES TO ORDER.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.

THE rivalry of Professor Weaver and Mr. Frank King for the favor of Miss Violet Hazen began at a Sunday-school picnic.

Violet had just come home from Europe, where, broadly speaking, she had been receiving a liberal education for five years past.

Mrs. Hazen had chosen to introduce her daughter to the village at this semi-mundane festival, partly to start her with the prestige of a serious supporter of Presbyterian institutions, and partly to remove a prejudice cherished against herself for having educated Violet in foreign capitals. In making the experiment she had not been without some nervous doubt of the result, but Violet had been tactful, had made a conquest of the first deacon and his wife, and, through them, of the whole village. Late in the afternoon, when the mother and daughter had managed to slip away from the attentions of exacting admirers, Mrs. Hazen asked, "How do you like it, Violet?"

Violet was curled up on a rock in the middle of a shallow stream, and shaking her wet hands in the air. A gleam of mischievous intelligence shot from her blue eyes. "I don't know, mamma. Is it not a little dull?"

VIOLET COMPARES THE VALENTINES.—DRAWN BY ALFRED FREDERICS.

Mrs. Hazen looked equally intelligent. "No. If there is anything a Sunday-school picnic is not, it is not dull."

As she spoke, the alder bushes behind them parted, and Mr. Hazen—President Hazen he was always called—stepped out, followed by Professor Weaver and Mr. Frank King.

From that moment dated a struggle for more than the privilege of carrying Violet's parasol, more even than that of pouring into a pretty and sympathetic ear personal joys, sorrows, and opinions. It was a modern contest *à l'outrance* for the prize of a fair woman. For six months the village followed the affair with unflagging interest. People said, and not without reason, that both President and Mrs. Hazen favored Professor Weaver, and what scanty approval a New England village permits itself to give to any individual was given to him. He might be a little old for Violet, and perhaps his clothes were not so stylish as a girl who had lived "abroad" would wish her husband to wear; but then his learning was profound, his private income handsome, and his principles in themselves were solid personal property.

As for Frank King—well, there was nothing against Frank King except that he was young, and suspected of being "set up," perhaps about his good looks, perhaps about his offensively pleasant manners, perhaps about his second cousin having been Governor of the State.

But if youth and manly beauty and winning ways handicapped a man in a village given over to the niceties of criticism, they seemed to Professor Weaver to give that man an adventitious

(*Continued on page 102.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883.

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GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON *contributes a most interesting account of* "*The Defense of Rochelle*"; *Chapters XXIV. and XXV. of* "*Nan*," *by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE, *describe the troubles in which that brave little heroine becomes involved through her devotion to friendship*; *Chapter III. of* "*Reg*," *by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *follows the fortunes of that hero in the rôle of Prince Budaway.*

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THE DEMOCRATIC BLUNDER.

THE evident disposition of the Democratic party to assume the election of the autumn as a simple party victory strikingly illustrates the political situation. The immensity of the majority against the Republican ticket in New York, where the result of the election was most conspicuous, was the conclusive proof that it was not a party victory. Immediately after the election this was frankly confessed by leading Democrats everywhere in the country. The palpable truth was acknowledged. The election signified Republican discontent. But it did not signify preference of the Democratic party. As, however, it brought that party into power, it offered it an excellent opportunity to prove whether such preference would be justified. This was the sole result of the election, and the Democrats, in this State at least, have hastened to show that they totally misunderstand it. Six weeks of the session of the Legislature, of which they command a great majority, have passed, and they have shown that they regard the election as a mere party victory. The logic is simple. The Democratic candidate, Governor CLEVELAND, received an immense majority, consequently the Democratic majority may do what it pleases. Its fortune is much too large to be squandered even by the most reckless waste. This is the Democratic blunder.

During the six weeks of the session the Democratic majority has shown its hostility to reform, and without abolishing offices which it has denounced as needless it has clutched at all the spoils of patronage possible. In two ways could it have won public confidence, by aiming plainly and actually both at economy and reform; but both of these courses it has disdained. The other day a bill was declared passed in the Assembly by a bare majority. The declaration was instantly challenged, and it appeared that three affirmative votes were recorded which had not been cast. This is not the kind of performance which helps a party. We are already well advanced in the second month of the session, and intelligent Democrats will agree that their party has done nothing whatever to win to its support a single one of the vast army of Republican voters which permitted the Democratic success at the polls. It has shown both an unwillingness and an incapacity to grasp the situation. The party can hope for little aid from Governor BUTLER in Massachusetts, and when Congress and the Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania shall have adjourned, we shall be greatly mistaken if the Democrats have not demonstrated conclusively their unfitness to be trusted with national power.

On the other hand, the Republicans have shown a disposition to heed the signs of the times. They responded promptly and satisfactorily, in the Message of the President and in the passage of the reform bill, to the demand of the country, and they are engaged in revising the tariff. In this work, as we said last week, neither party engages with zeal, because of the bitter conflict of interests, and of the doubtful party result of changes. But the Republicans must know that failure to fulfill the popular expectation of reduction of taxation will aid Democratic hopes by chilling Republican sympathy. Party indifference upon one side is party advantage upon the other, and it would be singular if the sagacity which inspired Republican councils at the opening of the session should desert them before the end. Nothing, however, is more certain than the uncertainty of the political situation, except that the Democratic party has thus far misused the enormous opportunity which the elections gave it. When JEFFERSON became President he said that the first duty of his party was to break up the Federal party by Republican moderation. It would be interesting and novel to see a party which delights to profess Jeffersonian principles occasionally indulging in Jeffersonian practice.

A SENSIBLE BILL.

IT is the boast of Englishmen that their political system brings the government nearer to the people than ours. Parliament meets very soon after the election of its members, and if the ministry, which is the Executive power, is not supported by Parliament, it resigns, or appeals to the country by a dissolution and a new election. In this way the popular will is executed with as little delay as practicable. But our system presents the anomaly and, from the representative point of view, the absurdity, of Representatives who have been dismissed by the people assembling to make laws for the country. And as the House of Representatives is elected in November, and does not generally meet until a year from the following December, it may even happen that a House may be discredited before it has entered upon its duties, by the result of the State elections in the autumn following its own election.

This peculiarity of our system has often arrested attention, and there is no doubt that it is felt to be a great inconvenience if not injury to the public service. Unquestionably it prevents the prompt response of legislation to the changes of public sentiment. The theory of the delay is that time was thought to be necessary for making acquaintance with constituencies and learning parliamentary procedure. But this was inconsistent with the doctrine that government is not a mystery to which adepts only are equal, but a business for which every fairly instructed citizen is competent; and also with the theory that a representative in a popular legislature is but one member of a community selected by his neighbors because of his familiarity with its affairs. However plausible such a view may have been at the organization of the government, experience has shown that there is nothing gained and much risked by the long delay between the election of a Representative and the beginning of his duties, and a bill to correct the anomaly has been introduced in Congress.

The bill provides that the Forty-ninth Congress, for which the elections will take place in November, 1884, shall meet for its first session on the 5th of March, 1885, which is the time at which its term technically begins, and that the second session shall begin in January, 1886. The result of this arrangement would be simply that the meeting of the new Congress would promptly follow its election, and no Representative would serve after he had been rejected. The propriety of such an arrangement is obvious, and it is not easy to perceive what valid objection there can be to it. The long delay between the election and the meeting of Congress is universally regarded with wonder, and no sound reason has been offered for it. But the change is one of those simple and useful details of legislation for which Congress seems to have no time and no taste. The Senate, indeed, has passed the bill for the Presidential succession in the cabinet, but the grave question of counting the electoral vote —one of the gravest of possible questions, involving the peaceful succession of the government—still awaits action.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REFORM BILL.

THE appointment of the Civil Service Commission has been long delayed, but, according to reports from Washington, it is possible that the nominations will be made before this paper is issued. The matter is of general importance, because the persons selected and the circumstances of the selection will indicate to the country whether the reform bill is to be carried out in its spirit to secure the best results possible. The general purposes of the bill and the general principles upon which it is founded have been publicly approved by the President. In his last Message he pointedly called attention to the fact that there was a general desire for definite reform in regard to appointments, and that in his own judgment the term and tenure of office should be regulated neither by zeal in the service of a party nor by fidelity to the fortunes of an individual, and that business places should be filled upon business principles. Such assertions in a Message to Congress are in the nature of solemn public engagements, which could not be violated without serious injury to the President, and great disappointment to the country.

There is no reason to anticipate such disappointment except delay in applying the principles to certain offices the term of which has expired—a delay which gives color to disagreeable rumors from Washington. As an illustration we may take the case of Naval Officer BURT. He is one of the most experienced and accomplished customs officers in the country, against whose official and personal character and conduct nothing can be said. He is, besides, one of the most intelligent and efficient friends of the reformed principles of administration which the President has adopted as his own, and his effective application of them in the Naval Office has thoroughly vindicated the sagacity and practicability of these principles, and furnished one of the most conclusive arguments for the passage of the reform bill by Congress. By his probity, knowledge, experience, and energetic executive talent, Mr. BURT'S conduct of the Naval Office has gained for it official commendation as standing among the very best-ordered offices in the country. MR. BURT has naturally applied for re-appointment, but it is announced that he is to be nominated as a member of the Commission. In itself the nomination might be viewed as a proof of the President's sincerity and earnestness in promoting the reform, provided that Mr. BURT'S present position were filled, in accordance with sound principles, by his efficient deputy. But to transfer Mr. BURT to the Commission, and replace him in the Naval Office by an inexperienced politician, however excellent a man he might be, would necessarily discredit all that the President has said, because it would be evident that the object of the change was, not to secure Mr. BURT for the Commission, but to place a politician in the Naval Office—a proceeding which would be in flagrant violation of the very purpose for which the Commission was created. The transfer could be properly made only for reasons of benefit to the public service. But it would not be pretended that the public service would be benefited by superseding the Naval Officer, not for public but for political and personal reasons.

It is true that the present Naval Officer is not the only man in the country capable of filling that position. But this fact is not an argument for superseding him by an officer of less experience in the duties of the post, who would also introduce politics into a business office, and who would not heartily co-operate with the work of the Commission. Mr. BURT or any other friend of reform might well hesitate to accept an appointment to the Commission if offered under circumstances which would justify a belief that the bill is not to be carried out in good faith. The bill places the work of the Commission under the complete control of the President, and if his action in regard to appointments elsewhere compelled doubts of his intentions, any friend of reform might properly decline to serve as a blind. We speak plainly because of the singular delay, and of the rumors of a "dicker" which would greatly disappoint public expectation in regard to the President's action. But we trust that all doubts will be happily dispelled before this paper appears.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

WHEN GAMBETTA died, M. WADDINGTON said that the Republic had nothing to fear but from itself. Those who thought that the death of one man would imperil France were told that France had passed beyond her political nonage. But GAMBETTA had not been dead a month when France seemed to tremble upon the edge of some kind of "crisis." JEROME BONAPARTE is not a man who commands the confidence even of the Bonapartist faction, and he has no personal prestige or ascendency. But his placard criticising the Government and teeming with French rhetoric, in the staccato style of which DE GIRARDIN was a master, has thrown the country into a panic. This of itself is an indication of its unstable political condition.

It is not easy to tell whether the apprehension is due to a general feeling of the incompetency of the GRÉVY administration, or to some knowledge of factional organization, or merely to the mercurial temper of the people. There have been great financial extravagance and little apparent ability in the conduct of affairs, and such a situation furnishes tempting texts to the factions. Of these the royalist faction is divided into Legitimists, Orleanists, and Imperialists, and it is, altogether, large. But it is not united. The Count of Paris "has been to Frohsdorf," which means that the Orleanists are politically friendly to the older branch of the family. But both the older and the younger BOURBONS are hostile to the parvenu Corsican Empire. These conflicting elements inevitably perpetuate agitation, and at every political juncture startle apprehension. The Republic, on the other hand, has always seemed to be distrustful of itself, while it is regarded with suspicion by the Whites on the right and the Reds on the left, and has apparently needed some powerful and popular personality like that of GAMBETTA to assert its supremacy over all factions.

LABOULAYE was always of opinion that the French did not comprehend the constitutional republican principle. They do not understand, he said, that it is the protection of the minority. The French, he declared, call the despotism of a mob the will of the people. He was in despair, and voted at the last plébiscite for the Empire. His feeling was doubtless shared by many Frenchmen; but whether the Repub-

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lic does not understand itself, and had only a personal basis in GAMBETTA, will soon appear. It has certainly no other representative personality. If it stands the present strain, it will be because of a loyalty to the order of established law which will show remarkable political progress in France, and indicate the close of "the revolution." When France can safely emerge from a political crisis without a practical dictatorship, she will have passed the final stage of republican development. That is the test to which the country is now exposed, and with the anarchists and communists on one side, and the royalists of all kinds and degrees upon the other, the test will be severe. But every American will wish the French Republic a happy deliverance.

THE PETITION TO COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE petition presented to the trustees of Columbia College respectfully asking them "to consider how best to extend, with as little delay as possible, to such properly qualified women as may desire it, the many and great benefits of education in Columbia College, by admitting them to lectures and examinations," was received by the board with the courtesy that was to be expected of so dignified and intelligent a body, and which was due to the extraordinary weight of the petition.

It is signed by 1352 persons, and is a very remarkable document. The signatures include those of the most conspicuous representatives of the conservative, educated, intelligent, religious, and progressive sentiment of the city, and it can not fail to impress the trustees as a significant expression of the conviction and desire of the community with which they are familiar.

The moderate and guarded terms of the application, and the freedom of the well-known petitioners from what are thought to be extravagant and unreasonable views, the movement of enlightened opinion both in England and in America upon the subject, and the action of the English universities, as well as of many of our own chief colleges, in extending the opportunities of education to women, together with the character of the select committee of the trustees appointed to report upon the petition, justify the expectation that the subject will be ably and carefully considered, and that the question involved will be treated in a manner and to a result worthy of the renown of Columbia College, and of the pride with which this community regards it.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

NEXT week HARPER'S WEEKLY will begin the publication of a series of papers by Professor W. G. SUMNER under the above title. They will treat with the acknowledged ability of the author, and in his crisp and incisive style, various aspects of the questions of political economy which are full of interest and importance. With the fine touch of a scientific expert the author lays bare the weakness and shallowness of much that is urged in the name of philanthropy and humanity and reform, and asserts, upon American and rational principles, the right of the rich to be rich, or, in other words, the right of every man to reap all the legitimate and honorable rewards of his abilities and opportunities.

To assert this is not to defend the abuse of either. To argue that a man not only may but ought to gather the wealth which results from his talent and his fair activities is not to justify wrongs of which rich men or associated wealth may be guilty. But one of the lessons taught by Professor SUMNER is that there are very plausible and common errors as to the remedy of such wrongs. While denying what is called natural right, he is the most resolute advocate of individual freedom in every department of human life, so far as compatible with the equal liberty of others.

For "sentimental" views of human relations the author has no mercy, and sentimental correctives he disdains. But the clearness and good-nature of his strictures are as evident as his sympathy with all sound and thorough endeavors of progress. Professor SUMNER would not probably say that everything is the best possible in this best possible world, but he would certainly hold that to perceive a wrong is only the first step toward righting it, and that the great social problems can be safely and satisfactorily treated only by the most thoughtful and not by the most superficially impulsive of men. His papers will certainly command wide and interested attention.

TIME'S CHANGES.

THE annual report of the Astor Library states that among the notable gifts of the year is a complete file of the *Liberator*, from Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS. Mr. PHILLIPS has also presented a very valuable collection of pamphlets to the Boston Public Library. During his long and active career he has accumulated many fugitive works of great and in many cases practically unique historical importance, and he wisely makes proper provision for them himself, and characteristically in a way to secure their widest service to others.

The *Liberator* is the famous abolition journal edited by Mr. GARRISON from the beginning to the end of the anti-slavery conflict. It is the perpetual witness of his fidelity to his own promise when it began—that he would not equivocate, that he would not retreat, and that he would be heard. It is a very desirable possession for any library, but the brief allusion in the reports of the President of the Board of Trustees and of the Superintendent of the Astor Library to the "notable" gift is very suggestive of a change in public opinion.

Men who are not yet old recall the mobs which assailed Mr. GARRISON and Mr. PHILLIPS at the Tabernacle and elsewhere in New York, and the fierce denunciations of the daily press—attacks and denunciations which had at least the moral support of much respectable public opinion. Mr. GARRISON is gone, and his lofty place in American history is secure. Mr. PHILLIPS, past threescore and ten, quietly deposits in the great library the record of the tremendous moral appeal, whose victory is complete, and with which his eloquence will be always associated, and the public opinion which a generation ago branded both men as incendiary fanatics does not now deny them the name of patriot.

HAWTHORNE AND THE WAR.

THE position of HAWTHORNE during the civil war has been always thought to be doubtful. But at a late college supper of old graduates of Bowdoin, Commodore HORATIO BRIDGES, a life-long friend of HAWTHORNE, made an exceedingly interesting speech, and ended by reading a letter from his old friend which shows how sound HAWTHORNE'S views were. Commodore BRIDGES said of him:

"He was always a Democrat in principle, but was neither extreme nor narrow in his views. Nor did he ever take an active part in political controversies. Doubtless he expressed himself to me as unreservedly as to any one, and I am sure that he always took broad and liberal views of the great questions which divided the country. From the commencement of the war HAWTHORNE'S patriotism was thoroughly roused, and his Puritan blood was up; but his mind was too penetrative and clear not to recognize the confusion prevailing in the issues of the hour. The condition of his mind is fully shown in a letter which I found among my papers, and which I think will interest you all. He wrote me, under date of May 26, 1861, familiarly and clearly giving his views. After an urgent invitation to his new home, 'The Wayside,' he writes thus:

"'The war, strange to say, has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits, which were flagging wofully before it broke out. But it was delightful to share in the heroic sentiment of the time, and to feel that I had a country—a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. One thing as regards this matter I regret, and one thing I am glad of. The regrettable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing is that JULIAN is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age. But I trust we shall either be victorious or vanquished before that time. Meantime, though I approve the war as much as any man, I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. If we pummel the South ever so hard, they will love us none the better for it; and even if we subjugate them, our next step should be to cut them adrift if we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery. To be sure, it may be a wise object, and offers a tangible result, and the only one which is consistent with a future union between North and South. A continuance of the war would soon make this plain to us, and we should see the expediency of preparing our black brethren for future citizenship by allowing them to fight for their own liberties, and educating them through heroic influences. Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed.'"

THE IMPORTATION OF WORKS OF ART.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an article by Mr. F. D. MILLET, in another part of this paper, on the bill recently presented in the House of Representatives by Mr. BELMONT, providing that works of art shall be placed upon the free list. We have reason to believe that Mr. MILLET'S views are shared by the great majority of American artists.

CHARLES B. SEDGWICK.

CHARLES B. SEDGWICK, who died on the 7th inst. at Syracuse, in New York, was one of the ablest among the very eminent lawyers of Central New York, and during the war he was the Representative in Congress from the Onondaga district, serving with great efficiency and distinction as chairman of the Naval Committee. In the most excited antislavery days before the war he was a stanch anti-slavery and Republican leader in his part of the State, and his sagacity and courage were of signal service to the cause.

Mr. SEDGWICK was one of the most modest and reticent of men, but despite his reserve, the wide range of his sympathies and his quick intelligence, his keen sense of humor and his gentle and cordial manner, made him a charming companion. The hospitality of his happy home was unbounded, and whatever was lovely and of good report was naturally attracted to his house. A double shadow has fallen upon it within a few weeks, for but a short time before his own death a married daughter, greatly beloved by all who knew her, had died.

For some years Mr. SEDGWICK had been withdrawn from public life, without losing his interest in public affairs. He was one of the men whom any community can ill spare—an admirable representative of that independent citizenship, that quiet, steadfast, intelligent, and honest manhood, which is the sure foundation of great states.

PERSONAL.

CARLYLE wrote to EMERSON'S daughter in 1875: "Ever since the year 1833 your father has been in the habit of writing to me, greatly to my comfort and profit, and I certainly never destroyed with my will any scrap of paper his hand had been on."

—On the occasion of her landing in Bermuda, the Princess LOUISE'S baggage consisted of not less than forty-three pieces, excluding nine cases of wine. The first thing brought ashore was a mocking-bird in a cage. Most of the trunks were marked in large white letters, P. L.; one of the largest of them disclosed a brass plate inscribed, "Princess LOUISE, Dress Trunk." The Princess was the last of her party to leave the steamboat, and the first to land from the row-boat that took them to the wharf.

—Congressman ABRAM S. HEWITT, of this city, now undergoing treatment for the removal of a carbuncle on his back, expressed recently his regret at being absent from Washington during the tariff discussion. "I have made the tariff," he said, "the study of my life, and now when I most desire to contribute my share of light, I am debarred from doing so."

—Sir EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD, the retiring British Consul-General of this city, told his friends at the DELMONICO banquet given recently in his honor that he had decided to spend the remainder of his days in New York, "where I have so long found a home and so many warm-hearted friends."

—All sorts of matter relating to JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU are soon to be gathered into a collection for public exhibition in Paris. The display will include manuscripts, portraits, and other souvenirs.

—The Marquis of Hartington asserts that an Oriental ruler, though well skilled in the arts of diplomacy, is no match for the arts of European financiers, who can go to him with a bribe for himself on condition of being allowed to plunder his people.

—The custom of having an annual Christmas tree has been adopted in some of the palaces of Italy. The Prince of Naples had one last December, and the King and Queen distributed their New-Year's presents from another one.

—In a recent lecture, Minister LOWELL said that from a literary point of view it is hardly possible to find a book more original or instructive than *Don Quixote*. No other contained so much that was amusing and accurate, and that, at the same time, appealed to higher emotions. Its moral was that whoever quarrels with Nature, whether wittingly or unwittingly, is certain to get the worst of it. There was no great difficulty in finding out what Nature really is, but when the discovery was made, it required great wisdom for most people to avail themselves of it.

—The *Spectator* thinks that M. RENAN'S *Memories of Infancy and Youth* are much franker than GIBBON'S autobiography, though with a somewhat similar ring of calm self-complacency. M. RENAN prides himself on having been loved by only four women—his mother, his sister, his wife, and his daughter. A writer in the *British Quarterly Review* observes that M. RENAN seems to regard Christianity much in the same way in which a sentimental juryman might look at a beautiful adventuress—he does not believe in its claims, but he is charmed by its graces.

—General JAMES WATSON WEBB celebrated his eighty-first birthday on the 8th inst. He was in good health, with mind and memory perfectly clear.

—Columbia College has sustained a severe loss in the death, on the 8th inst., of Professor CLIFFORD R. BATEMAN. He was twenty-eight years old, a graduate of Amherst College, and a very accomplished student. His specialty was the Science of Administration, for which he had prepared himself at Berlin, Heidelberg, and at the École de Sciences Politiques in Paris.

—Advertisement in a Berlin newspaper: "A medical student whose means are exhausted would like to meet with some one who would advance him the necessary sum to complete his studies at a moderate rate of interest. If necessary he would, as a guarantee, at once marry his creditor's daughter, or, if preferred, would make an agreement to do so on passing his final examination."

—King ALFONSO'S sister the Infanta PAZ, aged nineteen, is reported by telegraph from Madrid to speak several languages, to paint so well that her water-colors at recent exhibitions were "much admired," and to be charitable to the poor. She will give herself away next April to Prince LOUIS FERDINAND of Bavaria.

—At the opening of the International Art Exhibition at Rome on the 21st of January, a "hymn in praise of art" was sung by a select chorus, accompanied by an orchestra, in the presence of the King, the Queen, and the Crown Prince, the Senators and the Deputies, the foreign ambassadors, the generals, the Knights of the Annunziata, and a crowd of lesser magnates.

—The late GUSTAVE DORÉ (writes a foreign reviewer) manifested a wonderful frugality. A single glass of wine was enough to excite him, and two glasses made him feel "drowsy and lazy," as he said; so that, as a rule, he drank nothing but the mildest of *eau rougie*, and ate of the simplest dishes. He frequently compared his head to "a witch's cauldron, always boiling and shooting up blue flames."

—The view from the tomb of GAMBETTA near Nice is described as one of the most charming and picturesque of any in the neighborhood. The red-topped houses and fine villas of modern Nice lie at the foot of the hill on one side, and on the other the older and more closely built part of the city, while in the distance rise the successive ridges of the hills that inclose the whole city, with the snow-clad Alps behind them glinting in the sun as the morning vapors lift.

—London society is stirred by the question whether it is proper to wear war medals and decorations with evening dress. Those who argue in the affirmative remind their hearers that the members of the Queen's household are required to show their miniature medals and decorations on the left lapel of the coat when in "household evening dress," that is to say, when attired in dark blue dress-coat (with brass buttons), white waistcoat, and black trousers. The Prince of Wales, it is said, is very particular to notice with a good-natured reprimand any departure from the rule.

—The *Saturday Review* finds it "pleasant as well as decorous to anticipate with reasonable confidence the continuance for some time to come of MR. GLADSTONE'S extraordinary vigor. If the occasional ailments of ordinary persons of the same age were as constantly and as accurately registered, the report of a slight cold or of a sleepless night would scarcely be noticed. Lord PALMERSTON'S attacks of gout were more painful and more serious, and yet he held office and enjoyed life for six or seven years after he had attained MR. GLADSTONE'S present age."

—MR. CHARLES READE is dramatizing a novel called *The Two Misses Wingate*, written by MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

—Very fresh dramatic news from London: "The Rosalind of Madame MODJESKA," says the *Athenæum*, "has taken a strong hold upon the American public, and has given rise to a series of comparisons between the imaginative style of acting, of which Madame MODJESKA is regarded as the exponent, and the realistic, as illustrated in MRS. LANGTRY."

—MR. FROUDE will soon give to the public the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, prepared by CARLYLE himself; Mr. FREEMAN will collect into a volume his *Impressions of America*; and Lord LYTTON'S son will issue his father's *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains*.

—President GRÉVY has been amusing himself during the shooting season in "the well-stocked and strictly preserved covers at Rambouillet."

—A new Paris fashion journal, *L'Art de la Femme*, begins its announcements with the following: "In all that concerns grace and elegance of attire, the whole world bows before the superiority of the Parisienne. In no age, in no country, has she been equalled in the art of dress, and in order to make the best of their beauty, Russians, Austrians, English, etc., are forced to copy her toilets and bearing."

—In an essay on lonely lives a foreign writer asks his readers to contemplate "the lot of a man of education and connections, with the consciousness, perhaps, of social gifts which are almost sparkling, who has been appointed to a vice-consulate in the island of Barataria. His income is small, as his duties are by no means onerous; and indeed he would gladly compound for more work to give him greater distraction. He has not the means of indulging himself in luxuries, and even the moderate comforts to which he has always been accustomed are hardly procurable. He is settled among barbarians of strange speech, and the only society with the thinnest veneer of cultivation consists of Jews, Turks, infidels, and nondescripts. He is obliged to stand to a certain extent on his official dignity, and may be forced into unfriendly relations with men who have it in their power to make things very unpleasant for him. At all events he has nothing in common with any of his neighbors; and as for a home, he has nothing that resembles one. He lives in bleak rooms, waited on by dusky attendants who will steal anything they can lay hands on, and would cut his throat for a trifle. Detesting the climate, tormented by animals of many species which would be invaluable in any collection of poisonous insects, with periodical touches of the depressing fever for which the place is notorious, he has no energy for reading, even were books within his reach, and he gives himself over to morbid listlessness."

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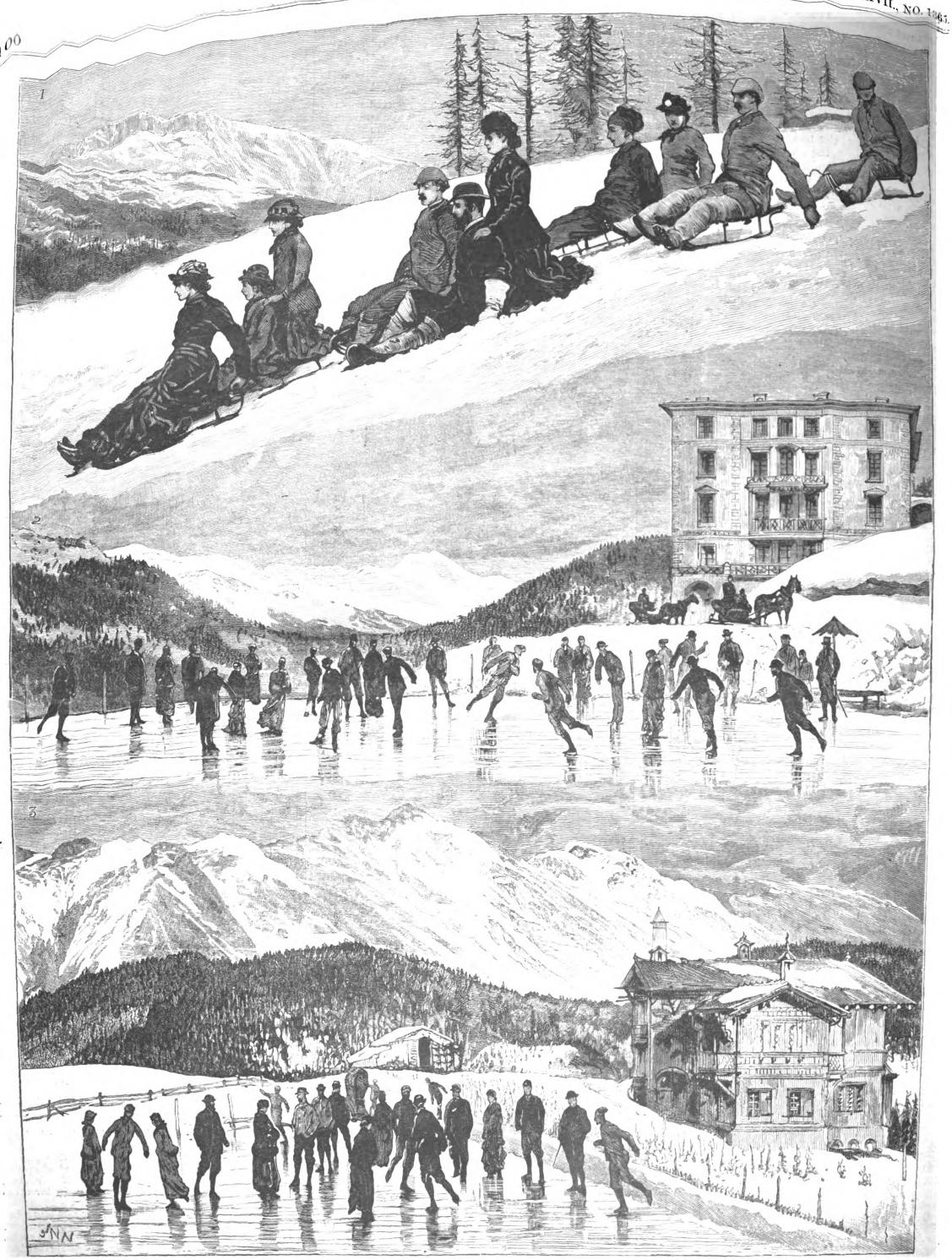

1. A Coasting Party at St. Moritz. 2. The Skating Rink at St. Moritz. 3. The Skating Rink at Piz Tanguard.

WINTER SPORTS IN THE ENGADINE.

WINTER SPORTS IN THE ENGADINE.

THE beautiful valley of Engadine, through which the river Inn pursues its winding and picturesque course, has become one of the most popular resorts in Switzerland for tourists of leisure. It is nearly sixty miles in length, and its greatest breadth is only a mile and a half. Lying at an altitude varying from 3500 to 6000 feet above the level of the sea, the climate is so severe that cattle are kept in stall seven months out of the twelve; the only grain raised is rye, and potatoes seldom mature in the brief summer. Yet the inhabitants, numbering about 12,000 souls, are very prosperous, and the valley contains more populous villages than any other Swiss valley lying at so great an elevation. The village dwellings are noted for picturesque elegance as well as comfort. The summer resorts in the Engadine are numerous and well patronized, especially St. Moritz, which is celebrated for its mineral baths, and Tarasp-Bad, on the north bank of the Inn, near the village of Vulpera. A singular feature in this locality are numerous springs from which issue *mofette*, or jets of carbonic acid gas, destructive to all small animals or birds that come within reach of the deadly fumes.

Winter arrives early in the Engadine, and tourists who remain after the short summer can enjoy skating and coasting at the resorts long before the season for these sports begins in other parts of Europe. Our illustrations show that the privilege is highly appreciated.

THE FLOODS IN GERMANY.

THE devastation caused by the recent overflowing of the great rivers of Germany and Austria was very great. Vast districts were inundated, villages were swept away, numbers of people were drowned or killed by falling houses, and in many districts farming lands and vineyards were seriously injured. There was wide-spread and lamentable distress among the poor, who found themselves suddenly homeless and starving. The Rhine, the Mosel, and other rivers rose to a height hitherto unknown. At one time the city of Vienna was seriously menaced by the rising flood, and the great strength of the river embankments alone averted a terrible disaster.

Some curious scenes took place in the Zoological Gardens at

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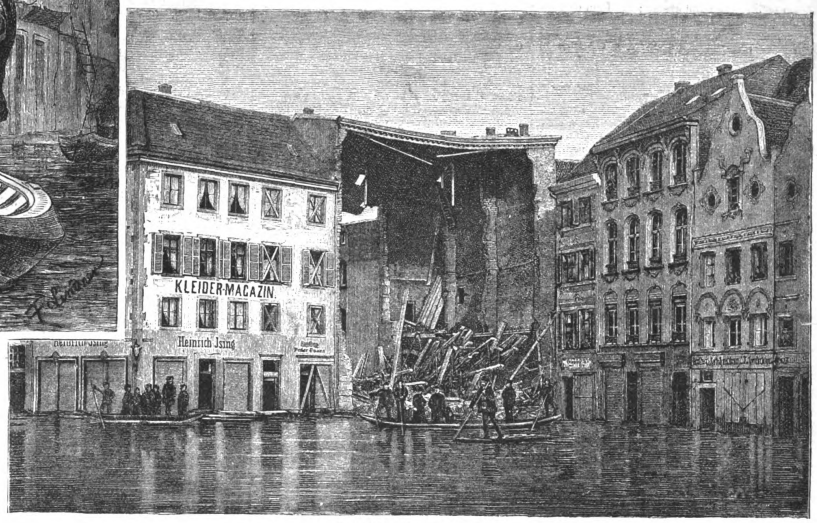
POSTAL DELIVERY.

Cologne. About ten o'clock one night, when the water was at the highest point, a river wall gave way under the enormous pressure, and in a moment the whole inclosure was flooded. The attendants, in anticipation of such a disaster, were already at work in the wild beasts' department erecting temporary stagings on which the lions, bears, tigers, and other creatures could take refuge as the water rose. The rush of the flood startled all the animals into an uproar. The bellowing and roaring were hideous. The lions tore at the stagings with teeth and claws, and shook the cage bars in a frenzy of rage and terror. Only the elephants appeared to retain their presence of mind. As the floods rose, these sagacious animals quietly piled up the temporary stage beams and planking in such a way as to secure a footing out of water. At least so says the correspondent of a German newspaper. For some days the keepers paddled round in small boats to feed their charges. They had water enough and to spare.

When the water first began to rise in Mayence and to flood the streets there was a great deal of merriment, among those who could remain within-doors, over the misfortunes and mishaps of those who were obliged to go out. But a few hours later the merriment ceased. The streets became impassable for vehicles. Traffic was suspended until narrow plank sidewalks could be constructed on blocks and stagings, such as are shown in one of our illustrations. Then boats were brought into requisition, and Mayence literally became a navigable city like Venice. Some impatient citizens, anxious to get to their places of business, betook themselves to wash-tubs, and often got a ducking in their attempts to propel these awkward vessels through the water lanes of the city.

As many families were without a stock of provisions, it became necessary to send them food by means of boats. The mails were delivered in the same manner. The bodies of those who died during this time in the inundated parts of the city were conveyed by boat to the higher portions, where they could be placed in hearses. Such a funeral taking place after night-fall presented a sombre and impressive sight. Doré would have found in it a subject worthy of his singular powers. The illustration in the centre of the page shows a house in Düsseldorf that was undermined by the sudden rush of water, and totally destroyed in a few minutes. This picturesque village, dear to the hearts of many American art students, suffered severely. Many of the houses were old and unable to withstand the force of the unprecedented flood. Many people were with difficulty rescued in boats from their tottering dwellings, losing all but life and the clothes they wore; and a number were swept away and drowned.

"STEADY, THERE."



A HOUSE UNDERMINED.

A FUNERAL AT NIGHT.

SUPPLYING DRINKING WATER.

THE RECENT FLOODS IN GERMANY.

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VALENTINES TO ORDER.

(Continued from front page.)

start in any race, particularly the race for Violet, in the face of which his best running was ludicrous.

Fits of self-disparagement and hopelessness often came over the Professor, most frequently when, by the light of the midnight oil, he was demonstrating on paper, let us say, the life that existed several millions of ages before protoplasm. They came with a swift rush of blood to the finger-tips, with a resistless force which drove him out into the wide deserted streets, his mind a chaos in which whirled women's faces, all beautiful, and all alike.

To King the power of love brought no storms of doubt, no unpleasant self-abasement. The effect of the passion was chastening, and without deliberate plan he found himself living a life above reproach, steadily, spontaneously gravitating toward Violet.

As for Violet, her sentiments and inclinations piqued curiosity and defied speculation. It is possible that she had not taken herself into her own confidence until the day came when she had to answer two letters, received at the same time, and imperatively calling for notice.

Only the concluding sentences of the letters which she that February morning dispatched to Professor Weaver and Mr. King need be transcribed:

"I must ask one week for reflection, that is, until next Monday, St. Valentine's Day. And now I am going to make a request which will seem to you both childish and absurd; but I am childish and I am absurd, and it is best that you should see me as I am. And I believe that if by next Monday I should still hesitate, a valentine in original verse, penned under the inspiration of the occasion and the protection of the Saint, would lead me to a decision which would be for your happiness and my own."

Excepting the hour on Monday, the 14th, appointed for the interview, one letter was a copy of the other. The comments of the two men on these remarkable sentences were characteristic. Professor Weaver saw in them the candor and truth which made Violet so dear to him; King detected the spice of audacious mischief which was not the least of Violet's charms for him. But to neither did an argument on the demand suggest itself.

Violet must have an irresistible valentine.

Never did a wider gulf yawn between requirement and possible achievement. Neither of the men had ever written a couplet. In the treatment of the case each man was again true to his individuality. Accepting the spirit of the request, Weaver denuded the college library of all the poets from Horace down to Swinburne. Every moment that he could snatch from his necessary work was given to the study of true poetry in its idea and its form. On the third night, after struggles compared to which Weller's, of world-wide notoriety, were feeble trifling, he perpetrated the following:

> "O peerless, pitiless Peri!
> O Circe, cruel and coy!
> O happy, heart-haunting Houri!
> O jocund, jingling joy!"

This was the best he could do, and when the dawn crept in through his lattice he knew it would not do at all. What to him was the fame of his treatise on "Fossil Fish," when he could not write a simple rhyming valentine for Violet?

King at once faced his inability to write verses under any inspiration or saintly protection, and therefore he must construe "original" as "originated by any one, if only specially originated for Violet."

Clearly, he need only trouble himself to find the man or woman who possessed a facile trick of rhyme. As his acquaintance numbered a dozen or more "literary fellows," it seemed to him that the quest would be neither long nor fatiguing. An hour after receiving Violet's letter he was on his way to *Boston*, intending to do two or three hours' work in his office, then look up a poet, dine him, and negotiate the valentine on any terms.

But he went home that night without having happened on that particularly desirable fellow. The second night and the third found his literary need still unprovided. He had, by that time, found and dined Smith, the very man for his dilemma, but he had not been able to explain his position. It was quite simple to imagine himself saying, carelessly, over a bottle of Burgundy,

"Look here, Smith, reel me off two or three verses—something sweet and fetching—your very best—a valentine for a girl I know."

Who can describe the complex feeling that tied his tongue in the face of "that sarcastic brute, Smith," smiling so genially across the table?

King became conscious of a depression of spirits. On Thursday night sleep forsook him, and he took a very early train to the city on Friday morning. He never knew what prompted him to lift his heavy eyes and fasten them on a conspicuous notice staring at the public from the door of a house in an obscure street. But he did so lift and fix his eyes, and standing still, a swift, wonderful hope lighted his inner darkness.

> *Valentines! Valentines! Valentines!*
> *Valentines to Order!*
> *In Prose or in Verse! Sentimental or Comic!*
> *A perfect fit guaranteed!*
> *Step in! Step in!*

Not a moment did King hesitate about accepting the seductive invitation. He stepped in; he leaped up two flights of stairs, and stood breathless before an old man with an index book open on a high desk placed between him and an importunate world.

Very soon there was entered in this book: "Valentine in verse. Fanciful, with under-tone of sentiment. To Violet."

"Your price, sir?" said the agent, eying King sharply over his spectacles.

"Your price?"

"From one dollar to twenty-five. Twenty-five will provide you with an article which would put Shakspeare to the blush."

"All right; twenty-five. I must have it this evening, and will call for it myself."

King felt that if the verses should not turn out presentable, he would on Saturday have to throw himself on the mercy of Smith—Smith, whose rhyme was reliable, but whose jeers were equally so, and, if possible, more telling. At dusk he presented himself and his number before the unlovely emissary of Cupid.

"Hum! 550. Let me see."

The old man took a handful of envelopes from a drawer, muttering large numbers as he ran his wares through his fingers.

"Hum! Yes, here it is. I looked over it myself. I think you will find, sir, that Ben Jonson has been left."

King threw down his twenty-five dollars, and hurried to the street. He was in mortal terror of being seen in the vicinity of the valentine mart. Not till he had turned the key of his own room did he take the treasure from his pocket, and proceed to estimate its worth. As he read, his critical expression mellowed; a smile flickered in his eyes, a smile which presently brightened into the radiance of joy. When he had carefully copied these verses of an unknown bard, and without scruple inscribed his initials in the corner, he seemed to glow with the serene complacency of the wholly virtuous man who by one bold stroke has removed himself from the temptations of an alluring world.

On Saturday morning, when the station platform was crowded with men waiting for the city train, King attached himself to Professor Weaver. Their intercourse had long been distinguished by the punctilious politeness of men who recognize a mutual antagonism of a nature and in a cause which preclude open hostility. This morning all King's formality vanished into thin air; the Professor found him offensively familiar, vulgarly jocose. In order to get rid of King, Weaver had to forego his morning smoke, and, arrived in the city, he actually ran and took refuge in a street car.

He did not know where that car was going; he did not care. When the conductor called "Car stops here," Professor Weaver stepped off—stepped off, of course (why not?), directly in front of that thrice-blessed poster,

> "*Valentines! Valentines! Valentines!*"

The sun seemed to blaze out full upon this melancholy man, giving him generously of his brilliancy. The professorial tread became a hop and a skip. In five minutes the old gentleman with whom we are already acquainted had entered in his book:

"Valentine in verse. Fanciful, with under-tone of sentiment. To Violet."

"Your price, sir?" peering quizzically at his shamefaced customer.

"Anything you please. I must have a good thing. No alliterative trash." "Peerless, pitiless Peri," rang sorely in Weaver's ears.

"Well, sir, the hour has come, as it were. For thirty dollars, though, you can have lines to a lady which would make Shakspeare or Fletcher, pretty clever fellows at their trade too, groan in his grave.

The Professor silently turned away. As he went down-stairs his cheeks tingled, a great wave of shame sweeping over him—shame that he had even remotely introduced Violet into such a transaction. The torture which he endured that day, in scathing self-accusation, in feeble, contemptuous self-defense, few men know. When he received and paid for his valentine he intended to destroy it at once. He had resolved to go to Violet on Monday and say, "I can love you, and take care of you all my life, but I can not write you a valentine."

So he put the valentine in his pocket, not suspecting the flame that was in it, nor how it could burn. It began to burn before he reached the street. On his journey home it seemed to scorch his heart, near which it lay, and when after dinner he had retreated among his books, the pain of the burning was intolerable.

He snatched the thing then from his pocket, and held it over his wood fire—held it there fearfully, as if it were a red-hot coal that in a moment of madness he had plucked from the hearth, and on the white surface stood out ominously black his number, 777—a lucky number, seven, therefore three sevens must be thrice lucky. Where had Professor Weaver heard that silly saying? Long ago, no doubt, for it came ringing down through weary years, like the echo of some school-mate's laugh, some friend of his childhood, long dead, long forgotten—mocking him too, urging him on to grasp this last hope, to grasp it even at the cost of deception and perjury. With the instinct to seize whatever comes to hand in the crises where happiness or life is at stake, the overwhelming impulse of selfishness which sweeps out of existence debatable rights, Professor Weaver tore open the envelope and feverishly read his valentine.

As he read, principle, intention, resolution, vanished—vanished and made room for triumphant gladness. He felt that if Violet could be won by a valentine, he had it in his power to win her.

So it came about that on the morning of the 14th of February two valentines lay by Violet's breakfast plate. She opened that addressed in Professor Weaver's handwriting first. As she rapidly scanned the lines, her mother saw in her face a shadow of pain, which deepened, and, as she took up the other valentine, expressed itself: "I am afraid that Frank is beaten." So Violet revealed to her mother, and probably to herself, the inclination of her heart. She had barely unfolded King's valentine when the tears that had been in her eyes dried, and an angry flush dyed her face. "Mamma," she cried, scornfully, "I have had a lucky escape, and a narrow one. My valentine caprice was an inspiration. It has saved me from two worthless men. And, oh, mamma, I could not have doubted Professor Weaver's honor! And as for Frank, I can not—can not speak of Frank!"

Before Mrs. Hazen could even surmise a cause for this tempest, Violet had swept from the room.

When at the appointed hour Professor Weaver was shown into Mrs. Hazen's drawing-room he found Violet alone. The mother and daughter had been together all day, and the dismissal of both lovers had been settled. As to the manner of dismissing Professor Weaver, Violet had yielded to her mother, but she had reserved all rights in the treatment of Mr. King.

As the curtains fell behind the Professor he crossed the room to Violet, standing in the bay-window. He held his hat in his hand, and said, gravely, "I have come for your answer."

She answered, "No."

Her eyes met his steadily, and the stinging negative struck his ears like a well-aimed blow, sinking into his heart and thrilling through every nerve. After that there was a silence in the room, and in that silence the girl seemed to the Professor to shrink into the folds of her long soft dress, and to fade away from him into the purple light of the evening, away beyond the level plains of snow.

"Is it final?" he asked at last. "Is there no appeal?"

"None," she said, and flung out her arm as if she would sweep him out of her sight. Professor Weaver turned to leave her. At the door he glanced back. She was looking out the window, and stood with her hands clasped behind her.

He put down his hat then, and recrossed the room. "Miss Hazen, I am not going to trouble you to repeat your answer, nor indeed to give you any pain at all. But I must tell you that the valentine I sent you this morning was not—"

"Spare yourself," she interrupted; "no explanation is needed."

"Then I have only to say good-by. Will you not shake hands with me?"

"No! no! no!" she cried; and thus to Weaver the whole story of the discovery of his imposture was told.

"It was a terrible temptation," he exclaimed, answering all that her violence implied. "And I love you. When a man like me comes to love a woman as I love you he may perhaps forget the demands of truth, and yet not be altogether worthless."

"Then," said Violet, coldly, "he must abide the consequences, since he has tried his method on a woman to whom a love that stoops to untruth is a dishonor."

"You are just," said Weaver; "but if you had loved me at all you would have had mercy. Good-by."

He went away then, and Violet watched him walk down the frozen road. Much pathos there was even in his heavy tread—more in the unconsciously dejected droop of his head; and in his heart was the profound sorrow which, when it strikes such a heart, consumes. But Violet, who was tenderness itself, had no sense of her cruelty, had not even a passing thought for the misery she had inflicted on the man who had just left her. She had promised her mother to dismiss him kindly, and though she had not been quite able to do that, she had spared him explanations. But, after all, that leniency had not sprung so much from consideration for him as from preoccupation touching the coming interview with King. She repeated the Professor's words, "If you had loved me at all you would have had mercy."

Would she? How little he knew! Because she did not love him at all she had spared him. She was saving all her passionate anger for the man she loved.

The twilight was deepening when King came in. Violet could see that he had left his hat in the hall, as if he had come to stay. She saw too the easy way in which he crossed the room to her, and the unusual shyness in his eyes.

"Violet!" he said, then drew a quick breath, as if there were nothing more to say.

She took the nearest chair. "Sit down," she said. "You are a charming verse-maker."

King, who was sensitive, detected danger both in her chilly voice and the downward curve of her eyelashes. He was not going to betray himself. He followed her and stood before her, resting one hand carelessly on a table. "Never mind the verses; you know I have not come here to talk about them. You know—"

"I know," she broke in, with a flash of anger, "that I will not have you dictate to me what I am to talk about."

The petulance of this ebullition amused King. He smiled down at her a smile so vastly old and tolerant that she lost all control, and blind resentment took possession of her. She sprang to her feet, pulling her two valentines from the velvet pocket at her girdle. She had meant to draw King into a distinct admission touching the verses, and then drive him away with scorn for the lie; but now, in her anger, she held his own valentine close to his eyes. "That is your handwriting?"

"Yes. It is rather dark, but—yes, that is my handwriting." He had drawn his eyes together and squinted at the paper, which coolness exasperated Violet still farther.

"Those are the verses you wrote for me. Wait; I will read them aloud, so that your eyes may not be injured." She went close to the window, and read by the fading light:

> "From a dew-damp, mossy bed,
> Where the ferns taint fragrance shed,
> Peeped a shy maiden.
> Half of heaven, half of earth,
> All the fairies, to her birth
> Tripped with favors laden.
>
> "With sweetness some showered her,
> With beauty some dowered her,
> One bestowed a soul;
> One a spirit pure and true,
> Shining through her eyes' dark blue;
> Violet, named the whole.
>
> "'Violet'—forest echoes rang;
> 'Violet'—the blithe birds sang,
> Soaring to the Sun,
> Telling of the deep-hid treasure,
> Made for joy and lover's pleasure,
> Waiting to be won.
>
> "The listening Sun believed,
> And in transport quick conceived
> Sought the timid maid;
> Straightway told her of his passion,
> In his ardent, glowing fashion,
> Not one whit afraid.
>
> "Yet to him no word she said,
> Only bent her flower-like head;
> Then in wrath and pride
> Swift he pressed a burning kiss,
> Crying, 'She shall share my bliss,'
> 'Neath that kiss she died.
>
> "Pale with misery and fright,
> The Sun sought refuge in the night;
> The fairies came anew,
> Wept and rustled o'er their child
> Till she looked at them and smiled
> Through tears of glist'ning dew.
>
> "Thus they brought her back to life,
> Vowing her for sweetest wife,
> Not to daring Sun;
> But by him who still will woo her,
> And with humble prayer will sue her,
> Violet may be won."

"Those are the verses I *sent* you," he said, as the last line fell quivering from her lips. "And you have added a great deal to the 'rhyme of the poet by the beauty of thy voice.'"

She was beside *him* again, holding up two valentines now. She had not noticed the careful wording of his reply.

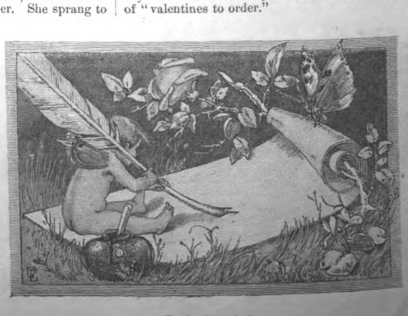
"Perhaps you will tell me that this too is your handwriting, and that to amuse and puzzle me you sent me two copies of your *original* verses. Or perhaps you will tell me that by a singular coincidence two men were at once inspired with one idea and one tongue." She threw her valentines on the floor, and moved back from him, looking at *him* fiercely. "I should not be surprised—oh no, I should not be surprised at all! There may be other pleasant fictions coming at this moment readily to your lips. There may be other methods with which I am not familiar—methods of tricking, deceiving, lying—"

"Stop there!" he cried, and his hand grasped her arm, then flung it away. He had picked up the sheets of paper, and still held them. He had recognized Professor Weaver's handwriting, and seen at a glance that the verses were identical. He understood the situation, and the conviction that Violet had been temporizing roused in him anger quick as her own. "Listen to me," he went on, in a voice that defied resistance. "I have a right to be heard, and I take it. You asked for original verses, and I chose to construe original as written specially for you, no matter by whom. I looked at the request as a whim, but I would do anything to gratify a whim of yours—anything in my power, that is; and as I could not compose a valentine, I had those verses written to order. Another man has had a valentine made to order, and, by great good fortune, the same valentine. Good fortune, I say, because it shows me, and I hope it shows him, that a matter of life and death to us was only fun to you. I have made a mistake. I have loved as a woman a frivolous, heartless child."

"Am I that?" she said, in a husky whisper; "frivolous, heartless?"—looking up at him as if she were the guiltiest wretch in the world, and he an accusing angel. "I did not mean—I did not know—" Then, with a gesture and in a voice of despair, "What shall I do? what shall I do?" she cried, and falling on her knees, buried her face in a cushioned seat.

Just for a moment King stood looking down at her slight figure, shaken with sobs. He was not thinking that in spite of the hateful valentine he had won, though he felt he had. He was simply filled for once with a consciousness of his own absolute unworthiness, his unfitness to touch or approach the girl on her knees beside him.

But, after all, he lifted her in his arms, and dried her tears, and comforted her; and knowing well the advantage which in this situation a man has, he made full confession of his deliberate deceit. He even expressed sympathy for Professor Weaver. He declared, too, that, for the Professor's sake, putting aside all question of a little personal satisfaction, he would some day seek out and destroy the infamous composer of "valentines to order."



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WINTER CLOTHING.

When we want an energetic phrase to describe our winters we call them "Siberian winters," and we think that we are speaking metaphorically. But the winters of our Northern States are actually as cold as those of a considerable part of Siberia. I say nothing of the extremes of Northern Siberia, where the cold weather for the whole Northern hemisphere, so to speak, is manufactured. But while in Western Siberia, except in the high latitudes, mercury does not freeze every year, in nearly all of our Northern States and Territories it freezes (at *minus* 39° F.) from time to time, though happily not every year. It is thus against winters that may be fairly called Siberian in their severity that we of the Northern States have to protect ourselves. And our winters are not only excessively cold in their extreme temperatures, they are also excessively variable. In none of our Northern or Northwestern States can an equably cold winter be found. How many an invalid has been lured away from his home, never to return, by false promises in this respect!

Our winter climate, then, is (1) a climate of extreme severity, and (2) a climate of extreme variability. The two points which I wish to make about winter clothing depend directly upon these two characteristics.

(1.) The severity of our winters makes woollen clothing essential, and especially flannel underclothing. Robust persons will get along well *enough with the* ordinary "mixed under-wear"; but in winter flannels are the warmest, in summer they are the coolest, of garments to wear next the skin. How is this paradox explained? The fibres of the wool touch each other but slightly; in other words, the texture of the flannel is loose, and the interstices are filled with air, which is one of the slowest of conductors of heat, so that the warmth of the body is retained — of course by virtue of the entangled air, and not mainly by the fibre of the wool itself. On the other hand, when in summer-time the outer clothing is thin, the insensible perspiration which constantly passes through the woollen tissue evaporates readily, and cools the surface of the body. Count Rumford, who made the first important experiments on this subject, says that by wearing flannel "the pores of the skin are disencumbered, and they are continually surrounded by a dry and salubrious atmosphere." He adds that the more general use of flannels would prevent a number of diseases. A *poor conductor of heat*, a substance that allows the ready escape of perspiration, a comfortable, light, and pliant fabric, and one that it is difficult to wet through, it is by far the best of all materials for under-wear. No other possesses all these good qualities, and it is surprising to find a popular English writer saying, in a recent manual of *Health and Occupation*, that "for the well-to-do silken undergarments are better than flannel." In what respect? This is the rapture of dogmatism. Whether for the "well-to-do," in the English writer's phrase, or for ordinary people, the pre-eminent value of flannel for under-clothing is well established.

I think that careful housekeepers will thank me for a word about how to treat flannels so as to prevent most of the shrinking which is their one fault, and a fault which prejudices many people against their use:

1. Get a *quality* of flannel that is a little loosely woven, not of too tight a texture, and buy or cut the garments rather large, allowing about two inches in the length of an under-shirt against the moderate shrinkage that can not be prevented.

2. In washing the flannels do not allow soap to be rubbed upon them, and do not let the garments themselves be scrubbed or rubbed; this fulls the material, and makes them *shrink*. They should be washed by squeezing them in hot and strong suds, and then rinsed out in very hot water. Both to the strong suds and to the very hot water add liquid ammonia in the proportion of a table-spoonful to the gallon. The French housekeepers, who are very practical people, have found out that this is better than borax for the purpose.

3. Do not put the flannels aside wet. Put them out to dry as soon as they are washed, and iron them before they are *entirely* dry, so as not to have to dampen them again. Iron very thoroughly.

Following these rules will prevent nearly all shrinkage.

A word should be added about mixed wear for under-clothing. This is what is generally found in the shops ready-made; only in the large towns will you find ready-made all-wool under-clothing. A mixture of cotton and wool, if the cotton and the wool are carded together before weaving, washes very well. Canton flannel makes good winter under-clothing. But the all-wool is the best; and the garments are easily made at home or by the seamstress, and they wear so much better than mixed goods that it is economical as well as healthful to use them.

(2.) The second feature of our climate is its *variability*. The second practical point in winter dress is to *dress according to the weather*. It is not difficult to adapt at least the outer clothing to the greater or less cold of the day; it requires a little care and forethought, but it is worth the trouble. One may be helped in this matter by the weather bulletins. I trust that I shall not compromise the serious purpose of this paper by giving a bit of advice which will seem droll to some of my readers. It is none the less sound, and it is this: Dress according to the indications of the Signal Service when you can, that is to say, when they are borne out by existing weather. They are generally borne out; the morning papers tell us pretty accurately what sort of weather we are to have during the day, and for all but the most robust persons it is a simple matter of duty to guard against the waves of cold or heat that leap upon us from the West. Is it growing colder when you leave home in the morning, with warning of a cold wave sweeping eastward from St. Paul, and the mercury freezing in Northern Minnesota? Then put on your warmest overcoat, and tie a silk handkerchief or comforter around your neck; and do not forget the woollen stockings. Is it a mild winter's day, with promise of a still higher temperature before night? Then leave the wraps at home; they will be overheating, and make the skin too tender.

In fine, dress according to the actual need of the day, not forgetting what the day may bring forth in the way of a change before its close. Keep warm in the cold, and by keeping always warm enough and not too warm you will defy the doctor for many a day.

Titus Munson Coan.

THE IMPORTATION OF WORKS OF ART—MR. BELMONT'S BILL.

The bill recently presented in the House of Representatives by Mr. Belmont, placing on the free list all works of art and objects of artistic and archæological value, is the first notable result of the action taken in November last by the Society of American Artists. This society, after a careful discussion of the subject, passed unanimously a resolution in favor of the abolition of the duty on works of art, and voted to call the attention of Congress and the country to this action. The resolution was widely circulated and much commented upon, and while it has been revoted by various *artistic societies* in all parts of the Union, it has been met by no open opposition to its principles.

It is a significant fact that this movement has originated in an organization largely composed of younger members of the artistic guild, most of whom have yet their spurs to win. They have found in their own country a discouraging lack of those influences which surrounded them while they were studying or practicing their profession abroad, and they have combined to secure, as near as possible, the same conditions under which they have hitherto found their progress most rapid and their zeal most stimulated. Although America is now one of the best picture markets in the world, it is the one country *where it is impossible* for a resident artist to profit from the chief advantage of a picture exhibition—comparison of his own works with the best contemporaneous productions. This because no foreign artist can afford to pay a duty of a tenth of the price asked for his picture on the remote chances of selling it in an exhibition, and because no picture dealer can afford to import works of art which are not sure to bring him profit. Further, America is the only country where the artist and *the student* find a penalty imposed on the prosecution of their studies by the discouragement of the importation of the most valuable aids to artistic development—photographs and engravings of the old and the modern masters, and plaster casts of the masterpieces of sculpture.

Mr. Belmont's bill is comprehensive in its scope that it will probably meet, in the present excited state of the public mind on the tariff question, some obstruction to its passage; but since it undoubtedly embodies the desires of the artists and the art students of the United States, it seems not unreasonable to expect its final acceptance by Congress. The spectacle of the protected praying for relief from protection is too rare a one not to carry some weight of argument in itself.

The only opposition to this bill which ought to have a hearing will come from some artists who believe that their interests are protected by a tariff on the importation of works of art. They fear foreign competition, *forgetting* that scores of American artists who have chosen to reside in Europe have their full share of success there, forgetting that American pictures in the Salon and in the Royal Academy are often among the most notable works in these exhibitions—forgetting, in fact, that the moment native works can be compared with the rank and file of European productions, that moment the present fashion *in* favor of the foreign canvases will begin to wane. The ordinary cry against the free entry of works of art is that the abolition of the tariff will cause the country to be flooded with foreign rubbish. Certainly the opinion of any American artist who confesses to a fear of competition with this so-called foreign rubbish is scarcely worth taking on this question. Further, the duty of ten per cent. *ad valorem* does not prevent the importation of this class of pictures; it only prohibits the exhibition of a higher class of works, which can not be brought to this country at great expense on the simple chance of sale. This cry against foreign rubbish is but the echo of the wail which arose when the chromo first shed its lurid light on the art atmosphere of this country. Everybody then said that small painters would have to go to the wall, that chromos would fill the place of mediocre paintings, and that only the best artists would survive this terrible competition. People had said the same thing about photography and the portrait painter, but when the chromo came on the scene no one seemed to remember that photographs had only increased the demand for and facilitated the production of portraits. The chromo has had its uses. It has reached the remotest ranch in the savagest wild-cat civilization, and the germ there started will sooner or later develop into something better and higher in taste, for the love of art is contagious and of rapid growth. There is no such thing as flooding a picture market. Every dealer knows that the more he sells, the more he can sell. Apart, then, from all considerations of the development of public taste, of the high educational value of artistic productions, of our duties to ourselves and to posterity, all artists should, for their own progress and profit, welcome the introduction of Mr. Belmont's bill as a sign of the dawn of a new era in American art, when we may hold our place in the conclave of artistic people, modest though *our* representation may be, with a perfect faith that out of these small beginnings shall come noble and monumental results.

F. D. Millet.

THE LIEDERKRANZ BALL.

What do we of New York not owe to the Germans, not the Germans of the father-land, but the Germans "in our midst," or at least upon our east side. Beethoven would have composed and lager-beer been brewed if "the recoil of the revolutionary wave of 1848" had not flung upon our shores thousands, increasing later into tens and hundreds of thousands, of these excellent persons. But for the general diffusion both of the excitement of Beethoven and the mild stupefaction of the beverage which has so largely supplanted the more fervid and potent spirits which we formerly used to excess, we are clearly indebted to the German immigration.

It is a curious study for an idle social philosopher what New York—or, for that matter, any other American city of the North—would now be if it had proceeded solely along the lines of its earlier development, and if the German contingent had remained as inappreciable as, for example, the French element now is in its population. Our music, of the primitive leanness of which Mr. Richard Grant White has given a vivid picture in some recent magazine papers, and the leanness of which not even his amiable partialities as a praiser of time past can disguise, would have been virtually non-existent, for the native fiddler is much without honor and mostly void of skill, and the gospel of relaxation which Mr. Herbert Spencer inculcated after dinner would not have been far more persuasively preached by Teutonic example in gardens by the water-side.

Perhaps the most enviable point about the German, to the Anglo-Saxon mind, is that he is merry and not ashamed. The average Englishman or the average American still takes his pleasure sadly, as Froissart asserted of his remote progenitor. He needs an excuse for enjoying himself, and pretends to find it in some hygienic or moral mission. He cuts capers to strengthen his *tibial muscles, or to show* that he is not above innocent mirth. Advanced hypocrites even pretend that they go fishing on account of the fish. No man will admit that he is enjoying himself because he likes it and without reserve.

It follows—and this is the great truth we have been leading up to—that the Anglo-Saxon can not give a public ball. His private entertainments of that nature are of a majestic and processional character to the adult participants; and as for a respectable and solvent person of mature years *permitting* himself to be stampeded into wild whirlings upon the floor of a public ballroom, with his countenance divested of what Thackeray describes, in his countryman at a ball, as "its usual English expression of intense gloom and subdued agony," but gleaming with happiness and perspiration—the proposition is simply unspeakable. He abandons balls where people go to enjoy themselves either to children or to ruffians and rioters.

Now the German, it need scarcely be said, is superior to all this nonsense, and has given his name to a cotillion through which he prances with *unaffected* delight, but which is performed by persons of other nations as a ceremonial observance. And the only public balls given in New York that are at once worth going to, and that may be safely gone to, are those given by the German singing societies.

Of these societies the Liederkranz (the Garland of Songs, as the excellent sentimentalists who compose it call themselves) is the oldest and the most important, dating back almost to the beginning of the German invasion, for this of 1883 is its thirtieth annual ball, and in 1853 the Germans of New York were but a feeble folk. The Liederkranz has grown and prospered, having had for many years a club-house in Fourth Street, which it abandoned a few months ago for a new house and a more fashionable situation up town. Among its fifteen hundred members are many of the best and most solid of our German citizens, who know quite as well how to work as how to play. It has periodical club concerts, which are much prized by those who are so fortunate as to be bidden to them; but its only really public appearance during the year is at the Carnival masquerade, which this year was given at the Academy of Music on Monday, February 5.

The procession of the society is the spectacular feature of the ball, and this got under way from the adjoining supper-room at half past ten. The æsthetic and the humorous sense of the members and the ingenuity of their costumers were taxed in the attempt of every member to startle both his neighbors and the natives, who in great number witnessed from the boxes above the flow of the iridescent river upon the floor of the Academy. The various committees in charge of the arrangements were uniformed in fancy dresses: the masquerade committee in the court dress of Louis XVI., with the ladies of the committee in corresponding costumes; the door committee in the dress of hunters from "the Nachtlage of Granada"; the floor committee in costumes of Louis XVI, again, but in four recognizable colors. Prince Carnival was, as he always is, a particularly stunning figure. Of course there was the usual miscellany of stereotyped masquerade characters, serious and comic, but there were also startling innovators, as a "Bacchante" and a "Fire Queen," and two sisters as Summer and Spring, in whom the most jaded frequenters of masquerades were compelled to acknowledge novelties. All Liederkranz balls are brilliant, but the connoisseurs seem to have settled that this Liederkranz ball exceeded all others in brilliancy. There were eight thousand persons present at it, and an unusually large proportion of them in fancy dress. The view of the floor from the galleries, in its unrepresentable evolutions of glancing light and shifting color was worth going a *long* way to see.

After the parade of the society had been dismissed, the floor was opened to the dancers, as we may emphasize for the occasion one of the most familiar and honored of the observations of Jenkins, that "the festivities were prolonged to a late hour."

COLORADO SNOW-SLIDES.

As the hardy miners and the scarcely less ve*turesome farmers* penetrate the recesses of the vast ranges of mountains grouped under the general name of the Rocky Mountains, they are no infrequently exposed to dangers which are familiar in the *song* and story of the dwellers in the Alps, but which have been comparatively unknown in our country. Recent dispatches from Denver, the thriving chief city of Colorado, recount *such an experience*. West of the Front Range, which rises abrupt and frowning above this busy town, lies the Saguache Range, upon the slope of which the two forks of the Gunnison *River* have their source, and from which they flow in broad curves west and south to form, in junction, the Grand River. In these mountains are situated some of the richest of the mines of Colorado, while in the "parks" both east and west the fertile soil has attracted a considerable agricultural population. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, whose course is marked by as many ups and downs and sharp changes and dangerous *turns as that of the* stock of the company in Wall Street, approaches this region from the west, and sweeps with a varied curve along the base of the hills to the neighborhood of Ruby Peak. The mountain, some five thousand feet in height from base to summit, lies between Irwin on the *south* west and Gothic on the northeast. Upon its sides are located the works of the Ruby Chief, Howard Extension, Oakes, and Durango mines, with others.

On the morning of Tuesday, January 30, about an hour after midnight, a "snow-slide," as our homely Western phrase terms an avalanche, started from the summit. The distance to the foot of the mountain is nearly a mile. The masses of snow, gathering force as they went, adding to their weight and velocity with every instant, and gathering in their embrace trees, rocks, and earth, swept with them all the shaft-houses and machinery of the mines, and buried them at the bottom of the gulch. The inmates of the buildings, eight in number, were carried down *with the* slide. In the early morning a party from the neighboring town was organized to rescue them and after laborious digging, all were found. One, however, was dying, and two others were severely wounded.

The danger ought not to have been unforeseen for on the previous Saturday one Mr. Goodspeed, superintendent of the Paradise Mine, had undertaken to cross the same mountain near Gothic, had been overtaken by an avalanche, and hurled to the bottom of the neighboring gulch. Once he was the mass of this slide that the body of the wretched man could not be recovered. The depth of snow beneath which he is buried is believed to be at least one hundred feet, and his lifeless form must be left until the return of spring unlocks his temporary tomb. And on the morning after the disaster at Irwin the town of Gothic was startled by a shock like that of an earthquake, the whole town trembling as a vast land-slide plunged past it.

The line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is peculiarly subject to this kind of accident. Something more than two years ago, in November, 1880, the company was pushing with great energy its Mokomo extension. A band of sixty workmen were engaged in clearing the roadway across a small stretch of level land at the foot of a mountain towering above them nearly three thousand feet. A construction train with a stiff, larger party had just rolled away from the point. One of the laborers, as he cast a shovelful of dirt across the temporary track, noticed a quivering of the branches of some stunted pine-trees upon the mountain-side. Glancing up to learn its cause, he saw the whole mountain-side near the top in motion, though no sound had reached his ears. But his shout of terror, as he dropped his shovel to run, was mingled with a sullen roar that paralyzed his startled companions. Before they could follow him the snow-slide was upon them. It dashed the embankment into a cloud of dust, like the spray on the breaking crest of a great wave, and in the rushing mass of earth and snow the iron rails were torn from their places and twisted or broken like threads. Hearing the terrible crash, the band of men upon the construction train turned only to see the spot on which they had just left their companions piled high with a shapeless bank reaching far across the valley at the bottom of the pass. They hurried to the rescue, and a hundred pairs of arms were soon digging with desperate energy at the débris. Curiously enough, one-half the number of the buried men were extricated with only slight injuries. The remainder were all more or less severely wounded, chiefly by the fragments of iron from the track. One man was killed, and several were fatally hurt.

The most dangerous of these snow-slides are in the latter part of the winter, when the sun climbs higher in the heavens, and pours its warmer rays up on the surface of the lofty hills. The snow has a peculiar capacity for the absorption of the sun's heat, and as the layer subjected to this influence during the day is cooled at night and frequently coated with a film of ice, the snow is frequently prevented from running off gradually. When, therefore, some portion more highly supported than the rest, and most directly exposed near the summit of a slope, gives way, it carries with it the masses below, and forms what the Swiss picturesquely call the "avalance," swallowing everything in its course.

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A·VALENTINE·TO·PHILLIS:

Sweet poets oft have ſung in rhyme,
How ſmall birds mate about this time,
Of good *Saint Valentine;*
When now and then a day doth bring,
A throbbing promiſe of the ſpring,
Sweet gentle *Phillis* mine.

So may thy heart quick fluttering beat,
With tremours at my coming, ſweet,
Who heart and ſoul am thine;
As flutters the bird and ſweetly fears,
When her ſwift winged love ſhe hears,
This day of *Valentine.*

For 'tis a ſweet old legend ſays,
The maid that walks abroad these days
Of *Biſhop Valentine;*
The youth that firſt her eyes do greet,
Shall be her love, ſo look, my ſweet,
That *I* may ſo be thine.

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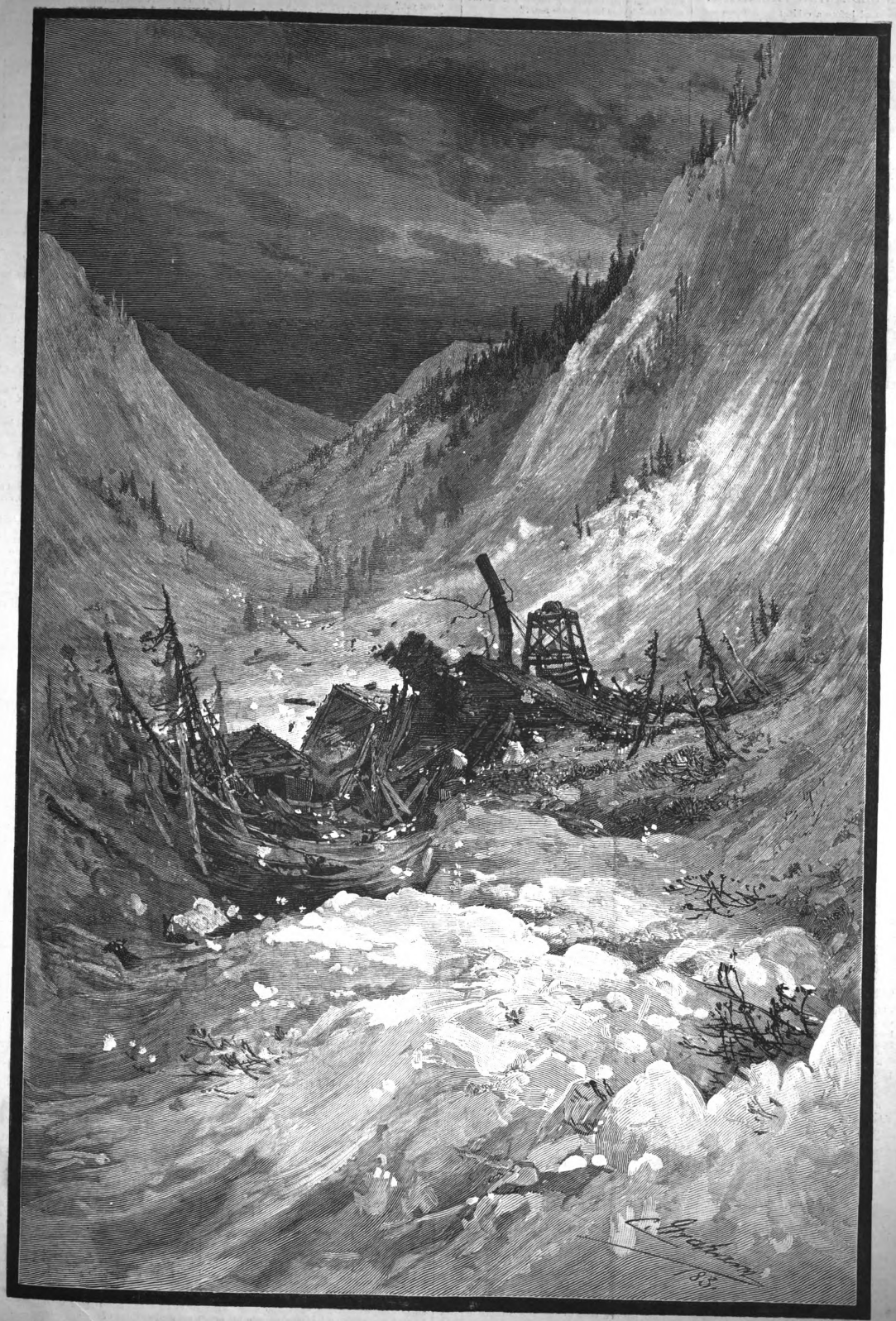

A SNOW-SLIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 103.]

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AN OLD MAID'S VALENTINE.

She stood before a cabinet
That kept the faint and curious scent
Of all the spicy winds that blow
Across the Asian continent.
'Twas richly carved, and barred with gold;
And from its innermost recess
She took a paper, blurred and old,
And just one silky auburn tress.

She put it to her trembling lips;
She stirred it with her loving sighs:
The tenderness of a long life
Flashed to her feeble, failing eyes.
"I do not need to read," she said;
"I know the words: '*O Mary mine,*
For weal or woe, for life or death,
You are my own sweet Valentine.'

"'Tis fifty years ago to-day
(O love, O love, that thou shouldst die!):
The hour that brought my valentine
Received, alas! thy latest sigh:
And I sat singing like a bird,
So proud, so joyful, to be thine—
'For weal or woe, for life or death.'
And still thou art my Valentine.

"No other love has filled thy place,
No other voice has whispered, 'Mine';
Through all these long and lonely years
I have been true, dear Valentine.
I had no fear of growing old;
I calmly watched my beauty fade;
I heeded not the thoughtless scorn
Of those who pitied the 'old maid.'

"I am so old, so weak, so frail,
The waiting must be nearly o'er.
O darling, do not thou forget
To meet me first on yonder shore.
Parted for fifty years, and yet
I know that thou art only mine;
I touch thee through this auburn tress;
I hear thee through this valentine."

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SICK WOMAN.

The illness of Miss Brake had disturbed at last the serenity of Farm Forlorn. It was the beginning of the end of peace at Skegs Shore. It was that for which everybody had been waiting; for there had been no belief in the false calmness of preceding days.

This was the first shock—a test trial, as it were, as to the strength of mind and purpose, the strength of heart and power of sympathy, to be evolved from the illness of Hester Brake: a singular woman, who had come as a guest to the big farm, and whom no one understood, and few had had fair words for.

Nevertheless Miss Brake's illness did not leave her without friends; on the contrary, brought friends round her, and rendered her an object of interest. And when the doctors whom John Woodhatch had summoned to his house shook their wise heads together in consultation, and said it was a bad case—an extremely critical case—the interest grew keener; and more than one face, looking sadly toward the end, took deeper shadows to it when it was prophesied there was but little hope on earth for Hester Brake.

"One might almost wonder what she was born for," said John Woodhatch, musingly, on the fifth day of her illness, "so unhappy a life from childhood to the end as it has been. A bad father, a hard struggle to exist, the victim of desertion, poverty, ill health, and terrible misfortune, what has existence been worth to this poor little woman, Alec?"

"I'm thinking it would have been a deal warse without ye, John," answered the parson, whom he was addressing—"if ye had not stood her freend through thick and thin, in a true Woodhatch fashion."

"Do you blame me?"

"No. It has cost ye a deal of money, but ye have never cared much which way ye pitched it, having plenty of it," replied his friend.

"Why should I save money?"

"Are ye so impravident and rackless that ye think a rainy day mayn't come to ye as wall as to other folk?" asked Mr. Larcom.

"Ah, yes, it may," replied John Woodhatch; "and I will meet it as well as some people, and better than a good many."

"Which sounds a leetle conceited, John," said the parson, dryly.

"I am conceited."

"Yes, it's yeer failing at times," was the remark, "although ye are not as bad as ye were."

"I have had so much of the conceit taken out of me," John Woodhatch remarked.

"Through not listening to sarber, senseeble advice, I expect."

"Proffered gratuitously by Parson Larcom, too," answered John, with a little laugh. "Oh yes, I am often in the wrong. I don't see very far ahead, as I once thought I did, in my foolish vanity. But then who does see far? Who guesses what is coming?"

"Have ye looked ahead in any way as regards that poor sufferer upstairs?" inquired Mr. Larcom, and in a somewhat lower and more earnest tone, "and who is slipping slowly out of the warld under your hospectable roof?"

"What do you mean?"

"There has been paid to her account now a matter of twenty thousand pounds, I reckon; the same amount as Morice will have when she comes of age, after deducting the neceessary expenses," said Mr. Larcom. "The money has reached England, and she's a rich woman already."

"If she had only had her money a couple of years ago!" said John; "it's but little use to her now."

"It's not on her mind at all, I'm thinking. She doesn't seem to be deestarbed about it in her ravings."

"How do you know?" asked his host.

"I put the question to Lucy, who is knocking herself up with looking after the poor soul," he replied; "and she says Hester does not seem troobled about her wealth in any way. It's the old beesiness of the murder over and over again; or else it's yeerself, who are keeping away from her, and will not go to see her at the last, fret as she may for ye."

"Poor Hester! I have seen her every day, but she does not know me," remarked Woodhatch.

"She took ye yesterday for young Morris's murderer, one of the maids tells me, and nearly screamed the house down."

"We have all been Morris's murderer in our time," responded the farmer, calmly; "even you, Alec Larcom, have not escaped suspicion."

"Why should I?" replied the parson, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm a hasty man, and I might have thought the warst of young Morris, as many other people did, Skegs Shore way. And I'm not at all certain," he added, lowering his voice, "that Hester Brake may not think so just the same, and to my serious prejudeece, and Lucy's."

"In what way?"

"There's a fortune to leave, John," said the parson; "and the doctors think she may recover her senses when the fever has worn itself out, and her alang with it. And though I'm not a marceenary man—the Lord forgive me if I ever was!—it's not preceesely natural to set money carelessly on one side."

"I don't quite make you out, Alec," said John Woodhatch. "When you were a hard-working honest missionary abroad, and saved me by good words and good example, you never spoke of money, never thought of it."

Parson Larcom looked down for an instant, abashed by the reproof.

"It was no use speaking or thinking of it, John," he answered, "when it was sheer wrastling for a crust of bread. And though I'm not marceenary, I've a daughter and a granddaughter to think of a great deal, and of meeself just a leetle. Ye can't say I ever deespised riches."

"No."

"And I certainly have been thinking that if the Lord pleases to take Hester Brake, our leetle Morice would stand as heir at law to her property, if she died without a will, which she will not."

"What makes you think that?"

"She is far too careful a woman," he answered, "too horribly beesiness-like altogether; and sax months ago she would have been afraid of the money coming to my family. And, knowing money was on its way to her, she would have made a will. I'm as certain as I'm standing here of that."

"You are quite right. She has."

"Oh! ye know, then, John?—ye know?" was the eager inquiry of the minister.

"Her last will and testament she completed a week or two ago," said Woodhatch, "and gave to me to mind. It is locked in that safe yonder, where I had hoped it might rest for many years, whilst peace of mind made Hester Brake a different woman."

"It is peace of mind which passeth all understanding," said the parson, almost mechanically, and as if in duty bound to improve the occasion; "but it cometh not to all men or women in this grievous warld. And ye are executor to the will, I suppose—probarbly sole legatee, as ye want for nothing, and won't know what to do with a frash fortune."

"I don't think I am," was the reply. "I hope not. But I don't know anything about the disposal of her money; I have not thought of it."

"Ye should ask her preesently—or some one else should," suggested Mr. Larcom.

"Ah!"

"I've no objection myself, for that matter, to ask her whether at the last, like this, a sanse of justice to us all may not have come to her. It will come in time too."

"We will wait for that time, Alec—which is God's, not ours," John Woodhatch answered, almost sternly.

"Amen—amen to that," cried Alec Larcom, in return. "That is what I mean, of course. The poor creature may pass away without a scrap of common-sanse to brighten her at the last."

"It is more likely than not."

One would have thought so, later in that day—which was known at John Woodhatch's farm as "Miss Brake's worst day"—when her high-pitched voice welled from the closed room to the corridors without, telling the sad story of disordered fancies and terrible conjectures born of a confused and half-real past. The next day she was calmer, if weaker; the following day calmer still, and with a steadier look in her dark eyes, as if wondering where she had been of late days, and what had happened to her to leave her no stronger than a little child.

On that second day she spoke in her old manner, but in a voice to which one stooped to catch the faintly whispered words. And it was Kitty, pale and worn and grief-stricken at the bedside, to whom she said, "Where are they all?"

"They are down-stairs, most of them," was the reply. "Is there any one whom you would like to see?"

"Not yet."

Hester Brake did not speak again for a long while; she dozed throughout the morning, waking now and then by fitful starts, and regarding Kitty with the old, far-away look, which her watcher had noticed all that day, until the eyes closed and she slept fitfully.

Before the sun was very low in the heavens, she said, softly, to Kitty, "How long have I been like this?"

"A week to-day."

"So long! Have you been here all the time?"

"Lucy and I have been nursing you between us. And once Mrs. Chadderton."

"Mrs. Chadderton! You should not have let her come into the room," she whispered.

"She has been very kind to you; and very anxious," said Kitty, "as we all have been."

"She must not come again. I do not like her," was the whisper back; "I can not trust her."

Hester Brake was exhausted with these few words, and did not speak again until the sun was going down, all crimson, in the far-away west, and there was a glow as of fire on patient and nurse.

"Have I given you much trouble, Kitty?" she asked, suddenly, and in a voice that had gathered to itself a little extra strength from long repose.

"No, no."

"I have been delirious?"

"Yes," confessed Kitty, "a little."

"What did I say?"

"I can not remember—I don't think it was possible to understand you, madam."

"Try and think what I said," urged the sick woman.

"I could not follow you. It—it was only like talking in your sleep. That was all."

"You must have got very tired of me, Kitty."

"No, Miss Brake."

"Why, you were tired of me when I was well and strong," she added, her old jealousy predominant even in this hour. "I was your enemy, who had done you a great wrong which you could not forgive."

"Pray don't think so. What you have done has always been for the best," said Kitty; "and it was as well—I dare say it was right—that I should know Greg did not care for me. I was a little sad, mistress, but I bore you no ill-will, God knows."

"God knows too much for us poor women," was the strange reply; "but as you have not learned to hate me with the rest of them down-stairs, I am very glad. I should not like you to turn against me now."

Kitty bowed her head lower to hide the tears away from the gaze of the woman lying there, and a long silence followed this again. When Hester Brake would have spoken, Kitty said, quickly, "Hush! please, dear mistress. You must not talk so much. I have done wrong already in listening to you."

"I wonder what time I have got! Remind me," she added, "to ask the—doctor that."

She did not need reminding of the question, and Kitty would not have assisted her had she forgotten it. When the doctor was at her bedside, and congratulating her in his false, cheery tones on her better condition that day, she said, almost with her old sharpness evident,

"How long have I to live?"

"My dear madam—that is really—it is surely—I can not say at all," he stammered forth.

"I have much to arrange," she said, calmly, "and to deceive me would be a crime on your part."

"Madam, it is not in my power to tell you how long you may be spared," replied the doctor. "I can only urge you to keep calm, and to assure you that any excitement is most dangerous."

"I am quite calm."

"Yes."

"And keeping calm as this, I may live—how long?"

"I have said I can not say."

"I am not likely to recover?" she asked, quickly. "There is no hope for me, you consider?"

"I am sorry to say there is no hope," replied the doctor, softly; "but there is no immediate cause for apprehension."

"Shall I be alive this time to-morrow?"

"You may live some days—with care."

"I will be very careful," was the reply.

When the doctor had withdrawn, and Lucy Brake had stolen in to take her post as nurse, and allow Kitty to withdraw, the invalid looked at the new-comer with grave interest, and even smiled faintly as she stooped and kissed her.

"You have forgiven me, Lucy, then?" she asked.

"All that I have to forgive—yes, long ago," answered the young widow.

"I wanted the truth of it all, and you to know the truth," she murmured, "nothing more."

"Yes, yes; but we will not speak of it again," said Lucy.

"Not yet. Presently."

"Presently!"

"I shall have more to say soon; and I shall be very strong to say it," remarked Hester Brake, with an amazing confidence, not warranted by this feeble life flickering out to its close.

CHAPTER XV.

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

Parson Larcom, disturbed in his mind by thoughts of money matters, had his wish next day—the wish that lay nearest to his heart just then. Good man as he was in many respects, an earnest, red-hot Methodist, who meant what he said, and acted up in many ways to his own teaching, there was a keen consciousness of the value of money in his eyes, born of much early privation, and what more worldly people would have called a long run of ill luck. His life had been a struggle—would have been a harder struggle still without John Woodhatch to befriend him in the old cruel days; and it was not in his nature—scarcely in human nature—to see money to which by right his family was entitled drifting away from him, as he was sure it was drifting away, without any power of his to stop it.

He had been poor all his life, and there should have come riches to Lucy and Morice—he was scarcely thinking of himself, he considered—and Hester Brake was doing them all an injustice by allowing her will to remain as it was, in John Woodhatch's safe, bequeathing twenty thousand pounds away from those who by law were most entitled to it. The first twenty thousand could not be touched till Morice was of age—although the interest, it had been decreed, should go to her support and education—and he was getting an old man. Miss Brake would think of that—a woman without friends too—presently. Justice, as a rule, comes very close to one's heart when the great waves of eternity roll on to the sands whereon the poor mortal is waiting.

It was Mrs. Chadderton who came to him with what he thought good news.

"Miss Brake wishes to see you directly, sir," she announced.

"To see me!" he exclaimed, leaping to his feet.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she—does she appear very anxious about seeing me, Mrs. Chadderton?" he asked, full of his one idea of the motive for the interview.

"I can not say," was the sullen answer; "I am not allowed to go into the room."

"Indeed! How's that?"

"I am not good enough, or not to be trusted," was the response.

"That's sheer nonsense, Mrs. Chadderton," remarked Mr. Larcom; "every one here knows ye are honest and trustwarthy."

"As if I were her enemy—as if I did not love her more than my own life; and would give mine—God, how willingly!—to save hers for a little while!" she cried, with one passionate and sudden outburst, which took away a great deal of the breath of Parson Larcom.

"Do ye know her, then, better than the rest of us? Have ye in old days, Ann Chadderton, ever met her, been indebted to her, seen—"

"Nothing," was the reply, as she turned aside and went rapidly from him.

Mr. Larcom did not reflect very long upon this unlooked-for outburst of grief or indignation from the woman, generally so stolid, who acted as housekeeper at Farm Forlorn; under other circumstances her demeanor would have more quickly interested *him*. Now was the great, grand opportunity of his life; and Hester Brake had, of her own free-will, expressed an anxious wish to see him. The conviction of having wronged him and Lucy and Lucy's child had come quickly home to her, it appeared, and here was the hour of restitution. On the stairs toward her room he paused and thought a moment.

"What will John Woodhatch say to this, I warnder?" he said to himself, as if half afraid of his friend, or of his opinion of him. And if this hard, stern Methodist had loved any of his kind, it was the master of Farm Forlorn; and valued any man's opinion, it was the opinion which John Woodhatch might always have of him.

"Wa'al," he added, as he proceeded on his way, "he will think the best of everybody always. It's his failing; but he will, poor John. And," he added, irresolutely again, "I am in the right completely, which way he looks upon it. There can not be much doubt of that."

When he passed into the room he had not even a doubt to disturb him; and it was quite in a business-like way that he walked to the bedside and looked down upon the thin white face of the woman lying there.

"And how do ye find yeerself this morning, Hester?" he inquired.

"More composed, Mr. Larcom. Perhaps even a little stronger," she replied, "or I should not have sent for you."

"It's as well to see all friends when ye can, and arrange all things that may be necessary with them," said the parson.

"Yes, I think so."

Mr. Larcom sat down by the bedside, and took his pocket Bible from his coat. The eyes of Miss Brake wandered toward it, and she said, faintly:

"Not now, please. Presently the words of promise may be of help to one more sinner here, and—I shall be glad to hear them. But," she said again, "not now."

"I thought a few appropriate varses would not be out of place. But I will not prass the question," said Mr. Larcom; "and as it may be beesiness of an important nature, perhaps Miss Vanch will not mind leaving us awhile?"

Kitty had been standing on the other side of the bed, and she looked to her mistress for instructions.

"You need not leave us," said Hester; "there is no great secret in this. You know what I am likely to say to Lucy's father."

"Yes, I think so," answered Kate; "but—"

"But remain," was Miss Brake's mandate.

Kitty bowed her head; but by way of compromise walked to the window of the room, sat down before it, and looked out upon the quiet landscape. Mr. Larcom did not feel as sure as he had done upon the stairs that the great question as to the disposal of her worldly goods was in any way affecting the mind of Hester Brake.

"I wish to speak to you of Lucy," she commenced.

"Oh yes!" said Mr. Larcom, brightening again, "to be sure. She is your sister-in-law—and I am glad ye think of her in kindness now."

"She has been very kind to *me*," remarked Miss Brake. "Almost as kind as Kitty there, and I begin—perhaps for the first time in my

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life—to value the warmth of heart she has, and to see for myself her natural earnestness."

"She's a good girl," said Mr. Larcom, "and for one so young has passed through many trials. Which have improved her, too," he added, "as trials will do vary often."

"There is much talk of you both going abroad—even of living abroad—is there not?" asked Hester.

"Wa'al, yes," he replied. "It may be neeces-sary for the property which our little Morice will inherit a long day hence—and Skegs Shore is vary dull."

"To you?"

"To Lucy. She requires change," he said—"here are some tarebeel associations, and we have never had the means to get away from them."

"They are in the distance," she replied, "and you have borne the worst of them like me, and I—I don't like John Woodhatch to lose all his friends at once."

"I was not exactly thinking of friend John."

"Ah! but you must. He has hard trials to come, and will want true friends about him, and new hopes to replace the old which have been torn up by the roots. And you," she continued, "are a minister of God's word, his oldest friend, and indebted to him, as we all have been. Under no circumstances that I can see are you privileged to desert him."

"Gard bless me, Hester!" exclaimed Mr. Larcom, "I'm not likely to desart him. I am always his friend, as he is mine. But he don't like patronage, and he is proud of his own way."

"And he loves your daughter Lucy," she added, quietly.

"He did—once, at any rate."

"He does now."

"He never says so."

"Because he is the proud man of whom you have just spoken," she said, "and will not add to Lucy's anxiety by speaking of his love for her ever any more, unless—"

"Unless?"

"Unless a change occur in her, and she begin to see where her affection should naturally turn. She has thought too long of my brother Morris."

"That's true enough," asserted Mr. Larcom, "but I'm fancying we need not talk of this."

"It is all I have to say to you," remarked Hester.

"Ah, indeed," was the almost rueful comment here.

"And it is upon my mind," she continued, "it is before me always, that she is going away from him—she who only can make his life light, in return for all these dreary, desolate days which he has had. Mr. Larcom," she added, with more earnestness, "you do not know John Woodhatch yet, the nobleness there is in his repentance, the earnest task which he has set himself, the good that has lain like gold always at his heart."

"Yes, yes," asserted Mr. Larcom; "but let us be more calm about this."

The Methodist was puzzled. He did not understand this praise and glory of John Woodhatch, or see clearly the motive for it all. Why should Hester Brake be so anxious concerning John's future, and Lucy's love for him? Was it not an old story which was ended?—a sealed book, the leaves of which could never rustle more?

"She will learn to love him, if you will help me now," she continued, eagerly. "She is your daughter; you will have influence over her; she will see it is best."

He was not quite certain it *was* best himself. The world had changed with him and Lucy, and John Woodhatch was five years older than when he had thought it would be wise and well for Lucy to accept him. Lucy would never marry, probably; but if she did, with her good looks, and in her different sphere abroad, she might do better for herself in all respects. He was not quite certain about John Woodhatch now as a son-in-law; John was a friend very dear to him—how dear he did not know yet—but Alec Larcom was a calculating man, and, after all, there was the daughter Lucy to consider first.

"We must leave it to time," he replied. "I don't see there is anything to be done at present."

"There is a good deal to be prepared for."

"Oh! is that it?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Haven't I said so already?" she demanded, peevishly. "You heard me say there were fresh troubles coming to him."

"How can ye know that, Hester?"

"I must tell him all the trouble before I die. That is my last duty," she replied.

"What have ye been keeping back from him—and me?" he inquired.

"I will tell him everything, and leave him to act as he thinks best. And the best," she cried, "is only desolation."

Mr. Larcom gave a vigorous twitch to his right ear. Was she delirious? Was she wandering again in that poor weak head of hers?

"Man is born unto trouble," he remarked, sententiously; "and John Woodhatch will bear all that is meant for him as well as most folk—better than a good many."

"With Lucy—yes," answered Hester. "And though she is not fit for him, does not understand him, has never cared for him, still he has set his heart on her, and he must have her, Mr. Larcom."

Mr. Larcom was surprised at this peremptory assertion, but he would not utter anything by way of opposition.

"We must leave it to Lucy. I have nothing to say myself," he said.

"She will not look back at Morris now as a saint struck early from her life, but as a poor vain mortal, who was not, even in the first months of his marriage, an honest, faithful husband. If Morris had lived," she said, "hers would have been an unhappy and distrustful life to the end. He was very weak."

"It is not considered well of us, Hester, to speak ill of the dead," he said, reprovingly.

"I loved him very much," she answered. "With all his faults he was very dear to me; but it was right she should know the truth when the false picture of what he really was kept her life in darkness. And I told the miserable truth to her."

"And I don't suppose she was excesseevely obliged to ye, Hester," he said, dryly.

"She will guess the reason presently. And with your help, Mr. Larcom," she added, "Lucy will be a happier woman, and that help you will promise a poor dying friend."

"I wonder ye did not tackle Lucy instead of me," he said, with a half groan of discontent. "All this kind of beesiness is enteerly out of my line."

"Lucy would turn against me even at the last. She is not always just."

"She's a woman," added Mr. Larcom, "and a leetle variable."

"And you promise me?" she urged again.

"To do always my best for the happiness of John Woodhatch," said the minister, more earnestly, "I give you Alec Larcom's sarlemn ward, I will. And I would have done so always, Hester, without such a poor promise as ye ask of me."

"Yes—you ought," she continued, with a sigh, "but you would not have known what was best for him—he would have hidden it away from you and Lucy—had I not told you for myself."

"Ye—es. Thankee, child," he muttered. "And are ye sure there's nothing more to tell me—to ask me?"

"Nothing."

"No warldly affairs to ask my adveece upon—now ye are a rich lady?" he blurted out at last.

"All that is settled, thank Heaven! My worldly affairs can not trouble me again," she murmured.

"Then I need not keep ye talking any longer, Hester?" he said, rising.

"No," she responded. "I have wearied you too much already. But I wanted your word of honor to me—I felt it would strengthen me at the last. And," she added, "as you keep your word, so will God remember you, old friend."

He bowed his gray head at this, and looked hard at her, as if suspecting she suspected him, or had another motive for so grave an exordium at the last. Then he leaned over her, kissed her forehead as if in farewell of her, and went from the room. When he had gone, Kitty hastened to her side.

"Oh! my dear mistress, you have talked too much—you have excited yourself beyond your strength, I am sure."

"No; I am better already," she answered, with a strange smile; "I am getting quite strong."

"I wish you were."

"I have only one more task before me—and that will not be to-day," she added, as Kitty glanced nervously toward her, "and He will give me strength for it, I am sure."

"Will you not try and rest a little?"

"I am a little weary, perhaps. What time is it?"

"Nearly twelve o'clock."

"Yes, I will rest."

She closed her eyes, and went off immediately into a sound slumber—so deep a slumber that the doctor came into the room without disturbing her, and seeing how calm and regular her sleep was, went away without arousing her, and with a promise to return at a later hour. The day stole on; the afternoon sun shone into the room, upon the pattern of the wall, the pictures there, the ceiling overhead, and then flickered away along the line of house roof without, and died away for good. Kitty was replaced by Lucy, and Lucy, on some errand of her father's, was called away after an hour's watchful service, and when Hester Brake awoke it was in the twilight of the day, and with the room full of shadow.

"Kitty!" she said, softly; and Kitty not replying to her, she called out, in a stronger tone, "Lucy, is that you?"

A figure rose from a chair behind the curtains, and a voice said, very humbly, and with much tremor in it, "No, madam; it is I."

"And you are—"

"Ann Chadderton," said the housekeeper, as she came slowly round the bed and took her place by the side of the sick woman.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Hester Brake. "Have I not given orders days ago you should not be admitted to this room? Are you not always a terror to me—a living horror I can not bear to meet?"

Young Mrs. Brake was called away a moment since. She did not wish you to be left. I was at hand," exclaimed Mrs. Chadderton, unmoved by Hester Brake's strong condemnation of her; "and Mrs. Lucy will not be very long."

"Where is Kitty?"

"Asleep. I would not have her disturbed by any one just now," was the deep response; "it is the only rest which she may get to-night."

"Poor Kitty! Yes. But," she said, in a tone less firm, "you must not stop with me. I would rather lie here alone until Lucy returns. Leave me, I beg of you."

"I will go," said the housekeeper. "Heaven forbid I should in any way distress you! But will you tell me why you hate me, or what harm, in any way, at any time of my life, I have done to you? I may have done you harm some years ago, when I was bad; but, oh! I don't remember it! Yours is not a face belonging to bad times."

"*When* you were bad!" said Hester Brake, with bitter irony.

"Yes, Miss Brake, for you know what I was, I dare say."

"I am content in knowing what you are. Pray go. And if you have any wish to do me service—"

"As I have!" came the quick interruption, "and if it is only in my power to do it."

"Then keep away forever after this—from me," murmured Hester. "Don't let me see you in this life again. I shall not trouble you long—and you stand before me like a spectre which I can not face."

"Why?—please tell me why, Miss Brake?" she asked again. "If you only would do that!"

"John Woodhatch will tell you soon enough."

"Very well."

Mrs. Chadderton walked away from the bedside with her gaze directed toward the carpet. As she passed round behind the curtains at the bed's foot, and which were drawn closely and hid her from the sick woman, she came to a full stop, and Hester Brake waited in vain for the clicking of the door lock that should tell of the housekeeper's departure. It was a painful suspense, which might have tried the nerves of one in full health and vigor, and suspectful of the person unseen in the background, but Hester Brake lay very still, and with her dark eyes watchful and wondering, but hardly betraying any fear of what might follow this.

Her faintly beating heart stirred more, perhaps, as Mrs. Chadderton's slight figure once again appeared, and this time advancing toward her, not moving away as Hester had adjured her, and as she had promised that she would.

Mrs. Chadderton's face was very white and lined—seemed, as it were, to have taken ten years more of age upon it, and twenty years more of grief and misery, as she returned to her old place at the bedside and looked down on Hester Brake.

"I shall see you no more," she cried, "and this is the last time you and I are to meet in this world. You say so?"

"Yes. I say it—I hope it, Mrs. Chadderton; but I am very powerless."

"Your wish is law with me," replied the housekeeper.

"I wish it, then."

"Then listen to me for one moment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE WORDS, AND NO MORE.

BEAUTIFUL bird, from your Southern home bringing
Promise that Spring will soon wander this way,
High in the silvery willow boughs singing
Songs to your lady-love, tell me, I pray,
What to enchant her so sweetly you say?

For I would send my own dear one a letter
Wreathed with a garland of crocuses fine—
Blooms long ago chosen young Cupid to fetter
On days that are sacred to St. Valentine;
Then make, I entreat you, your magic charm mine.

"Simple the story," the bird answered, proudly,
"That's set as a charm in the music I pour
Forth from my full heart, now softly, now loudly,
But it never wearies, though told o'er and o'er—
'I love you, I love you'—three words, and no more."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

FISHING with axes is a novel winter sport in the far West. The Truckee River is frozen to the bottom. "Passing over the glassy surface of the stream," says a Nevada paper, "whole schools of trout are seen firmly fixed just where the cold wave struck them. The ranchmen living along the river now go fishing with axes, and in some places chop out a dozen of the speckled beauties in a bunch."

There are indications that some pleasure party which returned from Europe not very long ago has the incubus of a dishonest act weighing on its collective conscience, and that some custom-house inspector, if he is not proof against inner accusations, is carrying a like weight. The United States Treasurer received an envelope a few days ago containing ten dollars and a letter in which the anonymous writer says that the money is the estimated amount due the government on dutiable articles brought from Europe. He adds: "If I could have made head or tail of the tariff, I would have paid the duty honestly at once, and not have suffered myself to be overruled by the other members of the party, and beguiled into paying the custom-house inspector instead of the United States."

A scientific writer estimates that there are already one hundred million tons of gas in the air. What the amount will be when Congress gets through with the tariff question he doesn't attempt to guess.

An Orange County milkman leaped from his milk cart and took to the woods. It was at first thought that he had hydrophobia, but it proved to be delirium tremens.

Bogus noblemen are becoming audacious. Several London hotel-keepers have been swindled recently by them. American landlords could give their English brethren points for the detection of the swindlers. A bogus duke was betrayed at a hotel in this country not long ago by the fact that his boots were shockingly run down at the heels.

Citizens of this progressive republic are never reduced to the humiliation of saying that the population of their city or town is just so many thousands, hundreds, tens, and units. The census figures are always a few years behind the count, and the proud resident can invariably add a few thousands for the estimated increase. Persons who complain of the tardiness of the official figures should consider this and rejoice.

Some nervous and over-solicitous persons have been making an outcry for fire-escapes on college dormitories. When college students abandon the practice of leaving farmers' wagons astride the ridge-poles of gymnasia, stalling stray horses in chapel belfries, and going hand over hand up lightning-rods on a freezing night to execute a scheme for muffling the college bell's tongue with congealed water, it will be time to appeal to the wealthy alumni for funds with which to erect and maintain fire-escapes.

Complaint is made in London that when an actor throws his lighted cigar on the stage he may cause a fire. The practice is also an unnecessary waste. He might present the cigar to the gentleman in the nearest proscenium box. Another safe and economical way would be to use a pipe.

A warmer wave following in the wake of a "blizzard" causes a Minneapolis paper to exclaim: "Thank goodness the upper half of the thermometer is coming into use at last!"

A correspondent at Albany styles the Monday evening sessions of the Legislature "the weekly dress parades." The galleries are thronged with ladies, and many seats on the floor are yielded up to them. "The handsomest and most polished of the members," the correspondent writes of a recent Monday night session, "buttoned up their Prince Alberts and delivered speeches on every measure that came up." As social successes these sessions are pronounced unsurpassable, but as legislative events they are deemed of little account.

The Japanese Department of Agriculture is interesting itself in oyster-planting. Probably the Japanese name for the department is such that it includes mariculture, and thus the seeming incongruity does not exist.

There is a difference between a Sandwich Islands "blizzard" and one of the North American variety. The Hawaiian *Gazette* says: "A cold snap is reported from all parts of the island. At Wailuka, on Monday morning, the glass stood at 60°."

A resolution recently introduced in the Assembly providing for the printing of two thousand five hundred copies of a diagram of the Assembly Chamber brought out a frank announcement of his position from one of the legislators. "Last year," he said, "I voted for a similar resolution. I didn't get a diagram. This year I am heartily in favor of economy, and therefore I vote No."

"A vast ice gorge blocks the mouth of the Youghiogheny." This is retaliation in kind. The Youghiogheny now knows how it feels to have its own mouth blocked.

Preparations for a Southern Exposition on a grand scale, to begin in Louisville, Kentucky, on the 1st of next August, and to continue during a hundred days, are going on. The main building, now in course of construction, will cover about thirteen acres, and will cost some $150,000, exclusive of interior embellishments and machinery. The exposition grounds are to be near the southern end of Fourth Street, and arrangements are in progress for horse-car and steam-car communication directly with the grounds. It is promised that the exposition shall be the greatest ever held in this country, save the Centennial Exposition of 1876.

According to the account of a recent day's debate in Congress, Representative Brewer, of New Jersey, is easily astonished. The abstract of his remarks says that he "expressed his astonishment to see how little men knew about things they knew nothing about." The debate was, of course, on the tariff.

Disdaining to count by centuries, the people of New Mexico are making preparations to celebrate what they style the tertio-millennial of Santa Fe—the 333d anniversary of its settlement.

An interesting feature of the National Exposition of Railway Appliances, to be held in Chicago from May 24 to June 23 of the present year, will be the collection of relics of the earlier days of constructing and operating railways. The secretary, Mr. E. H. Talbott, whose head-quarters are at the Grand Pacific Hotel, invites persons having knowledge of the existence of relics of that nature to communicate with him. The management of the exposition looks to the East for many interesting contributions to the display.

In the course of recent excavation for a tramway tunnel, designed to facilitate communication between Naples and Pozzuoli, a discovery was made in which archæologists are greatly interested. It is an under-ground way, constructed apparently for the passage of water, and it is conjectured that the conduit once served to supply water to the old Roman villas situated on the side of Posilippo hill, between Naples and Pozzuoli, and to other villas which were destroyed long ago. The conduit is arched, is high enough for a man of medium stature to walk upright in it, and wide enough to allow two men to walk abreast. Two-thirds of the inner surface is covered with plaster, and the rest was incrusted with stalactites, which, when the passage was opened, became liquefied, and ran down over the walls, making a silicate deposit. One branch of the conduit was traversed for a quarter of a mile toward the sea. The other runs deeper into the hill, and on its walls are inscriptions made with nails, and believed to indicate the villas which were supplied. The date of an inscription found between two layers of plaster is indicated by the words "Nerva Consule." There are other inscriptions in red letters. It is suggested that these passageways were branches of the large aqueduct which conducted the "Claudian" water from Sora to Naples. Guards have been placed at the entrances, and there will be further exploration in the interests of archæology.

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THE LIEDERKRANZ BALL.—Character Sketches by Gray-Parker.—[See Page 103.]

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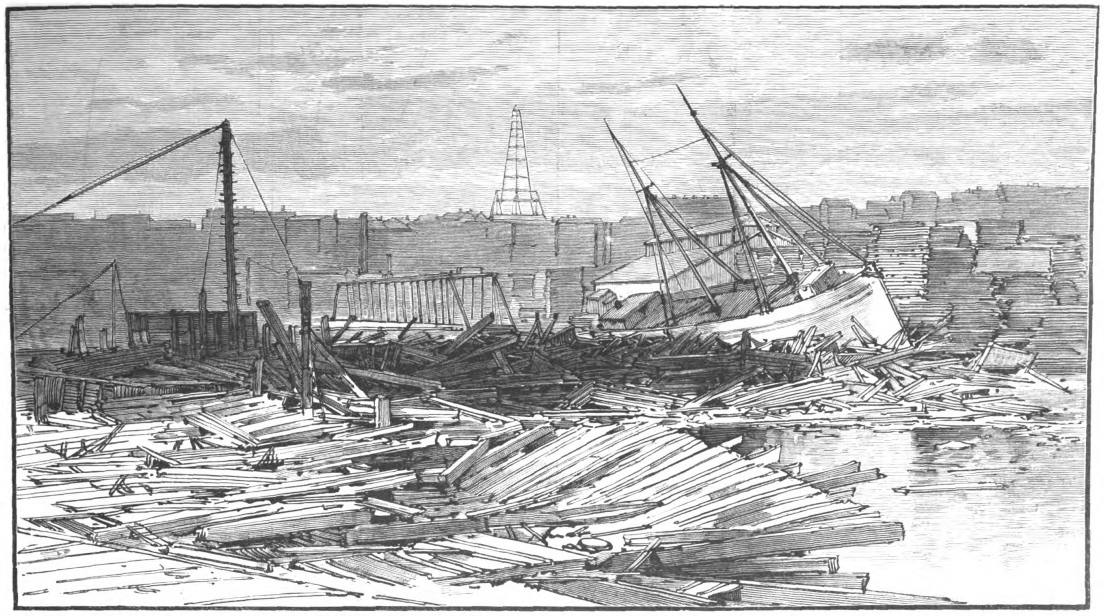


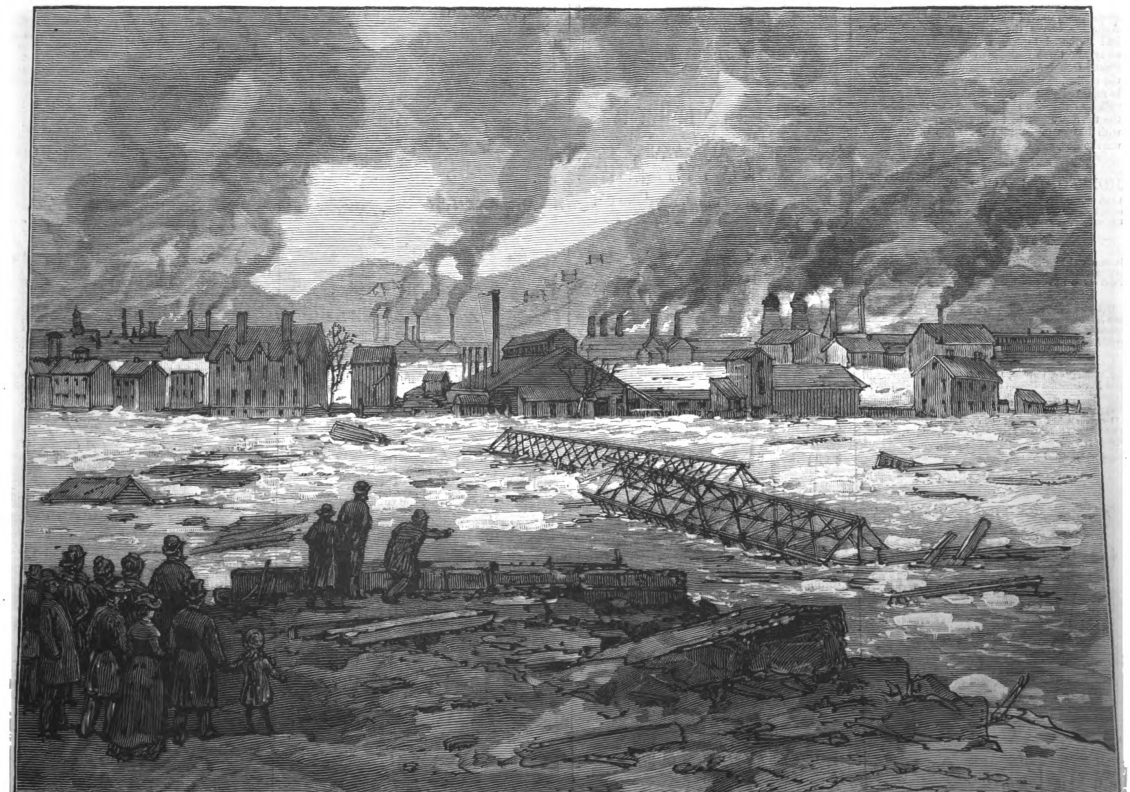
THE FLOOD AT CLEVELAND, OHIO—VIEW FROM THE GREAT WESTERN DISPATCH FREIGHT-HOUSE, SCRANTON AVENUE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. RYDER.

THE SEASON OF SNOWS AND RAINS.

THE first days of February are of ill omen for the dwellers in the valleys of the smaller rivers of the United States, and particularly in those debouching upon the Ohio or the lakes, and some of those along the Mississippi. The ground is yet hard from the frosts of winter. The streams are covered with ice. The snow lies on the hill-sides and in the recesses of the valleys. The first breath of the approaching spring melting the surface snow, covering the land with mist and fog, is followed by wide rains or still wider areas of "thaw." The water formed by the melting snows or precipitated from the teeming clouds flows unabsorbed over the hardened earth. The ice, penetrated by the warm winds and rotted by the brooding vapors, yields to the pressure of the swollen streams, breaks from the banks, floats with the hastening current, and finally, choked in the narrow or shallow passes, forms immense dams, above which the impatient floods accumulate until they burst their barriers and sweep downward, carrying destruction in their track. Each recurring spring seems, from causes not yet clearly determined, to bring a more or less regular increase in these floods, the exceptions only lulling those who are exposed to a false security, and making more victims for the added violence which is almost sure to be experienced.

The State of Ohio on one side and of West Virginia on the other side of the Ohio River are peculiarly subject to this kind of disaster. In Ohio there are no mountains, strictly speaking, and the "divide," or "water-shed," which traverses the State in a direction a little south of west, is nowhere more than twelve hundred feet in width. But the streams which rise on these gentle slopes and flow, on the south into the Ohio and on the north into the lakes, wind their way between banks usually from one hundred to four hundred feet in height, and relatively abrupt. The soil is soft and rich, and when unfrozen absorbs moisture readily, but at this season of the year the river-banks are like the sides of irregular canals, within which the angry streams may and do rise to considerable heights.

On the night of the 2d to the 3d of February a heavy rain-storm extended eastward from Chicago over the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, while westward snow was fall-



THE FLOOD AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA—VIEW FROM ALLEGHANY CITY LOOKING TOWARD HERR'S ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALEXANDER Y. LEE.

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ing. The railways through Minnesota, already greatly impeded by previous snow-falls, were wholly blockaded, and all attempts to cross the State from east to west were abandoned for several days. Still further west the Union Pacific and Utah Northern railways were blockaded, and four days' snow in Wyoming broke off all communication. For twenty-four hours no trains arrived in Chicago, and as the storm changed to sleet, the telegraph wires broke under the icy weight, and no dispatches entered or left Chicago for nearly a day.

Toward the east the railway bridges on the lines crossing the States of Indiana and Ohio were everywhere undermined or carried away. On the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago twenty bridges were wholly or partially destroyed. The trains were compelled to feel their way cautiously through the fog and the darkness. One freight train was "ditched" by a "washout," and the engineer and conductor killed. The Pacific Express train, on the night of the 4th, finding itself blocked on its eastward way, near Canton, Ohio, backed up some fifty miles, was divided into two sections, and switched on to a branch road to get around the flooded district. At Orrville the first section of the train broke down a weakened bridge, and the second section plunged upon it. By a miracle the passengers escaped, with some bruises, before the two trains were wrapped in flames, and a second Ashtabula horror was avoided.

At Youngstown, on the Mahoning River, the seat of some of the largest iron mills of the country, two hundred families were driven from their homes by the flood which poured through the streets of the town. No lives were lost, though the water, six feet deep, coursed through Mahoning Avenue, the principal street. At Cleveland, Ohio, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, great damage was done to property, particularly in the lumber district along the banks of the river. Here some half a million dollars' worth of lumber was washed away, while the total loss is estimated at not less than two millions. Two gallant fellows who were rescuing some women and children were drowned. The Scioto, Anglaise, Maumee, and the Ohio River itself, all rose with extraordinary rapidity. At Wheeling, West Virginia, the Ohio rose thirty-one feet nine inches in a few hours, at Steubenville to thirty-three feet. At Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the Alleghany and the Youghiogheny join, the water rose to the height of twenty-six feet, carrying away several bridges, submerging railway tracks and warehouses, and driving the dwellers on the banks from their homes, or imprisoning them in the upper portions. On Herr's Island, in the Alleghany, a number of people were cut off from escape by the destruction of a bridge, and remained for thirty-six hours without communication, their houses flooded up to the second story.

At Titusville, Pennsylvania, Oil Creek was dammed by an ice gorge which formed near the water-works above the city. The gas-works were inundated, and the streets of the town were left in darkness during the nights of the 3d and 4th. A bridge across the creek, on which numbers had gathered to watch the flood, was carried away, and three young men were thrown into the flood. One was rescued in a dying condition, but the bodies of the others were not recovered. It is reported that five hundred families were compelled to abandon their homes, and the streets of the town are left by the receding waters strewn with blocks of ice and the ruins of dwellings, warehouses, and depots.

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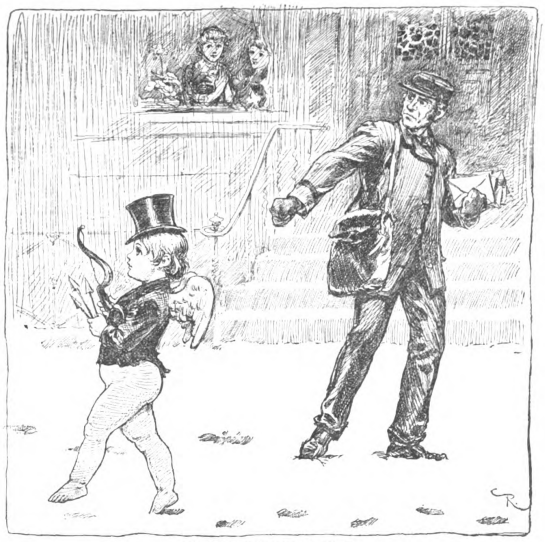

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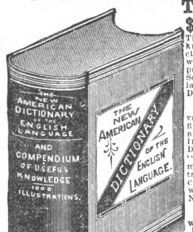

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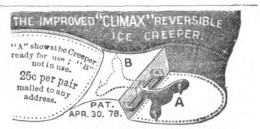

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1366.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

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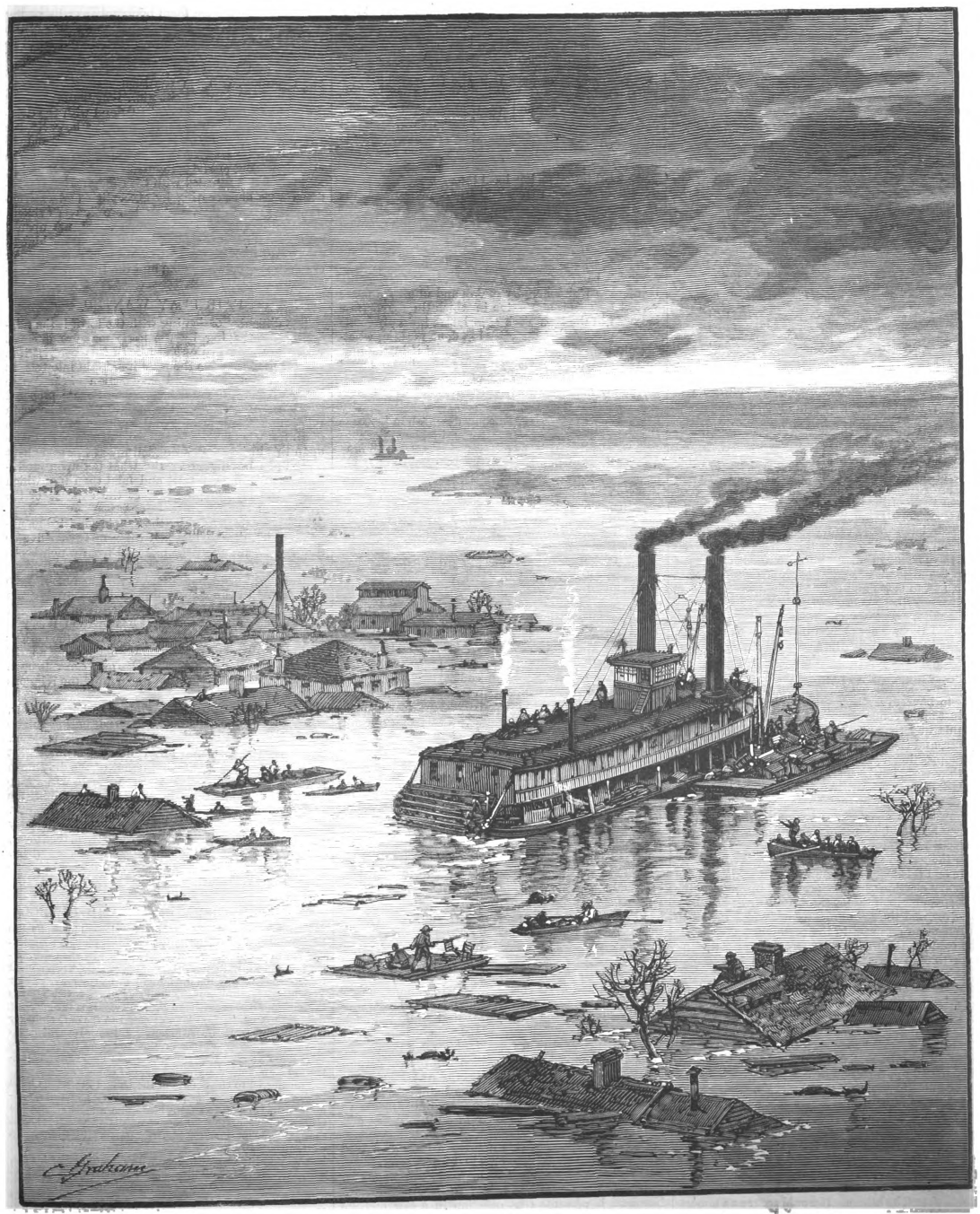

THE GREAT FLOODS—ON THE OHIO, BELOW CINCINNATI.—DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published February 20, contains a rare assortment of stories, attention being equally divided between the girls and boys. The former will turn with eager interest to "Vic Vinton's Valentine," a story of school-girl life, by MISS AGNES CARR, *and to Chapters XXVI. and XXVII. of "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE, *the experiences of that little heroine becoming more exciting and pathetic as the story draws to a close. The boys will linger regretfully over the concluding chapter of "Roy," by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *and will follow with delight the fortunes of the valiant dog "Rowser," as described by* L. A. B. CURTIS.

There is a timely article on "Washington in Youth," and MRS. M. E. SANGSTER *gives some pleasant information in regard to the great hero in an article entitled "The Minuet."* JAMES OTIS *introduces his readers to a pleasant game for winter evenings, entitled "King's Court."*

This Number is conspicuous for its beautiful art-work. The front page, "Ye Dance of Olden Time," is by MISS JESSIE SHEPHERD. *The stories are illustrated by* MRS. SHEPHERD, MISS JESSIE MCDERMOTT, *and* W. L. SHEPPARD. *There is a beautiful full-page engraving, entitled "Little Snow-Shoes," and a graceful winter sketch by* H. L. BROWN, *entitled "Why So Tearful?" "I Did It With My Little Hatchet" is a most amusing and timely "Comic," by Chip.*

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REGULATION OF PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

THERE is no reason that the attention which is justly paid to measures of political policy should prevent the consideration of improvements in political methods, and it is in this view that the interest in the legal regulation of primary elections is one of the good signs of the times. There is a bill pending in the New York Legislature which provides certain safeguards, but a more comprehensive and thorough regulation is needed to secure the end desired. There will always be ingenious and unscrupulous devices to pervert the methods of party government to personal objects, and to baffle and defeat an honest expression of the party will. These efforts rely for success upon party loyalty. The assumption is sound that a voter who, upon the whole, prefers one party to another, will submit to much in the party management that he does not approve, rather than aid the success of the opposition. The plausible argument urged for acquiescence is that every voter in a party can not expect to have everything just as he would choose, and must make concessions and a choice of evils. It is in this way that parties are perverted from their purposes, and that honest men sometimes find themselves supporting a party, not because it accomplishes what they wish, but because they doubt whether any other will do better.

As there is this constant tendency to perversion, there must be a constant corresponding purpose to counteract it, and to make party a faithful agent and elections honest expressions of the popular will. This is the great and radical reason for civil service reform, and it is also the argument for the regulation of primary elections. They are both means of preventing popular institutions from being turned against themselves, and the sound methods at which they aim are even more essential to the permanent prosperity of the country than a wise system of tariff taxation, because they involve directly the honest representation of the popular will. The reform of the civil service has begun by the passage of the reform bill, and the regulation of the primaries will effectively second that beginning. Each measure will aid the other. The first, by preventing the minor civil service from being treated as the spoils of party success, tends to destroy the motive for corruption of the primaries, and the purification of the primaries helps to lessen the hostility to a reformed service.

Regulation of the primaries means a preliminary election at which the individual preferences of the members of a party respecting candidates shall be ascertained. This would show the real disposition and condition of the party, which the general election, as now conducted, does not show. It would enable every voter to declare his preference, and to ascertain how far it was shared by others. It would secure an honest representation of the party sentiment in party conventions, which is now always doubtfully accomplished. It would further enable every voter, by showing him the actual relative strength of candidates, to throw his vote most effectively at the final and decisive election. But chiefly—and this is the most important consideration—it would baffle the plots of large and local "bosses" and "heelers," and re-awaken general active interest in politics by restoring to the citizen who can not make politics a business his legitimate share of influence in controlling them. Undoubtedly the skill of political knavery would gradually devise means of baffling the good operation of the reformed primaries. This is but natural. Knavery is always trying to outwit honesty. But that is only a reason for continued and continually greater diligence in withstanding it. The honest American people, as experience shows, may be trusted not only to keep their political system in repair, but constantly to improve it, and to smile, as they improve, at the sneers of the knavish and the feeble who hold the hope of progress to be folly and the light of common-sense to be mere moonshine.

THE GERRYMANDER.

THE Democratic majority in the New York Legislature should remember that the Gerrymander, although seductive, is a dangerous "wild fowl" to handle. The Congressional apportionment is to be made, and there is no question of the principles which should govern it. The districts should be composed of contiguous territory, and as nearly as may be of an equal number of inhabitants. The district basis presupposes local interests, but local interests can not be assumed of widely severed districts. Moreover, the fundamental purpose of any apportionment whatever is a just representation, and this purpose is defeated by the uncurbed antics of the Gerrymander.

It is true that the apportionment must be made by a party majority. But must party action necessarily be devoid of patriotism, and a decent respect for the public opinion which happily makes and unmakes party success? This is a question in which the Democratic majority in the New York Legislature is deeply interested. As yet that majority has done nothing whatever to help its party at the polls, and if in the new apportionment the Gerrymander should be found sprawling over the State, the penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of tricky men will be found to have its usual result. The solitary instance of real sagacity in the Democratic party since its downfall in 1860 was the canal reform of MR. TILDEN in New York in 1875–6. The motives of that reform need not be now discussed. But the fact is that a Democratic Governor of New York persuaded the State and the country that he was honestly reforming a great public abuse, and the effect upon the party fortunes was significant. But a similar result will not be produced by desperate grabbing for spoils and reckless gerrymandering.

The Apportionment Bill as presented is of the kind that will be applauded in Democratic bar-rooms as "smart." Its character and purpose are shown by combining Westchester, Putnam, and Richmond counties in one Congressional district. It might as well combine Chautauqua, Rensselaer, and Suffolk. Richmond County, indeed, is an island, and the amount of its population requires it to be attached to some other county. But of course it should be attached to its nearest neighbor. This Gerrymander, however, is declared to be approved by "the party authorities," and he will give them a very disagreeable ride. If the Democrats had offered an apportionment bill which was obviously intended to secure a just representation of the people, instead of a party advantage, they might have sacrificed one or two members of Congress, but they would have gained popular respect. The Apportionment Bill may become law, but it will not help the Democratic party.

RIGHTS THAT WE ARE BOUND TO RESPECT.

THE Friends have hitherto been the only organized body which has persistently sought justice for the Indians. The general view of the Indian question has been that which is known as the military view—that they are vermin to be exterminated. We do not say that all soldiers hold this view, for we do not forget General MILES and General CROOK and others, but it is the usual military theory. For some time, however, it has been evident that a wiser and humaner treatment of the subject was demanded, and this tendency has taken form in the organization at Philadelphia of the Indian Rights Association, of which MR. WAYNE MACVEAGH is president, MR. GEORGE M. DALLAS vice-president, and which has the support of many other of the most eminent citizens. Its general object is to secure fair play for the Indians upon certain definite and sensible principles, and to bring to bear upon the subject the force of an intelligent and resolute public opinion.

To the formation of this opinion a little pamphlet by MR. HENRY S. PANCOAST will greatly contribute. It is a sketch of *Impressions of the Sioux Tribes in* 1882, *with some First Principles in the Indian Question*, and it presents that question in a few incisive statements which must command attention. The author has no kind of "axe" to grind. He is an intelligent observer, a patriotic American, and a humane man, and his little pamphlet is a public service. In brief, the Indians are increasing in number, and not likely to decrease. They can not be exterminated without a barbarous crime of which the United States could not be guilty. They can not safely remain in their present anomalous relation to the rest of the population. The present policy of treating them as absolute dependents, without legal rights, leads to intolerable oppression and cruelty, and the obvious course for a self-respecting nation is to assimilate them. To this the obstructions are race difference and difference of political position. These must be abolished by education and legislation. Education, individual ownership of land, and equality before the law compose, therefore, the true Indian policy.

An Indian can not now bring a suit to recover a debt or wages, and a whole tribe is punished for the offense of an individual. This might be plausibly defended if we treated them honorably as tribes. But we do not. We make treaties and break treaties to suit ourselves. There are not many Indians. The last census gives but 262,366 of them altogether, of which about 60,000 are proximately civilized. Yet our treatment of them has been a national shame, and while the general situation remains unchanged we can well forbear to taunt England with the treatment of Ireland. The Indian question, however, has not been wholly neglected. Both the GRANT and the HAYES administrations did something to improve the situation. But public opinion has been very sluggish, and has rested satisfied with the thought that the Indians were disappearing by absorption and extermination. The fallacy of this impression is evident, and the organization of the association, not upon a sentimental basis, except as justice and all the highest and wisest motives are sentiments, betokens a happier era both for the white man and the Indian.

FAIR PLAY WANTED.

THE difficulty of dealing with the tariff is the difficulty of satisfying by the same measure interests which are radically opposed. In this conflict it is very easy to sacrifice the most important interests, as is shown by the extraordinary action of the Senate toward American publishers. The Senate proposed to lay a heavy tax upon the manufacture of books in this country, and to relieve the foreign manufacture of all tax whatever. In the brief debate or colloquy upon this unjust discrimination much was said about a tax upon intelligence. But what tax upon intelligence can be more unjust and fatal than that which favors the foreign publisher at the expense of the American?

The bill as amended by the Senate admitted manufactured books free, and laid a tax of twenty-five or thirty per cent. upon the material from which books are manufactured. Now the American publisher is not such an offender that he has forfeited his right to fair play. In the competition of honest trade there is no reason why he should be heavily handicapped. But this is what was accomplished by the bill as proposed, and it is one of the illustrations of the curious shortsightedness of those who do not see that a tariff must be regarded as a whole. No man can vote upon it intelligently who does not understand the relations of its various parts.

The duties upon ink, sized and unsized paper, straw, morocco, stereotype plates, and type are all maintained, and wood pulp is obliged to pay twenty per cent. The logic of all this, in any consistent or intelligent view of a tariff, is the maintenance of the duty upon the manufactured book. But the Senate was apparently unable to perceive the injustice of retaining the tax upon the materials and taking it off the product. Should this extraordinary blow at American industry be finally approved by the Senate and reach the House, we trust that it will be effectually "countered" there, and this gross injustice to a most valuable and important interest remedied.

EX-GOVERNORS MORGAN AND JEWELL.

THE late ex-Governor MORGAN, whose biography has been published in all the daily papers, was long a conspicuous figure in this community. He came to the Governorship of the State in the prime of his powers, when a great national crisis was imminent, and to be Governor of New York at the beginning of the civil war was as severe a test as could be applied to any man's capacity. It is the honor of Governor MORGAN that he was equal to the extraordinary occasion, and to its overwhelming duties. He will be always remembered as one of the American worthies who were known as the War Governors, and under his administration New York maintained her old renown.

Transferred to the Senate of the United States, his large business experience, his practical ability and trained familiarity with public affairs, made him a most serviceable representative of the State and of the great city, and his sound judgment won for him the universal respect of his colleagues. One of the foremost of successful merchants, he was attentive to business until the very end of his life, and, without lingering illness, he dies amid the general regret of the community that he had faithfully served.

A younger man, of the same tastes and career, ex-Governor MARSHALL JEWELL, of Connecticut, was buried on the day that Governor MORGAN died. A cheerful, successful, prosperous citizen, merchant, and politician, Governor JEWELL also will be sincerely regretted. His unfailing good-hu-

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mor, his shrewdness, intelligence, and *bonhomie*, made him universally popular. Like Governor MORGAN, he had been chairman of the National Republican Committee, and like him he was an unswerving party man. But there could be no bitterness in his contentions, and political friend and foe will remember him with the utmost kindness.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

AFTER lying in a foreign grave for thirty-one years, the dust of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," is brought home at last, and the feeling with which the incident is regarded was well expressed by a poet of kindred impulse in a recent number of the WEEKLY. Mr. DUYCKINCK gives a very interesting sketch of PAYNE in the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, taken in great part from a paper of his friend THEODORE S. FAY.

PAYNE was born in New York in 1792, but his father went immediately afterward to Boston, where at a very early age the boy's taste and talent for literature and the theatre appeared. Returning to New York, he was a clerk in a counting-room and a student at Union College, always with the same tastes, until in his sixteenth year, in 1809, he appeared at the old Park Theatre in New York as Young Norval. He was a successful actor, and by the advice of COOKE, PAYNE went to London in 1813. In England and France, with varying fortune, as actor, manager, and playwright, he remained for nearly twenty years. His *Brutus* was brought out by KEAN with great success in 1818. And when CHARLES KEMBLE became manager of Covent Garden, and applied to PAYNE for aid, PAYNE offered him a collection of MSS. for £230. The £30 was the sum asked for *Clari; or, the Maid of Milan*. KEMBLE bought them all. PAYNE turned *Clari* into an opera. Miss M. TREE, the older sister of ELLEN TREE, took the chief part, and sang, for the first time, "Home, Sweet Home." The play was enormously successful. Miss TREE made "a great match," and everybody made money except PAYNE, who lost not only the £25 which was to have been paid for copyright on the twentieth night, but he was not even complimented with a copy of his song. He wrote *Charles II.*, another very successful play. But still fortune refused to smile, and in 1832 he came home.

Here he had various projects, but nothing prospered. He went as consul to Tunis, then returned, and vainly sought a more congenial place, finally going back to Tunis as consul, where he died and was buried in April, 1852. There his body has rested quietly, not in a "neglected spot," but in a garden of roses and carnations and heliotropes and violets. There, too, he was kindly regarded by Europeans and the native inhabitants. On the 5th of January his coffin was disinterred, and, as a letter in the *Tribune* states, it was carried, attended by his old Arab dragoman and a few personal friends, to the little Protestant church where the chancel window is inscribed with his name. As the coffin was brought in an Englishman at the organ softly played "Sweet Home," which an American lady sweetly sang, and then it was left alone through the night, watched by the dragoman, and in the morning it was placed upon a French steamer, which sailed for Marseilles. At Marseilles it was transferred to a steamer for New York. The name of PAYNE will live in the heart of every generation by the pathetic tenderness of a single song.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A MERCHANT of the strongest Republican sympathies, and whose views are entitled to the most careful consideration as those of a man of great commercial experience and sagacity, writes us as follows:

"NAST's well-timed illustration of the old fable recalls an incident in Mr. CHASE's administration which may be worth notice by our legislators.

"I once called Mr. CHASE's attention to the importance of changing the navigation laws, when the war was beginning, telling him I wanted to use some vessels on the coast of China, but could buy foreign ships twenty-five per cent. cheaper than I could buy or build American vessels.

"His only response was, 'What is twenty-five per cent. difference to a patriotic man who honors the Stars and Stripes?'

"It looks now as if the Secretary's reply must have been sarcastic; but I think it was not, and that it indicates a general ignorance of the subject and of the laws of trade, which to-day stands in the way of any attempt to re-establish our foreign commerce.

"If the Ship Bill comes before the Senate, the following considerations are worth being weighed by the Republicans:

"To-day, by discrimination against our own people, we discourage our own merchants in the foreign trade from owning foreign-built ships, and from employing our own countrymen to man them, while any foreigner can run the same ships in our foreign trade.

"A simple law of a few lines would remove this unjust and illogical discrimination, and take away the argument it gives to the extreme Free-traders and Democrats that we are *blind* prohibitionists of American foreign trade.

"In the past this has not been of much practical importance, because our taxes, in the way of hospital money, consular fees, etc., besides our unnecessary obstruction to manning ships in the foreign trade by various laws (intended to protect our seamen, but utterly failing to do so) in regard to the methods of shipping and discharging our men, have put the American flag at such disadvantage that merchants in the foreign trade were forced to send their goods by ships not only foreign built and owned, but also managed by foreigners. Now with changes in the laws there would be more chance of our buying and ourselves manning and running foreign-built ships, while it still would not immediately restore to us *much* tonnage under our flag, unless a foreign war should occur.

"Still, it would be right, wise, and expedient to remove the existing discrimination against our owning foreign-built ships of all sizes for the foreign trade.

"You will readily see that the same trade could be done cheaper by our competitors in these cheaper ships, and such has been the result to a large extent.

"Of course I can get my foreign goods carried under the English and other foreign flags, and should only be bankrupt if I tried to compete with them in American-built vessels.

"I might *then*, as I *can now*, by hiring an English capitalist to play the part of owner, enjoy the empty honor of running ships under the British flag, but the game would not be worth the candle, after paying my English capitalist and my British ship-master; and now, from this and similar causes, the ownership of the cargoes has gradually passed, with the ownership of the vessels, very largely into the hands of foreigners.

"It is easier to lose a trade than to regain it, and the right to own foreign ships for the foreign trade, with simply the advantage of the protection of the American flag, and of putting an American captain on their quarter-decks instead of an Englishman, and of paying the smaller hospital money which the proposed new law permits, would promise but slow growth to our tonnage until some foreign war looms up or breaks out. So the change I suggest would bear very little fruit in our recorded statistics of trade, and I advocate it chiefly because it is right and logical, and puts the Republican majority on record as correcting another of the mistakes of our navigation laws, and giving our merchants, ship-masters, and seamen equal privileges in the foreign trade with foreigners, instead of discriminating against our own people, as we do now.

"I don't regard it as a panacea for the decline of our shipping, but only as one step toward putting our commerce into a position to avail of the next European war cloud or the next rise in the value of vessels. The free-traders in ships could not refuse it, and the time seems to me favorable for making the change.

"I think I know the policy which has governed the extreme men of the free-trade persuasion. They do not want free ships admitted to purchase, because the practical gain will be small, while the change would take away one of their strongest arguments for a radical and important change.

"This indifference of theirs to getting a small step ought to induce the protectionists of our party at this critical juncture to put themselves right by taking the small step of admitting to the protection of the flag all foreign-built ships *bought for the foreign trade alone*, so as to put American merchants, ship-masters, and seamen on as good a footing as foreigners are now.

"AN OLD CHINA TRADER."

WAGNER.

IN another column the reader will find a careful review of the genius and career of WAGNER, and in HARPER'S MONTHLY for March a paper upon *Parsifal* has a timely interest as a graphic description of the composer's last great triumph. WAGNER was undoubtedly one of the great individual forces of the century. Across smiling uplands and lesser heights the mighty Bernese Alps look to the Jura, and so over many a delightful group of charming composers the genius of WAGNER towers responsive to that of BEETHOVEN.

It is a revolutionary genius, and it can not be welcome to the musical taste which was trained and confirmed in another school. Its disciples are naturally intolerant of other styles, and unjust to other men. But that is the characteristic of all great innovations. As EMERSON wisely says, if Nature would carry a point, she overloads the tendency.

In this country THEODORE THOMAS introduced WAGNER, and it is one of his signal musical services. He encountered much incredulity and opposition, but he persevered and conquered. There is no doubt of the tendency of the musical taste of the later generation, and it is useless to deny or resist it. WORDSWORTH and TENNYSON follow BYRON, JENNY LIND succeeds MALIBRAN, in the enthusiastic admiration of a new day. The most resolute skeptic of the "music of the future" who was so fortunate as to be present on the WAGNER afternoon at the Musical Festival last May could no more withstand or deny the power and exquisite charm of that music than a leaf could help floating upon a stream. It was undoubtedly a musical revelation to many a hearer, and it was certainly a triumphant reward for the fidelity of THOMAS. Madame MATERNA said, as it ended, that she wished only that WAGNER might have been in the great hall to hear this music rendered as it never had been rendered before. WAGNER'S influence in his own day has been great, and it is of a kind that will increase rather than decline.

PERSONAL.

DR. MCCOSH advises the trustees of Princeton College to establish a school of philosophy equal or superior to any in this country. The branches of learning that would be taught in such a school are "those on which Princeton College has set the highest value in ages past, and which are regarded as the most important by the great body of Presbyterian ministers and the old friends of the college."

—The Rev. Mr. BJERRING, formerly priest of the Greek chapel in New York, which the Russian government recently decided to discontinue, has applied for membership in the presbytery of this city, and it is expected that his application will be favorably entertained.

—In painting a portrait of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Mr. J. W. ALEXANDER is complimented by a Boston critic for having caught "the whimsical expression which the face of Dr. HOLMES always carries."

—Many artists, says Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER, paint the technique, but miss the public. "We must produce the idea that will impress others, and must make it impress them as strongly as it did us."

—The exterior stone-work of Westminster Abbey has been disintegrating so rapidly as to be a source of danger, the mischief being caused by the constant deposit of grimy particles which have made the structure look so black. The Dean and Chapter have decided that the Abbey must be refaced.

—Speaking at a public meeting for furthering the erection of a memorial to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon FARRAR said that eighteen of the Archbishop's predecessors had been sainted, and very many more had borne in meekness and gentleness their earthly honors, but there had never been till then a spontaneous public movement in honor of the memory of a deceased primate.

—The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS (says the Boston *Post*) writes from India, where he is travelling, that no country charms him so much as his own, and that he will experience no happiness during his absence equal to that of returning home and rejoining Trinity Church and its worshippers. "No man ever went abroad whose reception on his return was more heart-felt and cordial than will be that which will greet PHILLIPS BROOKS when he shall once more reach his native city."

—Mr. PETER COOPER began his ninety-third year on the 12th of February, when a dinner in his honor was given by his son-in-law, Mr. ABRAM S. HEWITT, and many floral tokens of appreciation were received at his home.

—In the streets of New York, according to the London *Spectator*, the women are terribly overdressed, and the men's faces wear a sad, preoccupied, almost saturnine expression. Yet "at bottom the American is of a singularly good-natured disposition."

—The late ADELAIDE NEILSON'S mother tells a reporter that it is a great mistake for an actress to marry at all. "She must choose one life or the other to succeed in either."

—At the recent annual meeting of the Baptist Social Union, at DELMONICO'S, the Rev. T. EDWIN BROWN, D.D., of Providence, Rhode Island, maintained "the right of gray-haired ministers of Jesus Christ to a place in Christian pulpits." In no other profession, he said, is a man's capacity gauged by the color of his hair. Law, medicine, and statesmanship have their richest honors and highest rewards for gray-haired capacity. Old age has its triumphs everywhere but in the ministry.

—Mr. F. SEYMOUR HADEN remembers well how when he was a boy he used to save his money until he had twenty-five or fifty dollars, and having bought an exquisite engraving, would sit up all night with it. But in his later years he sits up with etchings instead.

—From a suburban newspaper: "We heard a pastor of one of our most prominent churches decline an addition of $100 to his salary, for the reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labors heretofore had been to collect his salary, and it would kill him to collect $100 more."

—Mr. WILL CARLETON, author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," and other popular poems, is attracting large and interested audiences to his "original monologue entertainments," entitled, "The Golden Horse," and "The Science of Home." These are lectures in verse, illustrated with recitations of some of his published ballads and other poems.

—In the recently published *Diaries and Letters of Philip Henry*, father of the commentator MATTHEW HENRY, the writer says that he saw the beheading of CHARLES I.: "I stood amongst the crowd in the street before Whitehal gate, where the scaffold was erected, and saw what was done, but was not so near as to hear anything. The blow I saw given, and can truly say with a sad heart; at the instant whereof, I remember well, there was such a Grone by the thousands then present as I never heard before, and desire I may never hear again."

—Queen VICTORIA has presented a life-size marble bust of herself to her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany, who expects to visit her next spring.

—Mr. RUSKIN declines to room in one of the college buildings at Oxford during his professorship. Nor will he stay at all—to quote his own words—"in a city of brick lodging-houses and scraped schools." He will take board in the neighboring country.

—Miss ADA LEIGH sends from Paris some terrible statistics of suicide among children. In four years one hundred and ninety-eight boys and forty girls under fifteen years of age destroyed themselves. Two hundred of these children were over twelve years. Six of them were not yet nine.

—The late fright of France at the manifesto of Prince NAPOLEON recalls to a foreign writer a story about Mlle. RACHEL, the great *tragédienne*. One night in 1848 the lady was in the green-room of the Théâtre Français, previous to going on the stage to recite the "Marseillaise." Attired as a Republic, with a Phrygian bonnet, and carrying a tricolor standard, she paced the floor, rehearsing in a terrible voice fragments of ROUGET DE L'ISLE'S hymn, "Aux armes, citoyens," etc. But suddenly she uttered a piercing scream, dropped her flag, and threw herself into the arms of the actor REGNIER. She had seen a mouse.

—The London *News* declares that "Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S saying that 'good Americans when they die go to Paris' is sufficient to immortalize him."

—"General" BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, in England, has, like Archbishop PURCELL, of Cincinnati, gone into banking on his own account. During the last year he borrowed, for building purposes, more than $100,000, on which he paid interest at the rate of 6½, 7, and 7½ per cent., and he now offers to receive from his friends deposits of any amount above £5 "for fixed periods at fixed rates of interest." Some persons, he says, have already given him money in return for "an undertaking or bond drawn up by our solicitors engaging to pay them a yearly sum during their natural life equal to 5 per cent. per annum upon the capital amount"; so that the "General" seems to be safely started on the road to inextricable trouble.

—Mrs. EMMA B. DREXEL, wife of FRANCIS A. DREXEL, of Philadelphia, who died a short time since, paid the rent of more than one hundred and fifty poor families, and distributed among the poor over twenty thousand dollars a year. She employed a woman to institute inquiry into the merits of each applicant, and every week dispensed groceries, clothing, and money to the poor, who gathered every Tuesday in the rear of her residence. She will be greatly missed.

—A letter from SHELLEY, recently published, describes a visit to an Italian convent where ALLEGRA, the short-lived child of BYRON and CLAIRE CLAREMONT, was at school. "ALLEGRA," wrote the poet, "yet retains the beauty of her deep blue eyes and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness which, mixed with her excessive vivacity, has a very peculiar effect in a child. Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, and hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk, with trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were a striking contrast to the other children there. She seemed a thing of a finer and a higher order. At first she was very shy, but after a little caressing, and especially after I had given her a gold chain which I had bought at Ravenna for her, she grew more familiar, and led me all over the garden and over the convent, running and skipping so fast that I could hardly keep up with her."

—JOHN G. WHITTIER'S house at Amesbury, Massachusetts, is a plain white-painted wooden building, standing at the corner of two streets, and having in front of it some forest trees, chiefly maples. His study is a cozy little room at the rear of the house, with windows looking out upon a long strip of yard filled with pear-trees and vines. Upon one side of the room are shelves holding five or six hundred volumes, among which are noticeable CHARLES READE'S novels and the poems of ROBERT BROWNING. On the walls hang oil-paintings of views on the Merrimac River and other Essex County scenes, including Mr. WHITTIER'S birth-place.

—A sale of the pictures and studio effects of the unfortunate French caricaturist ANDRÉ GILL, who is now confined in an insane asylum near Paris, brought only two thousand dollars. The money will be expended in providing him with some comforts.

—At a fancy-dress ball given by the Lord Mayor of London one of the guests appeared as "a red Indian in a real dress" (whatever that may mean), "with scalp and red face most legitimately painted," while a husband and wife represented North American Indian slaves, their necks, arms, and hands covered with brown flesh-ing, and their faces dyed to match. Each wore a crown of feathers, and heavy bracelets united by chains.

—The appointment by President ARTHUR of First-Lieutenant CHARLES ALFRED BOOTH, First United States Infantry, to fill the position of Captain and Assistant-Quartermaster, as successor to the late Major E. D. BAKER, is a step in the line of civil service reform. Captain BOOTH has served nineteen years in the army—three on the Adjutant-General's staff during the civil war, when he was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and sixteen years in the line. During these nineteen years he has had but nine months' leave of absence, six of which were passed in taking a medical degree at the Buffalo University of Medicine; and during the eleven years in which he has acted as Post Quartermaster and Commissary, in addition to his regular duties, not a single error has ever occurred in his money accounts. He is a popular and highly respected officer, whose advancement will be hailed with satisfaction by his comrades.

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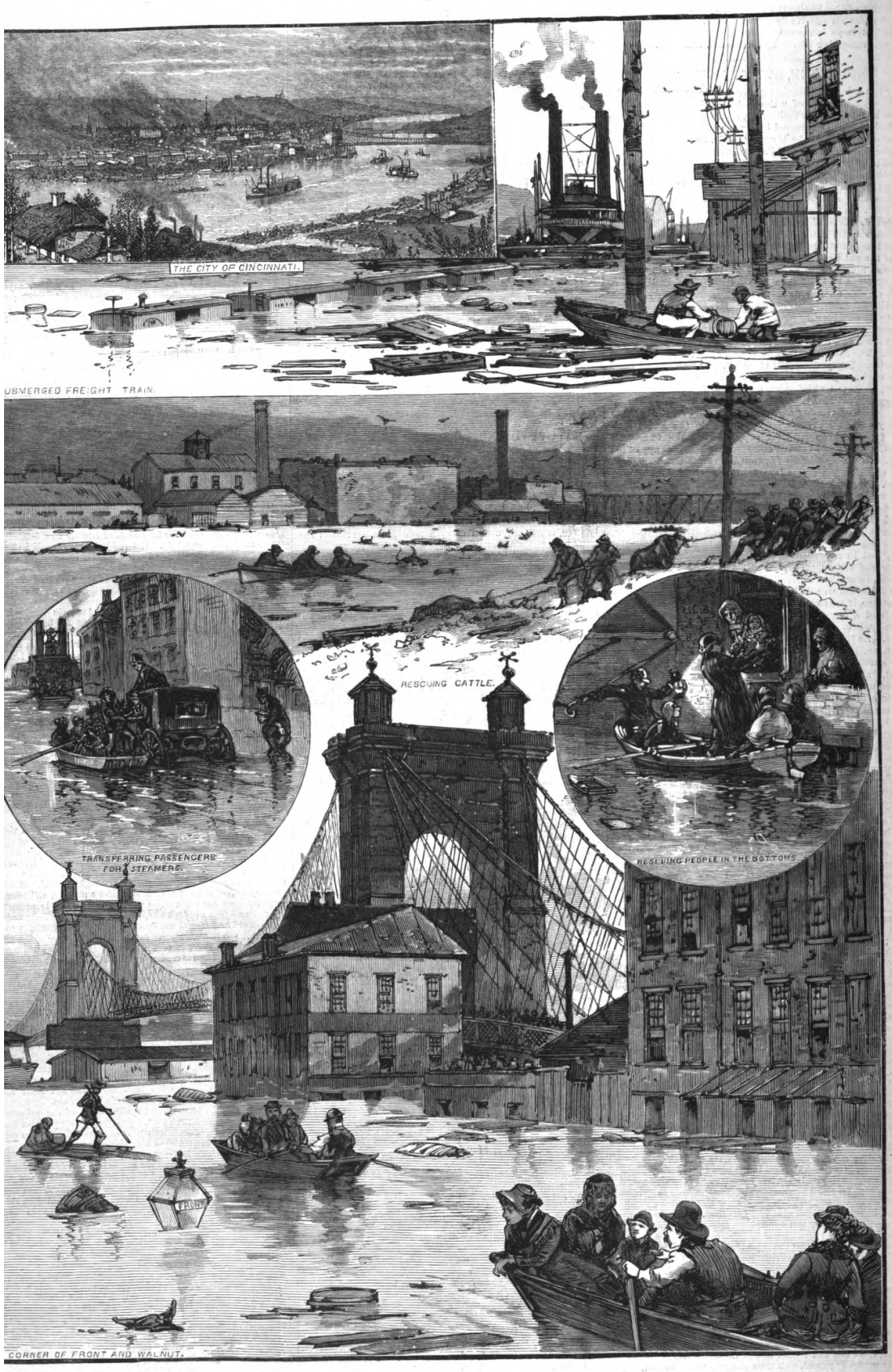

THE GREAT FLOODS—THE INUNDATION OF CINCINNATI.—From Sketches by V. F. H. Farny.—[See Page 123.]

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"From Tolland's Farm?"

"Ay, that's it;" and Fladge threw his head back and laughed in his old manner again.

This half-witted fellow had gone back five years of his life surely. Never did those years seem more like a bad dream to Fladge than with himself at Skegs Shore again, and at his post. Never in all his life had he felt more proud and happy, and inclined to roar with laughter at his happiness, and then break down like a blubbering school-boy, being confused and distraught, and not realizing the new position yet.

"Has anything happened?" Greg inquired.

"No. He wanted me, and here I am. Ho! ho!"

"And how long are you to remain, Fladge? How will you get back to Tolland's to-night?" asked Greg.

"I'm not going back no more," cried Fladge; "I'm here for good! He takes me back without a word—without a hard word to say again me; jest as I was when you were no more than a kid. Think of that!"

"I am thinking of it," replied Greg, slowly.

"They said," remarked Fladge, dropping his voice into a husky whisper, as they passed into the stable-yard, "that the master never forgave; but he does! he does! he does! Look at me, Mr. Greg! Just see!"

"Yes, but don't make that infernal noise," cried Greg.

"I can't help it," answered Fladge; "I'm not settled down. When he sent word I was to come, I thought I should have gone clean raving mad for joy. Only to fancy I'm back again!" he cried, as he led Greg's horse into the stable, where Greg followed him, still anxious for a clearer light upon the case.

"Did he say why he wanted you?" inquired Greg.

"No."

"Have you asked him to come back?"

"I durstn't," said Fladge. "I thought it was settled clean I shouldn't be in this house again; that he never, never would do anything but hate me. I didn't expect it, Master Greg—I didn't for a blessed moment even."

"I suppose not."

"He thought I killed Morris Brake. He thought the very worst of me."

"He did."

"And isn't it like the five years back too, now? Lord's sakes! it's awful like. Ho! ho! ho!" Fladge cried. "And the parson and his daughter in the house, jest as it was; all but Morris. He can't come back—no more."

"Do you wish he could, Fladge?"

"Yes."

"So do I."

And then Greg Dorward walked away, and left this new prodigal to attend to his horse, and exult by himself at the great change.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT LAST.

WHEN Greg entered the farm parlor he found the occupants were Lucy Brake, her father, and Kitty. They were sitting very grave and silent, as if waiting for something, or some one; the tea things were on the table, and an urn smoking there; perhaps they were only waiting tea for John Woodhatch.

Were Greg's nerves quite so completely at his own command that day, or was he more than usually acute, to fancy there was a difference in their looks and manners which was foreign to their ordinary moods?

There were no books or work about; the three inmates of the parlor were simply sitting still that afternoon, and with faces which had a story to tell.

"Good-afternoon," he said. "How is Miss Brake?"

"Miss Brake is warse," answered Mr. Larcom, for the trio; "much warse."

"That is bad news," said Greg. Then he glanced toward Kitty, whom he thought it strange also to find sitting there, who surely should have been by her mistress's side in the last awful hour when the night closes in for humanity, and the stars only shine.

"Yes, it is bad news," replied Kitty, as she met his glance; and then her lips quivered, and she was silent.

"Has Mr. Woodhatch been sent for?" asked Greg.

"He has not left the hoose-place to-day," Mr. Larcom answered; "not stirred a foot from the farm."

"Where is he, then?" asked Greg, anxiously.

"Oh! upstairs with her. She will have no one else, see no one else, allow no human being to come within fifty yards of her room," said Mr. Larcom, techily; "not even a meenester of the Garspel, who would be of no small sarveece to her posseebly at such a time as this."

"Where are the doctors?" asked Greg, as if the idea had struck him suddenly that the doctors might be of more service to Miss Brake in the present emergency than Alec Larcom or John Woodhatch. But this was not in his thoughts, although the Methodist thought it was, and scowled at him from under his shaggy gray brows.

"They've gone," cried Kitty; "oh! they have given her up—they can do no more; the only friend I have ever had is lost to me."

"Ye've lots of freends, Kitty," muttered Mr. Larcom; but Kitty shrugged her shoulders as though that remark was open to question, had she been disposed to argue with him. Greg meanwhile had sat down apart from the rest, with his face averted from them, and his gaze directed to the fire-place, where some paper-work from Kitty Vanch's deft fingers was displayed by way of summer decoration.

"Mr. Woodhatch has known Miss Brake a great many years, has he not?" Greg asked, after a short silence.

"A great many," answered Lucy.

"She will leave him all her money, then," said Greg, with a short, hard laugh, as strangely out of place as his remark, which certainly staggered Mr. Larcom by its suddenness.

"Do ye think that, Greg? What's put that notion into your head?" he inquired. "Have ye heard anything, now, aboot it?"

"I don't know anything," was the absent answer.

"John's rich enough without her money. And what he has he does not make good use of," said Mr. Larcom; "he wastes an awful heap of it on people who don't desarve it. He always did."

"He wastes it on the vile and criminal, you mean," replied Greg, half absently still, but with a ring of bitter satire in his words—"on those who reward his efforts for their good by sinking deeper into evil; who, for the blessing he would bring to them, give back a curse. Like Kitty and me!"

"No, no," cried Kitty. She had risen, and was standing by the door, to which she had crossed when arrested by Greg's words. "That is not true. I bring no curse to him."

"Ay, but there's some truth in what Greg says," remarked Mr. Larcom, "and that is what I implied in part—not meaning ye or Kitty, though. God forbeed!"

"We are the bright examples," muttered Greg; "that is very evident."

"I'm sure ye are," said Mr. Larcom: "I was not thinking of either of ye two; don't fancy it. I'm not quite a brute, Greg Dorward."

"I am glad to hear it."

Mr. Larcom came to Greg's side, and put his red hand on his shoulder.

"What's come to ye, Greg, to-day?" he asked. "Ye are not often like this."

"I don't know," answered Greg, more graciously: "I am tired and out of temper. Don't mind me, Mr. Larcom."

Kitty listened to his reply, and then went out of the room. Lucy looked from him to her father, but did not intrude upon their conversation.

"I have offended ye, Greg," Mr. Larcom continued; "and though I say hard words, I don't go out of my way to give any man offanse. It is not the priveleege of my office."

"It shouldn't be," said Greg.

"It is not."

Greg stared harder than ever at Kitty's fire ornament as he said, "Whom were you thinking of when you said Mr. Woodhatch wasted his money?"

"I was thinking of one or two who have gone away from here in John Woodhatch's time and mine," replied the parson.

"Were you thinking of Spikins for one?"

"No. Though he was not a good sparceemen, I take it."

"A man who died with a lie in his mouth, Fladge tells me," said Greg; "but then Fladge is a strange beast too."

"He came here this afternoon. He has returned for good," commented Mr. Larcom.

"For good!" echoed Greg; "yes, he says so."

The door opened again, and he looked round with a start, as though his nerves *were* unstrung that evening. It was Kitty who re-entered, and to whom Lucy cried,

"How is she now? Will she see me?"

"Not yet," answered Kitty.

"Is Mr. Woodhatch with her still?" asked the parson.

"Yes; he is writing to her dictation, I think; and he reads at times to her what he has written," answered Kitty, whose face was very white and rigid, as though the near approach of death had scared her. Greg, looking keenly at her, saw this; Lucy and her father had only glanced in her direction.

"She's making another will," almost moaned Mr. Larcom, "and taking no one's adveece but John's, but a more unpractical man does not exeest on mortal earth. Now if—"

"Kitty, what is the matter?" exclaimed Lucy, springing up with a half scream, as Kitty reeled slightly, and put her hand against the wall to save herself from falling.

"Nothing—nothing," answered the girl; "I shall be better in a minute. It is so close at hand!"

"It is our common inheritance," muttered Mr. Larcom, like a man repeating mechanically one of the stock phrases of his calling; "we have no need to be afraid."

The door opened again sharply, and once more Greg Dorward started and looked over his shoulder toward the new-comer rather than at the old sweetheart, who had been alarmed at the oncoming of God's messenger. This time it was Mrs. Chadderton who entered, with an addition to the tea equipage. She was at Kitty's side at once, and looking steadfastly into her face.

"You are not well, Miss Vanch," she said.

"No—yes, thank you; I shall be better in a minute," answered Kitty.

"You have been too constant in your attention to your mistress; you have worn yourself out," said Mrs. Chadderton; "and—and if you will allow me to say so—"

"I am very strong," answered Kitty.

"How is Miss Brake now?" asked the housekeeper.

"Worse. She is raving mad again," said Kitty, with a shudder.

"Poor lady! Was she ever very sane, I wonder?" said Greg Dorward. "I should be glad to see her, if I might be permitted at the last."

"God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers," a great writer has told us before this, and with a suddenness that was remarkable, a maid-servant of the farm opened the door immediately the words had escaped Greg, and said,

"If you please, Mr. Woodhatch wishes to know if Mr. Dorward has come back?"

"Did you not tell him?" asked Greg of Kitty.

"No," was the slow reply.

"Yes, I am back, you see," he said, spreading his hands before the fire-place, as though a fire was there and he was cold.

"Will you please to step upstairs, Mr. Dorward?"

"Upstairs," said Greg, rising to his feet; "certainly. Does Mr. Woodhatch wish to see me?"

"Miss Brake wishes to see you, sir."

"Indeed!"

He straightened himself as though cramped by sitting in one attitude so long, and looked from Alec Larcom to his daughter Lucy, thence to Mrs. Chadderton and her unacknowledged daughter Kitty, dwelling longest on the last face, as if endeavoring to read there something which was written for his behoof alone, unless the big dark eyes deceived him very much. After this he went steadily out of the room, and Kitty followed him, despite her new weakness, and a hand that had been suddenly put forth to restrain her by Mrs. Chadderton.

"Greg! Greg!" she exclaimed, in the corridor, and in an excited whisper, "don't go upstairs to-night!"

He stopped, and looked hard into her face.

"Why do you ask me not to go?"

"For your own sake."

"I have seen women die before," he answered. "It is not the first time, Kitty, in our lives that we have seen the dead or dying. They went off pretty quickly at Bolter's Rents. Didn't they, girl?"

"Why do you speak of Bolter's Rents to-night?"

"I am so close to them," he answered.

"No, no!—God forbid!"

"Very close," he added, as he moved on with Kitty's hold upon his arm.

"You *will* go, then?"

"Yes: what have I to fear?"

"Everything. Be on your guard, my poor Greg, for God's sake!"

Then Kitty left him—went with a rush and a stifled cry away from him, and he looked after her in a stupefied way for an instant before resuming his progress upstairs. As the daylight fell upon him from the windows of the corridor it seemed a sad face enough, with a new resolve upon it, which gathered strength with every step he took. He did not falter in any way, but went on steadily to the door of the sick-room. Here he knocked and waited, listening to the heavy footsteps of John Woodhatch crossing the room to admit him. The door opened, and the master of Farm Forlorn stood in the entry, looking as stern and grave as he who stood on the threshold for admittance.

"You sent for me, Mr. Woodhatch," said Greg.

"Miss Brake did, not I," answered Woodhatch. "You do not mind seeing her?"

"No. I have been saying down-stairs that I should be glad to see her once more in this life."

"Come in, then."

John Woodhatch put out his strong hand and took Greg Dorward by the wrist, and, after closing the door behind him, led him into the room, like a little child who might not know his way, or who wanted guidance terribly, or who he fancied might break from him and run shrieking from the house did he not hold him fast. Strange it was, the action; stranger still that at that moment it should have reminded Greg of the old days when John Woodhatch brought him from the Reformatory at Fretwell's into the sunshine beyond his prison-school and went with him on the road to Farm Forlorn.

They crossed the room together—they faced a thin, ghastly figure propped up by cushions in the bed, a woman with deep, dark rings underneath her eyes, which were large and black and lustrous, and with the dread seal of coming death upon her.

"Hester, he has come."

"I see," she whispered back; "now ask him."

"Now?"

"Yes—at once."

"Greg," said John Woodhatch, in a deep, hoarse voice, "this poor dying woman charges you with the murder of her brother Morris. Is that true?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALENTINE'S DAY.

SOME sixteen hundred years ago to-day poor Bishop Valentine was beaten to death with clubs. No good reason has ever been offered for what may well be called this somewhat harsh treatment of an elderly prelate, but that his crime was considered insignificant as compared with his punishment may be inferred from the fact that Mother Church has consecrated the 14th of February to his memory. On the other hand, it would be casting a cruel reflection upon all the persons who assisted at his death to suppose that they thumped the old Bishop for no reason whatever, like the little boys who appear in police courts for thumping a cat "just because it was there." It is contrary to common-sense to suppose that grown-up people would beat a bishop for the mere fun of the thing. It is at any rate more charitable to conjecture that he had in some way or other aroused local prejudice against himself, and, for myself, I am quite ready to accept proof that he was put to death for having objected to his parishioners sending valentines. If this was really the case—and there is no evidence to prove that it was not—it is easy enough to understand how warmly the pastoral and bucolic mind of those times would take up the question, and the whole scene of the outrage is at once presented to the imagination.

The swains of the neighborhood, leaving their dogs to tend their simple flocks under the hawthorns in the dales, had no doubt come into the town for the day to see their sweethearts, and there hearing for the first time of the somewhat prudish order that had gone forth from the episcopal chair, were talking the matter over with something of that foolish ardor incidental to youth, especially at spring-time, when, as bad luck would have it, the old Bishop happened to come along. A glance at the prelate was sufficient to show that he, at any rate, had received no valentines for many a long year past, and if there is one thing more than another which inflames youth, it is that dog-in-the-mangerish spirit that sometimes prompts old age to forbid the young to frolic. The rest of the story is soon told. The Bishop, suspecting mischief from the angry looks of the knot of shepherd youths and their menacing gestures with their crooks, turned into a side way, and gradually quickening his steps, at last set off to run to his residence as hard as he could go. This was too much for the lads, who, with a whoop and a halloo, burst at once into chase. They soon overtook Dr. Valentine, and each sweetheart as he passed by gave him a thump with his crook, and one thump being unfortunately harder than the rest, it killed him.

The rumor soon got abroad that the Bishop had been clubbed to death in his own front garden by a gang of ruffians from the hills, and all the girls of the place being interested in keeping the real facts a secret, the true story never came out. The sad event cast, no doubt, a gloom—as the newspapers of the day said—over a large circle of sorrowing friends; but the Bishop who succeeded to the diocese rescinded the obnoxious order, and it has never again been repeated.

I can not, of course, undertake to carry on the thread of episcopal history to our own days, and so it must suffice here to say that in the lapse of years so utterly obscured did the facts of the past become that the old Bishop's name actually got transferred to love-tokens and lovers generally; and he himself, the poor, honest, straitlaced gentleman, has come down to us as the very high-priest of Love. Such are the revenges which the whirligig of time brings round!

Fashion in valentines, however, changes, as in everything else. Only a few years ago these pretty billets-doux were becoming "vulgar," and indeed in a very modern work the 14th of February is described as a "degenerated festival" upon which "jocular anonymous letters are sent to persons one wishes to quiz, and these chiefly by the humbler classes. Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good." If the writer of such impiety had himself received a "jocular anonymous letter" of the kind he mentions, we can understand some of his spleen; but even such a libel upon the great festival of lovers deserved all the wrath of Hymen and his court, and their retribution. But a few years have worked a great change, and each succeeding February has seen the tributes of the devotees of Cupid increasing in artistic beauty and in intrinsic costliness, so it may be that the Court of Love has now overlooked the slight that was once put upon its annual festival. It would, indeed, be an exacting deity that was not mollified by the extraordinary sacrifice now offered at the shrine of youthful love; for nowadays what could be more beautiful than the little miracles of art which fill the shop windows with a butterfly burst of colors—ephemeral trifles too dainty almost to be moved from the box in which they nestle? Cupid might well be proud of his triumph as he surveys these parterres of affectionate souvenirs—spring blossoms that have suddenly come out full blown in a night, and as pretty in their exquisite imitation of nature, whether in shape, or scent, or hue, as the real hyacinths and cyclamens, lilies-of-the-valley and snow-drops, now to be found in the florists' windows. Flowers, of course, have always had and still retain the preference in emblems for the conveyance of love-tokens; but modern art has ransacked nature in every corner, and there is hardly anything either beautiful or curious known to science that has not been impressed into the service of the sweetheart. Poetry and prose have alike been rifled for tender sentiments, and thus on the same sheet the wealthy wooer may send the gems of nature illustrated by gems of fancy to plead his cause. But the genuine valentine should be nothing more than a daintily emblazoned expression of affection. Sweethearts—the prettiest word in the English language—should need no more substantial token of each other's devotion than gilded vows on lace paper, decked out with love-knots and all the other mystic symbols of the love-god's power; and yet, as if love were not all-sufficing for lovers, the Prince of Hearts is nowadays affronted with offerings of solid worth and of practical utility. Tradesmen, trading upon the affections, freight their valentines with articles of the toilet and the dress, and degenerate lovers, hopeless of making bright eyes brighter by the mere expression of their love, try to bribe them to sparkle with presents!

Sweethearts fortunately are always young, and so the valentine that asks to be treasured only for what it means, and not to be valued for what it gives, will ever be in abundant demand. For sweet seventeen, looking like Walpole's widowed turtle-dove, "so allicholy as anything" over the sheet of transfixed hearts and interlacing mottoes, will always be among us to carry on the traditions of the 14th from generation to generation. It would, indeed, be a pity if Valentine's Day became, as New-Year's has already become, a TAX upon friendship and relations, and instead of the innocent interchange of sentiments between the unmarried, relapsed into the serious duties of the valentining of Pepys's days, when all the children and ladies of London waylaid their bachelor acquaintances and well-to-do relations and robbed them of presents. Yet though the signs of such a relapse seem somewhat threatening, and shop windows are dressed out rather to tempt the purse than to flatter Cupid, there is always room for hope so long as there are girls.

PHIL ROBINSON.

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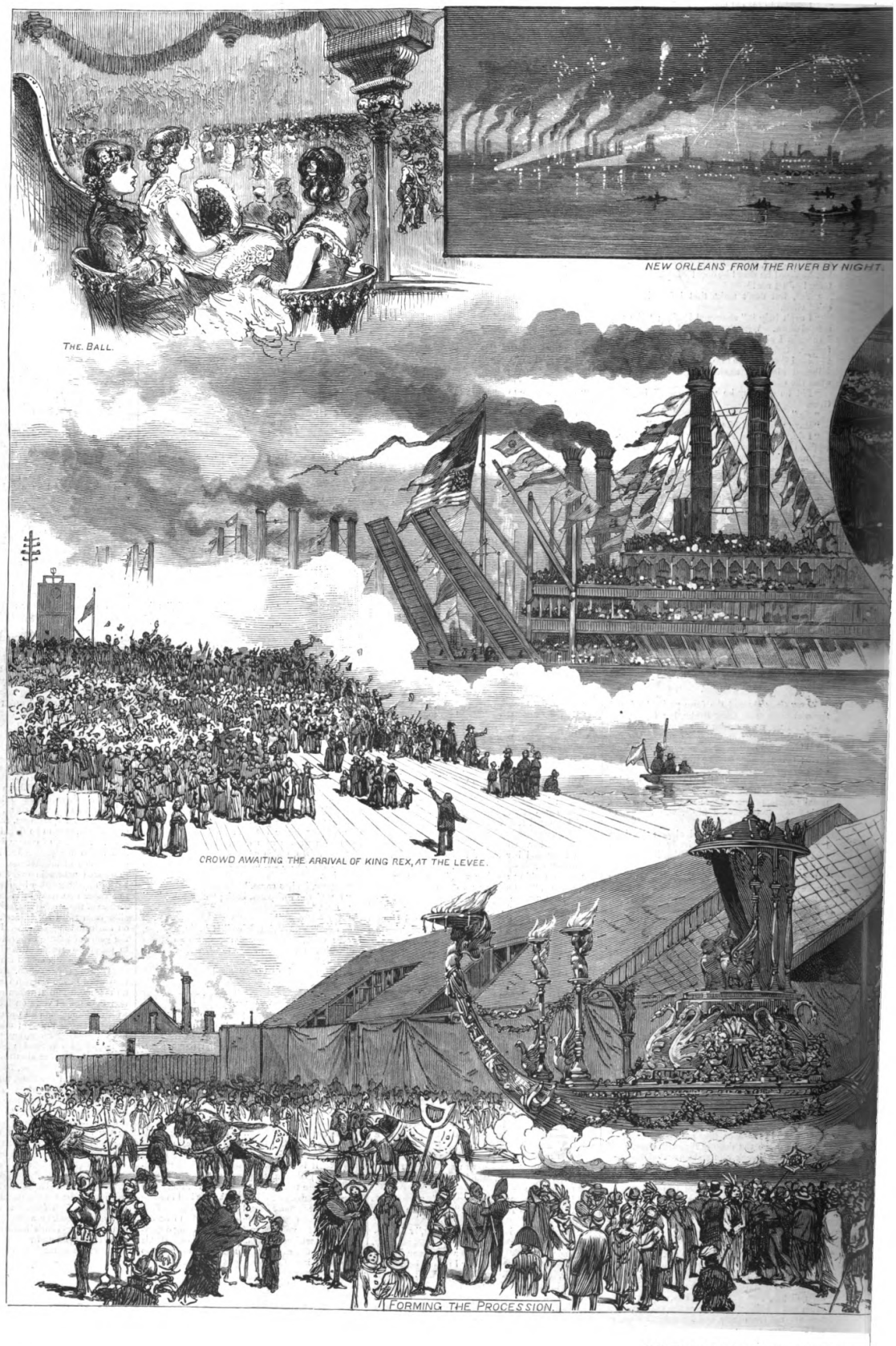

THE BALL.

NEW ORLEANS FROM THE RIVER BY NIGHT.

CROWD AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF KING REX, AT THE LEVEE.

FORMING THE PROCESSION.

NEW ORLEANS IN CARNIVAL

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—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 122.]

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WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

I.

ON A NEW PHILOSOPHY: THAT POVERTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

It is commonly asserted that there are in the United States no classes, and any allusion to classes is resented. On the other hand, we constantly read and hear discussions of social topics in which the existence of social classes is assumed as a simple fact. "The poor," "the weak," "the laborers," are expressions which are constantly used as if they had exact and well-understood definition. Discussions are constantly made to bear upon the assumed rights, wrongs, and misfortunes of certain social classes, and all public speaking and writing consists, in a large measure, of the discussion of general plans for meeting the wishes of classes of people who have not been able to satisfy their own desires. These classes are sometimes discontented, and sometimes not. Sometimes they do not know that anything is amiss with them until the "friends of humanity" come to them with offers of aid. Sometimes they are discontented and envious. They do not take their achievements as a fair measure of their rights. They do not blame themselves or their parents for their lot, as compared with that of other people. They raise claims against society, and they find orators, poets, and essayists to assure them that they have grievances.

It is very popular to pose as a "friend of humanity," or a "friend of the working classes." The character, however, is quite exotic in the United States. It is borrowed from England, where some men, otherwise of small account, have assumed it with great success and advantage. Anything which has a charitable sound and a kind-hearted tone passes without investigation generally, because it is disagreeable to assail it. Sermons, essays, and orations assume a conventional standpoint with regard to the poor, the weak, etc., and it is allowed to pass as an unquestioned doctrine in regard to social classes that "the rich" ought to "care for the poor," that churches especially ought to collect capital from the rich and spend it for the poor, that parishes ought to be clusters of institutions by means of which one social class should perform its duties to another, and that clergymen, economists, and social philosophers have a technical and professional duty to devise schemes for "helping the poor." The preaching in England used all to be done to the poor—that they ought to be contented with their lot and respectful to their betters. Now the greatest part of the preaching in America consists in injunctions to those who have taken care of themselves to perform their assumed duty to take care of others. Whatever may be one's private sentiments, the fear of appearing cold and hard-hearted causes these conventional theories of social duty and these assumptions of social fact to pass unchallenged.

Let us notice some distinctions which are of prime importance to a correct consideration of the subject which we intend to treat. Certain ills belong to the hardships of human life. They are natural. They are part of the struggle with nature for existence. We can not blame our fellow-men for our share of these. My neighbor and I are both struggling to free ourselves from these ills. The fact that my neighbor has succeeded in this struggle better than I constitutes no grievance for me. Certain other ills are due to the malice of men, and to the imperfections or errors of civil institutions. These ills are an object of agitation, and a subject of discussion. The former class of ills is to be met only by manly effort and energy. The latter may be corrected by associated effort. The former class of ills is constantly grouped and generalized, and made the object of social schemes. We shall see what that means. The second class of ills may fall on certain social classes, and reform will take the form of interference by one class on behalf of another. The last fact is no doubt the reason why people have been led, not noticing distinctions, to believe that the same method was applicable to the other class of ills. It will also be important, in order to clear up our ideas about the notions which are in fashion, to note the relation of the economic to the political significance of assumed duties of one class to another. Great confusion and consequent error is produced by allowing these two elements to become entangled in the discussion. Especially we shall need to notice the attempts to apply legislative methods of reform to the ills which belong to the order of nature.

There is no possible definition of "a poor man." A pauper is a person who can not earn his living; whose producing powers have fallen positively below his necessary consumption; who can not, therefore, pay his way. A human society needs the active co-operation and productive energy of every person in it. A man who is present as a consumer, yet who does not contribute either by land, labor, or capital to the work of society, is a burden. On no sound political theory ought such a person to share in the political power of the state. He drops out of the ranks of workers and producers. Society must support him. It accepts the burden, but he must be cancelled from the ranks of the rulers likewise. So much for the pauper. About him no more need be said. But he is not the "poor man." The poor man is an elastic term under which any number of social fallacies may be hidden.

Neither is there any possible definition of "the weak." Some are weak in one way and some in another, and those who are weak in one sense are strong in another. In general, however, it may be said that those whom humanitarians and philanthropists call the weak are the ones through whom the productive and conservative forces of society are wasted. They constantly neutralize and destroy the finest efforts of the wise and industrious, and are a dead-weight on the society in all its struggles to realize any better things. Whether the people who mean no harm, but are weak in the essential powers necessary to the performance of one's duties in life, or those who are malicious and vicious, do the more mischief, is a question not easy to answer.

Under the names of the poor and the weak, the negligent, shiftless, inefficient, silly, and imprudent are fastened upon the industrious and prudent as a responsibility and a duty. On the one side the terms are extended to cover the idle, intemperate, and vicious, who, by the combination, gain credit which they do not deserve, and which they could not get if they stood alone. On the other hand, the terms are extended to include wage-receivers of the humblest rank, who are degraded by the combination. The reader who desires to guard himself against fallacies should always scrutinize the terms "poor" and "weak" as used, so as to see which or how many of these classes they are made to cover.

The humanitarians, philanthropists, and reformers, looking at the facts of life as they present themselves, find enough which is sad and unpromising in the condition of many members of society. They see wealth and poverty side by side. They note great inequality of social position and social chances. They eagerly set about the attempt to account for what they see, and so devise schemes for remedying what they do not like. In their eagerness to recommend the less fortunate classes to pity and consideration, they forget all about the rights of other classes; they gloss over all the faults of the classes in question, and they exaggerate their misfortunes and their virtues. They invent new theories of property, distorting rights and perpetrating injustice, as any one is sure to do who sets about the re-adjustment of social relations with the interests of one group distinctly before his mind, and the interests of all other groups thrown into the background. When I have read some of these discussions I have thought that it must be quite disreputable to be respectable, quite dishonest to own property, quite unjust to go one's own way and earn one's own living, and that the only really admirable person was the good-for-nothing. The man who by his own effort raises himself above poverty appears in these discussions to be of no account. The man who has done nothing to raise himself above poverty finds that the social doctors flock about him, bringing the capital which they have collected from the other class, and promising him the aid of the state to give him what the other had to work for. In all these schemes and projects the organized intervention of society through the state is either planned or hoped for, and the state is thus to become the protector and guardian of certain classes. The agents who are to direct the state action are, of course, the reformers and philanthropists. Their schemes, therefore, may always be reduced to this type: that A and B decide what C shall do for D. It will be interesting to inquire, at a later period of our discussion, who C is, and what the effect is upon him of all these arrangements. In all the discussions attention is concentrated on A and B, the noble social reformers, and on D, the "poor man." I call C the Forgotten Man, because I have never seen that any notice was taken of him in any of the discussions. When we have disposed of A, B, and D, we can appreciate better the case of C, and I think that we shall find that he deserves our attention for the worth of his character and the magnitude of his unmerited burdens. Here it may suffice to observe that, on the theories of the social philosophers to whom I have referred, we should get a new maxim of judicious living: Poverty is the best policy. If you get wealth, you will have to support other people; if you do not get wealth, it will be the duty of other people to support you.

No doubt one chief reason for the unclear and contradictory theories of class relations lies in the fact that our society, largely controlled in all its organization by one set of doctrines, still contains survivals of old social theories which are totally inconsistent with the former. In the Middle Ages men were united by custom and prescription into associations, ranks, guilds, and communities of various kinds. These ties endured as long as life lasted. Consequently society was dependent, throughout all its details, on status, and the tie or bond was sentimental. In our modern state, and in the United States more than anywhere else, the social structure is based on contract, and status is of the least importance. Contract, however, is rational—even rationalistic. It is also realistic, cold, and matter-of-fact. A contract relation is based on a sufficient reason, not on custom or prescription. It is not permanent. It endures only so long as the reason for it endures. In a state based on contract, sentiment is out of place in any public or common affairs. It is relegated to the sphere of private and personal relations, where it depends not at all on class types, but on personal acquaintance and personal estimates. The sentimentalists amongst us always seize upon the survivals of the old order. They want to save them and restore them. Much of the loose thinking also which troubles us in our social discussions arises from the fact that men do not distinguish the elements of status and of contract which may be found in our society.

Whether social philosophers think it desirable or not, it is out of the question to go back to status or to the sentimental relations which once united baron and retainer, master and servant, teacher and pupil, comrade and comrade. That we have lost some grace and elegance is undeniable. That life once held more poetry and romance is true enough. But it seems impossible that any one who has studied the matter should doubt that we have gained immeasurably, and that our further gains lie in going forward, not in going backward. The feudal ties can never be restored. If they could be restored, they would bring back personal caprice, favoritism, sycophancy, and intrigue. A society based on contract is a society of free and independent men, who form ties without favor or obligation, and co-operate without cringing or intrigue. A society based on contract, therefore, gives the utmost room and chance for individual development, and for all the self-reliance and dignity of a free man. That a society of free men, co-operating under contract, is by far the strongest society which has ever yet existed, that no such society has ever yet developed the full measure of strength of which it is capable, and that the only social improvements which are now conceivable lie in the direction of more complete realization of a society of free men united by contract, are points which can not be controverted. It follows, however, that one man, in a free state, can not claim help from, and can not be charged to give help to, another. To understand the full meaning of this assertion it will be worth while to see what a free democracy is.

NEW ORLEANS IN CARNIVAL GARB.

THE artistic and financial objects of the New Orleans Carnival are now too well known to demand any detailed history or explanation, and even the aspect of that singular metropolis during its celebrated holiday has become familiar to a degree that provokes some reflection upon the peculiar loss of individuality which the city always appears to undergo at the epoch in question. A very considerable number of those who visit New Orleans at Carnival-time do so quite as much for the sake of seeing the city itself as of witnessing the great pageant. But during Mardi Gras the place is disguised by its holiday garb—almost as much so, indeed, as the King of the Carnival: the native picturesqueness of the quainter districts is overlaid and concealed by the artificial picturesqueness of the occasion. One finds the streets themselves masked, so much are their salient features concealed by those innumerable wooden frame-works temporarily erected to provide against the falling of galleries under an unaccustomed burden of spectators. The romantic charm of the old city is not readily obtained at such a time; the curious cosmopolitan characteristics that offer themselves to artistic eyes in other seasons are lost in the afflux of American visitors, and true local color is fairly drowned out by the colors of Rex. There really exist for the artist and the poet many rich sources of inspiration in quaint New Orleans, but these sources gush more freely at other times. They are difficult to discover during the pushing and squeezing of Carnival excitement. To see the Queen of the South in her most natural and pleasing mood one should visit her during that dreamy season called St. Martin's summer, when the orange blossoms exhale their fragrance, and the winds are still lukewarm, and the autumn glow bronzes those faint tints which the old-fashioned edifices wear. Then the curious confusion of gables and balconies gracefully jutting against the blue above, the Doresque oddity of the shadows wrought below, give the more antiquated streets a peculiarly impressive aspect—a foreign look not of this hemisphere nor even of this century. There also linger the Latin tongues of Southern Europe with softer syllabification, tempered by those mysterious climatic forces which make themselves manifest even in the transplantation of language; and together with these Mediterranean dialects one hears that remarkable creole *patois* which in the mouth of a woman or a child has a fantastic sweetness rivalling the many-vowelled Polynesian speech. Deep surprises of green refresh the eye that peeps through the half-opened gates of drowsy old creole courts—the broad watered silk of banana leaves, tropical creepers clawing their upward way over trellis-work, vines curling and clinging, lizard-footed ivy, the sinister "Spanish-bayonet," perhaps a young palm also, plumed like a cacique. In those quaint interiors the colonial life still endures together with many rococo things bearing as little relation to modern ideas and fashions as the New Orleans of *Manon Lescaut* to the Crescent City of to-day. In that season the nights are tepid, vast, wine-colored, like the Homeric ocean, and vibrant with an infinite variety of insect music. From the bayous and the low lands arise sounds as of ghostly violins, phantom flutes, elfish bells; mocking-birds utter their weird and wonderful pipings, immense beetles fizz by, stridulous crickets work their invisible buzz-saws, frogs hold tintinnabulary converse—every surface inch of land or water seems to possess a voice of its own; the water-lilies speak one unto the other, the shadows cry out. And through the Egyptian uniformity of the landscape the Mississippi serpentines its way with Nilotic solemnity, so coiling that to dwellers upon its eastern bank the sun appears, as in the Moslem prophecy, to rise in the west.

Few of the real attractions of New Orleans are likely to be observed by Carnival visitors, bewildered as they are by the great eddying of people, the confusion of preparation, the general inappropriateness of the moment to curious research and romantic investigation. But a Carnival night in New Orleans, during the coming and going of the great display, offers in itself much remarkable material for study—at least to one who can look about him undisturbed by the surging of the enormous crowd. Canal Street presents its long deep vista of illumination—monograms of fire, eagles of flame, ladders of light, blaze along the way; and the uncommon breadth of the great thoroughfare, with its starry lines of electric lamps threading the middle, appears to be increased by the luminosity. For eight miles to right and left the city begins to empty its population into the great central highway, through all the tributary streets and alleys, and the force of that human circulation is resistless—to strive against the current is out of the question. The physician or telegraph messenger whom duty summons in an opposite direction at such a time must take the middle of the street if he hopes to reach his destination. Rising one above another through the glow of illumination, the broad galleries packed with spectators seem like the tiers of an enormous hippodrome. When the human spring-tide has reached its fullest the pageant issues from its hiding-place, and sails by like a grotesque Armada, while the ocean of witnesses ebbs away in its wake. That Canal Street offers, in a large sense, the best view of the procession is beyond dispute; but the strictly *local* picturesqueness of the exhibition may be studied to advantage in the antiquated French by-ways. The Canal Street spectacle is imposing, but not unique. Under similar conditions a street of equal breadth in any other great modern city would offer a spectacle of magnificence scarcely inferior. The grotesque silhouettes of the moving panorama are partially lost in such a street—the shadows can not reach the sides of the buildings. But through the queer old streets of the French quarter the Carnival procession must almost squeeze its way, casting eccentric shapes of darkness upon the walls, and lighting its path with torch-light that flings upward the shadows of projecting galleries, and lends much Rembrandtesqueness to the faces peering down from balconies or dormer-windows. The artist whose very impressive sketch accompanies this brief article has effected a happy compromise between the broad glory of the Canal Street view and the still odder aspects above described. The effect has been seized at the moment the living panorama is passing the corner of the old Rue Royale, so that we have a suggestion of the side-street view and of the central thoroughfare at once.

After the pageant has gone glimmering, and the whirl of the midnight ball is over, day dawns upon a scene of merry wreck. Streets are strewn with fragments of brightly colored paper, tatters of tinsel, remnants of torn decorations; perhaps some gorgeous wagon, or "float," disabled during the great review, may be seen lying abandoned at some point of the route, like a gold-freighted galleon astrand. Last year did not the eyes of early risers behold, glittering upon Canal Street, North, the ruined gates of the New Jerusalem? But the city soon rids itself of all these souvenirs—the wrecks and waifs mysteriously vanish, the pictured Carnival journals are devoured by the post-office, the King's standards cease to fill the streets with shadowy flutterings, the intricate paraphernalia of illumination are removed, and the nervous system of New Orleans returns to its normal condition. Only the unsightly skeleton wood-work still shoulders up the galleries to provide against accident upon the 4th of March, which is "Firemen's Day." Already the Carnival societies are secretly preparing for the display of 1884. Ere long the moist and odorous spring will blow in the streets, and the city will gradually settle down into its long and dreamy summer languor; the pulses of its commercial life will beat more slowly with the lengthening of the days, the forest of masts along its eighteen miles of wharves will dwindle as the sultriness thickens, the wilderness of smoking chimneys at its sugar and cotton landings will diminish, and the somnolent and burning season will come, with warm winds and lightnings from the Gulf, with clouds splendid and ponderous as those of geologic eras, when the heavens were heavy with vaporized iron and gold.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE AND THE JESUITS.

THE "New York House of Refuge" has for nearly sixty years kept on its quiet and useful career. The names of our most active and benevolent citizens have been connected with its history and its labors. It has been singularly successful. It has been kept free from the entanglements of politics and the rivalry of religious sects. Almost alone of all our institutions, it has been managed with honesty and good faith. No stain of peculation, of favoritism, or political corruption rests upon it. Year after year it has gathered in its throng of juvenile offenders, and labored with wise tenderness to save the young from the effects of their own folly. Without a trace of sectarianism, of partiality, or of politics, it has drawn in the neglected and the lost of every creed and almost of every nation, and its records show that thousands of the reclaimed in every part of the country have owed their success in life to its prudent care. It is naturally one of the favorite institutions of New York, the pride of a city to which benevolence has never been a stranger, and almost the first visit the foreign philanthropist who comes among us makes is to the House of Refuge.

After sixty years of peaceful usefulness the House of Refuge has brought upon itself the bitter hostility of the extreme section of the Roman Catholic Church. It is unsectarian, it is free from stain. The Catholic Union is resolved that it shall no longer continue so; and for several years a bill has been annually presented to the Legislature designed to change the whole policy of the institution, and separate its children into various sects. They are to be made to follow the "religion of their parents." The strict lines of sectarianism are to be drawn by an act of the Legislature. The Roman Catholic priesthood are to be authorized to enter the institution, select the children they claim as their own, and train them up in the Roman Catholic faith. The Board of Managers are made powerless to prevent the invasion; they are to look on while the priest gathers his victims, and the parents of the unfortunate

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children they have abandoned or educated in the ways of vice are empowered to decide upon their religious creed. The ritual, the forms, and the emblems of the foreign Church are to be established in the Reformatory. The unsectarian system of education is to be exchanged for one intensely sectarian. Religious differences are once more to be recognized among those who are alike in crime. The practice of sixty years is to be changed, and the House of Refuge converted into a poor copy of the sectarian charities that have long been broken up by law in Italy and Spain.

For several years the bill has come annually before the Legislature, and has been defeated. This year it is brought forward with new zeal and even insolence. The Roman Catholic priesthood demand, as their reward for political services, the sacrifice of the House of Refuge. It has even threatened the withdrawal of its political support. So bitter is the hostility of the extreme religious faction against this old and popular charity that they would crush it altogether. But we think they have underrated the real interest of the people of New York in the House of Refuge, and they have overestimated their own power. The situation of their own institutions may at any moment become critical. The rapid growth and great influence of the Roman Catholic charities, schools, colleges, convents, churches, asylums, is one of the chief dangers of our political future. They are wholly undemocratic. They teach the dullest form of European conservatism, and the love of rank, caste, and barbaric titles and dignities, robes and decorations, that are dying out in Europe itself. Within their mediæval depths there is no room for republicanism. Yet they are fed by enormous subsidies from a republican people. The Protectory, founded by Bishop Ives to preserve and extend the Roman Catholic faith, has nearly $300,000 a year from a Protestant or liberal community. The New York Foundling Asylum, an institution secret and mysterious, has nearly as much more. The schools of the Sacred Heart and the Orphan Asylum receive in donations and remission of taxes great sums. It would not be an excessive estimate to compute at nearly a million of dollars yearly the amount contributed by the city of New York to the support of a Church that is perfectly able to maintain itself. And yet these grants are all in direct violation of the State Constitution, which forbids the appropriation of the public money to sectarian charities and uses.

The managers of the House of Refuge naturally object to the principle of the bill as unconstitutional and tending to defeat the aim of their institution. They state that it will bring with it disorder and sectarian strife; that the privilege proposed to be bestowed on the Roman Catholic clergy is unprecedented and dangerous. They urge that the young offenders committed to their charge are the wards of the State, that they are taken from the care of their parents and their churches because they have been suffered to become dangerous to the community, and that the State alone should direct the means to be employed for their reform. They show that their institution is wholly unsectarian, and open to the ministers of all religious sects. One sect alone is dissatisfied. The Roman Catholic clergy and the Jesuit league demand from the Legislature a certain control over the House of Refuge. Their intolerant zeal may be successful with the present Legislature. They may crush or they may rule the favorite charity of New York. They may make use of their opportunity with unreflecting bigotry. But they will have yet the people of the city and State to meet and answer. They will find that the day of retribution must come at last.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

HARDENING—IN WINTER.

On the 10th of last January I went to the funeral of one of the oldest of the contributors to this journal; in forty-eight hours he had been stricken down by acute pneumonia. The day was bitterly cold; the snow fell into the open grave; the biting wind, at many degrees below the freezing-point, whistled among the bare trees at Woodlawn. A group of twenty gentlemen was gathered in that bleak place, old friends and elderly friends of an elderly man; their ages must have averaged sixty years and over. It is the age near which the constant danger of pneumonia—that disease so fatal in our climate—increases. Judges, lawyers, literary men, men of business, were there; you could not easily gather a group that should represent a higher average intelligence.

Now mark how much ignorance and carelessness these experienced elderly gentlemen could display respecting their health and their really valuable lives. Not a single one of them was properly protected against the menacing cold. I made a particular and statistical note of their negligence. Only one of the twenty wore a scarf around his neck; in the case of four the tide of hygienic intelligence was high enough to induce them to turn up the collars of their overcoats. Nearly all of them stood bare-headed in that Siberian wind for fifteen or twenty minutes. It was a beautiful bravado, if you choose to look at it in that way. But these gentlemen took a risk that was greater than that of some battle-fields. They were inviting death; they were calling upon pneumonia to take them as their friend had just been taken.

I suggested to one of the eldest of the company, a man of seventy years, to protect his neck and chest a little better against the winter day. "Oh," said he, "I don't mind the cold; the cold hardens me!" Like most of the otherwise intelligent elderly gentlemen who were gathered around that grave, he believed that to take mortal risks was "hardening." Yet he, like all of us, knew how often mortal illness is brought on by exactly such exposure as this.

On that day the skating was excellent on stream and pond and rink for many a league around New York. Returning from Woodlawn, I stopped a few minutes at one of the less-frequented skating grounds in the Central Park. On the ice I found an eminent scientist, a man of perhaps forty-eight years. Not heavily clothed, though with abundant warm wraps in keeping near by, this sedentary professor, whose researches in physics tie him to his laboratory for half of each day at least, was fleeting over the ice with the agility and speed of a youngster. He was competing with his son for the earliest mastery of an accomplishment dear to skaters, and known as the "backward outer edge."

Now the professor had given no more attention to the subject of physiological winter exposure than the gentlemen from whom I had parted at Woodlawn had given. Still, he had hit upon the truth of the matter. The two scenes of the same afternoon illustrated the wrong and the right methods of hardening. At Woodlawn my friends were permitting the cold to attack and to master them as they stood under the sky, opposing only a passive resistance to its onslaught. They were insufficiently protected. But with even less protection from clothing, my friends at the skating grounds were warm, comfortable, and safe from the cold. And why? Because they were keeping themselves warm in the cold. In the true physiological sense they were hardening themselves against the cold. And more than this, they were getting the best exercise in the world for strong and healthy people in winter-time. Afterward they put on their wraps.

The distinction lies there. One is not hardened by becoming cold; on the contrary, becoming cold is injurious. It is at the least a strain upon the system. It may cause a serious or even a fatal injury, as when it leads to acute or chronic disease—pneumonia, phthisis. Only when the sensation of cold is followed by a brisk reaction, as when one feels a warm glow after a plunge into cold water, is the unpleasant sensation of cold beneficial. The golden rule for hardening is *to keep warm in the cold.* It is in resisting, not in enduring, the cold that virtue lies.

And the best defense from the cold is that which comes from active physical exercise. By walking, horseback riding, skating, rowing, one is warmed from within, and it is the best way. When on a bitter day I start for a three-mile walk, I find it cold work for the first fifteen minutes. One's ears have the hardest time of it; how they tingle and smart when the cold air strikes upon the thin, tender, expanded membranes! But the brisk exercise sets the blood coursing to them; in a longer or shorter time, according to one's constitution—science takes no account of the length of the ears in this case—the blood comes back briskly to them. It takes just about a mile's walk for mine to get warm. Then the whole frame is in a glow, and the day seems turned from winter to spring. So far as the cold is concerned, one feels as if he could walk "to the horizon's farthest rim" without fatigue. Such a winter's walk, or skating, for the strong, is the best toughening for the season. Weaker persons must take gentler exercise.

But when it is not a question of exercise for toughening? What are we to do when, as at Woodlawn the other day, or as in sleigh-riding, it is a question of making only a passive resistance to the cold?

It is simply a question in this case of retaining the natural heat of the body. Without exercise there is no strengthened circulation to flood the extremities with the vital heat from within. What is needed is abundant wraps and warm clothing—the more the better. When the exposure is unusually long and severe, as sometimes in sleigh-riding, you can not have too much—shawls, overcoats, scarfs, hot-water bottles for the feet, and so on. You will not be overheated when you are sitting still in a winter atmosphere; a little caution in removing the wraps is all that is necessary. But if, on the other hand, you are taking the stirring exercise of walking, or skating, or rowing, then scarcely any exposure will injure the healthy constitution; all that is needed then is warm clothes and shelter when the exercise is over.

In a word, to suffer from cold is injurious. There is no virtue in unprotected exposure. Cold resisted, and not cold experienced, is the tonic thing. The reader who fails to distinguish this runs with every winter an increasing chance of ending where this paper began—at Woodlawn.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE FLOODS OF THE OHIO.

FROM the meeting of its swift confluent streams in the grimy gorge of Pittsburgh to its lazy debouchure into the Mississippi at the swampy lowlands of Cairo the course of "the beautiful river" is 975 miles. Throughout all this meandering length there are no cataracts, and only once—at Louisville—are there rapids, evaded in navigation by a straight canal cut through a low peninsula. The width of the river varies from 1000 feet to 3000. The declivity of the banks on either hand is for the most part gentle, after the stream has cleared its native hills, and the aspect of the banks, rich as they are with "the pomp of cultivated nature," bearing for miles and miles cultivated nature," bearing for miles and miles cultivated nature, is of a tame and languid beauty. The fluctuations in the depth of water are very great. From the shallowness to which the stream is shrunken by the summer heats to the turbid flood it rolls during the floods of spring, or, as now, the February thaw, the variation is commonly forty-five feet, is often fifty, and sometimes sixty, as in the memorable and calamitous flood of 1832, to which it is necessary to revert for comparison with the disaster of last week, which will henceforth become the measure of disaster, for at Cincinnati the river has now attained a depth of sixty-five feet and an inch, ten inches beyond the mark set fifty-one years ago; and at Louisville, even after the pent-up waters had broken down the dam, and diffused themselves over the spaces defended by it, the depth was but eight inches less. The rise of the river is thus along the whole course of the stream near twenty feet beyond the mean yearly rise.

Words and even more graphic pictures can not convey a true sense of this ruin, much less when the submergence is that of the foundations of a great city. The image which New-Yorkers can form in their minds of the effect of a tide fifteen feet above high-water mark in the East and North rivers can be but a faint image of the wreck that has been wrought at Cincinnati. Among the most interesting features of the river are the natural terraces, sometimes seventy-five feet above its present surface, which, as geologists agree, mark the level of the bed over which it flowed, and which is composed of the alluvium it deposited, far, far back of the beginning of historic time; for the mounds which must have been built two thousand years ago conform to what are still the banks and the bed of the stream. Upon two of these terraces, the lower sixty feet above the river, the upper fifty feet above the lower, rises the city of Cincinnati, its dwellings and its shops upon the terraces, its wharves, its railway stations, and its streets of heavy traffic upon the alluvial level below, with the humbler dwellings of such citizens as constitute the shore population of a river town. The contour of the shore is slightly bowed outward, and at the lower end of the curve Mill Creek flows in to join the Ohio, while almost opposite the centre of the city, on the Kentucky side, empties the small stream which divides Covington from Newport. The spring freshets in this stream often do great damage to the wharves opposite its mouth, and in this flood also this stream, "adding its sum of more to that which had too much," has contributed its waters to the submersion of Lower Cincinnati.

The floods of the upper Ohio were a week earlier than at Cincinnati, where no serious apprehensions were felt until Sunday, February 11. At seven o'clock that night the river was over sixty-one feet high, and rising at the rate of two inches an hour. The approaches to the bridges, including the great suspension-bridge, were cut off. The valley of Mill Creek, in which was the station of the Cincinnati Southern road, was submerged, and traffic was almost stopped. By Monday night the river had risen nearly two feet more, the gas-works were under water, and the supply of gas exhausted, and near two thousand people had been turned out of their houses. On Tuesday the whole five miles of the river-front were under water, and the lower city was patrolled in boats. In the morning the station of the Cincinnati Southern road yielded to the sapping of its foundations, and fell apart into the flood in two pieces. It was feared that many buildings more had been so undermined that they would fall when the water subsided. Only one railroad was in complete operation. The "estimates" of the loss both of life and of wealth are mere wild guesses, though there seems reason to believe that the former is slight, while the latter is certainly enormous. The suburbs, especially on the Kentucky side, suffered not less than the lower city; two hundred acres of the most populous part of Newport were under water. The water at the narrower parts of the river hid the whole "bottom," and stretched from the Ohio to the Kentucky hills.

Louisville stands upon a plateau seventy feet and more above the river, and the city proper was thus inaccessible even to these unheard-of floods. But between this plateau and the river at the lower end of the city is a wide strip of alluvium bordering the rapids, which is traversed by the canal cut to avoid these, and this lowland is Shippingport. Some distance up the stream the plateau recedes, and another strip of bottom-land, the bottom of Bear Grass Creek, intervenes between it and the river. This is or was embanked with a "cut-off dam" at the upper end, and when the flood was at its highest the level of the ground was some fifteen feet below the level of the water. On Monday night the pressure became too great for the dam to withstand. It gave way, and the water poured over it in a torrent which rapidly spread into a lake. The dwellers on the lowlands could not believe that a river beside which they had lived all their lives, and which had never washed them out of their houses before, would do so then, and most of them were in bed and asleep when the deluge overtook them. Strange to say, though the estimate of the number of people left houseless is more than 5000, the number of lives estimated to be lost is less than fifty. The suddenness and force with which the came in, instead of lapping its way up inch by inch as elsewhere, crushed and carried away and flung together the fine houses in its way, so that the lowlands at Louisville presented a far more vivid picture of chaos come again than the more destructive deluge at Cincinnati.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

M. MANGON, who has been experimenting in La Manche with the ice-plant, the botanical name of which is *Mesembrianthemum crystallinum*, finds that it furnishes a striking illustration of the eclectic power of roots to take from a complex soil the materials necessary to their growth. His experiments show that the plant consists of a solution of alkaline salts held by a vegetable tissue the weight of which is less than two per cent. of the total mass. He suggests that the cultivation of the ice-plant for its yield of potash might be profitable under certain conditions, and thinks that at any rate it would be useful in removing from the salt ground on the Mediterranean coast the excess of alkaline salts which renders that soil unproductive.

A North Carolina Railroad which is to be twelve miles long, and which is now in course of construction, is to be owned and operated solely by colored men.

In a popular play a cat comes on the stage, stretches herself, lies down before the fire, and washes her face, and then eats her supper. She has been shut up all day without food in a box too small for her, and too cold to be comfortable.

There is a Russian nobleman in Chicago who is not sought after by "society." He drives a small-pox ambulance.

Boston seems to have the elevated railway fever in an aggravated form. The *Transcript* says: "The fight for an elevated railway from some place to somewhere—no matter what place and no matter where—promises to be an earnest one at the State-house this winter."

An example of economy in funerals was set by the late Lord Keane, of England, who said in his will, recently admitted to probate, that his funeral must not cost more than $250. The will further says, "My father's cost £500, which I consider a shameful waste of money."

Madame Modjeska writes to a Cincinnati newspaper that her name was once spelled Modrzejewska. Once was enough.

The Senate voted a few days ago to put "brime" on the free list. Then the Senators went to the dictionaries and cyclopædias to learn what "brime" was, but in vain. Senator and Editor Hawley came to their relief with the remark: "If typographical errors are to be put on the free list, we shall have no protection."

The career of a Creek Indian as a man of means was brief and sad. When the "orphan money" was distributed, a short time ago, one of Euchee's band received $2000. He went crazy over his good fortune, and on the following morning he shot two of his companions. In an attempt to capture him another Indian was mortally wounded, and he himself was killed by his pursuers.

A NEW ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

"Hum! George, what is that you have in your mouth?"

"It is impossible for me to prevaricate, father; it is my little pen-shooter. Poof-f-f-f!"
"Ah! I see," said the Immortal Bushrod.

"And, by-the-bye, I happen to have my trunk strap about me. Let us proceed to the wood-shed. I admire your candor, but I had rather lose every cherry-tree on the place than have my nose made a target of."

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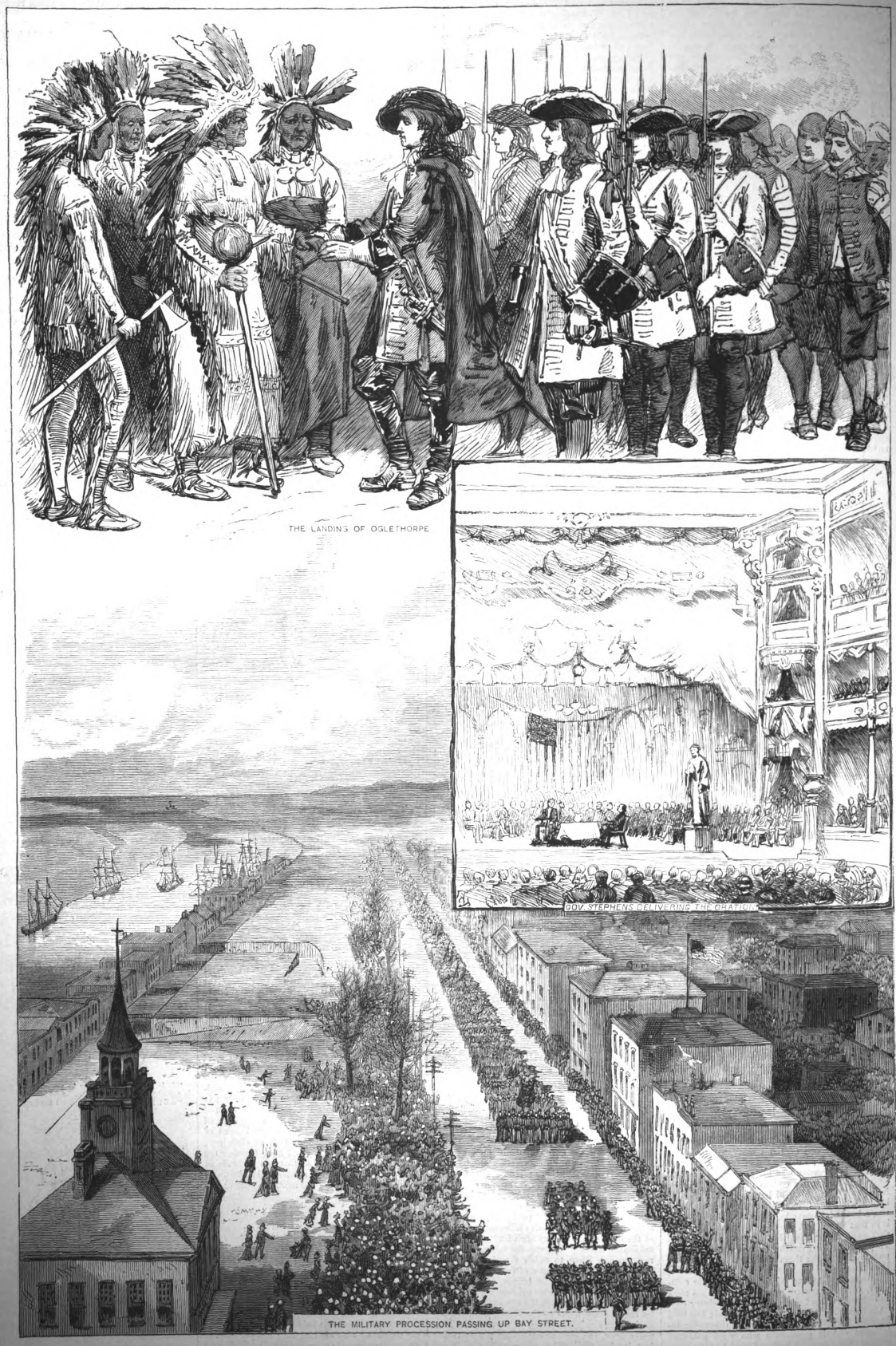

SAVANNAH'S SESQUICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—From Sketches by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 118.]

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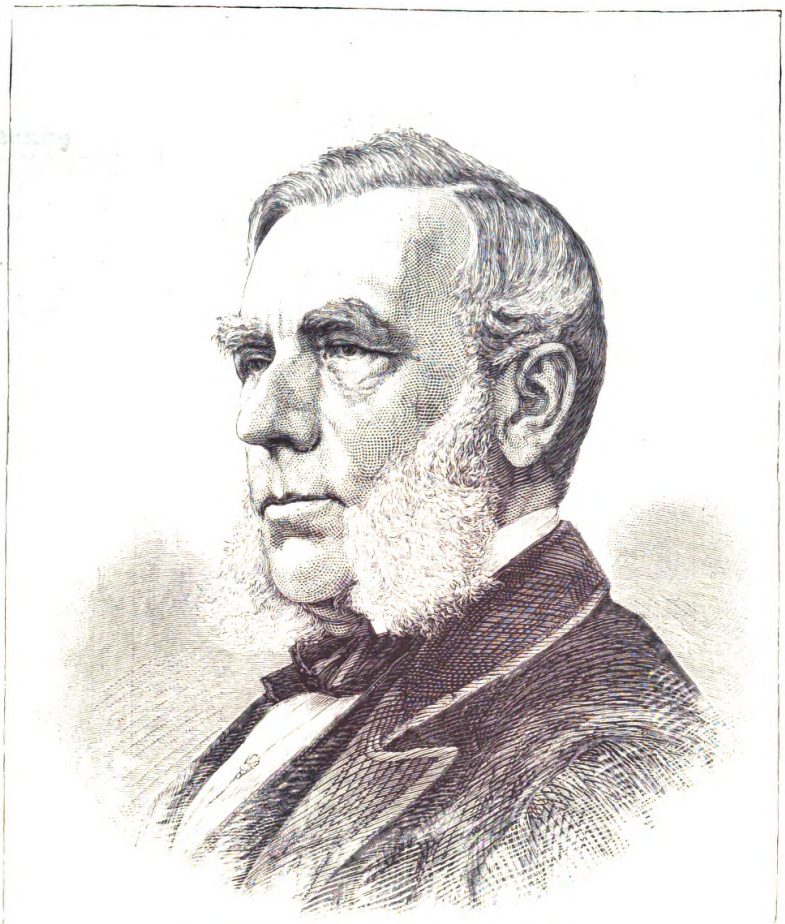
WILLIAM EARLE DODGE.

MR. WILLIAM E. DODGE died at his residence on Madison Avenue in this city on Friday, February 9, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His illness was of brief duration. His nervous force, taxed by long years of restless activity, succumbed under an attack which in a younger man would not have been serious. But it was characteristic of the man that he fell with his armor on, almost in the midst of that prolonged, earnest, and hopeful fight to which his life had been devoted, in support of the principles dear to his heart. Mr. DODGE was perhaps the best known of the many famous merchants of New York who were his contemporaries. His wealth was not equal to that of many, and he had deliberately chosen not to link his name with any great work of benevolence. But a man who had the habit of giving away a quarter of a million of dollars every year, whose generosity counted its beneficiaries in every State of the Union and in many foreign lands, and who gave to the distribution of his wealth, not only when it was great, but when it was yet inconsiderable, more time and thought than he gave to its accumulation, is not to be ranked by the millions which he leaves behind him. Nor is the lustre of his name dimmed by the fact that his bounty sought outlets in a thousand more or less obscure channels, where it could be traced only by the good works and the humble lives which it had blessed. If it be an honorable ambition to be known to posterity as ASTOR and LENOX are known, it is not less honorable to write one's name on thousands of unknown and grateful hearts, or to hide it in the book of remembrance where only Divine recognition awaits it.

MR. DODGE was unquestionably a distinguished man of business. His keen intellect and untiring energy, his foresight, his grasp of the movements of population and exchange, his admirable tact and judgment in dealing with men, and, above all, his probity and unyielding fidelity to principle, were recognized by the leaders in this great mercantile community. His interests were vast and varied. Not the merchant princes of Venice or Holland, whose fame made the fame of the cities in which they dwelt, gave ampler scope to their enterprises, or imprinted upon them more indelibly the seal of their comprehensive minds. In the course of his mercantile career MR. DODGE wielded a potent influence in the development of the rich resources of the whole continent. He was an owner of timber lands at various times in the great Michigan peninsula, on the western shores of the lakes, in the Canadian forests, among the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia, in the hills of Georgia, and on the plains of Texas. He worked iron and coal mines. He built railways in regions where only the most prescient courage could have dared to hope for profit. He was active in those mighty schemes of insurance and of banking which, embracing not only all parts of our land, but many other lands, are characteristic of the age. And at the same time as an importer he showed his capacity for grasping the intimate and complex trade connections of the Old and the New World.

But it is not in this part of his remarkable career that he made his greatest reputation. It



THE LATE EDWIN D. MORGAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 114.]

THE LATE MARSHALL JEWELL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOYT, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 114.]

THE LATE WILLIAM E. DODGE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.

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is rather as a philanthropist and a practical Christian, whose busy life was regulated day by day by the light of his religious beliefs, and who carried into the occupations of a man of affairs the chivalrous piety of a HAVELOCK. Mr. DODGE was an earnest believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, but his zeal was as catholic as the former, and as intense and persistent as the latter. He was specially interested in missionary work. While yet young he became a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, being made a corporate member in 1857, and Vice-President in 1864, to which office he was steadily re-elected for seventeen years. At the same time he became (1870) a director of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He was a warm friend of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyrout, of which one of his sons, the Rev. D. STUART DODGE, was a professor, and the principal, Rev. Dr. JESSUP, his nephew by marriage. He was also a generous contributor to the Robert College in Constantinople, and to the Liberian University. In our own country, many of his benefactions were in the cause of education, and particularly of education for the Christian ministry. The Union Theological Seminary in this city, the Auburn Theological Seminary, Williams, Amherst, Yale, Middlebury, Lafayette, Grinnell, and others, shared his bounty for professorships, scholarships, and buildings. With his appreciation of the practical value of organization and association, MR. DODGE necessarily aided largely in public works, but he found the means—and what was more generous in him, the time and the thought—to do far more in private. He was noted for the strictness with which he conformed his life to his convictions. He resigned from the Union League Club, with whose objects he was warmly in sympathy, and of which he had been an honored member, because the club derived a profit from the sale of its wines; he left the directory of the Erie Railroad, with the organization of which he had been intimately connected from the start, because it ran trains on Sunday, and he gave up his interest in other roads for like reasons. With these scruples, in the present condition of public sentiment, he found small sympathy, but though one of the gentlest of men, and relying with singular confidence on the friendship of those by whom he was surrounded, he had no difficulty in doing what he believed the moral law required. He has left behind him a name that will be peculiarly honored not only in the great city which had been his home for sixty-five years, but throughout the Union and in other countries.

It is not only invalids and children who delight in Mellin's Food, but a large class of consumers whose digestions require delicate treatment. The food is so nourishing, so delicious, that it would be strange if it were regarded as merely a baby's dish, to be taken as a substitute for something else. This preparation has become well known in nearly every household throughout the country; but as there are always new babies and new invalids, it is well to be reminded of some of the food's excellent qualities, and that there is a preparation which dyspeptics, having once tried, will never be without. Those with any delicacy of constitution will find Mellin's Food better than medicine, and the concentration of nourishing properties. Every year increases its popularity with the public, who feel confidence in the genuineness and the perfection of a preparation endorsed by T. Metcalf & Co., the well-known druggists of Boston. — *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*—[*Adv.*]

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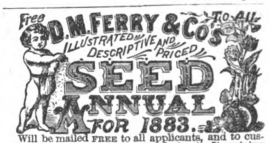

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GERMANY.

Munich, 1883.

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We are offering a choice selection of beautifully embroidered Swiss and Nainsook Over-skirts and Dresses with Edgings and Insertions to match. Also, a line of finely embroidered Mull Square Handkerchiefs for the neck, at about one third the cost of importation.

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Large Sized (purchaser's selection) all labelled. We send 10 ROSES for $1, 12 Large GERANIUMS for $1, 12 Heliotropes, $1. 12 Fuchsias, $1; and many others. Nearly all OUR COLLECTION of Five Hundred Superb Varieties is priced at 10cts. $200 IN CASH, and a number of articles worth $200 sure to please the ladies given away for Club orders. Special Premiums for Seed orders. Be sure and send for our *Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue* of Plants and Reliable Seeds FREE. LEEDS & CO., Richmond, Indiana.

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OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

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CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

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SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and ravages checked.

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One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

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Suitable for presents. Try it once. 78 MADISON ST. CHICAGO

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IMPORTANT TO THE GROCERY TRADE

To make the name of The Frank Siddalls Soap familiar to the Grocery Trade, we offer

A MAGNIFICENT AND EXPENSIVE PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS

Used by Jewelers for washing Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver and Gold Plate, etc., being superior to any other article for this purpose.

The Premium is a Handsome Velvet-lined Case containing 6 Heavy Plated Silver Knives and 6 Forks, manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed to be the finest quality made, and has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be elegant, rich, and beautiful:—

The use of The Frank Siddalls Soap for TOILET, SHAVING, &c., and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes are emphatically endorsed by the Leading Newspapers of America.

The Premium is given FREE OF CHARGE to the *Wife* of every Wholesale Grocer, and the *Wife* of every Retail Grocer: to the *Wife* of every Merchant who sells Groceries, and the *Wife* of every Salesman in a Wholesale Grocery House:—

THIS PLAN, ALTHOUGH VERY EXPENSIVE, IS DEEMED TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO INDUCE GROCERS' WIVES TO GIVE THIS SOAP A THOROUGH TRIAL IN THEIR OWN HOMES:

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault*; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag: use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paint, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass*; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is the most elegant thing for this purpose that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Barber at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling*.

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable*. No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

It is elegant for washing Printers' Rollers, for washing the Ink from Type, Electrotypes, etc., and for washing Printing Ink from the hands.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed*, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always a pleasant one to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used*, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Brilliantine, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, and you will banish troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping off Oil Cloth, Linoleum, etc. IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will last much longer.

Use it for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED (*and never is Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid*; it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will feel thankful and will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to a commodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake: *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

AND NOW FOR THE CLEAN, NEAT, EASY, GENTEEL, LADYLIKE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper*, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how old it seems*.

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as it never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap*; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through a two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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SUFFERERS from Coughs and Asthma will find a sure relief from these distressing complaints in **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar**—a medicine widely known and esteemed for its valuable pulmonic qualities, being principally compounded from the syrup or honey prepared from the plant of Horehound, skilfully combined with Tar in such a manner as to entirely overcome the unpleasant taste of the latter, thus rendering this medicine extremely palatable, while not detracting from its soothing properties. Chronic as well as Ordinary Colds and Coughs readily yield to this fine medicine. *Ask your Druggist* for "Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar" (full name), *and take no substitute.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

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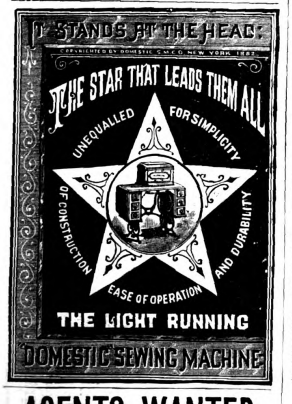

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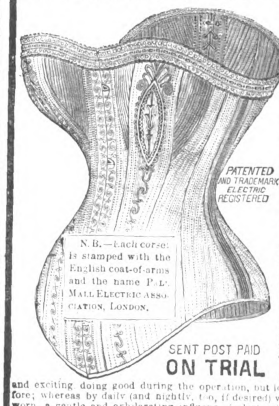
$1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.

Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale and use of our $3 Electric Corset, and the constant demand for Electric Corsets of less price, but of the same therapeutic value, we have decided to place upon the market **A HANDSOME LINE OF ELECTRIC CORSETS**, ranging in price from $1 to $3, thus bringing them within the reach of all who desire them. They are equally charged with electro magnetism, the difference being only in the quality of material. The higher grades are made of extra fine English Sateen, while those of lesser price are of correspondingly good quality. All are made on the latest approved Parisian models, thus imparting a graceful and attractive figure to the wearer. By a recently invented process of boning or cording, we are enabled to offer to the public an **ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE** Corset, and will guarantee them as such with all ordinary wear.



Being **"Electric," "Unbreakable,"** the true French shape, and of **better material** than those ordinarily sold at the prices, these Corsets will command the preference of the purchaser. They are constructed on scientific principles, generating an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system. Their therapeutic value is unquestioned, and they quickly cure, in a marvelous manner, Nervous Debility, Spinal Complaints, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Numbness, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney troubles, Impaired Circulation, Constipation, and all other diseases peculiar to women, particularly those of sedentary habits. They also become, when constantly worn, equalizing agents in all cases of extreme fatness or leanness, by imparting to the system the required amount of "odic force" which Nature's law demands.

Scientists are daily making known to the world the indisputably beneficial effects of Electro-Magnetism, when properly and scientifically applied to the human body in this manner; and it is also affirmed by professional men that there is hardly a disease which Electricity and Magnetism will not benefit or cure, and all medical men daily practice the same. Ask your own physician!

DR. W. A. HAMMOND, of New York,

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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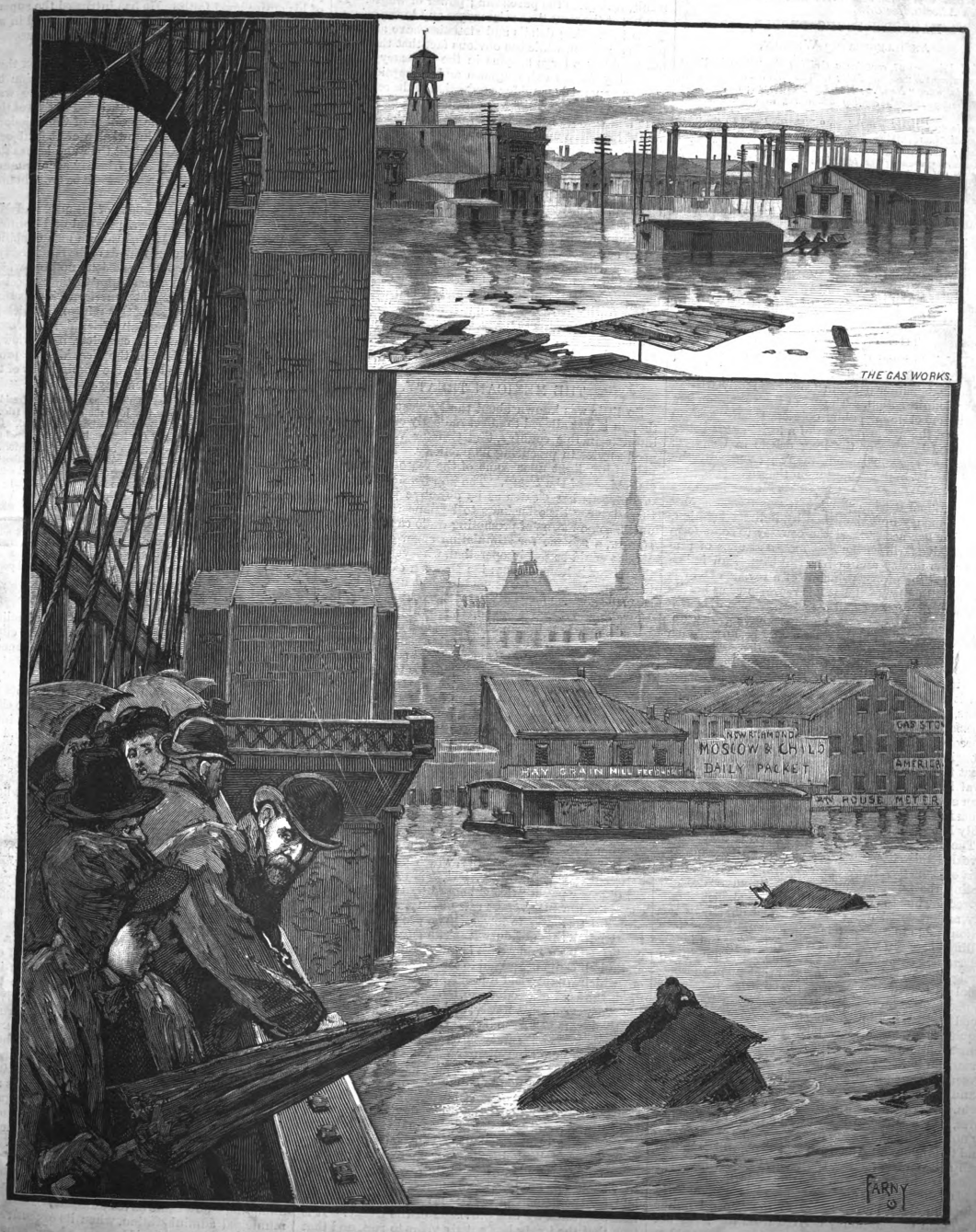

THE FLOOD AT CINCINNATI—SWEPT AWAY.—DRAWN BY V. F. H. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883.

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Published February 27, contains a thrilling short story by ELIOT MCCORMICK, *entitled "Pawnee Joe"; Chapters XXVIII. and XXIX. of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE; *and another one of Jimmy Brown's exciting adventures, in connection with "Traps."*

There is an interesting article on "Bible-Reading," by the REV. CHARLES H. HALL, D.D., *that will appeal to parents as well as to little folk; MR. JAMES PAYN, in the "Peril and Privation" series, contributes an account of that terrible marine disaster, "The Burning of the 'New Hork.'" The boys will be greatly interested in "A Boy's Skating Match."*

The artists represented in this Number are W. A. ROGERS, THULSTRUP, MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, J. O. DAVIDSON, E. J. MEEKER, W. L. SHEPPARD, *and* HOWARD PYLE.

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THE TARIFF DEBATE.

THE debate upon the tariff has been very useful, although from the first there was a general conviction that neither party in Congress really wished to take definite action. The use of the discussion has been its effect upon public opinion, for there is no doubt that the whole question of a tariff tax is better understood because of the long debate in Congress and in the press. There are many reasons why the actual interest in the subject upon the part of the general public seems so limited and languid. There is a great national debt to provide for, and it is agreed that the money must be raised by indirect taxation. Tradition has accustomed the country to some form of protective tariff as the best means at once of providing the money and of fostering American industry, so that the proper principle of a revenue tariff is not only ill understood, but it is represented as hostile to American interests, and therefore unpatriotic. Under this policy great vested interests have grown up, and however unsound their basis may be, any sudden and radical change would be an injustice. These interests affect members of Congress like all other citizens, if not directly, then through their constituencies; and it is observed that Representatives, of whatever views, are exceedingly loath to lessen the protection of the special manufacturing industries of their districts. Moreover, the larger interests maintain powerful agencies at Washington to watch and work, so that a great tariff debate is merely a keen conflict between rival interests to secure their own advantage, rather than an attempt to provide for the payment of the expenses of the government by a tax wisely and equitably laid upon the whole body of citizens.

The advantage of the recent debate is that it has revealed this situation more clearly to the country. It is evident that there is no general principle of adjusting the tariff tax upon which its advocates are agreed. Thus the duty upon lumber is abolished one day and restored upon the next, and obviously the action is due to some kind of understanding or "log-rolling" between various private interests, and is not determined by public considerations. The duty upon foreign books is stricken out, and that upon the material of book manufacture is retained. This is, of course, a discrimination against domestic industry. Good statesmanship, which is common-sense, would require that taxes under a tariff should not be laid in contravention of their declared purpose of favoring American industry. A glimmering of this truth was presently vouchsafed, and the tax upon the foreign manufactured product was restored in a modified form. The tariff also lays a tax upon foreign pictures, which is a foul blow at American art, because by no possibility can a tax upon the works of RAPHAEL tend to produce an American RAPHAEL, while, should such a RAPHAEL appear, the tariff, by excluding the master-works of his art, obstructs the development of his genius. The discussion also has undoubtedly helped to show more clearly to the general public that much of the money derived from the tariff tax is not devoted to payment of the public expenses, but only increases the profits of private enterprise.

This enlightenment has not prompted a public desire to deal rashly with great interests, or to sacrifice American industry to doubtful theories. But it has unquestionably shown the fallacy of many of the arguments upon which an inequitable system of taxation has been maintained. The first and chief argument for that system, which is by far its most powerful plea with the country, is that a change of principle in laying the tariff tax would expose the highly paid industry of America to an unaided competition with the ill-paid labor of Europe, in which the American workman would be reduced to the level of the foreign pauper. But this involves a discussion of the real conditions that determine wages, and the facts upon this point that have been elicited during the discussion have been very striking, and are widely pondered. If in many protected industries wages are lower than in unprotected industries, it is plain that other reasons than protection must be found for high wages. And if protection enhances prices, which is its necessary result, it reduces the purchasing power of wages. It can not at the same time raise wages and lower prices. These interesting details and statistics have arrested public attention, while the obvious fact that the tariff tax produces a large surplus in the Treasury which inevitably fosters extravagance and corruption, has led to a general demand for a reduction of the revenue. That this demand will be satisfied is not clear, and that if a change in the tariff tax should be made it would leave it a more inequitable impost than at present is not impossible. But whether any change should be made or not, and whatever the change might be, there is no doubt that the country has gained a clearer conception of the true principles of tariff taxation. Politically it would be a serious blunder for the Republicans who control Congress to adjourn without providing the relief which a Republican President has recommended. Party policy requires that the Republicans shall provide such relief, and throw upon the Democrats the responsibility of delay and opposition. But as the session ends it is becoming a question whether some system of graduated "horizontal" reduction of the revenue, by diminishing the rate of all duties by a specified rate per cent. annually, may not be adopted.

THE MEXICAN TREATY.

So little was known about the Mexican treaty, although it was alleged to affect radically certain great interests in this country, that Senator WINDOM did good service in procuring its publicity. A few facts may throw light upon some of the reasons and special objects of the treaty. The Southwestern system of railroads has Mexico as its objective point. But there is very little business to be done with Mexico unless some means of promoting trade can be found. If, now, a scheme for stimulating sugar-growing in Mexico could be put in operation, whoever controlled the railroads leading from the Mexican cane fields to the refineries of St. Louis could repeat upon a larger scale the achievements of CLAUS SPRECKELS under the Hawaiian treaty. He buys his sugar in the Hawaiian islands, refines it in San Francisco, and sells it at the same price which is charged by other refiners who use only duty-paid sugar. The enormous profit between the prime cost and the sales price goes to the Hawaiian planters, of whom SPRECKELS himself is the chief. Those profits are made at the cost of the people to whom these sugars are sold at a profit of perhaps $7 per barrel, while a fair profit, such as our refiners realize, would be twenty or thirty cents per barrel.

There can be only one price for sugar in the United States, and that is the cost of importing the duty-paid sugars, which form the bulk of our supplies. All sugar, wherever produced, and whether it has paid duty or not, sells at the same price, quality considered. Thus Mexican sugar would sell at the same price as Louisiana sugar, and that sells at the same price as foreign sugar of equal quality, which pays two and a half cents per pound duty. That is to say, all buyers of sugar pay a price enhanced by two and a half cents, the present average rate of duty, which it is not proposed seriously to lower. The proposed Mexican treaty admits free of duty Mexican sugars of refining grades. This would give a bounty of from two to two and a half cents per pound to all Mexican sugar-planters, which would yield a profit of fully fifty per cent. upon the cost of production. This would stimulate the production enormously, and to that extent diminish the revenue, for the benefit of Mexican planters.

The present high duty is maintained for the benefit of the Louisiana planters. On every barrel of refined sugar costing $20 the intrinsic value is $12, and the $8 represents the enhancement of cost by the tariff. The weight of this burden is suggested by Senator FRYE'S remark the other day that in some parts of the country the family expenditure for sugar is greater than that for flour. The Louisiana sugar-growers are fellow-citizens, and share the common responsibilities and burdens of the government. But why should so heavy a tax upon a prime necessity be laid for the benefit of Mexicans? That is the question suggested by this provision of the treaty. It is true that the treaty has but six years to run, and that all commercial treaties must be considered with reference to average compensation. But there is no doubt that the Hawaiian planter reaps the whole benefit of the exemption of his sugar from duty, and the Mexican planter would enjoy the same advantage upon a much larger scale. It is a bounty paid to foreign producers at the expense of American consumers, which is certainly the least defensible kind of protection. But it is a kind that would be very agreeable to the lucky railroad which should control the traffic. The Senate has done wisely in publishing the treaty, which can now be fully and intelligently discussed.

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE proper enforcement of the civil service reform act depends wholly upon the President, and there was very great and general interest to see what his course would be. The selection of the Commissioners was sure to show his feeling and purpose, and every sincere friend of reform perceives with the greatest pleasure that he has given the most conclusive evidence of his entire good faith. He has intrusted the supervision of the reformed system to its friends, and in so doing he has done what he can to assure the successful operation of the act.

It must be peculiarly gratifying to Mr. EATON that upon the passage of the bill, in the preparation of which he took so important a part, his name was universally and instinctively mentioned as that of the man especially fitted for the position of Commissioner. No man has greater knowledge of the subject, no one has devoted more thought to it, and he has the great advantage of a long and friendly acquaintance with the President, with whom he will be brought into close official connection.

His colleagues, Mr. GREGORY, of Illinois, and Mr. THOMAN, of Ohio, the latter a personal and political friend of Senator PENDLETON, are both men of ability and distinction, and sincere friends of the reformed system. The President could have done nothing which would more closely commend him to the respect of the great body of intelligent American citizens than his action upon the subject of this reform, to which he was not believed to be especially friendly. His command of that respect will be complete, if the view of the special correspondent of the *Herald* shall prove to be correct. In announcing the nominations of the Commission the correspondent says:

"The plain meaning of these nominations is that the President puts the execution of the new law into the hands of its friends, with the strong desire that they shall make it successful. It is well known that he approves of the law, and it will be found that in important nominations hereafter to be made he will conform to the spirit of it, and give that aid and countenance to the labors of the Commissioners which will help them to its successful administration. He has the determination to do all in his power to separate the business of the government from mere partisan politics. Although he makes fewer professions than some of his predecessors, it is well known here that no President for many years has so constantly discouraged mere office-seeking. Nor have any of his recent predecessors so carefully administered the government on business principles, dealing with the subordinate places to be filled from a business and not from a mere partisan stand-point."

THE EDSON CHARTER.

ONE of the most difficult and harassing of political problems is to devise a government for the city of New York which shall be simple, efficient, economical, and satisfactory. There is probably no great and important nominally self-governing community in the world which has so little knowledge of its own government, and so little respect for it, as the city of New York. The general feeling of the most intelligent citizens is that no effort is of any use, and that the most reasonable and honest endeavor, like the Citizens' movement of last autumn, is sure to be baffled by the bargains of other intelligent citizens, who are also warm partisans, like the leading Democrats, who last November deliberately "made a deal" for the municipal government. The conduct of Mayor EDSON in making his appointments was universally condemned as a total surrender to Tammany Hall, which is the familiar head-quarters of city misrule, jobbery, and corruption. But, notwithstanding this, the Mayor has prepared a charter which is, upon the whole, and with certain modifications, the best charter which has been suggested for the actual situation in the city.

The vice of the city charters generally is a diffusion of responsibility until it is lost. This of course is the object of knaves in preparing such an instrument. The virtue of the EDSON charter is that it concentrates and defines responsibility. It gives the Mayor power to appoint the heads of departments, and to remove them under certain conditions. This is the central idea of the charter. It makes the Mayor a very powerful officer, and individually responsible to the citizens for the government of the city. It grants, in fact, an enormous power. But it is not for that reason to be opposed if it be properly guarded. The necessary restraint is not to be sought, however, in such a body as the Board of Aldermen, which in no just sense represents the people of New York. A decent and honorable man may sometimes be found in that body. But the wonder in regard to such an Alderman is that of King GEORGE about the apple and the dumpling—how came he to be elected? The history of municipal administration, when its executive agents are practically appointed by such a body, is notorious. But in the present situation when a Mayor is elected as the agent of a party for an administration of af-

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fairs into which party considerations do not naturally and can not properly enter, the result of absolutely unrestrained power would be to aggravate and extend every kind of party abuse; and as the Election Bureau, with all other municipal affairs, would be under his sole direction, and as the result of the election in the State often depends upon the returns in the city, it is of the highest public importance that every reasonable safeguard be provided against the possible abuse of the power.

This restraint is to be found in proper barriers against a partisan misuse of the power, and to this end the whole body of subordinates should be appointed solely upon proof of merit and fitness, and the heads of departments should be appointed only after due public notice of such intention, and removed only after similar notice and fair hearing. This is substantially what Mr. EATON suggested to the Legislative committee, and Professor DWIGHT proposed that the new powers should be intrusted only to a Mayor who should be elected after the adoption of the charter, and he thought also that there were some departments which should have more than one head. The EDSON charter, with proper modifications of the kind that we have mentioned, would be an admirable instrument; and as complete irresponsibility and partisan abuse run mad have been tried with disastrous results, it is now the part of wisdom to try a municipal system of concentrated and well-defined responsibility, and great but wisely restrained executive power.

DRAM-DRINKING IN NEW YORK.

AT a meeting of prominent citizens the other evening it was resolved to make another effort to lessen the public temptation to drunkenness in New York. The Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church has been very active in this movement, and Mr. R. GRAHAM gave some statistics at the meeting which are worthy of consideration.

In the city of New York there are 10,075 liquor stores, or one to every 125 inhabitants. Of all arrests made in the city, 63.05 per cent. are for drunkenness or for disorder produced by drunkenness. In one block in the Bowery, out of seventeen houses, there are eleven which are used as saloons, and fifteen of the eighteen members of the Board of Aldermen are in the liquor interest. The meeting resolved to call a public meeting at Chickering Hall to urge a reduction in the number of liquor shops, and the enforcement of the law forbidding the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards.

It is only by such steady persistence in well-doing that the cause is advanced. Those whose reflection upon the subject is exhausted by the assertion that people will drink, and that you can't help it, misstate the fact, because there are many ways in which you can help it. The account of the result of permitting universal free drinking in Switzerland which we recently published shows conclusively how much may be done by judicious regulations to diminish excessive dram-drinking. Those who assert that you can't make people virtuous by law also entirely mistake the enterprise on hand. It is not proposed to undertake that work, but, by making public drinking more difficult, to lessen its extent. If you can't make people virtuous by law, you can by law diminish the temptation to drink and the opportunity. This is the humane and perfectly feasible purpose which the meeting and the movement are intended to promote.

A PITIFUL CALAMITY.

THERE could be no more pitiful story than that of the catastrophe in the Fourth Street Roman Catholic parochial school, nor any guilt more obvious than that of the authorities, whoever they may be, who allowed seven hundred children to be daily immured in such a trap as the school building, with its narrow and winding staircases, its passages scarcely a yard wide, and its flimsy stair railing, proves to have been.

Among these appalling disasters by fire, which are fast becoming a national disgrace, this one is the most sorrowful because of the tender age of the victims. No tale so heart-rending has been told for many a day. It is a ghastly satire upon adults who undertake to direct the education of children that the children perish horribly from the want of the most obvious care in providing for their accommodation. Those who would stuff a crowd into a Black Hole are not fit to teach hygiene, and those who would so neglect the plainest precautions as necessarily to imperil hundreds of young lives are not fit to have any care of children.

This terrible event should lead to a thorough inspection of all the public-school buildings, to make them really secure at any expense, and it should be made a criminal offense to build any school which is not a fire-proof building. Fire-escapes are of little use in any crowded building. It must be fire-proof.

THE SIGNAL OFFICE.

THE letters printed in the *Congressional Record* by Mr. BELTZHOOVER in regard to the Weather Signal Office have naturally excited general attention. His speech substantially accuses General HAZEN of a misuse of funds appropriated for the service of the bureau by devoting them to procuring a factitious expression of public favor toward keeping the bureau under military control. General HAZEN, in reply, without a direct and specific denial, declared the charges to be due to the malevolence of a discharged employé, and he asked the Secretary of War to request a Congressional investigation. The Secretary very properly replied that the question raised by the charges was not the efficiency of the Signal Bureau, but the fidelity of certain officers of the army connected with the Bureau, and that that was a question for a military court of inquiry.

General HAZEN demurred, and renewed his request for a Senatorial investigation on the ground of a pending proposition to transfer the bureau to the Interior Department. To this the Secretary in an admirable letter rejoined that it would be unbecoming in any department to suggest to either House of Congress how to pursue its inquiries. But as the conduct of officers of the army was questioned, and as General HAZEN agreed that there must be an investigation, if General HAZEN himself did not demand a court of inquiry, the Secretary would advise the President to summon one.

Neither in the letters published by Mr. BELTZHOOVER nor in his correspondence with the Secretary of War does General HAZEN appear to advantage; and it will not be easy for him to show how money appropriated for the work of his bureau could be properly applied to pay the expenses of an agent to produce an apparent expression of public opinion.

THE LAND LEAGUE AND THE ASSASSINATIONS.

IT is unjust to hold a country or a people responsible for the crimes of individuals, and although the London *Times* insinuates and a Tory lord implies that Mr. PARNELL and the Land League may have supplied the money for the assassination plot in Dublin, something more than shrugs and hints will be necessary to show that men like JUSTIN MCCARTHY and MICHAEL DAVITT connive at the most dastardly murder.

The tragedy of the foul crime in the Phœnix Park is not so much that a dozen or more brutish men should be found among Irishmen willing to commit a murder at once so atrocious and so useless, as that assassination should be deliberately organized in Ireland against the members of a British government which is honestly and conspicuously friendly to Ireland. Among all Englishmen, none have shown a more sympathetic and sincere desire to relieve Irish injustice and distress than Mr. FORSTER, and Mr. FORSTER was designed to be the first victim for whom the knife of Irish assassination was sharpened. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT have proved in a hundred ways their goodwill to the Irish people, and it is they and the Government of which they were members who have been most fiercely denounced as tyrannical and oppressive.

They have not, indeed, advocated absolute Irish independence. But if every Englishman is to be treated as a deadly enemy to Ireland who does not accept the policy of the Irish "irreconcilables," nothing but relentless civil war can ever settle the difference between the islands. The Land League, we are confident, can not be held responsible for the ghastly acts which the examination at Dublin has revealed. Yet the League and its orators have been too willing to make appeals and to point to conclusions which might be readily perverted by ignorant, passionate, and criminal adherents. O'CONNELL never permitted himself to be misunderstood. He was content to wage a peaceful agitation. He denounced any other kind. Young Ireland, on the other hand, meant war if necessary, and did not conceal its purpose. The Land League has lacked a masterful control, and it is inevitably discredited by crimes of which it was doubtless innocent. Hereafter when Irishmen living in this country are asked to give money, let them have self-respect enough to insist upon knowing for what purpose the money is given. It is shameful to think that American gifts may have promoted the wanton murders in the Phœnix Park.

GEORGE DAWSON.

WITH a great funeral, and with a great concourse of mourners who were not near Albany, GEORGE DAWSON was buried, and over the grave of no "newspaper man" could more general and hearty sorrow be breathed. He was a man of strong, sturdy, simple, and affectionate nature; of unwasted enthusiasms and cheerful faith; a warm-hearted, high-minded, upright, and generous boy at seventy. A printer and editor and publisher, sagacious and faithful and efficient; a courageous and independent citizen; in his own Scotch word, a "winsome" comrade; honest and most modest—he will be remembered not only with respect, but with affection, by those who saw him little, and who did not intimately know him, but who could not meet him without recognizing a genuine man.

PERSONAL.

THE already magnificent picture-gallery of Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, at Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, is about to be enlarged by an addition, fifty-five feet long and thirty-four feet wide, which will take the place of the present *aquarelle* room. The wall spaces behind the pictures are to be covered with silk stuff in tapestry colors, and the frieze above them will show an arcade in carved and costly woods. Directly behind the present gallery, and opening from it, a conservatory of iron, with walls of colored tiles, is to be erected, the dimensions being thirty-six feet by twenty-two. When these improvements are completed, the visitor who stands in the bay-window of the drawing-room on Fifth Avenue and looks thence across that room, across the hall, across the picture-gallery, and across the conservatory, will have a superb view one hundred and fifty feet long.

—The late Professor ATWATER, of Princeton College, was a man of such commanding physical proportions as might have entitled him to membership in the Club of the Titans. He had the knack of keeping order in the class-room by impressing his students with a profound respect for his possibilities as a disciplinarian. One look out of his penetrating and unimpassioned eyes was sufficient to quell the first inclination to mischief on the part of the boys. His administrative capacity was the admiration of the business men among the trustees of the institution. Of late years he was often spoken of among the faculty as the probable successor of President MCCOSH.

—The readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be delighted to learn that a new serial story by their favorite author Mr. JAMES OTIS is to begin in the next number of that paper, published March 6. The story is called "The Raising of the 'Pearl,'" and narrates the adventures of a party of boys who, under the supervision of a genial old sailor, succeed in pumping out and raising a steam-yacht that had been sunk off the coast of Florida, and afterward make a cruise in the recovered craft, meeting with thrilling adventures. It is finely illustrated by W. P. SNYDER.

—Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has nearly finished the conclusion to his novel, *Fortune's Fool*, for which the readers of an English magazine have been waiting. We understand that the novel in its complete form was sent to the magazine and paid for before its first part had been published. But the author, having had a new idea with respect to the termination of the story, asked for the return of the last pages of his MS., and when he had received them proceeded to rewrite and multiply them. Unfortunately the new MS. never reached its destination, and Mr. HAWTHORNE thinks that it must have been lost in the mails. As soon as he could overcome his disappointment and vexation he began for the third time the conclusion of the novel, which will be forwarded to London in a few days.

—The Rev. Dr. MURDOCK, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union, says that there are 500,000 professing Christians in India, 300,000 in Africa, 80,000 in the Society and Philippine islands, 50,000 in China, and about 5000 in Japan.

—Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE, of the United States navy, has embarked in the business of building ships, after seventeen years' experience in commanding them. To have been only a lieutenant-commander for so long a time as that is, he declares, "not calculated to make an ambitious man contented with his lot."

—According to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., Parliament has a far greater proportion now than formerly of members whose only claim to political distinction is the possession of large wealth, so that the history of England offers another of the many instances in which the growth of democratic institutions has been accompanied by the retrogression of democratic principles.

—King HUMBERT of Italy rides in the streets of Rome in a T-cart, and is his own driver. When his Queen is with him, the royal pair appear in an unpretentious victoria without the usual escort of soldiery.

—The street-cleaning contractor in the first district of New York city estimates that to keep all the streets of this town as clean as Broadway between Seventeenth and Twenty-second streets is kept by private persons would cost $6,000,000 annually.

—The Rev. Dr. G. H. HOUGHTON, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, better known as the "Little Church around the Corner," has long befriended the most unfortunate among his fellow-men. No one, he says, whatever his or her life may have been, is ever refused attention or relief when applying to that church; and this fact, he adds, must have been known to the sacrilegious thieves who recently stole from the chancel some pieces of the communion service.

—"As a landed proprietor," says Prince BISMARCK, "I do all in my power to support the observance of Sunday, but I would not have people legally compelled to keep the day rigidly. There ought to be no ordinary work on Sundays; and I think so not so much on account of the Scriptural command, but because men must have time for proper repose."

—The following telegram was sent from this city to Baireuth on the 17th of February: "To Frau RICHARD WAGNER: The New York Philharmonic Society hereby expresses heart-felt condolence, and mourn a loss so irretrievable." It is one of very many of similar import from this side of the water.

—The latest biography of WILLIAM PENN describes those earlier Cavalier days of the "founder of Pennsylvania" when he gave offense to some honest souls by the "vanity of his French garb, and his affected manner of speech and gait."

—A new translation of what CTESIAS, the Greek historian, wrote about ancient India recalls to a reviewer the opinion long ago expressed by LUCIAN that CTESIAS "wrote about India and its inhabitants what he neither saw himself nor heard from the report of others"—a charge sometimes made even against some modern historians.

—Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, before leaving for England, was honored with a reception in the parlor of a church in Philadelphia. "I have known nothing," she said, "during the last thirty years, save the struggle for human rights on this continent. If it had been men who had been disfranchised and denied their legal rights, I believe I should have devoted my life precisely as I have."

—Our esteemed contemporary the London *Athenæum* describes Mr. ELIHU VEDDER, the author of the masterly cartoon of "Samson" in HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, as "a BURNE-JONES, DELACROIX, and LEIGHTON rolled into one, with a dash of Mr. W. B. RICHMOND."

—A Zulu king, says a late writer, must have fallen very low indeed when he has to listen to such language as one of the chiefs is reported to have held to CETYWAYO. He informed the restored monarch that, having come back with his hands clean, it was to be hoped that he would keep them so. The chief would probably insist on judging for himself of the condition of his sovereign's hands, and acting accordingly. It is manifestly impossible for an English government to put a Zulu chief on the throne and support him there, and yet let him govern according to the old barbarous methods.

—In a recent lecture in Boston Mr. JOHN KELLY began by announcing that "it is a natural curiosity that prompts us to inquire what our grandparents were."

—Of Mr. W. HAMILTON GIBSON'S *Highways and Byways*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, the London *Academy* says: "Fancy to yourself a THOREAU, who has read both DARWIN and RUSKIN, and who has learned to use the pencil of BIRKET FOSTER; to this add the finest workmanship of the American school of engraving, and all the luxury of the richest paper and the clearest type, and you may form some idea of the handsome book before us. At first it attracted only by the rare delicacy of its drawings, which reproduce with unrivalled truth the exquisite tracery of vegetation, and the 'ebon and ivory' of Nature's shadows. A good example of this may be seen on the cover. But when we discovered that the artist is also the author, we began to read, and we found ourselves unable to stop till we got to the end.... We feel that we have here, far more than in most American books, a genuine product of the soil."

—A colossal statue of bronze, nine feet high, will be erected in one of the public squares of Boston in honor of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. The work has been intrusted to Mr. OLIN L. WARNER, of this city, who undoubtedly will give us something as fine in its way as the FARRAGUT statue by Mr. ST. GAUDENS.

—The burning of the old Havana steam-ship *Morro Castle* at Charleston, South Carolina, recalls her eventful voyage from Havana to New York in the winter of 1872, when she was under command of Captain THOMAS S. CURTIS, now of the *Saratoga*. A terrible storm, amounting almost to a cyclone, swept the ocean, and the stanch ship was tossed about like a cockle-shell on the tremendous seas. It was almost impossible for the passengers to keep in their berths, and many of the ladies were tied to the sofas in the main saloon as the only means of procuring them rest. To add to the terrors of the storm, the supply of coal began to run low, and Captain CURTIS resorted to the device of burning sugar to keep up the furnace fires. The passengers knew afterward that he had little hope of saving the ship, but during the storm he was always calm, self-possessed, and cheerful. On the fourth night of the storm the writer of this paragraph remembers that he came into the cabin about twelve o'clock, and announced that in two hours the Highland lights would be visible. It seemed incredible that he should know this, for since the beginning of the storm he had run by dead-reckoning only. But at two o'clock a commotion on deck called up every one who was able to stand, and there were the two lights, which some of us had never hoped to see again, gleaming dimly through the storm. The passengers will always hold in grateful remembrance the name of him whose courage and good seamanship brought them safely home through that perilous voyage.

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THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' CLUB SHOW.

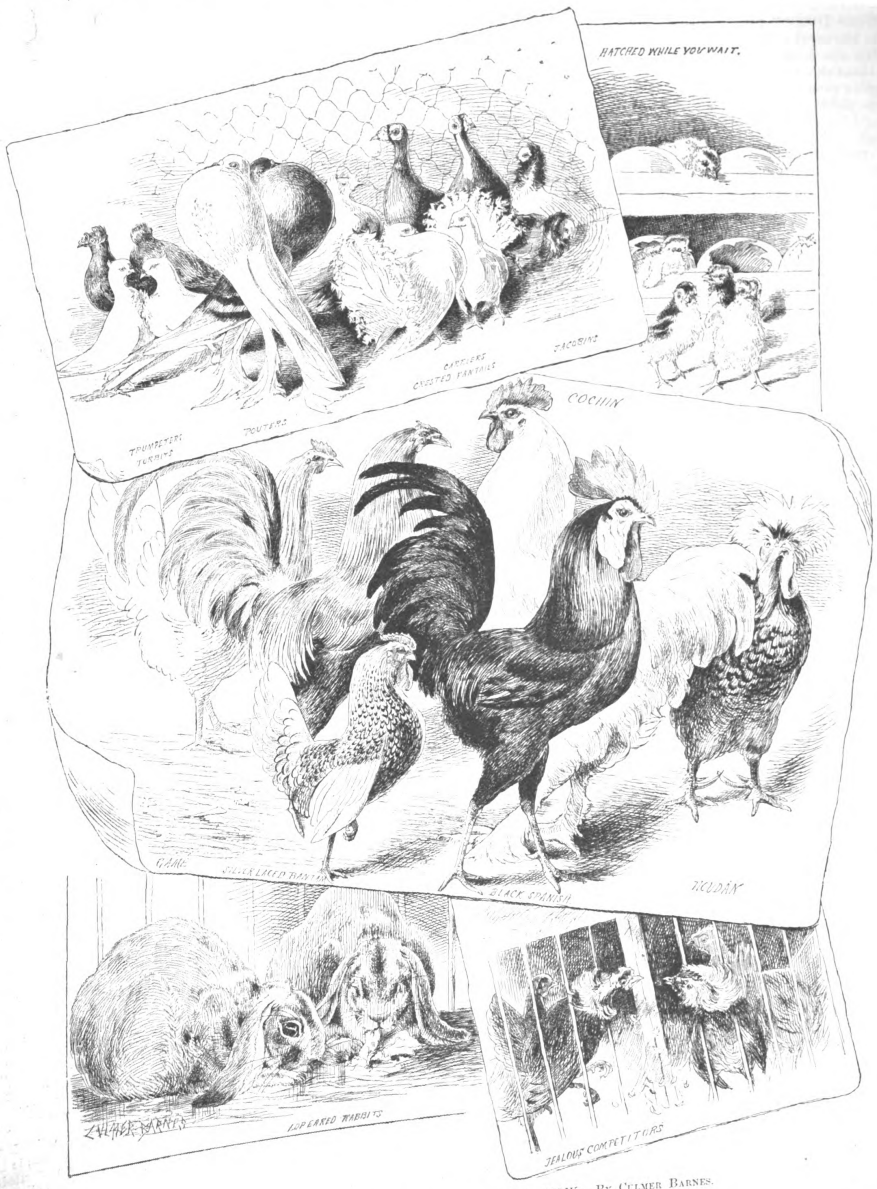
A FAINT tapping could be heard as from the interior of one of a number of eggs that lay recently in one of the compartments of an artificial incubator in Madison Square Garden. The annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club was in progress, and the incubator was one of its chief attractions. An attendant who heard the call from the interior of the shell tapped on the exterior in response. A bit of the white shell fell away. A tiny yellow beak pushed its way through the opening, and was followed by a fuzzy ball of pale yellow mounted on two deeper yellow legs. The new-comer blinked at the strong light in the Garden, said "Good-morning" to a world of poultry shows and competition for prizes, cocked its head saucily, and looked with a mingled air of astonishment and disgust at the shell from which it had just emerged. With a spiteful little kick, the old home was discarded forever by the stripling, who then set itself to making the acquaintance of others of its kind, who had entered into this vale of tears after the same fashion. A half-hour later it was watching as curiously as were the throng of spectators about the incubator another chicken make its advent into the world. The actual conversion of egg into chicken was as great a curiosity to it as to the thousands who watched the process day after day during the continuance of the exhibition.

"Queer, isn't it? Raised for the market, I suppose," remarked a broker, who was an interested spectator. Every one turned to look at the chicks. The little fellows, to sympathizing eyes, seemed awe-stricken. Their anxiety was seemingly relieved when a fancier remarked: "Hardly, sir. They're from choice eggs. From hens with pedigrees as long as those of any of your race-horses. A year from now you may see those little fellows proudly occupying coops over yonder, and competing for silver cups or money sweepstakes. When incubators first came into use, they were used exclusively for raising chickens for the market, so as to give your New York epicures springchickens and broilers all the year round. Fanciers have found it possible, however, to raise chickens by this artificial method just as strong, healthy children are raised on the bottle. It's a great invention; helps the farmer and fancier to make money more rapidly than they could otherwise. Besides, you see, it saves 'wear and tear' on the hens. They don't have to waste their time sitting, and can keep at their legitimate business—laying eggs." The advocate of artificial breeding led the way to a coop of huge Cochins. As tenderly as his wife would handle her babe, he took from the coop a handsome cockerel. "Weighs twelve pounds, and is not quite a year old," he remarked. "Handsome, isn't he? Was marked 95 points out of a possible 100 by the judges, and has been rated even higher at former shows. He was raised in an incubator, and nursed by an artificial mother. I used to raise all my exhibition birds in the natural way; now I use the artificial method principally. The results seem to be as good in one way as in the other. That invention makes chicken-raising with profit a possibility, and saves us a deal of trouble."

Had a wild cock and hen from India or Java, the progenitors of the domestic fowl, been introduced into the Garden last week, they would hardly have recognized their descendants in the improved or evoluted chicken. The cackle and crow would have had a somewhat familiar sound, but there the resemblance would have ceased. In character and the wild and the domestic fowl as between a difference between the wild and their gay descendants who make Boston the Puritan fathers and their gay descendants who make Boston a fashionable as well as a cultured city. The Puritan crops out occasionally in the honest farmer of Eastern Massachusetts, and peculiarities of the Puritan chicken, so to speak, are reproduced in two of the hundred of recognized fancy breeds. One is the game, the other its representation in miniature, the redpiles. The progenitors of both found to occupy a position between the two in size, and more modestly clothed with plumage. Could the parent birds of all domestic fowls think as they saw their descendants, ranging in size from the tiny strutting bantam of a pound weight to the huge Brahmin of fifteen pounds, they would at once, and unquestioningly, accept as true the theory of evolution. They would also be very proud that their descendants were such handsome creatures. The perfection of comb and wattle; the regularity and beauty of hackle, wing, and tail feathers; the graceful top-knots of the French and Polish breeds; the sweeping leg feathers of the Asiatics—all the results of interbreeding—would fill their hearts with as much pride as do the rich and showy costumes of a little one at a children's carnival the hearts of their parents. The disarranged and generally disorganized plumage of the frizzles, which seems to be determined to grow the wrong way, and the lack of tail feathers in the rumpless, would as certainly give rise to the New England cackle, "How shiftless!" as would the sight of the bantam the query, "Have we evoluted backward?"

The exhibition was a breeders' triumph. The perfection of desirable qualities in a fowl—beauty of form and color, solidity of flesh, and egg-producing qualities—seemed to even the practiced eye to have been attained in the Plymouth Rocks, the Cochins, Brahmins, Leghorns, and Spanish. Perfection of plumage and pride was reached in the crested Houdans and Polish, the pugnacious games, and the snobbish bantams.

No less attractive than the poultry, and no less perfect, from a breeder's stand-point, was the exhibition of pigeons. The English carrier, with its curiously wattled head and eye; the pouter, with its balloon-like neck often expanded with air until the curious protuberance rivalled in size the body of the bird; the jacobins and nuns, with hoods of feathers; the fan-tail, with its never-resting but always-swaying head and neck and wealth of snowy-white, fan-like tail feathers; the yet more restless tumbler, with its curious predilection for somersaults; and the fragile ring-dove, with ring of black set into the pure white or soft dove-color of the neck plumage—combined to form, even in the setting of rough cages, a picture of unusual beauty.



SKETCHES AT THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' CLUB SHOW.—By CULMER BARNES.

Years of labor have been necessary to produce in their perfection the marked characteristics of each class of poultry and pigeons shown. Especially is this true of the pigeons where mating and matching to procure some abnormal growth is a work carried through a series of years, the mere thought of which would be sufficient to appall the novice who would undertake to produce like results, or equally successful ones in another direction. Is it a wonder, then, that rival fanciers, when interviewing judges, sometimes assume such a warlike aspect as that given by our artist to the birds themselves who are rival competitors for honors?

ENGLISH EPITAPHS.

IN a cemetery near Windsor this verse of Holy Scripture appears on a head-stone beneath the name of a man who died, advanced in years:

Behold, I come as a thief.

Given thus without any context the first suggestion is that the deceased says to the passer-by, "Behold, I come as a thief!" One requires some time and some thought fully to take in the object of this epitaph, if one may call it so, which is, doubtless, to act as a warning to those now living, as we may suppose it once acted to the dead man at our feet.

A Mr. Charles Lamb, not the Elia with whom and for whom we have laughed and wept, sleeps beneath an epitaph of which even the authors of the words of comic songs might be ashamed:

Here lies the body of
poor Charles Lamb,
Killed by a tree that
fell slap bang.

Great grief was caused to an aged widow by the refusal of a clergyman to allow her to have inscribed the lines which her husband had written for himself:

Here lies at rest from
earthly wars
A sergeant of the 8th
Hussars;
He lies confined in narrow borders,
Here to wait till further
orders.

Here is an inscription in the burying-ground of St. Peter's Church, near Broadstairs:

In memory of M^r Rich^d Joy
(called the Kentish Samson),
who died May 8, 1742,
aged 67.

Herculean Hero, famed
for strength,
At last lies here his
breadth and length,
See how the mighty
man is fallen!
To death ye strong and
weak are all one,
And the same judgment
doth befall
Goliath great as David
small.

Richard Joy is likened to Samson, Hercules, and Goliath all in a breath.

Who will not wonder at and admire the skill, the originality, of the genius whose brain furnished him with the means of putting into verse the sad event which he has thus recorded?

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding clothes provided;
But ere the wedding
day arrived
She sickened and she
died dead.

After this instance of a poet's ingenuity in overcoming the exigencies and difficulties of rhyme, it may be as well to point out how another genius did not overcome but evaded similar difficulties. The following appears in a church-yard in Devonshire, and Devonshire men pride themselves on their indomitable energy and pluck:

Here lies John Meadow
Who passed away like a shadow.
N.B.—His name was Field,
but it would not rhyme.

A puzzling epitaph—puzzling because either the lady was very thin, or the bung-hole unusually large—is the following:

In memory of
John Collins and Mary his wife
She } died {May 1st. 1791. } Ætatis 474
He } {Aug. 19th. 1791. } 478
Also the children of John and Ann Collins
George } born {Feb. 4th. 1794. } died {March 2nd. 1795
Martha } {Sept. 27th. 1791. } {Aug. 1st. 1800
'Twas as she tript from cask to cask
In at a Bung-hole quickly fell
Suffocation was her task
She had no time to say farewell.
Ann Collins died Sept. 11th 1801 Ætatis 49.

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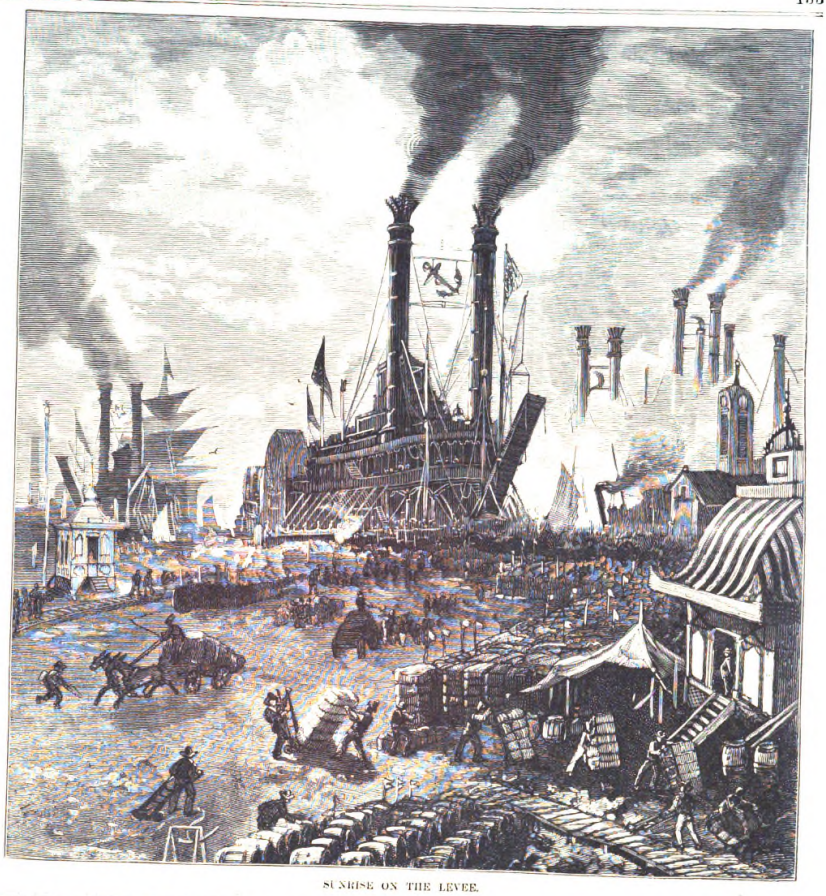
NEW ORLEANS LEVEES.

THE broad levees which protect the city of New Orleans against the assaults of the Mississippi are crowded day and night by picturesque and motley throngs of people, representing every phase of sea-faring and river life. The scene is bewildering to a stranger; and our artist, who has endeavored to convey a pictorial idea of it, confesses that he was at a loss to know what to choose from the amazing variety of incidents and characters that passed in a continually changing panorama before his eyes.

Even by night the levees present scenes of bustling activity. New Orleans is far ahead of most Northern cities in the use of the electric light. Even dingy back streets and narrow alleys are illuminated by its powerful rays, and it is not uncommon to find the brilliantly lighted globe of glass swinging in front of some picturesque tumble-down shop, which doesn't look as if its whole stock would be valued at more than a hundred dollars or two. As many portions of the city, especially the older streets, are wonderfully picturesque and quaint, the electric illumination produces effects which are nowhere else observable.

Along the levees the electric lights are suspended in rows from high poles, affording a broadly diffused light, by means of which the business of loading and unloading the ships, steamboats, and other craft is carried on with as much facility as by day. Some of the globes are variously colored, to designate different localities. Our artist made his sketch on a clear night, in order to show the busy scene to the best advantage, and convey an idea of the extent and variety of the work carried on after sunset along the river-front; but there are nights when the heavy sea-fog comes sweeping up, like a gray wall, obscuring all the shipping and enveloping the levees. The effect is then wonderful. Everything wears an uncertain, weird, and ghostly appearance. DORÉ would have revelled in these scenes, where he would have found subjects for his pencil as marvellously quaint and picturesque as in any of the older portions of Paris or London.

What her great dikes are to Holland the levee is to New Orleans. Without this enormous embankment, fifteen feet wide at the top and extending for two hundred miles above and fifty below the city, her streets would be subject to inundation every spring. The author of "Hudibras" described Holland in humorous verse as "a country that draws fifty feet of water," where people "do not live, but go on board." The description might have applied in some degree to the New Orleans of earlier times; but engineering skill and a judicious outlay of money, applied to the construction of the levee, and an extensive system of drainage, have made it one of the most healthful and pleasant cities of America.



SUNRISE ON THE LEVEE.

A LEVEE AT NIGHT—ELECTRIC-LIGHT ILLUMINATION.

SKETCHES ON THE LEVEES, NEW ORLEANS.—BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

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THE THREE STRANGERS.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Laodicean," etc.

I.

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or ewelеases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county town. Yet what of that? Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But in the present case such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two foot-paths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. The house was thus exposed to the elements on all sides. But though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rain-storm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crécy. Such sheep and out-door animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the wind; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The gable end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eaves-droppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cozy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep fair. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high days, holidays, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake, the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New, the parish clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from the valley below, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the [illegible]

tages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamored of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown piece to the musicians as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out-of-doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. In point of fact he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five feet eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was a caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little homestead partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within and the lesser strains of the fiddler reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten bee-hives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water, and a casual rain-fall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies: a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased, and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and emerging from the shed with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst, he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while far away in the vale a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamp-lights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county town, from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in," said the shepherd, promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion, and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with the survey, and baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich, deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though to be sure a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb, hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennell assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather thin in the vamp," he said, freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted, either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so. And so am I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said, quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the new-comer, "and that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about ye?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box; I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man, with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner, and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor, by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up, when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the fire, as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in." In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door mat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab great-coat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yerself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether comfortable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his great-coat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire, and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the large mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole genealogies of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burned upon its rotund side in yellow letters:

"THERE IS NO FUN
UNTIL I CUM."

The other man, nothing loath, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on and on and on, till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd, with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden afore coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous horizontality.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd, warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm, which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make, and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of whites of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time, but the rain drove me into ye, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet, though I shortly mean to more there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering: "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight, I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, man and maid, ens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of [illegible]

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ship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combe."

"No," said the stranger, disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said, reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people, and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong. And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it! what's a cup of mead more or less? there'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade: I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added, smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep crooks above the mantel-piece, began:

"Oh, my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree."

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word "Chorus," joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish:

"And waft 'em to a far countree."

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought, not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground; the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion: she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inward, and went on with the next stanza, as requested:

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all;
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string and a post whereon to swing
Are implements enough for me."

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her, she sat down, trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it. 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail to-morrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clockmaker we heard of, who used to live away at Anglebury, and had no work to do—Timothy Sommers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Anglebury by the high-road and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's man, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded toward the stranger of the terrible trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup toward that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

II.

THAT A FREE MAN IS A SOVEREIGN, BUT THAT A SOVEREIGN CAN NOT TAKE "TIPS."

A FREE man, a free country, liberty, and equality are terms of constant use amongst us. They are employed as watch-words as soon as any social questions come into discussion. It is right that they should be so used. They ought to contain the broadest convictions and most positive faiths of the nation, and so they ought to be available for the decision of questions of detail. In order, however, that they may be so employed successfully and correctly, it is essential that the terms should be correctly defined, and that their popular use should conform to correct definitions. No doubt it is generally believed that the terms are easily understood, and present no difficulty. Probably the popular notion is that liberty means doing as one has a mind to, and that it is a metaphysical or sentimental good. A little observation shows that there is no such thing in this world as doing as one has a mind to. There is no man, from the tramp up to the President, the Pope, or the Czar, who can do as he has a mind to. There never has been any man, from the primitive barbarian up to a Humboldt or a Darwin, who could do as he had a mind to. The "Bohemian" who determines to realize some sort of liberty of this kind accomplishes his purpose only by sacrificing most of the rights and turning his back on most of the duties of a civilized man, while filching as much as he can of the advantages of living in a civilized state. Moreover, liberty is not a metaphysical or sentimental thing at all. It is positive, practical, and actual. It is produced and maintained by law and institutions, and is therefore concrete and historical. Sometimes we speak distinctively of civil liberty, but if there be any liberty other than civil liberty—that is, liberty under law—it is a mere fiction of the schoolmen which they may be left to discuss.

Even as I write, however, I find in a leading review the following definition of liberty: civil liberty is "the result of the restraint exercised by the sovereign people on the more powerful individuals and classes of the community, preventing them from availing themselves of the excess of their power to the detriment of the other classes." This definition lays the foundation for the result which it is apparently desired to reach, that "a government by the people can in no case become a paternal government, since its lawmakers are its mandatories and servants carrying out its will, and not its fathers or its masters." Here we have the most mischievous fallacy under the general topic which I am discussing distinctly formulated. In the definition of liberty it will be noticed that liberty is construed as the act of the sovereign people against somebody, who must, of course, be differentiated from the sovereign people. Whenever "people" is used in this sense for anything less than the total population, man, woman, child, and baby, and whenever the great dogmas which contain the word people are construed under the limited definition of people, there is always fallacy. History is only a tiresome repetition of one story. Persons and classes have sought to win possession of the power of the state in order to live luxuriously out of the earnings of others. Autocracies, aristocracies, theocracies, and all other organizations for holding political power have exhibited only the same line of action. It is the extreme of political error to say that if political power is only taken away from generals, nobles, priests, millionaires, and scholars, and given to artisans and peasants, these latter may be trusted to do only right and justice, and never to abuse the power; that they will repress all excess in others and commit none themselves. They will commit abuse, if they can and dare, just as others have done. The reason for the excesses of old governing classes lies in the vices and passions of human nature, cupidity, lust, vindictiveness, ambition, and vanity. These vices are confined to no nation, class, or age. They appear in the church, the academy, the workshop, and the hovel, as well as in the army or the palace. They have appeared in autocracies, aristocracies, theocracies, democracies, and ochlocracies, all alike. The only thing which has ever restrained these vices of human nature in those who had political power is law sustained by impersonal institutions. If political power be given to the masses who have not hitherto had it, nothing will stop them from abusing it but laws and institutions. To say that a popular government can not be paternal is to give it a charter that it can do no wrong. The trouble is that a democratic government is in greater danger than any other of becoming paternal—step-paternal,—for it is sure of itself, and ready to undertake anything, and its power is excessive and pitiless against dissentients.

What history shows is that rights are safe only when guaranteed against all arbitrary power and all class and personal interest. The notion of a free state is entirely modern. It has been developed with the development of the middle class, and with the growth of a commercial and industrial civilization. Horror at human slavery is not a century old as a common sentiment in a civilized state. The idea of the "free man," as we understand it, is the product of a revolt against mediæval and feudal ideas, and our notion of equality, when it is true and practical, can be explained only by that revolt. It was in England that the modern idea found birth. It has been strengthened by the industrial and commercial development of that country. It has been inherited by all the English-speaking nations, who have made liberty real because they have inherited it, not as a notion, but as a body of institutions. It has been borrowed and imitated by the military and police states of the European continent so fast as they have felt the influence of the expanding industrial civilization, but they have realized it only imperfectly, because they have no body of local institutions or traditions, and it remains for them a matter of "declarations" and pronunciamentos. The notion of civil liberty which we have inherited is that of a status created for the individual by laws and institutions, the effect of which is that each man is guaranteed the use of all his own powers exclusively for his own welfare. It is not at all a matter of elections, or universal suffrage, or democracy. All institutions are to be tested by the degree to which they guarantee liberty. It is not to be admitted for a moment that liberty is a means to social ends, and that it may be impaired for major considerations. Any one who so argues has lost the bearing and relation of all the facts and factors in a free state. A human being has a life to live, a career to run. He is a centre of powers to work and of capacities to suffer. What his powers may be, whether they can carry him far or not; what his chances may be, whether wide or restricted; what his fortune may be, whether to suffer much or little—are questions of his personal destiny which he must work out and endure as he can, but for all that concerns the bearing of the society and its institutions upon that man, and upon the sum of happiness to which he can attain during his life on earth, the product of all history and all philosophy up to this time is summed up in the doctrine that he should be left free to do the most for himself that he can, and should be guaranteed the exclusive enjoyment of all that he does. If the society—that is to say, in plain terms, if his fellow-men, either individually, by groups, or in a mass—impinge upon him otherwise than to surround him with neutral conditions of security, they must do so under the strictest responsibility to justify themselves. Jealousy and prejudice against all such interferences are high political virtues in a free man. Liberty for labor and security for earnings are the ends for which civil institutions exist, not means which may be employed for ulterior ends.

Now the cardinal doctrine of any sound political system is that rights and duties should be in equilibrium. A monarchical or aristocratic system is not immoral if the rights and duties of persons and classes are in equilibrium, although the rights and duties of different persons and classes are unequal. An immoral political system is created whenever there are privileged classes, that is, classes who have arrogated to themselves rights while throwing the duties upon others. In a democracy all have equal political rights. That is the fundamental political principle. A democracy, then, becomes immoral if all have not equal political duties. This is unquestionably the doctrine which needs to be reiterated and inculcated beyond all others if the democracy is to be made sound and permanent. Our orators and writers never speak of it, and do not seem often to know anything about it; but the real danger of democracy is that the classes which have the power under it will assume all the rights and reject all the duties, that is, that they will use the political power to plunder those—who—have. Democracy, in order to be true to itself, and to develop into a sound working system, must oppose the same cold resistance to any claims for favor on the ground of poverty as on the ground of birth and rank. It can no more admit to public discussion, as within the range of possible action, any schemes for coddling and helping wage-receivers than it could entertain schemes for restricting political power to wage-payers. It must put down schemes for making "the rich" pay for whatever "the poor" want, just as if it put down the theories that only the rich are fit to regulate society. One needs but to watch our periodical literature to see the danger that democracy will be construed as a system of favoring a new privileged class of the many and the poor.

Holding in mind, now, the notions of liberty and democracy as we have defined them, we see that it is not altogether a matter or fanfaronade when the American citizen calls himself a "sovereign." A member of a free democracy is, in a sense, a sovereign. He has no superior. He has reached his sovereignty, however, by a process of reduction and division of power which leaves him no inferior. It is very grand to call one's self a sovereign, but it is greatly to the purpose to notice that the political responsibilties of the free man have been intensified and aggregated just in proportion as political rights have been reduced and divided. Many monarchs have been incapable of sovereignty and unfit for it. Placed in exalted situations, and inheritors of grand opportunities, they have only exhibited their own imbecility and vice. The reason was because they thought only of the gratification of their own vanity and not at all of their duty. The free man who steps forward to claim his inheritance and endowment as a free and equal member of a great civil body must understand that his duties and responsibilities are measured to him by the same scale as his rights and his powers. He wants to be subject to no man. He wants to be equal to his fellows, as all sovereigns are equal. So be it, but he can not escape the deduction that he can call no man to his aid. The other sovereigns will not respect his independence if he becomes dependent, and they can not respect his equality if he sues for favors. The free man in a free democracy, when he cut off all the ties which might pull him down, severed also all the ties by which he might have made others pull him up. He must take all the consequences of his new status. He is, in a certain sense, an isolated man. The family tie does not bring to him disgrace for the misdeeds of his relatives as it once would have done, but neither does it furnish him with the support which it once would have given. The relations of men are open and free, but they are also loose. A free man in a free democracy derogates from his rank if he takes a favor for which he does not render an equivalent.

A free man in a free democracy has no duty whatever toward other men of the same rank and standing, except respect, courtesy, and goodwill. We can not say that there are no classes when we are speaking politically, and then say that there are classes when we are telling A what it is his duty to do for B. In a free state every man is held and expected to take care of himself and his family, to make no trouble for his neighbor, and to contribute his full share to public interests and common necessities. If he fails in this, he throws burdens on others. He does not thereby acquire rights against the others. On the contrary, he only accumulates obligations toward them, and if he is allowed to make his deficiencies a ground of new claims, he passes over into the position of a privileged or petted person—emancipated from duties, endowed with claims. This is the inevitable result of combining democratic political theories with humanitarian social theories. It would be aside from my present purpose to show, but it is worth noticing in passing, that one result of such inconsistency must surely be to undermine democracy, to increase the power of capital in the democracy, and to hasten the subjection of democracy to plutocracy, for a man who accepts any share which he has not earned in another man's capital can not be an independent citizen.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

THE subsidence of the great flood in the Ohio River leaves behind it scenes of terrible devastation and distress. Although relieved of the awful dangers that threatened while the waters were at their highest, the unfortunate people whose homes have been swept away, whose business has been ruined, are left in a state of pitiable destitution, and prompt and efficient measures are necessary to prevent wide-spread suffering among them. Americans have never been backward in giving where appeals have been made to their generosity, either from home or abroad, and in this case they are responding liberally to the cry of distress that comes from the banks of the Ohio.

Our illustrations give a vivid picture of the extent of the calamities which have befallen the people of that region. One of the most frightful incidents was the breaking of the embankment at Louisville, by which nearly a square mile of territory within the city limits was flooded. There was a slight break in the embankment on Monday, February 12, but it was speedily repaired, and in spite of the warning the inhabitants of the low grounds refused to leave their dwellings, and most of them went to bed as if no danger were impending. About midnight their slumbers were suddenly disturbed by a rush of roaring water. The embankment had given way, and in a moment the turbid flood was sweeping through the streets. The panic was indescribable. The roar of the waters could not drown the cries and shrieks of the terrified women and children as they endeavored to make their escape from the tottering buildings. Some succeeded in wading to higher ground, on which bonfires were quickly kindled as beacon lights to guide the unfortunates. Others were rescued in boats propelled by strong and resolute men. Many of the sufferers saved nothing but their night clothing, happy to save their lives, and leaving all their household goods to be swept away. As most of the houses were small cottages of frail construction, they were quickly overturned or torn to pieces. Several of these dwellings were seen before the inmates could escape. In some cases sick people were taken through the windows, and carried to a place of safety in boats, and several people were rescued from trees into which they had climbed. Many pathetic incidents took place while the brave rescuers were at work, at the risk of their own lives. We are told of cottages overwhelmed in the darkness, with all their inmates, when help was just at hand, of homeless families shivering about the bonfires. Two drunken men were saved with the greatest difficulty, as they could not be made to comprehend their danger, and were almost uncontrollable. One little girl refused to leave her home until she had found her pet kitten. An old negro, half frozen and pitiably scared, was found shivering on the top of a coal heap, guarding a wretched little rabbit.

Great difficulty was experienced in some cases in persuading poor people to abandon their household goods. They would insist on loading the boats that came to their rescue with bedding and furniture, and in some instances could only be restrained by force from doing so. One poor old man cried as if his heart would break because he was not allowed to load the boat with some cane-bottomed chairs which were the pride of his house.

It is impossible as yet to form even an approximate estimate of the extent of the damage caused by the floods at Cincinnati, Louisville, and other places along the Ohio River, but there is no question that it will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars. The loss arising from the interruption to business alone is enormous. The loss of human life has been happily small, even in places where the danger seemed to be most imminent.

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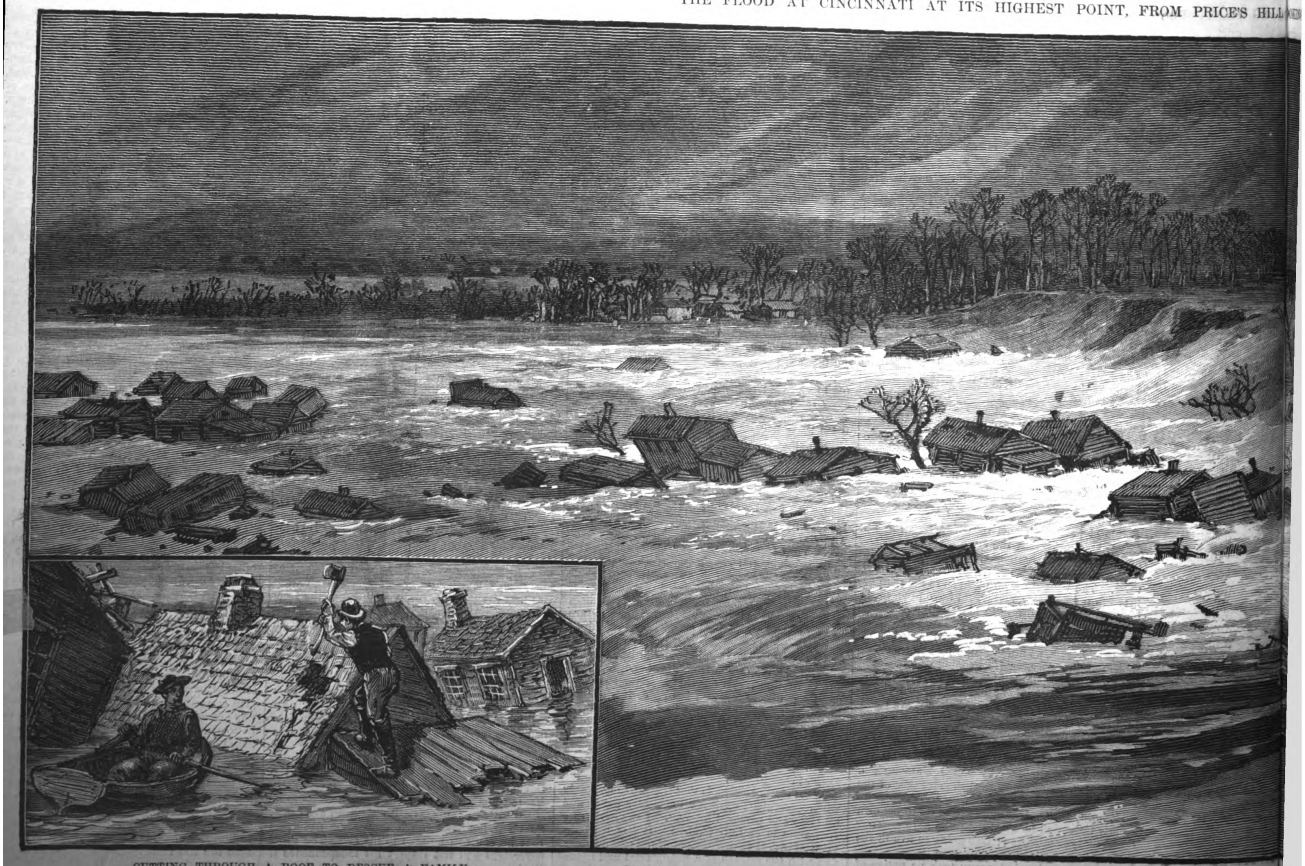
1. Cincinnati and Southern Railroad Bridge. 2. Cattle Pens. 3. Eighth Street. 4. Marietta Railroad. 5. C., H., and D. Railroad. 6. I. and C. Railroad. 7. I., C., and L. Round-House. 8. Dep

THE FLOOD AT CINCINNATI AT ITS HIGHEST POINT, FROM PRICE'S HILL



CUTTING THROUGH A ROOF TO RESCUE A FAMILY.

THE BREAKING OF THE EMBANKMENT AT LOUISVILLE, K

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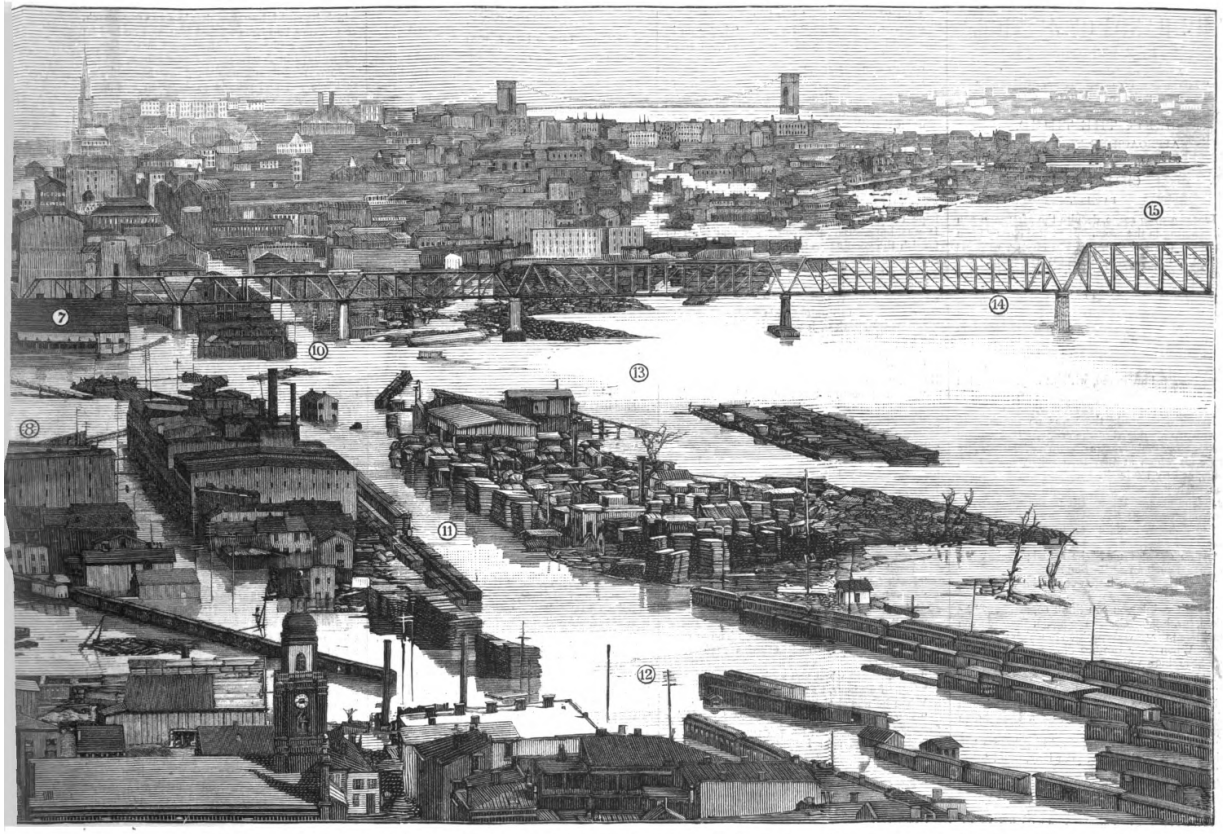
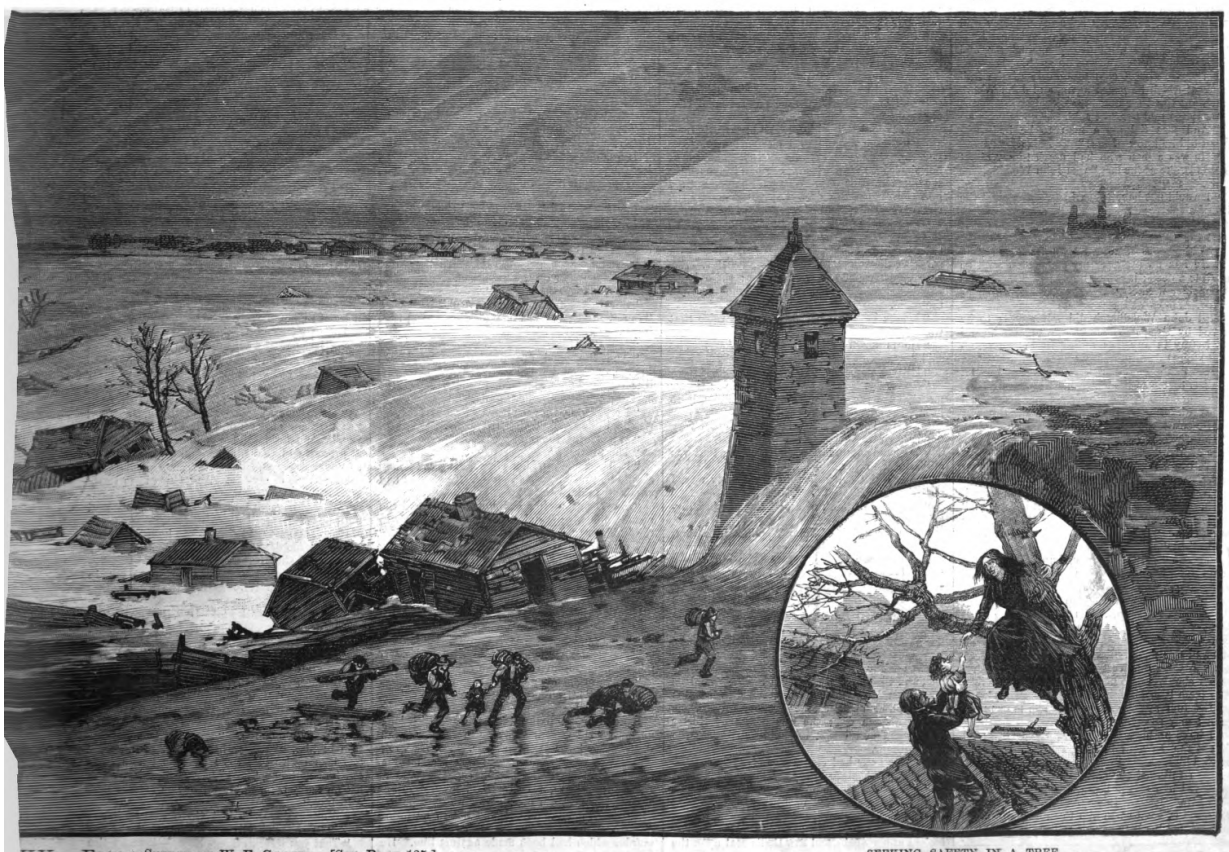


9. O. and M. Yards. 10. Sixth Street. 11. O. and M. Railroad. 12. O. and M. Railroad Freight-Yard. 13. Mill Creek. 14. Cincinnati and Southern Railroad Bridge. 15. Ohio River.

ING EAST.—Photographed by Landy for Harper's Weekly.—[See Page 135.]



KY.—From a Sketch by W. F. Clarke.—[See Page 135.]

SEEKING SAFETY IN A TREE.

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THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARTING.

It was a grim scene, despite the afternoon sun still shining in the room. It verged closely upon tragedy; the tall figure of the farmer, with his clear gray eyes fixed upon his favorite pupil, Greg standing unmoved, and with his gaze directed toward the woman in the bed, who had brought this awful charge against him in her dying hours; and the woman staring back at him, judge and accuser in one, and with no scrap of belief in the innocence of him whom she accused.

"Is that true?" John Woodhatch had asked, as if he had not put credence in her story; and Greg Dorward answered, without a quaver in his voice,

"It is not true!"

It was remarkable, there was no response in any way to his denial of the crime, only a solemn silence more embarrassing, more awful, than any comment which at that time might have been made, or any loud-voiced disbelief of his assertion. They were both looking at him—that was all. The eyes of Hester Brake were difficult to confront for long; he looked away at last, turning to John Woodhatch, as it were, for an explanation.

"Who charges me?" he asked; "what has suggested such an accusation?"

"She has known it for some time, she says, Greg."

"Is it possible you can think so, madam?" he asked, turning to Miss Brake again. "Have you considered the terrible position in which you place me? When your brother died I was a lad. I had been here only a day or two. I scarcely knew your brother."

"But you killed him?"

He turned once more to John Woodhatch and raised his shoulders slightly, as a Frenchman might have done.

"Can I reason with her, sir?" he said in a low voice; "is it worth while, poor lady, now?"

"Hardly."

The answer came in a deep, sonorous voice; there was no ring of sympathy in it, no touch of feeling for Greg Dorward's position, accused of murder as he was by one sick and half distraught, whose life had been a series of suspicions of her kind, and was dying out in the same miserable manner. Greg was surprised; he had looked for help, for confidence, from the master, not for want of faith so soon.

"Miss Brake has been led away by some wild tale or other. Who is my accuser?" he asked; "who has had a word to say against me, and hides behind so weak a woman as this?"

He spoke almost contemptuously of the frail figure at which he gazed again, and John Woodhatch answered for her.

"Spikins told her," he said.

"And was Spikins a man to be believed? What did he know of me?"

"He was a man who had much to say about Morris Brake at the last," was John Woodhatch's reply.

"I would not have taken his word against the life of a sparrow," answered Greg.

"Neither would I," replied the farmer.

"I knew you would not," exclaimed Greg.

"Without proof," added John Woodhatch.

"He has no proof of my connection with so horrible a deed; it is not likely; it is monstrous to consider it likely," Greg exclaimed, with new fervor.

Still John Woodhatch did not appear to be moved by Greg's declamation, although he did not betray in any way, unless by his grave, almost stoical demeanor, any actual doubt of Greg. He was in the chamber of the dying, and might think it better to moderate his words and looks in the presence of one slowly passing away from the world. But he might have convinced her by a little effort, thought Greg, of the improbability of the whole story, and of the indifferent character of him who had invented it.

"Tell him all," said the faint voice of Hester Brake.

"Not here; not now," answered John Woodhatch. "It is too late to speak of it before you."

"He says he did not kill my brother," she murmured. "If, after all, I should have been deceived, John?"

"Then he will forgive you, I am sure. But I would be glad to hear you say, Hester, at the last," he answered, "that if he were even guilty you could forgive him. He was only a boy. There might have been a reason for it all; it might not have been even murder, judged by human error or temptation. Who knows but God and this poor fellow here?"

His broad hand rested heavily on Greg Dorward's shoulder—so heavily that Greg shrank a little from it in his first surprise.

"Let him tell me the truth," she murmured, "and I may forgive even him."

"I have nothing to tell," answered Greg; "I did not murder your brother, I swear by the living God!"

Again followed the solemn silence which had perplexed him at the beginning of the interview—the strange steady looks toward him, with never a word of comfort to him to show his protests had affected his listeners, or were to be believed.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

John Woodhatch spoke at last.

"That will do, Greg," he said. "Later on in the night we will talk of this again; you and I together."

"Very well. But—"

"But this suffering woman must depart in peace," he said. "The end is near, and time is precious with her."

John Woodhatch pointed to the door, and Greg Dorward bowed his head and walked slowly toward it. It had been a brief, strange interview, by which he had not profited—by which he was even bewildered. What did they know, what did they think they knew, to look at him with those great glassy eyes in which no love for him, no hope for him, seemed for one instant to dwell? It was impossible they could say one word to tarnish the good name which he, by dint of honest perseverance, had earned at Skegs Shore. It was all a mistake.

As the door closed on him Hester Brake looked toward John Woodhatch.

"So the miserable story ends, Hester," he said. "Let us not speak of it again."

"But—"

"You promised me."

"Ah, well, I leave it in your hands," answered Hester, "knowing I can trust you."

"Leaving me to act as I please?" he asked.

"As you please—yes."

"I will do my best."

"Good friend. You always did—you always will," she murmured.

"Oh, I will not say as much as that. It is a long distance to the end of a man's promise, and I am not a hero," he said, moodily.

"You will be always strong and just," she said, with a sigh; "I am very sure of that. Where is Lucy Brake?"

"Do you wish to see her?" John Woodhatch inquired.

"Yes."

"I will fetch her to you."

"Thank you," she replied. "I should like to see her for a little while. Not for long."

"No."

"And you will come back soon? You are not going to stop away from me at the last?" she said, half-fretfully.

"I will return when you wish, Hester."

"In half an hour, then."

When he was at the door he paused again.

"You will not distress Lucy, or yourself, by further talk concerning Morris," he said.

"Have I not said I leave the rest in your hands?"

"Yes."

"Trust me for a little while longer, John," she remarked. "I will not distress this Lucy of whom you think so much."

"She is a weak and excitable little woman," answered John. "Poor Lucy, it will be so much fresh misery for her when the time comes to tell her the truth."

"After all, the decision is with her. Morris was her loss more than mine. She will think it justice her husband's murder should be avenged."

"I am no avenger," muttered John Woodhatch; "and," he added, "I have not said I believe this story."

"The proofs are with you."

"They will be before the night closes."

"Ah! before the night closes," repeated Hester Brake.

John Woodhatch withdrew, and presently Lucy stole into the room, and took her place at the bedside. But Hester Brake was not conscious of her sister-in-law's presence; she had fallen asleep the instant after John Woodhatch had quitted her, and though the sleep was restless and spasmodic, Lucy decided on not awakening her. It was better the sick woman should rest, she thought. Hester Brake opened her eyes some twenty minutes later, and regarded, almost with surprise, the young woman by her bedside. She had forgotten she had sent for her; she only remembered that one old friend was missing from the room.

"Where is John?" she asked, in a voice that was very weak now.

"He is down-stairs. You sent for me, he said."

"Kitty Vanch, is it?"

"No, Lucy. I am Lucy; don't you know me?" asked the widow, bending more closely to her.

"Ah, yes! We haven't loved each other very much, have we?"

"We have not understood each other; that was all," was the reply.

"If I have been unjust to you in any way, I am very sorry."

"Pray do not think of me; I was not just myself."

"You will think of John Woodhatch presently. And love him if you can. And tell him, some long day hence, Lucy," she murmured, "that I—have loved him—all my wasted life, and he never, never thought of me!"

She closed her eyes with a heavy sigh, as though she were tired out, and would sleep again before John Woodhatch returned, and Lucy did not attempt to continue the conversation. There was a dread upon her even that Hester Brake might seek to bind her by some promise at the last, and ill might come of that. She would be glad when John Woodhatch returned to take his post here, as he had done for some mysterious reason all the day; she was afraid of Hester Brake, and of all that might ensue before the parting hour.

But the hour had come already, and the parting had taken place between them. This poor, frail life—wasted it had not been, for all Hester's sorrow over its fancied uselessness—had glided quietly and painlessly away; and Lucy did not know it was the last great sleep of all until she looked at her again, and saw God's seal upon the white, still face.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NIGHT WALK.

Over the grief at Farm Forlorn caused by the passing away of Hester Brake from the cares and troubles of daily life we can afford to draw the veil. It is enough to state that there was real sorrow in the house of mourning, and many weeping for the loss of her. The strange woman had never secured much love for herself; only one had ever professed to love her, or to be grateful for her guidance; and almost against her will she had brought discord into the lives of those by whom she had been surrounded. She had meant all for the best; she had despised hypocrisy, and set herself to baffle it; she had been irritable, suspicious, jealous, and eccentric by turns; but there were many in Farm Forlorn who heard of her decease with wet eyes and quivering lips.

Kitty was in the dead woman's room, inconsolable.

"I have lost the one friend I ever had," she cried; and Mrs. Chadderton leaned over her and attempted solace vainly.

"God will send you another friend," said Mrs. Chadderton; "you must not grieve like this for her."

"If I had only seen her at the last! if they had not sent me from her! if I might have told her she was wrong in all her thoughts of Greg!" moaned Kitty to herself. "If I could have seen her once more! if she had only lived another day!"

Greg Dorward's thoughts were very different from these.

"If she had only died twenty-four hours earlier," said Greg, moodily, to John Woodhatch, when the news was brought to him that Hester Brake was dead, "it would have been so much the better."

"For you, or her?"

"For both of us," was the reply. "I should have esteemed her more, and she would not have raked up a terrible story, and connected me with it in this fashion."

"Shall we speak of it now?" asked Woodhatch, calmly.

"Yes, surely," was the quick reply.

"Let us get out of the house," said the farmer; "there are too many listeners here. And time is precious to you."

Greg looked at his master, but said nothing. He was suspected, then, in earnest: this was no delusion, no wild dream of a wild woman. Even John Woodhatch believed what Hester Brake had told him. And yet how often had he spoken disparagingly of her manner and ideas, setting down the trouble in his house at times, the difference between his friends, to her interference. He did not seem to think of this, or to regard Hester Brake in any way save that of one whose word was an infallibility.

They passed out of the farm-house together; it was dark night, with the sky sown thick with stars. John Woodhatch looked up at them for a moment, as if marvelling at their beauty, and then master and pupil were on the high-road together.

At a short distance from the farm there was a figure waiting for them—a shadowy, ungainly figure, who, it was evident, was expecting them to come that way.

"Who is this?" asked Greg, suspiciously.

"It is Reuben Fladge," answered John Woodhatch; "he has been waiting for me."

It was on Greg's lips to ask a second question, but for some unaccountable reason he refrained. It was as well not to appear too curious or too suspicious.

Reuben Fladge slouched toward them, with his head bent down, and his hands thrust to the bottoms of his pockets. The news had reached him too of Miss Brake's death.

"So she's gone, sir," he said, when they were all three together on the high-road.

"Yes, Fladge, she is gone."

"She was a friend to me. And," he added, "I'm awful sorry. It's one good 'un gone; isn't it, Mr. Woodhatch?"

"It is."

"And the good are precious scarce," said Fladge, quite philosophically; "a dozen or two like me might go, and nobody the wiser or the sorrier; but one like her is missed."

"Yes, Fladge, the good are precious scarce," repeated John Woodhatch, ironically.

"When's the funeral?"

"The funeral?"

"It 'll be a fine 'un, I hope," said Fladge. "There should be a rare fuss over her—ho! ho!—if I had anythink to do with it."

"She is not in her coffin yet," answered the master, moodily; "and we are not in a hurry to think of her grave."

They walked on slowly for a few paces, side by side, Greg Dorward, the man under suspicion, wondering at the other two. Suddenly John Woodhatch stopped again, and Greg stopped with him, Fladge plodding slowly in advance.

"Greg," said Woodhatch, "you say it is all false, and you have been wrongfully accused?"

"I do."

They went on again. When they had overtaken Fladge, John Woodhatch said to him,

"Do you remember my instructions?"

"Every word on 'em, master; to be sure."

"Then go."

Reuben Fladge touched his cap, and with long uncouth strides went away down the road, and was quickly lost in the darkness. The tramp of his rapidly receding footsteps was heard for a few moments after he had disappeared, and it seemed to Greg's quick ears that he was running.

Greg Dorward did not ask for an explanation of this movement, and affected not to be interested by it, or to connect it with the charge of murder which had been made against him. He felt it was all part of the new and lurid light in which he stood, however, that in some way or other a chance had been offered him, and he had let it pass, as a chance of atonement or confession might have been offered to a guilty man.

John Woodhatch explained for himself that this was so; and yet his explanation was more of a mystery than ever.

"I can trust Fladge," he said; "and strange it is that that poor silly fellow is the only one on whom I can rely—on whom we both can rely," he added.

"Why should I rely on him?" asked Greg. "In what way does he affect me?"

"Not at all, I hope. Your being innocent makes all things clear and straight. Your being innocent," he continued—"why, there can possibly come no harm of this. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise!" repeated Greg, in a low voice.

"Otherwise it may be—destruction!"

Greg did not reply. The mysterious nature of the forces opposing him, working against him, was beyond his power to fathom yet, and he could not confront that which at present was concealed from him. He was at war with the dead, not with the living, and he could not confront *them*. The old man Spikins in the church-yard, the woman still and cold at Farm Forlorn, were the enemies of his peace, and he knew not what they had said in their lifetimes, or why John Woodhatch should put his trust in them, and keep it from himself.

He had not long to speculate on this.

"We will walk by the sea, Greg," said Woodhatch; "there will be no one to marvel at us there, and then I can explain."

"I am quite ready, sir."

But there was John Woodhatch to marvel at Greg Dorward's coolness, his imperturbability. Nothing shook the nerves of the young man, who was prepared for any revelation. Surely this was conscious innocence, thought Woodhatch, and all was not deceit and bravado, after all.

They struck off from the high-road by the shady path well known to both of them as a short-cut to the sea. They did not exchange another word till the dark sands were beneath their feet, and the wind was moaning across the sea at them, where, in the distance, the restless, white-crested waves seemed rising up, like ghosts, to look at them, and wonder what their errand was at that hour. They might be speaking in hoarse murmurs of them, too, and passing the news on, mile by mile, along the shore, and dashing with it against the Yorkshire rocks some twenty miles away!

They turned in the direction of Skegs Shore, where the village was where Morris Brake was murdered, and the gray stone church where Greg was to have been married, and the silent church-yard where the man struck from life lay sleeping—"unavenged," as Hester Brake considered it—where Lucy had lived, whom these two men both had loved, and loved strangely, considering her past and their own.

"This way," said Greg. "Would it not be better to take the coast toward Bleathorpe? No one would meet us in that direction."

"Does it matter?"

"Not at all."

"Then we will go this way, where the truth will meet us presently," replied the farmer.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CRISIS.

Side by side, and silently for a while, went master and pupil, with God's stars shining down upon them. All was very desolate and dark; only those familiar with this long stretch of sand could have found their way upon it, or been at all at ease there. The higher sandy ridges which at daytime marked the line of coast were completely lost in the blackness of the night, and only the breaking of the waves upon the shore denoted where the sea was. All was one long, wide stretch of desolation, which grew blacker and denser as they advanced, and presently submerged them.

Here they could speak without fear of listeners. Here hardly a Lincolnshire man would trust himself on such a night as this. Smuggling had gone out of fashion, and the wind came with icy coldness across the water, and moaned piteously after sundown, as though the night was scaring it.

"There isn't a great deal to tell you, Greg, and you may answer or not, as it seems better for you," commenced John Woodhatch; "to me it is at present so like truth, it would be, if false, a lie so unnecessary and base, that I am daunted for the first time in my life. And, Greg, I am verily afraid for you, as for a son whom I have loved—whom for his good fight upward I have honored until now."

Greg's lips moved twice before he could reply, but it was too dark to see this. Then the answer came in six short words.

"I thank you for that honor," rang out in such sad, tremulous tones that the listener was startled.

"It was Spikins who told Miss Brake what he considered was the truth of Morris's murder. That you know already."

"He told it for money, doubtless. What would he have not done for money?" asked Greg, in his usual tones.

"He was not a man whose bare word was to be trusted; all his life he was untrustworthy, though probably, after his fashion, faithful to me," said Woodhatch. "I did not look for virtues in him, knowing what he had been, and I had begun with him too late. But it is always too late with me," he added, "and I have not been a lucky man, whatever they may say in Lincolnshire."

"Well, well, sir," asked Greg, a little impatiently, "what did Spikins tell Miss Brake?"

"That you were at Skegs Shore—down by the church—and hiding in the porch—on the night

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when Morris was with his young wife at the parson's house. Spikins had been at the Swan all the evening, and coming out had caught a glimpse of you, and had resolved to watch you, as you were watching some one else. Is that true?"

"That I was in the village late at night?"

"Yes."

"It is not true," answered Greg; "the old man has invented this."

"He had been watching the farm for many nights, for that matter. Mrs. Chadderton had set him to watch, having misgivings that all was not fair play about us. But this night," said John Woodhatch, "he had left his trust and gone to the village to drink."

"This is a drunken man's testimony, then," said Greg, very scornfully.

"Whether he was drunk or not I can not say; he said he was sober. You waited until the village lights were out, and then you went on to Larcom's, where you knew Morris was. There you waited again, and then—"

"And then," echoed Greg.

"And then Morris Brake came forth, and there was a sudden and awful struggle between you, and Morris Brake was left dead upon the road."

"It is a mad story," said Greg, in a suppressed tone. "Why should I have wanted to kill Lucy's husband? What was he to me?"

"He had done you an injury, it may be, and you were revengeful; or he had discovered you were watching him, and struck you, and in your rage you struck back and killed him. That seems the story to me. God knows if I read it aright. I am not a far-seeing man," he added; "I have no knowledge of human character; I am no wiser than a child."

"How could I have killed him?" asked Greg—"he was a giant in strength to me."

"You carried in your hands a steel spud, which has been missing from the night of the murder," continued Woodhatch. "It was mine. Mrs. Chadderton knew it was gone, and in fear of me, as though I had done it, said not a word to any living soul. It was evidence which might have hanged me had it been discovered, and it was branded with my name."

"Well?"

"You might have hidden that, more for my sake than your own, Greg Dorward. Heaven knows whether you were anxious to spare me from false evidence, or only wished to save yourself. I can not guess your thoughts," he continued, "but you hid the weapon which took Morris's life, and your cap also, which, stained with blood, had fallen into the roadway where he lay stiff and stark."

Was it fancy, or did Greg Dorward cower at this? The darkness was so thick about them both it was difficult to say. But there came no response from Greg, and it sounded as if his breath was short and quick, as though the pace at which they had been striding was almost too much for him.

"Shall I go on?" asked Woodhatch.

"Yes," was the reply, "if there is more to tell."

"There is more."

"I listen," responded Greg.

"That steel spud you buried with your cap, and Spikins saw you do it, and told Miss Brake where she could find them for herself," said Woodhatch. "It was the new Reformatory cap, which was lost a few days after you had come to the farm, if you remember."

"And I buried them, you say. Where?"

John Woodhatch took him by the arm, and pointed across the murky waste of sea-sand.

"Where that light is. Can you see it burning?"

"A light upon the sands?" asked Greg.

"Yes, this way; standing where I stand, you can see it in the distance."

Greg took his master's place and looked for himself.

Yes, a light was shining a few hundred yards away, amongst the timbers of the ship which had been wrecked there many years ago, and left its skeleton as testimony of disaster.

"Who is there?" asked Greg, breathlessly.

"Reuben Fladge."

"What is he doing? Searching for those things?"

"Yes."

"Does he know for what purpose?"

"No. But I must tell him, Greg, in my defense and his, for he too, poor fellow, was made the scapegoat of this crime. Unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Greg.

"Unless you trust in me to hear the truth, and—keep your secret still," answered John Woodhatch, sternly; "unless you tell me all at once."

Greg Dorward was strangely silent, and they walked on toward the light, shining now across the sands like a beacon to guide their steps toward it.

Suddenly Greg stopped and crossed his hands together—clutched them together passionately, and looked down.

"Yes, I can trust you, master," he cried; "and—God help me!—I killed him."

"God help you indeed, my poor, weak, miserable Greg, with this man's death upon your conscience all these years!" said Woodhatch, solemnly.

He had expected the avowal; he had been waiting for it; but none the less it came upon him with a crushing force—a truth that with its weight of horror nearly bore him down.

"Ah, sir, I am not so bad as you may think," cried Greg, speaking quickly and earnestly. "I am not so great a villain, not his murderer in cold blood, as you have fancied, although his death is on my soul, and he haunts me night after night—a something that will not rest in Skegs Shore church-yard, and will not let me be. I did follow him—I was curious. I had been listening to your quarrel with him, and when he went away I followed almost without motive, save to know where he was going. When he came from Mr. Larcom's house he saw me, and rushed at me for a spy; he struck me, kicked me, shook me like a rat, and when he let me go *I* killed him with the spud I had brought away with me for protection. *I* did not mean to kill him—I did not know what I was doing; but at the first blow he dropped down dead. What could have been expected of a wretch like me save murder? I was incorrigible from the first. You should have left me where I was, sir; I was fit for nothing better. I was from the streets and the prison. My father and mother were bad, and I had never known what good was."

"Yes, yes," said Woodhatch, in reply; "I know. Your life might have been mine, your sin might have been mine. You are the shadow of myself even in this; for I would have killed your father, and even hoped I had killed him. Why should I be your judge, your accuser?"

"Ah! you were always generous," cried Greg; "and you—you will not say a word of *this*. I have repented years ago; I have suffered. It was his death, after all, which made my life a different and better one. 'I will atone for this,' I said, 'until the end of my days.'"

"Atonement comes late; and you would have kept this crime concealed, or let any poor soul suffer in your stead, so that you were safe," said John Woodhatch. "No, you are no hero, no penitent—only a coward, who has acted like a coward through it all. What will you do?"

"I can not say."

"It is not safe to remain here, and I would not have you at my right hand if it were."

"No," answered Greg.

"What may ooze out from this day, what may have escaped, God knows, for there are many spies about the place. But I will not put a rope round the neck of one who has shared my home, my trust. You must go—you must disappear at once. And Lucy Brake must know the truth of this, when you are safe away."

"Yes—good God! yes," said Greg, "she must."

"To-morrow you will get away from here, ostensibly on business. In your place, I would go abroad, and by repentance, honest industry, try to make atonement for an awful past. Money shall not be wanting."

"I have some—I—I can not take it from you."

"We will talk of this to-morrow. Now let me go on alone to Reuben Fladge," he said; "you will not care to come with me further."

"No, sir."

"Very well."

John Woodhatch walked on, leaving Greg Dorward looking after him, a silent, motionless figure on the sands, a man struck, as it were, into stone by the grim truth which had come to him and unmasked him. But when the master had gone a few yards, Greg was at his side again with a mad, quick plunge, and a cry as of a wounded animal. He seized the master's right hand in both of his, and held it very tightly.

"If I see you no more—if I know you no more from this night—God bless you for your mercy, Mr. Woodhatch!"

Then he relinquished his grip, and was gone. He had vanished away in the darkness, leaving no trace.

John Woodhatch called to him, but there was no reply; then he walked on again toward the old dead ship, and passed through its gaunt oaken ribs into the sand-drift within, and where the lantern light was glowing; where was Reuben Fladge too, with the sand heaped high about him, standing knee-deep in a trench which he had dug, and in his hands were a long steel spud and the fragments of a boy's blue cap.

"Here they be, sir," he said, as John Woodhatch came toward him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A Street Preacher.—The Murder of Professor Palmer.—Railway Accidents.—A left-handed Bride.—Mr. Gladstone and the Consumptive.—Freeman *v.* Dickens.

A PERSONAGE has been "disturbing the peace of the metropolis" by preaching "the city's doom" from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. I do not say that the mantle of Solomon Eagle had descended on him (because it is expressly stated that that gentleman had no clothes), nor did he carry on his head a flaming brazier, but in other respects he played the part of his famous prototype very creditably. When the Dean's verger called him, pitifully, "My poor man," and begged him not to disturb the congregation, he replied, "I am not poor; I am rich in spiritual gifts." Before the Lord Mayor, who seemed greatly scandalized at "the City" being found fault with by anybody, and especially by a nobody like the present offender, he stuck to it that he had a mission to declare its destruction. "But you have no right, sir," said his lordship, "to arrogate to yourself such things as that. If you want to preach, you should hire a room, and put up placards." For this rather material and Lord-Mayorish notion of a spiritual mission, the unfortunate prophet had no means, even if he had the inclination; so he has gone to prison, and become a martyr, which was perhaps his object.

The terrible details of Professor Palmer's murder by the Arabs have brought into prominence the theory of asphyxiation during a rapid descent. It appears that the professor and his companions were given the choice of deaths, and that the former preferred to find it by a leap from a precipice. He was probably under the impression, which is the popular one, that suffocation ensues when one falls from a great height before one touches the ground. The matter depends, no doubt, upon the height from which one is precipitated; but according to *La Nature*, the French scientific periodical, this must be very great to cause asphyxiation. It points out that from the top of Notre Dame—the towers of which have been often the scene of suicide—the depth of fall being only 180 feet, the velocity acquired in the time (less than four seconds) is not so great as that attained on French railways, where neither engine-drivers nor stokers suffer from great speed, though passengers very often suffer from their not going half fast enough. The case is also cited of a man falling from the top of the Column of July on an awning, and escaping with only a few contusions. And Mr. Renny asserts that in the island of Oahu he was shown by the missionaries a man who had fallen from a verified height of 1000 feet, and not much the worse for it, having come upon a growth of ferns. Asked as to his sensations in mid-air, he said, "It was dazzling." Under these circumstances *La Nature* thinks it desirable, in the interests of intending suicides, that the idea of a person who falls from a great height being killed before he reaches the ground should be exploded.

Among the sufferers in a late railway accident was a professional aeronaut. He complains bitterly of the dangers of ordinary travel in this country, and has almost made up his mind never to enter a train again. A mail-coachman of the old time, finding his speedy "cattle" superseded by the iron horse, used to express himself in a similar manner. "When a haccident 'appens to a coach," he said, "why, there you are; but if anything goes wrong with a hengine, why, where are you?" He had, however, more logic on his side than our friend of the balloon, who reminds me rather of Hood's sailor, who was lost in astonishment how people could venture to stay on land in a gale of wind, "with tiles and chimney-pots a-flying."

I suppose the most ludicrous incidents in real life are always to be found in breach-of-promise cases. In one of these last week the plaintiff (plaintively enough) admits that she was "left-handed," but that her faithless swain had always known about it, and had therefore no excuse for breaking his engagement on that account. One can understand a left-handed marriage being deemed *objectionable*, but the fact of a young woman being left-handed would, one would have thought, have never been taken as a serious drawback by any wooer.

To my mind, the correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and the young lady in consumption at Wigan is very illustrative of his character, and also most creditable to him. She sent him a book-marker on his birthday, with "The Bible our Guide" worked in silk upon it, accompanied with a few words of farewell. He returns her flowers and grapes, and an autograph letter with this sentence in it: "May the guidance you are good enough to desire on my behalf avail you fully on every step of that journey in which, if I do not precede, I can not but shortly follow you." It is not only the good feeling but the courage of the man which one admires, since, poor human nature being what it is, I suppose he knows that half his own admirers will laugh at his "sentimental folly," and nine-tenths of his opponents will give it a harsher name.

If anything of what is done here below can touch vanished spirits, it must be the obituaries that are written of them—not by their enemies, for the principle of *de mortuis* is generally respected, but by their injudicious friends. In *Macmillan's Magazine* there is an article upon Trollope by Mr. Freeman, which is enough to make that honest, straightforward story-teller turn in his grave. Mr. Freeman seems to have known him only in his later years, but has treated him—as he treats history—in a rough dogmatic style which would have immensely annoyed him; but what would have absolutely disgusted him is his eulogist's folly in attempting to raise him above Dickens. Mr. Freeman calls "Dickens's characters" (as if he had created three, or perhaps four) "forced and unnatural caricatures." If a man can write like this of what lies under his nose, the idea naturally occurs to us, "How are we to believe him when he writes history?" where he can not have the same opportunity of judgment. Nothing that Mr. Freeman or any other second-class writer can affirm can push Charles Dickens from the pedestal on which he stands, yards high above all his contemporaries; but such insolent and foolish words do harm to the person it is the speaker's intention to honor, by provoking comparison. Anthony Trollope was a great novelist, but he is no more to be mated with Dickens than Mr. Freeman with Carlyle or Macaulay.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

As a weather sharp, Dr. E. Stone Wiggins, of Canada, is disappointing, not because his prognostications fail of fulfillment, for that is the fate of the forecasts of all weather prophets, but because he allows his equanimity to be disturbed by the result. He even seems to take it to heart that the prediction on which he said he would stake his reputation failed to be verified, and he is chargeable with an act so unprofessional as acknowledging that he made an error. He is credited, however, with saying, quite warmly, that the storm which he has predicted for March will be severe enough to set him right before the public, notwithstanding his recent failure. In this utterance he further betrays his weakness. An able weather prophet would have demanded that faith be put in his latest prognostication on the assumption that he had never yet fallen into an error. Evidently Dr. Wiggins is made of too common stuff; he is too much like other mortals to succeed as a weather sharp.

At the instance of the judiciary, the titled personages of Prussia are required to vindicate before or on the first day of April their right to the titles which they claim. It is believed that a good many of the "barons" will find themselves, on the last day of grace, in a mood which is supposed to prevail on that day above all others. One cause of the condition of things which led to this action of the judiciary is the fact that in many instances the second and younger sons, and even daughters, of baronial families have assumed the title when it legally belonged only to the father or eldest son.

Unusual evidence of the joyousness of the occasion is contained in a marriage announcement which appears in the *Mecklenburg Gazette*. The notice runs: "We have the honor to announce the marriage of our daughter Louise with Mr. Notemann, of Berlin-Schwerin, January 8, 1883. H. Maller and wife. She was the last of the half-dozen. The Lord be praised!"

The New York Free Circulating Library, of which Mr. Henry E. Pellew is president, and Miss Ellen B. Coe librarian, has purchased a building in Bond Street for its use, and is making the necessary alterations. The third annual report shows an increase in the number of persons availing themselves of the privileges of the library. Gifts of books and magazines from leading publishing houses and other friends are acknowledged.

Christian Work in New York is the title of a valuable pamphlet issued annually from the Bible House. Besides giving the annual report of the City Mission, it contains accurate information concerning all the churches of this city, such as the names of the ministers, the locations of the churches, and the hours of service.

A board of supervisors in California recently appropriated one hundred and fifty dollars for buying a wooden leg for a pauper, and charged the expenditure to "permanent repairs and improvements."

Vandalism at the Capitol in Washington this winter is said to have cost the statue of the Father of his Country a big toe, Roger Williams a little finger, and an Indian woman in the Columbus group all the fingers of her right hand.

A recent issue of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* describes the rooms which Mr. G. W. Childs, proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, has fitted up for his city editor and reporters at an outlay of some five thousand dollars. City-Editor McWade will make his assignments while sitting in a rocking-chair which is described as a wonder of ease and elegance, before a desk especially designed for him. His feet will rest on an Axminster carpet of beautiful design, and the light from without will be subdued by curtains of old-gold fabric suspended by brass rings from bars of beaten copper. He will be separated from his reporters by a partition of stained glass set in lead, the beauty of which is said to surpass everything of its kind that has been seen in Philadelphia before. The reporters will prepare their copy at walnut desks under costly brass chandeliers filled with both gas and electric burners. On the floor of walnut and ash are heavy Turkish rugs. The wall-paper of both rooms is rich and costly. The rooms are said to be the finest of their kind in the world.

The Boston *Advertiser* has celebrated recently its removal to a new six-story marble building by issuing a twenty-page paper containing a history of the *Advertiser* from its beginning, seventy years ago, with biographies of its former editors, and an article on journalism in Boston. The new building is provided with the most valuable modern appliances, including the electric light.

The Inspector of Buildings has been commendably active since the recent disastrous fire in Milwaukee. Not long ago he directed that fire-escapes be placed on the outer walls of the House for the Detention of Witnesses, which is in reality a prison. The windows opening upon the fire-escapes—which were promptly put in place—are heavily barred, and in case of fire it would be as impossible to get to the fire-escapes as it is to get to them when there is no fire. It is said that the inspector will order that openings be made through the grating at the windows, but if this be done the House of Detention will not detain. The dilemma is perplexing—the more so because many of the inmates of the house are there through no fault of sufficient gravity to make their detention justifiable if it deprives them of any of the facilities enjoyed by persons at large for escaping peril in the form of flames.

Instead of offering chromos, a new clerical journal of Rome, *Il Goffredo*, promises to each annual subscriber six hundred masses, to be celebrated by the priest of the subscriber's choosing.

Kwong Ki Chin, a learned Chinaman, has recently sailed from San Francisco for his native land to further the publication of books calculated to greatly facilitate the study of the English tongue in Chinese schools. He is the author of an English and Chinese dictionary, a dictionary of English phrases, and a manual of correspondence and social usage, besides other works of less importance. The manuscripts which he took with him filled three large boxes. He said before departing that he should have his books set up by Chinese printers, and should bring the papier-maché matrices back to this country, where the rest of the work is to be done. Kwong Ki Chin was a member of the Educational Commission sent to the United States some years since, but severed his connection with that body four years ago, on the death of one of his parents, a Chinese custom forbidding him to remain in the employ of the government during the period of mourning.

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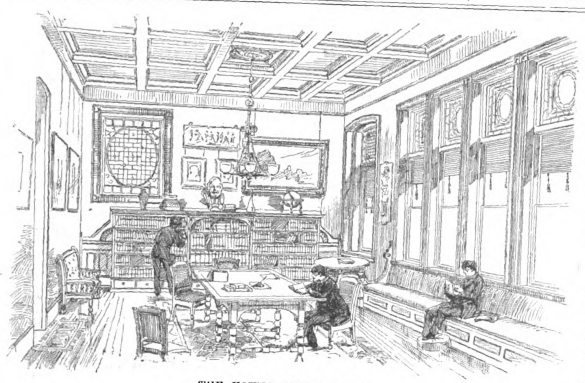

THE YOUNG MEN'S STUDY.

JACOB SLEEPER HALL.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

A few steps northeast from the State-house, in the direction of the City Hall, within the triangle formed by drawing connecting lines between the library buildings of the Boston Athenæum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, the Corporation of Boston University have found a remarkably central, quiet, and eligible site for the new hall which is to be the home of "The College of Liberal Arts." The building was dedicated some weeks ago with addresses by his Excellency Governor Long, President Eliot of Harvard University, General Francis A. Walker, President of the Institute of Technology, Rev. Joseph Cook, and others.

The Hon. Jacob Sleeper, whose name the new hall bears, is one of the three founders of the University, the other two being the late Isaac Rich, Esq., and the late Hon. Lee Claflin, father of ex-Governor William Claflin. For twelve years Mr. Sleeper was an overseer of Harvard University, and for two or three terms a member of the Executive Councils of Governors Banks and Andrew. He is Vice-President of the Corporation of Boston University, and has been from the beginning one of the most liberal, influential, and devoted members of the board, and a life-long friend of education.

The front of the building on Somerset Street is eighty feet. It is built of pressed and moulded brick and terra cotta. In appearance it is massive and substantial, with deeply recessed openings and bold projections. The style is a freely treated Renaissance. A part of the windows have the transom lights glazed with quarry glass, and other sashes are filled in with cathedral glass in delicate tints in small squares. The transom light over the front doorway is of quarry glass in quiet colors, forming the monograms B. U. and J. S. on either side of a central wreath of laurel. Passing the oaken entrance doors one sees two marble tablets, on which are directories for the guidance of visitors. Farther on are the offices of the Registrar and Treasurer, the tasteful study of the young men, and a University Chapel. A private entrance for lady students at the left of the front opens into a corridor extending the whole depth of the building to the ladies' gymnasium, dressing-room, parlor, and study. From the main entrance hall, which has a width of thirteen feet and a floor of marble tiling, rise the main stairways, one on either hand, leading to the upper stories, where are found a large lecture-hall, lecture-rooms, offices for the President, Deans, and professors. Perhaps the most attractive room of all is the spacious "Study for Young Ladies," a sketch of which is given herewith. A brick fire-place of generous width is built the whole height of the room, ornamented with moulded brick, inscribed terra-cotta panels, and Chelsea tiles. A niche above the fire-place contains a bust of Minerva. At either side of the chimney is a deep oaken settle. The ends of the room are semicircular in plan, and have wide divans of corresponding shape. It is intended to place in the centre of one of these semicircles a life-sized statue now being cut in Italy. The side of the room opposite to the fire-place has a carved oak book-case for the reference library, with desks and writing appliances, extending its whole length, while high above is a triplet window glazed with antique quarry-work, cut crystals, and opalescent glass. These windows make a beautiful bit of color set into the deep terra-cotta-colored walls. A polished hard-wood floor, Turkey rugs, and large leather-covered library tables complete the fittings of this room. The "Young Men's Study," on the first floor at the entrance, is also appropriate and attractive, having a good reference library, study tables, and other desirable conveniences. A separate and well-appointed gymnasium is also provided for the young men.

The liberal ideas and aims of the University were illustrated about a year ago by the creation of sixty-four free scholarships, which are to be divided among deserving and needy students of both sexes equally, which is equivalent for those receiving them to absolutely free tuition. These scholarships are named in honor of the first founder, Isaac Rich.

It is well known that Boston University was the first ever organized from the start, and in all departments, without respect to sex. Its radical principles have not harmed it. Though but ten years old, it has already graduated, in unusually long and thorough courses, more than one thousand students. Its professional schools, and its post-graduate School of All Sciences, are remarkably prosperous. The School of Law is the largest in New England, numbering one hundred and ninety students. Yet it was the first in America to present and insist upon a three years' course of study as a prerequisite to graduation. The whole number of students at present in attendance at the University is 572. It is intended that the new "Jacob Sleeper Hall" shall be but the first of a series of buildings, to be erected as the means shall be provided, until all the different departments of the University shall be as conveniently and worthily housed as is at present the College of Liberal Arts.

W. & G. Preston, architect.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY—JACOB SLEEPER HALL.—From the Architect's Drawing.

THE ARMOR-PLATE TRIALS AT SPEZIA.

The contest between guns and armor, which began more than twenty years ago, still continues. At first the advantage was on the side of the defense; for with the 68-pounder, the heaviest gun then afloat, even the iron skins of the early armored vessels were impenetrable. The call for heavier ordnance successively produced the huge American smooth-bores and the powerful rifled guns of Armstrong, Krupp, Whitworth, and others. With the attack then in the ascendant, the iron-founders re-enforced the targets with still stouter plates; but the gun-makers, rallying, by their device of chambering, their mammoth grain powder, their improved projectiles, and their hydraulic gear, again seized the lead. Meanwhile Italy, redeemed and renewing her youth under Victor Emanuel, pressed again into the front rank of naval powers, as if the spirits of her dukes and doges had risen from a sleep of centuries to lead her on. With the audacious conception of her *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, her *Italia* and *Lepanto*, she surpassed all maritime powers alike in artillery and armor. It was natural that her trial ground should become the central arena of the struggle of cannon against cuirass, and the fortified shores of the noble bay of Spezia soon eclipsed the fame of Shoeburyness and Gâvre.

The recent November experiments at Spezia were undertaken

THE YOUNG LADIES' STUDY.

by command of the Italian Minister of Marine. Their immediate scene was the Polygon of Muggiano, made famous by the trials of half a dozen years before. The attack was intrusted to those monsters in gunnery the 18-inch 100-ton muzzle-loaders of Sir William Armstrong. The three plates competing in the defense were Schneider & Co.'s, from Le Creusot, France, and Charles Cammell & Co.'s and John Brown & Co.'s, from Sheffield, England. The plates were each 11 feet long, 8¼ broad or high, and 19 inches thick, weighing about thirty-two tons, and were adequately backed by oak and by old metallic targets, to which they were bolted according to the systems of the respective competitors.

To announce at the outset the result of this great match for superiority, the triumph which the Creusot workshops won in 1876 was renewed in 1882. The immediate outcome of the former trials was the selection of the Schneider homogeneous all-steel plate for cuirassing the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, while a collateral result was the adoption by the English founders of compound plates composed of iron covered with a layer of steel in place of the all-iron plaque. Schneider, no less alert, perfected his own products, and saw them practically applied in the new *Formidable*, *Terrible*, and *Furieux* of the French navy, while the compound plates were adopted not only by the British Admiralty in their latest war ships, but were accepted by Italy for the *Italia*. But as Italy desired plates surpassing even the *Duilio's* in impenetrability, the old rivals were at length brought together in the new competition.

The gun was set at a distance of not quite 100 yards. The projectiles, made at the San Vito Arsenal from pig-iron furnished by the Gregorini Foundry, weighed each 2003 pounds. The powder was from the Fossano Mills, about two grains to the pound. According to the rules adopted for the test, the first shot at each plate was to be fired with a charge only sufficient to exactly perforate 19 inches of iron, and the firing was then to be continued with a charge such as would perforate a plate 24 inches thick. Computation ascertained the required charge to be in the first instance somewhat over 328 pounds, and afterward somewhat over 478.

At the first shot both the English plates were badly cracked; the projectiles broke off after penetrating 14 inches into the Brown plate, and 6 into the Cammell. The cracks were not only numerous, but several extended all the way through. The Brown plate kept on cracking after the shot had been fixed in it, thus indicating that its molecular structure had been deranged. The backing was also badly wrenched, and the frames and bolts broken. The Schneider plate, on the other hand, was absolutely without a crack. The projectile penetrated but 8 inches, when it broke off, and the wall of the target remained wholly intact in all its parts. The shots

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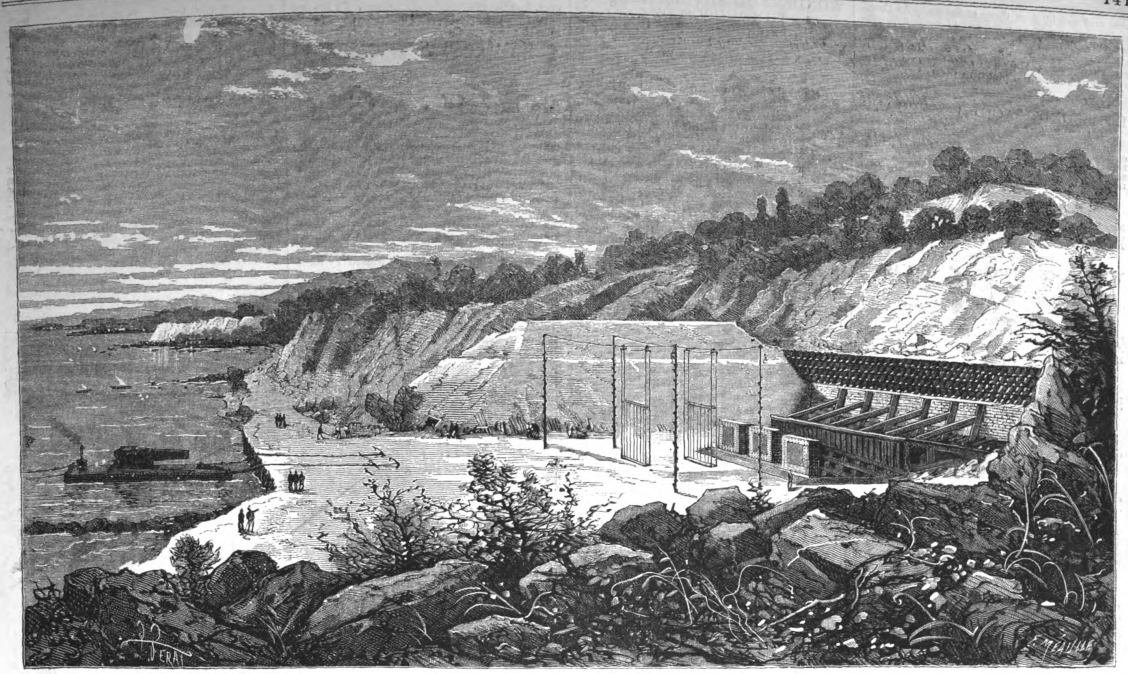
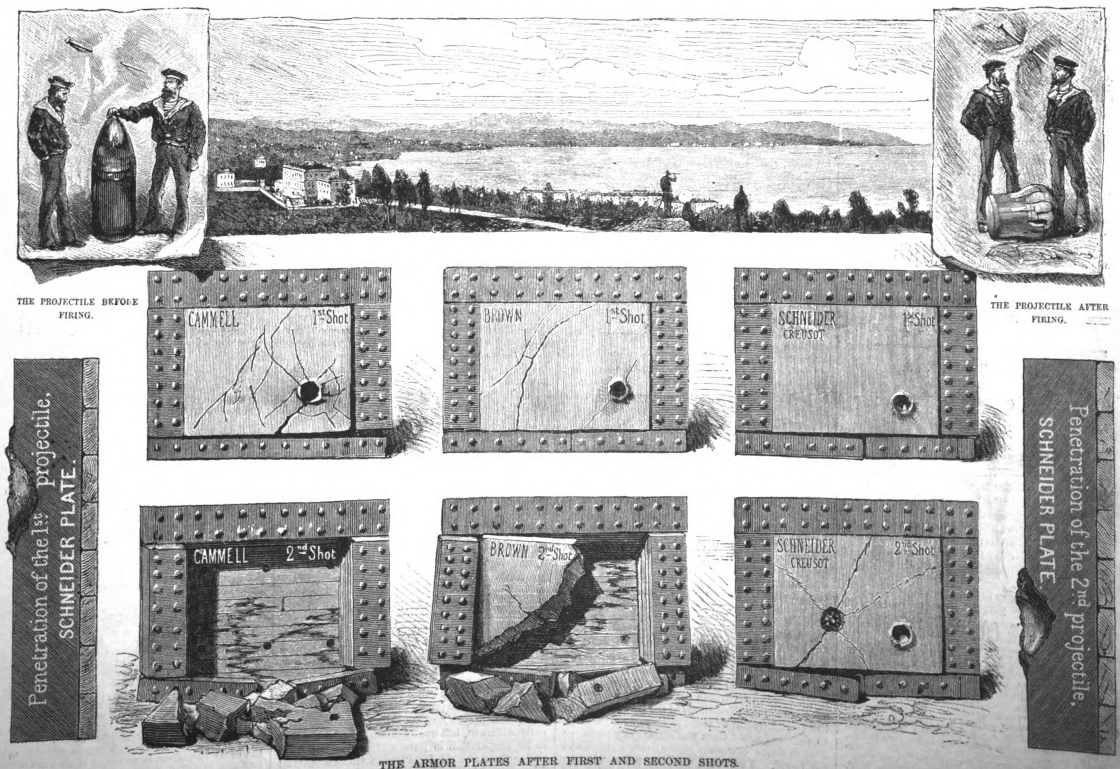


SCENE OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

had been directed at the lower corners of the respective plates. The second series of shots, delivered with a velocity of about 518 yards, instead of 408 as before, completed the ruin of the English plates. They were broken into fragments, which fell at the foot of the target. A piece of the BROWN plate remained clinging to the backing by a broken bolt, but the backing of the CAMMELL plate was stripped bare and much broken. The shot delivered against the SCHNEIDER plate had made a few insignificant cracks; the projectile only penetrated about 9 inches, or less than half the thickness, and had broken into many pieces, while the plate remained entire on the target, which was itself intact, and the bolts had not been stirred.

The English plates having disappeared, the Commission awarded the palm of superiority to the SCHNEIDER. But in order to subject the latter to a crucial test, it was resolved to attack the French plate at point-blank range with the hardest of known projectiles. Accordingly, with the high powder charges and great velocity already just used, two more shots were fired, one with the WHITWORTH compressed steel projectile, and the other with the GREGORINI cast steel. The former only entered 8 inches out of the 19, and was itself shortened 16 inches, bulging out in a spherical form; the latter broke off while still 6 inches short of perforating the plate, and its point was badly blunted. The trials, which extended through four days, and were witnessed by many foreign officers, including General YOUNGHUSBAND, Captain RICE, and Messrs. BARNABY and RANDELL, the British representatives, were a triumph for Le Creusot.

It is only fair to add that the English claim successes in a competitive trial at Cronstadt between a CAMMELL (WILSON'S compound) plate and a SCHNEIDER; both, however, of much less thick-



THE ARMOR PLATES AFTER FIRST AND SECOND SHOTS.

THE RECENT ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS AT SPEZIA, ITALY.

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ness and weight than those at Spezia. At Cronstadt the attack was by an 11-inch ABOUKOF breech-loader. It must also be stated that some of the English experts maintain that the SCHNEIDER victory at Spezia was due solely to a better system of bolting the plates to the target.

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DISCOVERY OF THE MOST DEADLY ENEMY OF MANKIND. THE BACILLUS AND ITS RAVAGES.

The scientific world has been greatly startled and agitated of late by the discovery with the microscope of the most dreadful enemy of mankind, in the form of myriads of little death-dealing parasites. The air we breathe and live in is charged with these deadly little growths in proportion as it is infected from various noxious sources. Having by recent experiments and research been shown to be the most fruitful cause of disease known, and the welfare and health of every individual depending so largely on the freedom from their destructive ravages, it is but natural that the reports of recent investigators in this field of scientific inquiry should be widely read, and that every phase of these astounding discoveries should be subject to universal discussion. At first received with some suspicion, they have at length been thoroughly proven, and are now receiving the unqualified endorsements of the leading scientific men throughout the world. But little else is talked of in the schools and clubs of science, and the medical and scientific journals are crowded with the testimony that is being added corroborative of the value of the marvellous discovery, which is pronounced the greatest advance in medical science of modern times.

To L. PASTEUR, the eminent French scientist, who by his learned investigations has saved to France so many millions of dollars, is probably due the honor of first pointing out the terrible power of these germs. In recognition of his great service the government has recently voted him from the public treasury $10,000, with which to continue his experiments. He has described several varieties of these parasites, some comparatively harmless, others extremely dangerous. One form he proved, by a series of vaccinations and other conclusive experiments, was the cause of death of many thousands of animals and herds of cattle; another, the active agent in the death of fowls by cholera. Acting upon the knowledge he had gained of the nature of these germs, he pointed out a means of relief that speedily prevented a spread of the diseases and ended their devastation.

TYNDALL, with the aid of other eminent English investigators, made a number of examinations of the floating particles in the atmosphere, and found numbers of living spores capable of producing disease. In dry and healthy localities but few germs were found, and these of the harmless varieties, while in low, damp places, crowded houses, and unhealthy cities, the poisonous germs were extremely numerous everywhere.

Dr. RUDOLPH KOCH, of Wallstein, Germany, a man whose work in connection with the organisms of contagious diseases has made him a recognized authority upon the subject, by experimenting after the methods of VILLEMIN, has discovered and published an account of one of the most dangerous varieties, to which it is proven more deaths are due than to any disease incident to the human race.

He describes it as a simple cellular organism belonging to the same order as the *bacteria*. When dried the germs may, without losing any vitality, endure great extremes of temperature. Being as fine and as light as dust, invisible to the naked eye, they may be blown any distance by the wind or carried upon the clothing or body. Like seeds, they may lie for months or years undisturbed upon the furniture, floor, carpets, curtains, walls, or in the bedding, and only requiring a proper degree of warmth, moisture, and food to waken into life, develop, and grow. They thrive and live in the blood, lymph, mucus, and secretions of the human body. When the system is unhealthy or weak they attack the cells that make up the animal frame. Any albuminous fluid will furnish them with food for growth, and a single drop is sufficient to contain hundreds. Examined with microscopes of great power, which enlarge them so that they can be seen and studied, they have the appearance of minute rod-like bodies, having, when active, some power of motion. They bend in the middle like a bow, and straighten with a jerk that sends them a few times their own length. At the temperature of the human body they are the most active.

Their power of increase or reproduction is remarkably great. One germ, in a few weeks' time, under favorable conditions, will give rise to millions. The process is by simple growth and division. Cold destroys or prevents their growth, and this is why refrigeration prevents decay of meats and other animal foods. Exposed to warmth, these small organisms attack and eat up the albuminous tissues, leaving a foul mass. The odors so common to this process are given off by these minute organisms, and is about the only indication of their presence. This is the warning of nature, and it is an instinct to avoid all such smells. The foul breath, bad odors of old sores, etc., leads man to avoid these germs in a great measure. The danger of their presence in the body can be imagined when their rapid increase is considered. A few germs may be readily absorbed into the system by breathing air containing them. They are thus drawn into the interior of the body through the long and narrow respiratory passages of the throat, chest, and nose, which are lined with soft membrane and covered with sticky mucus. In this fluid they find ready lodgment and favorable conditions for development, increase, and growth. The "cold" or catarrh, ozæna or chronic catarrh, hay fever, etc., are common manifestations of the effects of one of the least harmful of these germs or *microzymes*. In the discharges from the respiratory passages at such times thousands of the living animalcule are found. The fever, debility, pains "in the bones," loss of appetite, etc., are indications of their depressing effects upon the vital organs.

It is from germs of slower development, however, that the greatest danger follows. To the one most fully described by KOCH is due more deaths than to any other known cause. According to the researches of CUTTER, FLINT, and DEJERINE, over eight million people die every year from this cause alone. The annual deaths in France, England, Germany, and Russia from their destruction was over one and a half millions. In the United States and Canada over three hundred thousand persons perished in the last year from the *bacillus* alone. The most common disease resulting from it is consumption of the lungs, but other organs of the body are liable to be affected, as they develop slowly but surely in any organ that may be in a weak or unhealthy state.

If active and healthy, the liver, kidneys, and bowels have to a wonderful extent the power of expelling these deadly animalculæ or parasites from the system. And this fact furnishes an important indication for the successful treatment of all the long list of maladies caused by these parasites, as will be hereafter shown.

The studies of LANCISCA, an eminent Italian, and WOOD, FORMAD, and others, are interesting, as showing the large variety of chronic diseases as heretofore classified that result from these germs. Among the most common were "liver complaint," biliousness or torpid liver, dyspepsia or indigestion, lung affections, bronchitis, kidney diseases, chronic diarrhœa, spinal complaint, fever-sores, white swellings, hip-joint disease, rheumatism, malarial diseases, such as fever and ague or intermittent fever, general and nervous debilities, female weaknesses, chronic catarrh of the head, or ozæna, many forms of unhealthy discharges from internal organs, and all the various scrofulous affections of the skin, glands, bones, joints, etc., including consumption, which is but scrofulous disease of the lungs.

In this large catalogue of apparently widely differing diseases, but really all depending upon a common cause, and therefore naturally to be successfully treated on the same general principles, examination of the blood and secretions revealed large numbers of these parasites, and, curiously enough, the number bore a direct relation to the severity of the disease, a comparatively small number being present in mild cases and a very large proportion in bad cases. Under the use of the specific treatment which they give, and which is substantially the same as that described and recommended later in this review, the number was seen to steadily diminish from day to day, until, with the restoration of health and bodily strength, they could not be found at all.

The greatest variety of symptoms were found to accompany their presence, due to peculiarities of the constitution, the part of the body most seriously affected, and the efforts of the different organs to rid the system of these germs. Among the most common were frequent headaches, neuralgic pains, nausea, constipation, poor or variable appetites, diarrhœa, bad breath, hectic fever, cough, night-sweats, cold extremities, dyspepsia, catarrh, sore throat, sore eyes, etc., while, where the skin was affected, salt-rheum, boils, carbuncles, scurf skin, erysipelas, St. Anthony's fire, and other symptoms were common, and all gradually but with certainty were cured by the same means. The hectic fever so often met with in consumption, with the hacking or tearing cough, night-sweats, diarrhœa, and other symptoms due to the efforts of nature to throw off and expel these germs, were also readily controlled and cured in the same way as were the old sores, abscesses and ulcers in the lungs, liver, and other important organs.

The corrosive acids and mineral poisons are found to possess the power of killing these germs, but the dangerous nature of such powerful agents prevents their internal use. For the purpose of expelling the germs when once within the system, it is necessary to resort to vegetable remedies, in order to cleanse the blood of the germs without injury to the patient.

An American physician of large experience in the treatment of all forms of chronic diseases, now conclusively shown to be caused by parasitic life, for many years devoted much time to the investigation of the causes of these affections, and in the treatment of many thousands of cases developed and thoroughly tested a combination of vegetable agents, which he used with marvellous success in their cure.

In cases of wasting disease, as consumption, or scrofula of the lungs, and other organs, and in all cases attended with great weakness, it was found to exert the most wonderful tonic and restorative influences; besides, its nutritive properties far surpass those of cod-liver oil or any of the remedial agents resorted to by the medical profession in such cases. Hypophosphites, iron, and quinine bear no comparison to it in building up the strength of the debilitated. The recipe as advised by him has been used for years with the greatest success in a vast and most successful practice.

The written experiences of the many sufferers who have been cured, and who express in terms of the highest praise their endorsement of its great value, are sufficient to fill volumes. Living witnesses are everywhere, monuments to modern genius and scientific progress in the healing art.

Sufferers from "liver complaint," giving rise to "bad blood," consumption, scrofula, and other affections and symptoms, the results of blood poisoning from the ravages of the deadly parasites or disease-germs so briefly referred to, find in this remedy prompt relief and a permanent cure. The great and increasing demand for this God-given and peerless remedy for so many apparently different, but really kindred, ailments, led to its preparation in pure and convenient form under the name of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It can be obtained the world over at drug and general stores, and full directions for its use will be found in the pamphlet that surrounds each bottle. It exerts the most wonderful stimulating and invigorating influence on the liver, that greatest gland of the human system, which has been not inaptly termed the "housekeeper of our health." Through the increased action of the liver and other emunctory organs of the system, all poisonous germs are rendered inactive and gradually expelled from the system with other impurities. In some cases, where there are unhealthy discharges, as from the nostrils in cases of either acute or chronic catarrh, the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, a mild and healing antiseptic lotion, should be associated with the use of the Discovery. It is also advisable to use this lotion in other local manifestations of disease of mucous surfaces. By this means the germs of disease are destroyed and the membranes cleansed before any of the poisonous *bacilli* are absorbed into the blood. In sore throat, quinsy, or diphtheria, the Catarrh Remedy liquid should be used as a gargle, and the Golden Medical Discovery taken freely.

In women, where weakness of special organs is common and almost certain to be developed, attended by backache, bearing-down sensations and other local symptoms, the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, in conjunction with that of the Discovery, speedily restores the healthy functions and assists in building up and invigorating the system.

In any case where the bowels have been costive and are not regulated and acted upon sufficiently by the mild laxative properties possessed by the Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little liver pills), taken in small doses of only one or two each day, will aid materially in establishing healthy action, and in expelling the disease-producing germs from the blood and system.

At the risk of repetition and by way of recapitulation, we may truthfully say that Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by disease-germs in the blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands.

"The blood is the life." Thoroughly cleanse this fountain of health by using Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution are established.

Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, induced by the deadly disease-germ, *bacillus*, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. PIERCE thought favorably of calling it his "consumption cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine that, from its wonderful combination of germ-destroying, as well as tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, diuretic, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all chronic diseases of the liver, blood, kidneys, and lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver or "biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, short breath, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. In the cure of bronchitis, severe coughs and consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. The nutritive properties possessed by cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those of the Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by wasting diseases.

The plan of treatment that we have so briefly outlined in this article for the large class of chronic diseases referred to has long been acknowledged to be the most successful, based as it is upon the belief, shared by the most skilful medical men of the day, that the only way to get rid of the noxious disease-producing germs in the blood and system is through the liver, kidneys, and bowels, and therefore that those agents which are known to act most efficiently in restoring healthy action of these organs are the ones most to be relied upon. For this purpose the Golden Medical Discovery is *pre-eminently* the agent that fulfils every indication of treatment required.

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A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.

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TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
WASHINGTON
LIFE INS. CO.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

Net assets, December 31, 1881		$5,826,712 19
Receipts during the year for premiums	$1,278,000 56	
For interest, rents, &c.	351,909 17	
		1,629,909 73
		$7,456,681 92
Disbursements:		
Claims by death	$457,930 03	
Matured and discounted endowments	135,263 59	
Surrendered policies, cash dividends and return premiums	466,650 83	
Annuities	1,419 29	
Total paid policy-holders	$1,064,263 74	
Taxes	11,202 63	
Commuted Commissions	34,214 28	
Profit and loss	6,586 54	
Dividends to Stockholders	8,653 75	
Expenses, Rent, Commission, Salaries, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, &c.	236,571 11	
		1,361,492 05
Net Assets, Dec. 31, 1882		$6,095,189 87

ASSETS.

U.S. and N.Y. city stocks	$1,294,921 30	
Bonds and mortgages, being first liens on Real Estate valued by the Insurance Department at $8,703,750	3,885,613 02	
Real Estate	487,499 70	
Cash on hand in banks and Trust Companies	322,483 64	
Loans on collaterals	65,117 36	
Agents' balances	39,554 85	
		6,095,189 87
Add excess of market value of stocks over cost		249,311 20
Market value real estate in excess of cost as per department valuation		27,045 66
Interest, accrued, and due and unpaid		41,825 35
Deferred and unpaid premiums less 20 per cent		160,647 92
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1882		$6,574,020 00

LIABILITIES.

Reserve by N. Y. Standard Company's valuation	$5,591,839 00	
Unsettled claims	44,566 57	
Premiums paid in advance	4,011 16	
Unpaid dividends to stockholders	271 25	
Unpaid expenses	2,540 00	
Surplus as regards policyholders	930,192 02	
		6,574,020 00
Policies issued in 1882	2,829	
Policies issued in 1881	2,976	
Amount of insurance in 1882	$6,467,795	
Amount of insurance in 1881	4,651,490	
Total number of policies in force	13,395	
Total amount insured, with additions	29,374,019	

W. HAXTUN, Vice-Pres. and Sec'y.
CYRUS MUNN, Ass't Secretary.
E. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies.
L. C. PIERSON, Actuary.
B. W. McCREADY, M.D., Medical Examiner.
FOSTER & THOMSON, Attorneys.

To lessen losses by forfeiture, when premiums are due and unpaid, this Company voluntarily applies as premium, in all cases, the cash value of the dividends to the credit of each policy, to the continuance of such policy for days, months, or years, as the case may be; and during that time the insured may resume his payments without a re-examination.

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What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion;
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Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

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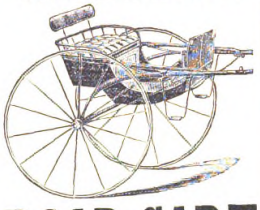
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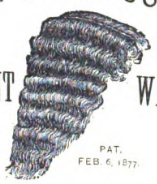
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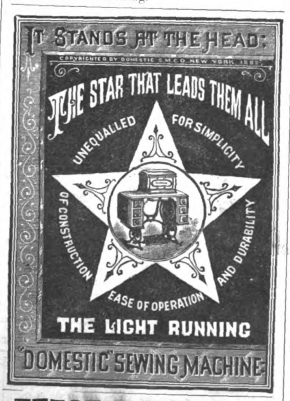

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THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
New-York Life Insurance Co.
OFFICE, Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY.
JANUARY 1, 1883.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January, 1, 1882.....$45,130,006.86

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$9,604,788.38	
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1882	452,161.00—	$9,152,627.38
Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold)	3,089,273.21	
Less interest accrued January 1, 1882	291,254.80—	2,798,018.41—$11,950,645.79
		$57,080,652.65

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same		$1,955,292.00
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same		427,258.95
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on cancelled policies		3,827,758.76
Total paid Policy-holders	$6,210,309.71	
Taxes and re-insurances		234,678.27
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees		1,332,038.38
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, &c.		385,111.18— $8,162,137.54
		$48,918,515.11

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received)		$1,276,026.67
Invested in United States, New York City and other stocks, (market value, $19,953,956.52)		18,072,074.81
Real Estate		4,133,065.13
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate, (buildings thereon insured for $17,950,000.00 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)		19,306,940.16
Temporary loans, (secured by stocks, market value, $5,191,139.50)		4,313,000.00
*Loans on existing policies, (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to $2,690,961)		494,032.23
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1883		540,555.91
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection		394,395.19
Agents' balances		62,424.95
Accrued interest on investments January 1, 1883		326,000.06— $48,918,515.11
Excess of market value of securities over cost		1,881,881.71

A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1883..... $50,800,396.82

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1883		$351,451.21
Reported losses, awaiting proof, &c		139,970.23
Matured endowments, due and unpaid, (claims not presented)		53,350.43
Annuities, due and unpaid (uncalled for)		6,225.86
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium		43,174,402.78
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend, Fund, January 1, 1882, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	$2,054,244.03	
Addition to the Fund during 1882 for surplus and matured reserves	1,109 966.00	
	$3,164,210.03	
DEDUCT— Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on Matured Tontines	1,072,837.87	
Balance of Tontine Fund January 1,1883		2,091,372.16
Reserved for premiums paid in advance		35,782.36
		$45,851,555.03
Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent		4,948,841.79
Surplus by the New York State Standard at 4½ per ct., estimated at		10,000,000.00

From the undivided surplus of $4,948,841 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

During the year 12,178 policies have been issued, insuring $41,325,520.

Number of Policies in force	Jan. 1, 1879, 45,005. Jan. 1, 1880, 45,705. Jan. 1, 1881, 48,548. Jan. 1, 1882, 53,927. Jan. 1, 1883, [illegible],150.	Amount at risk	Jan. 1, 1879, $125,232,144. Jan. 1, 1880, 127,417,763. Jan. 1, 1881, 135,726,916. Jan. 1, 1882, 151,760,824. Jan. 1, 1883, 171,415,097.
Death-claims paid	1878, $1,687,676. 1879, 1,569,854. 1880, 1,731,721. 1881, 2,013,203. 1882, 1,955,292.	Income from Interest	1878, $1,948,665. 1879, 2,033,650. 1880, 2,317,889. 1881, 2,432,654. 1882, 2,798,012.
Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.	Jan. 1, 1879, $2,811,436. Jan. 1, 1880, 3,120,371. Jan. 1, 1881, 4,295,096. Jan. 1, 1882, 4,827,036. Jan. 1, 1883, 4,948,841.		

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MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.
WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

FINED FOR CONTEMPT.

The Consequence of Violating an Injunction.—A Peculiar Case.

In the action of Stewart Hartshorn against Charles Floss, touching an infringement of a patent granted to the plaintiff, and in which an injunction was granted restraining Floss from engaging in the manufacture of a certain article, an order signed by Judge Wallace of the United States Circuit Court was procured today adjudging Floss to have been guilty of contempt of court, and imposing a fine of $500 or imprisonment for the term of three months if the fine is not paid within ten days. The case against Floss was some time ago referred to United States Commissioner Shields as master to take testimony, who reported that, on account of the defendant's violation of an injunction which had previously been issued, restraining him from manufacturing the patent in suit, the complainant had been put to the expense of $848.04, and $75 master's fees. Judge Wallace confirms the master's report.

The Evening Telegram, New York, Aug. 12th, 1882.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1368.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

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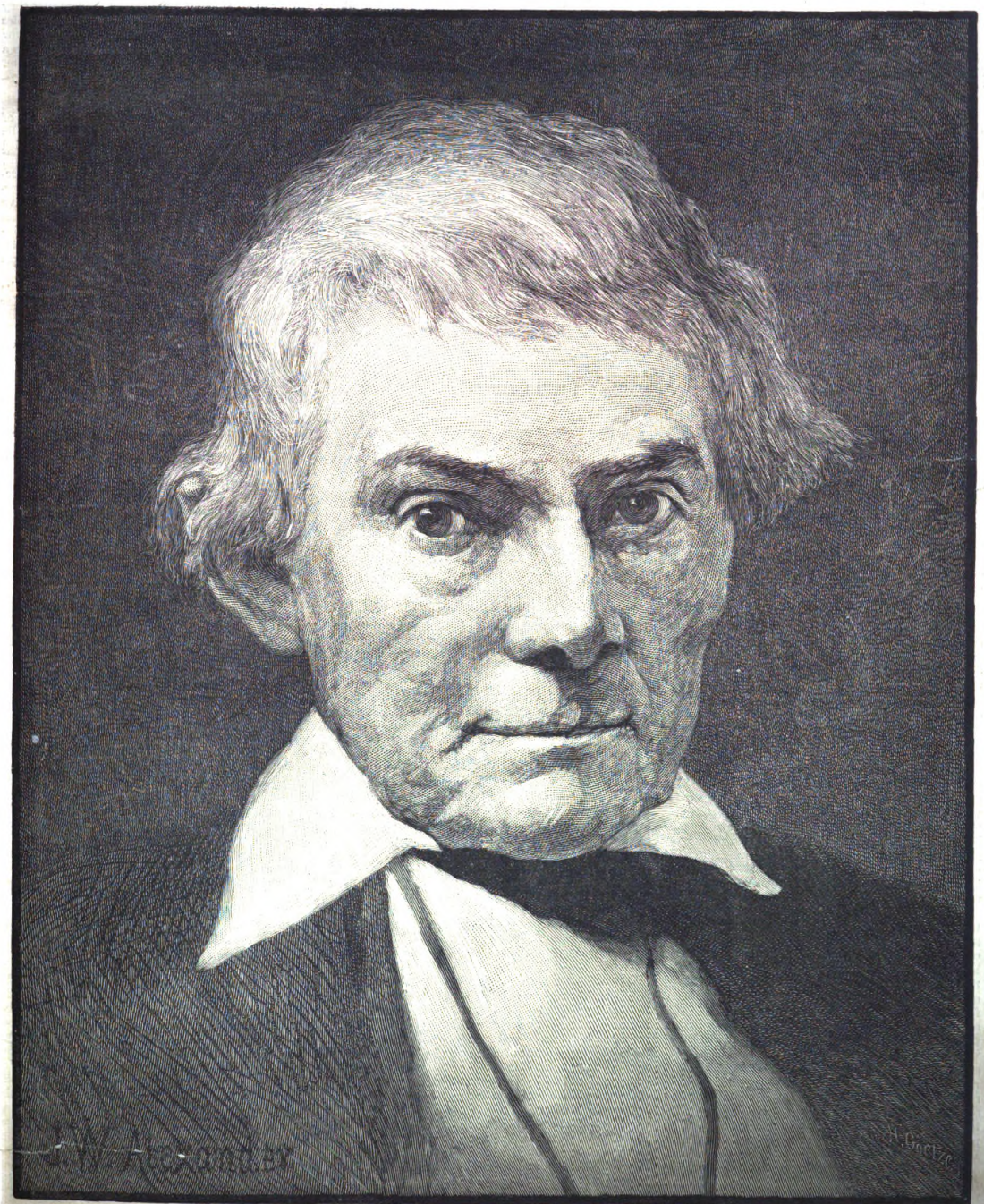

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

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BY JAMES OTIS,

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END OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

THE instructions of the autumn elections to the late Congress were universally understood. The country was resolved that the spoils system which had murdered GARFIELD should be reformed, and that the superfluous revenue which led to the extravagances of the River and Harbor Bill of last summer, and to the corruption which always accompanies a surplus, should be reduced by a revision of the revenue system. The President correctly interpreted the elections, and in his annual Message to Congress recommended certain "immediate and extensive reductions in the annual revenues of the government," adding the pregnant remark that "only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government." He opposed the total abolition of internal taxes, for two reasons—first, because it was not clear that with the $100,000,000 required for pensions during the year the duties on imports would supply the needs of the government; and second, because the total abolition of excise taxes would prevent a thorough revision of the tariff. He also stated with force the necessity of reform in the methods of appointment to office, and commending the PENDLETON bill, promised his hearty co-operation in such proper measures of reform as should be devised by Congress. The President's position was frank and patriotic, his suggestions were sagacious, and his sincerity was unquestionable. Congress at once heeded his counsel so far as to pass promptly the reform bill that he had mentioned favorably, and then fell into a prolonged debate upon the revision of the tariff, which he had also urged. But the course and circumstances of the discussion showed clearly that neither party had a definite policy upon the subject, and that the debate was but the bitter contention of vast private interests, not an endeavor to promote the public welfare.

Toward the end of the session the Senate passed a tariff bill. But nobody in the Senate or in the country could probably have given an intelligent account of it, or pointed out any principle in its construction. During the debate a great deal of valuable miscellaneous information upon the resources and industries of the United States was contributed by the members from different parts of the country. But the bill itself was a patchwork of compromises and crude alterations, the scope of which was not perceived, and which, upon engrossing, produced extraordinary results, imposing burdens which were not intended, and revealing the ease with which a complicated and obscure scheme of duties, devised to promote a myriad selfish interests, may be perverted innocently or intentionally to do injustice to the public interest. The political result of the debate, however, was significant. It showed, as we have said, that upon the fundamental question of the principles upon which the revenue for the support of the government should be raised neither of the existing parties has a clearly defined and harmonious understanding. Upon this subject MR. RANDALL, a Pennsylvania Democrat, is as widely divided from MR. BECK, a Kentucky Democrat, as MR. KELLEY, a Pennsylvania Republican, from MR. KASSON, an Iowa Republican. Upon details of the tariff involving the local industries of their own States men of all parties winced and flinched. Yet the situation in Congress doubtless represents accurately the situation in the country. Few Republicans or Democrats adhere to their party because of its position upon this subject. Party cohesion is due to tradition, and even if the Democratic party should seem to any independent man to hold, upon the whole, a more reasonable position than the Republican upon the principle of a revenue tax, the general grounds of distrust which are offered by a party so overwhelmingly discredited by the events of a generation as the Democratic are sufficient to withhold him from its support.

Even the adoption of the report of the conference committee on the tariff, during the closing hours of the session, while it effects a considerable saving in the revenue, will not satisfy the country as it would had it been a more consistent and comprehensive measure. But on the whole the political result of the session will be advantageous for the Republicans in the prompt passage of a reform bill, and the good faith of the President in intrusting its enforcement to its friends. The Democratic party has missed its opportunities. Its course has but deepened the general conviction of its unfitness for administration. Instead of justifying its own loud declarations, and pressing forward as the champion of reform, it was dragged along by popular sentiment and by the Republican movement. If it had been in earnest, it would have removed one of the chief impediments in its way, which is the apprehension of "a clean sweep" of the offices, and a consequent dangerous disturbance of the public service, in the event of its success. So in the tariff debate, if it had offered a simple and consistent scheme as a substitute for the Republican bill, or had proposed the amendment of that bill upon some sound and well-defined principle, it would have had the advantage which always results from such a position. Upon the whole, as we have said, the late session of Congress fairly represents the political situation. It is obscure and doubtful, and mainly because the independent sentiment is stronger and more general than ever. In New York, where the majority for the Democratic candidate was enormous, the conduct of the Democratic Legislature has weakened Democratic prospects. In a great State a party will be measured by its representatives, and a party whose chief representatives are such as, with few exceptions, the Democrats even of the city of New York send to the Legislature, is not thereby commended to public favor. It must be said, therefore, that the close of the Forty-seventh Congress shows the strong probability of the determination of the election of 1884 by the independent vote, and that as yet the Democrats have done nothing to attract it.

THE CHANGE IN THE NEW YORK NAVAL OFFICE.

THE most friendly interpretation of the recent change in the New York Naval Office can not reconcile it with the President's declarations in both his annual Messages to Congress. He has emphatically announced that the public business should be transacted upon business principles, and that tenure should not depend upon personal or merely partisan service. Upon this sound principle a change in so important a position as the Naval Office in the New York Customhouse could be made only upon public grounds. The failure to re-appoint an officer of the first capacity, of the highest character, and of long experience, and to whom, more than to any other single person, is due the efficient enforcement of the reformed system, in which the President has expressed his hearty concurrence, is an act so injurious to the service, to the reformed system, and to the President's consistency that some explanation is due to the country.

The attempted justification is that the late Naval Officer is promoted to be Chief Examiner. But how is an officer promoted by being reduced from a position of $8000 to one of $3000 a year? If the interests of the reformed system be consulted, the sincere co-operation of the Naval Office is indispensable. Now the late Naval Officer is the most sagacious and efficient friend of the new system in the service. His successor, however excellent a gentleman, deliberately abandoned it as chimerical. The late Naval Officer courteously but firmly disregarded "bosses" and "heelers" and all the familiar political and party bummers and shysters, protected his clerks against extortion, and brought his office to such a point of ability and efficiency that it was officially pronounced one of the most admirably conducted offices in the entire public service. For these reasons he has been bitterly denounced by the trading politicians, who have sworn "to have his head," and at length his place is filled by a successor more agreeable to them, and indifferent, if not hostile, to the principles upon which the office has been administered. The conclusion is inevitable that if the late Naval Officer had propitiated the politicians, and had "run" his office as a party bureau, he would have retained his place, and that consequently his nomination to be Chief Examiner, at a greatly reduced salary, means merely that he was to be punished for fidelity to the very principles which the Commission is to carry out.

When the President was removed from the Collectorship of the port he was offered a foreign position, which he declined, for the reason that if he was qualified to be a Consul, he was equally fitted to be Collector. If the late Naval Officer be qualified as Chief Examiner, of which there is no doubt, he is still more fitted to fill the office that he held. He and every other sincere friend of the reformed system is compelled to see that the circumstances of his transfer show either a want of comprehension, or a deliberate disregard of the true principles of the public service. This is the more to be regretted because the country was disposed to believe that the President intended to carry out in good faith the reform so earnestly desired. But this action can not but have the most demoralizing effect upon the service, because it is a warning to all efficient and devoted officers that they defy bosses and bummers at their peril, and it enables the most venal politicians to exult at the overthrow of reform in its stronghold. The Naval Office was a test case, and it is decided against the reformed system.

THINGS UNDONE.

SENATOR DAVIS'S resignation of the Presidency of the Senate to enable a successor to be chosen recalls the great omissions of this Congress. Congress ended on the 4th of March, and there is no Vice-President, and Senator DAVIS'S term expired that day. Consequently, had he chosen to retain his seat without permitting the choice of a successor, there would have been no President of the Senate, and no constitutional successor to the President in case of his death or inability, and no officer competent to call Congress together. This situation has been perfectly well known to Congress, but it has chosen to do nothing.

There are now some twelve hundred cases on the calendar of the Supreme Court. It is impossible for the court to keep pace with them, and every new case is placed at the foot of the calendar, and may not be reached for three years. Here is a denial of justice. But the situation has been long known. It has been discussed by the ablest lawyers. A simple and feasible plan has been devised, presented to Congress, and approved, after most careful consideration, by the American Bar Association. Congress knows the situation and the necessity, and has quietly disregarded them, and has done nothing.

The procedure at the electoral count by Congress is so obscure and doubtful that the continuity of the government might be easily arrested by a difference of opinion between the two Houses. In 1877 the situation brought the country to the edge of civil convulsion. It is now one of the most serious dangers that threaten the country. It has been elaborately discussed. The urgency is admitted. The settlement of the difficulty is perfectly simple, and a measure providing it has been long before Congress. Another Presidential election approaches, and Congress has done nothing. As parties will be tried at that election by their course in Congress, it is unfortunate that the responsible party should have left all these important things undone.

IRELAND IN AMERICA.

MR. PARNELL is naturally irritated. He is a small man in a commanding position, and although entirely free of complicity in the cowardly Phœnix Park murders, he can not but see that the agitation of which he is the leader, unless controlled, as he can not control it, easily leads to ghastly crimes. The man who tells an ignorant and superstitious and wretchedly destitute people, who can barely scratch a subsistence out of the ground, that they are the victims of a cruel tyranny, that the land on which they starve has been stolen from them, and that they ought not to pay rent for it, and ought to Boycott any one who differs from them, certainly can not be surprised when some of his hearers decide to strike a blow to rid their country of some of the officers of the government whom he has described as DANTON, had he lived in Rome, might have described NERO and CALIGULA.

This is the situation of MR. PARNELL, and put upon his defense, instead of expressing abhorrence of the crimes, he denounces the tyranny of the government. In doing this he taunts the British Ministry by declaring that he has a million of Irish-Americans behind him. If the people whom he thus describes were exiles waiting only the overthrow of the tyranny to return to their country, the remark would not be offensive. But here is a politician in the British Parliament who in an angry Parliamentary contest announces that the strength of his position lies in the support of a million American citizens. If this declaration be true, it signifies a divided allegiance upon the part of those citizens. It is a proclamation that the chief interest of a great body of voters in this country lies in another country, and that, in fact, they are grossly abusing the right of American citizenship to which they have been admitted. On the same morning that MR. PARNELL'S speech was reported it was stated that the British Government had demanded of our authorities the extradition of an Irish-

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man named SHERIDAN, charged as an accomplice in the Dublin murders.

In our treaty of extradition with England "criminal charges arising from wars or intestine commotions" are, according to President TYLER and Mr. WEBSTER, excepted from the operation of the treaty. But the condition is specific that any person claimed for surrender upon a charge of crime shall be surrendered if the evidence adduced would be sufficient to hold him for trial in this country. No distinction is made between political murder and other murder; and if SHERIDAN upon the evidence produced would be committed for trial in the United States, the treaty would seem to require his surrender. Persons claimed as political offenders, of course, we should not deliver; and if it can be shown that the assassination in Phœnix Park was in any just sense an act of war or of intestine commotion in the ordinary sense of the words, the person claimed would not be surrendered. But Mr. WEBSTER could hardly have meant to make America a harbor for everybody who might commit a crime in another country during political troubles, because intestine commotion can readily be made the pretext for the gratification of private malice. The *Sun* cogently asks whether the British Government would have refused to surrender WILKES BOOTH, had he escaped to Canada, on the ground that the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN arose from intestine commotions.

A FRENCH FOLLY.

THE recommendation of the new FERRY Ministry in France that the members of old royal houses who are serving in the army should be retired is a cowardly surrender to a cry which should not have been heeded. The true policy for France was indicated in a very able report to the Senate by M. ALLON. It recommended the simple rejection of the expulsion bill, for reasons which are equally cogent against the forcible retirement of the princes from the army.

The report points out that the republic has weathered much greater perils than Plon-Plon's placard without resorting to proscription, and it shows that the plots of pretenders abroad are quite as dangerous as at home. To punish certain citizens for their birth is a gross denial of republican equality, and to take extreme precautions against imaginary dangers is a sign of fatal weakness. But more especially the report warns the Senate that to yield to a policy of popular proscription is to encourage the most remorseless tyranny. The whole anti-pretender policy is merely an effort to revive the old Revolutionary terror of '93, and the worst symptom of the present political situation in France is the surrender of the FERRY Ministry to this spirit.

The Duc de Chartres has obeyed the law retiring him from the army, and issued a farewell order, appealing to his regiment loyally to support his successor, and to prove by their zeal, devotion, and obedience to law that his official relation to them had been inspired by honor and patriotism. There is much less reason to doubt the patriotism of the Orleans princes than that of their most rancorous opponents.

EDWIN BOOTH IN GERMANY.

Mr. EDWIN BOOTH'S success in Germany is altogether beyond that which any American actor, or probably any English-speaking actor, has ever received in a foreign country. It was his Hamlet which captivated the Germans, and it is not difficult to understand why. The character of the part, the delicacy and variety of the actor's interpretation of it, and a certain romantic glamour in which it is steeped, would be all most agreeable to German taste.

It is interesting to remark in the comments of the press that each critic was struck by a separate beauty in the presentation. Each string of the deftly swept harp especially charmed some sympathetic hearer, and the unreserved cordiality of the praise is striking and significant. To Mr. BOOTH personally the tribute must be exceedingly gratifying, while to his countrymen it is pleasant to know that so admirable an artist and so modest a gentleman has widely extended the fame of his country in a department of art in which America was supposed still to be a pupil, not a master.

A TRUTH WELL PUT.

GOVERNOR SCHUYLER CROSBY, of Montana Territory, in his late Message to the Territorial Legislature, states a sound political truth with admirable point. In recommending a registry law to avoid the evils which are fostered by the present loose arrangements for voting in the Territory he says, "It is less a hardship that an honest voter should lose his vote than that a dishonest one should annul many honest votes by repeating."

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

A REFERENCE in the Easy Chair of HARPER'S MAGAZINE to CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, a charming literary figure of forty years ago in New York, and the founder of the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, has drawn from a correspondent at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, a touching glimpse of the author whose career was so early and sadly clouded, but who is living still:

"He has been for many years, and is now—or was very recently—in the State Lunatic Hospital near this city. I used to see him quite often there. His insanity is of a harmless kind, I believe, and consists in the illusion that the air is full of spirits in actual bodily existence, and that they approach him as if to hurt him. He is free to go where he likes at most times, I understand, and does go off without an attendant, always into the country, avoiding people and roads, and in all weather. He is fully of middle height; his hair is grizzled, and rather long and straggling; his face and form are spare; his eyes bright and keen, but wandering; his figure erect; and his physical health strong. He is a striking and bizarre figure, striding along, a fur cap on his head, and a stout stick in his hand, with which he continually makes passes into the air to ward off the spirits when they approach too near. His wooden leg—or rather stump—does not seem to hinder his going anywhere. He returns of himself at night, and seems perfectly content. He has intervals of comparative lucidity, and is then a most interesting talker."

Mr. HOFFMAN is now seventy-seven years old, and he is probably unknown to the new generation of readers. But the manliness of his character, the brightness of his mind, and his literary skill made him one of the most delightful writers of the *Knickerbocker* school.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE Boston Young Men's Christian Union provides a truly catholic and admirable series of entertainments during the winter. Not only are religious services held by clergymen of all denominations, but there are courses of pleasant lectures upon practical ethics, such as novel-reading, amusements, economy, and "talks" upon the political history of the United States, upon banking, upon travel and geography, physical training, photography, and elocution, with illustrated lectures.

These entertainments occupy several evenings in the week. They are the voluntary contribution of the most eminent and accomplished clergymen and citizens, and the public is cordially invited to attend with the members of the Union. To young men who are busy during the day such a resort, with its gymnasium and reading-rooms, is a most attractive club, and is but another striking illustration of that all-embracing Christian civilization which is constantly seeking to elevate and purify and educate and restrain.

To the same beneficent spirit we owe the Free Circulating Library in New York. Its annual report, which is just issued, shows a constant and marked increase of public interest in the enterprise. The number of persons constantly using the books during the year was about five thousand, and as the circulation of volumes was 71,840 and only eleven books were lost, it is a striking tribute to the care and honesty of the "patrons" of the library. To extend the benefit of the library, branches are needed, and they will be undoubtedly established as fast as the generous givers to all good works of the kind fully understand the situation.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

THERE are certain careers which we call, and with just pride, peculiarly American. Their chief aspects are of course familiar. The country boy, trained in the district school, in the plain and orderly family home, and in the Sunday-school and church, comes to the city, and by energy, industry, sagacity, honesty, and intrinsic ability rises to opulence and influence, to general respect, public confidence, and honorable distinction. Illustrations of this characteristic American career will occur to every one who reads these words, but a graphic record of one of them which well represents all has lately fallen under our observation. It is a brief and modest account of the chief incidents in the life of a New York merchant, with extracts from his speeches, which he designed only for his grandchildren, but which has been privately printed for a few friends.

Yet as the extracts are from speeches in Congress and elsewhere, publicly reported and widely read when delivered, we do not feel that we invade unduly the privacy of the volume by speaking of it. It is the record of the life of Mr. S. B. CHITTENDEN, especially in relation to the war, and to the practical questions of finance and economy that followed it, when he acted and spoke both as a successful merchant and as a Representative in Congress. But the little work is mainly significant as an illustration of the patriotic intelligence of the American merchant, who, when the occasion calls, turns from the engrossing duties of his business to help form and lead public sentiment upon questions of great public policy, and to serve in Congress with the same energy and sagacity with which he has toiled in the counting-room.

Such a record does much to explain how a peaceful and trading country, with only the form of an army and navy, and long wholly unfamiliar with war, rose under every disadvantage, except the essential quality of its people, to the full height of a tremendous historical contest of arms, and pushed it steadily forward to complete victory in the field, with happy avoidance of the disastrous financial and social reaction that so often follows. It was because in every field and workshop and office and factory and counting-room were found not only patriotism and willingness, but the ability of the self-possessed and self-respecting and self-supporting citizen to turn from his peculiar vocation and adapt himself to the exigency, whether on the battle-field or in the Legislature or in the public meeting. It is as a vivid glimpse of a career which illustrates this American quality that this modest record and all similar stories will be prized by the historian of liberty.

PERSONAL.

AN art critic was introducing one of his friends to a well-known New York sculptor. "This gentleman," he explained, looking at the sculptor, "is your true modern divinity—he makes men out of clay." "Yes," added the sculptor, slyly, "and he never throws mud at them."

—The late Dean STANLEY was shy when a boy. His aunt called him "the little sylph," his drill-sergeant at school exhorted him to "put on a bold, swaggering air, and don't look sheepish," and his school-fellows bullied him. But in manhood he became distinguished for his unrivalled social gifts. His wife, says his biographer, Dean BRADLEY, not only shared his friendships, sympathized with his work and aspirations, and developed to the utmost his capacity for social life, but exercised a "tender care for the health and comfort of one curiously incapable of taking care of himself, even in the most essential points of food and dress."

—A New York man of letters, whose praise recently was in all the reviews, exclaimed the other day to a friend: "I made a fool of myself this morning. They have been erecting a tasteful building for a firm of clothiers on Broadway, and the tenants have just moved in. As I am compelled to pass there every day, I have had some satisfaction in its general architectural effect. Judge, therefore, of my disgust this morning when I saw behind one of the immense plate-glass windows the notorious old sign, 'Pants to order.' As soon as I reached my office I wasted a sheet of paper and a two-cent stamp in an earnest appeal to the proprietor to substitute 'trousers,' or at least 'pantaloons.' Of course it will do no good, and I know that I made a fool of myself. But I couldn't help it."

—The King of Siam has again manifested the excellence of his literary taste by appointing Mr. FRANK VINCENT, Jun., the well-known author of *The Land of the White Elephant*, a Knight of the Royal Order of Buspa Mala, and sending him an elaborately chased and embossed good medal, and a diploma, surmounted by the regal arms, which expresses the devout wish that "the Power which is Supreme in the Universe may keep and guard" Mr. VINCENT, "and grant him happiness and prosperity." Our readers will remember that the same potentate recently honored another American author, Colonel T. W. KNOX, with the insignia of the Order of the White Elephant.

—JOHN DUNCAN, the celebrated Scotch weaver and botanist, whose life has been lately given to the public, carried his orthodoxy so far as to insist that the Catholics should be shot, since it was impossible to convert them. "You surely would not take the gun to them, JOHN?" asked a friend. "Should you not try preaching and reasoning with them?" "Weel, weel," replied JOHN, "but if they winna hear, what then? There's naething for't but shootin'."

—"GAMBETTA in Hades" is the heading of an article in the Paris *Figaro*. The dead statesman is represented as meeting M. THIERS: "My poor GAMBETTA, you here?" asks the latter—"you so young, so gay, so full of life, so exuberant." "Alas, yes," replies the other. "Appearances are deceitful. As with MIRABEAU, my head was the only good thing about me." The conversation then plunges into politics, and M. THIERS declares that the French Republic is atheistic: "Poor France! poor people! poor children! I beg pardon of my country for having been the godfather of the Republic." GAMBETTA having inquired where his friends are, is told that they are "there, in that dark path, not far from us, airing their ferocious humors or their monotonous dream. For myself," adds THIERS, "I live among a little group of reactionaries."

—DICKENS'S biographers, Mr. FORSTER and Mr. WARD, describe the last few weeks of his life as weeks of gloom. But a gentleman who acted in private theatricals with the novelist exactly seven days before his death declares that on this occasion the author of *Pickwick* was the liveliest of his associates, and manifested an "infectious enjoyment."

—A Prime Minister can not please everybody, and Sir ROBERT PEEL, a Tory politician, publicly charges Mr. GLADSTONE, in his temporary withdrawal to Cannes for his health, with having "deserted the helm of the vessel of state at the very moment when Parliament was going to meet, when cabinet councils ought to be held, and when the finances, owing to extravagance and mismanagement, are in a very unsettled state."

—A European in India who is accused of violating the law can be arrested, committed, tried, condemned, or acquitted only by European officials. The native magistrates don't like this, and complain that perfect equality is not guaranteed by British domination, although British domination professes to guarantee it. Lord RIPON, the Viceroy of India, proposes to take away the privilege, and has thereby invoked the wrath of thousands of Englishmen at home and abroad.

—There are plenty of etiquettes in the world, observes a foreign journalist—too many, most reasonable folk would say—but yet we feel inclined to suggest an addition to the number. We want it to be made an etiquette that a man who announces that he is seeking rest should be let alone. The room of the sick American statesman swarms with interviewers, but they can only be just a shade worse than the bulletin-makers, who will not let Mr. GLADSTONE look down from a balcony on a carnival without recounting how showers of *confetti*—nasty confits, part plaster, part flour, and part dyes—only excited him to bovish glee.

—In view of the alleged fact that dozens of amiable men are at this moment drifting into old bachelorhood for the want of a little help at the opportune moment, a young woman suggests the establishment of classes, both for men and girls, where the former can be taught the easiest methods of approaching the important subject, and the latter how best they may assist them.

—The natives of Burmah have developed an inordinate appetite for tobacco and for sugar. Men, women, and children use seven pounds of the weed per head a year, and for each mouthful of tea drunk many of them eat a mouthful of caked sugar. Even in India the consumption of tobacco is little more than one pound per head per annum.

—ARABI authorizes a reporter in Ceylon to "tell the English people I am content to remain here as their guest; to rest in peace while they carry out to its fullest extent the work I began in Egypt."

—It is now believed that at the time of the Phœnix Park murders Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH might have escaped with his life had he taken refuge in flight instead of remaining to protect his companion, Mr. BURKE, upon whose death the conspirators were intent.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* finds it difficult to refrain from smiling at the commotion caused in Switzerland by the presence of a couple of young ladies—Miss BOOTH and her friend, of the Salvation Army. "The old spirit which burned SERVETUS still seems to linger in the city of CALVIN, but it has entered into and possessed the men who regarded themselves as the special representatives of free thought. Miss BOOTH may be a visionary and a fanatic, but she is, after all, an English subject, and it is to be hoped that our representative at Geneva will do all he can to see that the rights of our countrymen in Switzerland are not wantonly interfered with."

—A late writer suggests that in the matter of sending valentines we might return with profit to the custom of two hundred years ago, when SAMUEL PEPYS'S wife received from her adorers "half a dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her valentines"—to quote from that old journalist's diary.

—A new street in Paris, occupying in part the site of a house and garden belonging to ALFRED SEVENS, is to bear that celebrated artist's name.

—Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., advises his country-women that extreme tightness of dress is at all times a very hazardous experiment. "Even beautiful arms, when very tightly inclosed, look not a little like sausages. But it is always to be remembered that folds, with their infinite changeableness of shape, light, and shadow, are more beautiful than anything, excepting that perfection of form which is rarely found."

—The following letter from ROBERT BURNS was made public for the first time a few days ago, at the annual celebration in Sheffield in honor of the poet: "Sir,—The language of refusal is to me the most difficult language on earth, and you are the man of the world, excepting one of right honorable designation, to whom it gives me the greatest pain to hold such language. My brother has already got money, and shall want nothing in my power to enable him to fulfill his engagement with you; but to be security on so large a scale, even for a brother, is what I dare not do, except I were in such circumstances of life as that the worst that might happen could not greatly injure me. I never wrote a letter which gave me so much pain in my life, as I know the unhappy consequences: I shall incur the displeasure of a gentleman for whom I have the highest respect, and to whom I am deeply obliged.—I am ever, sir, your obliged and very humble servant, ROBERT BURNS.—Mossgiel, Friday morning."

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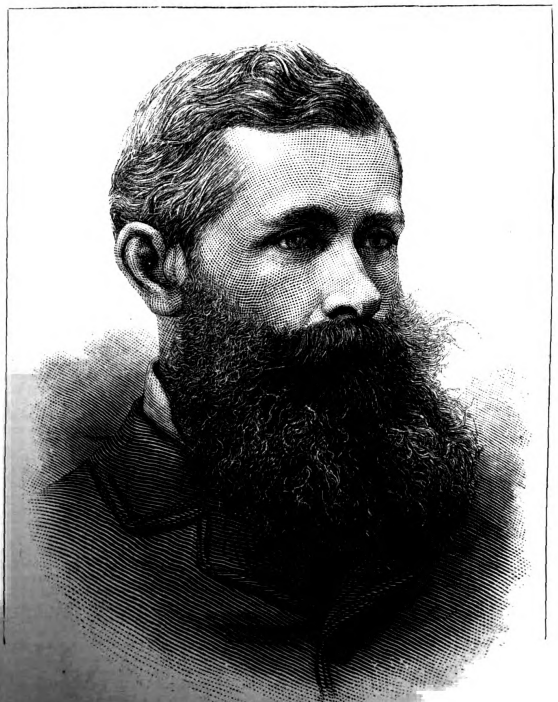
THE FIRST MAN IN TEL EL KEBIR.



BARON VON EISENDECHER, THE NEW GERMAN MINISTER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SUZUKI.—[SEE PAGE 159.]

THE HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, MINISTER TO SPAIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY VALLEJO, MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

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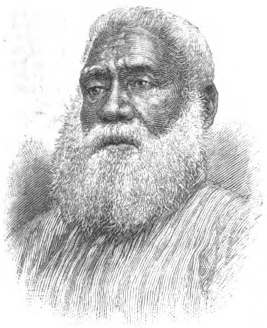
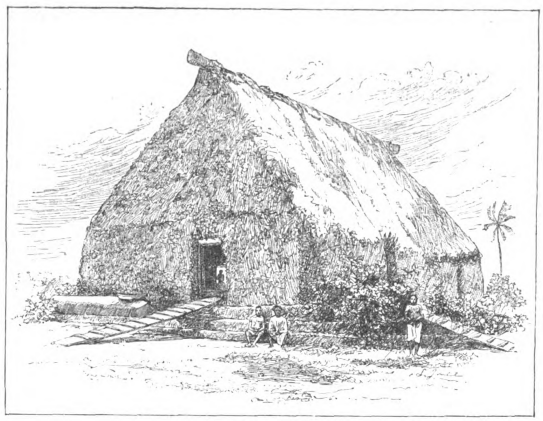
AMONG THE FEEJEEANS.

THE picture we present of THAKOMBAU, pronounced probably the last of Feejeean kings, as he was the greatest, was taken in Levuka, the capital of Feejee. It represents a grand specimen of native manhood.

THAKOMBAU was the grandson of NA VLIVAU, chief of the island of Mbau, and son of TANOA. His grandfather commenced the work of subjugation upon islands contiguous to his own, which was so well carried on by TANOA that at the time of his death (1829) he had established his supremacy over the principal islands of the group, and left to THAKOMBAU a heritage of conquest and war. All Feejee acknowledged his rule after many years of savage warfare. His fights by sea and land, with all the strange romances and terrible situations of cannibal warfare, may yet find a historian. When they do, THAKOMBAU will find a place by the side of other romantic native warriors, who, after subduing their own peers and their subjects, came in contact with the white man's civilization, and losing at last their grand courage in contending against the vexations of English diplomacy, which stopped short of actual war, but pushed its victim to the extremity of despair, surrendered in sorrow the actual ruling power into English hands, keeping the empty honor and title of King, with a liberal allowance to maintain the show of royalty.



THE OLD KING.

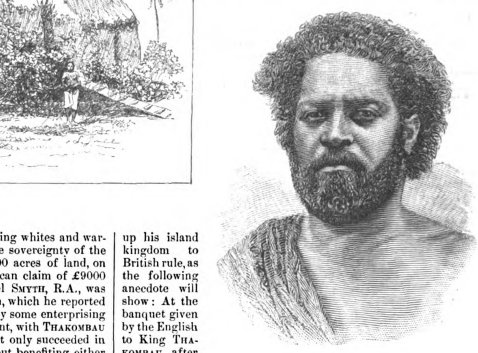


FEEJEE HOUSE.

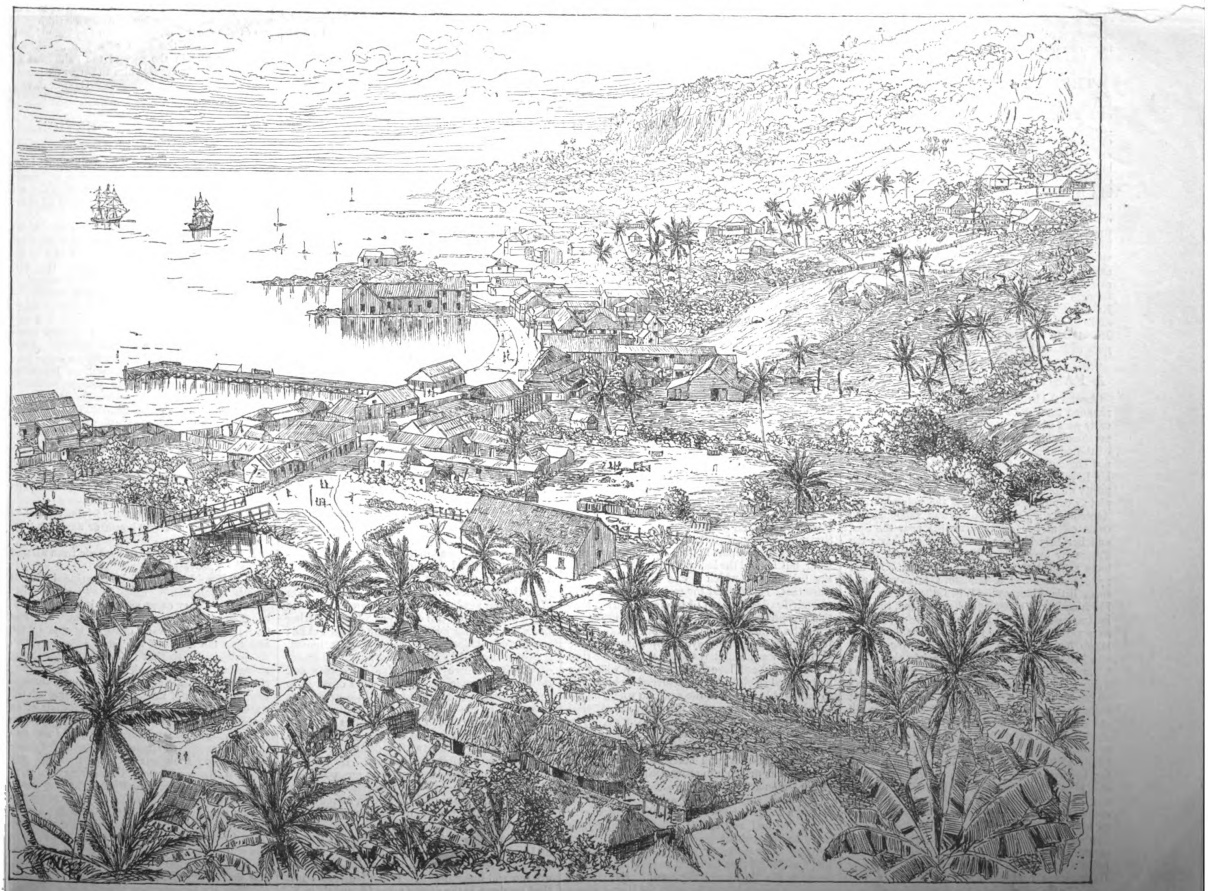
THAKOMBAU, driven to desperation by intriguing whites and warlike neighboring tribes, offered to England the sovereignty of the islands in 1858, with the fee-simple of 100,000 acres of land, on condition that England should pay the American claim of £9000 for alleged injuries to their consul. Colonel SMYTH, R.A., was sent to report on the advisability of annexation, which he reported against. Then an attempt was made in 1871 by some enterprising Englishmen to form a constitutional government, with THAKOMBAU as King. They kept it up for three years, but only succeeded in running the government largely in debt, without benefiting either whites or natives. The English government by this time saw that the Feejees were valuable to complete their chain of ports between a possible Panama Canal and Sydney, China, and India, and took active measures to obtain them. This they easily accomplished, and the King ceded his islands to Great Britain, being allowed to keep his ancestral island of Mbau as a residence, with an annuity of $20,000 a year from the English government.

In appearance THAKOMBAU was very striking. The old warrior was straight as an arrow, and over six feet in height, with that full-rounded and muscular development which characterizes the natives of most of the South-sea Islands, and his massive features, set in the frame-work of white hair and flowing white beard, gave an air of majesty to his person that distinguished him at once among any number of whites or natives. In 1854 he embraced the religion brought over to Feejee from the Tonga Islands by the Wesleyan missionaries, and after that did all in his power to suppress cannibalism.

THAKOMBAU'S son TIMOTHY, who might be called "a gilded youth" of the South-sea Islands, is a handsome specimen of the young aristocracy of the Feejees. He has a fine yacht of about a hundred and forty tons, in which he cruises as far as Sydney, Australia, every year or two, and makes frequent excursions to the several islands of the group. TIMOTHY is not unmindful of the situation in which his father placed all the other Feejee chiefs when he was prevailed upon to give up his island kingdom to British rule, as the following anecdote will show: At the banquet given by the English to King THAKOMBAU after his acceptance of their terms of annexation there was invited a number of the great chiefs of Samoa, with a view to impress them with the new importance given to the King, and to make them anxious to give up their islands to the English on the same terms. They were taken there on an English man-of-war, and treated with great consideration and respect. One of them sat by TIMOTHY at the feast, and when the orator of the occasion said, "You great chiefs of Samoa now see what King THAKOMBAU gets by his friendship for England," TIMOTHY replied,



THAKOMBAU'S SON.



LEVUKA, THE CAPITAL OF FEEJEE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

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"Yes, he gets £4000 a year, but what do we other chiefs get?" The Samoans are very bright and very politic, and saw the advantages at once which they would gain by a similar treaty. The result is that they are at present free from the boon of foreign rule and taxes.

The native dress of the Feejee woman is the lava-lava, which consists of a cloth made from the bark of the paper-mulberry-tree, called tapa. This is wound around the loins two or three times, the folds falling to the knee, and is fastened by a twist which the smallest girl or boy can make in the twinkling of an eye, and yet no white person can accomplish. Their native grace is such that even in this scanty apparel they never appear to American eyes vulgar or unbecomingly dressed. They only appear ridiculous when dressed in civilized clothes, with shoes and stockings.

The native house which we present stands in the English Governor's grounds in Levuka as a specimen guest house, and is often used by him for the entertainment of visitors. These houses are very cleverly constructed, without the use of bolts, pins, nails, or other fastenings, except *sennit*, a cord braided from the fibre of cocoa-nut husks, and are thatched to the thickness of eight or ten inches with the leaves of the wild sugar-cane.

Levuka is the only town of any importance in the Feejee Islands. It has a low-reef harbor of difficult access, which provides very insecure anchorage against anything like a hurricane. The street along the beach is wide and macadamized. Business places and dwellings indiscriminately line its entire length. It is a succession of small cottages, which, backed by the cocoa-nut-trees, towering far above the denser foliage of the banana, the guava, the mango, and the dozens of other fruit-bearing trees or shrubs, makes it look like a beautiful and real haven of rest as you anchor in the harbor after a voyage upon the interminable Pacific. The more pretentious houses are built on the mountain-sides above the town, and the picturesque house of the native is seen everywhere, surrounded by the dark green foliage of their bread-fruits, banana, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits which go so far to make up their daily bill of fare.

The white settlers in Feejee at the end of 1876 numbered 1569. Levuka is the residence of four-fifths of them. Those who *do* not reside there are engaged in planting and trading in the interior, drawing their supplies from Levuka. It is doubtful whether there are any more whites in Feejee to-day than there were in 1876. The planters complained that they were supervised and tyrannized over to such an extent by a despot, who applied all the worst features of a personal and irresponsible government, to their great detriment and discomfort, that it was impossible to make planting profitable. A change has been recently made by promoting the unpopular Governor to be Governor of New Zealand.

THREE TIMES A MINISTER.

THE nomination of Colonel JOHN W. FOSTER, of Indiana, as United States Minister to Spain, is understood to have been made at the instance of Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN, with special reference to naturalization and other questions pending between the two countries, with which his experience in Mexico and St. Petersburg made him familiar. Colonel FOSTER was born in Evansville, Indiana, in 1834. He received a college education and was admitted to the bar, and was practicing law in his native city when the war broke out. He immediately entered the service, was commissioned an officer of volunteers, and saw an unusual amount of hard fighting. He attained the full rank of Colonel, commanded a brigade of cavalry in BURNSIDE'S expedition to East Tennessee, and subsequently commanded a division in that region. In 1873 he was sent as Minister to Mexico, in 1880 to Russia, and now goes to Madrid.

A FASHIONABLE DAIRY-MAID.

AMONG the brilliant coterie of beauties that surrounded the Prince of Wales at Brighton in the early part of the present century was Lady Haggerstone, whose charms had at first sight attracted the admiration of the amorous Florizel. But not content with the general admiration which his Royal Highness was disposed to grant to all pretty women, her ladyship was ambitious to completely captivate the heart of the heir-apparent. Accordingly a *fête champêtre* was announced to come off at her pretty little villa near the Spa, and her ladyship was determined to charm the Prince by assuming a rustic dress that would have satisfied the taste of a Watteau. At her residence she had a miniature farm-yard and three little Alderneys. When the Prince with his friends and attendants had arrived, the fair hostess came forward from a side wicket, dressed as a milkmaid, for the purpose of making a syllabub for the Prince. She had a silver pail in one hand and an ornamental stool in the other. Thus equipped, she tripped along, with ribbons flying from her dainty little milking hat that hung on one side of her graceful head, and the smallest little apron tied below her laced stomacher, till she came opposite his Royal Highness, to whom she dropped a carefully studied bewitching rustic courtesy. Then passing lightly over the beautifully plaited straw, her tucked-up gown showing her neat ankle dressed in colored stockings, she placed her stool and pail conveniently for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the crossest-looking of the Alderneys, she was about to begin her pretty task; but not relishing this new and strange companion, the animal at once commenced kicking out, upsetting stool, pail, and milkmaid, and then trotting coolly away. Lady Haggerstone rose, covered with confusion, and beat a hasty retreat into her little dairy, whence she did not emerge again that day.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THE death of Mr. STEPHENS removes one of the few conspicuous men remaining from the civil war, and one who was a striking and curious example of the effect upon genius and character of the conditions prevailing in the South before the war. He was certainly a man of original force, of extraordinary talent, and possessed of qualities which ought to have made of him a successful leader and a statesman of real value. But he will be remembered more by his eccentricities than by his attainments or achievements, and be loved rather for his personal kindliness than for real services rendered to the community in which he bore so prominent a part. Although Mr. STEPHENS died in advanced years—he was born in 1812—he was afflicted from childhood with feebleness and disease, which nothing but his splendid resolution could have overcome. In addition to this obstacle to success in the public career which he chose, he had to contend with extreme poverty, and with the almost entire lack of adequate intellectual training.

Yet he may be said to have passed his days in legislative bodies. Elected to the Georgia Legislature in 1836, at the age of twenty-four, he was steadily re-elected, until in 1843 he was transferred to the House of Representatives, where he remained until 1859. During the war of the rebellion he was Vice-President of the Confederate States and President of the Senate. After the war he was for eight years in the House of Representatives, making in all thirty-five years of legislative service. His gifts were unquestionable. Especially in earlier life his eloquence was fervent, persuasive, and sympathetic, while he developed marked skill in debate. His energy was exhaustless, his knowledge of human nature varied and extensive, and his mastery of parliamentary tactics almost unequalled. At the same time his grasp of constitutional law, his capacity for plausible reasoning, his ingenious mode of presenting his arguments, and his promptness in accepting accomplished facts, made him easily a leader of the party with which he cast in his fortunes. Had he been unhampered by the conditions, political and moral, which surrounded him, there is little room for doubt that he would have won great distinction; but it was his misfortune to be in servitude, unconscious but complete, to the terrible institution which determined the political career of every public man in the South, and which interposed a barrier that none succeeded in overthrowing or passing.

Mr. STEPHENS was an ardent lover of the abstract principles which underlie the American government. He took a sincere and unfeigned delight in their study. Liberty in its most democratic form was his ideal, and, excluding the negro race, the rights of man and of each community of men were the objects of his most enthusiastic devotion. For the Constitution, as the embodiment of the ideas of the Revolution, the revealed gospel of democracy, the sacred instrument devised by the inspired political fathers, he had something akin to worship, and there is nowhere in our literature more acute appreciation of its manifold force or more eloquent praise of its central idea than in his writings. But if one can imagine the fate of JEFFERSON compelled to defend the institution which, in contemplating and remembering that "God is just, made him tremble for his country," one may form some conception of the terrible failure to which the brilliant Georgian disciple of JEFFERSON was doomed.

At every step Mr. STEPHENS was baffled by the conditions which slavery imposed. He entered public life as a Whig, but was forced to support the annexation of Texas which CLAY, the great Whig leader, opposed, and was gradually compelled to join the Democratic party, from which many of his most earnest convictions repelled him. He was unquestionably a lover of the Union—the constantly growing superstructure based on the Constitution which he revered; but the necessity of finding some standing ground for slavery drove him to the theory of the right of any State to secede from the Union—a theory which made of the most solemn political bond a rope of sand, and of the very name of Union a mockery. Mr. STEPHENS'S desperate attempt to find a safe middle course in the specious but weak and absurd doctrines of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, was one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most melancholy, features of his public career.

When all his dreams of compromise were rudely interrupted by the ripening of the secession plots, made by men who accomplished events instead of accepting them when accomplished, Mr. STEPHENS protested, but yielded. He not only consented to take part in the Confederate government, but he had the imprudence to defend it and the principle on which it was based, and to declare that "slavery was the corner-stone" of "the new civilization." It is of the irony of fate that this announcement did more than any utterance from the Union side could do to prevent the Confederacy from gaining sympathy abroad, where sympathy was absolutely essential to it, and that the unprejudiced love of that liberty which he had praised so eloquently was turned by his words to implacable hatred of the cause in which he enlisted. And in many ways Mr. STEPHENS suffered inconceivably from his one fatal weakness. The leaders of the rebellion utterly distrusted him. He was almost without influence in the counsels of the Confederacy, and before the close of the struggle was driven into retirement. The officers of the Union army found him alone in his deserted mansion, surrounded by a half-dozen of his slaves, a saddened spectator of the general ruin which he had resisted at first, but had finally aided to bring about.

After the war Mr. STEPHENS re-entered public life, and did all that he could to restore harmony between the North and the South. But though naturally a conspicuous figure in the House where he had once been a leader, he was comparatively without influence, and was regarded rather with curiosity and interest than with respect. He had so hopelessly committed himself to the absurd subtleties by which he had defended secession and slavery that he had lost his hold upon the public mind. His popularity in Georgia was great to the last, but it was practically barren. He sank into the grave leaving behind him the memory of many admirable qualities, but no enduring fame.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

PILOTS' SIGNAL—WATER 22¼ FEET—RISING.

ON his way down the Mississippi to New Orleans our artist found abundant material for his pencil in the picturesque scenes presented at almost every point along the shores of that majestic river. He was very much struck with the landings at night to take on board sacks of corn. In one night four of these landings were made within a distance of five miles. As soon as one landing was left, signal lights would be seen at other places, either below or across the river, which were answered until the cargo was complete.

The planter's farm being frequently at some distance from the river, the sacks of corn are brought by wagon to the bank, and there piled on a board flooring, and covered with tarpaulin or canvas to protect them from the weather. A watchman is stationed a little way up the river to signal approaching boats, and on being answered by the hoarse whistle, he rides back to the landing in order to point out its position.

While our artist was sketching the floating house, appropriately called "Old Reliable," the owner made his appearance, accompanied by two cats, and after taking a survey of the sketcher, called out in cheery tones: "Hello, stranger! won't you walk in and take something? When's thet 'ere flood comin' down from Cairo? I'm well fixed, ain't I? Guess I've got the bulge on the wet this time."

In the distance of the view of the river-bank, near the city of Memphis, is shown the improvements made by the government in cutting down the trees for a certain distance from the water, and hauling them away, in order to prevent "sawyers" and "snags" in the channel. In the foreground may be seen the tangled growth of wood not yet reached by the improvement.

The outline cut at the head of this article shows the government signal which informs pilots of the state of the water. These signal boards, which are large enough to be visible at a considerable distance, are posted at intervals along the river-bank.

LONG ISLAND SHORE IN WINTER.

PEOPLE of leisure are a growing quantity in our population. As a rule, this class being of the second generation, it has not as yet learned how to live in positive idleness. This is an art which in time only will come to the descendants of those who have been "let in on the ground-floor." The second generation fancies it knows how so to live. It consists in constant bustle and movement, and in calling attention to itself in petty paragraphs in the daily press. One of the forms which it has recently assumed is an affected fondness for the sea-shore during the winter. This season the movement has not been as pronounced as in a year or two past. The gloomy Canadian WIGGINS has injected a meteorological skeleton into the sea-side closet.

Permanent residents by the sea will not growl at this growing fashion. Intermittent visits break the monotony of this the dullest season of the year. Moreover, there is about these opulent birds of passage an element of the picturesque in manners, costume, and accessories which, as the advertisers say, "supplies a want long felt." They affect bizarre and novel surprises. On the train of one of our sea-board railways a few weeks since was a lady with several children. Accompanying her was a maid for herself and one for each child; in addition, as director-general of the detachment, a person dressed in the full costume of a Sister of Charity. There was in this originality and stylish picturesque novelty. A vivid contrast to the luxurious equipment of this little group was presented, as the train crossed the head-waters of numerous little bays, in solitary figures shivering in the cold as they jabbed for eels through holes cut in the ice. Of the two, the destiny of the eel-spearer was possibly the happier. He at least was free from the thousand and one complications and annoyances of an uncertain social tenure. In his locality the eel-spearer, moreover, is by no means a person of inconsequence. He owns a comfortable house, he is the possessor of a weatherly boat stiff as a church in a breeze, and so long as clams and eels are plenty, and he has the wherewithal to pay doctors' bills, his cares are few and insignificant. It is a noticeable fact that nowhere is the doctor more frequently in request than among our 'longshore population. This arises from a total disregard of simple sanitary laws, and their large families of children—the last possibly a counterpoise to the melancholy monotony of constantly jabbing for eels, or the wearisome tonging of the contemplative clam. It is not an infrequent incident for a grandfather to be in momentary expectation of becoming once more a father. He may be a widower twice, or even thrice; he may be bedridden and helpless—indeed, reduced to the condition of a vegetable—yet so long as there is life in the body he is sufficiently equipped for a fresh matrimonial venture.

In tenacity and vigor the crow of the sea-board is equally noticeable. This bird, indeed, has never had justice done him. Scientists have devoted a lifetime to the study of the ant and the more obscure forms of vegetable and animal life; the habits and wisdom of the crow are worthy of as close observation. One of this species, now nearly white with age, has visited the shore, near the residence of the writer, on every recurring season since the youth of men now far advanced in years. He is known from the absence of two toes of his right foot; his tracks on the soft sand of the beach establish his identity. Moreover, his voice would betray him; it is like that of a very aged person. He is one of the few crows that can count three or more. Young birds of the species may be lured within gunshot by three men going into a field, the subsequent withdrawal of two, the third remaining in ambush. This is a problem the inexperienced crow can not solve. The venerable crow in question has not within the memory of man ever been deceived by this ruse. All efforts to capture, shoot, or poison him have failed.

The exterminating war waged against crows by agriculturists is on a plane with their forecasts of the weather, based on the changes of the moon. Where the crow destroys one hill of corn, he more than compensates for it in the vast quantities of insects which he devours. Moreover, he is the natural scavenger of the sea-board. It is a pleasant little habit of the 'longshoremen, when a domestic animal dies, to throw the carcass into the waters of the bay near at hand. It drifts with the wind either to the one shore or the other. Even when floating it is covered with crows enjoying the banquet. Each day the birds increase in number. Now and again they are caught in a heavy blow difficult for them to face. They show on these occasions the skill of an expert navigator in extricating themselves from the perils incident to a long flight across the wind-swept water.

So long as crows have plenty to eat they remain interesting birds, but, when food is scarce, proximity to their roost renders life indeed not worth living. A famished crow, next to a man who never tires of relating his sporting adventures, is one of the most depressing forms of animal life. In the one case the sight of a gun abates the nuisance, while in the second the exhibition of that weapon only arouses him to fiercer outbursts of garrulity.

GASTON FAY.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

VENTILATION IN WINTER.

How to get good ventilation, either in winter or summer, is a question of importance, and sometimes a difficult question; and its difficulties are increased by the darkening of counsel of those who sometimes write about it.

The commonest remark we see made about ventilation is that if you open a window from the top and the bottom the cold air will flow in below and the warm escape above, and that presently all the air will be changed in this way.

Now this is true in one case, and one only—namely, when the outside air is but slightly colder than the inside. Try the experiment on a cold winter day; the air will rush in from both above and below. Try it on a warm summer day, when the air within and without is at the same temperature; there will be indeed an insensible change of air, but not any perceptible movement, inward or outward, unless the breeze actually blows through the house. Even a small apartment is not self-ventilating always. Large buildings, as halls of Congress, theatres, churches, require complicated machinery for forcing pure air in and for expelling the foul; but this branch of the subject need not be discussed here. How shall we best supply pure air to an ordinary living-room?

The leading points about the winter ventilation of an ordinary dwelling-house or apartment are but two:

1. A regulated supply of pure air from without should be provided.

2. This cold air should be introduced without creating draughts.

In all ordinary cases more or less cold air will come in, whether you wish it or not. The motive power, the inward draught, is due to the fact that the inside of the house is warmer than the outside air, so that there is always a strong rising current of air which escapes through the chimney, while the air forces its way in through nearly all parts of the building, even through the walls and the roof. All of the materials of an ordinary house, except the iron-work and the glass windows, are pervious to air, and more so than is commonly supposed. Pettenkofer shows that you can blow out a candle through a dry brick, if the experiment be managed so as to concentrate the escaping breath at one point. A square foot of the ordinary lath-and-plaster ceiling allows the passage of one and a half cubic feet per hour of air at 72°, if the air above be at 40°. Look carefully at any old ceiling, and you can see every joist and lath drawn upon it in marks a little whiter than the rest of the ceiling. The marks show that the wood and the plaster together are less pervious than the plaster alone, which has been turned to a darker tint by the

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long-continued straining out of the impurities of the air which passes through it.

Now in what way are we to introduce pure cold air without creating draughts? If an open fire is used, we shall seldom need any special contrivance; the open fire draws in air by every opening—through door and window chinks, through key-holes, through the walls themselves. Only be sure that the air admitted comes by a clean route, not an unclean one, as when it passes through badly ventilated halls, or from a ground surface that may be foul.

The open fire is a great ventilator. But stoves, furnaces, and hot pipes draw in much less air from without, and provide much less chance for its exit; and when these are used we shall be the better off for some opening specially provided to admit the outer air. "Natural" ventilation, like many other natural arrangements, has great faults; it sends the air creeping along the floor to chill our feet. If we make the artificial opening near the floor, a draught upon our feet is created; if we make it near the ceiling, then there is a draught upon the head. How shall we admit cold air in such a way that there shall be no draught at all? By making the air current ascend as it enters, rising like a fountain, and then falling like spray until it is warmed. This is easily accomplished by either of two simple devices.

The first is to fit a piece of board three inches wide into the bottom of the window. Shut down the lower sash upon the edge of this board, and put up the upper sash; that will leave a narrow chink, just three inches deep, between the two sashes, at the middle of the window. Through this opening the air will pass in, and will be forced directly upward, like a fountain, toward the ceiling, whence it will diffuse itself through the room without striking any one. In very cold weather, either remove the board and make the window tight, or have some narrow lids attached to the top bar of the bottom sash, which you can turn over, and so cover the openings when necessary. If you have to guard against smoke or dust without, a little cotton may be placed between the sashes so as to filter the incoming air; the cotton should be changed often.

The second device consists in making an opening over the door or window into the outer air; in this put a piece of board with the inner end pointing upward. The incoming air is thus sent upward as in the case just described. The board should have *cheeks*, or side pieces, to prevent the air from escaping sidewise and downward; it should not be put too high, else the cold air might rebound directly from the ceiling downward; and it should clear the heads of the occupants. A good height is about seven feet from the floor, unless you chance to have visitors who are taller than this. The "Sherringham valve" is this contrivance made in iron, and provided with strings to regulate the proper degree of opening for the valve.

Still another simple and good contrivance, where a stove is used (though it is a rather unsightly one), is to bring a tin pipe about three inches in diameter from the outer air to a point nearly but not quite over the stove and near the ceiling. The cool air comes in through this, and is warmed and dispersed by the rising current of hot air from the stove. By using either of these devices the draught will be avoided, and one may be sure of getting good ventilation during the coldest weather, if he will pay its necessary price in fuel.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE THREE STRANGERS.

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "A LAODICEAN," ETC.

II.

THIS time the knock was faint and hesitating. The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation toward the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to—" he began, when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

"To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
To-morrow is a working day for me:
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' mer-cy!"

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:

"And on his soul may God ha' mer-cy!"

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly; his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst—whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself—till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him:

"—— circulus, cujus centrum diabolus."

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air, apparently from the direction of the county town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said, quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd, involuntarily. "And surely we've seen him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he seed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink, and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the grim songster.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained."

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out of the corner, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff! Never mind your staff; the man 'll be gone."

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a-painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him, he might take up me!"

"Now I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable person in cinder-gray. "Now, then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns? I demand it," said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied—"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye," said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks—"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law. And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye."

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—the stranger in cinder-gray.

"Oh! you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake, with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first, confidentially; "and such a night as it is, too! Besides, 'tis the business o' the government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say. I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bed-time."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the mean time the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the coomb. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over the lower cretaceous formation. The "lynchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep, they slid sharply downward, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished; due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist channel, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely oak, the single tree on this part of the upland, probably sown there by a passing bird some hundred years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable, sternly, to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable, impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too.—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Fath—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly toward them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travellers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did; you've got to come and be our prisoner at once," said the constable. "We arrest ye on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail to be hung to-morrow morning in a decent proper manner. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back toward the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living-room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty. He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner." And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the other turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house.

"Can't understand it," said the officer, coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one—a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward, after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man, after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true, and yet he's not the man we were in search of; for the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my every-day way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner."

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Anglebury to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it, and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch and clock maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels o' clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate: "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another, whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvellous coolness and daring under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and out-houses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike-roads, but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all for business purposes the comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they had all met is a matron in the sere and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night and the details connected therewith is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

THE END.

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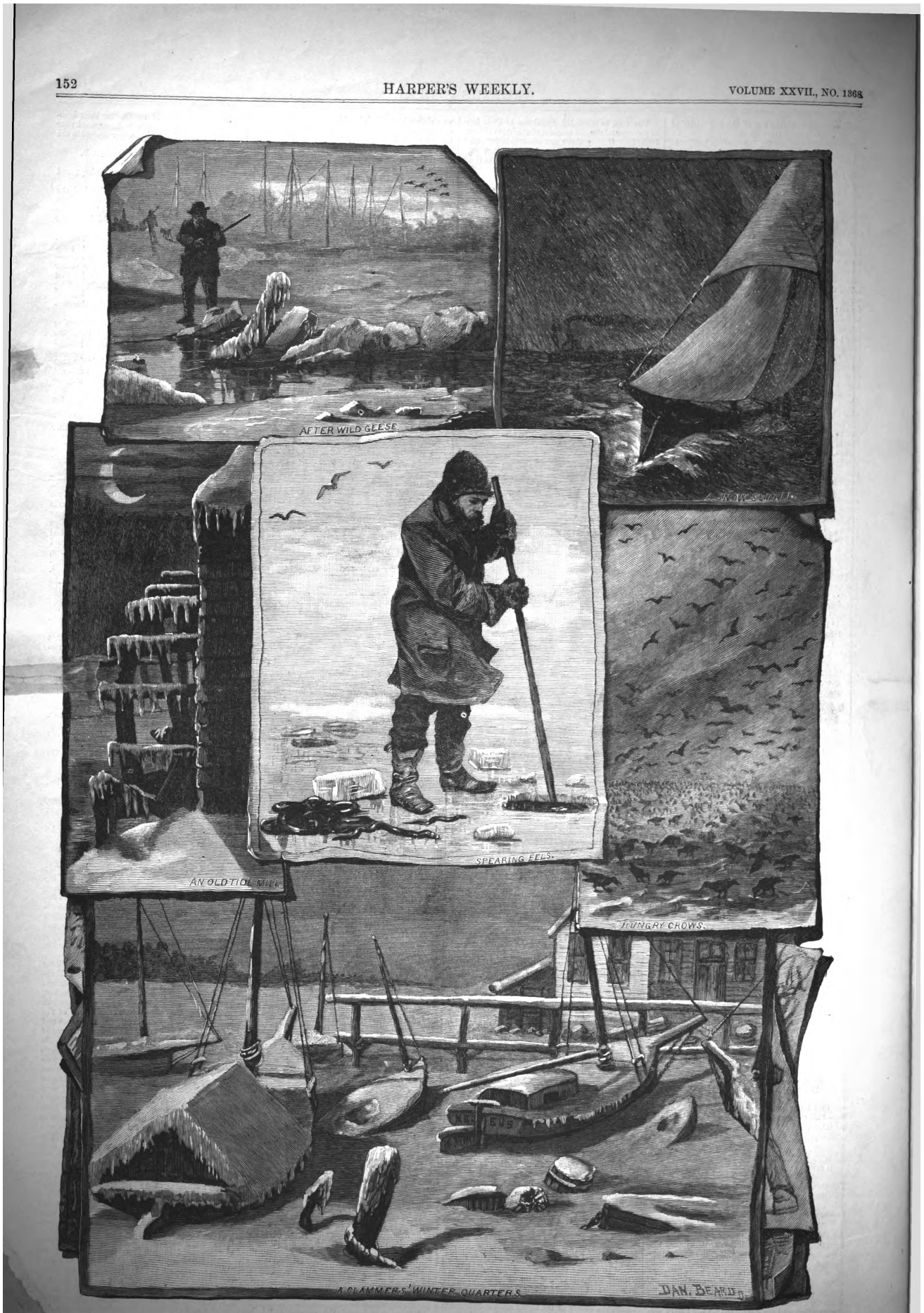

WINTER SKETCHES ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE.—Drawn by Dan Beard.—[See Page 150.]

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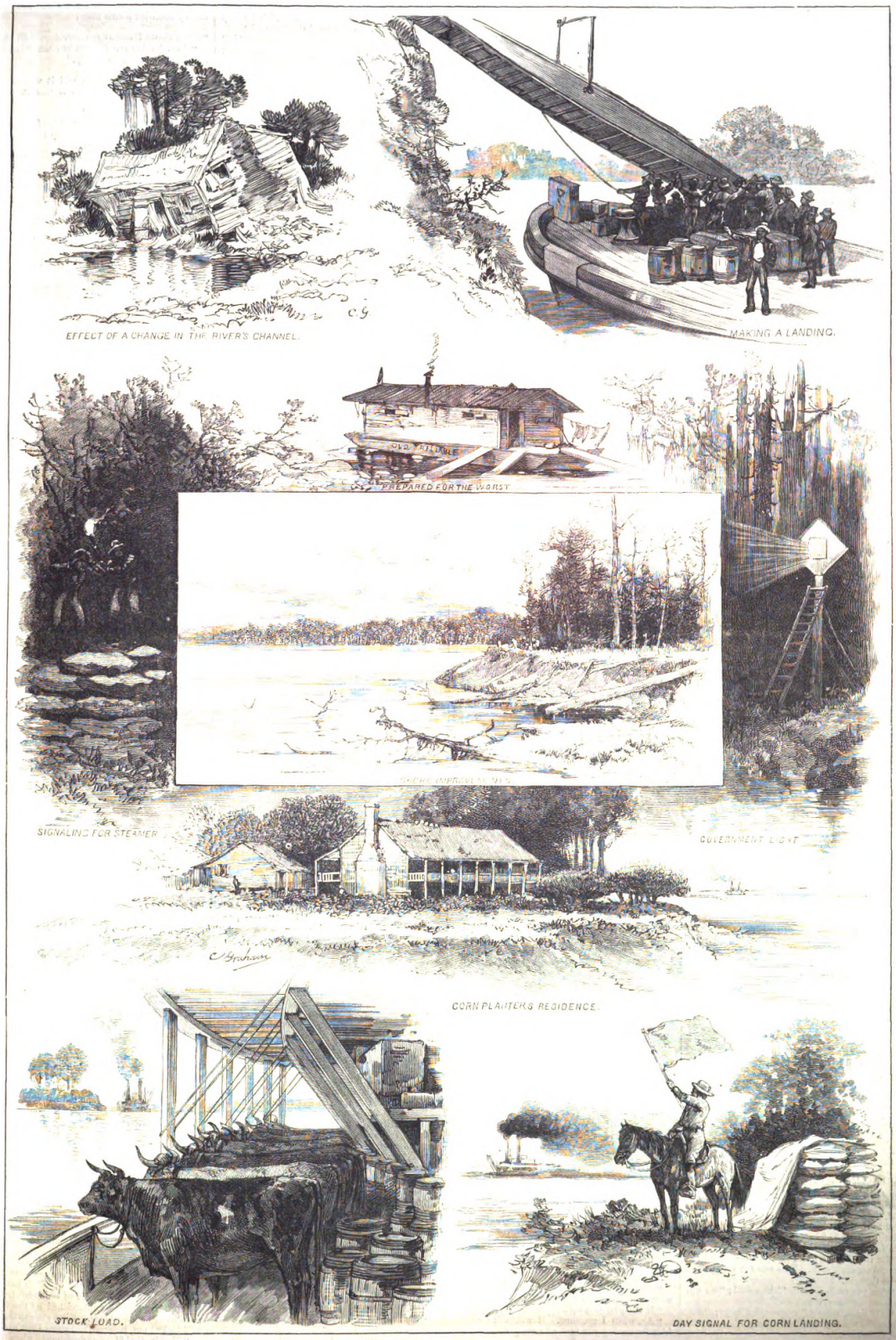

SKETCHES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—By J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 150.]

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OUR RIVER.

BY H. H.

BRIGHT blue at noon, our childhood's river,
At eve all soft and silver white,
In June its rims with blossoms bright—
Our childish prizes and delight;
Our home, in shade of sycamores,
Looked up and down the emerald shores;
Our harvest meadows, broad and fair,
In autumn perfumed all the air:
The stream with endless joys seemed rife;
'Twas placid where all else was strife;
Our hopes, our wealth, lay in its life:
From boy to man we loved our river.

Sudden, a livid sea, our river
Came roaring past the sycamore wood;
Crushed like an egg-shell where it stood,
Our house swirled down the seething flood,
Its rafters spinning off like chips,
Its windows wide like parted lips;
Our harvest meadows torn and slung
Like sands in maelstrom eddies flung;
My brother's hands in terror tossed,
In the same second swallowed, lost,
Where boiling torrents swept and crossed—
Good God! And we had loved that river!

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "POOR HUMANITY," "FOR HER SAKE," ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RETURN TO THE FARM.

IT was a weird scene, worthy of a painter's pencil in that hour; the rugged, uncouth man with the red light upon his face, stooping and examining the things he had unearthed, and holding them close to the old lantern for that purpose; the tall figure of the farmer keenly watching him; the gaunt ribs of the wreck rising above them like grim, unshapely witnesses; the dark night closing them in, and the bright stars, like eyes of fire, looking down upon them.

"Bury them again, Fladge," said John Woodhatch: "they are better where they are."

Fladge looked up surprised and discomfited.

"Why, what was the use—"

"Put them back," said Woodhatch, gruffly. "I don't curious to know they were there, that was all."

"It's your spud," cried Fladge, "with the name burnt into the handle—I recollect—"

"Recollect nothing, and say nothing," interrupted Woodhatch, sternly.

"Where's Greg?" asked Fladge, as if even his slow comprehension had connected his task with the young man whom he had seen last with the master.

"Gone back."

"Oh!"

Fladge asked no more questions; he was content to do the farmer's bidding, to betray no further curiosity, to forget even the task which had been set him, if he could. John Woodhatch watched him as he shovelled back the sand into its place, and when the task was finished it was only Reuben Fladge's half whoop of exultation that aroused him from the train of thought into which he had fallen.

He had been wondering how it would end, and what would become of Greg Dorward—what he should do with him, and in what way he could be of service to him, bad as Greg was, desperately as he had struggled to keep his secret from him, and proclaim himself above reproach. What was to be done with this new and awful failure—this young fellow with the hangman's rope about his neck and the sin of murder on his soul? He, John Woodhatch, could not betray him—would not betray him: he had shared his home with Greg, he had plotted and planned for his advancement, he had placed implicit trust in him, and it was not the hand of the master which should shut every ray of light away. He had had such thoughts as these when he had told Hester Brake he was not the avenger of her brother's death, when the thought had come awfully close to him that Greg had struck that brother down. Of late days he had loved this Greg Dorward like a son; there were traits of character in Greg which had won upon him strangely, and the youth's aptitude in learning, his energy for work, his respect for him, his love of a son for him almost, had all drawn a lonely man's heart-strings more closely round him than John Woodhatch had guessed until this terrible discovery.

He did not think of Morris Brake deeply, or of the justice which should stand first before all thought of others. It was himself in Greg's place which he sketched in lurid colors—and it was Greg's safety which, in his heart, he was considering. He could make allowance for the wild, desperate nature of the boy whom he had tried to save; he had brought him down to Lincolnshire marked "Dangerous"; he had received him from Fretwell's hands with many a warning of the risk he ran; and this was the awful yet natural outcome of it. This was the very end of it, he thought.

"Are you ready, Fladge?" he asked; "we will go home together, if you are."

"All right, master," answered Fladge; "and where did you say was Master Greg?"

"Gone back."

"Ah!—yes."

John Woodhatch and Fladge went their way over the sands, but at a slower pace than Greg and the master had adopted in coming to the village of Skegs Shore. There were leaden weights to the farmer's feet now, and he lingered by the way. He wanted time to think, and this great, dark space to think in: there was so much to prepare and be fore-armed against, and his ideas would not fall into marching order as they were wont to do. Yes, his chief thought was how to save Greg Dorward from the consequences of his crime; not how to bring a murderer to justice. Wrong in the sight of Heaven, very likely, he thought, with his hands clinched and his brow knit in his agony of meditation, but he must save the lad at any risk. Let him have one more chance, if possible, and away from Farm Forlorn. Greg had striven hard, and by much duplicity, to conceal his crime; but the stake he had played for was his life, and John Woodhatch would not condemn him without mercy. Let others do that, not he. He was neither judge nor executioner.

He passed into the farm-house with the same perplexed expression on his face, and those within thought it was the death of Hester Brake which had cast so deep a shadow on him. They could not guess he had almost forgotten that night she was dead—that she had ever lived—in the trouble which her dying words had brought to him.

Lucy was sitting at the table listening to her father's reading from the Bible, and Parson Larcom was reading very intently and in a loud voice. In the background stood Mrs. Chadderton, hardly an attentive listener, and fidgeting with the keys hanging at her waist. Mr. Larcom had sent for her, as an especial mark of his favor on a solemn and memorable occasion, and also for Kitty, who, however, had not put in an appearance, but had sent down a hasty message that she was ill and could not come.

John Woodhatch entered brusquely, and with but scant measure of respect for Mr. Larcom's Bible-reading, he said,

"Where's Greg?"

Mrs. Chadderton answered for the assembled company, and just as the preacher had begun another verse:

"He has not been seen since he left the house with you, sir. But he may have gone to his room."

"Very likely. Send some one to see."

"Yes, sir."

The housekeeper not unwillingly withdrew, and Mr. Larcom closed his Bible with a bang.

"I'm thinking ye might have waited, John, till I had feenished."

"There is no guessing when you are going to finish, Alec," said Woodhatch; "but go on."

"Not with people tramping in and out, and sending messages, and nobody paying the least attention to the blessed Gurspel. Why should I waste my breath?" said Mr. Larcom.

"Ah! yes—exactly," replied John Woodhatch, absently; then he crossed his arms and fell into a fresh train of thought until Mrs. Chadderton returned.

"Mr. Dorward has not come back, sir," she announced.

"He is busy, I know. He has much to do," said John Woodhatch. "What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock," was the reply.

"Ah! yes—quite early. Should he return before you lock up for the night, Mrs. Chadderton, tell him I am sitting in this room. Waiting for him," he added.

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Chadderton withdrew once more, and Mr. Larcom began quietly to fill his long clay pipe, and to stare meanwhile at his host.

"Are ye going to sit up, John?" he asked.

"A little later than usual, perhaps," was the reply.

"Ah! I'll keep ye company, then."

"I don't require any company. I fancy I am best alone to-night," he answered.

Alec Larcom did not take the hint, if it were a hint, that was conveyed in this absent fashion. He lighted his pipe carefully, puffed out the smoke, and regarded John Woodhatch with keen scrutiny. Lucy had already risen, seeing more clearly that the farmer wished to be alone.

"I am going up to Kitty. If I should not return again, good-night, John," she said.

"Good-night, Lucy."

"You must not grieve too much for your loss," she said, as she shook hands with him.

"I am not grieving," he replied. "I don't know, Lucy, if I am not envying her; she is past all care and disappointments."

"Yes," answered Lucy, "that is true."

She kissed her father and went away, and Parson Larcom drew a chair to the hearth-rug, sat down, and faced his friend.

"It's cold enough for a fire to-night," he said.

"I am warm. And it's late," was the reply.

"Oh, I don't want a fire, John. I was only thinking it was cold for the end of August," he remarked. "But then these are cold, sad times for all of us."

"Yes, that's true."

John Woodhatch did not speak further for a considerable period; would not have spoken again, perhaps, had not his friend once more attracted his attention.

"Ye take this to heart too much, John, as ye take everything, for that matter. That's yeer failing," said Mr. Larcom; "and, after all, as ye imply, she's better off. It was a warld of much pain and many tiresome fancies to her, poor soul."

"Yes."

"And I'm thinking, John, we should be a trifle warmer with a little whiskey."

"It shall be sent up to your room, Alec."

"Ay, when I go, then. It wouldn't be quite friendly leaving you here all alone," observed the parson.

"I shall be glad to be alone to-night," was the frank admission; "I am no fit company for any living soul."

"Is there not the will to read?" said Mr. Larcom, after a preliminary cough.

"What will?"

"Miss Brake's, to be sure. Why, it's terribly dazed ye seem, John," replied the Methodist.

"Let the will rest. I am not curious about it."

"Ay, but I am," exclaimed Mr. Larcom, "being related to her by marriage, as it were; and being doobtful if it's a senseeble or Christian-like document, John, knowing how eccentric a body she was."

"No matter what she was," muttered the farmer.

"Ye don't think of looking at the will to-night, then?"

"No."

"There may be notions in it as to her funeral," suggested Mr. Larcom; "it's a foolish custom to defer opening people's wills, and so burying folk sometimes clean contrary to instructions. Haven't ye known that more than once, John, to occur?"

"Her instructions as to her funeral I took down this day in writing, and at her request," said Woodhatch. "They are very simple. And after the funeral her will is to be read, she adds."

"Grawcious! and why couldn't ye say as much before, instead of keeping me out of my lawful rest?" exclaimed Mr. Larcom. "I'll bid ye a good-night, John."

"Good-night," was the deep-voiced response.

"It's been an uncomfortable day for us all; but it's the common lot, ye know as well as most men."

"Yes."

"And why ye should be so desperately upset about it I don't see, unless something else has happened," he said, shrewdly.

"Good-night, old Alec," replied John Woodhatch; "don't trouble yourself about me in any way. Every man has his dark hour—the hour when he is better by himself."

"Ay—yes."

And then Mr. Larcom departed, and was heard the instant afterward in the corridor giving elaborate instructions about his whiskey before he went up-stairs to his room.

John Woodhatch listened to Mr. Larcom's distant voice and his receding footsteps on the old brass-bound stairs, as if to make sure the Methodist was departing for the night; and when all was still he took from his pockets the papers which he had been writing out that day, and looked them over carefully. Mrs. Chadderton came in, retired again after his steady stare toward her, closed the door sharply behind her, reopened it, and returned swiftly to his side.

"Greg has not come back," she said.

"I know it. He would have been with me else. When he—"

"He will never return, sir."

"Ha! Who says that? What makes you think that?"

"He has written a line to Kitty," she replied; "she will come to you presently, if you will wait for her—when the house is still. Console her, sir, if you can; pray do."

And then Mrs. Chadderton vanished away again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN THE HOUSE WAS STILL.

JOHN WOODHATCH waited very patiently for the arrival of Kitty Vanch. He sat almost like a statue in his chair, looking far ahead of him at the possibilities of life, tracing on the down-hill road the figure of the boy whom he had seen first at Fretwell's, coming from the darkness to the light. And now from light to darkness back again!

The master of Farm Forlorn did not adopt his old habit of pacing the full limits of the room; he had not the energy of thought that night to keep him moving; he was as one very weary, even utterly disheartened.

The house *was* still, but Kitty Vanch was long in coming to him. It was still as the grave within—as the dead woman above-stairs; only the far-off moaning of the wind across the sea and fen-land was heard beyond the farm, like a wail over the lost cause, the last failure of the man who had tried to do too much.

He sat with some papers in his hands still; those relating strictly to the affairs of Hester Brake he had thrust into his pocket; those relating to Greg Dorward, to Hester Brake's written history of how she had tracked the crime out, were still within his hands, clutched tightly, as if in fear of losing them. He had read them over and over again; he had committed them to memory against his will; but the facts were corrosive, and burned themselves in; *he* should never forget them, and he did not care for any one else to hear of them, much less remember them.

Presently the door opened noiselessly, and Kitty Vanch crept in, looking more like a ghost than Kitty Vanch, so white and solemn a face was it in that hour of their meeting.

"Well, Kitty," he said, in almost his old tones, "what has kept you up so late to-night? And why are you anxions to see me?"

"Oh, you know, sir," answered Kitty at once—"you know too well."

"What do I know?"

He was on his guard to the last. It might be that Kitty knew not anything of what had actually happened, and Greg had told her nothing which could account truly for his departure. It would be like Greg—it would be wise.

"You know Greg has gone away," she exclaimed, dropping into the chair facing him, and looking as tired and weary as himself, "and that it is forever."

"He has not come back, but I have been expecting him."

"You have?" she asked, regarding him incredulously.

"Yes."

"Read that."

She opened her hand, in which had been crumpled a scrap of paper, and John Woodhatch took it from her, smoothed it out, and read these hastily scrawled pencil lines:

"SKEGS SHORE RAILWAY STATION, *August* 27, 18—.

"*I am leaving for London at once. The master will tell you all. Good-by.*"

There was no signature, and it was not addressed to Kitty Vanch, but it was in Greg's handwriting unmistakably.

"How did you get this?"

"I found it on the dressing-table of my room," said Kitty; "Greg had climbed up from the outside, I think, and put it there."

"Very likely," answered John Woodhatch, returning it to her.

"You are not surprised," said Kitty.

"No, I am not surprised," was the reply. "I thought he would go away—if not to-night."

"And—why?" asked Kitty.

"It is important he should go to London. Business—"

Kitty leaned forward and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I will not deceive you, sir, and I don't want you to try and deceive me. I know everything."

"What do you know, my poor Kitty?" asked John Woodhatch. To the last he would not betray this poor shred of a secret which was left. He seemed to hold to it jealously, as though it was his own—as though his interest in screening a criminal from justice was far greater than his doctrine of atonement. He would acknowledge nothing, do nothing, for Greg Dorward's sake. He had been proud of Greg till this hour.

"I know Miss Brake charged him with the murder of her brother. And you wrote down all she said this afternoon," said Kitty.

"Do you think it is true?"

"Yes," answered Kitty; "Greg does not deny it."

"And I was to tell you all, he said?"

"Yes," repeated Kitty once more, "if you will. See, I am quite prepared. Very strong, sir, to hear any bad news, and to meet any bad news."

"It has been a terrible day, and it closes terribly," said John Woodhatch; "but to you, girl, it should be a bright beginning."

"Why?" cried Kitty, with her eyes ablaze now.

"This is an escape for you," was the answer; "he might have been your husband, and the truth might have come years hence, when you could not get from it."

"Oh! if it had been," exclaimed Kitty, "then I should have been with him—shared his trials—fought his battles—kept him strong! If it had only happened later on even, at any cost to me!"

"You were fond of him, then?" inquired Woodhatch; "you did not leave him because you had forgotten how to love him?"

"He was everything to me then," said Kitty; "he is everything now."

"He is the murderer of Morris Brake," came the solemn answer back.

"God forgive him!—yes, that may be," cried Kitty; "but it must have been in self-defense, after some insult or blow. It was not murder, I am sure."

This was the echo of Greg's own hurried explanation of the crime, told on the dark sands, with the stars for witnesses, thought John Woodhatch. And it was so very near the truth.

"Still, he killed Morris," said the farmer, thoughtfully, "and the law will not forgive him."

"It was five years ago, when he was only a lad—a wild, desperate boy, who had seen you for a day or two, not longer, and was afraid of you," she cried. "He never had his chance, sir; the evil met him here at once, and mastered him—he was always passionate and violent and mad—he would only listen to me—he had never known what good was, what God was, and at the Reformatory he had only met with hard masters and hard words. He *had* no chance—he never had a chance until it was too late. Don't think too cruelly of him, Mr. Woodhatch—for God's sake don't turn against him now, and set them all in search of him. Think what you were yourself—what might have become of you! Don't hang this poor sinner, who has shared your home and life—don't think of the Law. Think how he loved you and looked up to you as his model always. And he did! he did! he did!"

She was kneeling at his feet now; it was with difficulty that he roused her from her suppliant posture.

"My poor Kitty, I do not need your intercession for him. I shall not stir one step in this," he said; "the Hands of Justice I might try to drag him from—never to put him into."

"God bless you!" murmured Kitty.

"It is not justice," he added, "but then I am not a just man. She should have told Alec Larcom had she wanted justice."

"Did she wish him hanged, sir?" asked Kitty, in a terrified whisper.

"No. She left it to me to act. She had forgotten what I had been in my time, or what Greg Dorward had become to me. And I act thus, Kitty."

He walked to the lamp and held the papers over the flame, Kitty watching, with her hands pressed upon her heart.

"That is the story—of it all?" she gasped forth.

"Yes—and thus it ends," he said.

Together they watched the papers consume and shrivel away to scraps of tinder, which fell upon the table cover, and the fire of which left in them here and there was extinguished by the broad, hard hand of the master. Kitty stole to the door and looked out, listened, and came back again.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, when John Woodhatch had completed his task.

"And now," he said, "what next?"

"Ah! what next? We must wait till we hear

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1346.

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from him again, as I am sure we shall," said Kitty.

"As I am sure we shall not," answered Woodhatch, "and as it is best we should not."

"I pray we may—and soon," cried Kitty.

"No, no. He must pass away now from your life as from mine," said John Woodhatch. "He has deceived us all—and there's an end of him."

"No, no."

"We have spared him, but he is unworthy of us. He belongs not to us ever again. Try and think that," said Mr. Woodhatch.

"He belongs to me to the end, sir," murmured Kitty. She stooped and kissed his hand, as if in gratitude and reverence, and then went silently from the room.

John Woodhatch did not follow her. He sat down in his old place, and thought it all over once more.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"GODSPEED."

No, this was not the end of it. Let him talk as he would, plan as he might, the end of all interest in Greg Dorward, and of Greg Dorward's life, had not come to pass simply because he had pronounced it so. He would have deceived Kitty Vanch into this belief; he was trying hard, but vainly, to deceive himself with it; but the boy from Fretwell's remained foremost in his thoughts. What had become of him? In the future what would become of him? Would the vain, persistent, calculating character of Greg stand him in good stead now, set apart from all his friends, and beginning life afresh without them all? Could he forget them easily and start again without much thought concerning them? Would he be callous or sorry? Was he devoid of feeling, or possessed of a deeper feeling than any one had guessed at? What was the natural character of such a man as he, who for five years had so completely baffled them, who, from his youth upward, had played so terrible a part, and with never a one the wiser, save old Spikins? Might there not be truth—had it not the clear ring of truth about it?—in the statement made upon the sands that it was the death of Morris Brake which had altered Greg's life for the better? A horrible moral, but surely a grim truth in it. John Woodhatch understood this, if no one else did. A better, stronger life had followed the murder at Skegs Shore—a something like repentance, perhaps; who could tell?

"I will atone for this till the end of my days!" That had been Greg Dorward's motto—he had owned to it; and John Woodhatch, with a clearer light upon the case, could see in what way it had shaped Greg's career. It had not made Greg a sad or a religious man; it had not troubled him so very much, this crime. Years hence he would have learned almost to forget it, to set it so much apart from the current of his life as to regard it as a something appertaining to a past which was scarcely his own.

The days seemed to drag on painfully enough at Farm Forlorn; everybody appeared to have dropped into the old waiting, expectant attitude, and no one would have guessed the storm had already broken fresh by the white, calm faces flitting through the house.

On the coming Wednesday Miss Brake would be buried in Skegs Shore church-yard with her brother, and till that day let the dead rest—the dead woman and her wishes, the dead hopes of more than hers, the dead, dry promises of many things which had had their birth under the old roof-tree.

John Woodhatch would not disturb at present the false peace of the farm; he would say nothing to Lucy about the discovery of her husband's murderer; after the funeral he would tell her the whole story, and beg her to forgive Greg, as Greg, truly penitent, craved to be forgiven by her whose life his mad act had shadowed. And, reasoned John Woodhatch, supposing Lucy, this obdurate Lucy, and her father, looked very naturally at the facts in a different and sterner light, and craved for vengeance, or justice which might be akin to vengeance, why, Greg would have had time to get away.

Always that strange wish at the bottom of his heart to secure the safety of Greg Dorward, the boy he had brought up, the man whose career he had shaped out, and who had shown such promise. God desert him in his hour of need if this young life should end at the gallows foot! thought Woodhatch. That should not be the end of it, after all his efforts. He swore that, with a heavy frown upon his face, and his big hands clinched together. "He was deserving of more reward than that," he exclaimed, defiantly, and even profanely; he was the scapegoat of it all, and life was as unprofitable to him now as was the moral wreckage which misfortune had cast at his feet.

If it were not for Kitty Vanch he should lose all hope in human kind, he thought, at this disturbed epoch of his life; he should disbelieve in the possibility of doing good, of altering human character and nature, of sowing and rearing on the barren rock, and seeing the result in fair green blades of promise; he should believe only in grim Fate and hereditary instincts, of the power of darkness to bring forth darkness after its kind, but nothing brighter or better, or with a single gleam of God's sunshine on it ever.

No one appeared interested or surprised at Gregory Dorward's sudden absence from the farm; the plea of business away had been accepted by Lucy and her father as a matter of course, and there were many matters occupying the minds of the minister and his daughter just then. It seemed that John Woodhatch and Kitty bore the brunt of it all, with the shadowy figure of Mrs. Chadderton watching them with keen interest from the background of her silent life, an important factor to be accounted for when least expected by these two.

John Woodhatch was a very early riser, we know; but on coming down on the Monday morning he was surprised to find Kitty dressed and waiting for him—dressed as if for a journey, and with a deep black veil thrown back from her sad young face.

"What is it now?" he asked, harshly, like a man irritated by surprises; "why are you masquerading about in this way, Kitty?"

"I am going away," she answered, very calmly.

"Going away!" he repeated, like a man in a dream; "and directly?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"To find Greg."

John Woodhatch's broad brow contracted at this answer; he had not bargained for Kitty's acting in any way contrary to the wishes he had already expressed. Greg had been screened, had been assisted to escape; but there was an end to him, for all that. He had said so; and now this slight, fragile woman faced him with a determination contrary to his, and opposed to him in every particular.

"You can not find him," he muttered; "and it would be madness if you could."

"I will make the trial. I am quite resolved, sir," she said, firmly; "and I am very, very sorry if you wish me to remain. But go I must."

"There is no reason for haste, or foolish mystery," exclaimed Woodhatch; "you only attract suspicion by acting in this way. You know that."

"Ay, but how is it to be helped?"

"By appearing for a time more like yourself," he replied; "by waiting patiently, by— Kitty," he cried, in a sharper tone, "you have heard from Greg again. I am sure of it."

Kitty had turned paler, but she did not flinch from the gaze of the master. She only drew her dark mantle closer round her shoulders, as though the early morning air felt bleak and raw, and said, in a low voice,

"Yes, I have heard."

"When?"

"Late last night."

"Where is the message? Where is he? What does he want? Why does he write to you, and take no heed of me?" he asked, hurriedly.

Kitty clasped her hands together and looked away from him at last.

"I can not answer your questions," she replied. "In mercy's name, sir, let me keep faith with him."

"And break it with me?"

"God forbid that—always," answered Kitty.

"But you do that now; you are sure of it yourself," said Mr. Woodhatch, "when you side with him against me. You turn like all the rest of them. I am not deserving man's or woman's confidence."

"Oh, dear master," urged Kitty, "do not look upon it in this awful light. But let me go, and say godspeed to me."

"You are going to your doom, child, when you go to such as he is," he answered.

"I do not mind that. And if it is to be so, why, for his sake," said Kitty, "I will go willingly enough."

"For his sake?"

"Yes."

"And after all—in his selfishness and trouble—he asks you to come to him, and leave me here?" said Woodhatch.

"No, no; he does not ask me to come," answered Kitty; "I am going against his wish as well as yours."

"Why, then—"

"And I am going to save him, if I can. I was always his friend, you know," she added, with a new excitement suddenly exerting itself; "and I am going to stand his friend again, if he will have me, as I think he will."

"Where is he?"

Kitty hesitated for a moment again, and then replied to him:

"At Bolter's Rents, where he has been tempted to return so many times by the impulse of the evil that was in him. He is with them all; he is back again in their midst, he who fought his way so well from them, and now to come to this at last. Ah, sir," she cried, "you will not stop me now, I am sure!"

"Yes, I would."

"I am sorry," was the answer, "but—I must go."

"To Bolter's Rents—where the bad life would begin again, whence no good can ever spring—where Greg will stay."

"Trust me," was all that Kitty could respond.

"I have lost trust in every living thing," replied John Woodhatch, "as completely as every human soul has lost all trust in me. So it must be now to the end."

"You do not know everything, sir—you—"

"Show me the letter you have received!" he demanded, suddenly.

"I can not," she murmured; "I have destroyed it."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he said, and turned as if to leave her. She stopped his progress.

"I am going away, sir. Is there any message for Greg?"

"There is money waiting for his passage abroad—when he writes to me for it. Tell him that if you will."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Good-by, sir. If you would only say godspeed to me before I go away, I should feel the stronger woman," said Kitty, "for I am not ungrateful—not unmindful of all the good you have tried to do—not, not wholly undeserving, pray believe me."

He stood regarding her very sternly still; her appeal was lost on him, her wish to get away from him, to go back to Greg and Greg's life, was only too apparent. Before he could reply—if he had ever intended a reply to this strange, impulsive girl—there came between them, dressed also as for a journey, the grave figure of the housekeeper.

John Woodhatch broke into a rough unseemly laugh at this.

"What! another departure from the plague-stricken home!" he exclaimed—"only one more!"

"Yes, Mr. Woodhatch. Has she not told you?"

"No."

"I am going away with her," said Mrs. Chadderton; "it is my duty, you will see, sir. It is the duty which you will not try to check me in, knowing what she is, and what I am."

"Have you told her—"

"That I am her mother?—yes," was the reply, as she drew Kitty's hand within her arm, "and she does not shrink from me. She will trust me very soon."

"Ah! well," said John Woodhatch, very bitterly, "it is right mother and daughter should go together in life—it is more than right in this case, I suppose. I don't know. I don't understand, and I have given up all guessing."

"But—"

"What did you ask me to say just now, Kitty?" he inquired.

"To say godspeed," she said, very earnestly and solicitously.

"Yes, yes, so it was. Well—God speed you two women on your way from Farm Forlorn, and God help you both at Bolter's Rents!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARCH.

Oh, what a petulant child is the season,
Beaming one moment and laughing the next,
Pleased without rhyme and enraged without reason,
Mollified scarcely, again he is vexed!

Who ever heard such a shrieking and blowing?
Yet there's the sun in a positive glare;
Just as the world in its gold light is glowing,
Down comes a great dash of snow through the air.

Spite of his sunshine, we're ready to flout him,
Flout this unmannerly month and his moods;
Spite of his temper, we can't do without him;
Deep in his stormy breast coming peace broods.

So, when our ten-year-old Tom is unruly,
Trying our patience from morning till night,
We can believe—and I hope not unduly—
Promise of better things, days out of sight.

KERR GOODWIN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE effectiveness of the razor as a weapon is believed to have been discovered by the negroes of this country. In late years it has been adopted by many of the Italians in New York who had previously cherished a preference for the stiletto. The impression has prevailed that the razors employed as weapons were old ones which had come to that base use through successive steps of degradation, being used surreptitiously by small boys for sharpening slate-pencils, and afterward by heads of families for removing the superfluous cuticle from pedal excrescences. But it appears that in Sheffield, England, where the monopoly of razor-making is held, a kind of razor especially designed for belligerents is manufactured. The London *Times* says that this razor is sent to the United States in large numbers, and describes it as being "very loose in the blade, which can be suddenly thrown back and held between the fingers for a dash at the face."

Within the past ten months the value of Manila pearl shells, used in hafting cutlery and other goods, has increased from about $800 a ton in the London market to $1200 a ton. In three years the price of ivory has risen at least one hundred per cent.

The Panama *Star and Herald* suggests that perhaps some of the vessels which have sailed away never to return to land were sunk by meteors, and mentions a recent narrow escape of the United States war vessel *Alaska*. One day while at sea, a few minutes after sunset, those on board heard a loud rushing noise, and saw a meteor of great brilliancy descend and burst when within some ten degrees of the horizon. It left a figure like an immense distaff, all aglow with a bluish-white light, which took the form of a spiral line, and then gradually disappeared.

The scheme for establishing an "express line" of fast steel steam-ships between this country and England, to carry passengers only, and to make the voyage in five or six days, has been abandoned. It is noteworthy that the demands of freight traffic have thus far been the incentive which has produced the swiftest steam-ships. The most notable achievements in this line have resulted from the rivalry in bringing the new tea crops from China to England. The rivalry has extended, in a considerable degree, to this port, some of the closest steam-ship races having been kept up from the other side of the globe, around through the Suez Canal, and to New York.

The manager of a Western railway with Florida connections estimates that there are thirty thousand Northern people now in that State. A correspondent of the Hartford *Times* writes that there are three seasons in Florida—the orange, vegetable, and invalid season—and that the last-named is the most profitable to the Floridians.

After about a year of interchange of communications the diplomates of Yale and Harvard colleges have come to terms with respect to their annual boat-race. Last year the Yale boat was the longer, and the question was whether, in the coming race, the boats should start with sterns even or bows even, and whether the finish should be made by bows or sterns. The result of the correspondence and conferences is an agreement that the shells shall be started with even waists, and that the boat which carries its middle across the line first shall be declared the winner. In horse-racing it is the rule to start and finish by noses; but in view of the Yale-Harvard agreement perhaps the unlettered authorities of the turf will take into consideration the different lengths of horses, and decide that hereafter they must start and finish by middles.

An enthusiastic newspaper worker was Samuel Medill, the managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, who died recently of consumption at Quincy. After eagerly looking over the Chicago morning papers that were brought to his bed on the last day of his life, he smiled and said, "Our boys have beat them on the Braidwood business." These were almost his last words.

Suggestion for Cincinnati and Louisville: The great flood at Bristol, England, last fall, is to be commemorated by forty ornamental lamp-posts, the heights of the lamps varying to correspond to the level reached by the water at various points.

Even millionaires are not always self-possessed in the midst of new surroundings. The maiden speech in the Senate-chamber of Mr. Tabor, of Colorado, is reported as follows: "Mr. President, I am paired with the gentleman from Hampton, Mr. South Carolina."

The Irish question seems to be, Who is No. 1? Perhaps the answer is No one.

By the death of his father, the late Prince Charles of Prussia, Prince Frederick Charles comes into possession of an income which will be an acceptable addition to the rather limited means which he has had at his command. He receives about $8,000,000 in cash, and the usufruct of several estates, besides most of the art collections of his father, a magnificent armory, a stud of eighty horses, and a famous pack of bloodhounds. The palace in which his father resided on the Wilhelmsplatz in Berlin belongs to the Crown Fiscus, but has been granted to Prince Frederick Charles. He is to engage the court and household of his father. The late Prince Charles left a fortune of some $6,750,000 in money, $750,000 of which is to be devoted to charitable purposes. Prince Frederick Charles is the father of the Duchess of Connaught.

It is told of Doré the artist that one day at Ischl he made an exquisitely pretty sketch of a scene at a peasant's wedding, and left his album in the pocket of his paletot when he went to dinner on returning to his hotel. After dinner the album was not to be found, and Doré retired furious. On the next day he received a parcel, and a letter in which the anonymous author wrote: "Sir,—Knowing you would not sell your album, I robbed you of it (the last sketch of yours being quite irresistible); but in order that you should not take me for a common thief, I beg your acceptance of the accompanying 'traveller's staff.'" The parcel contained a gold-headed cane, ornamented with precious stones. Doré never learned the name of the giver.

An interesting part of the story of the second and last arctic voyage of Mr. Leigh Smith's yacht *Eira* was told recently at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in a paper written by Mr. Smith and read by Dr. Neale, who was the physician with the expedition. There were twenty-five men on board the *Eira*. The object of the expedition was to extend the knowledge as to the coasts of Franz-Josef Land acquired in the course of a voyage made in the previous year. Franz-Josef Land was sighted on July 23, 1881. In August the hope of being able to proceed in search of the *Jeannette* was cut off by the ice. On the 21st of that month, while the *Eira* was lying near Bell Island, protected by a grounded iceberg from the pack-ice which was drifting into the bay, the berg gave way, and the yacht was crushed by the ice, and sunk in sixty-six feet of water. Before she sank a quantity of provisions was rescued from the vessel. The men set about building a hut of turf and stone. They suffered greatly from the cold, even at that season of the year. In the course of the fall twenty-one bears, thirteen walrus, and about twelve hundred loons were shot, the men being aided in the hunt by a black retriever, Bob, which had been taken from England by the explorers. A canary-bird found the weather too severe, and died on New-Year's Eve. All the coal was used by January 8, and from that time the only fuel was blubber. The breakfast of the men while in this camp consisted of ten pounds of bear and walrus meat cut up and made into soup with vegetables, with a pint of tea for each man. For dinner they had bear and walrus stew with dumplings, and for supper meat-and-vegetable soup and tea. A glass of rum was served to each man an hour after tea, and on Saturdays there was an extra allowance of grog. The men did not succeed in saving any lime juice when the vessel went down. Several musical instruments were saved, and on Christmas Eve and New-Year's Eve there were grand dinners, followed by concerts. There was not much total darkness. Even on the shortest day of the year there was about four hours' twilight. The auroras resembled thin clouds lighted up by the moon, which was out of sight only ten days in each month. In May the work of making sails for the boats and preparing for the attempt to escape southward was begun, and on June 21 the party took their last meal in the hut in which they had spent nearly ten months. They left half a dozen bottles of champagne "for any one who might call." Then they launched their boats and made sail for the south, to be picked up within a short time by the expedition which had gone in search of them.

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GENERAL C. F. MANDERSON, SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEBRASKA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY EATON.

HON. JAMES B. BECK, SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.

HON. D. M. SABIN, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MINNESOTA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZIMMERMAN.

THREE UNITED STATES SENATORS.

Of the three United States Senators whose portraits are given on this page, Mr. BECK, of Kentucky, is the oldest, having passed threescore years. He now enters upon the fifteenth year of his service in Congress, having been eight in the House and six in the Senate. He was born in Scotland, where he received an academic education. In 1846 he was graduated as a lawyer at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky. He practiced his profession until elected to Congress.

General MANDERSON, the Senator from Nebraska, is a Philadelphian by birth, and next in age to Mr. BECK. He was born in 1837, and is a lawyer by profession. He served his country during the civil war, and earned the name of being a gallant fighter. He is evidently in favor of civil service reform, judging by a speech made before the Legislature after his election. He said: "I believe there is something higher and nobler in the position of a Senator of the United States than that of being the simple medium through which the patronage of this government shall be dispensed. That is a part of the duty, perhaps, but I look upon it as the meanest part. I certainly do not desire that this high office should become a mere broker shop for the distribution of offices. I see something higher than that, and I will set my aim higher."

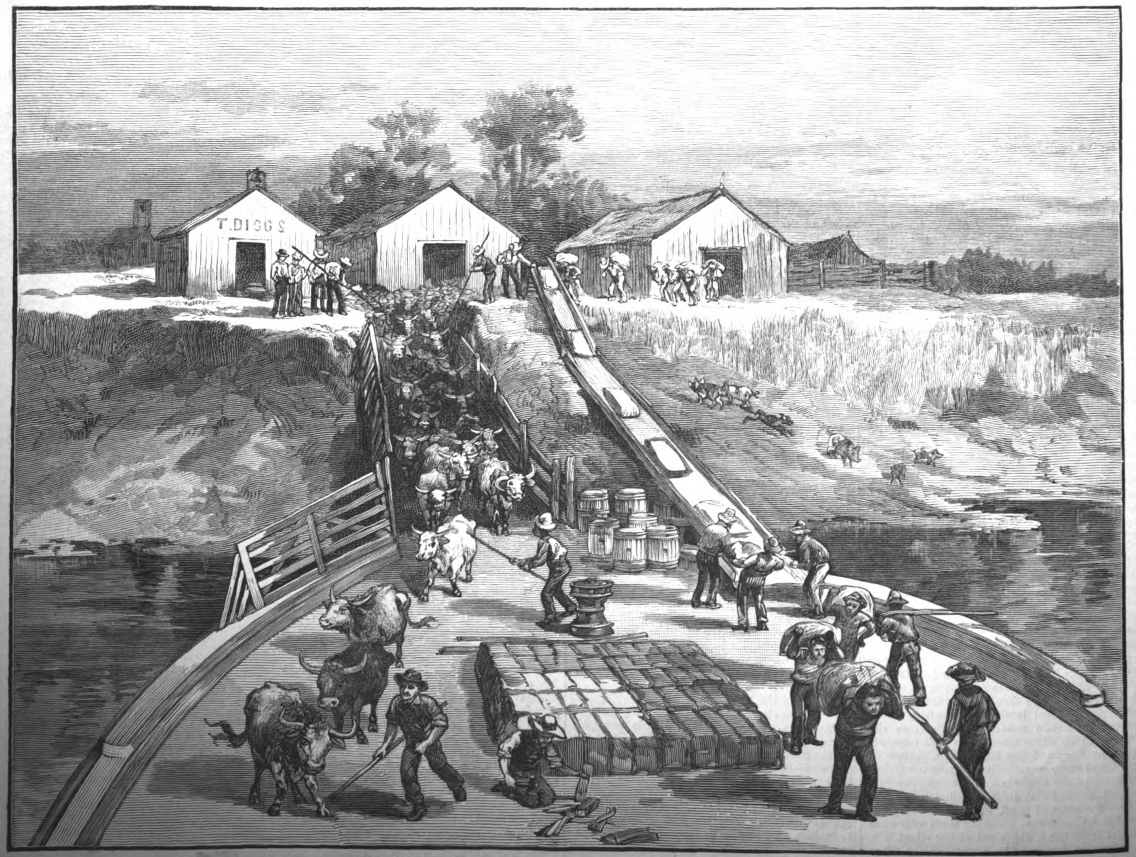
Mr. SABIN, who succeeds Mr. WINDOM as Senator from Minnesota, is less than forty years old, and is a native of Connecticut. At an early age he went to Illinois, where his father engaged in farming on an extensive scale, but his health failing, he returned to Connecticut, where most of his youth was passed, and where his father died. A few years later Mr. SABIN, having been obliged by ill health to abandon his aspirations for the legal profession, went to Minnesota, and by business shrewdness as a contractor soon acquired a large fortune. He has at present large State-prison contracts, and is said to be worth several millions. About a year ago a Northwestern car-manufacturing company, the most important corporation in the State, was organized, Mr. SABIN being the principal stockholder, president, and manager. He has served several terms in the Legislature. Though not noted as a statesman or an orator, he is one of the shrewdest and most successful political managers in the Northwest. He is a very genial, prepossessing man, and extremely popular with all classes.

STREET BOYS IN NAPLES.

THE Neapolitan street urchin is the most *gamin* of all *gamins*, surpassing even his Parisian prototype in his own walk. As a pickpocket he may fairly claim the championship of the world, and the temper of the British paterfamilias is in a chronic state of exasperation during his stay, owing to the daily abstraction of his handkerchief, spectacle case, and other small gear from remote pockets, to which they were too confidingly committed. Detachments of these Arabs haunt the public gardens and other resorts of strangers, tendering for sale *cavalli marini* (skeletons of hippocampus) and similar curiosities, or offering to dive for coins thrown into the sea. In this accomplishment they are as proficient as young eider-ducks, for the profession of *sommozzatori*, or divers, is hereditary in certain families of Santa Lucia, and the physical peculiarities developed by its exercise are transmitted from generation to generation.

An English lady, asking one of these juvenile vagrants why he did not go to school and learn to read and write, received a conclusive though silent answer when he stooped and wrote his name on the ground in unexceptionable characters. He then explained that he attended a night school, and thus combined a polite education with the prosecution of other pursuits by day. The exceptional aptitude for learning of the Neapolitans received a striking proof under the reign of Napoleon, when a new system of post-office management, which took the German officials six weeks to acquire, was mastered in three days by those of Naples.

The lighter avocations of running errands, picking up cigar stumps, and performing antics for the entertainment of foreigners are varied by the Neapolitan *gamin* with others of a more equivocal character, and his career may be described as one of industry tempered by petty larceny. Woe betide the party of tourists incautious enough to leave their rugs and loose wraps in the hood of their carriage! one of the predatory light brigade will infallibly climb up and run off with them before there is time to stop the vehicle. The gains are frequently spent in gaming, which is as strong a passion with these tyros in crime as with their elders. One of the games frequently witnessed in the streets consists in pitching a flat stone at a small pile of nuts or other comestibles—the prize of a successful throw.



MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT LOADING WITH CATTLE AND CORN, NEW MADRID.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

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A TEA FLEET IN THE CHINA SEA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

III.

THAT IT IS NOT WICKED TO BE RICH; NAY EVEN, THAT IT IS NOT WICKED TO BE RICHER THAN ONE'S NEIGHBOR.

I have before me a newspaper slip on which a writer expresses the opinion that no one should be allowed to possess more than one million dollars' worth of property. Alongside of it is another slip on which another writer expresses the opinion that the limit should be five millions. I do not know what the comparative wealth of the two writers is, but it is interesting to notice that there is a wide margin between their ideas of how rich they would allow their fellow-citizens to become, and of the point at which they ("the state," of course) would step in to rob a man of his earnings. These two writers only represent a great deal of crude thinking and declaiming which is in fashion. I never have known a man of ordinary common-sense who did not urge upon his sons, from earliest childhood, doctrines of economy, and the practice of accumulation. A good father believes that he does wisely to encourage enterprise, productive skill, prudent self-denial, and judicious expenditure on the part of his son. The object is to teach the boy to accumulate capital. If, however, the boy should read many of the diatribes against "the rich" which are afloat in our literature, if he should read or hear some of the current discussion about "capital," and if, with the ingenuousness of youth, he should take these productions at their literal sense, instead of discounting them as his father does, he would be forced to believe that he was on the path of infamy when he was earning and saving capital. It is worth while to consider which we mean or what we mean. Is it wicked to be rich? Is it mean to be a capitalist? If the question is one of degree only, and it is right to be rich up to a certain point and wrong to be richer, how shall we find the point? Certainly, for practical purposes, we ought to define the point nearer than between one and five millions of dollars.

There is an old ecclesiastical prejudice in favor of the poor and against the rich. In days when men acted by ecclesiastical rules these prejudices produced waste of capital, and helped mightily to replunge Europe into barbarism. The prejudices are not yet dead, but they survive in our society as ludicrous contradictions and inconsistencies. One thing must be granted to the rich: they are good-natured. Perhaps they do not recognize themselves, for a rich man is even harder to define than a poor one. It is not uncommon to hear a clergyman utter from the pulpit all the old prejudice in favor of the poor and against the rich, while asking the rich to do something for the poor, and the rich comply without apparently having their feelings hurt at all by the invidious comparison. We all agree that he is a good member of society who works his way up from poverty to wealth, but as soon as he has worked his way up we begin to regard him with suspicion as a dangerous member of society. A newspaper starts the silly fallacy that "the rich are rich because the poor are industrious," and it is copied from one end of the country to the other as if it were a brilliant apothegm. "Capital" is denounced by writers and speakers who have never taken the trouble to find out what capital is, and who use the word in two or three different senses in as many pages. Labor organizations are formed, not to employ combined effort for a common object, but to indulge in declamation and denunciation, and especially to furnish an easy living to some officers who do not want to work. People who have rejected dogmatic religion, and retained only a residuum of religious sentimentalism, find a special field in the discussion of the rights of the poor and the duties of the rich. We have denunciations of banks, corporations, and monopolies, which denunciations encourage only helpless rage and animosity, because they are not controlled by any definitions or limitations, or by any distinctions between what is indispensably necessary and what is abuse, between what is established in the order of nature and what is legislative error. Think, for instance, of a journal which makes it its special business to denounce monopolies, yet favors a protective tariff, and has not a word to say against trades-unions or patents! Think of public teachers who say that the farmer is ruined by the cost of transportation, when they mean that he can not make any profits because his farm is too far from the market, and who denounce the railroad because it does not correct for the farmer, at the expense of its stockholders, the disadvantage which lies in the physical situation of the farm. Think of that construction of this situation which attributes all the trouble to the greed of "moneyed corporations." Think of the piles of rubbish that one has read about corners, and watering stocks, and selling futures.

Undoubtedly there are, in connection with each of these things, cases of fraud, swindling, and other financial crimes; that is to say, the greed and selfishness of men are perpetual. They put on new phases, they adjust themselves to new forms of business, and constantly devise new methods of fraud and robbery, just as burglars devise new artifices to circumvent every new precaution of the locksmakers. The criminal law needs to be improved to meet new forms of crime, but to denounce financial devices which are useful and legitimate, because use is made of them for fraud, is ridiculous and unworthy of the age in which we live. Fifty years ago good old English Tories used to denounce all joint-stock companies in the same way, and for similar reasons.

All the denunciations and declamations which have been referred to are made in the interest of "the poor man." His name never ceases to echo in the halls of legislation, and he is the excuse and reason for all the acts which are passed. He is never forgotten in poetry, sermon, or essay. His interest is invoked to defend every doubtful procedure and every questionable institution. Yet where is he? Who is he? Who ever saw him? When did he ever get the benefit of any of the numberless efforts in his behalf? When, rather, was his name and interest ever invoked, when, upon examination, it did not plainly appear that somebody else was to win—somebody who was far too smart ever to be poor, far too lazy ever to be rich by industry and economy?

A great deal is said about the unearned increment from land, especially with a view to the large gains of landlords in old countries. The unearned increment from land has indeed made the position of an English land-owner, for the last two hundred years, the most fortunate that any class of mortals ever has enjoyed, but the present moment, when the rent of agricultural land in England is declining under the competition of American land, is not well chosen for attacking the old advantage. Furthermore, the unearned increment from land appears in the United States as a gain to the first comers, who have here laid the foundations of a new State. Since the land is a monopoly, the unearned increment lies in the laws of nature. Then the only question is, Who shall have it?—the man who has the ownership by prescription, or some or all others? Moreover, there is an unearned increment on capital and on labor, due to the presence around the capitalist and the laborer of a great, industrious, and prosperous society. A tax on land and a succession or probate duty on capital might be perfectly justified by these facts. Unquestionably capital accumulates with a rapidity which follows in some high series the security, good government, peaceful order of the state in which it is employed, and if the state steps in, on the death of the holder, to claim a share of the inheritance, such a claim may be fully justified. The laborer likewise gains by carrying on his labor in a strong, highly civilized, and well-governed state far more than he could gain with equal industry on the frontier or in the midst of anarchy. He gains greater remuneration for his services, and he also shares in the enjoyment of all that accumulated capital of a wealthy community which is public or semi-public in its nature.

The great gains of a great capitalist in a modern state must be put under the head of wages of superintendence. Any one who believes that any great enterprise of an industrial character can be started without labor must have little experience of life. Let any one try to get a railroad built, or to start a factory and win reputation for its products, or to start a school and win a reputation for it, or to found a newspaper and make it a success, or to start any other enterprise, and he will find what obstacles must be overcome, what risks must be taken, what perseverance and courage are required, what foresight and sagacity are necessary. Especially in a new country, where many tasks are waiting, where resources are strained to the utmost all the time, the judgment, courage, and perseverance required to organize new enterprises and carry them to success are sometimes heroic. Persons who possess the necessary qualifications obtain great rewards; they ought to do so. It is foolish to rail at them. Then, again, the ability to organize and conduct industrial, commercial, or financial enterprises is rare; the great captains of industry are as rare as great generals. The great weakness of all co-operative enterprises is in the matter of supervision. Men of routine or men who can do what they are told are not hard to find, but men who can think and plan and tell the routine men what to do are very rare. They are paid in proportion to the supply and demand of them.

If Mr. A. T. Stewart made a great fortune by collecting and bringing dry-goods to the people of the United States, he did so because he understood how to do that thing better than any other man of his generation. He proved it, because he carried the business through commercial crises and war, and kept increasing its dimensions. If, when he died, he left no competent successor, the business must break up, and pass into new organization in the hands of other men. Some have said that Mr. Stewart made his fortune out of those who worked for him or with him. But would those persons have been able to come together, organize themselves, and earn what they did earn without him? Not at all. They would have been comparatively helpless. He and they together formed a great system of factories, stores, transportation, under his guidance and judgment. It was for the benefit of all; but he contributed to it what no one else was able to contribute—the one guiding mind which made the whole thing possible. In no sense whatever does a man who accumulates a fortune by legitimate industry exploit his employés, or make his capital "out of" anybody else. The wealth which he wins would not be but for him.

The aggregation of large fortunes is not at all a thing to be regretted. On the contrary, it is a necessary condition of many forms of social advance. If we should set a limit to the accumulation of wealth, we should say to our most valuable producers, "We do not want you to do us the services which you understand how to perform, beyond a certain point." It would be like killing off our generals in war. A great deal is said, in the cant of a certain school, about "ethical views of wealth," and we are told that some day men will be found of such public spirit that, after they have accumulated a few millions, they will be willing to go on and labor simply for the pleasure of paying the taxes of their fellow-citizens. Possibly this is true. It is a prophecy. It is as impossible to deny it as it is silly to affirm it. For if a time ever comes when there are men of this kind, the men of that age will arrange their affairs accordingly. There are no such men now, and those of us who live now can not arrange our affairs by what men will be a hundred generations hence.

There is every indication that we are to see new developments of the power of aggregated capital to serve civilization, and that

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the new developments will be made right here in America. Joint-stock companies are yet in their infancy, and incorporated capital, instead of being a thing which can be overturned, is a thing which is becoming more and more indispensable. I shall have something to say in another paper about the necessary checks and guarantees, in a political point of view, which must be established. Economically speaking, aggregated capital will be more and more essential to the performance of our social tasks. Furthermore, it seems to me certain that all aggregated capital will fall more and more under personal control. Each great company will be known as controlled by one master mind. The reason for this lies in the great superiority of personal management over management by boards and committees. This tendency is in the public interest, for it is in the direction of more satisfactory responsibility. The great hinderance to the development of this continent has lain in the lack of capital. The capital which we have had has been wasted by division and dissipation, and by injudicious applications. We are to see the development pushed forward at an unprecedented rate by an aggregation of capital, and a systematic application of it under the direction of competent men. This development will be for the benefit of all, and it will enable each one of us, in his measure and way, to increase his wealth. We may each of us go ahead to do so, and we have every reason to rejoice in each other's prosperity. There ought to be no laws to guarantee property against the folly of its possessors. In the absence of such laws, capital inherited by a spendthrift will be squandered and re-accumulated in the hands of men who are fit and competent to hold it. So it should be, and under such a state of things there is no reason to desire to limit the property which any man may acquire.

THE MOTTO IN A WEDDING RING.

A LOVER gave the wedding ring
Into the goldsmith's hand.
"Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
Within this golden band."
The goldsmith graved,
With careful art,
"*Till Death us part.*"

The wedding bells rang gladly out,
The husband said, "O wife,
Together we will share the grief,
The happiness of life.
I give to thee
My hand, my heart,
Till Death us part."

'Twas *she* that lifted now his hand
(O love, that this should be!),
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered, tenderly:
"Till Death us join,
Lo, thou art mine
And I am thine!

"And when Death joins we never more
Shall know an aching heart;
The bridal of that better love
Death has no power to part.
That troth will be
For thee and me
Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill
Through fifty changing years
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.
Alas! alas!
That Death's cold dart
Such love can part!

But one sad day she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed;
She drew the ring from off her hand,
And to the goldsmith said:
"Oh, man, who graved
With careful art,
'Till Death us part,'

"Now grave four other words for me:
'*Till Death us join.*'" He took
The precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
And wrought with care,
For love, not coin,
"*Till Death us join.*"

THE NEW GERMAN MINISTER.

BARON VON EISENDECHER, the newly appointed German Minister to the United States, comes of a family of diplomates. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in June, 1841. His father was the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg to the Federal Diet. Young Von EISENDECHER was sent at an early age to the Berlin Naval School, and when sixteen years of age he entered the Prussian navy. He took part in the first Prussian expedition to Japan. During the war between France and Germany he was the executive officer of the frigate *Ancona*, which was stationed at this port for several months. In 1873 he entered the diplomatic service, and in 1878 he was placed on the retired list of naval officers, with the rank of Captain. He was appointed Resident Minister to Japan several years ago, and after serving in that capacity for about a year, he was raised to the rank of Plenipotentiary. While in Japan he was decorated with the order of the Rising Sun, an honor which is rarely conferred upon foreigners. The Baron was married only a short time before he left Germany. The Baroness is some years the junior of the Baron, and comes of one of the oldest families of Pomerania. A portrait of the Minister is given on page 148.

PREDICTING RAIN.

PERSONS skilled in the use of the spectroscope are making experiments to determine how closely the approach of rain can be predicted through spectroscopic examination of the atmosphere. A foreign observer has published the results of experiments which he made in January. It has been found that rain is preceded by the appearance in the spectrum of a "rain-band." This experimenter made an observation each morning at nine o'clock in the direction from which the wind was blowing. For the purpose of comparison the boldness of the rain-bands on the different occasions is expressed in percentages. The rain-fall was measured twenty-four hours after each observation. He reports that the largest percentage of rain-band (70) was followed by a heavy rain. The percentage was 60 twice and 50 eight times, and in each instance there was rain. There was rain five times, and cloudy weather twice, following the seven observations, which showed forty per cent. of rain-band.

JEWELRY reflects more than anything else the art influences which surround it. Having a certain amount of durability, the worker in the precious metals perpetuates the epoch in which he lives. Recognized as that art which must be in a certain measure indifferent to the costly materials which enter into its composition, it seeks to enhance the beauty of the gems and the gold by making them subservient to human skill. Barbaric and uneducated tendencies care for huge surfaces covered with stones, where crude masses of gold are displayed. It is that much more refined taste, as displayed by Etruscans and Greeks, that cares more for the delicacy of the work than the solid weight of the metal. Such passing attention as is generally paid to jewelry is somewhat prone to incline rather toward the material appreciation of these things. The intrinsic value of a well-painted picture has nothing to do with either cost of canvas or paint. It is that genius which masses the richest of colors, which makes the most delicate of tints, which, alone delights the eye and is paid for. A well-composed jewel, a superbly conceived brooch, a graceful bracelet, a modest pendant are, then, something much more than diamonds, emeralds, pearls, or gold. It must, to please, show a thorough acquaintance on the part of the maker with the most subtle canons of art. A metal has been taken and formed into the most perfect of shapes. It may be costly, because it is only of gold, and owes its excellence to itself, irrespective of rubies or sapphires—or then again in one whole may, to the extreme art of the gold-worker, be lavished precious stones worth a prince's ransom.

It is well known that the growing demand in this country by the most intelligently discriminating buyers is for the finest diamonds only, and that the like careful choice extends to all other precious stones. Excellence in the selection of jewels has carried with it perfection in the mounting of them. Leading jewelers, in fact, have to be inventive, for the tastes of a well-informed public demand work which must be of marvellous excellence. Mr. THEODORE B. STARR, on Fifth Avenue, exhibits exquisite jewels, with the mountings as plain as possible, the stones, with their brilliant flash, wanting no metallic enhancements. It is with pearls of various hues that the real magic of the jeweler's art is brought most in prominence. Here were pearls of all shades, from black to rose, from the most creamy whiteness to those with opalescent reflections. One single brooch of diamonds was of amazing beauty. As if to contrast with one or two stones of purest water, there were blue diamonds, with that calm, quiet color of an early morning sky. Such diamonds may not be had even by the jeweler for the asking. Mr. STARR waits until he finds them. Then, having made his collection, they are brought together and then mounted.

To a superb show of the choicest stones in rings and ear-rings are added other attractions, all adapted to people of studied tastes. The silver was superb. Those models of peculiar form which we in America have taken from the artistic Japanese are found here—pieces of silver where the individual skill of the silversmith is called into play. Such objects are not run through rolls or struck up by dies, but represent each the skill of a metallurgist in perfecting his alloys, and the perfection of the artist's own hand, either exercised with the hammer or with the graver. Of bronzes, Mr. STARR exhibited fine pieces from Barbedienne, Carpaux, Mercier, Pinedo, and others. China of the finest *pâte*, of the most graceful form, most choicely decorated, is called for now by those who purchase both diamonds and silverware. The cleverest work of English makers, the best Worcester, Copeland, and Staffordshire fictile wares, were here. The exhibition of a great house, which caters to those who are the most appreciative, presents a class of artistic objects not second to those hung on the walls of a picture-gallery.—[*Adv.*]

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IN SICK HEADACHE.

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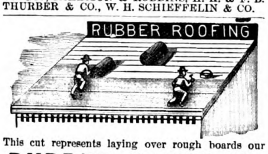

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The Twenty-Third Annual Statement

OF THE

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

120 Broadway, New York,

HENRY B. HYDE, President,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1882.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1882	$41,511,949 03
INCOME.	
Premiums	$8,922,369 08
Interest, rents, and realized net profit on investments and on sales of real estate	2,956,802 33
	11,879,171 41
	$53,391,120 44

The net rentals of the Society's buildings, *giving no credit for the part occupied by the Society in its business* (which, in the case of the New York building, is about one third of the entire space in the building), yields, after deducting taxes and all expenses of maintenance, a net income larger than can be realized on a Government bond.

DISBURSEMENTS.	
Claims by death and matured endowments	$2,996,950 23
Dividends, surrender values, & annuities	2,841,044 83
Discounted endowments	139,546 50
Total paid policy-holders	$5,977,541 56
Dividend on capital	7,000 00
Commissions and advertising	891,423 49
General expenses	883,547 82
State, county, and city taxes	102,026 03
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS	$7,861,538 90
NET CASH ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1882	$45,529,581 54

ASSETS.	
Bonds and mortgages	$11,286,129 27
New York real estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure	5,730,143 84
United States stocks, state stocks, city stocks, and stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York	11,651,371 97
Loans secured by bonds and stocks (market value, $13,291,618)	10,417,000 00
A detailed statement of these loans, and the securities upon which they are made, is annually filed with the Society's report in the Insurance Department of the State of New York, which is at all times open to the inspection of the policy-holders of the Society.	
Real estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and Society's buildings in other cities	3,520,484 60
Cash on hand, in banks, and other depositaries, on interest, and in transit (since received)	2,597,983 44
Due from agents on account of premiums	26,468 42
	$45,529,581 54
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	896,388 03
Interest and rents due and accrued	383,766 29
Premiums due and in process of collection (less premiums paid in advance, $33,220)	410,287 00
Deferred premiums	805,728 00
Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1882	$48,025,750 86
TOTAL LIABILITIES, including legal reserve for re-assurance of all existing policies (N. Y. State Standard)	37,367,076 50
Total Undivided Surplus	$10,658,674 47

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in General class, is $5,713,422 47.

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is $4,945,252 00.

NEW ASSURANCE WRITTEN IN 1882, **$62,262,279.**

TOTAL OUTSTANDING ASSURANCE, **$232,829,620.**

The amount of new assurance written during 1882 exceeds the largest business ever done by any other company in one year.

For sixteen years—from 1867 to 1882, both inclusive—the Society has written a larger aggregate amount of new assurance than any other company.

Total amount paid policy-holders since the organization of the Society, $67,889,572 56.

The amount of Surplus, $7,825,750 86, over liabilities (four-per-cent. valuation) is larger, and the percentage of death claims to the amount at risk is smaller, than in any other of the five largest life assurance companies.

The Society issues a plain and simple contract of assurance, free from burdensome and technical conditions, and INCONTESTABLE after three years. Such policies are payable IMMEDIATELY upon the receipt of satisfactory proofs of death, and without the delay of sixty or ninety days usual with other companies.

The Society has no contested claims on its books.

From the undivided surplus, contributed by policies in the General class, reversionary dividends will be declared, available on settlement of next annual premium, to ordinary participating policies. From the undivided surplus contributed by policies in the Tontine class, the amounts applicable to policies maturing within the current year will be duly declared, as their respective annual premiums become due. The valuation of the policies outstanding has been made on the American Experience Table of Mortality, with 4½ per cent. interest, the legal standard of the State of New York.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, J. G. VAN CISE, } Actuaries.

We, the undersigned, have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the assets of the Society, and certify that the foregoing statement thereof is correct.

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JAMES M. HALSTED, HENRY S. TERRELL,
E. BOUDINOT COLT, HENRY V. BUTLER,

Special Committee of the Board of Directors, appointed Oct. 25, 1882, to examine the assets and accounts at the close of the year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1369. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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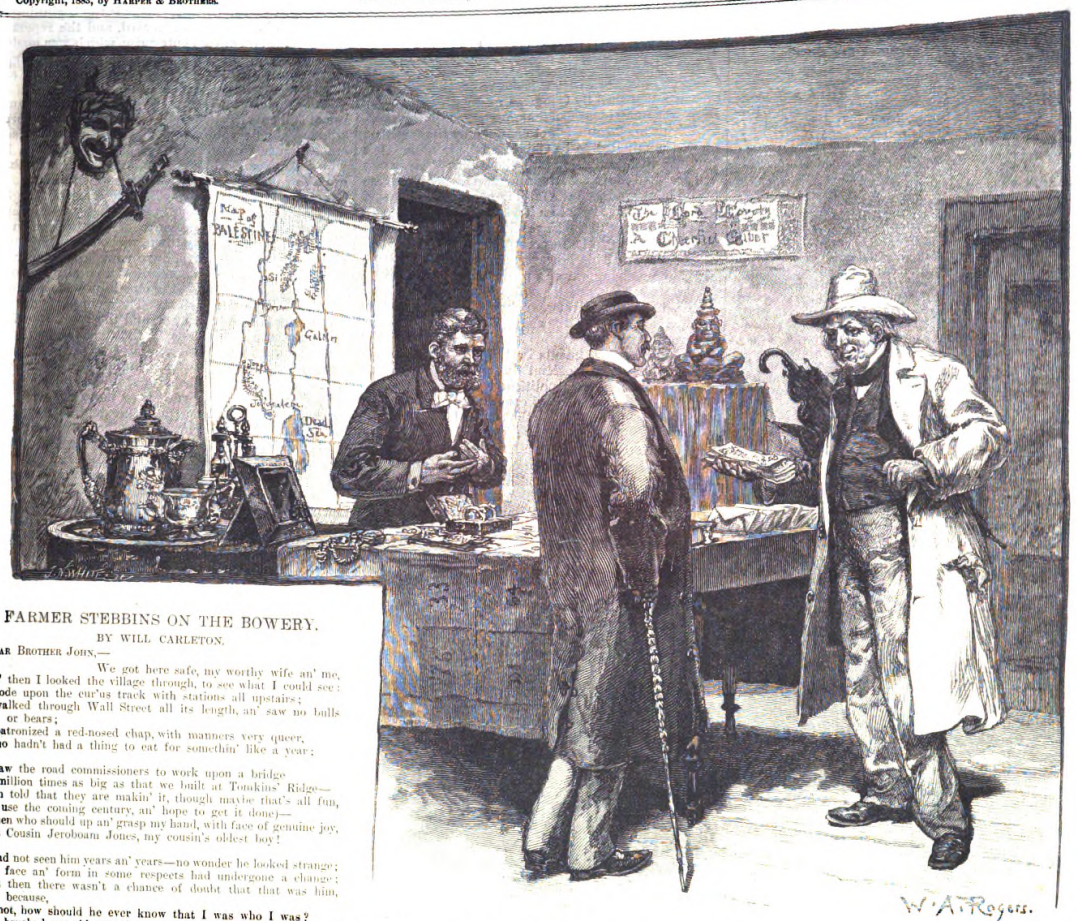

FARMER STEBBINS ON THE BOWERY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—

We got here safe, my worthy wife an' me,
An' then I looked the village through, to see what I could see:
I rode upon the cur'us track with stations all upstairs;
I walked through Wall Street all its length, an' saw no bulls or bears;
I patronized a red-nosed chap, with manners very queer,
Who hadn't had a thing to eat for somethin' like a year;

I saw the road commissioners to work upon a bridge
A million times as big as that we built at Tomkins' Ridge—
(I'm told that they are makin' it, though maybe that's all fun,
To use the coming century, an' hope to get it done)—
When who should up an' grasp my hand, with face of genuine joy,
But Cousin Jeroboam Jones, my cousin's oldest boy!

I had not seen him years an' years—no wonder he looked strange;
His face an' form in some respects had undergone a change;
But then there wasn't a chance of doubt that that was him, because,
If not, how should he ever know that I was who I was?
We brushed our old acquaintance up, an' soon was at our ease,
A-wanderin' all about the place, as cozy as you please.

It's nicer far, in foreign towns, than 'tis to be alone,
To walk with one whose blood proceeds from sources near your own;
A sim'lar temp'rature of heart, a sort of family ease,
Enables you to work your tongue as lib'ral as you please;
And so I found myself quite soon uncommonly at home,
Describin' all my business through to Cousin Jerobo'm.

He listened very docile like, an' hadn't much to say;
But what he did was vent'red in a satisfact'ry way;
He'd severed somewhat from his kin, an' sort o' lost the run,
But he recalled the Stebbinses, when mentioned, one by one,
An' takin' him inside an' out, our family scarcely owns
A relative more relishin' than Jeroboam Jones.

He's teacher in a Sunday-school, he told me, by-the-way,
Which has a room, above a store, that's open every day.
"For if," he says, "we come across a child that needs our care,
We can not wait till Sunday comes—we join 'em then an' there.
An' if you want to see the way our worthy cause is run,
Come in an' take a little look—our 'social' 's just begun."

The scholars hadn't come, as yet; the Superintendent, though,
Was sittin' at a table like, an' bowed extremely low,
An' heard the praise on poor old me my cousin had to tell,
An' said he joyed to meet a friend of one he loved so well;
An' I talked back; an' for a time our converse did not cease—
A regular three-cornered gush of friendship, love, an' peace.

An' then he showed me how they run their "grab-bags" an' all such
(We have the same at home, you know, although not near so much);
An' then he had some val'ables on numbers that you saw,
With figures correspondin'ly, in envelopes, to draw;
I gin him fifty cents to help a cause I dearly hold,
An' drew a velvet hymn-book, with a clasp resemblin' gold.

My cousin pressed my hand with some congratulatin' jokes,
And said, "Ah me! the Stebbinses was always lucky folks!
But after all, their *shrewdness* is the thing that lets them win."
(Which made me proud, though I didn't see just where the shrewd came in.
But buyin' a five-dollar book at that unheard-of price,
An' helpin' of the cause meanwhile, was unsuspected nice.)

Whereat the Superintendent said, "You're lucky, I allow;
I'll have to charge five dollars for a chance to draw here now."

Whereat my cousin Jeroboam remarked, "If 'tisn't wrong,
I'll buy a draw for Cousin Steb, to help the cause along."
I shook my head, but he *would* do't; an' sure as I'm alive,
I drawed a good ten-dollar bill for Cousin Jones's five!

Whereat the Superintendent said, "You're lucky men, I vow;
A hundred dollars I must charge for every drawing now";
An' fingerin' the envelopes, one opened—just a grain—
And I discerned the number 11, uncommon black and plain;
An' on the *other* number 11 by glancin' I could see
Five good crisp hundr'd-dollar bills a-waitin' there for me.

To make four-hundred dollars clear, an' help the children too,
Was somethin' that would surely seem desirable to do;
With an unfailin' eagle eye, a heart that swelled with hope,
I watched, an' saw the very place he put that envelope;
I winked at Cousin Jeroboam, I counted out the cash,
An' drawed, an' had that card revealed almost as quick as flash.

Oh, sakes!—the second figure 1 had what I hadn't seen,
A *tail* that made it to a 7! 'twas Number 17!
An' on them figures on the board there nothin' was, in fact,
Except a little pamphlet like—an anti-gamblin' tract;
Which hadn't any money wuth, an' won't be good for much,
Except to keep my older boys from playin' cards an' such.

Now Cousin Jeroboam Jones was buried in surprise,
An' walked a half a mile with me, an' helped philosophize;
An says, "You come some other day—we'll try the thing agin—
We come 'thin *part of one of it*—the next time we shall win."
Then, nearin' to a corner, he took kindly leave o' me,
Because of some new scholars there that he must go an' see.

I give you this experience, John, but please don't tell it now;
Let Tompkins take the chestnut horse, an' sell the brindle cow;
An' gather up what cash besides I have a-lyin' loose,
An' send the whole of it to me for my immediate use.
Do everything concerned in it in soft, secretive tones;
Direct it to New York, in care of Jeroboam Jones.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

THE election of Senator EDMUNDS as President of the Senate elevates to the legal succession to the Presidency the most eminent Republican in Congress. It was the pleasure of his predecessor, Mr. DAVIS, to separate himself, a little ostentatiously, from party association, and to proclaim a peculiar independence, as if independence were incompatible with party sympathy and preference. To be a Republican or a Democrat is not, however, to take the responsibility of everything that Republicans or Democrats may do. It is to say only that the principles, the traditions, and the tendencies of one or the other party are more approved. Mr. EDMUNDS has been always a positive Republican, and for many years he has been the most weighty Republican advocate in the Senate. His speech for the Electoral Commission Bill in 1877 contained the whole argument, and the weight of his individual opinion gave it immense force. He has the independence of assured conviction. His intellectual quality is singularly firm and incisive. He is entirely at home in a Parliamentary body, and his long career is absolutely untouched by a hint of self-seeking. No higher tribute could be paid to any public man than the universal conviction in 1876, amid all the intrigues and plots for the Presidential nomination, that he meant what he said in declaring that he did not desire it.

Mr. EDMUNDS is fifty-five years old, and he has sat in the Senate for seventeen years. During that long term his constructive talent has been as evident as his ascendency in debate and his mastery of Constitutional law. He is not an orator, but he is a thoroughly equipped debater, an acute and remorseless critic of fallacy and fustian and ignorance, with a memory like a well-ordered arsenal, in which every weapon stands brightly burnished and ready for instant use. His elevation to the Presidency of the Senate was but a fitting honor from his party associates, and it properly fills the gap—which would have been perilous had it been left unfilled—produced by the expiration of Mr. DAVIS'S Senatorial term.

The most striking fact in the career of Mr. EDMUNDS is that while he is one of the most conspicuous, constant, and positive participants in the discussions of the Senate, and a "regular" Republican, there is no Republican leader who is so universally acceptable to the party. In 1880 he was understood not to be averse to the third-term project, yet he was the choice of the strongest anti-third-termers. He is neither offensively "Stalwart" nor "Half-breed." Among Republican chiefs his position is unique, and it is due to the fact that he holds himself entirely aloof from the wretched business of spoils. His position was not made by patronage, and it does not depend upon a "machine." His ascendency is actual, not factitious. His State is justly proud of him, as Massachusetts was formerly proud of WEBSTER, and afterward of SUMNER, and, like them, he takes his own course. He is, however, very conservative of the traditions of the Senate and of its powers. His mind is too acute not to see the reason of reform, and he is too just not to admit it, but his temperament sometimes protests, so that he may be called a reformer if he can have his own way. This habit is doubtless often trying to his associates, and leads to the charge of hypercriticism. But Mr. EDMUNDS was one of the earliest friends of reform in the civil service, and the bill offered by Mr. PENDLETON in 1880 was substantially the one that was proposed by Mr. EDMUNDS ten years before. Probably his chair in the Senate is more agreeable to Mr. EDMUNDS than that of presiding officer, and it is possible that upon the re-assembling of the Senate in December next he may prefer to relinquish his new honor. But whether upon the floor or in the Presidency of the Senate, Mr. EDMUNDS is the Republican leader of whom his whole party is proud.

A LESSON FROM LATE EVENTS.

THE misfortune of the recent change in the Naval Office at New York is that it discredits the reformed system established by Congress, and with which Mr. BURT was more identified than any officer in the service. This misfortune is not changed by the fact that he was nominated to be Chief Examiner under that law. A little reflection will show that if Mr. BURT had accepted the Chief Examinership his acquiescence would have produced the false impression that he and those who believe with him held his displacement and the appointment to the Naval Office of an opponent of the new system to be in accordance with the principles of reform. This, however, although it would have given the retiring officer a place, would have been a kind of treachery, and his honest loyalty to the cause required that his declination should reveal the whole unfortunate aspect of the change.

Its effect upon the service is evident. Here are the heads of two departments in the customs: one discharges his routine official duties, is unfriendly to reform, and cultivates political influence; the other makes his office a model of order and efficiency, promotes reform so vigorously that it becomes the strong practical argument for the action of Congress, and firmly but politely repels all political interference with the management of his office. The former officer is retained and promoted in the customs service. The latter is bowed out by the offer of another place at a third of his previous salary. What effect will this proceeding produce upon the service? Will the officers infer that the way to retention and promotion lies in honest adhesion to reform, or in the cultivation of political influence and support? What effect will it produce upon the general opinion of the President's attitude toward the reform which really depends upon him?

It serves no purpose to point out the fact that a great many excellent postmasters have been renominated. That is true, but some excellent postmasters have not been renominated, and some purely political changes in post-offices have been made. What is the fair conclusion? Is it not that the principle determining the Executive action was not the reform principle which requires that good officers be continued, but the spoils principle which demands that the places be used as personal and partisan prizes? It was certainly right to re-appoint all good postmasters. But to re-appoint some and to drop others simply proves that the action is not determined by the principle of regarding the fitness of the officer, but by some consideration of political or personal interest. In the same way it was undoubtedly right to retain the Surveyor in the customs service, if he had shown himself to be a vigorous and efficient officer. Were he acceptable he might well have been re-appointed. But the same argument applied to the Naval Officer. To substitute the Surveyor for the Naval Officer, and to offer to the latter what was under the circumstances virtually a dismissal, was a departure from the fundamental principle of reform. There has been always a great deal of skepticism in the Custom-house about the reformed system. The results were evident and undeniable, but stories of the dishonesty of the examinations, which we knew to be untrue, have been freely circulated in official circles. It will now be harder than ever for the Custom-house circles to believe that the reform is really favored by the Administration, and that is unfortunate both for the Administration and for reform.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE AND THE LATE PETITION.

THE response of the trustees of Columbia College to the moderate and respectful request of the imposing petition presented to them a few weeks since is probably quite as favorable as was expected. It could hardly have been supposed that the most conservative of our colleges would at once take the most advanced position upon the subject proposed to it. The petition did not ask for co-education. It simply requested the trustees to consider how the many and great benefits of education in Columbia College may be extended to such properly qualified women as may desire it by admitting them to lectures and examinations, which does not necessarily involve co-education.

This the report of the committee admits, and then frankly expresses the sympathy of the trustees with the desire evinced by the petition to improve the methods and elevate the standards of the education of women. But for Columbia College to take practical steps to this end, it appears, would require the establishment of another school in addition to its present schools, and this its straitened resources will not allow. To meet the burden of its debt and to sustain the schools already established is all that the means of the college now authorize it to undertake. But, despite poverty, something can be done, and the trustees therefore propose to announce a course of study to be pursued for three years, in which reviews and examinations shall be held by the faculty of Columbia, with proper diplomas and certificates to be awarded by the college. This is the beginning of an "annex" like that at Harvard, and the report of Mrs. AGASSIZ upon that enterprise, which was made a week or two since, is most timely, and well deserves the attention of the trustees of Columbia College and of all who are interested in the question.

Since the Harvard Annex was established the number of students has averaged from thirty-five to forty, who are chiefly young women preparing to be teachers, or older women who are already teachers, but who wish to carry their education further; with these are a few others who study because they have the instinct of scholars, and enjoy it. There are no "flighty students," and Mrs. AGASSIZ says that "certain anxieties respecting the presence of young women as students in a university town, without constant oversight of their daily lives, have vanished on near approach.... The students manifest no desire for co-education. The element of competition with men does not enter into their aims. They simply want the best education they can get, and they seek it at Harvard because the means to that end exist there." The Annex is now incorporated, a fund is partly subscribed for its endowment, and when that is secured the Annex will be offered to the college, which will undoubtedly receive it if properly endowed. It will be distinctly a woman's college, like Newnham and Girton in England. What has thus been done in English Cambridge and at Harvard will presently undoubtedly be done at Columbia and at all other great universities. Nothing is plainer than that public opinion is rapidly hastening to secure to women the same opportunities of intellectual development which men enjoy, and to concede to them an equal right of choice as to the scope and extent of their education.

GREEN, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

THE death of the historian JOHN RICHARD GREEN was not unanticipated, and it removes one of the most accomplished of English historical students, whose large and smaller *Histories of the English People* will long remain the most popular and satisfactory story of England. Its comprehension of the true spirit of the nation, its picturesque details of the various interests and life of the people, and its charming simplicity of style combine to form a work in the best modern spirit.

GREEN'S accomplishments as a scholar and his literary sagacity are equally striking. It was most fortunate that a man who knew English history so thoroughly also understood how to tell it briefly and in due proportion, yet without sacrifice of interest and literary charm. Mr. MORISON, in his late admirable monograph upon MACAULAY in the "English Men of Letters," says that his great distinction was the ability to tell a fascinating story. This is hardly less true of GREEN, and if the reader misses upon his page something of the rich and splendid narrative of MACAULAY, he is consoled by the consciousness of a sounder judgment and a severer literary conscience.

The desultory literary sketches of Mr. GREEN, which have been also collected into a volume, reveal the same personal charm which is somehow conveyed by his more elaborate works. He was an author of whom very little was personally known, yet for whom his readers had a warm personal feeling. His death is a great loss to scholarship and letters, yet he had the good fortune to complete a great historical work and to secure good fame.

EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

SINCE the correspondence of GOETHE and SCHILLER no literary correspondence has been published so interesting and significant as that between CARLYLE and EMERSON. The first of the good fortunes of the book is its editing. It was the wish of both the correspondents that when the time should come, Mr. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, the friend of both, and, with EMERSON, the trustee of CARLYLE'S bequest of books to Harvard College, should edit the correspondence; and this work he has now done with absolute tact. He saw that the work needed no other editing than a careful arrangement of the letters, with a short account of the first meeting of the two men, drawn from their own record, and an occasional note upon some person or event mentioned. This he has supplied, with a final sentence mentioning the date of their last meeting and of their deaths; and this is, wisely, all.

The correspondence is one of the most intrinsically valuable of recent books, and a permanent contribution to literature. In all that has been written about CARLYLE—and the mass is enormous, both of his own *Reminiscences* and of all the books and essays—he appears nowhere more truly than in these perfectly intimate writings. The impression which they produce will certainly correct some false impressions which have been derived from much that has been printed since his death. In these letters, more clearly than elsewhere, can be seen and felt the deep, melancholic humor, with all its wild, grotesque, and rich extravagance of expression, which was the characteristic quality of CARLYLE'S extraordinary genius, and which is so often

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mistaken for misanthropy. Nothing, again, is finer than the apprehension of this upon the part of EMERSON. His clear perception of his friend's great genius, his reverence for its insight, his patience with its whimsicalities, his own independence wholly untouched by his affectionate admiration, and drawing from CARLYLE the truest love and respect that he felt for any of his contemporaries, are all not only nobly characteristic of EMERSON, but the record of them forms one of the noblest chapters in the history of friendship.

Over EMERSON'S letters broods that ampler ether, that diviner air of the immortals, which WORDSWORTH celebrates, and no contrast could be more vivid than that between the cheerful serenity of his mind and temperament and the tumultuous sadness of CARLYLE. Nothing, too, will be more pleasantly surprising to many readers than the shrewd tenacity with which EMERSON from the first insisted upon securing to his friend some pecuniary return from the sale of his works in this country. We can but mention this very remarkable book, full of intimate personal revelations of two of the greatest men of our time, each of whom more deeply affected the thought and literature of his own country than any contemporary.

VALDEMAR RAASLÖFF.

THOSE who were so fortunate as to know General RAASLÖFF during his residence in this country as the Minister of Denmark will have heard with sincere regret of his death at Passy, near Paris, on the 14th of February. General RAASLÖFF was profoundly interested in all public questions, and he was a very able and eminent diplomatist, a man of many accomplishments, of charming manners, and of a singularly clear and alert mind. He began life as a soldier, and came at first to this country as a civil engineer. His ability readily distinguished him, and he became Minister. During the war he and the Swedish Minister, Count PIPER, lived together in Washington, and were both sincere and intelligent friends of the Union.

Before the war ended, General RAASLÖFF was sent upon a special mission to China, where he formed a warm friendship with Sir FREDERICK BRUCE, who was afterward British Minister at Washington. RAASLÖFF returned to this country, and Mr. SEWARD proposed to him the St. Thomas treaty. While the negotiations were pending he was called home as Minister of War, and interested himself earnestly in the treaty, making a visit to this country to confer with its friends, and upon the non-action of the Senate he resigned his portfolio, and his public life ended.

Since that time he has lived little in Denmark, but with his family has resided in Germany, Italy, and France, a sagacious student of public affairs, whose views were much prized by statesmen, and always a delightful and instructive companion. His letters, full of knowledge of the real movement of affairs and of incisive criticism, were of the very best, and it was hard to think that Denmark was losing the service of so accomplished a son. He remembered this country with interest and affection, although he was essentially a European, and his friends here shared in the rich overflow of his sparkling observation and comment upon the life around him. For some time he had been declining in health, and he died at last in perfect tranquillity, his wife and only daughter in tender attendance, but his only son was far on the Western frontier of America. In the memory of all who knew him, VALDEMAR RAASLÖFF will be always a most striking and interesting figure.

ART COMPETITION.

AN announcement at the head of the editorial page will be read with great interest by all young students of art. The purpose of the proposal will commend itself to all who watch with admiration and hope the rapid development of the art of wood illustration, and the conditions are most reasonable. The poem selected for illustration is one which readily lends itself to picturesque design, and the character of the judges is the guarantee of the most intelligent and considerate award. The designs will, of course, be viewed as those of young students, and not of accomplished and mature artists, and every honest competitor may be sure of fair treatment. We anticipate an exceedingly interesting competition, with results most favorable to the beautiful art in which American genius is already unsurpassed.

A RECENT SERIOUS EVENT.

THE friends of fair play have every right to be aggrieved by the treatment which Commander GORRINGE received from the Navy Department, and which the newspapers have made familiar to the public. As the naval career is chosen for life, it is a very serious event when an officer is driven to resignation by what he conceives to be the unfair conduct of a Secretary, whose position is but temporary, and the Secretary's conduct must be plainly just, or he will be properly held guilty of an immense injustice.

That is undoubtedly the general verdict upon Secretary CHANDLER'S part in the GORRINGE correspondence. The Secretary states that he had heard a dishonoring report, upon which he based a peremptory inquiry, and upon receiving a complete denial, which he is obliged to concede to be satisfactory, instead of closing the correspondence with that admission, he says in effect that he asked because he had heard that Commander GORRINGE was selling to foreigners opinions injurious to his country, but that there is no objection to naval officers expressing opinions which are not paid for. The insinuation contained in the reply was stinging to an honorable man, and it was one which the Secretary clearly had no right to make. Commander GORRINGE replied that of course he could have had no suspicion that the Secretary's inquiry was based upon a suggestion of corruption, and that, with all other officers, he had relied upon the Department to protect him against dishonorable imputations. Restating the facts, he added that such a suggestion could have been made only by a corrupt, unscrupulous, and malicious coward, and since he had been officially informed by the Secretary of such a charge, he begged respectfully to know from whom it proceeded. The reply was an order to Commander GORRINGE to report at Washington. He obeyed promptly, but asked in vain for charges or orders, and he then wrote to the President resigning his commission. Upon the face of the letters as published the Secretary seems to us to have insulted in the most wanton manner a naval officer of high standing and meritorious service. It is impossible to see how he could honorably refuse to give to Commander GORRINGE the name of the author of the injurious suggestion, who must have seemed to the Secretary a person of credibility, or he could not decently have made the suggestion the basis of a peremptory inquiry. The Secretary, without any necessity whatever, chose to allude to the charge. A persistent refusal to explain further must certainly strain severely his future relations with self-respecting officers of the navy.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

THE Longfellow Memorial Association, which proposes to secure a strip of land in front of LONGFELLOW'S house upon which to erect a monument of some kind, has been agreeably surprised by a letter from Mr. ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW and his sisters, the children of the poet, offering to convey the land for the purpose mentioned. This generous act of course greatly facilitates the execution of the plan. The ground will be properly laid out, and a statue will be erected facing the Charles—

> "River that so gently windest
> Through the meadows calm and free,
> Till at length thy rest thou findest
> In the bosom of the sea."

The fame of LONGFELLOW will be always associated with this placid stream, upon whose shores, at a little distance removed, he lived so long in the historic house in which the most famous of his poems were written. No more fitting and interesting memorial could be designed than the quiet green meadow, with its walks and seats commanding the view that LONGFELLOW loved, and the statue of the poet whose genius has given to it a pensive and enduring charm.

COMPLETION OF THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

THE monument at Schuylersville, on the field of BURGOYNE'S surrender, is now substantially completed. It is 154 feet high, standing upon a bluff about 250 feet above the Hudson. The river is there a comparatively narrow stream, the landscape graceful and gentle, and the site is extremely picturesque. The monument is a tower commanding a broad and beautiful prospect. It is to be decorated with statues of SCHUYLER, GATES, and MORGAN, and a vacant niche will be inscribed with the name of ARNOLD, who was the hero of the day. Within the tower there will be historic entablatures. The grounds are some three acres in extent, simply laid.

The completion of the monument will be celebrated some time during the year. This occasion, with the celebration at Newburgh, will recall to the public mind the fact that the Revolutionary war was largely a military struggle for the control of the Hudson, and that the defeat and surrender of BURGOYNE was really its culminating event, leading to the alliance of France, and final victory.

"The field of the grounded arms," as HALLECK called it, had its centenary in 1877, when the corner-stone of the monument was laid. But the completion of the work deserves also due observance, and with that and the Newburgh ceremonies the great series of Revolutionary centenaries will end.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. HENRY C. POTTER in a recent address expressed his regret that the Church had not done more to prepare young women to earn their own living. It is cruel, he said, that the Christianity that chides woman for her frivolity and her slavishness to society should shut in her face the door that opens to emancipation. The shackles should be stricken not only from the hands and feet of women, but also from their brains.

—The Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL maintains that Siberia is the most fertile district of Russia, and that many of the exiles become the richest and most prosperous people of the empire.

—The Countess of Chesterfield has erected in an English church a memorial tablet to the late Lord BEACONSFIELD, inscribed as follows: "In memory of BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, the foremost man of his age. Eminent in letters, in council, in debate; a statesman far-seeing and sagacious; a patriot zealous for his country's honor; a devoted servant of the Queen, by whom he was trusted, honored, and mourned. This tablet is erected by ANNE ELIZABETH, Countess of Chesterfield—a record of a much-prized friendship and a lasting regret. 'A wise man's heart discovereth both time and judgment.'—Eccles., viii. 5." Lord BEACONSFIELD was once reported to be engaged to the countess.

—The late F. G. STEBBINS, editor of the Cuba (New York) *Patriot*, requested, during his last illness, that at his funeral his friends should sing "Marching through Georgia" on their way to his grave, and "Good-by, my Love," when leaving it. His wishes were complied with.

—The inmates of the Eddystone Light-house are in danger from the waves, from fire, and from starvation. Recently their food became reduced to a biscuit or two, and they were compelled to subsist on the oil that supplied their lamps.

—Says Lady FREDERICK CAVENDISH, whose husband was lately murdered in Dublin: "I pray that neither the unspeakable greatness of my sorrow nor the terrible wickedness of those men may ever blind either myself or any of the English people to the duty of patience, justice, and sympathy, in thoughts, words, and deeds, with regard to Ireland and its people at large."

—Lord SHAFTESBURY writes to the Countess GASPARIN that the doings of the Salvation Army seem to him to be "a work of the devil, who, having for a long time tried to render Christianity odious, has changed his tactics, and is attempting to make it ridiculous."

—A collection of more than five hundred sketches and studies by FLAXMAN was sold recently in London. Among them were illustrations to the Iliad and Odyssey, Æschylus, and the Book of Enoch.

—Of Mr. WHISTLER'S latest "arrangement" of fifty-one etchings in a London gallery the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "What really characterizes this collection is the charming foppery by which it is surrounded. The gallery is hung with golden-yellow velvet and lemon-yellow muslin; the floor is carpeted with yellow matting. Visitors are invited to sit on settees covered with yellow serge, or on perilous little cane-bottomed chairs painted canary-color. The etchings themselves are framed in white frames, and hung far apart upon walls covered with white felt. Everything is white and yellow, and the catalogues of the exhibition are handed around by a dejected attendant in a fancy dress of white and yellow. There are rows of little yellow pots, each containing one little yellow flower."

—Mr. JOHN MORLEY declares that reform is always in the air when Mr. GLADSTONE is in power, and that the present British government, though not so advanced as he could wish, is the most advanced that has ever appeared in England.

—"Speaking broadly," observes the London *Spectator*, "we may say that a disagreeable sound or color is disagreeable to every one, while we have to inquire after our neighbors' tastes before we know what flavors they would consider agreeable or disagreeable; everybody dislikes the screech of a slate-pencil, and nobody is surprised at another person's not sharing his own preference for a particular flavor. Most people have felt at some time or other what was expressed by the dying man who, when told that he was going where the wicked would cease from troubling, responded, earnestly, 'And the good too, I hope.'"

—"A. K. H. B.," the veteran author of *Recreations of a Country Parson*, says in his new volume, *Toward Sunset*: "It has been very strongly pressed upon me in these last years that not merely the old in many cases wish to have as little of public worship as is decently possible, but that the young—I mean children and lads and girls—have lost much of the old simple-minded enjoyment in going to church."

—Mr. JOHN FOORD, who has for several years ably filled the responsible position of editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*, has assumed control of the Brooklyn *Union-Argus*, which he has purchased in connection with several capitalists. Under its new management the *Union-Argus* will continue to represent and support Republican ideas and principles, and Mr. FOORD'S well-known ability as an editor, his force and brilliancy as a writer, and his long and intimate acquaintance with politics can not fail to insure the success of the enterprise.

—Mr. A. E. KENT, of San Francisco, a member of the class of '53 at Yale, has given to the college $60,000, which the Faculty has decided shall be used in erecting a chemical laboratory, which will be begun this spring and finished in the fall.

—"The most finished novelist America now possesses" is, says the *Saturday Review*, Mr. W. D. HOWELLS.

—A case of suttee, or widow-burning, recently occurred at Utarna, in Jeypore, India, the victim being the widow of the chief of the village. For abetting the act the sons and brothers of the chief have been sentenced to imprisonment for seven years.

—One of the customs of the Fruiterers' Company of London is to present to the Lord Mayor each year an assortment of all the choice fruit of the season, and in return the Lord Mayor gives them a complimentary banquet.

—A Berlin correspondent writes that as an orator BISMARCK may be compared with CROMWELL. He has no rhetorical action; his motions are not graceful; his voice, a tenor, is neither musical nor imposing. He stammers, he coughs, he often stops for a word—it is always the right one when he has found it—while some of his sentences are terribly involved, and nearly a foot long. But as a writer he may be compared with LUTHER or with SCHILLER. Few living Germans can write their mother-speech more clearly, more idiomatically, more gracefully, more expressively, than their great political chief.

—The Right Hon. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., considers the legal profession as the most democratic of all the professions: "merit, industry, and ability are the passports to success. Nowhere have birth or station or inherited advantages less influence than in connection with this career."

—The famous missionary, HENRY MARTYN, had an affair of the heart with Miss LYDIA GRENFELL, of Cornwall. In one of his letters, written from India in 1809, he refers to a proposition that she should go to Cawnpore and marry him: "I do not expect that, though all obstacles were removed, she would ever become mine unless I came for her; and I now do not wonder at it, though I did before. If any one of my sisters had had such a proposal made to her, I would never have consented to her going. So you may see that the affair is ended between us. . . .She need not imagine that I may form another attachment, for, after one disappointment, I am not likely to try my chance again." But with extreme *naïveté* he immediately adds, "If I do, I will give her the earliest intelligence of it."

—The late Mr. SANFORD R. GIFFORD has received in this country so little recognition, in comparison with his deserts, that his friends will be pleased to learn that the London *Academy*, judging his oil-paintings by some recently published illustrations, declares that "S. R. GIFFORD was a much greater master of atmospheric effect than J. M. W. TURNER." But then in America we never half appreciate a native artist until some foreigner tells us how good he is.

—For those who love CROMWELL'S memory (observes one of his countrymen) it is perhaps better that he should lie in an unknown grave, for, had he remained in his first resting-place, sacrilegious hands might have been busied with his bones, measuring the cranial capacity of that rugged skull, and grasping with profane fingers the arm that once wielded the sword of the Lord and of GIDEON. Now neither idle curiosity nor scientific research can desecrate the grave of him who taught Englishmen that freedom must be deserved before it can be permanently gained.

—Mr. JOSEPH COOK declares that the law of averages, as exhibited in the experience of life-assurance companies during the last forty years, has once for all triumphantly justified the temperance principle of total abstinence. "Among serious and thoroughly well-informed persons debate on this matter is over. Yes, my luxurious friend, yes, my moderate drinker in the pulpit, you are marked men, because benighted and belated."

—The *Saturday Review* comes at last to the defense of an American author against his countrymen: "When Mr. JAMES published *Daisy Miller*, every English reader recognized that he had sketched, not the typical 'young girl' of America, but a peculiar example of the Extreme Left of young girls. Daisy Miller was the most neglected sort of young girl run wild, and transported into an extremely unsuitable European environment. But many American readers (being touchy) did not see this, but supposed that Mr. JAMES wished ungallantly to libel and satirize his country's brightest jewel, the typical American young girl. There was sorrow in Boston, and gnashing of pens in critical circles of New York."

—In discussing the nature of the dramatic art, Mr. J. COMYNS CARR observes that there are "marked peculiarities of style and manner which, even in the case of the greatest actors, must often be inappropriate to the characters they are called upon to interpret. It is this inevitable presence of the artist in his work that renders acting, considered as a vehicle for the embodiment of the abstract conceptions of poetry, the most difficult and delicate of all the arts. The painter can take from his model just so much as he needs for the purposes of his picture; he may accept the inspiration of reality without making himself its slave; but the actor in pursuit of an ideal invention is met at every turn by the hinderance or help of his own personality, and from this there is no possibility of escape."

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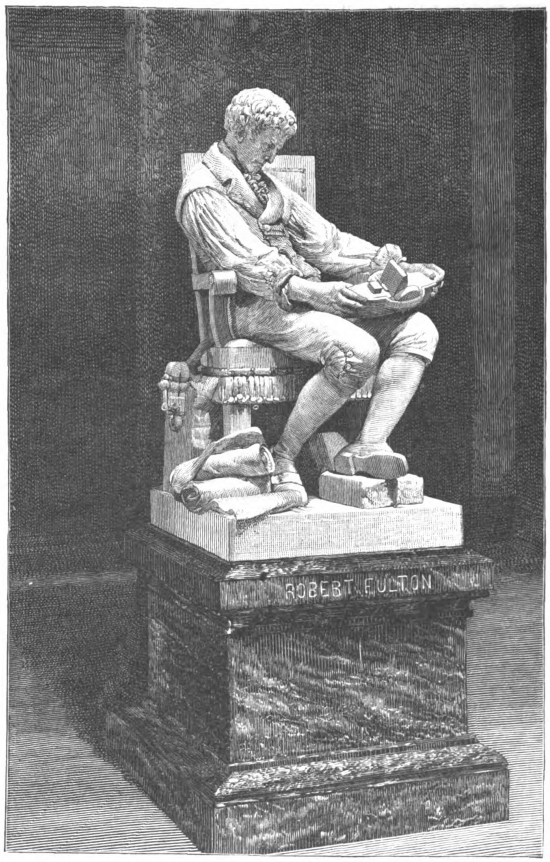
STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON.

A new statue of Robert Fulton, by Mr. How-D Roberts, of Philadelphia, was placed in the Hall of Representatives in Washington on 26th of February. It presents a strong con-st to the other statues in the hall, owing to realistic and unconventional manner of treat-nt adopted by the sculptor. He has wisely rained from the classic style in his representa-n of this typical American. The great invent-is not presented to us in the garb of an an-nt Greek or Roman, and at the same time the tist has avoided the stiff and ungainly effect of odern costume. He has represented Fulton ting upon an old-fashioned chair, in his shirt eeves, intently studying a model of the steamer *ermont*, which rests upon his knees. The atti-de and expression are very characteristic of the an.



STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON.—Photographed by Bell.

THE LATE GOVERNOR STEPHENS.

The funeral of the late Governor Stephens, of eorgia, which took place in Atlanta on the 8th st., was one of the most imposing pageants at was ever witnessed in the State. "It would em," writes the correspondent of the New York *erald*, "that almost the whole people of this ction of country had come together to pay their ibute of respect to the memory of the late Gov-nor Stephens, who for more than fifty years has en a leading power in Georgia and the South. e feeling of affection for the memory of Mr. ephens is intensified by the fact that of the eat galaxy of statesmen—Howell Cobb, Her-hel V. Johnson, Lumpkin, Ben Hill, Stephens, oombs, and Brown—only the two last-named ntlemen are left. The city was draped with ourning, and every place of business was closed, hile the bells were constantly tolling. Delega-ons from over one hundred cities and counties ere present. Special trains were running every lf-hour during the day loaded down with vis-ors. The military display was the largest ever en in the State, and for the first time the white d colored volunteers of Georgia marched in the me column, a threatened difference on this oint having been settled by putting the cavalry d artillery between the white and the colored fantry. It was estimated at twelve o'clock that 0,000 people were in the city."

The body of the deceased Governor lay in state the Senate-Chamber from daybreak until three clock in the afternoon. The chamber was ndsomely draped and decorated, and the famil-r roller-chair, in which the statesman was wont recline, stood beside the coffin, covered with owers. A company of military served as a ard of honor, and kept in line the crowd of ople that pressed through the chamber, at the te of seventy persons a minute, for hours.

The memorial services were held in the hall of e House of Representatives, which at an early hour was packed to its utmost capacity. So gre was the pressure to obtain admittance that t military were ordered to keep back the crowd the point of the bayonet, in order to prevent dangerous crush and perhaps a panic. Senat Colquitt presided, and several touching address were made by popular orators; but the intere of the day centred in the speech of General Ro ert Toombs, who was the nearest friend of t late Governor. General Toombs is now almo totally blind, and his once erect and stately for is bent with age and infirmities. "When I rose to speak," says the correspondent fro whom we have already quoted, "he was co pletely overcome. He bowed his head on h hand, and the tears trickled through his finger For fully two minutes he could not say a word His address was an eloquent eulogy of the li and character of the deceased.

The procession that followed the body to t grave was at least a mile and a half in lengt The hearse, surmounted by a large floral anch and covered with nodding plumes, was drawn b eight jet-black horses, each led by a negro groo in livery. Large detachments of the State mil tary, the Governor's staff, members of the Sta departments, the judicial officials, the Legislatur civic societies, and private citizens, composed t procession. The Savannah Volunteers carried t flag of the State of Georgia—a flag prescribed b law a few months since, and presented at the la sesquicentennial to the company by Governo Stephens, who simply said, "Never let it be trai ed in the dust." A notable feature was a deleg tion of 700 citizens and soldiers from Augusta sent up at the expense of that city. Seven banc of music were stationed in the procession.

The tops of buildings, windows, balconies, co nices, and every available porch were black wit human beings, while the streets were like seas people, through which the detachments of polic had to force a way for the procession. The scen was a grand one as the military part of the pro cession filled Broad Street from one end to th other. It was such a sight as the people Georgia had never seen, and will not soon witnes again. The marvel of it was that, as a by-stand er expressed it, "the tiny and frail man, scarce sixty pounds of flesh, a mere speck, powerful i death as in life, had evoked so grand and im pressive a demonstration."

At the grave the services were brief and simpl General Toombs, Senator Brown, Governor Smit and the other pall-bearers deposited the casket i the crypt. The Rev. John Jones, chaplain of th Senate, delivered a discourse, Dr. De Witt Tal mage offered a prayer, and Bishop Beckwith rea the services. It was almost dark before the eart was thrown upon the grave, and it was quite dar when the immense crowd of people wended it way back to the city. Among the last to leav the scene was General Toombs, who sobbed lik a child, exclaiming, "Poor Aleck! He was th truest man I ever knew."

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE GOVERNOR STEPHENS LYING IN STATE.—From a Sketch by Horace Bradley.

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THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE AT NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans sells less cotton than New York, but she handles far more—at least one-fourth of the cotton crop, the estimate for which during 1882–3 is seven millions of bales. The great market for phantom cotton is New York; the great "spot-cotton" market, or market for real and tangible cotton, is New Orleans. By the 25th of August, 1882, dating from the 1st of September previous, New York had sold 31,975,600 bales, while between September, 1881, and October, 1882, the New Orleans sales amounted to 15,706,400 bales. Forty millions of bales have been sold in New York during a single year, a crop of between five and six millions being resold there half a dozen times over and more. Since the organization of the Cotton Exchange in New Orleans, some thirteen years ago, the commerce in phantom cotton, or "futures," has been steadily increasing, but the Southern market will not be able for many years to rival the great Eastern metropolis in the enormity of its cotton speculation. So much, however, has the business of the New Orleans Exchange increased as to render necessary the erection of the new and splendid edifice pictured by Mr. Davidson's pencil upon another page. The sales of futures now average between 25,000 and 100,000 bales a day.

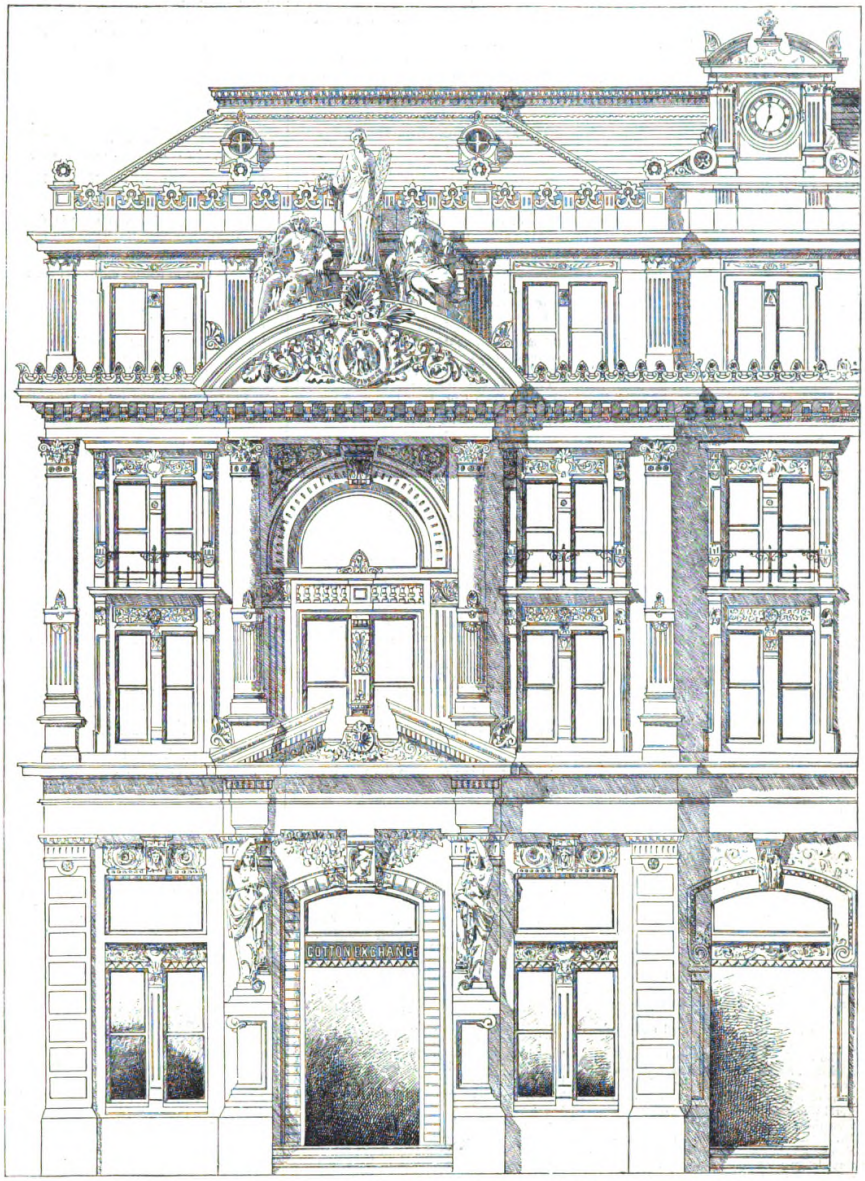
Rightfully proud as New Orleans cotton men are of their new building, the old one will not be abandoned altogether without regret. It was a queer, quaint, eccentric building, having all manner of curious entrances front and rear, and flanked by the most original courts, perhaps, in the city. One entered these courts through a side alley; and the singular projections of architecture supported by slender pillars, the immense windows of sample-rooms, the angles formed by warehouses huddling shoulder to shoulder in hollow square as if preparing to resist attack, were positively delightful. Color aided the effect, blue and white tints alternating, and relieved in one court by a pleasant patch of green lawn in the centre. The rear of the Exchange itself was bright and cheerful; the tones of light harmonized with the Southern character of the structure.

There is nothing Southern in the style of the new Exchange; it is like a splendid Northern visitor among the old-fashioned types standing about it at the corners of Carondelet and Gravier streets. The total height of the building, from the pavement to the summit of the clock tower, is 103 feet; the first story is 30 feet high, lighted by windows 22 feet high. The depth of the edifice is 107 feet, the width is 76 feet. The second and third stories have each a height of 16 feet, and the fourth of 15. Besides the front entrance to the hall on Carondelet Street, there are three others, two giving access to the Exchange from Gravier Street and by way of the curious alley on the north side, and another leading to the main stairway, which ascends to the fifth floor by a succession of broad flights. The Cotton Exchange proper occupies most of the first floor, covering a superficial area of 5800 square feet, but sufficient space has been left for an *entresol* between the first and second stories, through which the visitor can enter the handsome gallery on the east side of the hall.

The whole style is Renaissance—what the French would call *Néo-grec*. The base is white granite, quarried and cut at Hallowell, Maine, and the superstructure oolitic limestone from Bedford, Indiana. The stairways are iron, and the balustrades and railings likewise; most of the building is fire-proof. Mr. H. Walters, of Louisville, Kentucky, is the architect.

The façade is very handsome. Two graceful caryatides support the entablature above the main entrance; their attitude is at once elegant and dignified. These figures were chiselled in place. Above the second entablature, superimposed on the first, will be observed a very impressive group. The standing figure in the centre represents Industry about to place a wreath on the head of Agriculture—the strong nude figure reclining on the left. The reclining female on the right typifies Commerce; the anchor and cog-wheel indicate her two great aids to successful enterprise, just as the plough and the bee in the left-hand sculpture are the symbols of Agriculture. A cotton bale appears behind Commerce, and beneath the corona of the entablature projects a shield bearing the arms of Louisiana in relief. The ornamentation of the façade is florid and very agreeable in its general effect; the modillions, the scroll-work of the freizes, the flutings and leaf-carvings, offer a display of architectural richness unlike anything else in the city. Considering the excellent character of the structure, and the fact that all the material had to be sent from the North and West, the expenditure was not so large as might be imagined: by the time everything is complete the new Cotton Exchange will have cost about $400,000.

The interior is being frescoed in oil by Sullivan Brothers, of Chicago, who have several excellent German artists at work. The frescoing of the Cotton Exchange itself and of most of the building upstairs will be Renaissance—gold-yellow designs in relief upon a neutral ground. A pleasant departure from this uniformity will be made, however, in regard to the decoration of two committee-rooms upon the second floor. One of these will be frescoed with Egyptian designs, full of strong colors and vivid contrasts; the other will be treated in Queen Anne style, much resembling what the French call *rococo*. The ceiling of the great exchange hall will be further graced by four large paintings measuring 10 by 15 feet, and set into panels upon a gold background. The expedition of De Soto, the discovery of Louisiana by La Salle, the



THE NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE.—From Photographs by J. O. Davidson.

JOHN S. PHELPS, PRESIDENT.—Photo. by Moses.

ADOLPHE SCHREIBER, TREASURER.—Photo. by Moses.

HENRY G. HESTER, SECRETARY.—Photo. by Moses.

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mouth of the jetties, with ships entering and leaving, and a Mississippi River scene, will form the subject of these four paintings—the second two offering modern contrasts to the historical scenery of the first two, and being juxtaposed accordingly.

Two hydraulic elevators will be soon in operation. The entire upper part of the edifice—excepting the two committee-rooms upon the second and the telegraph-room upon the fifth floor—will be rented out for offices. One railroad company has already rented a whole story. In the floor of the Cotton Exchange, not far from the rear entrance, a great circular basin has been contrived. This is the "Future Ring." Its centre will be occupied by a fountain.

The Cotton Exchange has now 425 members. Its annual receipts are $30,000 in excess of its expenditures, which are very large, for the cost of telegrams alone is $12,000 a year. The telegraph system of the Exchange claims to be the most complete in the world, and is really more exhaustive in minute detail than that of any other cotton exchange in America. Every pulsation in the myriad veins of the world's cotton commerce, whether in India, Egypt, or Europe, is recorded by the throbbing of its telegraphic needle. The visitor's eye may follow hourly upon the blackboards the movements of the earth's visible cotton supply by rail or steamer; may track each marked bale through all the mazes of "futures". speculation from port to port, from city to city, until it reaches the steel teeth of those mills which digest and assimilate it into numberless forms of spun goods. There are kept the daily records of cotton exports from all markets, of cotton receipts at all ports, together with all possible weekly summaries and monthly statements. So perfect is the complicated machinery of this electric chronicle that mistakes are scarcely possible; those which do occur are quickly detected in the general movement of the reports, just as the Bank of England machines cast out gold pieces of inferior weight. Nor must we forget the intricate machinery of the local cotton business constructed by the institution; the supervisors, reporters, messengers, levee inspectors; the host of employés occupied in watching, sampling, and protecting every bale from the moment of its advent to that of its final departure by steamer or by rail. It is worth while to glance at the principal managers of this vast institution.

JOHN S. PHELPS, President of the Cotton Exchange, has been elected no less than five times to that important office, and has held it four times, having once positively declined, for honorable motives, in spite of election, to accept the position. MR. PHELPS is a native of Worcester County, Massachusetts. He went South in 1845, first to Arkansas, and finally to New Orleans, of which he has been a resident since 1851. While with the firm of HEALD, MASSIE, & Co. he probably perfected his knowledge of the cotton business to a remarkable degree; but his subsequent success and popularity have been also largely due to his great capacity as an organizer, and the indisputable justice and rectitude of the position taken by him as a public man. He was an influential member of the Funding Board in 1875, and a member of the Constitutional Convention. A large share in the honor of having suppressed certain disreputable features of the "sampling" business in cotton is also due to MR. PHELPS's energy and shrewdness as the head of the great institution with which he is now so intimately identified. He is a tall and dignified gentleman, of very kindly manner.

The Vice-President of the New Orleans Cotton-Exchange, MR. GILBERT H. GREEN, is the youngest ever elected to the office, being only thirty-two years of age. But there are probably few in the world who know more about the cotton business than this young man with the keen black eyes. MR. GREEN has an affability of manner rather European than American, and as he converses in three languages with equal facility, one might be puzzled on a first introduction to guess his nationality. He is a native of Manassas, Virginia, and a son of CHARLES GREEN, a famous cotton factor of Savannah. Young GILBERT was brought up to the business from a boy, and sent to Europe to complete at once his education and his commercial training. He lived for some years in both Havre and Barcelona—the great French and Spanish cotton ports—and speaks the languages of both countries like mother tongues. In 1873 his father established a branch house in New Orleans, taking his son as partner into the business, thereafter carried on under the firm name of CHARLES & GILBERT GREEN. MR. CHARLES GREEN left his son in charge of the New Orleans firm until 1881, when the venerable cotton merchant died.

MR. HENRY G. HESTER, the Superintendent and Secretary, is so well known throughout the country that it is scarcely necessary to speak of his energy and ability. He has retained the position he holds now since the organization of the Cotton Exchange, and in testimony of their esteem the members not long ago presented him with a generous share of stock in the institution. MR. HESTER is a native of New Orleans. At the time that the Cotton Exchange was first organized he was a reporter upon the *Price Current*, a well-known commercial journal, and his qualities as a commercial writer earned him the offer of the situation which he has since held uninterruptedly.

His assistant, MR. R. C. KERR—"Father KERR," as all the "old stand-bys" call him—has also been connected with the Exchange since its foundation. He had previously been a commercial writer upon the *Crescent*—a paper which has been dead for many years. "Father KERR" is a native of North Carolina, and has almost reached his seventieth year, but appears to have lost little of his energy and keenness of observation—a fine eagle-faced old man, wearing a long white beard.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "POOR HUMANITY," "FOR HER SAKE," ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XXV.

A LAST LOOK BACK.

THERE was something strange in the good wishes of John Woodhatch, something which these two women did not profess to comprehend. They glanced wistfully at him, but the face was no index to the thoughts of its owner; it was as set and immobile as the Egyptian Sphinx.

And yet it was not difficult to guess what were the thoughts of the master of Farm Forlorn, for all this new impressive attitude. He had told them only a few minutes since that he had lost faith in every living thing as completely as every human soul had lost trust in him. He accepted the position. Not all the protestations of Kitty and her mother could have altered his thoughts; they were going away *from* him, on a mission which they feared to communicate, and those whom he had befriended were turning from him forever. They were in grief, perhaps in doubt, but none the less was it black ingratitude to him; of this he was certain in his heart.

Here was his last disappointment, his crowning failure, and it was hardening him very quickly. He should have been treated better, he was sure; but his pride would not let him utter any further reproaches. They did not want his advice—more, they did not want his money: all they wanted was to get away from him. So be it; he would not raise a finger against it. Let them go. He had wished them godspeed, he had hoped God would help them in the new dangers which they were rashly seeking for themselves, and there was an end of it all. What were they lingering for, when time was of value to them and him? he wondered, though he did not put his thoughts into words.

"We will go away the stronger for your good wishes, sir," said Mrs. Chadderton, "and—it is more than right we should go together. You know this?"

"It is right you should go with her—yes," he answered. "You can protect her if you will."

"If!"

"Ah, yes. I had forgotten you were her *mother*."

He paused a moment, then he said,

"What money have you?"

"Oh, sir, I have saved more money than I shall ever want, I hope. Don't talk to me of money," cried Mrs. Chadderton; "don't think that any money from you to me can pay the help you've been to me and her. Don't think—"

"There! there! I have said godspeed; and it is as well to go before the servants come about you with a hundred questions," said John Woodhatch, interrupting her. "Thanks only weary me just now. And you have not much time to spare."

"You are offended with us," cried Kitty, "and yet it is so necessary I should go."

"Does your mother think so as well?"

"No," said Mrs. Chadderton, answering for herself; "but I have no power to stay her."

"So you go with her. Well, good-by."

"Presently, sir, I will explain," cried Kitty, "but I am not ungrateful to you, God be my witness here. Always in my prayers I shall remember you. And—Greg can not do without *me*. That is it—you see, sir. That is the only reason why I go away."

John Woodhatch nodded gravely, but he was unmoved by her protestations. He could have told her again that Greg having had his chance of escape, there was an end to Greg in every honest mind; but he knew what her reply would be, what it had already been. Greg was first and foremost ever in her thoughts, and the crime he had committed she, in her interest in him, could readily excuse, even ignore. Greg was everything—and he was nothing. Greg was the lover and the tempter, the old pal, perhaps the child-husband in the old awful times from which he had hoped he had rescued them forever, and to which they were hurrying back—poor storm-driven atoms of humanity, with never a hope for them after that day. He was only the patron, the benefactor; he had no power over them, and his influence weighed but as a feather in the balance. He had not even their confidence when the great troubles came, which he would have shared with them with all his heart if they had let him. After all, they were afraid of him. That was the miserable sequel to the misspent efforts of his life. Meaning for the best, and acting for the best, he had failed in all that he had undertaken, and there was not any one who cared a straw for him or what his wishes might be. The world was utterly selfish and base. And he was utterly alone in that world; there was only this old dog Carlo, who came slowly toward him and sat down at his side, who he felt was anything like a friend.

"It is hardly safe for Fladge to drive you over to the station, but you can have his services if you wish," he added, suddenly.

"No, sir; we will walk," said Kitty.

"It is a fine morning, and you are both good walkers," he remarked, coldly; "and your boxes?"

"They were sent to the station late last night."

"I did not know that. But then I don't know what goes on in this house."

He turned away as if very tired of them, or very anxious to escape any further protestations of their gratitude or affection. They did not attempt to stay him by a word.

"He will think better of us presently," murmured Kitty; then she passed her arm through her mother's, and the two women went into the sun-lit road together. They looked back at the house of mourning, with the white blinds drawn before the windows, and the mother said, in a deep, low voice, and almost as in a last appeal,

"It is a hard time to desert him."

"Not desertion, mother. He will be happier without us, now it has come to this," Kitty answered.

"Ay! perhaps he may. Still, if you had waited till the funeral—"

Kitty wrung her hands together.

"There is no waiting, with Greg in danger, mother. The poor dead friend can wait patiently, but the living man asks me to come to him," said Kitty, "and is in terrible distress of mind."

"He has been in terrible distress of mind for years."

"Ah! true."

"And you love him?"

"Yes."

"And understand him, you say?"

"As no one else does in all the world."

"My faith in him is weak," muttered Mrs. Chadderton, "but my fear for you is very strong. And I have been waiting for you for so many years, child, as the master knows."

"Mother, why not let me go alone?" urged Kitty.

"No," cried Mrs. Chadderton, pressing her daughter's hand to her side; "it is for the best. And, after all, it is only one more trouble of his life passing away from his home."

They turned again at the bend of the road, and looked for the last time at Farm Forlorn—a fair picture in the early morning, with the green trees rustling above the house roof, and the deep blue sky overhead, with the sun shining, and the birds darting to and fro. It was a last look at the old place, to be remembered in the after-years of these two wanderers, who turned with their sad faces once more toward the old dark life. John Woodhatch had said, God help them in it, and they would need His help very *much*, and very soon, they knew.

And they saw not Farm Forlorn again. They had taken their last look at it indeed, as they passed away from its master to the benighted land lying beyond the peaceful life from which they turned away.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

IT was fair summer weather still when they buried Hester Brake of Boston in her brother's grave in Skegs Shore church-yard. Kitty and her mother had been away two days then, and to all inquiries concerning them John Woodhatch had shrugged his shoulders and said, "Leave of absence." They had gone away with his permission, and it was nobody's business but their own, he supposed—at all events, not his. Parson Larcom and his daughter had their suspicions of these sudden flittings from the farm, but they did not trouble John Woodhatch with them. There was a something in the farmer's new manner which did not invite—indeed, that repelled—confidence, "a dark hour" which warned his visitors he was not at his best. Greg and Kitty had possibly made a runaway match of it—and for the mere sake of a runaway match, it appeared—and Mrs. Chadderton had gone to give the bride away; or else there had been a quarrel between Greg and his master, and the women had started off to bring him back, and act as peace-makers, as women will do sometimes, thought Alec Larcom. At all events, they would know the truth in time. Never a worse man to keep his little troubles, his little plans, to himself than John Woodhatch of Farm Forlorn. John's heart was too full to overflowing to hold its secrets long, the parson thought, not knowing his friend better than the rest of them, or at least not gauging to its depths the truth of his strange character.

It had been a quiet funeral in the old place, but there had been considerable interest evinced. Funerals were rare shows at Skegs Shore, and the master of Farm Forlorn had been expected to make a brave display, it being the first "turn-out" from the farm in his time. Morris had not been buried thence, and now Morris's sister—token of the peace between her and Mr. Woodhatch, and of her perfect confidence in him, despite the old stern doubts which the world had had—was the first to pass from the shelter of the old farm to the universal shelter which Mother Earth affords.

There had been no display, however, and Skegs Shore folk were hardly satisfied. It was not a funeral worthy of John Woodhatch. There were no feathers or mutes; and as for the black hat-bands and streamers, necessary for all decent mourners, they had been irreverently ignored. John Woodhatch had simply carried out Miss Brake's instructions; he had acted mechanically through it all. It was the living, not the dead, which was affecting him. Here was one friend gone, at least one who had trusted him to the last, and against whom he had not a word to say. What might have been, had she lived longer, he did not know; he did not care to know. That she would have drifted from him he was perfectly assured. People tired of him so soon!—grew desperately sick of him and his philanthropy together, and hurried away, with a few unmeaning protestations of regard, leaving him and his shallow theories together, and to die together, for what they knew or cared. This was John Woodhatch's conviction, and it did not add any brightness to his face when they were all back again at the farm, and the blinds were drawn up, and life seemed to have recommenced in the great house.

"I'm thinking ye're a bit too much oppressed, John, by all this," said Parson Larcom, suddenly; "and yet I've never thought ye a man to give way like a child."

"I have always fancied myself terribly strong," answered the other; "but then it *was* all fancy."

"She's at rest now, poor soul; and life on earth was not a particularly happy one to her, I take it," added Mr. Larcom.

"I'm not thinking of her," answered the farmer, restlessly; "so you need not preach me a sermon on the vanities of life. I do not need any consolation, Alec; I am quite resigned."

"That's weel."

"Where is Lucy?—where is Morice?"

"Lucy is packing up, I think, and Morice is with her," was the reply.

"Ah, yes! packing up to go away; that's true. When do you leave here, old man?" he asked, carelessly.

"To-morrow."

"And you think of going abroad?"

"Presently—very soon, that is," said Mr. Larcom. "There is all this French law and French money to look after; and Lucy is not so strong as she should be, and I'm thinking a change will not do me any harm."

"Change is good for us all," John Woodhatch answered, absently; "but then it is a world of change, if we only wait patiently."

"And talking about waiting, John," remarked the parson, "it strikes me that ye show a most deceeded reluctance to read the poor thing's last will and tastament. It's vary woonderful," he added, "but ye don't seem to care what becoomes of her money."

"I do not care."

"Ye would not care if she had not left ye a penny, I'll be boond," he remarked.

"She has not left me a penny," came the echo back.

"Oh! ye know, then."

"She told me long ago I should only waste her money on the vile and criminal, or the hopelessly base and the desperately ungrateful," answered John Woodhatch; "and so money would never be of any good in my hands. She was a far-seeing woman, and God knows, Alec, she was right enough."

He leaned forward, clasped his big brown hands together, and looked sternly ahead of him. Mr. Larcom filled his pipe slowly, and regarded his friend sideways during the process.

"What has happened, John?"

"Very little you would care to hear."

"Ye have been disappointed in Greg," said the parson; "I see that."

"Yes."

"And Kitty?" he added, shrewdly. "In Kitty too?"

"Yes."

"I told ye long ago that scheme of yours would all end unsartisfactorily," said the parson. "I was sure of it long ago. Ye did not go the right way to work, John, from the vary first."

"What would you have done?" asked the other, sharply. "Here were two souls to be saved, and it was my task to save them. Where has been the mistake?"

Alec Larcom was always ready for argument; flint and steel would not more surely bring forth sparks of fire than the words of these two men in disputation. Two men of strong opinions, and of contrary opinions, and both dogged and vain for all their rough-and-ready virtues, it was only Lucy's tact which had saved many a sharp contest between them.

"Where has been yeer mistake, John?" said the other, leaning back in his chair and puffing his pipe complacently. "Ye have thought too much of yeer own plans, and too leetle of a friend's senseeble advice. Ye have gone on like a blind mole, thinking yeerself mighty wise and mighty clever, and that money, good words, and perfect confeedence would do everything in time."

"Yes; that was the idea. Why has it failed so miserably?"

"Ye have thought of yeerself, and ye have not taken God into your plans. Ye have gone on as if there wasn't a God—and that's jest it, now," shouted the Methodist; "that's the warst of ye, good as ye are, unselfish as ye may be, ye haven't been one bit or scrap releegious, or trusted to the—to the adveece of releegious men."

"I thought I knew *better* than you, you mean?" said John Woodhatch. "Ah! perhaps I did. And where I have failed you would have failed. They would have never trusted you, Alec—they never liked you, not one of them."

"Ye know narthing—absolutely narthing—about that," said the other, decisively.

"As for religious men, what are they? What have they done better than we worldlings, but blunder more, and rave over other people's blunders. No," he cried, "I am not a religious man."

"It's a peety, then."

"Are religious men more useful than we are—more generous, more commonly honest?" he said, scoffingly; "do they not think more of themselves, and of the world?—is not money as much their god as Him they affect to worship?"

"John, ye're raving."

"And you are forgetting the will, preacher, which has to be read to-night," said Woodhatch—"the will which leaves all the money to Kitty Vanch, you know."

"Gard bless us, I don't know that!" ejaculated Mr. Larcom, as the pipe fell from his mouth, and was shattered to pieces on the floor. "Ye have known this all along, then. This is yeer doing, and ye have influenced that poor mad body to pitch it all away from us. Ye have turned against Lucy, and Lucy's child and me, and I am bitterly deesappointed in ye."

"Never mind the money. Go on with your

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1346.

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sermon on human vanities, Alec," said the farmer, bitterly. "What *is* money, after all?"

"Ye need not jest—ye have acted badly in all this."

"I have not acted at all. But you are welcome to misjudge me—I am prepared for that," he answered, sternly. "It will end the story quite consistently."

"How do ye know all the money is left to Kitty Vanch?" asked the parson; "have ye opened the will?"

"No."

"Then—"

"She spoke of her money once or twice on the day she died, and told me, I think, in what way she had left it."

"Ye may be mistaken."

"Likely enough. I am altogether a mistaken man, for that matter."

"And this being right, ye could not put in a word, whilst there was time, for us?" said the parson, reproachfully—"ye who guess what a terreeble grind my life has been, and how I have never known the common carmforts of life from begeenning to the end."

"You have had religion to console you, and it will console you again," said John Woodhatch.

Alec Larcom looked hard into the stern face of the speaker, like a man who would see a further insult in the words conveyed, and yet was inclined to doubt if there were any fresh bitterness of satire in them. And there was not. John Woodhatch's anger had died away, and he spoke with some amount of envy of the minister's power to find consolation, comfort, relief, where he could not—with sorrow, even, that it was beyond his own power, he being a stronger and more skeptical man.

He went to the safe, unlocked it, and drew forth the will; and Alec Larcom's hands shook as they were planted on his knees, with a faint effort at composure, pitiable to witness.

"We had better send for Lucy," said John Woodhatch; "she is concerned in this."

"Yes; I had forgotten Lucy, poor child," said Mr. Larcom.

Lucy was sent for, and presently she joined the two men in the farm parlor, looking from one to the other timidly as she entered, as if in doubt as to the motive which required her presence there. Did she remember five years ago in that room too well just then—the eve of her going away from the farm, when John Woodhatch told her of her father's wishes, and his knowledge of the hopelessness of the deep love he had always had for her? She seemed relieved when she noticed the papers in John Woodhatch's hands, and when John said,

"There is Miss Brake's will to consider, Lucy, and you may probably be mentioned in it."

"Is it necessary to read it now?" she asked.

"You are going away to-morrow, and there may be something important to consider," he said, calmly—so very calmly that it sounded like a different tone of voice from that which he had always used toward her. She wondered a little what might be in his thoughts, or what her father and he had been discussing together, and then she sat down between them and waited patiently. She was not excited at what might be the tenor of the document in John Woodhatch's hands; she looked from him to her father curiously and for an instant again before the seal was broken and the farmer read aloud the last wishes of Hester Brake.

It was a short will; it had evidently not taken long for the testator to make up her mind what to do with her money, or to arrange for the disposal of her money after that mind had been once made up. And it was as John Woodhatch had sketched forth. All the property of which she was possessed, and to which she might be entitled in any way, went absolutely and forever to her tried friend and companion Katherine Vanch, and on the one condition that she should not marry Gregory Dorward. Otherwise the whole of the property was to revert to Lucy Brake. And she appointed Alexander Larcom and a certain solicitor at Boston as executors to her will.

"I shall decline to act as executor to the document," said Mr. Larcom, compressing his thin lips. "I haven't been consoulted in the matter, and the lawyer may have it all his own way for me."

"I think I would act, Alec," John Woodhatch remarked, quietly; "it will be for the advantage of your daughter here."

"I don't see that."

"Kitty Vanch will marry Greg Dorward," said the farmer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SURF-RIDERS OF HAWAII.

OWING to the entire absence of coral reef, the surf at all times breaks on these shores with prodigious violence. But in stormy weather this is of course increased tenfold, and the great green billows come rushing in with overwhelming force. These are the delight of the surf-riders. Each carries a surf-board, which is simply a wooden plank, and raiment is of course almost *nil*. Plunging beneath the first wave, they rise beyond it, and swim out to sea till they meet another, and then another, in each case diving just at the right moment to allow the billow to pass over them. If they miscalculate by one second, the surf catches them and dashes them shoreward, when they need to be good swimmers to escape being battered on the rocks. But long practice makes perfect, and many of the surf-riders dive safely beneath each successive wave, till they reach the comparatively smooth water beyond the swell. Then laying themselves flat on their board, they prepare for their exciting ride. Their first care is to select a winning sea-horse. They calculate that every third wave is larger than the rest, and rushes higher on the beach; so their aim is to mount the biggest billow, which carries them shoreward at almost lightning speed.

The ride has all the excitement of a race; for should the rider fail to keep his plank at exactly the right angle on the crest of the green billow, he will be overtaken by the breaking surf of the wave which follows, and to avoid this must again dive beneath it, and swim out to sea to make a fresh start. Should he fail to select the right wave as his courser, and find himself on one of the lesser waves, the result is the same, as it will break ere he reaches the shore, and he must again do battle with the pitiless surf and swim for his life. But the man whose skill and luck are alike good has a wildly exhilarating race. He lies poised on the rushing wave, apparently in perfect security, with the tumultuous waters and the dashing surf raging on every side. If he can direct his course toward the sandy beach, the wave will carry him right on to it; but there is always danger of being swept on to the cruel black rocks, where the ablest steerer finds it hard to discern the narrow passages through which the seething waters rush so madly; and often he is compelled to abandon his trusty surf-board, and again turning seaward, plunge beneath the wave and make his way to some point where he can swim ashore in safety. His surf-board is probably reduced to splinters in a few seconds—a loss which is to him as serious as that of a favorite bat to a cricketer.

The boards most in favor are made from the wood of the viri-viri, which is very light. It grows in the mountains, and is much used for making fences, as it is a kindly shrub. You have but to stick one of its branches in the earth, and it takes root, and soon is covered with a blaze of scarlet blossoms. A good surf-board is about an inch and a half in thickness, about eighteen inches wide, and eight feet long, and should be slightly hollowed down the centre, and rounded at one end. It is stained black, frequently rubbed with cocoanut oil, and preserved with the greatest care, being wrapped up in cloth and hung up in some safe corner of the house. It is called *papa hé nalu*—which means wave-sliding board—and is so named from the papa, or sledge, formerly used in a game called horua, which exactly answered to the toboggan of the Canadians.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

STOVES.

OPEN fires, furnace heat, hot pipes, and stoves—these are the appliances which we use for warming our houses in winter. Which are the best, or, rather, what are the chief merits and defects of each?

As to economy of fuel, it is well known that metal stoves have the great advantage. As much as ninety-four and a half per cent. of the heat generated has been utilized in a stove of the best construction, leaving only five and a half per cent. of waste. In the open fire about eighty per cent. of the heat goes directly up the chimney. But in the stove the heat is disengaged, or may be, in the middle of the room, in the centre of the air space that is to be warmed, and it must warm that space before it can find any escape other than through the narrow channel of the stove-pipe. The longer the pipe, the greater the amount of heat that may be utilized. But as the pipe is an unsightly object, it sometimes can not be used for that reason.

The amount and the character of the radiation from different parts of the apparatus are very different. Galton estimates that "with a stove-pipe heated at the end nearest the stove to a dull red heat of 1230° F., and of sufficient length to allow the heat to be diminished to 150° at the further end, it would be found that at the stove end of the pipe ninety-two per cent. of the total heat emitted [at that point] is given out by radiation to the walls, and only eight per cent. to the air; but at the exit end the [lesser quantity of] heat is nearly equally divided, the walls receiving fifty-five and the air forty-five per cent." In proportion to the amount of fuel burned, the apparatus heats the air more rapidly when it is at a low degree of heat. When it is at a high degree, it heats the walls and the furniture more rapidly, and these in turn warm the air of the room by radiation. The gentle heat of the porcelain stoves that are used in Western Europe is even more efficient, in proportion to the amount of fuel used, than our ordinary overheated stove; but our colder winters make hot stoves almost a necessity where there is any question of economy of fuel. We need only to be on our guard against their disadvantages.

What are the disadvantages of stove heating? There are two. One is their tendency to make the air excessively dry—a fault easily remedied by providing for sufficient evaporation of water. The other is that a hot stove may give out, in one or more ways, the gas known as carbonic oxide.

This is a stronger poison than carbonic acid gas: one per cent. of it in the air kills rapidly; one-half of one per cent. produces serious headaches. It is formed (1) by the imperfect combustion of carbon, as when we see the blue flame playing over the surface of half-ignited coals. When there is plenty of draught this is carried away, the combustion becomes active, and the carbonic oxide ceases to be formed. Under ordinary conditions there is little danger that this gas should escape into the air we breathe. But there is no doubt that if the stove be made of inferior porous metal, the carbonic oxide may escape into the room. (2) "Carbonic oxide may also be produced by the oxygen of the air acting on the carbon in the iron if heated to a red heat." A red-hot stove is not a rare sight with us in winter-time; it is thus a source of danger, and for yet one more reason. (3) Red-hot iron may take up the oxygen from the carbonic acid in the air of an occupied room, and thus turn it into carbonic oxide. Morin finds this danger to be much greater with cast-iron than with wrought-iron stoves. It is materially diminished if the stove have a proper lining of fire-brick. But the main rule in practice is the familiar one—not to let the stove get red-hot. A headache in a stove-heated room should remind one of this often-forgotten rule.

When wood is consumed instead of coal, the shutting of the stove damper, by checking the combustion, may turn the stove into a charcoal-producing apparatus; and when the charcoal burns, enough carbonic acid gas is sometimes disengaged to poison the occupants of the room.

These dangers of stoves are inseparable from their benefits, but they are for the most part easily guarded against. Dickens called the American stove "a red-hot demon." Unless it be red-hot, however, it is no demon, but, on the contrary, a good spirit. It is in any case a truly American institution, and will become even more completely so as our forests are destroyed and wood fires become things of the past. The era of metal stoves will not pass away; it remains only for inventors to continue to improve them, and for housekeepers to see that they never take on the character of the "red-hot demon."

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE CHANGES.

LATE on the afternoon of the 1st inst. the long-expected changes in the New York Custom-house were made by the President. JAMES L. BENEDICT was nominated to succeed General CHARLES K. GRAHAM as Surveyor of the Port, and General GRAHAM was made Naval Officer in place of SILAS W. BURT, named for Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission. Mr. BENEDICT, who is promoted from the position of Auditor, has served for nearly thirty years in the Custom-house. He first began his labors in the customs service under Collector JOHN COCHRANE, the date of his appointment being May 1, 1853. He is a native of this State. General GRAHAM has long been prominent in public matters in this city. He has served both in the army and navy, in the former winning, during the late war, the brevet rank of Major-General. In his profession as an engineer he has had much to do with local public works. He was appointed Surveyor of the Port July 20, 1878, to succeed General E. A. MERRITT, who succeeded President ARTHUR as Collector. The salary of the new position is the same as that of the old.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE first "clean-up" ever made by a gold-mining company in New York State took place a few days ago on the north branch of the West Canada Creek, in Fulton County. Wide attention has been attracted within the past two years to the gold fields of Fulton and Hamilton counties, and many claims have been taken up. The company which made the "clean-up" has a mill running, and had taken out about two hundred tons of gold-bearing gravel. The yield of gold was found to be about $3 75 a ton, and the cost of mining and milling is said to be at present about eighty-seven cents a ton. It is expected that not less than six mills will be in operation before the close of the spring. The metal is of a bright yellow, resembling Australian gold more than it resembles that obtained on the western side of this continent. It is claimed by those interested that the Northern New York gold fields are "no longer an experiment."

Speaking of interesting feats in telegraphy, a San Francisco paper recalls a noteworthy exchange of words between that city and Valencia Bay, Ireland. An unbroken circuit was made from San Francisco to Heart's Content (some 4500 miles), the cable landing on the American side, and the operator there was asked by the operator in San Francisco to see how soon he could get an answer from the other side of the ocean. The message sent from San Francisco was: "To operator, Valencia Bay: Ten o'clock here; what time is it with you?" Almost instantly the reply came: "Six o'clock in the morning, and the maids are milking cows." The exchange of words occupied not more than three minutes.

A tramp recently invaded a Western village, and was taken into custody. The time between the arrest and the next issue of the local paper was devoted by the editor to ascertaining the social status of the stranger, and the result of the investigation was announced as follows: "He turns out to be a regular cosmopolitan—he has no home."

"Mum Sociable" is the contradictory term employed to designate a variety of church entertainment that is popular in Western Pennsylvania. It is attended by the brethren and sisters, and every one who speaks has to pay a fine. A brother who attends with his wife, mother-in-law, and a few daughters doesn't indulge in much conversation himself till he gets the family headed for home.

At a recent card party in the house of a London dentist, says *Truth*, the counters used were false teeth. As they were all of equal value, it was a case of "a tooth for a tooth." The ladies were at first somewhat shy about touching the little white heaps, but they soon overcame this sensitiveness. When the counters were enumerated at the close of the game "there were only three more than had been originally given out."

It is estimated that the cost of a tunnel under the English Channel would be $12,000,000. If a man owning a tunnel connecting England with the continent should offer to exchange properties on even terms with a man owning a bridge connecting New York with Brooklyn, what would be thought of the bridge owner if he should not jump at the bargain?

A man was arrested on a railway train near Topeka, Kansas, a few days ago, with eight gold coins in his possession which are believed to have been manufactured with the view of defrauding numismatists. They are duplicates of coins issued by the government from 1794 to 1805, and are of gold of standard fineness. They are worth as much as the gold in a coin of the same denomination and of recent issue; but if the coins were genuine, they would be worth about one hundred dollars each to numismatists. It is said that the man's offense comes under the law making it a crime to manufacture a coin of a similitude to coins of the United States. If he could sell the products of his mint as rare coins for about twenty times their value, he could afford even to outdo the government in the matter of fineness of material, and to use gold in which there should be absolutely no alloy.

Two-cent postage stamps are to take the place of three-cent stamps in this country on October 1; but persons who date their letters 1882 till a considerable part of 1883 is gone will continue for several months after October to put three-cent stamps on their envelopes.

A Chinese lad has unconsciously become a disturbing element in the large Pullman car works at St. Louis. He was put to work in a room with the ornamental painters, preparatory to going into a technical school. A hundred men struck. The superintendent says he will not yield to the strikers.

Some curious facts were set forth recently in a paper read before the Electro-technic Society of Berlin by Herr Massmann, which came to light in the course of observations made on the German telegraph lines at the instance of the Secretary of the Post-office. Speaking of the attacks of woodpeckers on the poles, he did not credit the theory that the birds mistake the sound produced in the poles by the vibrating wires for the humming of insects, since they often find insects in the dry wood. The birds spare not even the poles which are treated with such substances as sulphate of copper, chloride of zinc, sublimate of mercury, or creosote. Under the eaves of buildings where wires run into telegraph offices, circuits are often completed in an annoying way by swallows building their earth nests between wires which are close together. Contacts between wire and wire are frequently made also by large birds, such as bustards, storks, swans, and wild ducks, alighting on the sagging wires.

The prospectus of the exhibition which is to be held in Cork, Ireland, during July, August, and September of the present year, under the presidency of the Right Honorable the Earl of Bandon, Lieutenant of the county and city of Cork, has been issued. The object of the exposition is to improve the condition of the industrial classes in Ireland. It is set forth that the occasion will afford a favorable opportunity for bringing the merchants and manufacturers of America and Ireland into direct communication. The United States Consul at Cork, writing of the demand for American products in the markets of Ireland, says the shortest way to convey an idea of what is wanted is to tell what is not wanted, and in this list he mentions root crops, whiskey, millinery goods, wool and woollen goods, ale, beer, and porter, expensive clothing, books, hides, aerated waters, raw flax, poultry, burden animals, carpet goods, cheap hats and caps, and sausage casings. Applications for space from American exhibitors will not be received later than March 10.

Something concerning the nature of the safeguards thrown around children who are employed in the industries of France may be gathered from notices recently printed in *Le Journal Officiel*. They may not be employed in any factory where large quantities of dust or injurious vapor are produced, nor on any work on the roofs of houses or where there would be risk of injury from falls. Boys under sixteen years of age and girls under eighteen are not allowed to be employed in rag-picking and sorting, except in well-ventilated apartments. There are restrictions as to the weight of loads that children may wheel in trucks through streets or factory yards.

It may be remembered that in the course of the Egyptian rebellion the British government bought a ship-load of Kentucky mules, and started them toward the seat of war. The strife came to an end before the mules reached the other side of the ocean, and no little interest was manifested here concerning the future of the British government with several hundred Kentucky mules on its hands, and no vortex of strife into which they could be urged. It seems that some of the mules were landed at Gibraltar, where there were already mules, but of a different variety. The Spanish mule's recommendation is that he can subsist and thrive after a fashion on the least nutritious of solids. His diet is chopped straw, with an occasional bean or barleycorn thrown in. The Kentucky mule requires better fodder. His advantage over other mules is that a greater percentage of his food is converted into power. Those that were left at Gibraltar have already become the subject of a communication from the United States consul there to the State Department in Washington. Consul Sprague informs Secretary Frelinghuysen that "several of these American mules have already refused eating beans, and do not seem to take freely to barley." International complications may arise out of the situation. It is a question whether their involuntary expatriation deprives the mules of their right to claim protection from the land of their birth.

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THE MERMAID.—FROM A DRAWING BY F. S. CHURCH.

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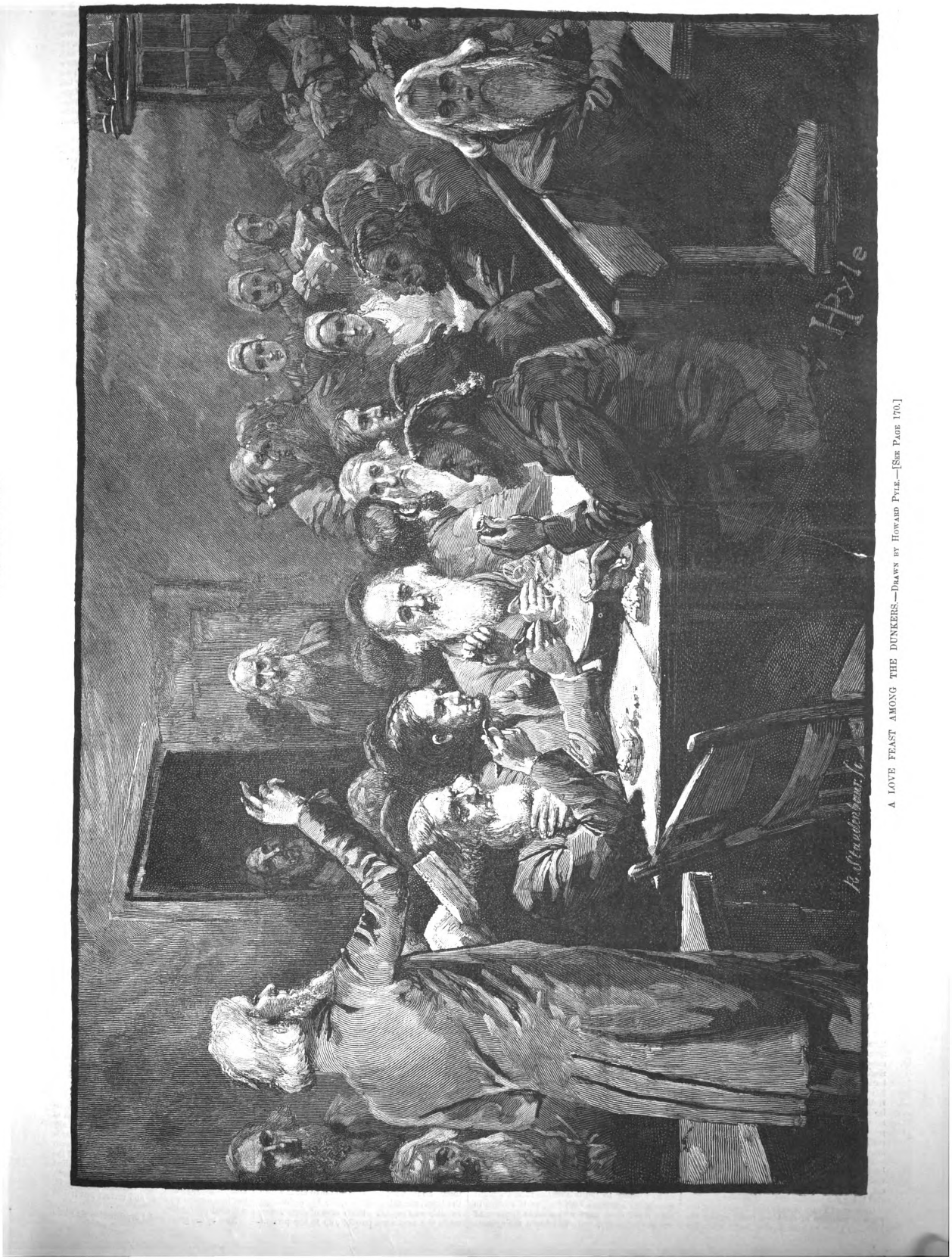

A LOVE FEAST AMONG THE DUNKERS.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 170.]

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ONLY A BIT OF CALICO.

His mother dead, no kith nor kin had he,
And so one came who served sweet Charity,
To take him where a busy multitude
Of orphaned children shelter found and food,
And much she wondered as they left the place
He'd called his home for years, upon his face
Such patient resignation to behold,
Till, watching him with gentle fingers fold
Back from his breast his jacket old and thin,
And fondly look at something hid within,
She asked, "My child, what treasure have you there
That you are guarding with such tender care?"
"A piece," he shyly said, still looking down,
With shadowy smile, "of my dear mother's gown;
The gown she wore the day she said to me,
'If you are good, not long we'll parted be.'
It gives me comfort when I look at it."
And sewn inside the jacket was a bit
Of coarsest fabric, but so glorified
By love of her, the mother who had died,
That to her boy it brighter seemed by far
Than brightest gems or rarest jewels are.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

LOVE FEAST AMONG THE DUNKERS.

THE Dunkers, a sect whose doctrines and habits of life are very similar to those of the Mennonites, derive the name by which they are popularly known in this country from a German word descriptive of their mode of baptism by immersion, but they are called by themselves "Brethren." They came to America between 1719 and 1729 from Germany, where they were driven by religious persecution, and first settled in Pennsylvania, where they are still more numerous than in any other State.

Like the Friends, they practice extreme simplicity in dress and speech. They have love-feasts, practice the washing of feet, the laying on of hands, anointing with oil, use the kiss of charity, and other primitive habits of worship. Owing to their aversion to statistics, which they regard as savoring of pride, it is not easy to obtain trustworthy accounts of their number, but it is estimated to be about one hundred thousand. They have bishops, elders, teachers, and deacons, are opposed to war, and will not engage in lawsuits. Their annual meeting, which is held about Whitsuntide, which this year occurs on the 13th of May, is attended by the bishops and teachers, and lay representatives chosen by their congregations.

HAIR AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE Greek and Roman ladies were their hair long, and were as proud of it as any Jewish woman. The Greek and Roman men, like the Hebrew men, wore their hair cropped close. This fact appears by the medals that have come down to us. This formed a principal distinction between the dress of the two sexes. A few days previous to the marriage the Grecian lovers cut off their hair and consecrated it to the favorite gods. An old writer says that it was customary among them to hang the hair of the dead on the doors of their houses previous to interment. They also tore their hair, or shaved it, or cut it off, when mourning for their deceased friends. When this sacrifice was made, the tresses were consumed on the funeral pyre of the corpse. The ancients, we are told, imagined that no person could die till a lock of hair was cut off; and this act, they supposed, was performed by the invisible hand of death, or Iris, or some other messenger of the gods. This hair thus cut off consecrated the person to the infernal deities, under whose jurisdiction the dead were supposed to be. It was a sort of first-fruits which sanctified the whole. Whatever was the fashion with respect to the hair, slaves were not allowed to imitate the mode of their masters. The hair of the slaves was cut in a peculiar fashion, which was instantly changed when they obtained their freedom.

The use of artificial hair is of very remote origin. It was used by the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians. The trade in human hair was a regular traffic with the Romans. The favorite blonde hair of Germany was largely imported into Rome in the days of Ovid; and those Roman dames who did not wear wigs, and yet wished to conform to the fashion, powdered their hair with a kind of gold-dust. Dyeing the hair was greatly practiced among them. "The Roman ladies delighted to pile up their hair tower-like on the top of their heads, while they had several rows of curls arranged formally round the sides, and sometimes pendent curls in addition. Fashion also regulated the style of wearing the hair among men in the later times of Rome. A boy's hair, for instance, was cut for the first time at seven years of age, and again at fourteen."

Among the Greeks and Romans cutting the hair was a great dishonor. Hence, prisoners of war and slaves who had committed any offense had their heads shaved or hair cut.

"So desirable," says an anonymous writer, "was a fine head of hair considered by the Romans that it became sacred, and was often dedicated to the gods on important occasions of marriage, victory, escape from danger and death, and burial of friends; plucking it out or neglecting it was a token of affliction. Remains of this feeling are manifested in modern times by punishing various offenses by cutting the hair, by mortifying the pride, as in the tonsure of the priests and the cropping of the laity, and by marking of the slave by the shortness of the hair."

The ancient Gauls esteemed it an honor to have long hair. When Julius Cæsar conquered them he made them, as a token of submission, cut off their hair, the cropped head at that period being the peculiar badge of slavery.

Gregory of Tours reports that it was long the peculiar privilege of the blood royal among the Frankish kings to have flowing locks, while for other persons there were gradations in the length and peculiar cut of the hair, according to rank, from noble down to close-cropped slave. When a prince among them was excluded from the right of succeeding to the crown his hair was cut off. The hair was worn short by the nobles in France from the time of Clovis; but as they became more civilized or less martial—which is often the same thing—they allowed their hair to lengthen. In the time of Francis I. long hair was worn at court; but that monarch, proud of his wound, himself wore short hair, in the Italian and Swiss fashion, which soon became general. In the reign of Louis XIII. the fashion of wearing long hair was revived, and as it became desirable to have the hair curl, the wigs were also restored. Then followed the era of hair-powder, periwigs, and perukes of enormous dimensions, which were swept into the tomb of the Capulets, wherever that may happen to be, by the fierce democracy of the French Revolution. The shirtless Jacobins restored natural hair to its natural use.

Among our ancestors, the ancient Britons were proud of the length and beauty of their hair, and were at much pains at dressing it. A standard authority of the last century says that some of them carried this pride to an extravagant height. A young warrior, who was taken prisoner and condemned to be beheaded, requested that no slave might be permitted to touch his hair, which was remarkably long and beautiful, and that it might not be stained with his blood. Not content with the natural color of their hair, they used washes to render it still brighter. One of these was a composition of lime, tallow, and ashes of certain vegetables. As the length of their hair was considered as a mark of dignity and noble birth, various arts were used to promote its growth. The Britons shaved their beards but not their mustaches, which—and it was the custom of the Gauls also—they allowed to grow to a considerable length.

THE FRENCH POLICE SYSTEM.

EVERY police station in the French capital has its cells; but three times a day prison vans come round to clear out the inmates and convey them to the Dépôt. The advantage of thus collecting all offenders at one central police station where the staff of detectives can get a sight of them is obvious. The Dépôt contains about 150 cells for the better class of offenders and for very great criminals, and two large halls with airing yards attached. In the first of these are confined the decently dressed and fairly respectable prisoners; in the others all the tattered and dirty vagabonds who have sunk to the most abject depth of poverty.

In both halls the prisoners live in common, sleeping at nights on mattresses laid upon plank beds; and interspersed with them are a number of *moutons*, or spy prisoners, whose business it is to set offenders "blabbing." Every day brings a fresh squad of these *moutons*, and their true quality is not known even to the prison warders. They are dressed sometimes as fashionable cracksman, sometimes as beggars; they pass themselves off for burglars, coiners, or petty thieves, according to the work they may have on hand, and which consists in "pumping" certain men. Who are these queer fish? Not regular detectives, but unattached *agents secrets*, forming part of that mysterious host of myrmidons whom the Prefect of Police has at his orders, and who are paid by the piece. Many of them must be convicts who earn remission of their sentences and doles of canteen-money by acting as spies. As they are only recompensed when they render effective services, their wits grow terribly keen, and they may generally be trusted to twist criminal novices round their little fingers. When a criminal has remained three days at the Dépôt he is sent to the House of Detention (Mazas), and there he often gets a *mouton* for his cell companion. If this does not suffice to wring the truth out of him, the Juge d'Instruction, or examining magistrate, tries the effect of a little tantalizing and moral torture. The man is forbidden to see his friends or to write to them; he is kept in solitary confinement, which may last for months; and he is not allowed to buy any little luxuries with his own money; but once a week the Judge tells him that he shall be allowed to see his friends, to write, smoke, have rations of wine, and eventually obtain a mitigation of his sentence, if he tells the truth. So he does tell it at length from sheer weariness.

METEOR OR EARTHQUAKE?

THE newspapers of Southern Rhode Island and Southeastern Connecticut have contained accounts of a supposed earthquake which affected that district on the evening of February 27. Professor H. A. Newton, of Yale College, who has made the matter a special study, gives it as his opinion that the rumbling heard and sensations experienced were not due to a shock of earthquake, but to the visit of meteors. As a matter of fact a remarkably large and brilliant meteor was seen by the people of that region at the very time, and it is now believed that this body must have passed very close to the surface of the earth, if it did not strike it, producing the phenomena described. Professor Newton says it is a fact that in all the instances where meteoric bodies have been known to fall upon the earth noises and agitations of the atmosphere have been noticed similar to those recently experienced in the vicinity of Norwich. A remarkable instance in point was the meteoric "shower" that visited Iowa in February of 1875. In the scientific report made upon that phenomenon we are told that those who happened to be near to the line of the meteor's flight were quite overcome with fear, as it seemed to come down upon them with a rapid increase of size and brilliancy. "In this fright the animals took a part, horses shying, rearing, and plunging to get away, the dogs retreating and barking with signs of fear. . . . From one and a half to two minutes after the dazzling, terrifying, and swiftly moving mass of light had extinguished itself in five sharp flashes, five quickly recurring reports were heard. The volume of sound was so great that the reverberations seemed to shake the earth to its foundations; buildings quaked and rattled, and the furniture they contained jarred about as if shaken by an earthquake; in fact, many believed that an earthquake was in progress. Quickly succeeding and blended with the explosions came hollow bellowings and rattling sounds, mingled with clang and clash and roar, that rolled away southward, as if a tornado of fearful power was retreating on the meteor's path." Afterward about eight hundred pounds of meteoric iron in masses and fragments were collected from the surface of the prairie, or ploughed up during the succeeding spring. Professor Newton believes that similar fragments will be found in Eastern Connecticut as evidence of the correctness of his theory.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

IV.

ON THE REASONS WHY MAN IS NOT ALTOGETHER A BRUTE.

THE Arabs have a story of a man who desired to test which of his three sons loved him most. He sent them out to see which of the three would bring him the most valuable present. The three sons met in a distant city, and compared the gifts they had found. The first had a carpet on which he could transport himself and others whithersoever he would. The second had a medicine which would cure any disease. The third had a glass in which he could see what was going on at any place he might name. The third used his glass to see what was going on at home: he saw his father ill in bed. The first transported all three to their home on his carpet. The second administered the medicine and saved the father's life. The perplexity of the father when he had to decide which son's gift had been of the most value to him illustrates very fairly the difficulty of saying whether land, labor, or capital is most essential to production. No production is possible without the co-operation of all three.

We know that men once lived on the spontaneous fruits of the earth just as other animals do. In that stage of existence a man was just like the brutes. His existence was at the sport of nature. He got what he could by way of food, and ate what he could get, but he depended on finding what nature gave. He could wrest nothing from nature; he could make her produce nothing; and he had only his limbs with which to appropriate what she offered. His existence was almost entirely controlled by accident; he possessed no capital; he lived out of his product, and production had only the two elements of land and labor of appropriation. At the present time man is an intelligent animal. He knows something of the laws of nature; he can avail himself of what is favorable, and avert what is unfavorable, in nature, to a certain extent; he has narrowed the sphere of accident, and in some respects reduced it to computations which lessen its importance; he can bring the productive forces of nature into service, and make them produce food, clothing, and shelter. How has the change been brought about? The answer is: by capital. If we can come to an understanding of what capital is, and what a place it occupies in civilization, it will clear up our ideas about a great many of these schemes and philosophies which are put forward to criticise social arrangements, or as a basis of proposed reforms.

The first beginnings of capital are lost in the obscurity which covers all the germs of civilization. The more one comes to understand the case of the primitive man, the more wonderful it seems that man ever started on the road to civilization. Amongst animals we find some inchoate forms of capital, but from them to the lowest forms of real capital there is a great stride. It does not seem possible that man could have taken that stride without intelligent reflection, and everything we know about the primitive man shows us that he did not reflect. No doubt accident controlled the first steps. They may have been won and lost again many times. There was one natural element which man learned to use so early that we can not find any trace of him when he had it not—fire. There was one tool-weapon in nature—the flint. Beyond the man who was so far superior to the brutes that he knew how to use fire and had the use of flints we can not go. A man of lower civilization than that was so like the brutes that, like them, he could leave no sign of his presence on the earth save his bones.

The man who had a flint no longer need be a prey to a wild animal, but could make a prey of it. He could get meat food. He who had meat food could provide his food in such time as to get leisure to improve his flint tools. He could get skins for clothing, bones for needles, tendons for thread. He next devised traps and snares by which to take animals alive. He domesticated them, and lived on their increase. He made them beasts of draught and burden, and so got the use of a natural force. He who had beasts of draught and burden could make a road and trade, and so get the advantage of all soils and all climates. He could make a boat, and use the winds as force. He now had such tools, science, and skill that he could till the ground, and make it give him more food. So from the first step that man made above the brute, the thing which made his civilization possible was capital. Every step of capital won made the next step possible, up to the present hour. Not a step has been or can be made without capital. It is labor accumulated, multiplied into itself—raised to a higher power, as the mathematicians say. The locomotive is only possible to-day because, from the flint knife up, one achievement has been multiplied into another through thousands of generations. We can not now stir a step in our life without capital. We can not build a school, a hospital, a church, or employ a missionary society without capital any more than we could build a palace or a factory without capital. We have got ourselves and we have got the earth; the thing which limits what we can do is the third requisite—capital. Capital is force, human energy stored or accumulated, and very few people ever come to appreciate its importance to civilized life. We get so used to it that we do not see its use.

The industrial organization of society has undergone a development with the development of capital. Nothing has ever made men spread over the earth and develop the arts but necessity; that is, the need of getting a living, and the hardships endured in trying to meet that need. The human race has had to pay with its blood at every step. It has had to buy its experience. The thing which has kept up the necessity of more migration or more power over nature has been increase of population. Where population has become chronically excessive, and where the population has succumbed and sunk instead of developing energy enough for a new advance, there races have degenerated and settled into permanent barbarism. They have lost the power to rise again, and have made no inventions. Where life has been so easy and ample that it cost no effort, few improvements have been made. It is in the middle range, with enough social pressure to make energy needful, and not enough social pressure to produce despair, that the most progress has been made.

At first all labor was forced. Men forced it on women, who were drudges and slaves. Men reserved for themselves only the work of hunting or war. Strange and often horrible shadows of all the old primitive barbarism are to be found now in the slums of great cities, and in the lowest groups of men in the midst of civilized nations. Men impose labor on women in some such groups to-day. Through various grades of slavery, serfdom, villainage, and through various organizations of castes and guilds, the industrial organization has been modified and developed up to the modern system. Some men have been found to denounce and deride the modern system—what they call the capitalist system. The modern system is based on liberty, on contract, and on private property. It has been reached through a gradual emancipation of the mass of mankind from old bonds both to nature and to their fellow-men. Village communities, which excite the romantic admiration of some writers, were fit only for a most elementary and unorganized society. They were fit neither to cope with the natural difficulties of winning much food from little land, nor to cope with the malice of men. Hence they perished. In the modern society the organization of labor is high. Some are landowners and agriculturists, some are transporters, bankers, merchants, teachers, some advance the product by manufacture. It is a system of division of functions, which is being refined all the time by subdivision of trade and occupation, and by the differentiation of new trades.

The ties by which all are held together are those of free co-operation and contract. If we look back to anything of which human history gives us a type or experiment, the modern free system of industry offers to every living human being chances of happiness indescribably in excess of what former generations have possessed. It offers no such guarantees as were once possessed by some that they should in no case suffer. We have an instance right at hand. The negroes, once slaves in the United States, used to be assured care, medicine, and support, but they spent their efforts, and other men took the products. They have been set free. That means only just this: they now work and hold their own products, and are assured of nothing but what they earn. In escaping from subjection they have lost claims. Care, medicine, and support they get if they earn it. Will any one say that the black men have not gained? Will any one deny that individual black men may seem worse off? Will any one allow such observations to blind him to the true significance of the change? If any one thinks that there are or ought to be somewhere in society guarantees that no man shall suffer hardship, let him understand that there can be no such guarantees unless other men give them; that is, unless we go back to slavery, and make one man's effort conduce to another man's welfare. Of course, if a speculator breaks loose from science and history, and plans out an ideal society in which all the conditions are to be different, he is a lawgiver or prophet, and those may listen to him who have leisure.

The modern industrial system is a great social co-operation. It is automatic and instinctive in its operation. The adjustments of the organs take place naturally. The parties are held together by impersonal force—supply and demand. They may never see each other; they may be separated by half the circumference of the globe. Their co-operation in the social effort is combined and distributed again by financial machinery, and the rights and interests are measured and satisfied without any special treaty or convention at all. All this goes on so smoothly and naturally that we forget to notice it. We think that it costs nothing—does itself, as it were. The truth is that this great co-operative effort is one of the great products of civilization, one of its costliest products and highest refinements, because here, more than anywhere else, intelligence comes in, but intelligence so clear and correct that it does not need expression.

Now by the great social organization the whole

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civilized body (and soon we shall say the whole human race) keep up a combined assault on nature for the means of subsistence. Civilized society may be said to be maintained in an unnatural position at an elevation above the earth, or above the natural state of human society. It can be maintained there only by an efficient organization of the social effort and by capital. At its elevation it supports far greater numbers than it could support on any lower stage. Members of the society who come into it as it is to-day can live only by entering into the organization. If numbers increase, the organization must be perfected, and capital must increase, *i. e.*, power over nature. If the society does not keep up its power, if it lowers its organization or wastes its capital, it falls back toward the natural state of barbarism from which it rose, and in so doing it must sacrifice thousands of its weakest members. Hence human society lives at a constant strain forward and upward, and those who have most interest that this strain be successfully kept up, that the social organization be perfected, and that capital be increased, are those at the bottom.

The notion of property which prevails amongst us to-day is that a man has a right to the thing which he has made by his labor. This is a very modern and highly civilized conception. Singularly enough, it has been brought forward dogmatically to prove that property in land is not reasonable because man did not make land. A man can not "make" a chattel or product of any kind whatever without first appropriating land so as to get the ore, wood, wool, cotton, fur, or other raw material. All that men ever appropriate land for is to get out of it the natural materials on which they exercise their industry. Appropriation, therefore, precedes labor-production both historically and logically. Primitive races regarded, and often now regard, appropriation as the best title to property. As usual, they are logical. It is the simplest and most natural mode of thinking to regard a thing as belonging to that man who has, by carrying, wearing, or handling it, associated it for a certain time with his person. I once heard a little boy of four years say to his mother: "Why is not this pencil mine now? It used to be my brother's; but I have been using it all day." He was reasoning with the logic of his barbarian ancestors. The reason for allowing private property in land is that two men can not eat the same loaf of bread. If A has taken a piece of land, and is at work getting his loaf out of it, B can not use the same land at the same time for the same purpose. Priority of appropriation is the only title of right which can supersede the title of greater force. The reason why man is not altogether a brute is because he has learned to accumulate capital, to use capital, to advance to a higher organization of society, to develop a completer co-operation, and so to win greater and greater control over nature.

GLÜCK; OR, THE HAP OF A HORSESHOE.

By LAURA SANFORD.

THE following passages appeared one summer in the diary of a young man attached, not scientifically, but by caprice, to a scientific party exploring the waters of the New England shore in search of specimens rare and characteristic of classified and curious fish to be shown in the Centennial Exposition:

Thursday Evening, August 8.—Saw her for the third time this evening, and more closely. Think too that I was observed by her, for usually she goes no further out from the bay than the first buoy; but to-night, as if secured by my protection, she rowed to the second buoy, where the waves are boisterous enough to shake some feminine nerves disastrously.

The same blue boat; the same red cloak falling loosely downward, and displaying freely at the arms and shoulders the blue sailor-like blouse with broad turned-down collar; the same saucy little hat perched above the coils of brown hair; the same grave, richly complexioned, womanly featured young face; the same little dark muffled figure crouched before her in the stern of the boat.

She rows superbly—a long English stroke; her movements are modulated and rhythmic; and in returning, when I had gone some distance in advance, for the purpose of being at the landing when she came to disembark, she sang in a clear sweet tone that lulling melody, "Dormi pure," I liked so much when Matilda used to sing it. I had not heard it since.

I made two or three turns about the upper bay, and then darted up to the landing, and had my boat fastened in a well-calculated moment, so that I came up the steps just as her boat touched, in time to help in ascent the small muffled individual, who proved to be a middle-aged woman, an invalid, and not, it seemed to me, the young lady's mother; if so, they were strangely unlike. She thanked me for the courtesy in gracious tones. Then the girl, having drawn in the oars, arose, and lifting her cloak to clasp it at her throat, sprang lightly up the stairway.

A boatman's boy in waiting for her arrival nearly pushed me off the wharf in his eagerness to be on the spot punctually; but I was on my guard, and prepared for him, and had so placed myself that she involuntarily took my hand instead of his in mounting the awkward ascent. She did not, however, like the elder lady, affably say, "Thanks"; she simply bowed slightly, without looking at me, and passed on quickly to her companion. Together they ascended the hill, and entered the little summer hotel where they are stopping.

Slight as had been her recognition, I felt myself successful in my first approach. I had held her ungloved hand in mine; I had seen her face; in fact, I gave that face a brief but intense scrutiny, and it does not disappoint me. The light, a mingling of summer twilight and waxing moonlight, was sufficiently clear to have shown defects if there were any. I discovered none. I have rarely if ever seen a countenance and form so completely attractive to my taste.

What does Bulwer say?—"Our wishes are necromancers; they conjure the shapes we would have them call for us," or to that effect; I forget the precise language. I have been desiring some romantic figure to fill the gap in my midsummer horizon, and this superb girl answers admirably. She rescues me from ennui; she revives the lazy prospect with a vital interest. She soothes my restlessness like the lulling, tender, charming cadence of "Dormi pure." I shall dream of her to-night.

August 12.—An end to the idle dreaming in which I have been revelling for three happy days and nights. Just, too, as I thought all was going well—just as fate seemed to smile propitiously upon me. I had passed her every day in her walks, and at evening followed her boat on the bay, and met her in precise moment at the landing, she surely conscious of my intent, and surely not shunning me. To-night I was going to the hotel, to a reading to be given by an itinerant student, in hopes of seeing her there.

I shall not go now. No, I shall bury myself in the cool cabin of our snugly anchored steamer, envelop myself in a drowning cloud of cigar smoke, and listen patiently to the learned disquisitions of my scientific comrades.

Fortunately for me I had not plunged deeper into the insinuating madness. Even now, while hopelessly assured that I have no part or lot in her destiny, I can not without pain uproot the interest she has awakened—an interest to which the scene of this morning gives a tinge of chivalrous sentiment. Would that I could rescue her from her hard fate! From my heart I pity her.

Yesterday I was induced by N——— to join him in a walk to the encampment enlivening at this season a sea-side bluff a few miles north of us; and leaving him in curious enjoyment of the motley assemblage, I started alone on my homeward track. I enjoyed the solitude as a man always enjoys solitude when his brain and nerves are filled and vibrating with a pleasing image and sensation. The beauty of the day responded sympathetically to my mood: the sky was blue as a sapphire; the sea shone with a thousand spangles; the fresh and fragrant verdure of the way-side justified the eulogium pronounced upon the locality by an enthusiastic sojourner—"The paradise of sea-sides."

Not a living creature crossed my path, and I kept to the road mechanically until I reached a tract of woodland very near our moorings; the roofs of the little hamlet and its one white spire were already in sight. Then I turned aside, and crossing a rough stile, entered one of the loveliest forests I had ever seen. It was a fresh young forest, in which nature had been assisted by man. Larches and arbor vitæ and other graceful trees of rare varieties were mingled with the pines and alders and wild chestnuts that were the aborigines of the soil, and the ground was carpeted with exquisite ferns and flowering plants.

Here in this unique wildwood I met her. She was with a company of young people—three or four girls, and those two rather good-looking young fellows that I have seen hanging around the piazza of the hotel for a day or two. Her arms were laden with ferns; she looked like a wood nymph of a poet's dream; and as I passed her, gun in hand—I have always noticed that a dangerous weapon is attractive to women—she glanced first at that, with a startled shy questioning, as if to ask, "Is it loaded?" and then at me, very briefly, but fully and trustingly, as if to convey the confident, "But *you* will carry it safely." It was the first time our eyes had met; and as, lifting my hat with all deference, I went on, I felt an exhilaration, a mental intoxication, such as no experience of "Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine," had ever before produced in my rather susceptible nature. I was radiantly happy. But all is over now. That was yesterday. This is to-day.

She was not on the bay last evening. It was brilliant moonlight. I had been down to the south beach with Dr. D———, to inspect the dazzling carcass of a magnificent specimen in D———'s line—a fish mailed with great scales of pearl and silver, a creature with a tremendous name, and from the Gulf of Mexico, which opportunely, as if divining his advantage of being made immortal, had floated into these waters under the very eyes and noses of our savants.

It was late, and we were returning past the hill, when I observed two figures in the arbor on the knoll that filled me with dismay. There she stood in the arch of the arbor, draped in some delicate texture that wrapped her form and aureoled her head like a white vapor, looking off at the sea view, and at her side, *very* near her, a mammoth specimen of humanity, a full-bearded imperial giant. Could he be her husband? With whom else would she at this late hour be separated from the group on the piazza in all the boldness of an observed *tête-à-tête?*

I was base enough to wish that this human monster, like that of another genus, had chosen to fling himself upon our shores in an inanimate state. I could have relished stuffing him with arsenical mixtures. My blood-thirsty rage abated when I reached my cabin; the air of that little wave-rocked domicile was haunted with flattering reverie. And its very first suggestion was, "Repress your jealousy; the man may be her brother."

I had not, however, after an uneasy slumber, recovered my spirits by morning. After breakfast, declining to accompany my friends in a piscatorial expedition, I took a book in my hand and sauntered, in a dejected mood, up the high-road to the way-side forest where I had met her. The sky was as bright as yesterday, the waves as sparkling, but they were no longer in accord with my musings. My day-dream was vanishing, and leaving me unmistakably lonely.

When I reached the hill-top near the stile that crossed the stone wall into the wood the breath of the sea came up so invigoratingly that I seated myself on the sward, green and fragrant with clover to the wall's edge. I opened my book and began listlessly to read. Presently my attention became riveted by the well-turned subject, and I should have gone on very well for an hour or two but for the sound of voices.

The voices were on the other side of the wall, not immediately near, or I should have felt it perhaps my duty to discover myself, but at some little distance, and evidently retreating. I heard them quite distinctly. A man and a woman were talking.

"I can make any woman love me," said the man, "if I put my mind to it."

"You can not make me," said the woman.

"Because you are not my wife," he answered. "Any man who determinedly and consistently endeavors to win the affections of a woman whom he has either coaxed or forced into his possession is sure to win her in the end. It is the nature of woman to yield her heart to the steadfast and supreme devotion of man; that is, if her heart be not preoccupied. And yours is not preoccupied, Alicia."

"No; my life has been of the peculiar vicissitude that makes it impossible for a girl to think of any other love than that which belongs to her parents. I have seen in the course of our long and rapid journeys a few young men who seemed attractive to me, that is all. I love my father dearly, devotedly—unto death, if that need be. Otherwise my heart is, as you say, not preoccupied."

"That is all I ask," said the other—"a fair field. I ask none fairer than your sweet soul, Alicia."

His voice fell, and I know not what followed.

Presently she replied to some question inaudible, and though the space was increasing between us, the fine flute-like penetrating tones of the utterance caused every word of this answer to reach me.

"Because, Norman, something within me, and something very strong too, rebels against coercion. I consider you ungenerous, yes, cruel, in this last demand upon my poor father, so broken down by his misfortunes that he is not capable of perceiving the ignominy which he is precipitating upon his daughter. I shall not desert him. I shall sacrifice myself if it must be. But oh, why can not you be generous, be merciful? Surely, surely you have reaped enough from this connection. He has lost everything; you have gained all. You have houses, lands, riches, all, of that kind. Oh, do not urge them upon me as a motive! Wealth has no attraction for me. I know its hollowness; I have seen its instability. Why can not you let me go with the rest, and still save his good name? Why bury me, an inoffensive girl, in the miserable ashes?"

"Because *I will not*," answered the man, and the voice reached me in its assured emphasis through the lengthening distance. I heard no more. But a few minutes later I saw two forms emerging from the gateway to the valley, and walking together down the ravine toward the bridge. There was no mistaking them: the man was the herculean stranger I saw last night in the moon-lit arbor; the girl, Alicia, was my—well, let me call her my *day-dream.*

August 13.—Thirteen: the number of separation. I recollect that doom pronounced upon this particular combination by "Palmoni." I recollect it because it falls true to me to-day. We are separated. But I have a keepsake of our parting.

It is Sunday, and I have been to church in that rustic place of worship marked by the one spire of the village. She must have been there too; but I did not see her until returning home. Her prayer-book was in her hand, and she was attended only by the dark-veiled lady who had been her companion in the boat.

She walked slowly, probably in compliance with the languid pace of her invalid friend, and they were far behind the other people. I had lingered after service to go into the little churchyard—a strange, quaint place, filled with graves of sea-farers and their wives and children, and with stones for unburied sailors who had perished at sea: a pathetic nook, planted thick with sweet shrubs, almost like a garden, on the wild sea-coast.

If it had not been for this lingering I should not have seen her; as it was, I followed directly in her footsteps. She paused presently as if looking at some object on the ground, but whatever it was, she did not stoop and lift it. I saw what it was when I came up—not a dead bird as I had fancied, or a dropped letter, or anything, indeed, but a cast horseshoe—a battered thing enough, wayworn and travel-marked.

"Go back for it, Ally," I heard the elder lady say. "I have a superstition about a horseshoe, especially one cast in your way, and on a Sunday. Go back for it, my dear; if not for yourself, for me."

The young lady turned back and came toward me. I lifted the uncanny toy of superstition from the dust and gave it to her. She did not simply accept the act, as she had my former courtesies, with a silent and glance-averted motion of her queenly head. This time she looked at me, and not only that—she spoke to me.

"It is for some one," she said, "who does not know of Fate, and who believes in Luck. Thank you." As she took it her hand relaxed its hold upon her prayer-book, and a wild rose that had been set between its leaves, as a mark perhaps for the lesson of the day, fluttered to the ground.

"May I have it?" I asked, quickly.

"It seems to belong to you," she answered, with a voice like one whose heart is broken, or like one who belongs to a far-off world. And she was gone.

Conscious through my mental mist of mingled joy and sorrow, my astonishment at her venture of addressing me, my knowledge of her darkly imposed destiny, and my observation that the ladies quickened their pace as they left me, I stood still.

I remained I know not how long, where I was, on that breezy hill-top, scented by the gentle forests, haunted by the cool strange breath of the limitless sea. Shall I ever forget it?

August 15.—So much for a sentimental episode—a fruitless day-dream! I saw the three figures, Alicia leading, enter the cars for the north this morning early when I went for my letters. And to-night we leave in our stanch little steamers, bound southward."

This closed for the season the midsummer diary of Theodore Ellwood.

A faded woman, no longer vitally attractive, but still vividly intelligent, sobered but not dulled by life's experience, saddened yet not imbittered by the revelations of opened years, and chastened by a pitying insight into "the woes of all the world." Such a woman makes a wise counsellor and an excellent friend.

So Theodore Ellwood thought, probably, when he made a confidante of Mrs. Manning, a lady many years his senior, and in years gone by a school friend of his mother, who upon her death-bed had spoken lovingly of Grace Manning to her son, then in his boyhood, and left in the dangerous position of being heir to a large fortune, and with no near relative to give him judicious care.

He was sitting in a pensive mood in Mrs. Manning's sunny parlor, and she drew her friendly arm-chair nearer him as he spoke.

"I have made up my mind to offer myself to Matilda."

"You have been a long time about it, Theodore."

"Yes; because I have never been quite satisfied. I know that she is all that the world approves, all that a roving fellow like myself ought to expect. But she has never filled my heart entirely. And of late—for the last two years, in fact—she has been a second choice."

"Why not offer yourself to your first choice, then?"

"My first choice is only a day-dream," said Theodore Ellwood, sadly. "And it has been a potent one. I did not realize at the time how much it was to me, or I should have followed the clew I could then have obtained to the reality, and have saved her, perhaps, and saved myself. I was a senseless dolt that I did not. But I did not then, I say, realize how deeply the adventure had taken hold of me. I did not comprehend at the moment what I have learned bitterly since, that

"'Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts, ...
And make us what we were not, what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by.'"

"Theodore," said Mrs. Manning, "you are a young man yet. You have excellent capabilities in your character for a true and exalted married life—the highest type of happiness granted, I do believe, to our pilgrimage on earth. If I were you, I would wait. I would take all means to discover the trace of the woman you call your first choice. It may be that to see her again would be to you merely the relief of disenchantment, and the discovery that, after all, Matilda is your ruling love. But I would wait. It seems to me that a man is hardly justified in giving to his wife a place that his heart secretly confesses to be a second choice."

Theodore Ellwood heard her not. He had leaped, like one galvanized, from his pensive attitude in the chair, and had rushed to the closed door against whose panel hung a little object that suddenly had caught and now engrossed his attention with an intensity of interest that, unexplained, was absurd.

"Where did you get this?" he cried. "Tell me, who gave you this? Strange, strange, that it should come upon me to-day! *This* day, of all the days in my life!"

Mrs. Manning stared at her guest in amazement. "Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that you are so superstitious? Is that obsolete form of witchcraft not extinct? How is it, Theodore? Or have you a religious faith in the old mystic emblem of the shape of the magnet—of the 'parted fingers' giving 'avaunt' to evil? You must have, I think, to be so excited in the moment of your earnest deliberation and counsel with yourself by the apparition of what seems to me an idle toy."

For the object upon which he looked with eyes startled from their calm orbits, with dismay or delight—his observer could not determine which—was nothing more than a horseshoe fastened against the door, in compliance with a trivial fashion of the day—a painted horseshoe, gilded at the rim, and garnished with wild roses, and the motto interweaving the pink petals and green leaves, "Happiness is a wayside flower."

Theodore Ellwood answered not a word. He merely repeated, "Tell me where you found this, dear Mrs. Manning. Tell me who gave you this."

And then he in his turn was astonished. For Mrs. Manning, the very impersonation of quiet dignity and matronly slowness of impulse, arose in her turn and paced the room like one demented.

"Why have I been so blind?" she murmured to herself. "Why have I never held these two together in my thoughts? My eyes are opened now, and perhaps 'tis not too late. Theodore," she said, and the tone of her voice, though not loud, was so excited that it shook the nerves of her friend, "come here."

He came; but he had no sooner come than she said, in a tone equally nerve-stirring: "Go away. I can not talk to you any more to-day. I

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"I LIFTED THE UNCANNY TOY OF SUPERSTITION AND GAVE IT TO HER."

must be alone awhile. I have a—an engagement soon. Go home, my dear boy, and come back to me this evening at eight. No, stay: come Saturday evening at eight." She arose with the air of one dismissing her guest. "And in the mean time, as you value my advice, the counsel of your mother's friend, do not offer yourself to Matilda until you have seen me again. Wait."

Theodore waited. And such a vivid coloring had been given by the incident of the horseshoe to his romantic memory of a summer, and his cherished day-dream, that all other thoughts were banished. So steeped was he in a reverie of the past, and in the vaguely awakened faith that he might yet in the future meet Alicia, that the surprising bit of gossip poured into his ear by a gentleman of his club failed to make any painful impression upon his susceptibility, and failed to cost him one regretful sigh. The bit of gossip was the news that formal announcement had been made of the marriage engagement of Matilda to an adventurous stripling whom Theodore had often met as one in a train of that young lady's admirers, but whom, such an adept was Matilda in coquetry, he had never for a moment considered a rival.

"Saturday evening at eight." What was it that, as he ascended the stairs to the secluded little parlor, thrilled him with a novel quickness of the pulse? Was it a presage of consummating destiny? Was it a presentiment of approaching joy?

"Come in," sounded the familiar voice, in answer to his knock, *uncontrollably tremulous*.

He found Mrs. Manning alone as he entered. She came forward with her kind calm manner to receive him—a manner a shade, perhaps, kinder than usual. He found her—no, not alone. Some one, hidden at first view by the back of the antique arm-chair in which she was seated, turned toward him as his step advanced—a young lady in deep mourning. He did not recognize her at first, for a year of wretched "wedlock forced" had done its work in shadowing the young features; but an instant afterward he knew her—Alicia! And more lovely she seemed to him in the pathetic grace of that subtle interpreter of all grace—sorrow.

Always grave in its sweetness, irresistible now, so Theodore thought, in its sadness, was the face that turned toward him; and the eyes, they were the haunting eyes of his day-dream! They met his now, in the mingled ray of fire-light and twilight, certainly, though reservedly, with *recognition*.

That evening was the happiest of Theodore Ellwood's life: the happiest, because it held the bud of all most precious that the years stored for him.

How much was said! how *much still* dearer was left unsaid! Mrs. Manning went in and out during the three hours that the visit lasted; so there was interval for brief interchange of comprehensive words, and for a few confiding glances.

He learned *that evening* the story of Alicia's life. From the first it had been full of sorrowful trial. She lost her mother in her infancy, and thereafter accompanied her father in his wandering career. He was a reckless speculator, and in some of his ventures his name became, if not tarnished, at least suspiciously compromised. It was at that time that the unprincipled Norman Greyton, who had been associated with him in financial matters, and held him in his power, demanded, as a return for service that no one else could render, the hand of his daughter. Alicia, unable to awaken Greyton's generosity, yielded to the emergency, and, to save her father, became the wife of a man she despised. Greyton died suddenly from the effects of a debauch, after a year of married life, which to his young wife was one unbroken scene of wretchedness.

The happiest evening of Theodore Ellwood's life, because it held the bud of all that was brightest in his future.

Much was said; much that was dearer left unsaid; but one thing, spoken by Theodore, Alicia remembered always with sentiment. For it was a question that a few months afterward, at the close of a tender and manly courtship, she answered to him on her marriage day, and indeed answered to his soul's content by her daily life thereafter.

For a *moment* they had been standing together, looking at that little waif of the summer seaside, the veritable "cast horseshoe" which Theodore had lifted *from the dust* and given to Alicia, when she granted *him in* return the wild rose.

And now in their remeeting he read to her the motto she herself had inscribed, "Happiness is a way-side flower." And in a *voice softly* cadenced and attuned as only love can attune a voice he asked the question, "Do you not think that if it were transplanted into a loving home and into a true heart, happiness might be *something more* than a way-side flower?"

"HE LEARNED THAT EVENING THE STORY OF ALICIA'S LIFE."

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THE LATE J. R. GREEN, HISTORIAN.

THE CHIEF AMBASSADOR FROM MADAGASCAR.

HON. T. W. PALMER, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MICHIGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY O'NEIL.

THE SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.

THE election on the eighty-first ballot of THOMAS W. PALMER as Senator from Michigan broke the last dead-lock, and completed the new Senate, with the exception of a successor to Mr. ROLLINS, of New Hampshire, who is to be elected in June next. Of the new body 37 are Republicans, 36 Democrats, and 2 Independents. Senator PALMER, who is about fifty years of age, is a wealthy lumberman, and a resident of Detroit. He has never held public office before, save one term in the State Senate. He has been prominently mentioned in connection with the office of Governor, and nothing but the rule of a second term in connection with a faithful discharge of duties as applied to Governor JEROME prevented his nomination last fall. He received a good academical education, took a partial course in the State University at Ann Arbor, but the failure of his eyesight compelled him to leave before completing his course. He then travelled in Spain and South America. Returning home, he entered upon his business career, which he has pursued ever since. He is a gentleman of genial manners, wide popularity, and has business connections in different parts of the State which aided him materially in the canvass which he entered vigorously upon at the final break up of the FERRY campaign.

THE MADAGASCAR EMBASSY.

THE envoys of the Queen of Madagascar, sent to this country to arrange a treaty, reached New York in the steamer *Spain* on the 3d inst. The vessel was gayly decked with bunting. When opposite Fort Hamilton a salute of fifteen guns was fired, and at Fort Columbus, on Governor's Island, the compliment was repeated. The party includes RAVONINAHITRINIARIVO, holder of fifteen honors, officer of the palace, Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and chief ambassador; RAMANIRAKA, holder of fourteen honors, O. D. P., member of the Privy Council, and second ambassador; Messrs. AUDRIANSIA and ROBIBISOI, secretaries; Mr. RANJALAHY, aide-de-camp; ANTHONY TACCHI, secretary and translator; Colonel ROBINSON; and Rev. W. C. PICKERSGILL, missionary at Madagascar. The Malagassies are all fine-looking men. RAVONINAHITRINIARIVO, whose portrait is given on this page, is a man of medium stature, with a long black mustache. The secretary is the only one of the embassy who speaks English, except the interpreter. The party were all dressed in English clothing, with high silk hats, and expressed themselves as greatly pleased with their trip.

THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR GREEN.

PROFESSOR J. R. GREEN, author of several well-known and important historical works, died on the 6th inst. at Mentone, Italy, whither he went several months ago in search of health. Mr. GREEN was an examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford, an Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, and a Doctor of Laws. He became known in this country by the publication, in 1874, of his *Short History of the English People*, a clear, brilliant, and forcible composition, which placed him at once in the front rank of modern historians. All owned his charm of style and his narrative power. The book was afterward expanded into a work of four volumes, and published under the title of *History of the English People*, which, while retaining the life and sparkle of its predecessor, is a better-proportioned and more complete piece of work.

Mr. GREEN'S other works, which, as well as the foregoing, are published in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, are *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, *Readings from English History*, and *The Making of England*. He had no sympathy with that theory of history which makes it simply a record of wars and dynasties, but aimed to present the real life of the people in all the phases of political, intellectual, moral, and material progress.

GENERAL WOODFORD'S SUCCESSOR.

Mr. ELIHU ROOT, who succeeds General STEWART L. WOODFORD as United States District Attorney, is a native of Clinton, Oneida County, New York, where he was born in 1843. His father is OREN ROOT, Professor of Mathematics at Hamilton College, at which institution Mr. ROOT was graduated in 1863, valedictorian of his class. After graduation he devoted himself to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. Soon after he came to this city and began the practice of his profession, in which he has achieved deserved success. He is a member of the law firm of BARTLETT & ROOT. Although an ardent Republican, he has never held any public office. He has represented his district—the twenty-first—on the Central Committee.

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE Civil Service Commission appointed by President ARTHUR consists of Mr. DORMAN B. EATON, of New York, Mr. JOHN M. GREGORY, of Illinois, and Mr. LEROY D. THOMAN, of Ohio.

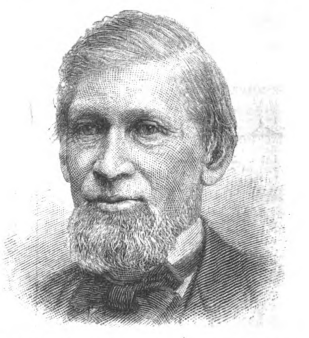
Mr. EATON is a native of Vermont, and a graduate of the University of that State. He studied at the Harvard Law School, and in 1850 began the practice of his profession in this city as a partner of the late Judge WILLIAM KENT. He has given considerable time to political and municipal affairs, and has been largely identified with the work of reform. In 1877, at the request of President HAYES, he began to write a historical report upon the British civil service, visiting England for the purpose. This report was published by HARPER & BROTHERS in 1879 in the volume entitled *Civil Service in Great Britain*.

Mr. GREGORY is a native of Rensselaer County, New York, and is sixty years of age. He is a graduate of Union College, and studied law for two years, but afterward turned to theology. From 1859 to 1865 he was State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Michigan, and afterward President of Kalamazoo College. In 1867 he was elected Regent of the Illinois Industrial University. His present residence is at Champaign, Illinois.

Judge THOMAN is a young man of thirty-two, and a native of Salem, Ohio. While a lad he taught school at Piper City, Illinois, and at the age of twenty was admitted to the bar at Columbia City, Indiana. Two years later he was appointed a Deputy-Prosecutor, and subsequently he began the practice of law in Youngstown. He was elected Probate Judge in 1875, and again in 1878. He ran for Congress in 1880, but was defeated, and in 1881 came near being the Democratic candidate for Governor.

DORMAN B. EATON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON.

L. D. THOMAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEROY & TERRILL.



THE REV. J. M. GREGORY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAUGHTON.

ELIHU ROOT, UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.

GENERAL CHARLES K. GRAHAM, NAVAL OFFICER, PORT OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

JAMES L. BENEDICT, SURVEYOR, PORT OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALMAN.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

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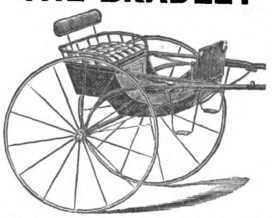

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A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker or a Grain Binder:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their papers for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was NOT A HUMBUG. *Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*

SO DONT BE A CLAM

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—It is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch: the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Barber, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible: the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin: the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes: it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing: plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*): it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, *etc.*, and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap: leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done that day.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid:* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.
A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.
A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.
A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.
Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake: *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle

THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems,*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is roll-ed when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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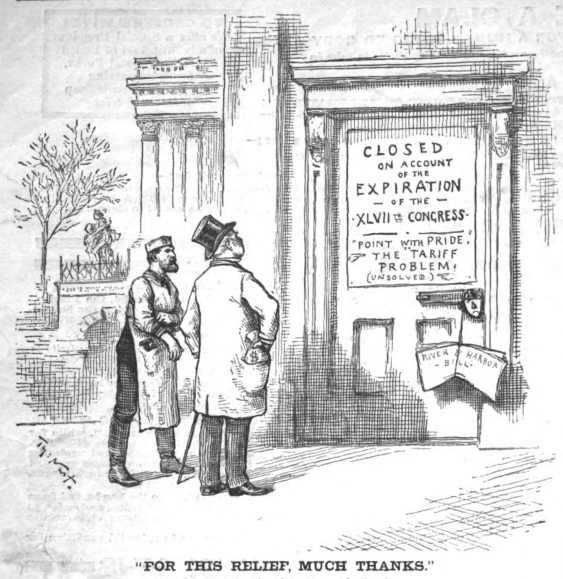

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS."

In every hamlet throughout the land.

CAPITAL TO LABOR. "Well, I suppose it will be safe for us to resume work for a while now."

PUBLIC SPEAKERS

ARE often greatly annoyed, and their best efforts impaired by Hoarseness, caused by protracted or undue exertion of the vocal organs. To such **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar** is recommended as an efficient remedy, quickly soothing irritation of the Throat, and allaying an inflamed condition of the larnyx, thus not only giving temporary relief, but preventing many other serious affections of the Throat and Lungs. ☞ *Ask your Druggist* for Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar (full name), *and take no other.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

IODINATED AIR

Gives *instant relief* to Headache, Hay-Fever, Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Neuralgia, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, and Hoarseness. For sale by all druggists. Sent free, by mail, for $1 00.

THE IODINATOR M'F'G CO., P.O. Box 2976, N.Y.

SYPHER & CO.

ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING FROM EUROPE

Antique Silver, Furniture, Clocks, Bronzes, and Articles of Vertu.

739 & 741 BROADWAY.

31

"BATTLE OF 31."

A GREAT MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

Patented Jan. 4, 1883.

Equal in interest and "vexations" to the great "15 Puzzle," but being played by two persons, it is a more sociable amusement.

Full of perplexing and exasperating combinations, but perfectly simple of solution, when you know how.

Agents wanted in every City, Town, and Village. Sample by mail on receipt of 25c. Manufactured by E. I. HORSMAN, 80 & 82 William St., N.Y.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

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THE STAR THAT LEADS THEM ALL

UNEQUALLED FOR SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION AND DURABILITY

EASE OF OPERATION

THE LIGHT RUNNING

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE

GOLD PENS.

PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, &c.

THE CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN.

A GOLD PEN and RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury for persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

MARIE, TODD, & BARD,
180 Broadway, New York.

Send for Price-List.

OUR GOODS ARE SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE

45 Govt. and 40-60 Grain Cartridges.

VERY STRONG, PERFECTLY SAFE.

THE BEST R[illegible] in the world for Large Game. Shooting more accurate, Model more beautiful, [illegible] Population easier, Finish finer, than that of any other rifle. MARLIN FIRE-ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING,

Steam Pipe & Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Mill Board, Sheathing, Fire Proof Coatings, &c.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.

EARL & WILSON'S

PATENT "SHORT BAND" COLLARS AND "BEAD EDGE" CUFFS

ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION

CONGRESS WATER.

Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, native and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys. None genuine on draught.

CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

HOW to Make $500 Yearly Profit with 12 Hens. 45 medals awarded. Inventor, PROF. A. CORBETT, 7 Warren Street, New York. Particulars sent free.

BABY CARRIAGE—The Novelty. Has springs to adjust to weight. L. P. TIBBALS, 820 Broadway, N.Y.

THE BEST THE DUEBER WATCH CASE

AMERICAN STAR SOFT CAPSULES THE BEST. Also, Star Empty Capsules. All Druggists.

The Great English Complexion Soap.

SPECIALLY APPOINTED MAKERS TO THE BY ROYAL WARRANT PRINCE OF WALES.

Established nearly 100 Years. 15 International Awards.

PEARS' SOAP

A GOOD COMPLEXION: Soft White Hands—Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

THERE is nothing which adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but too coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the general public are so little acquainted with the qualities of Toilet Soaps that they are indiscriminate in their selection, and frequently most unconsciously are daily injuring, instead of improving, one of the greatest of personal charms.

The excellent qualities of **PEARS' SOAP** have induced the most eminent Physicians and Chemists to give it their special recommendation, and one of the most learned authorities on the skin,

The President of the College of Surgeons of England, PROFESSOR SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,

writes; "The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. * * * **PEARS** is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant;' and **PEARS' SOAP** is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for 'the skin.'"

PEARS' SOAP is absolutely pure, free from excess of alkali (Soda), contains no artificial coloring matter, is delightfully perfumed, exceedingly durable, it has been in good repute **nearly one hundred years,** and obtained 15 International Awards.

To those whose skin is generally irritable or readily affected by the weather, **PEARS' SOAP** is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient and non-irritant character, all *redness, roughness, and chapping are avoided, and a clear, healthy appearance, and a soft, velvety condition obtained, accompanied by a delicate and beautiful complexion.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the Toilet.

The following well-known Signatures are from amongst innumerable Testimonials:

I HAVE found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion. *Adelina Patti*

I HAVE much pleasure in stating I have used PEARS' SOAP for some time, and prefer it to any other. *Ellie Langtry*

All the Leading Druggists sell PEARS' SOAP.

Low Son & Haydons
Old Brown Windsor
Turtle Oil Tablets
Elder Flower ½ the Bars
Pure Toilet Soaps made from the best English Stock and generally aged six months before offered for sale are recommended by all Druggists Handkerchief Extracts Jersey Lily and Iroquois are made from the best Pomades of Grasse France by washing with extra refined Spirits they are so strong that it is well to dilute before using. We refer to the following letter which speaks for itself showing that those who have once tested the goods ask for them again and also advise their friends to use the article. Robt Low's Son

FROM J. C. UBERT, PROPRIETOR. Ubert's Tar, Boneset & Honey.

Cor. Division & Lee Aves

TO Brooklyn N.Y. June 17 1883
Messrs Howard & Hurst Co
City

Gentlemen The Low Son & Haydons Stock I purchased from You for my holiday trade have given the best of satisfaction. It pleases Me to Say that their Sale Need no Talk or Unnecessary Delay on the part of the Seller.
Respt. Yours J.C. Ubert

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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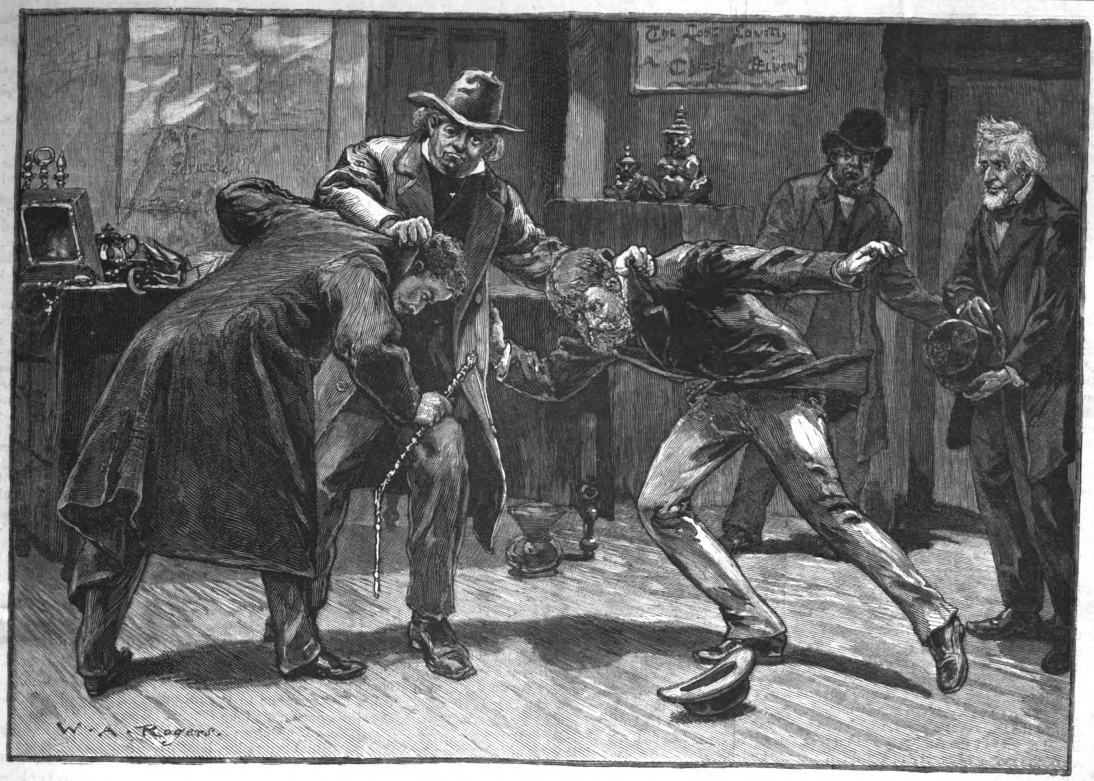

FARMER STEBBINS AHEAD.

[Sequel to "Farmer Stebbins on the Bowery."]

DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—

I'm very glad you sent that money through,
By Cousin Seth, and not by mail, as I requested you!
The fam'ly's just so much ahead: 'twere best it never came,
If Jeroboam Jones had twined his fingers 'round the same.
For that young man has principles fit only to abhor,
And isn't the kind of relative that I was looking for!

My sakes! Millennium's nowhere near, when men so false can be
As to equivocate themselves into my family tree,
And on its honest branches graft the shoots of their design,
And make me think they're good because they're relatives of mine,
While under those fraternal smiles a robber's frown is hid;
But that's the inappropriate thing that Jeroboam did!

When Cousin Seth the tavern reached whose clerk o'ershadows me,
He cried, "Where is my long-lost son I've come so far to see?"
And so, to fill that father's heart with resurrected joy,
I twisted 'round with him a bit, to try and find the boy;
And coming where I had the luck that hymn-book for to win,
I opened quietly the door, and both of us went in.

The Superintendent still was there; he gave a little start,
But welcomed us, apparently, with overflowing heart;
And told us all about the work, and how 'twas getting on,
And how much money those who gave unto the cause had won;
But Cousin Seth, though much impressed with what he heard and saw,
Said he didn't fix the envelopes, and b'lieved he wouldn't draw.

Just then the door was opened quick, and with a solemn grin
Young Jeroboam Jones appeared, and sidled softly in;
And with him was an older man, who looked enough like me
To've been a reg'lar Stebbins too, so far as one could see;
But slapping Seth upon the back, I said, "My duty's done,
For this is Jeroboam Jones, your long-lost oldest son!"

"My 'long-lost oldest son'?" said he: "he's 'bout as much my son
As you are the beloved babe of Gen'ral Washington!
It strikes me that my married life was very much amiss,
If I'm responsible for such a sneakin' face as this!
He's blinded you by his supposed relationship to me:
He's no one I have ever seen, or ever want to see!"

As when a fog above a field the sudden breezes tore,
You spied a thousand things you did not even miss before,
So all the facts of this affair, as clear as summer skies,
Straightway arranged themselves before my reconstructed eyes:
That these were not veracious men, and this no Sunday-school,
And naught was what it seemed, except one old bald-headed fool!

I held those two deceivers out, with unassisted strength,
And by the collar shook each one to my arm's furthest length;
They gasped and danced and skipped around, without a word to say—
They put their heads together in a new and painful way.
"One hundred dollars fifty cents, and not a penny less!"
I shouted; "and I'll send you back your hymn-book by express."

When finally in my discourse a breathing pause occurred,
The Superintendent counted out the cash, without a word,
Which, with a manner dignified, I coldly repossessed;
And, still retaining Jeroboam, that scamp I thus addressed:
"And so you are the bogus friend and relative, so free
To spend his time a-making fools of poor old men like me.

"I'm Supervisor of the town where I have lived so long:
There ain't a man in all that part will say I've done him wrong;
There ain't a man will claim but what I'm ordinary keen;
But when I plant myself in town, I grow exceeding green,
And any kind-expressioned man, who acts a civil part,
Can always find my soul to home, and house-room in my heart.

"It's sad for such a smile as yours to find so sad a fate;
And there's *some* good in you—at least enough to use for bait;
Without *some* kindness in your heart, you couldn't have hauled in me;
And as to how you've used your gifts, just pause a bit and see.
I've gambled, by your calling it a charitable name,
And my self-valuation sunk with unaccustomed shame.

"I've done what I'd have whipped my boys for even looking at;
And don't suppose but what I own part of the blame for that:
I thought I saw a chance to make five dollars out o' one,
Which, with strict justice all around, is very seldom done.
But up to that outrageous point, remember, I was led
By your assumed relationship, and several things you said.

"Do you reflect, young man, upon the fruit you're growing to?
There's prison grates a-waiting now to stand in front of you.
There's grief of unexpected kinds, and every sort of shame,
To send you some time from this world much poorer than you came.
Your guilty head you hang before us sinners standing by:
What angle do you s'pose 'twould take 'mongst angels in the sky?

"There's hope e'en on the death-bed for a square, straightforward thief,
But *Judases* have always come to most peculiar grief;
The Lord has pity, I suppose, for erring men and weak,
But no good satisfact'ry place in which to put a sneak.
And when a man wins men's esteem, then thrives by their mistakes,
He makes himself a bigger fool than all the fools he makes."

Then my adopted relative I seated in a chair,
With amply necessary help, and sev'ral pounds to spare.
Then Seth and I with dignity bade both the scamps good-day,
Advising them to gain their bread in some dissimilar way;
And as we thundered down the stairs, with heavy rural tread,
I felt that I'd at last come out some several rods ahead.

WILL CARLETON.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

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"*Is a noble store-house, well stocked with good things, grave and gay, for the whole household of children—from the wee ones to the boys and girls well on in their teens. Parents can make no mistake in subscribing for the current year—that their little ones may have a yearly round of joy.*"—From The Sunday-school Journal, edited by the REV. JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D.

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PROPOSALS FOR A NEW PARTY.

TAKING advantage of the political calm which naturally follows the adjournment of Congress in the middle of a Presidential term, Mr. HENRY GEORGE has stated his view of the necessity of a new party. By his work upon *Progress and Poverty*—a treatise upon political economy which is written with singular clearness, and which has commanded universal attention as a significant contribution to social science—Mr. GEORGE has earned the right to be heard, and to have his suggestions carefully considered. According to the most copious report of his recent address that we have seen, he holds that the usual division between parties is the line between special privilege and equal rights, or, as he expresses it, between the moneyed power and the people. In this country he thinks that the Federal, the Whig, and the Republican parties have represented the first. But where, he asks, is the party that represents the people? The antithesis of moneyed power and the people as applied to parties in this country does not seem to us to be felicitous, because the Republican, which he calls the party of the moneyed power, has done more to secure equal rights than any party in history, and what Mr. GEORGE calls its seizure by the moneyed power is merely the support which financial enterprise always gives to a strong government *de facto*. Thirty years ago the same "moneyed power" sustained the Democratic party, which was merely the political agency of the strongest and most aristocratic form of the moneyed power in Southern slavery and Northern trade.

Mr. GEORGE admits this fact without apparently admitting its bearing upon his general theory of the significance of parties. He does, however, concede that the party now called Democratic, which he ridicules as a party of the outs, willing to profess anything or to abandon anything to get in, is not the party of the people nor of equal rights, and he justly asserts that there is no hope in this country for a party that does not know what its principles are. The Democratic party was disgracefully beaten in 1880, he thinks, as it deserved to be, and as the moneyed power in his judgment has mastered the Republican party, he holds it to be a good time to reconstruct parties. He calls for a party to raise the standard of a true democracy, and he finds its principles in the Declaration of Independence—which, however, has been the working chart of the Republican party. He recites the principles, freedom of person, of speech, of the press, of conscience, and of trade. As a matter of fact, none of these forms of freedom, except a modified form of revenue tariff, has ever been promoted by the Democratic party. During the life of Mr. GEORGE that party has been the great enemy of the popular freedom and equal rights proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence, and it is singular that he should suppose this party to have represented the people. Its strength has always lain among the extremely rich and the extremely poor. In its palmy day it was an alliance of Southern aristocracy and Northern ignorance. For more than a generation it has never represented the distinctive intelligence, industry, and morality of the American people. It is not to the body of voters who now call themselves Democrats that Mr. GEORGE can hopefully look for any intelligent comprehension or maintenance of the freedom asserted by the Declaration of Independence, and which is the legitimate American tradition.

This perhaps he does not expect, and when he advances to his next proposition he moves quite beyond the sympathy of any large number of persons in any existing party. Mr. GEORGE holds that the Declaration of Independence virtually affirms, or necessarily implies, that the land of a country is the common property of the people of that country, and his demand for a new Democratic party, after praising JEFFERSON'S doctrine of the limited function of government, affirms that we must nevertheless not shrink from extending its powers for the public benefit—the ancient plea of despotism—and not only must the government hold the land, but it must take possession of the railroads and the telegraphs, and maintain them for the people. This is certainly not what is generally understood to be the Jeffersonian idea. It is what is known as Socialism, in which the State becomes a "paternal government," and the mainspring of liberty, which is individual independence and energy, is broken. The address of Mr. GEORGE is significant as the first word of the kind from an American who has ably studied the question, and it is an interesting contrast with the views which Professor SUMNER is unfolding in our pages. The Professor would be surprised to be described as unfriendly to the true principles of American freedom and greatness, and as the advocate of the moneyed power against equal rights.

MORE WATER.

THE Commission appointed by the Mayor of New York at the request of the Senate of the State to report upon the question of an increased water supply for the city have made a clear and decisive and unanimous report. The subject is one of the highest importance, and it has been treated by the Commission with a due sense of responsibility. The present Croton aqueduct delivers from 95,000,000 to 98,000,000 gallons of water daily, and more can not be expected from it. When it was built the population of the city was 350,000; it is now 1,300,000. In consequence of this enormously increased demand the present aqueduct is inadequate, and in many parts of the city the water will run only on the lower floors, or even in the basements and cellars. The Commission have no doubt of the necessity of an increased supply, and they are agreed that the most feasible source of an additional supply is the Croton watershed, which will satisfy the daily consumption of the city until it shall exceed 250,000,000 gallons. A new aqueduct for this supply should not be less than fifteen feet in clear inside diameter. Its length would be twenty-eight or thirty miles, and it ought to be built in two and a half years, at a cost of not more than $500,000 per mile.

But to secure the city against the consequences of drought, the capacity of the storage reservoirs must be increased. The present capacity is 8,586,000,000, but in order to be sure of a daily supply of 100,000,000 gallons, additional storage for 4,000,000,000 gallons must be provided. As to further provision, the Commission are not agreed whether it should be made by one great reservoir known as the Quaker Bridge, or by a series of smaller reservoirs on the Croton River and its branches. The Quaker Bridge Reservoir ought to be built within five and a half years, at a cost of $5,000,000.

Here is a great public work of immediate necessity, and therefore a possible tremendous job. A fair amount to pay for the aqueduct would be perhaps $15,000,000 or $20,000,000. But this can easily be made $50,000,000 or $100,000,000, and it will be made so if the control is suffered to fall into the hands of those who look upon public works as mere public plunder. The Commission recommend that the work be intrusted to "an unprejudiced Commission," and that it be executed by "competent and reliable" contractors, and with "the greatest impartiality." To this end it should be as carefully protected against the class of persons known as "politicians" as against thieves. Here is a work the application to which of common-sense, which is the essence of civil service reform, will save the tax-payers of New York twenty or thirty or fifty millions of dollars. If the new and indispensable aqueduct is built under the system which was followed in the new Court-house, the Brooklyn Bridge, and the new Capitol, the cost will be appalling. But if the people insist that it shall be built upon business principles, the cost will be reasonable.

A DISMAL RECORD.

A SHREWD observer might well conclude that the extraordinary result of last year's election in New York was craftily designed to demonstrate the insincerity and the incapacity of the Democratic party. The Democratic Governor was elected by an enormous majority. In many ways, as in the veto of the five-cent fare bill, and in declining to appoint harbor-masters in the city, he has shown a regard for the public faith and for public economy which proves that had he been a fair representative of his party he would be the leader of a great political change. But the better his action, the less he represents his party. The harbor-masters exact certain fees. The Supreme Court of the United States declares them to be illegal. Nevertheless, ship-owners continue to pay them, and the Democratic Governor refuses to appoint any harbor-master while the system of extortion continues. Common-sense and the least party sagacity should lead his party in the Legislature to support him. But, on the contrary, it proposes to deprive him of the appointments, and, to make sure of the plunder, it gives the New York appointments to the Mayor, who is a Democrat, and the Brooklyn appointments, not to the Mayor, who is a Republican, but to the Democratic Comptroller.

The same Democratic Legislature, against the report of its own Democratic committee, refuses a Republican the seat to which he was plainly elected. The Superintendent of the New Capitol is a Republican, and properly disregards politics in his subordinate appointments, which it happens that he has bestowed upon Democrats more than upon Republicans. But the Democratic Legislature wants his place and that of the Republicans whom he has selected. Probably the enforcement of a great Democratic policy of government requires that the floor-scrubbers of the Capitol should be Democrats. The State Survey has been conducted for six or seven years in a most efficient and economical manner under the supervision of an eminent Commission. The work is wholly independent of politics or party, and has been so prosecuted. But the Democrats quietly strike out the appropriation, abolish the Commission, and transfer their duties to the office of the State Engineer—unquestionably that the work may be put into politics, and that the Engineer whom they hope to elect next year may find the patronage ready for distribution.

The abolition of this Commission and the suspension of the work is a public wrong, and has provoked universal indignation. In 1824, DE WITT CLINTON, after devoting fourteen years to promoting the Erie Canal, was suddenly and overwhelmingly, without charge or reason, peremptorily removed from the office of Canal Commissioner. But the just indignation of the State made him the next Governor. The omen is happy. For many years the Democratic party has made the welkin ring with the cry of civil service reform. The New York Democratic Legislature has had excellent reform bills before it, and upon the motion of a Republican it has prohibited political assessments, simply because it did not dare to insult public opinion by their continuance. But the excellent bills for reforming the service it leaves untouched, or evades by favoring an investigation to see if reform be necessary. The conduct of the Democratic Legislature of New York has thrown great light upon the political situation. It has demonstrated the utter futility of the Democratic party as a means of reform or progress. It has shown the party to be a mere desperate combination for spoils, without principle or policy, without the instinct or capacity for wise legislation, and even without the lowest form of party cunning. Its only merit is that it does not even pretend to be meritorious.

CHRISTIANS AND CRIMINALS.

GOVERNOR BUTLER'S proposition to receive sealed and private communications from State prisoners, and his harangue to the prisoners at Concord, with the extraordinary tone taken by Democrats in the New York Legislature in regard to the revolt in the workshops at Sing Sing, induced a Democratic newspaper to ask whether its party proposed to identify itself with the criminal classes. But no executive or legislative folly in regard to prisoners, no sentimental treatment of criminals, should close any mind or heart to the truth that our prison and penal system demands intelligent reform, both in the prisons and in society, reform in public feeling toward criminals, and in their treatment. Society and every honorable member of it has a distinct duty toward crime and criminals. To say that the spirit of reform in prisons breeds crime by cosseting criminals is to betray total ignorance and an indolent shirking of duty. It is the man who sneers at "treating a scoundrel like a saint" who multiplies scoundrels. It is just the lazy, shallow, stupid indifference which holds that humanity and reason and experience and common-sense applied to prisons and prisoners are mere sentimental nonsense which made the jails of England in the middle of the last century what LECKY describes and what JOHN HOWARD discovered.

We have seen no more eloquent and forcible statement of the duty of good citizens toward criminals than that made by Rev. Dr. HENRY C. POTTER, of New York, in a paper read before the Church Congress in Richmond, Virginia. Dr. POTTER is eminent and foremost among conservative, reasonable, and sagacious Christian philanthropists. No good cause appeals to him in vain, and his aid is as efficient as it is constant. The precise subject of his paper was the relation of Christianity to the criminal classes, and he holds that the present attitude of Christian people toward criminals is essentially unchristian. "The jail-bird—this is the fowl turned verily out of the Christian ark, and for whom the deluge never subsides."

Dr. POTTER points out what is constantly forgotten, that the criminal class is twofold. It consists of hardened offenders and of tyros. Now the first duty of a sensible community is not to permit the former class to become pest-breeders, and not to apprentice the latter class to them to become experts in iniquity. Criminals must be carefully and rigorously classified while within the prison, and punishments must be

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adjusted so as not to insure the spiritual ruin of first offenders. Honest and reasonable men and women also should scorn to treat such offenders, when released, as the vilest of pariahs. Our duty to convicts is by no means wholly discharged by making prisons nurseries of crime. It is not enough to declare the criminal to be a hopeless brute, to lock him up securely, and to deliver him over to the mercies of attendants who have been selected because they are nimble political runners and lackeys. The same good sense which is gradually renewing our systems of charity must reform our prison system, and those who feel the necessity of action must not be deterred by the fear of being accused of coddling scoundrels. Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY'S amelioration of the penal laws did not increase crime. On the contrary, it secured the enforcement of reasonable penalties. That demagogues may try to propitiate the dangerous classes by relaxing necessary prison discipline is not a reason for despairing of a humane, efficient, and reasonable prison system. But such a system can be established only by those who do not weary of well-doing.

SAVING NIAGARA.

THE Niagara Park Bill has passed the Assembly of New York by a vote of 68 to 40. It was warmly debated for two hours, and Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS cogently and eloquently set forth the reasons for its passage. The opposing argument was twofold: the plan was derided as sentimental, and the cost was condemned as not a proper burden upon the public Treasury.

The first of these arguments applies to all the highest public interests. Religion, patriotism, education, are all capable of derision as sentiments. It is an argument which denies the practical value of all moral and emotional considerations. The actual administration of justice depends largely upon the sentiment of the sanctity of an oath. Those who ridiculed the friends of the Niagara project as *æsthetes* should also mock at the requirement of an oath as Puritanism. If man does not live by bread alone, it is not less true that the highest interests of states are not what are called material interests. No more prophetic word was ever spoken than that of GEORGE MASON in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. "Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." It was a recognition of the actual power of sentiment in national life, and no man who does not perceive it can comprehend the strongest public force, or can be called a statesman.

The second argument, that it is not a proper expense, of course falls with the first. No money is more wisely expended for public uses than that which is judiciously given to public parks and pleasure grounds, libraries, and historic and artistic collections. Use is not a quality which is limited to things eatable and drinkable. The beauty of a public building is properly secured at the public expense, and the sublimity of a great natural object belonging to the people is wisely protected at the common cost. Should the bill pass the Senate, of which there should be no question, there is little doubt that the Governor will appoint a commission of the highest character, and as those who are most interested in the project are resolved that it shall not be a job, there is really hope of the proper completion of a truly great public work.

A MEDITATION ON THE MAYOR.

LAST autumn a great many Democrats insisted that Mr. EDSON would make as good a Mayor as Mr. CAMPBELL, and voted for him accordingly. The argument for Mr. CAMPBELL was that the Mayoralty is not a political office, and that a man who had shown great efficiency in municipal administration, who heartily agreed that it should be kept free from politics, and who was supported by men of all parties, would probably make a better Mayor than a gentleman without municipal experience, whose nomination was the result of a bargain among politicians, and who was the especial candidate of the most disreputable political organization in the country.

The argument was fruitless, and the political candidate was elected. His official conduct has been in general what was anticipated. His first appointments were such as Tammany Hall approved, and his last appointment is apparently the result of a bargain which can hardly be otherwise than distasteful to the Mayor, although he has ratified it.

A committee of citizens of the highest character urged the Mayor to appoint to the Excise Commissionership only men of a high sense of public responsibility in so important a trust. He responded that he would certainly use his "best judgment." A Commissioner resigns, and the Mayor appoints a noted politician, the "heeler" of another politician, and the favorite of the rum-selling Board of Aldermen. The Mayor has perhaps read Mr. TILDEN'S exposure of the old TWEED Ring. He learned from it that the secret of the power of the Ring was "a deal" between the city politicians of the two parties. He knows the result. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that many Democrats who voted for the Mayor, but who desire decent municipal government, already sincerely regret their vote.

FIRE-PROOF HOUSES AND CARS.

THE experience of the last few months has called public attention with startling emphasis to the increasing loss of life by fire. The catastrophe at the Cambridge apartment-house in New York, and the burning of the "sleeper" on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the latter happily without fatal results, are the most recent warnings. It is obvious that more stringent building laws are required, and that provision for greater security of life is imperative.

Fire-escapes in buildings, as the words are commonly understood, are not enough. A narrow ladder offering the only means of escape from a crowded factory, for instance, would be choked by a panic-stricken throng of human beings. The proper use of an iron ladder or two on the outside of lofty buildings requires a coolness and care and patience and intelligence which can not be assumed to exist under the circumstances. All buildings which are designed to hold great numbers of persons—hotels, factories, apartment-houses of every kind—should be required by law to be practically fire-proof. It is not the fire-escape, but the fire-proof building, that is wanted.

And why, as the *Herald* suggests, should not railway cars be built of uninflammable material? There are iron ships, and iron could be certainly adapted to the construction of cars. Civilization is very imperfect so long as increased security in travel does not keep pace with increased facility. The cost of ornamentation in cars could be well diverted in great part to making them fire-proof.

A NEW RITE FOR DECORATION-DAY.

THE grand marshal for Decoration-day in Brooklyn has been, we believe, already appointed. There will be the usual holiday, the military parade, the oratory, the scattering of flowers. But ex-Governor SEYMOUR has made a suggestion which is well worthy of attention, although we confess there was a time when we thought that the ex-Governor could make no suggestion in regard to such a memorial day that we should not oppose. Happily in the graves which Decoration-day covers with flowers many an old enmity and anger and difference, without any change of conviction, is buried.

Governor SEYMOUR proposes that, in strict harmony with the sentiment and purpose of the day, it should be also a day of tree-planting. In many rural villages there is one day in spring when the villagers turn out and smooth the village street, and trim the paths and grass, and prune the old shade trees and plant new. This pleasant work might well be done on the memorial holiday, and it would increase its beautiful associations.

AN ENGRAVING OF LONGFELLOW.

A VERY beautiful pure line engraving of LONGFELLOW by CHARLES BURT, chief engraver of portraits and vignettes for the United States Treasury, has just been published by FREDERICK KEPPEL. It is from the photograph taken in his seventieth year, which is much liked by the poet's family and friends, and it is an admirable likeness, although the expression is a little severe for a man ever bland. It has all the refinement and sweetness and tranquillity which were not less the qualities of the poet than of his verse, and it will probably become the familiar and accepted portrait.

MR. PATRICK EGAN'S VIEWS.

MR. PATRICK EGAN, the treasurer of the Land League, left Dublin suddenly during the recent disclosures in regard to the assassination of Mr. BURKE and Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, and he has arrived in this country. It was naturally supposed that his departure from Ireland was hastened by apprehension of the exposure of some kind of complicity upon his part with the crime. This suggestion Mr. EGAN indignantly spurns. But in an interview with him, which is reported in the *Herald*, he says that he wrote from Paris at the time of the assassinations that he should resign the treasurership of the League if the League should offer a reward for the apprehension of the assassins. And this course he explains by saying "that numbers of innocent men had been already sacrificed in Ireland, and that the crown had sufficient odds on its side anyway."

This remark, if it be correctly reported, means that the crown had assassinated more innocent men than the Irish party. Mr. EGAN, of course, can see the bearing of such a remark. He declares the assertion of his sympathy with the murderers to be unqualifiedly false. But the tone of this remark conveys the impression that he held the assassinations to be merely a retaliation in kind, with the account not yet square with the crown.

Certainly it is not surprising that a man who frankly announces this view should be suspected of sympathy with the assassins. If Mr. EGAN thinks that the Phœnix Park murders were simply smiting a tyrannical government with its own weapons, why should he indignantly repel the suspicion of approving murders which his remark intimates to have been only a set-off to the crimes of the government?

PERSONAL.

JAMES BUCHANAN was the last Democratic President of the United States. His life as a statesman and public man covered a long period of prosperity and peace in the progress of the country, and that culmination of political differences and personal ambitions and passions which in his administration as President led the country into its most fearful peril and suffering. The period thus included in the *Life of Buchanan*, by GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, which HARPER & BROTHERS have in press, is one of intense interest. MR. BUCHANAN'S personal notes and memoranda, made from day to day, his extended correspondence before, during, and after his Presidency, furnish such an amount of indisputable evidence as to the causes of events, and the positions of eminent men, Northern and Southern, in reference to the events, that the biography will be necessarily one of the most interesting and important volumes of American history. It will be read calmly, and its revelations will be properly valued, now that the country desires the truth of history as a guide for future statesmen.

—President ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University, says that the average health of the male students of that institution is not so good as that of the female students.

—The Rev. Dr. J. F. ELDER, a Baptist clergyman of New York city, laments that in his denomination there are only three-fifths as many ministers as churches. "The Methodists have all the men they can use, and I am not aware of any complaints in point of numbers in the ranks of the Presbyterian or Episcopal ministries. The Congregationalists, however, join our cry of distress."

—The late Judge LUCIUS Q. C. ELMER, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, was for forty years a trustee of Princeton College, for many years the President of the New Jersey Society of the Cincinnati and the Cumberland County Bible Society, and one of the most distinguished and honored citizens of the State.

—A New York merchant, while on a visit to Rome, gave an Italian sculptor an order for a standing figure of JOAN of Arc, and when the work had been finished was invited to the artist's studio to inspect it. "We Americans," said the New-Yorker, examining the pedal extremities of the figure, "are great admirers of beautiful feet in a woman; but these feet are too broad and flat: suppose you trim their sides a little and raise their insteps?" "But, signore," interrupted the sculptor, "the woman's whole weight is resting on her feet, and that necessarily flattens them." "Pooh!" replied the patron of art; "I want ideal feet. So take your knife, please, and pare down the sides." The sides were pared, and the statue was at once accepted and paid for.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER'S health this winter is better than it has been for several years.

—A Dutch dramatist has written a play in four acts on GAMBETTA'S life, with a prelude entitled "Gambetta's First Love."

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS had a big head on a small body. "Is that STEPHENS," asked a large North Georgia man one day in his presence. "If I greased him under the ears, I could swallow him whole." "I have no doubt of it, my friend," replied the little Governor; "and you would then have more brains in your stomach than ever you had under your hat."

—Among the lady millionaires of Philadelphia are Mrs. THOMAS A. SCOTT with $10,000,000, Mrs. BLOOMFIELD MOORE with $5,000,000, Mrs. ANNE W. BAIRD and Mrs. MATTHEW BALDWIN with $2,000,000 apiece, and Mrs. A. E. BORIE, Mrs. GEORGE FALES, and three Misses FALES with $1,000,000 each.

—JACOB THOMPSON, BUCHANAN'S Secretary of the Interior, and afterward a conspicuous rebel, has recently made public the fact that under his auspices a plan was organized for releasing the Confederate prisoners in several Federal camps in the Northwest, during the session of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1864. He furnished the money, but his emissaries at the critical moment "could not be got up to the point of making the assault."

—A newspaper correspondent complains that "the press didn't let foolish Mr. WIGGINS alone; it gave him a gratuitous notoriety. Millions of dollars are actually lost to the country, and who is to blame for it all—foolish Mr. WIGGINS or the press?" The first duty of the press is to print the news. How many millions of dollars does the correspondent think would be lost were the news not printed?

—The Comte de Paris is forty-four years old, fresh-complexioned, and slender, with a high, unwrinkled forehead, and a reputation for justness and gentleness that would ill become a despot. He reads all sorts of newspapers—monarchical, imperialist, republican, radical—and a great many of them.

—Apropos of the recent death of HEINE'S wife, whose temper was said to be not of the sweetest, the following words of the famous poet are recalled: "I mean to leave all my money to my wife, on condition that she shall marry again. I long to be regretted after I am dead, and I am certain that whoever marries her will regret as long as he lives that I ever died." But all HEINE'S money was only a thousand dollars a year, and this his widow had without changing her name.

—The late weather prophet WIGGINS expresses his conviction that "people like to be frightened."

—It is pleasant to receive so cordial an approval as that contained in the following letter addressed to the Postmistress of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE by the father of one of her young admirers, who desires to "heartily thank her for the manner and method of her work." He writes: "The good, healthy tone of the letters and your comments, and the bringing together of children of all classes and all sections of the country so intimately, are doing more than could be done in any other way to make all who now look to you as their friend, good, wholesome, American young women and men. Your work, then, aside from the interest and amusement it affords, is educating a generation, and acting as an antidote to the less healthy tone of society in our larger cities."

—The Rev. ISAAC L. NICHOLSON, rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, with a salary of $15,000, has been elected to the Bishopric of Indiana, with a salary of $3000 and a house.

—There were nearly 200,000 colored soldiers in the late war for the Union—more than one-half of them from the Slave States; and the spirit of these men, says a late re-unioner, was the spirit of the colored Sergeant PLANCIANÇOIS, whose last words, as his regiment was about to storm Port Hudson, were: "Colonel, I will bring back these colors to you in honor, or report to God the reason why."

—A traveller who recently visited the residence of JOHN DUNN'S Zulu queens in South Africa describes a small court-yard, containing two or three tiny huts, where a young woman is nursing an almost white infant, while a boy of the same complexion stands by her side. Three or four other girls, large and fat, as African beauties always are, talk and giggle, their necks and waists profusely ornamented with broad bands of white, blue, and red beads, and their only clothing a very small apron.

—"Physicians say," wrote the late Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, "that the patient's desire to see the doctor is very sure to increase with the lateness and unseasonableness of the hour."

—In a most appreciative review of *Shandon Bells* the critic of the London *Academy* remarks that the peculiar quality of Mr. WILLIAM BLACK'S work can be indicated only in an indirect and allusive manner: "We feel the charm, but feel also the difficulty of analyzing it, just as we should feel the difficulty of analyzing our delight in the balminess of the air on a tropical June morning.... Of Mr. BLACK'S still-life there is no need to speak. He is a master of detail, but detail is never the master of him; and for giving the very atmosphere, the spirit, the emotional quality, of a landscape, it seems to me he has no equal among living novelists. His rivals are among workers with the brush and the etching-needle, not with the pen."

—In a recently published letter CARLYLE says that he was "not only no friend to the sonnet, but a declared enemy to it," and that he never read even a sonnet of MILTON or PETRARCH without some conscientious protest as he went on.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury denies that he is in favor of marriage with a dead wife's sister. "The alteration of the marriage laws as to sisters and wives would, in my opinion, be disastrous to morals and peace." Meanwhile the Earl of Dalhousie has sent to this country for testimony in favor of such an alteration.

—The wife of Minister ASTOR, who arrived in Rome an invalid, is reported to be almost well again.

—DÜRER'S most recent biographer, Dr. THAUSING, describes a visit of the artist to the Archduchess MARGARET. She graciously showed him some fine pictures by JAN VAN EYCK, but refused to accept as a gift DÜRER'S portrait of the Kaiser MAX. "For all I have given her and done for her," said DÜRER, in despair, "she has given me nothing in return."

—The *Athenæum* commits itself to the assertion that "there are very few women's novels with the heroine of which a male reader is disposed to fall in love."

—Mr. POYNTER has finished a picture of Psyche idling in the palace of Cupid. "A beautiful damsel in a *chiton*, wearing neither coronet nor jewels, she stands in the recess of a window so that light falls on her girlish shoulders and arms. She holds in one hand a branch of honeysuckle, and with a sweet and earnest air watches the emblematic butterfly hovering over the blossoms. Behind her are walls of African alabaster of a golden tint, and sculptors' work of white marble, which harmonize with her warm carnations and her dress. The background includes the vista of a corridor ending in a porch open to a garden, and the sun-lit sky and trees."

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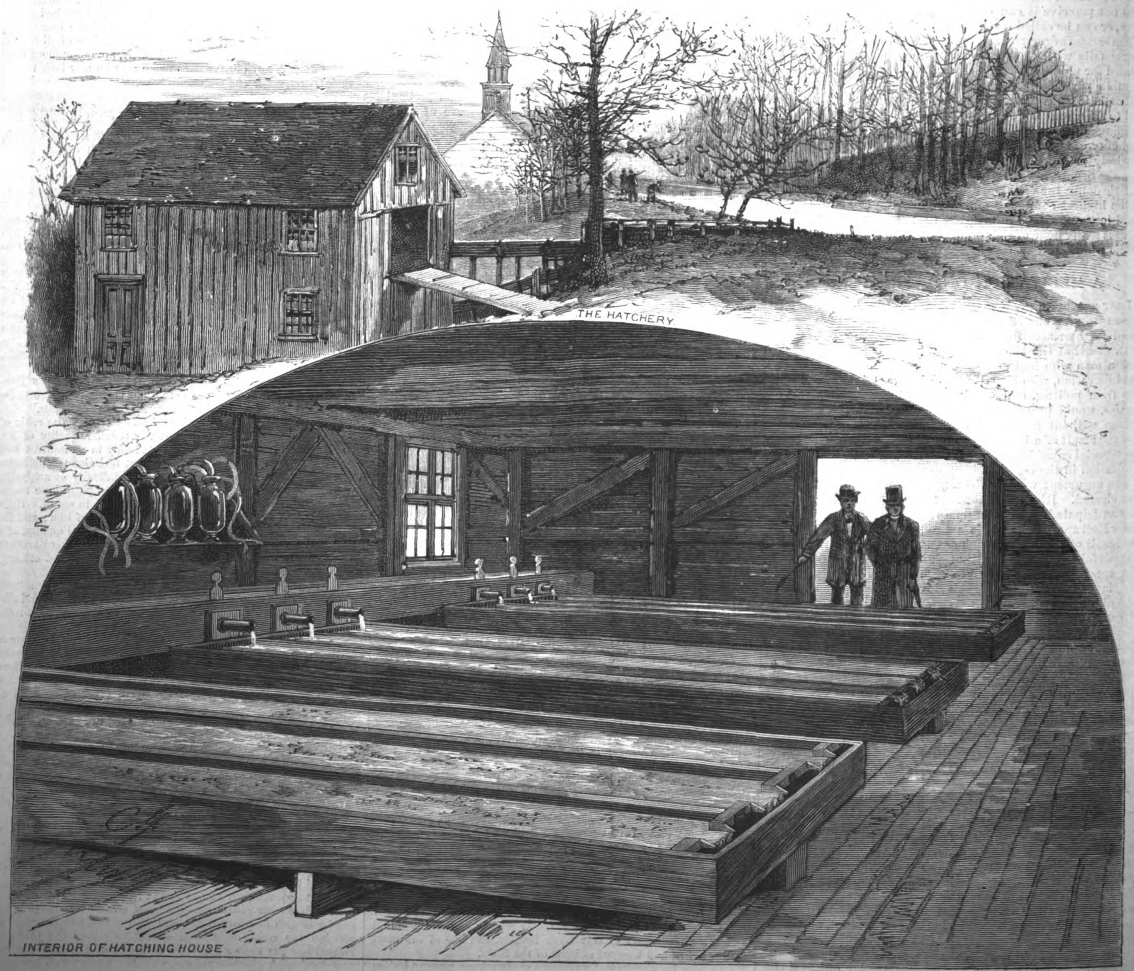
PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.—[See Page 183.]

W. B. RUGGLES, SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.
Photographed by Notman.—[See Page 183.]



THE FISH HATCHERY AT COLD SPRING HARBOR, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 183.]

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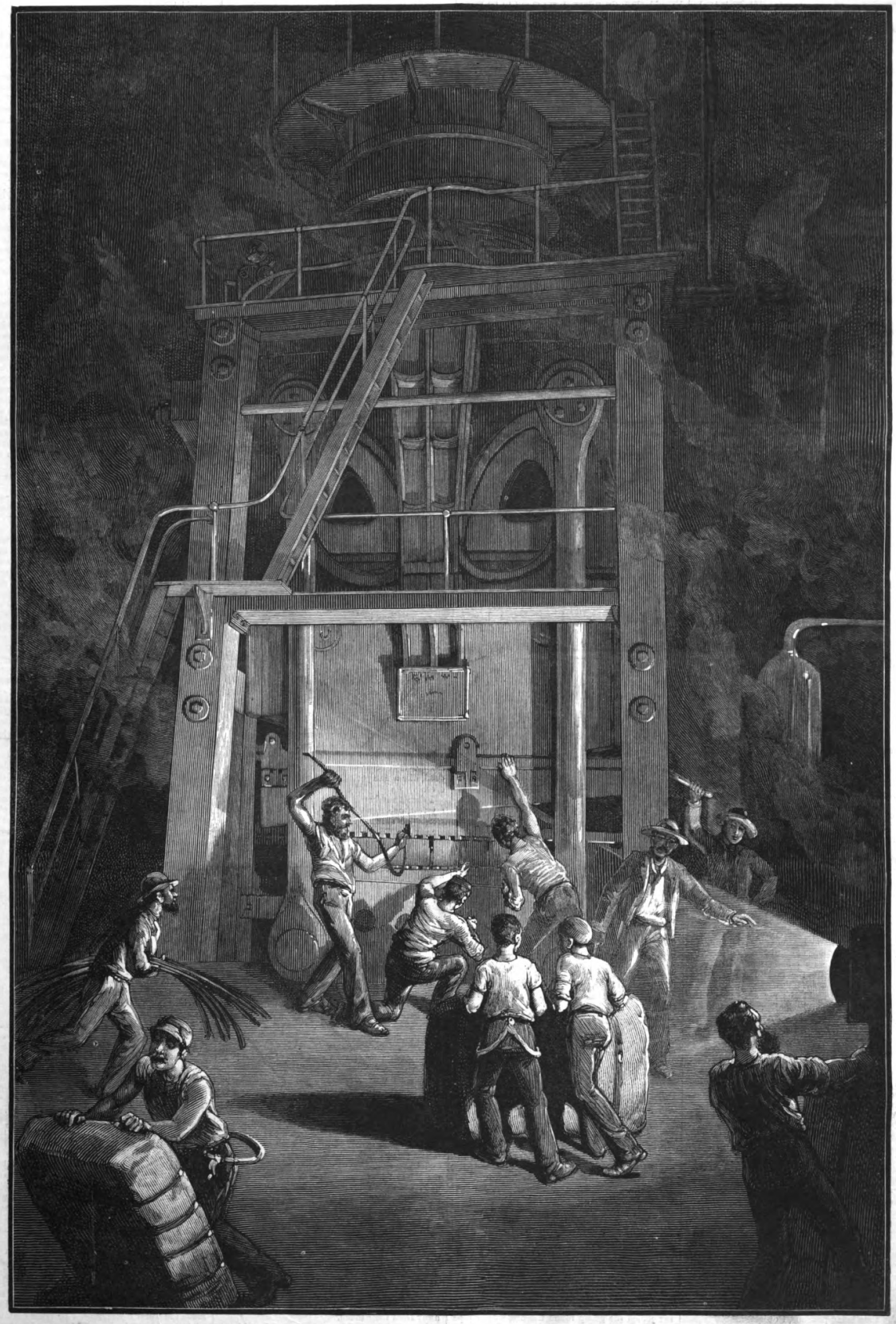

INTERIOR OF A SOUTHERN COTTON PRESS BY NIGHT.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 182.]

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A COTTON PRESS BY NIGHT.

Few sights impress the visitor in the Gulf States more vividly than one of the huge modern cotton compresses at work. By daylight it is always interesting, but when surrounded by all the mysterious shadows cast by the sombre veil of a tropical night the scene becomes doubly so, and impresses one forcibly with its excessive picturesqueness and truly Southern flavor.

Upon entering one of the immense buildings where these great machines are housed, a strange sight meets the eye. Rising to the height of fifty feet or more in the darkness above may be discerned a massive frame-work of beams and iron girders, holding in its embrace the press whose iron cylinder head rears its crown amid the beams close under the roof.

Beneath the converging rays of electric lamps and reflectors a most weird effect is produced, for the machine assumes the aspect of a grand and solemn demon face, strangely human, recalling the famed genii of the *Arabian Nights*. Beside it are the furnaces, whose open doors glow with the fires supplying the vitality of the giant, while about them flit the half-naked forms of the firemen—attendant demons of this monster.

As we gaze in awe at this strange scene, a voice rings out in command, and at the pulling of a lever the obedient monster's jaw drops, opening wide a cavernous mouth serrated with teeth of iron. A bale of cotton already squeezed into as small a compass as the strongest plantation machinery, unaided by steam, can reduce it, is for a moment unloosed from its fetters and rolled into the monster mouth. The dusk figures of the workmen now stand aside for a moment, one in the half shadow beside the scaffold pulls down a short lever, and the hideous iron jaw rises swiftly, and with scarcely a perceptible effort crushes the bale. Under this one Titanic bite the hitherto stubborn cotton shrinks and gives way like a sponge beneath an elephant's tread. Closer and closer come the terrible teeth, till the four-foot mass now measures but eighteen inches; but it has not yet been reduced quite enough; further punishment awaits it. Another pull to the lever sends a muffled rush of steam into the caverns of the monster's chest. With this fresh exertion the great structure trembles visibly, and under the enormous strain of 2000 pounds to the inch the teeth almost meet. It is enough. And now another surprise awaits us.

Half a dozen athletic figures spring like gnomes from out the side gloom into the brilliant light, and passing stout steel bands through the interstices of the monster's teeth, double and fold them back, and fasten them firmly. Like elfish sprites they seem while thus binding the helpless victim. This completed, there comes to the startled ear a strange cry. At first it is one musical voice rising alone, clear, distinct, quavering out on the night wind, then it is joined by a burst of full-throated harmonious voices in chorus, which sink down slowly in musical cadence, intermingled with half and quarter and weird fractional African notes impossible to describe, but, once heard, never forgotten. It is a signal that the bale is completely bound. The lever rises again, then the huge jaw relaxes, and the bitten cotton rolls out.

With the opening of that immense mouth comes a mighty steam sigh as the liberated vapor rushes up and bends above the sombre buildings like a great feathery plume before the cool night breeze. Heard through the quiet tropical nights, this panting of the cotton presses has a strangely human sound, but the sound as of the labored breathing of Titans at work—the sighing of Afrits. J. O. Davidson.

MY FRIEND FITZGERALD.

I.

I am a little fellow with insignificant shoulders and legs not worth considering. I have no talent, and no distinguished eccentricity. My manner, what there is of it, is timid and awkward. I know that mankind as a species does not regard me at all, and that only mercenary motives restrain my tailor from expressing his contempt for me. There is nothing more to say about myself, except that I have no imagination, which may serve to substantiate the facts I am about to narrate.

My friend Fitzgerald was my antipodes. He was tall and strong and winning. His name betrays his nationality, and his nationality furnishes the key-note to a happy, fun-loving nature.

For six years, at school and at college, we were close companions, and then for four years we were separated. I, being by lucky accident rich, travelled for improvement and amusement; Fitzgerald worked for his living. He chose to be an engineer—I say chose, for whatever he had set his mind to do he would do brilliantly.

When I had got round the world back to my point of departure, I found Fitzgerald about setting out for the northwest of Canada, where he was to conduct a government survey. He expected to be absent at least two years. Since coming home had meant little more than coming back to him, this plan of his filled me with disappointment. When he suggested that I should accompany the expedition I agreed joyfully. The day before that fixed for our departure he came to my rooms, looking nervous and excited. Feigning not to notice his perturbation, I began running over a memorandum of things to be done. He interrupted me sharply.

"Look here, Jack, I want you to go out with me at three o'clock this afternoon to ——," mentioning a small town some twenty miles distant. "We will get there at four, leave again at five-thirty, and reach home in time for dinner."

My time being precious, I objected.

"Do it, Jack. The matter is of vital importance to me."

An appeal from Fitzgerald was irresistible. I agreed at once. At three o'clock I met him at the railway station.

We had been ten minutes on our way when he said, abruptly, "Jack, I am going to be married."

"The devil!"

My emphatic expletive echoed through the car, and then he added: "I should not feel quite right about it if you were not there, and that is how I persuaded Emily. Besides," he continued, after a short pause, "I want you to see her. It will be much to me during two years of separation to have some one near me who has seen her."

Then, the gates of his confidence being opened, he plunged into lovers' hyperbole. I listened silently, my hat slouched over my eyes, and my hands thrust deep in my pockets. I could listen, and at the same time mentally review the years of our friendship.

It had been my habit to scoff—an envious scoff, of course—at his love affairs. I knew now that the time for scoffing was past, and I realized (with more than a woman's jealousy—I confess it) that his love for this Emily would endure, and henceforth be the guiding impulse of his life, whether for good or ill.

On arriving at our station Fitzgerald went at once to the ladies' waiting-room. He returned with a young girl on his arm, whom he introduced to me as Miss Emily Gordon.

I shook hands with her vigorously, and stretched on tiptoe to get a nearer view of her face, for she was very tall. As I stared at her I chilled with disappointment—not a vague sentiment, but a decided opinion that the face was not worth what Fitzgerald would sacrifice for it. The face was fair and finely featured, flushed just now with excitement. The eyes were dark, and though their wavering regard was childish and pretty, and, under the circumstances, to be expected, that it was which made my heart sink. The restless glance struck me not as a trick of the moment demanded by the situation, but as expressing undesirable characteristics in the woman. There was not a gleam of the steady, spiritual light such as it would have pleased me to see in the eyes of the woman who was to be Fitzgerald's wife.

They were married in the Methodist parsonage by a very old man, and the marriage was witnessed by the clergyman's wife and myself. Mrs. Fitzgerald insisted on her husband's taking her marriage certificate, affirming childishly that she would surely lose it. She had left her home that morning with the avowed intention of visiting friends.

She was now to proceed on her journey, and her train would leave twenty minutes before ours for the city. I shook hands with her at the parsonage gate, saying, with elaborate tact, that I had always longed to pry about this peculiarly interesting town. She was crying and clinging closely to Fitzgerald. She held my hand a moment.

"He is going so far from me, and two years are so long! You will take care of him. Promise me—oh, promise me!"

"I do, with my whole heart," I answered, and turned away from them.

I liked her better. The tears and the sob in her voice had touched me, almost won me. My dull senses were partially wakened to the attraction which such a creature might have for a man of strong passions and imagination. If it had not been for that first wretched impression, I should have been in love on the spot with Fitzgerald's wife.

We were on our way home when he asked me what I thought of her. I praised her in the best words I could find, and thought I was acquitting myself well. Fitzgerald's hand fell on my shoulder.

"What are you saying, Jack? You are as cold as ice."

"You forget. You are at fever heat."

"Then what are you feeling?" he burst out irritably. "What are you thinking that detracts from her?"

I had been coldly thinking the worst of her. I was startled into an unequivocal answer.

"I am thinking that she has not the strength to appreciate you, or to be true to you. I am fearing that nothing but ill will come to you of what you have done to-day."

I expected that he would turn upon me furiously, but he did not. His face lost its color, and he said, as if reasoning to himself, not in answer to me:

"It was her own wish. I would have trusted her without any pledge. It will be strange if she does not regret this day, yet I stake my soul that she never will."

I said to myself, "He has given her his best; surely that can not have been unworthily bestowed." And I dug a grave for my doubts and suspicions, and tried to cover them deep.

II.

We were in winter-quarters in a cañon of the Fraser River. We had had no mail for several weeks, and toward the end of the year we concluded that there were a noble army of martyrs and an accumulation of mail-bags beneath the snow-drifts which stretched almost unbroken for a hundred miles, the distance to the nearest post station. One day, after a week of almost uninterruptedly fine weather, the welcome messenger arrived—arrived on his low sledge drawn by eight sure-footed dogs—arrived in hot haste, with bells jingling, and frost-powdered beard, and bright eyes gleaming out from a frame of furs, for all the world like a belated Santa Claus.

Fitzgerald, as usual, opened the bag, and I knew by his puzzled look that the letters eagerly expected by him from his wife were missing. He kept apart from us all day, but in the evening joined the group round the fire, with a pipe and newspaper.

There was a youngster in our party who I knew was fully informed of the love of Fitzgerald and Miss Emily Gordon—as far, that is, as the affair had been gossiped over by his mamma and her women friends. When this youth, buried in a home paper, whistled shrilly, and shouted, "Say, Fitzgerald, here's a nut for you!" I felt certain that he had news of Fitzgerald's wife.

"What is it?" Fitzgerald asked, indifferently, not looking up from his paper.

"About that stunning Miss Gordon—the girl you were such spoons on. Do you remember?"

Fitzgerald took his pipe from his mouth. "I remember. What about her?"

"'It is reported from Rome that Miss Emily Gordon, one of our fairest daughters, is to marry the young and distinguished Count Mondella. Both parties being of the Roman Catholic faith, the wedding is soon to be celebrated in the Holy City with great éclat.'"

I wondered how Fitzgerald could quietly listen to this announcement, read in the most deliberate manner. I could hardly refrain from getting up and yelling. My astonishment increased when, having asked for the paper, he carefully re-read the item; then, taking his great fur coat, he left the room. In a few minutes I joined him, and we walked to and fro together on the hard-packed snow before the shanty.

"You see, Jack, I must leave at once."

"Yes," I acquiesced; "I suppose you could not rest here." Then I protested: "Fitzgerald, let her go. She is weak, faithless, unworthy."

He repeated my adjectives with evident perplexity.

"I see. Your old injustice to her. You misunderstand. The case is as plain as daylight. This count dances attendance on her; her parents encourage him; people talk of them together, and a wholesale manufacturer of lies—a newspaper correspondent—sends idle gossip to America as fact. She is the victim of a persecution. They may have discovered our secret, and prevented her writing to me. How far away is she? Not miles, days—ten, twenty, thirty. I shall not rest till she is safe in my arms, for she is my wife. You know it, Jack. They may marry her to a thousand counts, but she is my wife."

Feeling that the moment was not happy for the presentation of views, I presented no more. I agreed to all the absurdities he chose to advance.

The next morning he announced to the camp that he was going to Fort Garry to consult some engineers, and would probably be absent about two months. I was to accompany him, and undertook the preparations for the journey.

About noon an Indian runner came in on snow-shoes with an extra mail. There was one letter for Fitzgerald, and the handwriting was that of his wife. I sent the letter to his private room. In about half an hour I knocked at his door, and he said, "Come in."

He was sitting before a table, leaning on it with folded arms. As if anticipating and wishing to evade inquiry, he said, "I suppose you have been getting things ready."

"Yes. We can leave at any minute."

"I am undecided about going now. I think I will put it off until to-morrow, at all events. I am sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"Just as you please," I said. "I am indifferent."

"What a good fellow you are, Jack!" he said, standing up and looking at me. A casual observer might have thought his face only pale from overwork or want of rest. To me it was dead, like a fine portrait without any light in the eyes.

I thrust my hands in my pockets and shuffled my feet, overcome by the embarrassment which words of sincere kindliness always excite in me.

"Can't I help you? Tell me something to do for you."

"The kindest thing you can do is to let me alone."

I sidled to the door.

"Do go, Jack," he burst out, impetuously. "I can't bear to have even you—"

Before he could finish his sentence I was on the other side of the door.

I felt that Mrs. Fitzgerald's letter had merely confirmed the newspaper report. If the marriage which had been but a legal form could be annulled, I suspected that Fitzgerald would do it. I had no doubt that he would scorn to strike the woman who had wounded him mortally. When I fell asleep that night all my suspicions and beliefs had merged into burning anger against her, and a determination to seek the opportunity to inflict on her some imperishable ill.

I fell asleep with this one idea in my brain, and I was wakened from that sleep by a cry:

"Jack! Jack! Help! help!"

My senses were penetrated by the voice of a man in agony, crying for succor, crying to me, and the voice was the voice of my friend Fitzgerald.

I tried to lift myself from my bed, but a heavy weight held me down. I struggled to speak, but my tongue was tied. I rubbed my eyes, but the lids seemed glued. At last they parted slowly, and I saw that of which my mind has never lost the faintest impression. I was not lying on my bed; I was not in the low, square room, with half a dozen men sleeping about me. I was standing on the river's brink several miles below the station, standing there alone in the awful stillness of a winter night in the wilderness. The moonlight was so brilliant that every object was distinctly visible.

I saw not twenty feet from me a break in the ice, and the blue water bubbling up clearly. Above the water rose a man's fair, strong head, and two hands grasping, trying to lift the body beneath up to the ice, which broke and crumbled away from their touch.

He was dying before my eyes, and I could not stir an inch to save him. I saw the beating of his hands grow feebler and the tension of the face relax.

"Spare her, Jack!—spare her!" he cried.

I was silent.

Then once again he cried, and that sound I think will always echo about the world with me: "Speak to me. Give me a sign."

I forgot my hatred of her and my resolve to hurt her; I was sensible only of his pitiful pleading. By a great effort I flung up my right arm as a sign of acquiescence.

His hands fell, his head sank backward, and the blue water sparkled and bubbled in the moonlight. I shouted, "Fitzgerald! Fitzgerald!" I seemed to spring forward, when the whole scene was transformed. I was sitting up in bed, and the watch by the fire was saying, drowsily:

"What's the matter? What are you making such a row about?"

"Where is Fitzgerald?" I said, looking round, and seeing that his place in the row of mattresses was vacant.

"He went out about an hour ago. He said he couldn't sleep, and was going to skate up the river to Thompson's Station."

I got up slowly, and the motion was painful, for my whole body was numb. I spoke with hesitation, as if the power of speech was new to me.

"Fitzgerald did not go up the river; he went down toward Carter's Station. He has been drowned six miles below."

My shout had roused most of the men. They all exclaimed incredulously that I had been dreaming. I stood my ground, and was already getting ready to go out. The dogged persistence of such a matter-of-fact fellow as I, impressed them, and they prepared to accompany me. When we reached the river we put on our skates. We could not distinguish tracks, for we had recently been skating a great deal, taking advantage of the clear ice, rare so late in the season. I led down the river, the others following, laughing at my expense. Soon the infection of my profound hopelessness spread, and in ten minutes all were skating swiftly, silently, toward whatever awaited us. When but a sharp headland lay between us and the spot I had seen in my vision I halted.

"He is lying just beyond there. If the ice is broken we shall know."

We rounded the point in line. The ice was broken and thrown up in pieces, and the water still bubbling.

I have not much more to tell. It was afterward discovered that he had struck one of the shallow springs on a sandy bottom which never freeze solidly. The water would not have covered him standing, but the numbing influence of the intense cold and the faintness of the surrounding ice had prevented his saving himself. I offer no explanation of what I have said that I saw and heard, but six men can testify that, when miles away from him, I saw the dying face and heard the dying words of my friend Fitzgerald, and that I led them to the spot where they found him.

He had left a letter for me in his private room. He said that he was going to take legal advice and find the quietest means of rendering void the marriage ceremony I had witnessed. He asked me to look after his traps, and assured me that as soon as he felt equal to taking up old associations he would let me know. As I read his letter I cried like a girl.

In his pocket-book I found his marriage certificate and the last letter she had written him. I carefully dried both, and as carefully read the latter. What a weak, miserable, cringing effusion, characteristic of the writer! Pages of alternate whining and bullying, ending with this paragraph:

"If you force any claim, my Church will set it aside. That would make a scandal, and I have never been talked about, and I should be very nervous under disagreeable talk. It would be very unmanly and under-bred in you to give me so much trouble, and at least I have always considered you a gentleman."

I swore that she should have cause to be nervous. I knew that such a woman could not be wounded mentally or spiritually, and that the blow must be struck at material comforts.

I left the station immediately. From the first telegraph station I reached I sent a message to Miss Emily Gordon to her Roman address: "Fear nothing. I will arrange as you desire." I signed Fitzgerald's name.

A month afterward I was in Venice, in the hotel with the Count and Countess Mondella.

On the night of my arrival I made a package of letters beginning "My husband," with a variety of tender qualifications, and signed "Emily Fitzgerald." With these I placed the marriage certificate and the last letter. I addressed the package to the Count Mondella, intending that the next morning it should be put in his hands.

I went to bed feeling comparatively cheerful. My sleep was but a repetition of the sleep in which I saw Fitzgerald die. When I came to my senses I knew that I must spare her. I did not doubt then, and have never doubted since, that the repetition of the vision was the work of an excited brain; but the impression was so vivid that I felt myself bound by an oath to the dead to spare her. I re-addressed the package to the Countess Mondella, and ordered my messenger to deliver it into no hands but her own. So with my own hands I deprived myself of the means of avenging my friend's death, in obedience to his generous and noble spirit, in contradiction to my own insignificant rage and vindictive desire.

I saw her once in the corridor leaning on the arm of her husband, beautiful and triumphant, with her false eyes flickering still. I wondered then why such a woman should have showered on her the gifts that the world holds best, and why a man who, by the mere fact of living in it, made the world better, should be lying dead in a wilderness, heart-broken and murdered by her.

Annie Robertson Macfarlane.

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SUPERINTENDENT RUGGLES.

THE newly appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction for this State, the HON. W. B. RUGGLES, is a resident of Bath, Steuben County, and is about fifty-six years of age. When a youth he learned the printers' trade, but subsequently prepared for college, and was graduated from Hamilton in 1849. For a time thereafter he taught school, and then was editor of the *Intelligencer*, at Atlanta, Georgia. In 1857 he returned to Clinton and entered the Hamilton College Law School. Admitted to the bar, he made his home in Bath, and there built up a lucrative practice. He was a member of the Assembly in 1876 and 1877. From 1878 to 1882 he was Deputy Attorney-General. He was a member of the National Democratic Convention in 1876.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

V.

THAT HE WHO WOULD BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF MUST TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

ASSOCIATION is the lowest and simplest mode of attaining accord and concord between men. It is now the mode best suited to the condition and chances of laborers. Employers formerly made use of guilds to secure common action for a common interest. They have given up this mode of union because it has been superseded by better ones. Correspondence, travel, newspapers, circulars, and telegrams bring to employers and capitalists the information which they need for the defense of their interests. The combination between them is automatic and instinctive. It is not formal and regulated by rule. It is all the stronger on that account, because intelligent men, holding the same general maxims of policy, and obtaining the same information, pursue similar lines of action, while retaining all the ease, freedom, and elasticity of personal independence.

At present laborers have not the leisure necessary for the higher modes of communication. Capital is also necessary to establish the ties of common action under the higher forms. Moreover, there is no doubt an incidental disadvantage connected with the release which the laborer gets under the wages system from all responsibility for the conduct of the business. That is, that laborers do not learn to watch or study the course of industry, and do not plan for their own advantage as other classes do. There is an especial field for combined action in the case of laborers. Capitalist employers are generally separated by jealousy and pride in regard to all but the most universal class interests. Laborers have a much closer interest in each other's wisdom. Competition of capitalists for profits redounds to the benefit of laborers. Competition of laborers for subsistence redounds to the benefit of capitalists. It is utterly futile to plan and scheme so that either party can make a "corner" on the other. If capitalists withdraw capital from employment in an attempt to lower wages, they lose profits. If laborers withdraw from competition in order to raise wages, they starve to death. Capital and labor are the two things which least admit of monopoly. Capitalists and venturers can, however, if they have foresight of the movements of industry and commerce, and if they make skillful use of credit, win exceptional profits for a limited period. One great means of exceptional profit lies in the very fact that the laborers have not exercised the same foresight, but have plodded along and waited for the slow and successive action of the industrial system through successive periods of production, while the capitalist anticipated and synchronized several successive steps. No bargain is fairly made if one of the parties to it fails to maintain his interest. If one party to a contract is well informed and the other ill informed, the former is sure to win an advantage. No doctrine that a true adjustment of interest follows from the free play of interests can be construed to mean that an interest which is neglected will get its rights.

The laborers have no means of information which is as good and legitimate as association, and it is fair and necessary that their action should be united on behalf of most of their interests. They are not in a position for the unrestricted development of individualism in regard to many of their interests. Unquestionably the better ones lose by this, and the development of individualism is to be looked forward to and hoped for as a great gain. In the mean time the labor market, in which wages are fixed, can not reach fair adjustment unless the interest of the laborers is fairly defended, and that can not be done without associations of laborers. No newspapers yet report the labor market. If they give any notices of it, of its rise and fall, of its variations in different districts and in different trades, such notices are always made for the interest of the employers. Redistribution of labor, both locally and trade-wise (so far as the latter is possible), is a legitimate and useful mode of raising wages. The illegitimate attempt to raise wages by limiting the number of apprentices is the great abuse of trades-unions. I shall discuss that in the ninth paper.

It appears that the English trades were forced to contend, during the first half of this century, for the wages which the market really would give them, but which, under the old traditions and restrictions which remained, they could not get without a positive struggle. They formed the opinion that a strike could raise wages. They were educated so to think by the success which they had won in certain attempts. It appears to have become a traditional opinion, in which no account is taken of the state of the labor market. It would be hard to find a case of any strike within thirty or forty years, either in England or the United States, which has paid. If a strike occurs, it certainly wastes capital and hinders production. It must therefore lower wages subsequently below what they would have been if there had been no strike. If a strike succeeds, the question arises whether an advance of wages as great or greater would not have occurred within a limited period without a strike.

Nevertheless a strike is a legitimate resort at last. It is like war, for it is war. All that can be said is that those who have recourse to it at last ought to understand that they assume a great responsibility, and that they can only be justified by the circumstances of the case. I can not believe that a strike for wages ever is expedient. There are other purposes, to be mentioned in a moment, for which it may be expedient, but a strike for wages is a clear case of a strife in which ultimate success is a complete test of the justifiability of the course of those who made the strife. If the men win an advance, it proves that they ought to have had it. If they do not win, it proves that they were wrong to strike. If they strike with the market in their favor, they win. If they strike with the market against them, they fail. It is in human nature that a man whose income is increased is happy and satisfied, although, if he demanded it, he might perhaps at that very moment get more. A man whose income is lessened is displeased and irritated, and he is more likely to strike then, when it is in vain. Strikes in industry are not nearly so peculiar a phenomenon as they are often thought to be. Buyers strike when they refuse to buy commodities of which the price has risen. Either the price remains high, and they permanently learn to do without the commodity, or the price is lowered, and they buy again. Tenants strike when house rents rise too high for them. They seek smaller houses or parts of houses until there is a complete re-adjustment. Borrowers strike when the rates for capital are so high that they can not employ it to advantage and pay those rates. Laborers may strike and emigrate, or, in this country, take to the land. This kind of strike is a regular application of legitimate means, and is sure to succeed. Of course strikes with violence against capitalists, or other laborers, or fellow-workmen, are not to be discussed at all.

Trades-unions, then, are right and necessary and useful. They may do much by way of true economic means to raise wages. They are useful to spread information, to maintain *esprit de corps*, to elevate the public opinion of the class. They have been greatly abused in the past. In this country they are in constant danger of being used by political schemers—a fact which does more than anything else to disparage them in the eyes of the best workmen. The economic notions most in favor in the trades-unions are erroneous, although not more so than those which find favor in the counting-room. A man who believes that he can raise wages by doing bad work, wasting time, allowing material to be wasted, and giving generally the least possible service in the allotted time, is not to be distinguished from the man who says that wages can be raised by putting protective taxes on all clothing, furniture, crockery, bedding, books, fuel, utensils, and tools. One lowers the services given for the capital, and the other lowers the capital given for the services. Trades-unionism in the higher classes consists in jobbery. There is a great deal of it in the professions. I once heard a group of lawyers of high standing sneer at an executor who hoped to get a large estate through probate without allowing any lawyers to get big fees out of it. They all approved of steps which had been taken to force a contest, which steps had forced the executor to retain two or three lawyers. No one of the speakers had been retained.

Trades-unions need development, correction, and perfection. They ought however, to get this from the men themselves. If the men do not feel any need of such institutions, the patronage of other persons who come to them and give them these institutions will do harm and not good. Especially trades-unions ought to be perfected so as to undertake a great range of important duties for which we now rely on government inspection, which never gives what we need. The safety of workmen from machinery, the ventilation and sanitary arrangements of factories, the special precautions required by certain processes, the hours of labor of women and children, the schooling of children, the limits of age for employed children, Sunday work, hours of labor—these and other like matters ought to be controlled by the men themselves through their organizations. The laborers about whom we are talking are free men in a free state. If they want to be protected, they must protect themselves. They ought to protect their own women and children. Their own class opinion ought to secure the education of the children of their class. If an individual workman is not bold enough to protest against a wrong to laborers, the agent of a trades-union might with propriety do it on behalf of the body of workmen. Here is a great and important need, and instead of applying suitable and adequate means to supply it, we have demagogues declaiming, trades-union officers resolving, and government inspectors drawing salaries, while little or nothing is done.

The fashion of the time is to run to government boards, commissions, and inspectors to set right everything which is wrong. No experience seems to damp the faith of our public in these instrumentalities. The English Liberals in the middle of this century seemed to have full grasp of the principle of liberty, and to be fixed and established in favor of non-interference. Since they have come to power, however, they have adopted the old instrumentalities, and have greatly multiplied them since they had a great number of reforms to carry out. They seem to think that interference is good if only they interfere. In this country the party which is "in" always interferes, and the party which is "out" favors non-interference. The system of interference is a complete failure of the ends it aims at, and sooner or later it will fall of its own expense and be swept away. The two notions—one to regulate things by a committee of control, and the other to let things regulate themselves by the conflict of interests between free men—are diametrically opposed, and the former is corrupting to free institutions, because men who are taught to expect government inspectors to come and take care of them lose all true education in liberty.

I have read a great many diatribes within the last ten years against capitalists, and a great many declamations about the wrongs of labor. I have never seen a defense of the capitalist. Who dares say that he is not the friend of the poor man? Who dares say that he is the friend of the capitalist? I will try to say what I think is true. There are bad capitalists, and harsh, cross employers. There are slovenly, negligent workmen. There are just about as many proportionately of one of these classes as of the other. The capitalist—employers of the United States—as a class, proper exceptions being understood, have no advantage over their workmen. They could not oppress them if they wanted to do so. The advantage, taking good and bad times together, is with the workmen. The employers wish the welfare of the workmen in all respects, and would give redress for any grievance which was brought to their attention. They are considerate of the circumstances and interests of the laborers. They remember the interests of the workmen when driven to consider the necessity of closing or reducing hours. They go on and take risk and trouble on themselves in working through bad times rather than close their works. The whole class of those who have are quick in their sympathy for any form of distress or suffering. They are too quick. Their sympathies need regulating, not stimulating. They are more likely to give away capital recklessly than to withhold it stingily when any alleged case of misfortune is before them. They rejoice to see any man succeed in improving his position. They will aid him with counsel and information if he desires it, and any man who needs and deserves help because he is trying to help himself will find only sympathy, encouragement, and assistance from those who are better off. If those who are in that position are related to him as employers to employé, that tie will be recognized as giving him an especial claim.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.

PRINCE ALEXANDER MIKLAILOVITCH GORTCHAKOFF has been connected with the most important period of Russian development, and his influence has done much, both within and without the empire, to bring Russia to its present position in the family of great European powers. It was to him that was due, in the first place, the radical change in the foreign policy of Russia which led to the abandonment of the relatively narrow and limited field of action within which the government of the Czars confined itself after the Napoleonic wars, and to the breaking up of the traditional "balance of power" with the maintenance of which NESSELRODE contented himself. This change left Russia free at once to take a more active and fruitful part in the Turkish question, which had so long pressed itself upon the imperial attention, and what will ultimately prove of far greater consequence, to push its designs with reference to Northern and Central Asia. At the same time the policy of GORTCHAKOFF, while modifying greatly the relations of Russia to the other powers of Europe, and for the moment appearing to weaken its influence in Continental matters, has in reality given to the Czar a more commanding position. In the second place, GORTCHAKOFF'S name will be for generations remembered in Russia in connection with the bold measures for the advancement of freedom and of orderly progress, which, in despite of many difficulties and some tragic interruptions, have profoundly changed the life of the Russian people. And it is the more certain that his fame in the Russias will be lasting because he is himself, by descent, by family connection, by training, and by instinctive loyalty, thoroughly a Russian.

He came of an ancient family, who traced their origin back to MICHAEL, Grand Duke of Tchernigof, killed by the Mongolians of Batoukhan in the thirteenth century, and recognized as one of the martyr saints of the orthodox Church. But though numbering some notable characters, the family has won distinction mainly within the last century, and for the most part in the military service. One of the Chancellor's cousins commanded the left wing at Alma and Inkermann; another had general command in the Crimea, and personally directed the heroic defense of Sevastopol.

CARRIAGE ETIQUETTE.

THE question whether a lady should sit at the gentleman's left or at his right when riding with him in a carriage has been recently under discussion again in Paris, where the *Figaro* devoted columns to it. One view is that the lady should be on the left side, so that the gentleman may have his right arm free to protect her; and another view is that she should sit at his right, because that is the place of honor. To our friends who live in the country and often drive headstrong young colts which have been broken by main strength only, necessity is etiquette. They are their own drivers, and they have no groom to stand at the horse's head while they are entering the carriage and gathering up the reins. They must have the right hand free to restrain the impatient animal, while assisting the lady into the carriage with the left hand. This requires him to stand at the right of the vehicle. Naturally the lady takes the farther side of the seat, so that the gentleman will not have to step across the carriage in front of her, and the gentleman finds himself seated with the lady at his left. He thus has his right arm free to manage the horse or span in case of an emergency arising, and the only possible criticism of the arrangement is that he is on the wrong side to avoid collisions with vehicles coming from the opposite direction, and that if such a crash comes the lady is in the more dangerous position. This objection would be done away with if all teams would turn out to the left instead of the right in this country, as they do almost everywhere else in the world.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

OUR readers will doubtless be reminded by MR. HOWARD PYLE'S striking picture, the scene of which is laid in a country tavern on the old Albany post road, in the early part of this century, of the powerful description of the consternation which Bill Sykes created in an English way-side inn after the murder of Nancy. It is evident from the placard on the wall that a murder has been committed, and that the murderer is a fugitive, for whose capture a reward is offered. The rustics at the table have been discussing the affair, and their conversation is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a stranger of forbidding aspect. From their attitude it is evident that they regard him with suspicion, which he meets with dogged silence and defiance.

THE FUNERAL OF A WAIF.

MR. REINHART'S picture tells its own pathetic story; but we may call attention to the respect shown to even the most humble funeral in Paris and other European cities, in marked contrast with the usual practice in England and this country. In every city and town in Europe every man who meets a funeral in the street, or passes a doorway draped with mourning, removes his hat in token of respect, no matter how lowly the estate of the deceased may have been. Everything connected with the burial is done with a reverence and a decorum which are very impressive.

THE COLD SPRING HATCHERY.

A HATCHERY at this end of the State has for a long time been needed, in the opinion alike of sportsmen, fish-mongers, and pisciculturists. This great and long-felt want has been supplied, partly by the skillful angling of the promoters of the project in the troubled waters of the Legislature of 1879, and partly by the liberality of MR. JOHN D. JONES, of Cold Spring—a village on the North side of Long Island, thirty miles from Brooklyn—who gave the Fish Commissioners a free lease for ten years of thirty-three acres of the most eligible land and water for their purposes that could be found on Long Island. Springs of clear cool water abound in the land of the precise purity and temperature affected by trout.

Where they breed most and haunt, I have observed, the air is delicate—that is to say, the water—and among these springs is possibly the identical Cold Spring from which the pleasant village takes its name. The undefiled salt-water of the Sound washes the margin, and makes possible experiments with sea-fish which the Fish Commissioners have not been able to carry on satisfactorily elsewhere. There is upon the premises what looks like a humble cabin, though it formerly did duty as a woollen mill, and this was found to need very little modification to fit it for the uses of a hatchery.

The building was put to its new use some ten weeks ago, and last week took place what may be called the "inauguration" of this hatchery, if MR. FREEMAN will allow us to use so very large a word to describe the visit of a number of persons, chiefly unofficial, to so small a house, and the subsequent ceremonies of inspecting embryonic fishes and partaking of refreshments.

Nobody who visits a hatchery for the first time can fail to be impressed with the enormous value of the work that is doing there in increasing the supply of cheap food. The production seems to be absolutely illimitable; and even the statistics give a much less vivid idea of it than is to be gained in a hatchery. But here are some of the figures of Cold Spring. There are 300,000 sea salmon, 150,000 brook trout, 1,000,000 white-fish, 1000 land-locked salmon, 60,000 German trout of the smaller and 20,000 of the larger variety. The salmon are to be turned loose, when they are advanced enough to pick up their own living, in the Hudson and Connecticut rivers. The Adirondack lakes are to be stocked with the land-locked salmon, and the Long Island streams with the brook trout. Next year 300,000,000 of young cod-fish are to be deposited in the Sound, and it is hoped that the result will be an unfailing supply of this Lenten luxury close to our coasts.

The countenance of a mature fish has but a limited play of expression, and the young, in the state in which they may be seen in the troughs at Cold Spring, are even less bountifully endowed in this respect. They are, in fact, less expressive even than a human baby in its passive and quiescent moods. It takes an expert to discriminate varieties, while of marked individuality among specimens of the same tribe there is absolutely none. The physical beauty of a fish of tender weeks is not enhanced by the fact that his most conspicuous feature is a sac dependent from his under person, and nearly the size of the rest of him, from which he imbibes sustenance. He is a frail and delicate creature, and requires to be handled with much care. It is better that he be not handled at all, and to obviate the necessity of handling him, an adaptation has been made, in the MACDONALD jar, of the principle of the siphon, whereby the newly vivified fish is drawn off as required from the jar into the trough on the principle familiar in its application to Seltzer water.

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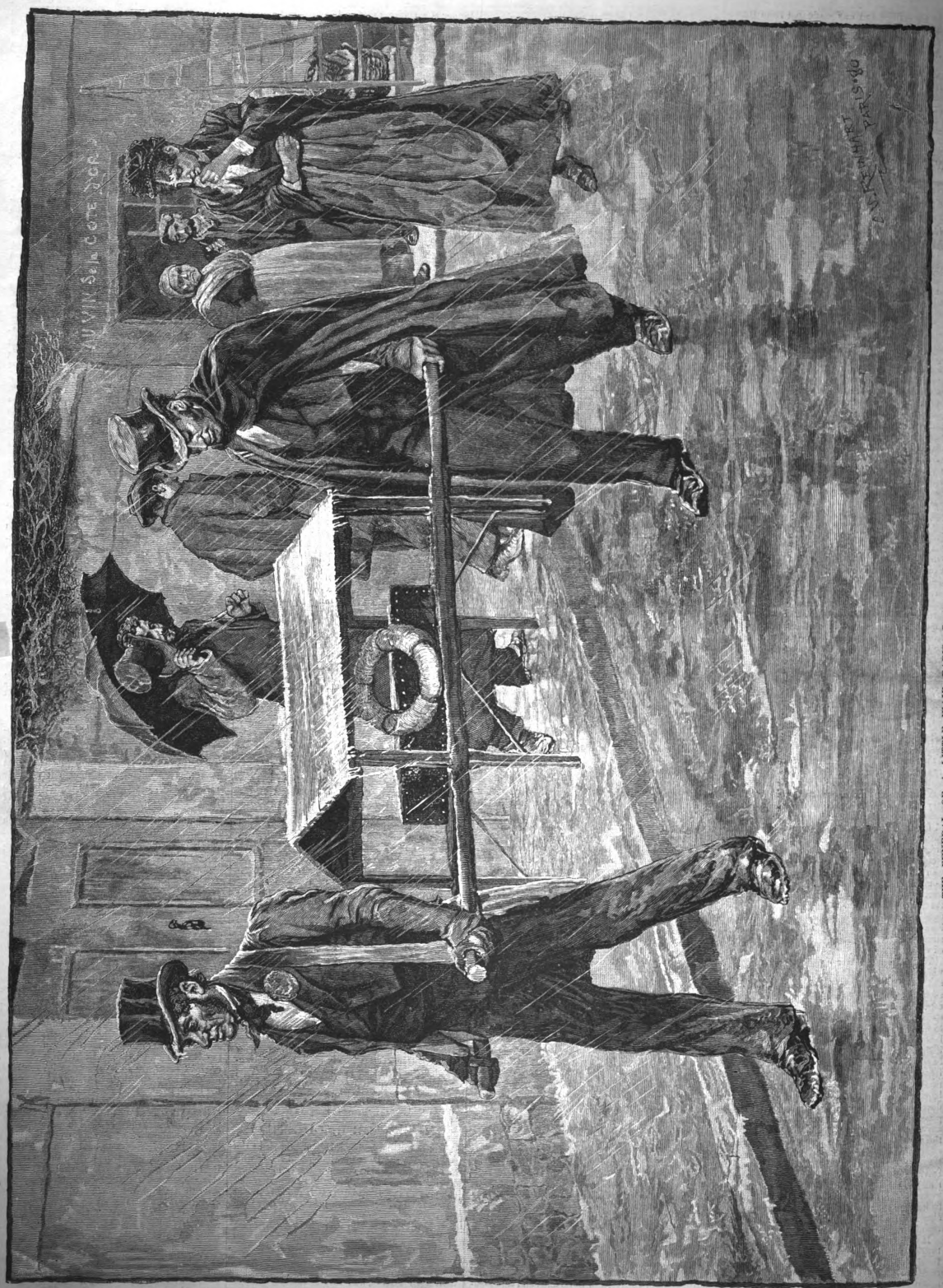

THE FUNERAL OF A LITTLE WAIF, PARIS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 183.]

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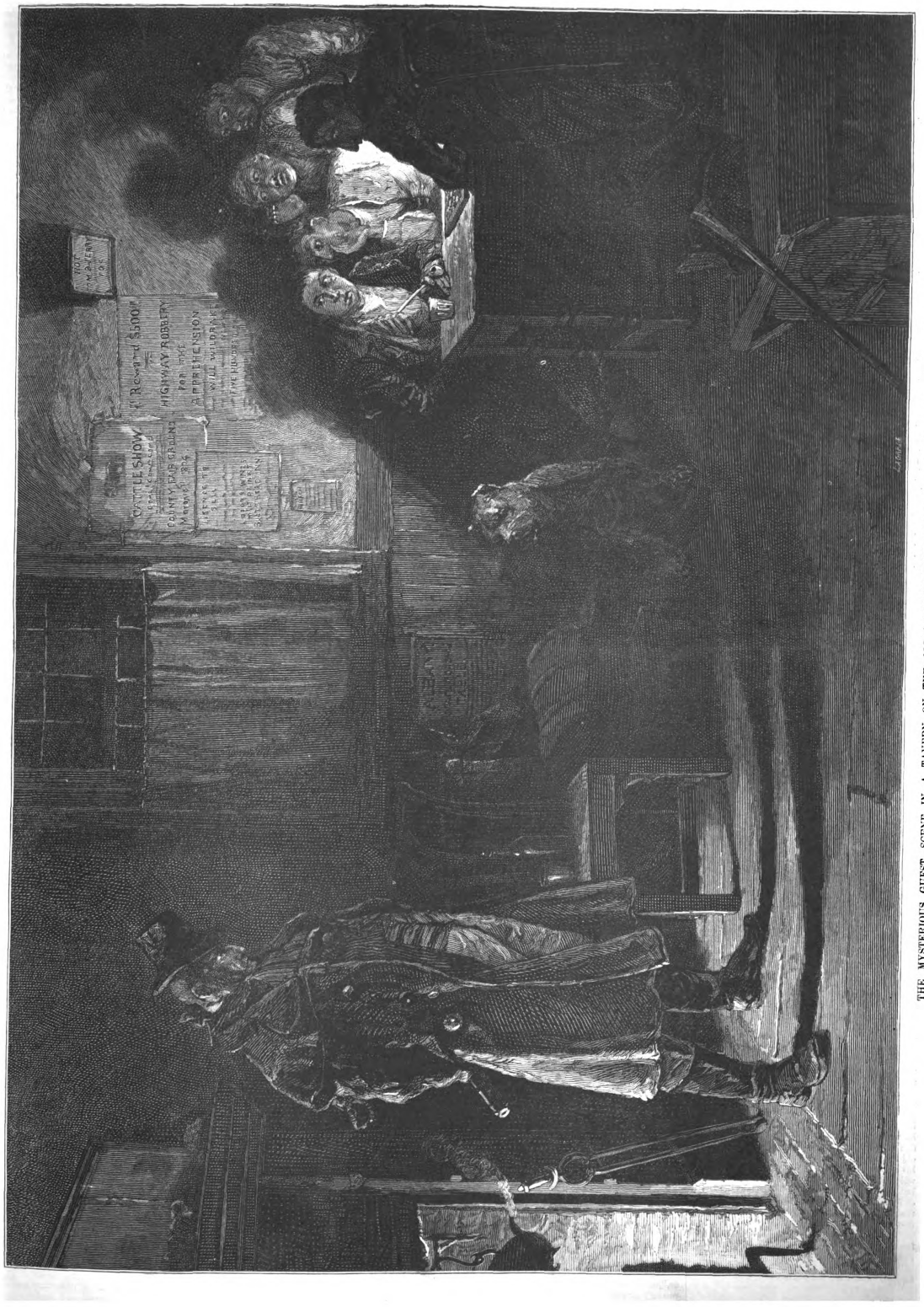

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST—SCENE IN A TAVERN ON THE OLD ALBANY POST ROAD.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

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THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER II.

MORE DEPARTURES.

John Woodhatch for once proved himself to be a true prophet. He who had been so seldom right in his life was right in this instance to the very letter of his prediction. It was a little after noon in the following day when a telegram was brought to him, which he read in the front parlor to Lucy and her father.

"*From Gregory Dorward to John Woodhatch, Skegs Shore:*

"*I was married this morning to Kitty. Think as well of us both as you can.*"

"There the story ends, after all, as I had planned it," said John Woodhatch, in a strangely unexultant tone. "And Kitty Vanch marries Greg."

"She was in a tremendous hurry, all of a sudden," replied Mr. Larcom. "If she had only waited to hear this will read, I wonder what the effect would have been?"

"She would have married Greg just the same," was the reply. "It is not impossible she knew what was the purport of this will. She was a great deal with Hester Brake at the last."

"I hope she did," said the parson; "it will save a deal of quibbling. Greg's a sharp fellow, and might plead his ignorance of the document, and put in a claim for his wife, after all. To me it's not so very clear that Lucy will get the money, for—"

"Never mind the money just now. You will have plenty of time to think over all this abroad, where the money is," said Woodhatch; "and Greg and his wife will have no opposition to offer, I am sure. When do you leave?"

"I asked Fladge to be ready with the trap in about half an hour from this time," replied the parson. "We shall go to the cottage for one or two things, and then start from Skegs Shore by the five-o'clock train."

"You will be in France to-morrow, then, Alec?"

"Yes."

"And the chapel business here?"

"I have arranged all that. A friend of mine from Lincoln will take the chapel in hand. He's a senseeble young man in his way, too, and I dare say will succeed me altogether. And," added Mr. Larcom, "I hope ye will extend to him all the hospeetality posseeble for the sake of an old friend."

John Woodhatch looked hard at the old friend aforesaid, but did not reply to him. Alec Larcom had forgotten the sharp discussion of the preceding evening, and was in excellent spirits altogether. Kate Vanch's marriage had followed so quickly on the reading of the will that the fortune was secured to him and his daughter before he had had much time to think of it; and a new bright life was stretching out for them both—a new beginning to all things, with not a care in their way to mar their rejoicing. True, there was something in John Woodhatch that was new; that would have been exceedingly perplexing had Alec Larcom had the time to think it over at that busy period of preparation for departure; that would have even distressed him had he thought there was real sorrow, real trouble, at the heart of the man whom he had known so long. But Alec Larcom was full of his own projects, full of himself, and his daughter's advancement in the world, full of thoughts of the journey before him, and hardly the same man who had struggled and preached and worked his soul out at Skegs Shore. Prosperity would not wholly improve the Methodist parson in all probability; but then does great prosperity improve many folk, or any folk? Were not our friends the truer, better, and more straightforward before the golden shower came down from heaven, or up from hell, to gild their ways in life? And oh! the good fellows we all have known who were poor! and oh! the rich prigs on whom it is a pleasure to turn one's back now!

John Woodhatch was soured with thoughts somewhat akin to these; but he was studiously grave, even polite, to Alec Larcom and to his daughter Lucy. And he seemed to look at each of them, and at little Morice, and even at Reuben Fladge and his farm servants, in so strange a way, as if they were all people in whom he was perforce still interested, and whom he studied a great deal, and to the last, though without any heart in his work.

Lucy Brake, more watchful than her wont, saw this, and more than this, with a rapidly increasing surprise, and an anxiety for which she could hardly account. Presently she came to him when he was alone, when he was walking in the garden with his hands crossed behind him, after the old fashion which he had, and took her place by his side with the freedom of one ever sure of a welcome. He did not appear surprised at this, but his face did not light up as usual at the sight of her. It remained still curiously grave, with a meaning on it utterly impossible to decipher in that hour, and for many hours to come.

"John," said Lucy, frankly, "has any one offended you? Have you taken offense at anything that has been said or done of late days?"

"I am not quick to take offense, Lucy," he replied, "and I am not offended."

"Nor hurt?"

"No."

"Nor—nor disappointed?"

"No. I can not say I am disappointed in anything or anybody."

"But you have altered so much; you are not the John Woodhatch I have always known," she said; "since Hester's death you have been so different altogether."

"I am sorry you have remarked it, Lucy, or cared about it in any way," he replied, speaking very slowly; "but I do not deny I *have* altered, possibly have wholly changed with the changes which have come to us, and—more of which are coming on still."

"I do not see—"

"There will be further changes here. There will be new lives begun and old lives ended before you are back again in Lincolnshire—if you ever come back, that is," he added.

"Why should I not?"

"You will be happier away—much happier."

"I am not fond of travelling. I am no great hand at making friends, and I believe," she added, in a little whisper, "I hate money, and people who are fond of it."

"It is not everything, but it is a mighty power," answered Woodhatch, "and is never to be despised."

"Will you tell Kitty for me, please," she said, very hurriedly, "that this marriage of hers shall make no difference in her future prospects, and that she need not feel—neither she nor Greg—any disappointment at the conditions of the will. For I—"

She stopped as he touched her arm, and looked at her with the same grave, steady, incomprehensible stare.

"You will not burden me with commissions, Lucy, which it will be beyond my power to fulfill," he said.

"I—I do not understand you," Lucy said, with her heart beating very rapidly.

"I shall not see Kitty Vanch or Greg ever again. They belong not to my life—they are completely gone. That's all," he added.

"But why?"

"Ah! don't ask me for explanations," he said; "they are beyond me just now."

"You will write and tell me what you mean, then. For there is some mystery you are keeping from me, John, some secret, some new project."

"Yes, I have a project in my mind, and you will hear of it soon, Lucy," he said. "Forty-five is late in the day for planning it out, but it will not be kept from you or your father. You are both sure to hear of it."

"These mysteries are not like you, and are not worthy of one who has been always so outspoken," she murmured, reproachfully.

"You will bear with them and me for the few moments that are left," he said, very tenderly. "To explain would do no good, and might effect much harm. I want you to forgive me, Lucy, before you go away to-day."

"To forgive you—what? What have I ever had to forgive in my father's friend—my father's own right hand?"

"I am keeping a secret from you," he replied, "a something which you ought to know, but which I dare not tell you—which you shall know later on when you are abroad."

"And why can not you tell me, or—trust me?"

"It concerns the life of another, and influences that life so much," he answered; "and I would be forgiven blindly in this matter."

"I do not believe I can have possibly anything to forgive," said Lucy, wonderingly.

"Yes," he responded.

"Then you are forgiven, John, with all my heart and soul. In very gratitude for all the dear old times, believe me," she exclaimed.

"Thank you, Lucy," he answered, as he took her hands in his. "You would bring back those dear old times again to me if anybody could. But that is quite impossible. There is no stepping back to the old days. It is always onward, step by step, to the night."

"Rather to the brighter day, for such good, earnest men as you."

"I am not a good man—although," he said, after a pause, "I am terribly in earnest."

"Why will you not tell me what is distressing you? Because I am a woman, weak and vain and untrustworthy?" she said.

"Because you are the woman who would be distressed with me, and to no useful purpose," he replied; "because you will go away the happier for not knowing; because to know it later on is so very much the better for us all."

"But—"

"But you must not worry me too much, child," he said, with a shade more sternness in his manner, and which she shrank from at once, it being new to her. "I can not bear more even from you."

"Very well," she answered, sadly and submissively.

"Ask at the *Poste Restante*, Paris, for letters now and then, will you, Lucy?"

"Of course, of course. And father or I will write to you to-morrow night, and—"

Again that strange stretching out of his big hand, and reducing her to immediate silence by a touch which seemed to turn her into stone, as the touch of a dead hand might have done.

"Don't write to me, or think of me, yet awhile, till a communication reaches Paris for you," he said; "it will be only waste of time."

"You do not wish to hear from us," she murmured.

"You and your father are going away from my life, and are anxious to go; why should you be troubled by thinking of me? What is the use of it?" he said.

"Yes, John Woodhatch, you are offended with us," cried Lucy, passionately now; "we have done you in your estimation—but God knows not intentionally—a grievous wrong. And we have a claim to know what you consider that wrong is."

"You have done me no wrong; I have asked your forgiveness," he said; "and there is no thought in my heart which is not for the welfare of Alec Larcom and his daughter. What more can I say than that?"

"Ah! but you do not explain."

"The explanation will be shortly on its way to you," he replied. "Do me the justice to wait for it, Lucy; and so leave me now in peace. It is the last thing I ask of you."

"I will not harass you any more," said Lucy, in response.

"Not the last thing, quite," he corrected; "there is one favor more I am going to ask."

"Well," said Lucy, "what is that?"

"Come in-doors and play me the 'Wedding March,' as you did five years ago. I should be glad to hear it once more in my life," he said.

"To hear it many times, if you will, when I come back, John."

"Come back here?" he said.

"Why, yes—why not?"

"You will never come back to Farm Forlorn," he said, "and that is why I wish you to play for me to-day."

She would not ask him for any further explanation; he would not have given it if she had done so. He spoke in riddles, but there was no solution to them—and he spoke as if they were the explanations rather than the riddles themselves. And, moreover, he took it for granted that she and her father were leaving him forever, and were only too glad to get away from him to think of returning to the place. He seemed to imply that he was nothing in their estimation, and that it was as well for all of them it should be so, and she could only trust to time, to a few weeks or months, to disabuse his mind of so unworthy an impression. He was not himself now. The death of Hester Brake had changed him very much, the sudden departure of Greg and Kitty Vanch, and even Mrs. Chadderton, was all part of the mystery which had altered him, and which he had promised to explain when she and her father and Morice were in Paris. This was not the John Woodhatch she had ever known; presently he would be his firm, self-reliant, honest self again, and not the grave shadow of what he had been. And till that day came, she would wait in peace—wondering a little why she should think of it so deeply.

It was a strange time to play Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a strange air to select, the day after a funeral; but it had been a favorite of his, and this was his last wish, and she was going away.

They passed into the farm parlor together, and she sat down at the grand piano he had bought for her last visit, and played with her old skill whilst he watched her, and thought of the five years since she had sat there terribly afraid of him and what he was going to say to her. She had not changed in the least, to his observation; she was the same fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose beauty trouble had not marred, and before whom might stretch a world of happiness to come, as he prayed to God it might. He had grown gray in earnest in those five long years, and old at heart, and soured and discontented, and had lost faith in everything that claimed a friendship with him. At forty-five years of age he was an old man—a very old man, he knew—without a hope in the world, and with just one fleeting, childish fancy to hear her play again in the home to which he had told her she would never come back, and which was a sure prophecy, despite all Lucy's doubts.

"Thank you," he said, very gravely, when she had finished. "It was kind of you. I will remember this always."

Before Lucy could reply, if she had thought of replying, Alec Larcom and his granddaughter Morice came into the room equipped for their journey, and looking very much astonished.

"What a time to be doddering away at the piano!" exclaimed Mr. Larcom, "and Fladge already outside with the trap. Get yeer things on, Lucy, for goodness' sake!"

Lucy withdrew, and Alec Larcom bustled about and looked for sticks, umbrellas, and wrappers with the customary *fussiness of a man going* a few miles, and ran in and out of the room half a dozen times, becoming more red and confused with each occasion. John Woodhatch stood looking down at the piano as though Lucy was still sitting there, until little Morice touched his hand.

"Are you sorry we are going, Mitter Woodhatch?" she asked, suddenly. "You look sorry—oh, so very!"

"Yes," he said; "I am sorry."

When they were outside in the roadway, little Morice, still clinging to his hand, said, suddenly:

"Why don't you come with us? We should like you to."

"Ah! you are kind to think of that, little Morice," he answered; "but that can not be."

She was the first to think of it, the only one to think of it, and he was grateful. He stooped and kissed her, placed her between her mother and grandfather, whilst Fladge clambered to the back seat, with his usual weak grin of satisfaction at everybody and everything. And then there were the final good-byes, Mr. Larcom being absent-minded and flurried, with the reins in his hands, and almost too preoccupied to say farewell, and Lucy as grave as John Woodhatch now, and with tears swimming in her eyes.

"Good-by," she murmured, "and for all kindness here, our thanks."

"Good-by," he answered, softly.

"And we'll see ye again, John, let us hope. And send ye all the news, and let ye know how we're faring shortly. And good-by to ye," cried the parson, flourishing his whip.

"Good-by, old Alec," he replied. But he looked at Lucy, and as they drove away he raised his big felt hat to her, and she marvelled once again at the meaning on that rugged, sunburned face.

They were gone, and he turned very quickly and like a man of business to the work he had on hand.

"*Now, then*," he said, sternly.

CHAPTER III.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE ACCOUNTS.

John Woodhatch seemed to resume all his old energy with the departure of his guests from Farm Forlorn. Before his friends, he had been reserved and stern; with their absence from his homestead, he was more like the old master than he had been during the last week—and yet, after all, the master with a difference. The friendly smile was altogether gone, and was not likely to return, with the dead weight at his heart; the eager eyes were bright and searching, without the light and love in them which had been always there, and the whole expression of the face was marked by the new determination which had been upon his mind some days, and which he had kept back from all concerned in him.

But the men about the farm, the women-servants in his employ, were to be told readily what he had concealed from Larcom and his daughter; the hour had come to tell them, and he had been waiting for it patiently. With the exodus of his last friends—or those who professed to be his friends still, he thought bitterly—there had arrived the hour for action, and the time to end it all.

"Let everybody on the farm come to me in half an hour's time," he said to those who were nearest to him at the moment after the Larcoms' departure; then he strode away, and was busy in his own rooms until the time appointed. He wrote two letters there—one to Mrs. Gregory Dorward, 10 Bolter's Rents, Drury Lane, and a second to Mrs. Brake, Poste Restante, Paris—and they were both dashed off at a rate which betokened he had made up his mind what to say, and how to say it. These letters he put in the breast-pocket of his coat, to post at some future period with his own hands; then he packed with the same haste a big portmanteau which he had not used since his last trip to London, five years ago, thrusting in clothes, papers, bank-notes, loose money, with very little heed as to the method of arrangement. A man bent on flight from his pursuers would have packed in that wild fashion, as against time, *which* might discomfit him, if he were not quick in preparation; and yet, when the task was accomplished, he sat down and stared at his work in a dreamy, absent fashion.

To the minute of the appointed time he was at his post in the farm parlor, with a crowd of eager, sunburned faces surrounding him, looking in at the windows, peering round the doors—the whole retinue of Farm Forlorn, the rank and file of the grim regiment which he had enlisted in his service, and, as he had hoped, in God's, until this day of disappointment. They were all there, and, massed together thus, presented a strange feature of the scene—a record, as it were—and as he thought in that hour—of the hopeless nature of the task which he had set himself so long ago to carry out.

No wonder he had failed, with this material to work upon, and with his one theory that man required but his chance to pass from darkness into light, seeing the one example in himself of what an honest resolution might aspire to. All this his own intolerable conceit, he knew now, for in himself he was a total failure! He had failed in securing happiness, or confidence, or common respect—no one trusted him, and everybody turned away from him when self-interest, or a blind selfishness which knew not what was best, impelled man or woman to take the side against him. He had been simply tolerated all these years, and there was no one really to care for him, and *plenty of folk* to suspect him and his motives, and to set against him always the history of his early life. No one had believed in repentance but himself, and his had been a mad belief which had ended in this fashion. So be it. He had done his best, but it was not for a man like him to succeed in Christian work. He was not good enough. He gave up, now, for good!

In a few words he told this to his startled listeners, regarding them gravely, as parts of the gigantic failure to which he had succumbed, but he spoke not unkindly, like one who had made up his mind to end this comedy of philanthropy summarily and completely.

"You will do as well without me in the world as with me, lads," he concluded; "you will get your living, most of you, honestly and fairly, I hope—and there will be no one to preach at you any more. It is a wide county, and there is plenty of room, and, after all, it is not the worst recommendation to come from Woodhatch's farm. And so good luck to you, men and women, and don't forget the master altogether. He will think of you very often."

The faces betrayed blank astonishment rather than regret, but there were one or two lips quivering in the crowd, one or two hearts touched by the few rough words of explanation he had proffered them, one or two rugged, desperate natures which he had distrusted most, the most affected and cast down.

"And now you have only to receive your wages in advance—to pack up to-day and go," he said, drawing a large canvas bag of money to his side.

"Now!" echoed one or two, and "To-day!" was murmured like a chorus in the background.

"It all ends in another hour—and I shall be very glad if you have all left by that time," he answered. "It will put you to some inconvenience, especially you women, but I will remember that in your wages. Money must make the amends it can for the extra trouble which I give you. And if you are not satisfied with what I give, tell me so at once; there will be no time for reparation the next day."

"But the horses—the crops—the stock?" asked many wondering voices.

"They are sold. The stock will be fetched away almost immediately," he added, looking at his watch.

"And the farm, sir—who takes the farm?"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

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"No one takes it," he answered; "it is my own property, and will not be let again. This is Farm Forlorn, and will remain so to the end."

They did not understand him, but they asked him no more questions. There was that in his looks which checked further inquiries from his dependents; there had been always times when John Woodhatch was a man not be trifled with, or even reasoned with, and this was one of them. They were to receive their wages and depart; and they were liberal wages which he paid them in full of all demands, being prone that day to mark their progress with gold pieces. Only one man of the number responded to the hint conveyed to them a few minutes ago, and he had been there but three weeks, and had been dissatisfied from the moment of his advent. He turned the money over in his hand, and thought it was not sufficient, considering the lateness of the season, and the long distance to his native place, where there might be his only chance of getting work again; but as John Woodhatch put his hand mechanically into his money-bag the man was hustled in hot haste from the room, and thrust out by impetuous and indignant force into the roadway. The master did not seem to notice this outburst of virtuous feeling—the resolve that his liberality should not be imposed upon by this new "greedy hound"—and presently he was sitting there alone, having shaken hands with the last servant and received the last good wishes for his future welfare.

And there he sat till they were gone, the noise and confusion in the big farm-house troubling him not at all. Men came from distant farms, true to their appointed time, and drove away every living thing upon the estate; the servants melted by degrees; there was a grand exodus toward Skegs Shore village, a long procession of people who were not living in the cottages round about the farm, and who, seized with John Woodhatch's impetuosity, hastened away at once.

Reuben Fladge, bringing the horse and trap homeward from the parson's house, pulled up, dismayed, at the first group which he encountered, and bawled forth his questions as to the meaning of it all, receiving it with open mouth and blinking eyes, and gasping for his breath after the news had been imparted to him.

"It's a lie; it ain't so. I tell you it's a lie!" he shouted, as he drove off again; stopping at each fresh group he met upon the way and asking the same questions, and vociferating his indignant denial of it all after each fresh supply of information, flourishing even his whip above his head in his excitement, and like the poor, half-mad thing he was.

"It ain't true. He wouldn't have forgot me like this, or told me naught about it. It's every bit a lie," he was muttering to himself still when he reached the farm, where he found the doors closed and the windows barred, as if Death had stepped into the house again. But the master was waiting for him. He *had* not forgotten him. All had been thought out very carefully, and John Woodhatch had never been more methodical.

He stepped out of the house, with the big portmanteau in his hands, and pitched it into the trap by the side of Reuben-Fladge.

"You'll have to drive back to Skegs Shore, Fladge, and leave this with the station-master. I will call for it before the last train to Hull comes in to-night."

"But—but you ain't a-going away all at once like this?" jerked forth Fladge; "you ain't going to leave me here alone, master, without you? Oh! that can't be!"

"There, there; we must not have any raving in the broad daylight, Fladge," said John Woodhatch, taken aback by this demonstrative fellow, and remembering suddenly the hour of a previous parting with him, and the trouble he had been; "just sit there and listen to my instructions."

A firm, decisive tone was best with Reuben Fladge when the fit was on him of rash impulsiveness. The servant looked hard at the master, but was silent and attentive.

"You understand about that portmanteau—what I want done with it?" said John Woodhatch. Then he reiterated his instructions, and Reuben Fladge nodded his head, and, when the master had concluded, said,

"I'll take care of it till you come."

"No. You will leave it at the station, I tell you."

"But, look here—"

John Woodhatch would not wait for Reuben Fladge's argument upon this part of the question, but went on with farther instructions as to the future course of action of his subordinate.

"You will drive from the station to Bleathorpe—to Tolland's farm—and there remain till you hear from me."

"You said I wasn't to go there ever any more," Fladge muttered. "I don't like Tolland's farm."

"Why?"

"It ain't like home," he answered, sullenly; "this has only been my home. There's been bad luck everywhere else."

"Try and like it, Fladge. It may be yours some day," was the reply.

"Mine! Ho, ho! What would be the good of it to me?" he cried.

"Sell it, then, and do something better with the money. For it *is* yours, man," said Woodhatch, "and the deeds will reach you to-morrow in your own house."

"Good Gord!" exclaimed Fladge.

"At all events, it's a chance," remarked the master. "And every man should have his chance. Don't you see that yet?"

Fladge shook his head, and flicked the ears of the horse before him with his whip. He had recovered his equanimity, and was stolid and passive enough now.

"I don't want anything o' that sort," he said. "It's not in my line—it's not what I've been used to."

"There will be money to your account in Bleathorpe Bank, and you can't make a worse failure of it than I have. And," he added, "you may succeed."

"No—I shouldn't."

"But the thing is done," said John Woodhatch, with an angry stamp of his foot, "and can not be undone. You are the one man I have wronged in my life, in thinking you were the murderer of Morris Brake, and yet you are the only one who has been faithful to me, and will be sorry when I have gone. I am rich, and you are a poor dolt, looked down upon in Lincolnshire—and it is settled you shall have this farm. You hear this? Do with it what you will when I am gone—that is nothing to me—I shall not care what you do."

"Where are you going, master?" asked Fladge.

"That is a question you have no right to ask."

"Can't I go with you?"

"No. Impossible."

"That's all I want, Mr. Woodhatch," said Reuben, very slowly—"to be with you—or near you. I don't want no more than that—and not having it, nothin's any good to me. And I won't take nothin', and that's Gord's truth."

John Woodhatch turned away and walked the whole length of Farm Forlorn before he came back to the chaise in which this blank-visaged being was ensconced. He was almost unmanned. Here was one evidence, at least, and at last, of his work not having been in vain. A strange, burlesque evidence of his success, but marked by real gratitude and an unselfish affection, two of the rarest qualities under the sun.

"I am going away alone, and a long distance, where I shall be only at peace alone, Fladge," he said; "and I am never coming back."

"Oh, don't say that! All of a sudden, too, like this!"

"And you will make my going away a harder task than it is by taking any notice of it. And so, Fladge, drive to Tolland's farm after you have been to Skegs Shore again, and think it your home, and begin life afresh there."

"It ain't fit for me," muttered Fladge.

"I wish it."

"Ay," said Fladge, with a short nod, and without looking at the master again.

John Woodhatch walked back to the house, passed in and closed the door behind him, thus terminating all farther discussion with this dull-witted subordinate. He had issued his decree, and there was an end of it, he thought. He would benefit this man who did not care for benefits, and to whom benefits would not do any good. So much more waste money, but that did not matter. He could only offer his money, not his love, to a weakling like this; and though that might do even harm to such a being as Reuben Fladge, it was all he could do.

Reuben looked over his shoulder as the door of the farm-house closed noisily and took the hint which was conveyed by it. His master had not wished him good-by, and, though he might think he had finished with him thus, he was out of his reckoning this time, and no mistake. Reuben stared for a while at the farm-house, at the closed windows and doors, at the aspect of desolation which it seemed already to possess, and then, with a half groan, half sigh, born of the excess of thought which was troubling him that day, he drove off slowly in the direction of the railway station.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

OPEN FIRES.

WHETHER it is of wood or coal, the virtues of an open fire are these: By its peculiar heat action it warms the air of a room less than its walls and less than the occupants of the room, producing a comfortable warmth. It gives the most thorough ventilation, and it is the most cheerful as well as comfortable source of heat. Its faults are its expensiveness, and the greater trouble required in taking care of it.

Why does an open fire give a comfortable heat when the heat from a system of pipes is often oppressive, and sometimes stifling? Because of the great difference between the ways in which the fire and the hot pipes dispense their heat. The heat rays from an open fire pass directly through the air without much heating it; they heat any solid object in their way, whether it be the walls and furniture of the room or the person of the sitter, but they leave the air itself cool until this is heated in turn by radiation from the walls. The occupant of the room does not have to wait for this secondary radiation; he is impartially and promptly warmed, like any other solid object in the room, by the direct glow of the fire, while the air around him may remain comparatively cool. It does not, in point of fact, get to be quite as warm as the walls and furniture, while by choosing a less or greater distance from the fire, or by the use of screens, you can adjust the heat of direct radiation exactly to your personal comfort.

This is not the case with any other system of heating. Warmed pipes, a stove at anything short of red heat, and a hot-air register directly heat the air itself, leaving the walls comparatively cool. The room is full of hot air, which you can not temper instantly to your comfort as you can temper the radiation of the open fire, while the walls remain cooler than the air when these heating appliances are used, and abstract heat from the occupants of the room instead of supplying heat to them, as they do when warmed by the open fire.

For these reasons the open fire is the most comfortable way of heating. As to its virtue in producing ventilation, an open fire "is powerful enough to draw into the room all the air it wants, and for this purpose will use indiscriminately all openings, whether inlets or outlets, if necessary." If, as often happens, when this is cold, and the house is not tightly built, the fire may easily cause too much ventilation, so that the feet become chilled, and the temperature of the room does not reach a comfortable degree of warmth. In such a case a register supplying warmed air from a furnace below is a necessary supplement to the open fires; a similar compensation is needed in large buildings where hot pipes are used to warm the halls. The open fire, indeed, is often in our climate a luxury for a single room, rather than a sufficient means of heating the house; but the open fire is a great comfort. Other sources of heat may usefully supplement it; but no other, at whatever expense of money and scientific contrivance, can take the place of it. I have known more than one builder of his own house who has found out that its winter comfort was by no means wholly decided by the height of the thermometer.

The cheerfulness of the open fire requires no eulogy. But the open flame, whether of wood, soft coal, or hard coal, is a costly luxury. Soft coal is with us one of the most expensive kinds of fuel; but it is worth remembering that one good lump of it upon a hard-coal fire will fill a room with cheerful flame for hours.

Of the heat furnished by an ordinary open coal fire only about one-eighth is utilized in a room. This waste has led inventors to contrive various means for retaining a part of the heat that escapes directly up the chimney. The principle is to warm an ascending current of air in proximity to the fire, but not to an excessive degree, and to disengage the air near the top of the room. Galton has devised one of the best of these contrivances, but it is little known in this country. In any fire-place the forms and materials employed make a good deal of difference with the amount of heat saved. Brick and tiles are better than iron for the backing; the grate should project a certain distance into the room, and a projecting chimney-piece absorbs and radiates a considerable amount of heat. The fashion, now going out, of concealing the mantel-piece with a board, suitably trimmed and decorated, was thus a thrifty as well as a pretty one, the fringes and other coverings of the false mantel-piece serving to retain and distribute the heat of the fire beneath.

The hob is an attachment that should be found upon the grate of every open fire. Any one can make a good hob in five minutes. Take a piece of stout wire one-fifth of an inch in diameter and twenty to twenty-four inches long, bend it into the shape of a long capital U, five or six inches broad, put the points of this U between the two upper grate bars and bend down the loop of it until it stays level, and you will have a convenient movable hob, and quite as good a one as can be bought for money. The hob and kettle are very serviceable for evaporating water, according to the plan I have recommended for keeping the air moist. A hob thus makes the grate fire in the parlor more healthful, while the tea-kettle simmering upon it adds its own element of domestic comfort.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A CANADIAN who is a stickler for independence in political action spent a recent election day in his cellar, where solicitors for votes couldn't find him.

By the aid of an electric device German engineers have succeeded recently in procuring very accurate photographic views of the earth from ascending balloons.

It is claimed that Georgia contributed the word *bogus* to the vocabulary of the United States. The story is that one William A. Bogus conducted a land lottery in Augusta, and succeeded in swindling nearly everybody there before he decamped for Arkansas.

Professor Proctor says that Jupiter is in the state in which the earth was thirty-four million years ago. Thus does the progressive science of astronomy usurp the functions of the oldest inhabitant.

The earliest product of the spring, the foliage of kite tails on telegraph wires, will soon make its appearance.

In a Wheeling (West Virginia) theatre a man in the audience hissed when others applauded. A policeman arrested him on the charge of having made a disturbance.

"Did not the applause make more noise than the hissing?" the judge asked a witness on the following morning.

The witness said he supposed it did.

"Did the officer arrest those who applauded?" was another question.

And the witness said, with some surprise, that he did not.

"Then," said the judge, "I will discharge this prisoner. The right to applaud implies the right to hiss."

When an artist, professional man, or tradesman in England secures the patronage of some noted person, he is said to be "in the swim," and his fortune is made. Lord Beaconsfield employed a physician who was "a cross between an old school and a new school." The doctor was thenceforth "in the swim," and now his practice is enormous.

It is said that the Mormon missionaries in the South have never made a negro convert to Mormonism.

There came to the Governor a few days ago a letter addressed to "Mrs. Grover Cleveland," in which the wife of a Mississippi legislator wrote that she had named her boy after "your illustrious husband," and begged the photographs and autographs of the Governor and the hypothetical Mrs. Cleveland, and a present which might be kept for the child. The bachelor Governor was in doubt as to whether he ought to open the envelope, and the council of State officers that sat on the question was divided in opinion. The Governor cast a deciding vote in favor of breaking the seal. He will grant the woman's request so far as is at present in his power.

They tell of an elderly Parisian toper who, while making his way home in the darkness, stumbled up against the iron railing surrounding the base of the Obelisk. After circling around the shaft several times, feeling his way as he went, he cried in despair, "Oh, the miserable wretches! they've gone and locked me in."

The *Illustrated London News* has a picture of Mr. Gladstone "falling" a tree. "The attitude of the venerable statesman," says a Canadian journal, "and the shape of the cut, throw a flood of light on what has hitherto been a mystery, namely, how it was that he did not long ago run out of trees."

According to a writer in Washington, women dressed in costly attire, but wearing very muddy shoes, were seen standing on the new satin-covered furniture at one of the White House receptions, in order that they might obtain a view of what was going on in the Blue Room.

It is suggested that Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, should write a book entitled *Thirty Days in the United States Senate*, after Benton's *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*, and that, if prepared with equal fidelity to actual occurrences, it could not fail to be very entertaining.

On March 12 a trustee of the East River Bridge said that the bridge would be opened in sixty days. Adding sixty days' "grace" for delays resulting from unforeseen causes, it may be considered probable that the bridge will be in use by the middle of July.

A member of the Maine Legislature declared that he was opposed to a certain bill "*in toto* and *seriatim*." The Boston *Herald* says that if he had known more Latin his opposition would have been stronger.

Wendell Phillips recently told a visitor how near the history of the abolition struggle came to being written by Garrison—the man, said Phillips, who ought to have written it, and who meant to. "At one time he took a retired study for the purpose, moved his books and papers into it, planning to work at the matter diligently, and—never entered the room again."

It is said that Richard Dalton, the nine-year-old son of the superintendent of the Senate folding-room, is the only person who ever remained in the Senate chamber during an executive session who was not a sworn officer of that body. This he did on the Sunday on which the last session came to a close. When his father asked him why he remained in the chamber, he gave the very natural reason that he wanted to see what the Senators did.

One of the weather prophets, doubtless thinking it was time that something be done to protect his class from popular vengeance, predicted rain for St. Patrick's Day. A patriotic wearer of the green, who has "walked" on every St. Patrick's Day for nearly half a century, was once asked on the eve of that anniversary what he thought the prospect was for pleasant weather on the morrow. The old man shook his head dubiously. "But I don't know," he said, brightening up; "there was *wan* foine Pathrick's Day. I think it was along in the thirties."

The Governor of Michigan has pardoned Samuel Ullman, who was sentenced at Kalamazoo in 1855 to life imprisonment for murder. After twenty-eight years Ullman's innocence has been proved. Regret for the great wrong inflicted upon him should take the form of some effort to make reparation. His case is another warning against taking the still greater hazard of inflicting capital punishment on the strength of circumstantial evidence.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says, gleefully: "The 'possum season is about over, but the Georgia punkin yam is at its juiciest. This is where the Empire State of the sweet sunny Southland gets away with the rest of the world."

In Brunswick, Maine, a woman's pet cat fell sick. The family physician treated the sufferer, but with no good result. The undertaker composed its remains in a $12 50 casket, and its mistress cabled her husband in Europe that the end had come.

A rural member of the New Jersey Assembly introduced a bill some time ago "to prevent the spread of contagious diseases of animals," which provided that poultry dying of a contagious disease should be buried within twenty-four hours, not less than two feet under-ground, and imposed a heavy penalty for violations of the law. The bill slumbered in a committee until a day or two ago, when some wag managed to get inserted in it the following section, which appeared in the printed bill on the members' desks:

"SECTION 2. And be it enacted that there shall be erected over the grave, tomb, or sepulchre of such deceased hen, cat, goose, duck, dog, drake, peacock, rat, polecat, or other fowl, a suitable tombstone, tablet, or monument, not to exceed fifty feet in height, or to cost more than $13 50, upon which shall be inscribed the species, sex, and age of said deceased, and what knocked him out, with suitable poetical finish."

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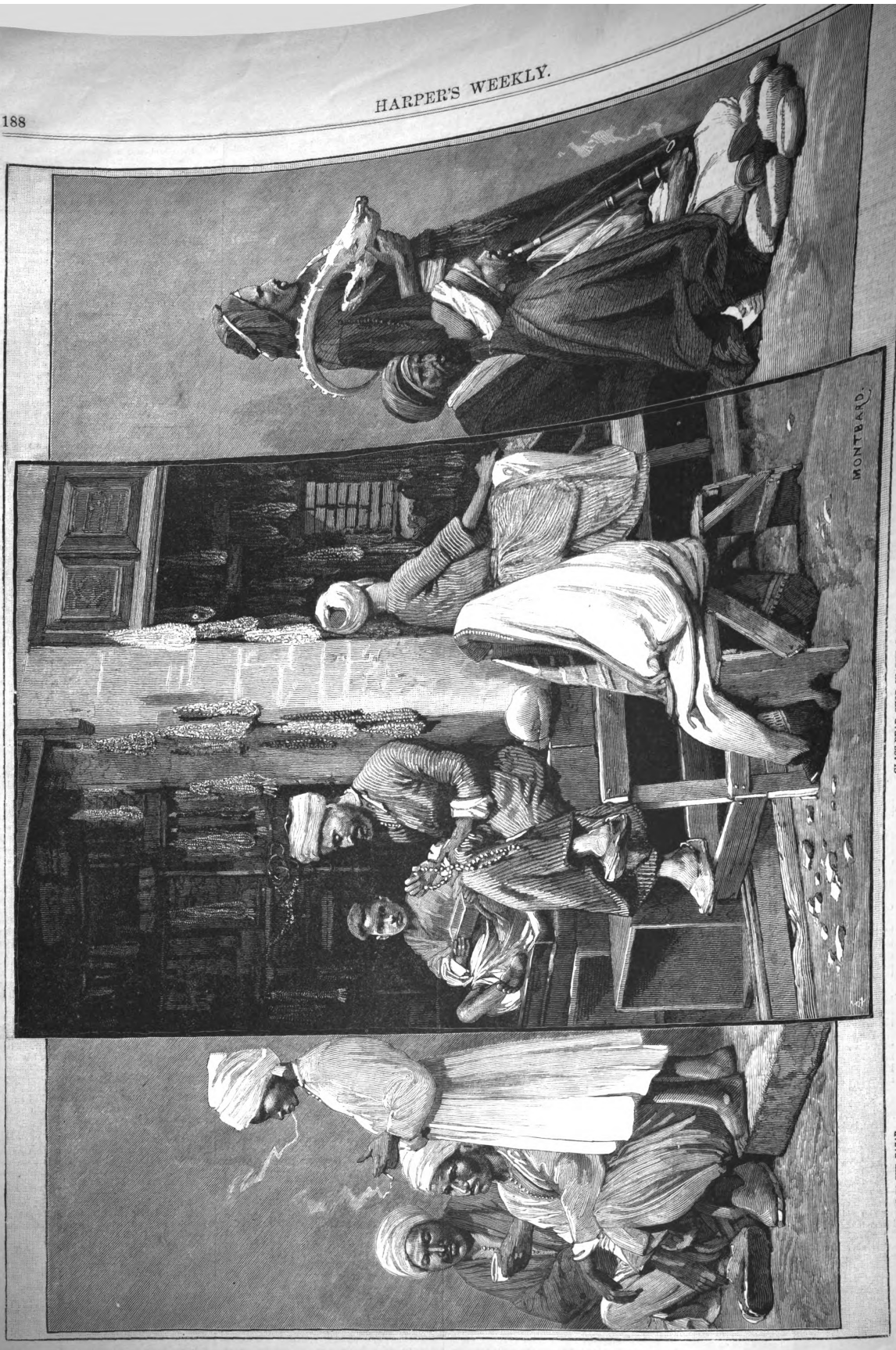

BEDOUIN MERCHANTS OF THE RED SEA.

GLASS-BEAD SHOP IN THE BAZAR.

SKETCHES IN CAIRO.

PORTERS IN THE BAZAR.

THE CAPITAL OF EGYPT.

THE bazars of the Egyptian capital, with their little niches rather than shops, occupied by different classes of tradesmen sitting from morn till eve amidst the pile of their customary wares, afford great variety of studies of costume and character, in which the artist finds abundant subjects for his pencil. The sale of personal ornaments for the female sex among those Eastern nations, who are very apt to treat their women as decorated toys, forms a considerable part of minor traffic; and necklaces of glass beads, though it is not unlikely that the beads were made in Birmingham, are in constant request among the ladies, who come to the bazar wrapped up in shawls and veils, according to Mussulman rules of feminine modesty, to buy the trinkets which they wear in the secluded harem, either to please the eyes of their lords and masters, or to provoke the envy of less-favored sisters in the domestic habitation.

As a contrast to this rather frivolous trade, the next sketch presents the wild-looking figures of Bedouin Arabs from the bordering countries on the shores of the Red Sea, who have brought to the Cairo market spoils of the chase, horns and tusks of hunted animals, or valuable skins for the tanner, or precious stones, gums, and other gifts of nature, to be purchased by Syrian and Coptic merchants. The laborious class of porters, or carriers of burdens, as in every such place, are doomed to waste much of their time in waiting for hire; they can not always indulge in coffee and cigarettes, however cheap, but they can always go to sleep.

Cairo is interesting to travellers as being the chief centre of Mohammedan learning and culture, and also from the fact that in architecture and general appearance it is one of the most characteristic of Oriental cities. The older portions of the city have narrow and crooked streets, are ill kept and badly paved; but there are hundreds of beautiful mosques, and many old private residences and palaces of great magnificence.

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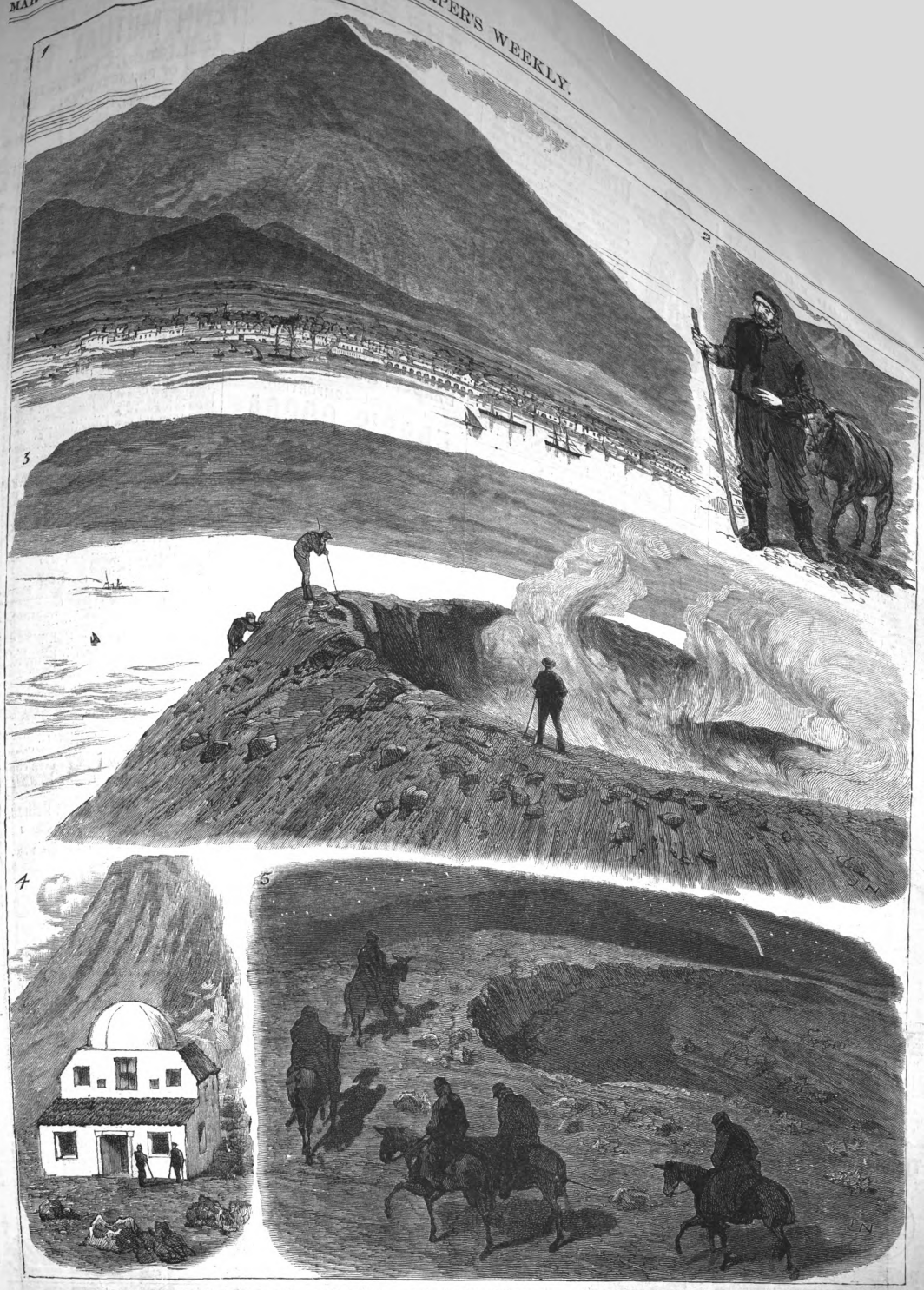

1. Mount Ætna, Catania in Foreground. 2. Mountaineer. 3. On the Edge of the Crater. 4. The English House. 5. An Ascent by Night.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA, SICILY.

MOUNT ÆTNA.

Mount Ætna, called by the Sicilians Mongibello, a corruption of the Saracen "Gibbel Uttamat," or Mountain of Fire, rises to the height of nearly eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Viewed from a distance, the cone presents a symmetrical appearance, but climbers find it to be exceedingly diversified, and studded with a large number of minor cones. Looking down from the central cone, one beholds a most beautiful prospect, the minor elevations being picturesquely grouped, and richly clothed with wood.

About eighty eruptions of Ætna are recorded in history, and one of the most remarkable took place in 1792. The overflow of lava continued for a whole year, the burning streams being often thirty feet in height. In 1669, during a terrific eruption, a lava stream reached the ramparts of Catania, sixty feet high, and poured over in a fiery cascade. The solidified lava may still be seen curling over the top of the ramparts like a frozen water-fall. In the eruption of 1832 the overflow of lava was not confined to the principal crater. At numerous places below it the mountain opened, and from these chasms issued fiery and devastating streams, which, uniting in their downward flow, formed a river of molten lava eighteen miles long, a mile in width, and thirty feet in height. This eruption was accompanied with violent explosions.

The appearance of Mount Ætna as seen from the entrance to the harbor of Catania is shown in sketch No. 1. At the foot of the mountain lies the beautiful city of Catania, supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians. No. 3 is the principal crater, the interior of which is incrusted with sulphur and salts to the depth of about one hundred yards. The bottom of the crater is quite level and hard; but the adventurous climbers who descend to it during periods of mountain quietude are often startled by sinking up to their knees in the loose cinders.

The English House, or Casa Inglisi (sketch No. 4), was originally built by Englishmen, and hence its name. The present structure was erected by the Italian government, and is rented to mountaineers at a small rate per day. It is furnished with wooden bunks, arranged against the wall. The building is also used as an infirmary. It stands about two miles from the edge of the crater, and is covered with snow from August to the middle of June.

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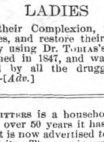

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Net Assets, December 31, 1881		$7,314,655 03
Receipts during the year,		
For Premiums	$1,358,136 62	1,818,878 92
For Interest	460,737 30	
		$9,133,528 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death	$468,757 64	
Matured Endowments	64,932 00	
Surrendered Policies	287,726 32	
Cash and Note Dividends	6,594 99	
Re-insurance	33,163 52	
Total paid policy-holders	$920,602 76	
Taxes and Legal Expenses	78,154 91	
Salaries, Medical Fees, and Office Expenses	115,907 40	
Commissions to Agents	65,655 99	
Rents, &c.	17,636 01	
Agency and other Expenses	1,649 93	1,228,709 52
Advertising, Printings, Supplies		$7,894,738 43
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, &c.		

Net Assets, Jan'y 1, 1883.

ASSETS.

Philadelphia and other City Loans, R.R. and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks		$2,650,854 40
Mortgages and Ground Rents		2,943,431 90
Premium Notes secured by Policies, &c.		666,576 78
Loans on Collaterals, &c.		640,567 00
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans		229,778 53
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand		64,229 92
Net Ledger Assets as above	$7,894,738 43	
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums	140,273 25	
Interest due and accrued	56,430 44	
Market Value of Stocks, &c., over cost	392,365 60	
Gross Assets, January 1, 1883	$8,483,807 72	

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due	$165,634 07	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks	6,854,849 00	
Surplus on Life Rate Ends, &c., and General Surplus, 4 per cent. basis	1,463,324 65	$8,483,807 72

Surplus at 4½ per cent., Pennsylvania Standard (estimated)		$1,809,462 85 14,973
Number of Policies in force	$33,194,532	
Amount of Insurance in force	2,634	
Number of Policies issued in 1882	$6,495,480	
Amount Insured in 1882		

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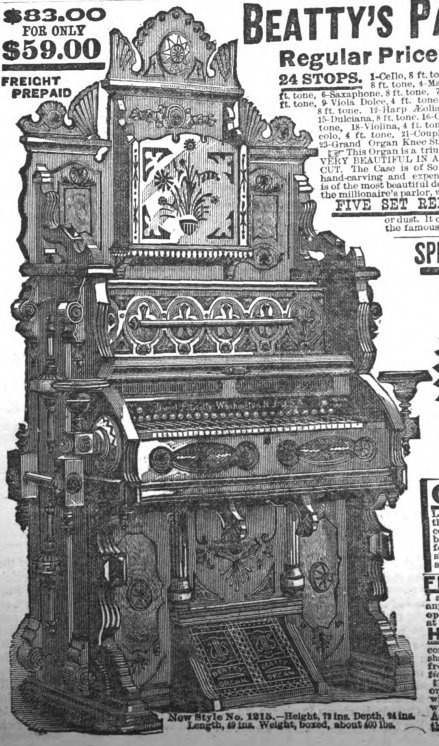

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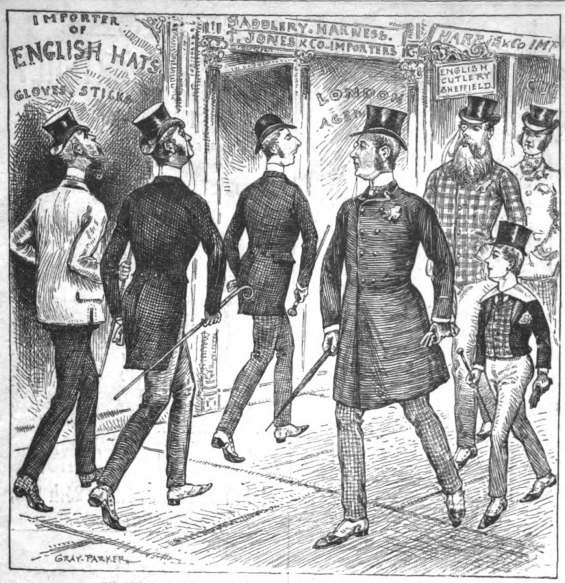

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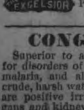

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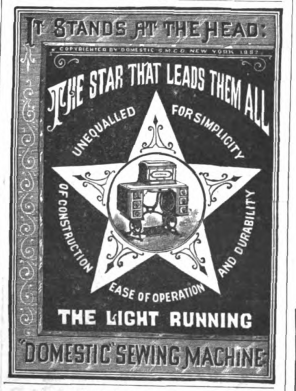

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The Twenty-Third Annual Statement

OF THE

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

120 Broadway, New York,

HENRY B. HYDE, President,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1882.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1882..$41,511,949 03

INCOME.

Premiums	$8,922,369 08	
Interest, rents, and realized net profit on investments and on sales of real estate.	2,956,802 33	11,879,171 41
		$53,391,120 44

The net rentals of the Society's buildings, *giving no credit for the part occupied by the Society in its business* (which, in the case of the New York building, is about one third of the entire space in the building), yields, after deducting taxes and all expenses of maintenance, a net income larger than can be realized on a Government bond.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by death and matured endowments	$2,996,950 23
Dividends, surrender values, & annuities.	2,841,044 83
Discounted endowments	139,546 50
Total paid policy-holders	$5,977,541 56
Dividend on capital	7,000 00
Commissions and advertising	891,423 49
General expenses	853,547 82
State, county, and city taxes	102,026 03
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS	$7,861,538 90
NET CASH ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1882	$45,529,581 54

ASSETS.

Bonds and mortgages	$11,286,129 27
New York real estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure	5,730,143 84
United States stocks, state stocks, city stocks, and stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York	11,651,371 97
Loans secured by bonds and stocks (market value, $13,291,618)	10,417,000 00
A detailed statement of these loans, and the securities upon which they are made, is annually filed with the Society's report in the Insurance Department of the State of New York, which is at all times open to the inspection of the policy-holders of the Society.	
Real estate outside the State of New York, *including purchases under foreclosure* and Society's buildings in other cities.	3,520,484 60
Cash on hand, in banks, and other depositaries, on interest, and in transit (since received)	2,897,983 44
Due from agents on account of premiums.	26,468 42
	$45,529,581 54
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	896,388 03
Interest and rents due and accrued	383,766 29
Premiums due and in process of collection (less premiums paid in advance, $33,220)	410,287 00
Deferred premiums	805,728 00
Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1882	$48,025,750 86
TOTAL LIABILITIES, including legal reserve for re-assurance of all existing policies (N. Y. State Standard)	37,367,076 39
Total Undivided Surplus	$10,658,674 47

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in *General* class, is $5,713,422 47.

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is $4,945,252 00.

NEW ASSURANCE WRITTEN IN 1882,

$62,262,279.

TOTAL OUTSTANDING ASSURANCE,

$232,829,620.

The amount of new assurance written during 1882 exceeds the largest business ever done by any other company in one year.

For sixteen years—from 1867 to 1882, both inclusive—the Society has written a larger aggregate amount of new assurance than any other company.

Total amount paid policy-holders since the organization of the Society, $67,889,572 55.

The amount of Surplus, $7,825,750 86, over liabilities (four-per-cent. valuation) is larger, and the percentage of death claims to the amount at risk is smaller, than in any other of the five largest life assurance companies.

The Society issues a plain and simple contract of assurance, free from burdensome and technical conditions, and INCONTESTABLE after three years. Such policies are payable IMMEDIATELY upon the receipt of satisfactory proofs of death, and without the delay of sixty or ninety days usual with other companies.

The Society has no contested claims on its books.

From the undivided surplus, contributed by policies in the General class, reversionary dividends will be declared, available on settlement of next annual premium, to ordinary participating policies. From the undivided surplus contributed by policies in the Tontine class, the amounts applicable to policies *maturing* within the current year will be duly declared, as their respective annual premiums become due. The valuation of the policies outstanding has been made on the American Experience Table of Mortality, with 4½ per cent. interest, the legal standard of the State of New York.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, J. G. VAN CISE, } Actuaries.

We, the undersigned, have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the assets of the Society, and certify that the foregoing statement thereof is correct.

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Special Committee of the Board of Directors, appointed Oct. 25, 1882, to examine the assets and accounts at the close of the year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1371.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883.

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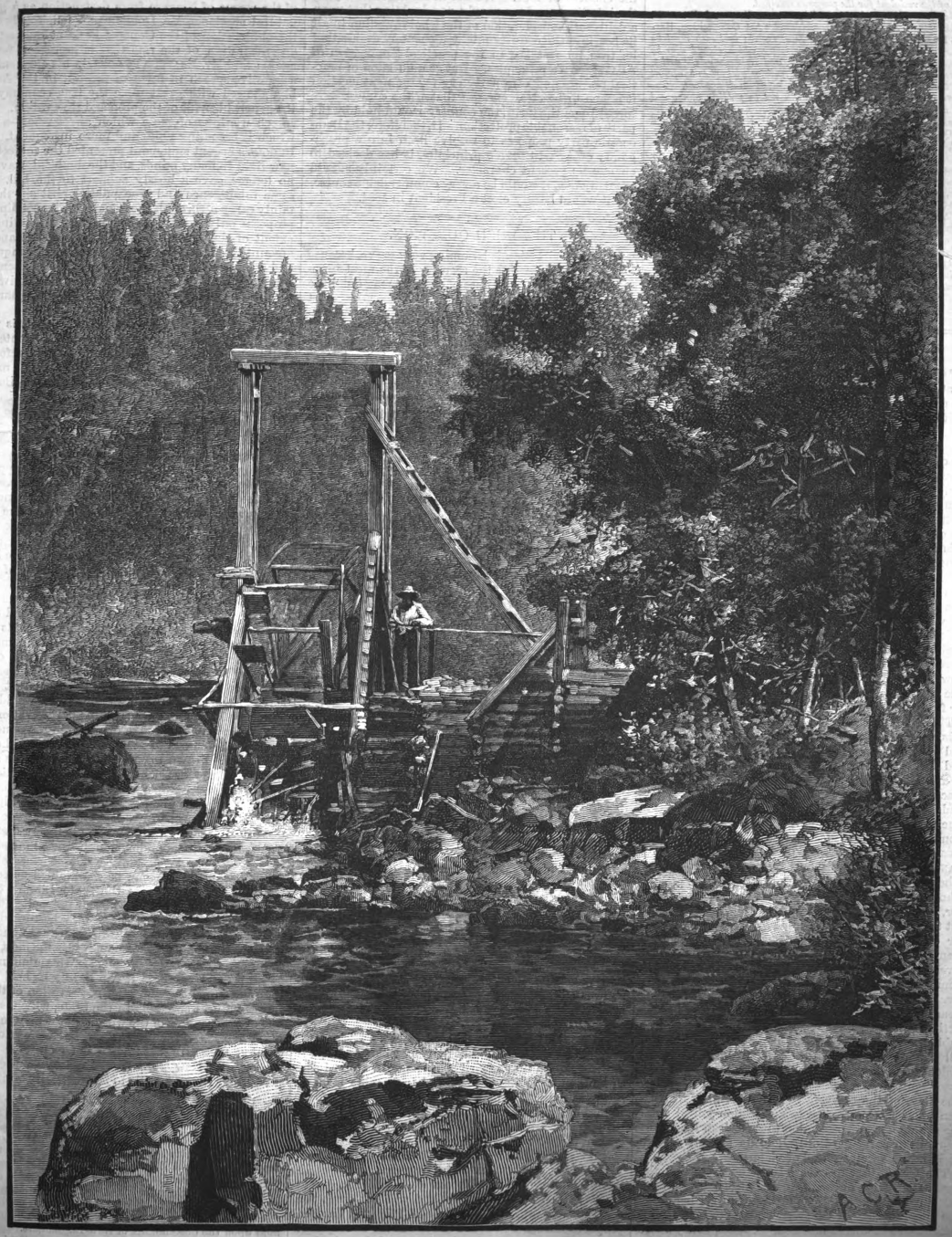

A SALMON WHEEL ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.—DRAWN BY A. C. REDWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

The Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA.

IF the Republican party is to be relieved of power at the next election, it is but fair to assume that the result will be accomplished only by a party united enthusiastically upon a great public policy. A party of divided and conflicting counsels upon such a policy could not hope for success, because the prominence of the question would compel the opposing party to disregard minor differences, and combine for party success. It is obvious that the question upon which many ardent Democrats wish the election to turn is protection. But it is even more evident that upon the question of protection the party is at fatal odds. This is not surprising, for the recent tariff debate in Congress showed that many leading Democrats hesitated, and declined to withdraw the interests of their own immediate constituents from the protective care of a tariff. Mr. BECK, of Kentucky, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* are strenuous for a policy which would certainly insure the loss of Pennsylvania to the Democratic candidate, and upon which there is no evidence or probability that he could carry New York. It is because the views which they advocate are generally supposed to be free-trade views, and for free trade the country is not ready.

This is frankly conceded by other Democratic journals, which declare that for free trade, in the broad and absolute sense of destruction of Custom-houses and the total abrogation of duties, there is no party of any importance whatever. They insist that the practical political significance of the phrase "free trade" is simply a revenue tariff, and that this is the true antithesis of protection. But this interpretation would not necessarily serve the needs of the party, because to the Democracy of the Pennsylvania or RANDALL school—and it is a very large one—no antithesis of protection is welcome. Democrats of that school praise Jeffersonian principles with great fervor, and denounce Republican rascality with unction, but they want protection; and a clearly defined issue for or against a strictly revenue tariff would send them into opposition. Indeed, the whole situation reveals the difficulty, if not impossibility, of seeking Democratic success upon such an issue. Neither the great Democratic manufacturers nor the multitude of Democratic workmen desire it. The question of protection and of revenue is one of the most difficult of public questions for general popular apprehension. All the easy, obvious, *ad captandum* arguments which are most effective upon the stump and in newspaper squibs and appeals are on the side of protection. The close of the campaign of 1880 is full of instruction upon this point, and in an election joined upon the simple issue of protection to American labor, the Republican party need only hold its present passive position to be well assured of victory.

The fact is that to expect to make protection the cardinal question of the campaign of 1884 is to anticipate a contest over an issue upon which neither party has taken a side. It is agreed that there must be indirect and not direct taxation. Consequently there must be a tariff. Shall it be laid for protection, for incidental protection, or for revenue solely? If for revenue only shall the enormous interests of capital and labor which are involved in the present tariff system be at once abandoned to the chances of a radical change, or shall there be a sliding scale of gradual modification? Shall the whole internal revenue system be summarily discarded?—a system which is favored as most equitable by some of the most ardent and intelligent free-traders. Is it not the tendency of every party to be led by its most positive and extreme element, and will not the cautious, tentative scheme of revenue tariff, so guardedly explained by Democratic doctors, presently turn out to be free trade and immediate competition with the pauper labor of Europe? Amid a whirlwind of such questions, with all the prejudices and obvious advantages of the situation against the party which raises them, will not the old argument of letting well enough alone be invincible? In all that we say we are looking only at the chances of 1884. We are in no degree denying the intelligence of the people, nor doubting that upon a deliberate consideration of the whole question in all its bearings the country might ultimately decide that its true interest lay in the practical application of ADAM SMITH'S principles. But as a question of practical politics and of a party cry for the next election it seems to be clear enough that if the contest were forced upon the tariff, the country would hold by the party of reasonable protection. If, therefore, the Democratic party proposes to resolve itself into a propaganda of ADAM SMITH'S principles, it has decided to change its present character. We certainly should not deny that it would be a very commendable course, but it would hardly elect a President in 1884.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE Irish situation is becoming very grave, because it is getting to involve the security of the most innocent Irishmen. The crimes of desperate men and the gratification of individual malice are scored against a whole people, and a few more assassinations or attempted murders might easily precipitate a terrible catastrophe. This situation is confirmed by the passive indifference of intelligent Irishmen toward deeds which they can not approve. Their attitude is like that of Southerners toward the Ku-Klux fifteen years ago. It was in vain that they declared their freedom from responsibility for atrocities which they did not deplore enough even to condemn. Nothing would have so certainly hastened the restoration of mutual good feeling in this country as a prompt condemnation of the Ku-Klux crimes by intelligent and honorable Southerners, and vigorous efforts to bring offenders to justice. So when Mr. EGAN, the treasurer of the Land League, says that he should have resigned if the League had offered a reward for the arrest of the Phœnix Park assassins, and Mr. PARNELL, the president of the League, says that of course the attempt to blow up the government offices in London will be attributed to Ireland, they both show a spirit which obviously does not tend to repress such crimes.

But the English Government and the English people ought not to permit the cowardly, detestable, and frantic villainies of some Irishmen to affect their Irish policy. England can not allow a total separation from Ireland for two reasons. One is that such a separation would be an unpardonable betrayal. It would abandon the most intelligent and thrifty Irishmen to the tender mercies of ignorance and brutality. It would be an intolerable inhumanity, against which the civilized world would exclaim. The other is that Ireland separated from England would be instantly seized by some other power, and become the most dangerous menace to England. Whatever is done, therefore, must be done by England alone upon consultation with intelligent Irishmen, and it should be done in a spirit of practical justice. That is to say, separation being impossible, the union should contemplate the utmost possible local Irish rule for Ireland. Such a policy, indeed, would not satisfy assassins nor the friends of assassins, but it would satisfy the general judgment of mankind. And such a policy ought not to be affected by the number or the atrocity of individual Irish outrages. It would not be yielding to threats what ought not to be granted. It would be the recognition that a situation for which England is largely responsible has naturally produced outrages, and that the repression of them by the severest means ought not to be accompanied by refusal to adopt every reasonable measure to redress ancient and acknowledged wrongs.

No government should be driven by clamor or public indignation into a spirit of revenge, or suffer itself to be blinded to the eternal and inexorable laws of human affairs. If martial law in its severest form should be declared in Ireland, the terror, while it lasted, might repress actual outrage, but it would only deepen and strengthen the spirit from which outrage springs. The Irish question is the result of prolonged martial law, and whatever the tragedies and brutalities of Irish crime, it is impossible not to admit that martial law is not a remedy, and will not settle the question. CARLYLE, in a kind of fantastic despair, proposed the submersion of the island for twenty-four hours. But as extermination is out of the question, counsel must be taken, not of rage and revenge, but of reason and experience. It is not surprising that many persons think the situation to be hopeless. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, could he be freed from the wrath and unreason of an excited public opinion, would doubtless grapple with it successfully. Yet to prevent the control of the question from passing into the hands of those who would practically restore the terrible Irish *régime* of the end of the last century, Mr. GLADSTONE must feel himself compelled to yield much against his will. If, as the London correspondent of the *World* intimates, the Liberal Ministry should be at last overthrown by the Irish question, it would be only because English feeling is too deeply exasperated by horrible Irish crimes to tolerate any Irish policy but that which has always failed.

THE NIAGARA FALLS RESERVATION.

IN his speech before the Senate committee in favor of the rescue of Niagara from destruction as a grand natural spectacle, Mr. DORSHEIMER felicitously cited the obliteration of the Genesee Falls at Rochester as an illustration of the fate that is preparing for Niagara; and Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS, in his eloquent and suggestive speech in favor of the bill in the Assembly, showed with great force the true economy and the general benefit of the proposed reservation. This speech was one of those which affect votes—a kind which is becoming more and more infrequent. Mr. BROOKS'S cogent statement presented the subject in a new light to many minds, and the doubtful, wavering no longer, gave a hearty support to the bill. The same intelligence and true public spirit should certainly carry it through the Senate. The pending bill proposes only a preliminary inquiry respecting the extent of the area that should be reserved and the amount that should be paid, with collateral inquiries, and appropriates $10,000 for the necessary expenses of the investigation. The character of the active promoters of the enterprise is the sufficient guarantee that there is no job hidden in the inquiry.

This will doubtless be conceded. But it is urged that this is but the beginning, and that the enterprise will inevitably develop into a job. It is therefore opposed upon the ground that it is a waste of money, and that it is not a general public benefit. But this is not sound reasoning. It will not be denied that the Erie Canal has been a public benefit to the State, yet it passed through only a few counties. It can not be questioned that in the highest sense the State Library and the State Museum and the State Survey are general public benefits, and that the money appropriated for them is wisely spent. If it should be assumed that the people of the State were properly concerned in no public expense which did not touch some tangible interest in their own counties, New York would instantly drop from its eminence as a progressive State, and every county would feel the positive loss as well as disgrace that springs from the decay of public spirit.

The Niagara reservation belongs to the same class of public interests as parks and libraries and collections and charities and schools. The benefits of all these are at first moral, but they result in material advantages. This may be illustrated in the case of Niagara by the obvious fact that the strangers who would be annually attracted to the cataract would leave in the State far more money than would cover the cost of properly maintaining the reservation. In the case of a noble library or museum the same practical result accrues to the community from the visitors who are drawn to a city, not only for the special use of a library or scientific or historic collection, but by the general renown which great institutions give to it. As for the jobbery and vast expense which are alleged to be sure to result from the passage of the pending Niagara bill, it is enough to say that there need be no such apprehension, because no elaborately decorated park, but only a simple reservation, is contemplated, which can be maintained as economically and reasonably as the State Library or Museum by placing its care in the proper hands. Of course every public enterprise may be turned into a job, but that is not a reason for refusing to undertake desirable public works, although it is the most cogent argument for undertaking them and maintaining them carefully and wisely. It can hardly be held to be a sound argument against the preservation of the sublimest natural spectacle in the State, which is indeed one of the wonders of the world, that it may be turned into a job. Let the Legislature, in response to public opinion, take care that it shall not be a job. But let it also save New York from the lasting disgrace of permitting Niagara Falls to be practically obliterated.

A YANKEE STORY.

THERE is a great deal of good-natured banter every year at the New England dinner in New York about the final capture of the old Dutch stronghold by the "losel Yankees," and the most Dutch of New-Yorkers would not deny the vigor that springs from constant inoculation with New England qualities. But the Yankee nature is not less tenacious than the Scotch, and New England has an unrelaxing hold upon the descendants of New-Englanders.

An exceedingly interesting illustration of this loyalty was lately recalled by the dedication of the Crane Memorial Hall at Quincy, in Massachusetts. Fifty years ago

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THOMAS CRANE, a stone-cutter, wandered away from the Quincy quarries to better his fortunes, and settled in New York. Here his sturdy character, his sagacity, intelligence, and industry, made him a prosperous man, and for many years he was one of the best, as he was one of the most modest, of the citizens of New York, ready and helpful and liberal in all worthy enterprises, and in his own noiseless way an ENOCH walking with God.

Mr. CRANE died in 1875. His children were born in New York, and have only a remote personal association with New England. But with a modesty like his own his family have erected in Quincy, the home of his youth, a beautiful memorial building, which they have given to the town, and in which the long-wandering town library will be permanently stored. An address by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jun., at the opening of this building, tells simply the characteristic story. For so the strong maternal heart of New England draws with secret love even her distant descendants, and binds them more closely to the great family of States of which she is but an elder member.

AMERICAN OPINION OF ASSASSINATION.

THE English press may be assured that American opinion and American law favor assassination and crime no more than those of England. The blustering Irish cowards in this country who extol murder and rejoice in the suffering of innocent people in Ireland and England derive their sole importance from the fact that the leading newspapers of New York think it worth while to ask them to talk, and then to print their rodomontade as if it were of any significance whatever. Such people represent no public opinion in this country, because their talk does not express the general Irish feeling here.

That feeling is, of course, unfriendly to England, and it has stimulated liberal contributions to the Land League. But that is far short of approving and encouraging the most wanton murders and cruelties. Meanwhile our laws and public opinion tolerate, as in England, the present expression of political opinion, as of all other. There is a German now going about this country who apparently makes money by declaring in furious public addresses that those who have money ought to be, and soon will be, summarily killed by those who have not. The only consolation of his gospel is that it promises to dispose of the preacher.

But the good sense of the United States perceives that such talk does no harm until the law tries to stop it. When, however, somebody proposes to put the talk into practice, the law deals with him peremptorily. The instant that the praise of assassins proceeds to take the form of helping them, American law will be quite as prompt and effective as English law. But in the mean while everybody may exalt murder and arson and pocket-picking, and every crime and doctrine and custom, as he chooses, and to as many people as he can persuade to pay for hearing him.

A TRICK IN RECENT LEGISLATION.

THE tricks of conference committees in legislative bodies are well known. But a performance of the conferrees upon the Army Appropriation Bill in the late Congress is peculiarly suspicious, and invites careful scrutiny. In the appropriation for the pay of the army the following clause was inserted: "And hereafter vacancies occurring in the Quartermaster's and Commissary's departments of the army may, in the discretion of the President, be filled from civil life." No such provision was in the bill as it passed either House of Congress, and only the disagreements in the bill were referred to the committee. In the civil service, Congress, by passing the reform bill by a great majority, had affirmed the principle of promotion for merit and economy. In the military service, in which such promotion is a tradition to which much of the efficiency and honesty of the service is to be ascribed, the principle is discarded. The disbursement department for the army supplies, which in time of war is the robber's gate to the Treasury, is thrown wide open to the possible appointment of contractors and political agents without the examination required for a clerk in the civil service.

What does such a sly and unnoted change of the law mean? It may have passed some members of the committee carelessly, and it may have escaped the attention of Congress in its final action. But such changes are not accidents. They are craftily done for a purpose. This is a secret overthrow of one of the defenses of the Treasury well founded in long experience. It is special, personal, gagged legislation, and for whose benefit? Is it a stroke of personal vengeance, or a blow of anger and spleen at the general high character and integrity established in the military service?

It is a gross abuse to open such positions to the furious scramble of political office-seekers. It is a bitter wrong to those who are already in the service, and amply fitted for the discharge of such duties by merited promotion, and who may now be shoved aside by those who can secure political pressure. The trick looks like the last kick of some defeated and soured member of Congress, determined to do all the mischief possible before disappearing in well-earned obscurity.

POLITICAL COMEDY.

THE nomination of ex-Governor SPRAGUE by the Democrats in Rhode Island is another droll illustration of the truth of Mr. HENRY GEORGE'S description of the Democratic party as an organization resolved upon getting into power at any price. Nobody knows, probably, if anybody cares, what Mr. SPRAGUE'S political views are. The latest expression of them, we believe, was made in Boston, when he declared that the country was drifting toward a dangerous abyss, and that escape from it lay in electing General BUTLER President.

The Rhode Island Democrats seemed to think that the nomination of Mr. SPRAGUE spoke for itself, for they made no platform. As the matter stands, therefore, its significance, so far as the Democrats are concerned, is that they will favor General BUTLER'S nomination. But for the Rhode Island Republicans the nomination of Mr. SPRAGUE by "independents," and its ratification by Democrats, is a warning of deep and intense dissatisfaction with Republican management. The Republican "machine" in the little State is alleged to be one of the most despotic in the country, and there is great impatience of its arbitrary and ruthless course.

Rhode Island Republicans have only to look across the border into Massachusetts and they will see a body of Republicans who thought "no harm in seeing what BUTLER would do." There may be enough of a similar mind in Rhode Island inclined to see what SPRAGUE will do. It is a sorry situation in either State. But what gave BUTLER his chance, and what has now given a chance to SPRAGUE? Certainly it is not greater confidence in the party which takes them, as it took GREELEY, in the hope of obtaining power. Plainly such a party has no principle and no policy except to "get in." But when intelligent Republicans, looking eagerly for their party principles and policy, see only the unbending will of a machine, what profiteth it them?

THE AQUEDUCT BILL.

THE aqueduct bill introduced into the Senate of New York provides for the superintendence of the work by a partisan commission. As the necessary cost of the work, however carefully and honestly conducted, can not be less than eighteen or twenty millions of dollars, the bill as proposed provides for an enormous job, which will delay the completion of the work indefinitely, and swell its cost to twice or thrice twenty millions.

The building of this aqueduct offers the tax-payers and residents of New York a fair opportunity of deciding whether they still have power to manage their own affairs, or whether the construction of necessary public works is merely to furnish an opportunity to a majority of such persons as the city of New York chooses to send to the Legislature to plunder the tax-payers, and through them the honest industry of the community. The vast chances of practical robbery provided by this bill, and the deliberate unconstitutional appropriation of the public money to a sectarian Protectory under the threat of the loss of a sectarian vote at the polls, show the degradation and cowardice of our local politics. Mr. ROOSEVELT, Mr. HOWE, and the fifteen who voted with them against the sectarian gift represent the real sentiment of the State, and deserve the highest honor.

If there should be no effective protest from the substantial industrial sentiment of the city against the job hidden in the aqueduct bill, there could be no reasonable complaint hereafter, however grievous the extortion might be. There has been general and adequate warning. The press has sounded the alarm. The facts are simple and easily understood, and the want of a prompt and vigorous declaration of the real public opinion of the city, which shall be heard and heeded, would furnish another illustration of the essential failure of popular government in the metropolis to secure economical and honest administration.

PERSONAL.

MR. F. E. CHURCH is painting a new picture of South American scenery, which shows that his facile brush has lost none of its old power. One of his brother artists said of him recently that he is the only man who ever painted a rainbow.

—An American author, well known in New York society, declares that he has at length discovered the exact relative values of men and women. Five women, he says, are equal to six men. Demonstration: "I have been riding a good deal lately in a Broadway omnibus, and I invariably observe that one of the seats will accommodate six men, but never more than five women." He intends to present the discovery, with his compliments, to Sorosis.

—The widow of the late Mr. SANFORD R. GIFFORD has ceased to contest his will. The point in dispute was whether or not his studio was his "domicile." He left her the pictures contained in his "domicile," but the many thousand dollars' worth of his unsold pictures elsewhere situated were bequeathed to his sister. If his studio was his "domicile," most of these works would have gone to the widow. Her contention was that as he sometimes had been known to sleep in his studio, the latter, not less than the apartments where he and she lived, deserved the name of domicile. One of Mr. GIFFORD'S artist friends remarked the other day: "GIFFORD was very exact in the use of language, and when he wrote 'domicile' in his will I think he meant domicile, and not studio. I remember once reading to him an annual report that I had prepared of the Artists' Fund Society, in which I spoke of the 'generous rivalry' that had existed between that society and a similar organization. 'You mean emulation,' interrupted GIFFORD, 'not rivalry.' It was just what I did mean, and I was glad to get the word."

—While writing his *Autobiography* WAGNER had the MS. put in type and three impressions of it taken, which he gave respectively to his son, his father-in-law, and a Vienna journalist. The type was then distributed, so that no further impressions could be taken. If the work is to be in the hands of the public, it must be reprinted.

—Miss HOPE GLENN, now singing in the NILSSON concerts, is a young American who went to London to study music, and while there last year was engaged by Madame NILSSON, at the suggestion of an American lady, who is a friend to both parties. Her parents are at present residing in Florida. Her professional success has been very gratifying to a multitude of well-wishers on each side of the Atlantic, who have long admired this excellent vocalist's pluck and perseverance, and esteemed the rare worth and beauty of her private life.

—The Empress of Russia having honored a military officer at one of the state balls by permitting him to waltz with her, the pair unfortunately fell to the floor. Immediately the Emperor stepped up, asked anxiously if she was hurt, and led her away to a private room, whence, however, she soon emerged to witness the mortification of her late unlucky partner. Going to him, she requested his company for another dance, which passed off "right plentifully well," and restored to the young gallant his lost peace of mind.

—When a woman is good, says the Rev. Dr. MORGAN DIX, she is the best that there is; when she is bad, she is the worst that there is.

—Twice as many crimes are committed in London on Saturday as on any other day, and Lord BRAMWELL, the celebrated jurist, calls Saturday "pay-day, drink-day, and crime-day."

—Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., writes that what British Democrats object to is "the needless and foolish expenditure arbitrarily connected with the institution of monarchy in Great Britain. The monarch and the monarch's family now cost about £800,000 [$4,000,000] per annum. Democrats can conceive a hereditary monarchy such as ours without the abject ceremonial or the vast expenditure of a court. Much, indeed, of what is now voted to the monarch goes to fill the pockets of the aristocracy or of needy courtiers. The monarchy, assuredly, is not bound up in the annual payment of £4000 to a wealthy nobleman for walking backward with a colored stick on state occasions."

—The palettes of celebrated artists are prized after their deaths. TURNER'S palette has recently been acquired by the National Gallery of London. CORÔT'S palette was bought in Paris a few years ago by Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the comedian, who is an ardent admirer of the great French landscapist, and a faithful imitator of his works.

—The late Baron DAVILLIER, the art collector, became, like M. SENSIER, known to literature by his writings concerning some of the most celebrated French painters of the present generation. FORTUNY'S last letter was written to the baron two weeks before that lamented artist's death. "Here I am again in the Eternal City," it began, "sad and tired, with no inclination to paint, and with a head as empty as a nest without birds; doubtless they have flown to Portici, where I spent so happy a summer." The baron described his friend as above the average height, with regular and very beautiful features, that expressed the frankness and honesty of his character, a hater of etiquette and ceremony, and while led by natural timidity to be reserved in the company of strangers, very communicative and unreserved in the presence of those whom he loved, and possessed of the rare knowledge to distinguish false comrades from true friends.

—Says President GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins University: "Wealth might be well applied to the increase of the payment of college professors and the foundation of more college fellowships. Men of first-rate powers should be employed as professors, and they must be well paid, with an augmenting salary. They should not be troubled by poverty. To enable students to pursue their studies without the appearance of existing on charity, purses for excellence should be offered."

—Literary criticism is many-faced, like art criticism. Speaking of the contents of Mr. WHISTLER'S recently written pamphlet, the London correspondent of a New York daily says: "Mr. WHISTLER'S satire is bright and telling, and sufficiently human to excite mirth as well as admiration," while the art critic of the same paper declares that "his wit is ghastly" and "ridiculous."

—When his Holiness the Pope condemns books he uses the following formula: "No person, of whatever age or station, may, in any place or in any language, either publish in the future, or read, or keep the aforesaid works here condemned and proscribed; but every person ought to deliver them to the ordinary or to the inquisitors of heresy, under the penalties specified in the Index of Prohibited Works."

—Sick women in India must have a female medical attendant or none at all.

—"At this moment," writes an Englishwoman, "I am staying in the house with a lady who has not worn stays for fifteen years. She is now wearing a tailor-made cloth dress, with princesse polonaise, the waist measure over her dress being twenty-four inches, the bust measure thirty-four inches. When having the habit made she said to the tailor, 'I am afraid you will not be able to fit mine to your taste, as I do not wear stays.' His answer was, 'So much the better; we can always get a better fit without them.'"

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* observes that for those who knew the late Mr. J. R. GREEN his life contained a lesson greater than his works—the example of heroic patience in the face of constant suffering, of a fortitude of spirit which no difficulty could daunt and no physical weakness undermine. No greater contrast could be imagined than that of his weak voice and wasted frame with the brilliancy and geniality of his conversation.

—In his *America Revisited*, Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA confesses that during his previous visit, in 1863, he "took politically the wrong side; that is to say, I was an ardent sympathizer with the South against the North"; but explains his conduct on the ground that "I was, comparatively speaking, a young man, very prejudiced, very conceited, and a great deal more ignorant and presumptuous than (I hope) I am now."

—In the private office of Mr. A. A. Low there hangs an excellent portrait of HONQUA, the famous China merchant, who accumulated, it is said, a fortune of twenty-five millions of dollars, and "would think nothing of writing off a debt of $700,000 to oblige an 'ole flen' (old friend), or giving a subscription of a million to some public object."

—WAGNER'S favorite dog, Russ, is buried at the foot of his grave, the spot being marked by a stone on which the composer caused to be inscribed the words, "Hier ruht Russ und wartet." (Here rests Russ and waits.)

—From the London *News:* "M. GONCOURT, the French novelist, not long ago requested all his fair readers to send him notes of their own private experience. 'How did you feel when you were confirmed?' 'How did Alphonse whisper his passion?' These and other questions quite as intimate were sent by M. GONCOURT. Do English novelists receive any private information?"

—Dr. W. A. HAMMOND tells of a patient to whom the ticking of a clock resolved itself into articulate words, such as, "Eat your soup," "Drink no wine," and so on. One day the man discovered that if he closed his right ear firmly, the morbid illusion disappeared; but if the left ear was closed, the words were distinctly heard, showing that the centre for hearing on the right side was affected, and on the left side was normal. Eventually he put clocks in every room in his house, and professed to be governed by the directions they gave him.

—LAWRENCE BARRETT, the actor, has bought a fine lot on Connecticut Avenue, Washington, near the British Legation, for $7900. Mrs. LANDER, formerly JEAN MARIE DAVENPORT, has paid $7500 for two lots near DON CAMERON'S house.

—"I have always been polite to women, and indulgent to foolish ones," said Father HYACINTHE, when interrupted by a woman during one of his public lectures at Marseilles. As the excitement continued, he boldly addressed his tumultuous enemies as "drunken savages" and "revolutionaries of the worst type."

—When the Princess of Wales and her set (says the *Spectator*) take up the notion that a certain amusement is "bad form," the fact that they have done so vitally diminishes, if it does not destroy, the animation with which that amusement is pursued in a hundred circles just beneath her own. "In other words, in those circles the amusement becomes less amusing, becomes dull and lifeless, or else defiant; but men can not be defiant when they are amusing themselves, and still take full delight in their amusements."

—The Sultan's favorite daughter was married at Constantinople by the following ceremony: The chief of the Mohammedan Church approached the throne, and after bowing to his Majesty, took the left hand of the bride in his left hand and the right hand of the groom in his right hand, and prayed for some minutes in a low voice. Then he said: "HAIRY, son of KIAMIL, thou art the husband of MENEHXEH, daughter of HAMID; MENEHXEH, thou art the lawful wife of HAIRY, son of KIAMIL: obey him." A small golden tray containing bread and salt was offered to the pair, with the words, "May there be plenty under your roof!" and each received a piece of parchment containing verses from the Koran, which defined the duties of a husband or a wife. "Long live the Sultan!" cried the spectators, while the bride was hurried off to her apartments. The groom did not see her again for twenty-five days, or until the public festivities were over.

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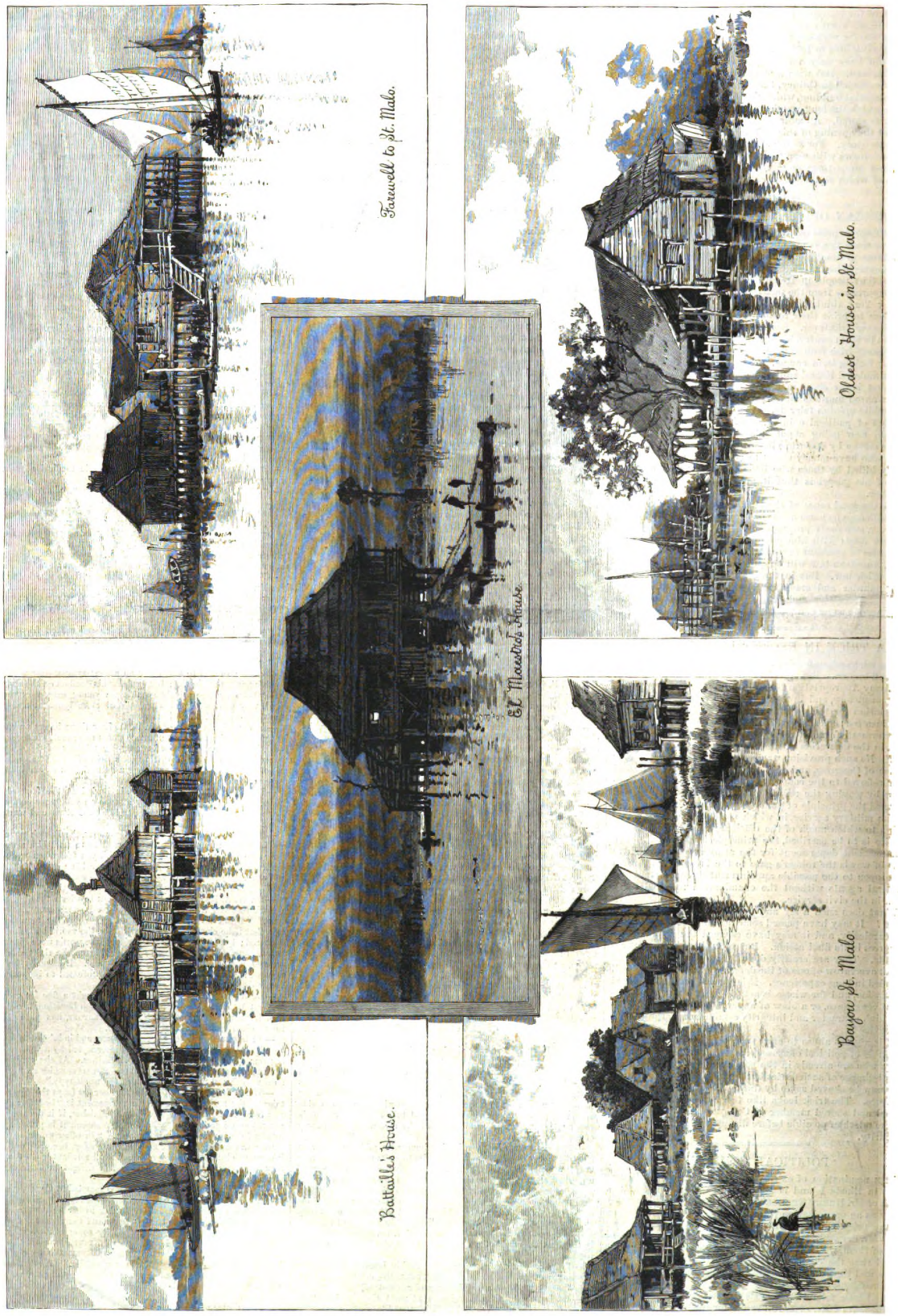

THE LACUSTRINE VILLAGE OF SAINT MALO, LOUISIANA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM SKETCHES BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

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BITS OF SAINT MALO SCENERY.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Sketches by J. O. Davidson.

GAMBLING AT SAINT MALO.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.

THE LACUSTRINE VILLAGE OF SAINT MALO, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 198.]

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A SALMON WHEEL.

One pleasant evening, at the Cascades of the Columbia, in Oregon, I walked up to see a salmon wheel. It is the simplest, most fatuous way of catching fishes I know of, and one of the most picturesque.

The Cascades, as their name indicates, occupy a space several miles in length where the Columbia River is obstructed by dikes of lava that have been thrown across its course, causing the water to rush down in a series of small cataracts and boiling torrents, impossible for a boat to stem, and which puts the salmon to their best paces to surmount.

At a convenient point on the southern bank of these cascades, where a narrow and deep raceway swept between the shore and a small ledge of rocks, a frame had been planted, in which swung a vertical wheel like a steamer's side wheel, the diameter of which was perhaps forty feet, and the breadth of the paddles seven feet. Most of the paddles, however, had been dispensed with, the interior of the wheel being chiefly taken up by two great cages or buckets of wire netting. These buckets were somewhat funnel-shaped compartments, diminishing in a curve from the opening, some five feet square at the rim, to the centre of the wheel, and there terminating in a wooden trough laid in a slanting position along the axle.

This huge wheel was hung low enough so that the open ends of the netting buckets should be immersed at every turn, and they were so arranged, the wheel being *undershot*, as to enter the water on the up-stream side with a downward motion. Anything swimming up the river under the wheel, therefore, would go straight into the mouth of the funnel as the wheel came around, and would be scooped up.

Carried aloft in this surprising fashion, the unharmed fishes made the most frantic leaps in the hope of escape; but the swift revolution of the wheel, elevating their prison, almost instantly hurled them down to the axle, where they slid out of the inclined and slippery trough into a pen of logs prepared for their reception.

I was foolish enough to go out and stand with the owner upon a slender board that overhung the water near the wheel; foolish, because the racing current underneath, the whirling motion of the great machines so close to my face, and the tremendous noise of the rushing and tumbling waters combined to bewilder one's faculties dangerously unless he was trained to it. However, no harm came, and the manager shouted into my ear upon our slender bridge a bookful of interesting knowledge about salmon and their ways, distinguishing the different sorts by such names as "Chinook" (best of all), "steel-head," "blue-belly," "July salmon," "spring salmon," etc., and pointing out each as an example came up in the wheel.

"How many will you catch a day?" I ask.

"That varies greatly in different years and on different days. To-day we have got 2800 so far, but we consider that light. One day we took over eleven thousand, and then stopped counting. The pen got full, and there was a regular stream of fish floppin' through the wheel, slappin' down onto the heap, and then slidin' off into the water again. I reckon they took a square drink after that bit o' luck."

"I should think the fish would avoid this big trap."

"They don't see it in time," he answered. "And I reckon their minds is full of the spawnin', and they don't notice much. However, you can make it too clumsy. Now that man over on the island there"—pointing to a similar wheel, except that the buckets were made of laths instead of netting—"ain't havin' no luck, because the salmon see his wooden boxes and shy off. I experimented a long time, and I find they can see and will scare at any colored thing except this galvanized gray wire, or else scarlet—they can't see scarlet at all."

All this time the huge wheel, revolving three times in a minute, was picking up entrapped fishes, sometimes more than one at a time. They seemed to come in pairs, two of the same sort rising together or in immediate succession. There were intervals when none were caught at all, followed by short periods of plenty, marking the passage of "schools." Some of the "Julys" weighed forty pounds, and were strong enough to make the biggest angler in the Scottish Highlands brace himself for a long struggle; but these will not bite at a hook.

As fast as the fish are caught—the wheel runs all night, so that there is a ton or so to begin the morning's work upon—they are taken into a shed and put under the knife. With a few deft strokes the rich pink flesh of their bellies is cut out and thrown into the brine, the rest of the noble animal (fully two-thirds of his edible weight) being cast aside and wasted in what seems the most wicked fashion. The fishermen reply that the half-century of steady attack upon them has not diminished perceptibly the hordes of salmon that annually ascend the great rivers; but surely sooner or later this heavy slaughter will tell upon their ranks.

The pickling uses only a fraction of the whole number of salmon caught at these wheels. The remainder are strung upon a rope in strings of a dozen each. The ropes are then fastened in large bunches to air-tight casks, and sent adrift to be picked up by the canneries along the river far below, and by them used to the credit of this fishery. We had been firing at these casks as they went bobbing past us in the river that morning, never dreaming that they carried down a valuable freight of salmon.

The number of men who first invented the salmon wheel is a standing joke in the country; but its prototype (and suggestion) was to be seen a few rods below, where an Indian lived in a house, partly tent, partly shed, and ornamented with pictures from the illustrated papers, under trees whose lower branches were decked with the dull red rays of split salmon drying in the smoke. Out from the mossy rock where his family dwelt he had constructed a little staging of poles reaching over the rushing river. There he would stand for hours with a double-handed dip-net, sweeping the water from up-stream down, trusting to the chance of accidentally dipping up a salmon. There was no difference whatever in the principle of the Indian's dip-net and the white man's wheel, and no great disparity in their mechanism.

Farther up the river another clever Indian method of taking this lordly fish by trickery was to be seen. From one bank to the other the Indians built a solid net-work of willow sprouts, weaving the barrier upon poles driven into the river-bottom about four feet apart. This fence was eighty yards long—the whole width of the Spokane River—and in the whole of it there was not a hole big enough for a salmon to crawl through. This fence, or weir, however, was not straight athwart the river. It was built in the form of a V, the point extending down-stream. At each bank was hung a small wicker door.

When the salmon come up-stream they meet the obstruction, and feel along it for a place to get through. Thus they are conducted to the small doors, which they push open with their noses, the force of the current shutting the door behind them the instant they have passed. Then they find themselves with many predecessors in a pen from which there is no exit, and every minute or two the little door opens to let in some new-comer. There is no danger of their becoming crowded, however, for here stand active Indian boys, naked to their belts, skillfully and tirelessly spearing the poor salmon and tossing them out on the bank. There the girls gather them in baskets woven of spruce roots, and carry them to the squaws, who speedily cut them to pieces, and set them hanging in the smoke.

There could probably be measured five thousand miles of sea and river coast upon the Columbia, Puget Sound, the Fraser River, and the other streams of British Columbia where the salmon forms the staple food of the Indian population.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

SAINT MALO.

A LACUSTRINE VILLAGE IN LOUISIANA.

REGION OF SAINT MALO.

For nearly fifty years there has existed in the southeastern swamp lands of Louisiana a certain strange settlement of Malay fishermen—Tagalas from the Philippine Islands. The place of their lacustrine village is not precisely mentioned upon maps, and the world in general ignored until a few days ago the bare fact of their amphibious existence. Even the United States mail service has never found its way thither, and even in the great city of New Orleans, less than a hundred miles distant, the people were far better informed about the Carboniferous Era than concerning the swampy affairs of this Manila village. Occasionally vague echoes of its mysterious life were borne to the civilized centre, but these were scarcely of a character to tempt investigation or encourage belief. Some voluble Italian luggermen once came to town with a short cargo of oysters, and a long story regarding a ghastly "Chinese" colony in the reedy swamps south of Lake Borgne. For many years the inhabitants of the Oriental settlement had lived in peace and harmony without the presence of a single woman, but finally had managed to import an oblique-eyed beauty from beyond the Yellow Sea. Thereupon arose the first dissensions, provoking much shedding of blood. And at last the elders of the people had restored calm and fraternal feeling by sentencing the woman to be hewn in pieces and flung to the alligators of the bayou.

Possible the story is; probable it is not. Partly for the purpose of investigating it, but principally in order to offer HARPER'S artist a totally novel subject of artistic study, the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans chartered and fitted out an Italian lugger for a trip to the unexplored region in question—to the fishing station of Saint Malo. And a strange voyage it was. Even the Italian sailors knew not whither they were going, none of them had ever beheld the Manila village, or were aware of its location.

Starting from Spanish Fort northeastwardly across Lake Pontchartrain, after the first few miles sailed one already observes a change in the vegetation of the receding banks. The shore itself sinks, the lowland bristles with rushes and marsh grasses waving in the wind. A little further on and the water becomes deeply clouded with sap green—the myriad floating seeds of swamp vegetation. Banks dwindle away into thin lines; the greenish-yellow of the reeds changes into misty blue. Then it is all water and sky, motionless blue and heaving lazulite, until the reedy waste of Point-aux-Herbes thrusts its picturesque light-house far out into the lake. Above the wilderness of swamp grass and bulrushes this graceful building rises upon an open-work of wooden piles. Seven miles of absolute desolation separate the light-house keeper from his nearest neighbor. Nevertheless, there is a good piano there for the girls to play upon, comfortably furnished rooms, a good library. The pet cat has lost an eye in fighting with a moccasin, and it is prudent before descending from the balcony into the swamp about the house to reconnoitre for snakes. Still northeast. The sun is sinking above the rushy bank line; the west is crimsoning like iron losing its white heat. Against the ruddy light a cross is visible. There is a cemetery in the swamp. Those are the forgotten graves of light-house keepers. Our boat is spreading her pinions for flight through the Rigolets, that sinuous waterway leading to Lake Borgne. We pass by the defenseless walls of Fort Pike, a stronghold without a history, picturesque enough, but almost worthless against modern artillery. There is a solitary sergeant in charge, and a dog. Perhaps the taciturnity of the man is due to his long solitude, the vast silence of the land weighing down upon him. At last appears the twinkling light of the United States custom-house, and the enormous skeleton of the Rigolets bridge. The custom-house rises on stilts out of the sedge-grass. The pretty daughter of the inspector can manage a skiff as well as most expert oarsmen. Here let us listen awhile in the moonless night. From the south a deep sound is steadily rolling up like the surging of a thousand waves, like the long roaring of breakers. But the huge blind lake is scarcely agitated; the distant glare of a prairie fire illuminates no spurring of "white horses." What, then, is that roar, as of thunder muffled by distance, as of the moaning that seamen hear far inland while dreaming at home of phantom seas? It is only a mighty chorus of frogs, innumerable millions of frogs, chanting in the darkness over unnumbered leagues of swamp and lagoon.

On the eastern side of the Rigolets Lake Borgne has scalloped out its grass-fringed bed in the form of a gigantic clover leaf—a shallow and treacherous sea, from which all fishing-vessels scurry in wild terror when a storm begins to darken. No lugger can live in those short chopping waves when Gulf winds are mad. To reach the Manila settlement one must steer due south until the waving bulrushes again appear, this time behind muddy shoals of immense breadth. The chart announces depths varying from six inches to three and a half feet. For a while we grope about blindly along to the banks. Suddenly the mouth of a bayou appears—"Saint Malo Pass." With the aid of poles the vessel manages to shamble over a mud-bar, and forthwith rocks in forty feet of green water. We reached Saint Malo upon a leaden-colored day, and the scenery in its gray ghastliness recalled to us the weird landscape painted with words by EDGAR POE—"Silence: a Fragment."

Out of the shuddering reeds and banneretted grass on either side rise the fantastic houses of the Malay fishermen, poised upon slender supports above the marsh, like cranes or bitterns watching for scaly prey. Hard by the slimy mouth of the bayou extends a strange wharf, as ruined and rotted and unearthly as the timbers of the spectral ship in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Odd craft huddle together beside it, fishing-nets make cobwebby drapery about the skeleton timber-work. Green are the banks, green the water is, green also with fungi every beam and plank and board and shingle of the houses upon stilts. All are built in true Manila style, with immense hat-shaped eaves and balconies, but in wood; for it had been found that palmetto and woven cane could not withstand the violence of the climate. Nevertheless, all this wood had to be shipped to the bayou from a considerable distance, for large trees do not grow in the salty swamp. The highest point of land as far as the "Devil's Elbow," three or four miles away, and even beyond it, is only six inches above low-water mark, and the men who built those houses were compelled to stand upon ladders, or other wood frame-work, while driving down the piles, lest the quaguire should swallow them up.

Below the houses are patches of grass and pools of water and stretches of gray mud, pitted with the hoof-prints of hogs. Sometimes these hoof-prints are crossed with the tracks of the alligator, and a pig is missing. Chickens there are too—sorry-looking creatures; many have but one leg, others have but one foot: the crabs have bitten them off. All these domestic creatures of the place live upon fish.

Here is the home of the mosquito, and every window throughout all the marsh country must be closed with wire netting. At sundown the insects rise like a thick fog over the lowland; in the darkness their presence is signaled by a sound like the boiling of innumerable caldrons. Worse than these are the great green-headed *tappanos*, dreaded by the fishermen. Sand-flies attack the colonists in warm weather; fleas are insolent at all hours; spiders of immense growth rival the net-weavers of Saint Malo, and hang their webs from the timbers side by side with seines and fishing-tackle. Wood-worms are busy undermining the supports of the dwellings, and wood-ticks attack the beams and joistings. A marvellous variety of creatures haunt the surrounding swamp—reptiles, insects, and birds. The *prie-dieu*—"pray-god"—utters its soprano note; water-hens and plovers call across the marsh. Numberless snakes hide among the reeds, having little to fear save from the wild-cats, which attack them with savage recklessness. Rarely a bear or a deer finds its way near the bayou. There are many otters and musk-rats, minks and raccoons and rabbits. Buzzards float in the sky, and occasionally a bald-eagle sails before the sun.

Such is the land: its human inhabitants are not less strange, wild, picturesque. Most of them are cinnamon-colored men; a few are glossily yellow, like that bronze into which a small proportion of gold is worked by the moulder. Their features are irregular without being actually repulsive; some have the cheek-bones very prominent, and the eyes of several are set slightly aslant. The hair is generally intensely black and straight, but with some individuals it is curly and browner. In Manila there are several varieties of the Malay race, and these Louisiana settlers represent more than one type. None of them appeared tall; the greater number were under-sized, but all well knit, and supple as fresh-water eels. Their hands and feet were small; their movements quick and easy, but sailorly likewise, as of men accustomed to walk upon rocking decks in rough weather. They speak the Spanish language; and a Malay dialect is also used among them. There is only one white man in the settlement—the ship-carpenter, whom all the Malays address as "Maestro." He has learned to speak their Oriental dialect, and has conferred upon several the sacrament of baptism according to the Catholic rite; for some of these men were not Christians at the time of their advent into Louisiana. There is but one black man in this lake village—a Portuguese negro, perhaps a Brazilian maroon. The Maestro told us that communication is still kept up with Manila, and money often sent there to aid friends in emigrating. Such emigrants usually ship as seamen on board some Spanish vessel bound for American ports, and desert at the first opportunity. It is said that the colony was founded by deserters—perhaps also by desperate refugees from Spanish justice.

Justice within the colony itself, however, is of a curiously primitive kind; for there are neither magistrates nor sheriffs, neither prisons nor police. Although the region is included within the parish of St. Bernard, no Louisiana official has ever visited it; never has the tax-gatherer attempted to wend thither his unwelcome way. In the busy season a hundred fierce men are gathered together in this waste and watery place, and these must be a law unto themselves. If a really grave quarrel arises, the trouble is submitted to the arbitration of the oldest Malay in the colony, Padre CARPIO, and his decisions are usually accepted without a murmur. Should a man, on the other hand, needlessly seek to provoke a difficulty, he is liable to be imprisoned within a fish-car, and left there until cold and hunger have tamed his rage, or the rising tide forces him to terms. Naturally all these men are Catholics; but a priest rarely visits them, for it costs a considerable sum to bring the ghostly father into the heart of the swamp that he may celebrate mass under the smoky rafters of HILARIO'S house—under the strings of dry fish.

There is no woman in the settlement, nor has the treble of a female voice been heard along the bayou for many a long year. Men who have families keep them at New Orleans, or at Proctorville, or at La Chinche; it would seem cruel to ask any woman to dwell in such a desolation, without comfort and without protection, during the long absence of the fishing-boats. Only two instances of a woman dwelling there are preserved, like beloved traditions, in the memory of the inhabitants. The first of these departed upon her husband's death; the second left the village after a desperate attempt had been made to murder her spouse. In the dead of night the man was unexpectedly assailed; his wife and little boy helped to defend him. The assailant was overcome, tied hand and foot with fish-lines, and fastened to a stake deep driven into the swamp. Next morning they found him dead: the mosquitoes and tappanoes had filled the office of executioner. No excitement was manifested; the Maestro dug a grave deep in the soft gray mud, and fixed above it a rude wooden cross, which still shows its silhouette against the sky just above the reeds.

Such was the narrative which El Maestro related to us with a strange mixture of religious compassion for the unabsolved soul, and marvellous profanity expressed in four different languages. "Only mosquitoes live there now," he added, indicating the decaying edifice where the dead man had dwelt.

But for the possession of modern fire-arms and one most ancient clock, the lake-dwellers of Saint Malo would seem to have as little in common with the civilization of the nineteenth century as had the inhabitants of the Swiss lacustrine settlements of the Bronze Epoch. Here time is measured rather by the number of alligator-skins sent to market, or the most striking incidents of successive fishing seasons, than by ordinary reckoning; and did not the Maestro keep a chalk record of the days of the week, none might know Sunday from Monday. There is absolutely no furniture in the place; not a chair, a table, or a bed can be found in all the dwellings of this aquatic village. Mattresses there are, filled with dry "Spanish beard"; but these are laid upon tiers of enormous shelves braced against the walls, where the weary fishermen slumber at night among barrels of flour and folded sails and smoked fish. Even the clothes (purchased at New Orleans or Proctorville) become as quaint and curiously tinted in that moist atmosphere as the houses of the village, and the broad hats take a greenish and grotesque aspect in odd harmony with the appearance of the ancient roofs. All the art treasures of the colony consist of a circus poster immemorially old, which is preserved with much reverence, and two photographs jealously guarded in the Maestro's sea-chest. These represent a sturdy young woman with creole eyes, and a grim-looking Frenchman with wintry beard—the wife and father of the ship-carpenter. He pointed to them with a display of feeling made strongly pathetic by contrast with the wild character of the man, and his eyes, keen and hard as those of an eagle, softened a little as he kissed the old man's portrait, and murmured, "Mon cher vieux père."

And nevertheless this life in the wilderness of reeds is connected mysteriously with New Orleans, where the head-quarters of the Manila

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PENN STATE

men's benevolent society are—*La Union Philipina*. A fisherman dies; he is buried under the rustling reeds, and a pine cross planted above his grave; but when the flesh has rotted from the bones, these are taken up and carried by some lugger to the metropolis, where they are shelved away in those curious niche tombs which recall the Roman *columbaria*.

How, then, comes it that in spite of this connection with civilized life the Malay settlement of Lake Borgne has been so long unknown? Perhaps because of the natural reticence of the people. There is still in the oldest portion of the oldest quarter of New Orleans a certain Manila restaurant hidden away in a court, and supported almost wholly by the patronage of Spanish West Indian sailors. Few people belonging to the business circles of New Orleans know of its existence. The *menu* is printed in Spanish and English; the fare is cheap and good. Now it is kept by Chinese, for the Manila man and his oblique-eyed wife, comely as any figure upon a Japanese vase, have gone away. Doubtless his ears, like sea-shells, were haunted by the moaning of the sea, and the Gulf winds called to him by night, so that he could not remain.

The most intelligent person in Saint Malo is a Malay half-breed, VALENTINE. He is an attractive figure, a supple dwarfish lad almost as broad as tall, brown as old copper, with a singularly bright eye. He was educated in the great city, but actually abandoned a fine situation in the office of a judge to return to his swarthy father in the weird swamps. The old man is still there—THOMAS DE LOS SANTOS. He married a white woman, by whom he had two children, this boy and a daughter, WINNIE, who is dead. VALENTINE is the best pirogue oarsman in the settlement, and a boat bears his name. But opposite the house of THOMAS DE LOS SANTOS rides another graceful boat, rarely used, and whitely christened with the name of the dead WINNIE. Latin names prevail in the nomenclature of boats and men: Marcellino, Francesco, Serafino, Florenzo, Victorio, Paosto, Hilario, Marcetto, are common baptismal names. The solitary creole appellation Aristide offers an anomaly. There are luggers and sloops bearing equally romantic names: *Manrico de Aragon, Maravilla, Joven Imperatriz*. Spanish piety has baptized several others with sacred words and names of martyrs.

Of the thirteen or fourteen large edifices on piles, the most picturesque is perhaps that of CARPIO—old CARPIO, who deserts the place once a year to play monte in Mexico. His home consists of three wooden edifices so arranged that the outer two advance like wings, and the wharf is placed in front of the central structure. Smoked fish black with age hang from the roof, chickens squeak upon the floor, pigs grunt under the planking. Small, squat, swart, dry, and grimy as his smoked fish is old CARPIO, but his eye is bright and quick as a lizard's.

It is at HILARIO's great *casa* that the Manila men pass stormy evenings, playing monte or a species of Spanish keno. When the *cantador*, (the caller) sings out the numbers, he always accompanies the annunciation with some rude poetry characteristic of fisher life or Catholic faith:

Pareja de uno;
Dos piquetes de rivero—

a pair of one (11); the *two stakes* to which the fish-car is fastened.

Número cuatro;
La casa del gato—

number 4; the cat's house.

Seis con su nuéve;
Arriba y abajo—

six with its nine (69); *up and down*.

De dos pareja;
Dos paticos en laguna—

pair of two (22); two *ducklings* in the lagoon or marsh—the Arabic numerals conveying by their shape this idea to the minds of fishermen. Picturesque? The numbers 77 suggest an almost similar idea—*dos gansos en laguna* (two geese in the lagoon):

Tres y parejo;
Edad de Cristo—

thirty-three; the age of Christ.

Dos con su cinco;
Buena noche pasado—

twenty-five (Christmas-eve); the "Good-night" past.

Nuéve y parejo;
El mas viejo—

ninety, "the oldest one." Fifty-five is called the "two boats moored" together, as the figures placed thus ⧖ convey that idea to the mind—*dos galibos amarrados*. Very musical is the voice of the *cantador* as he continues, shaking up the numbers in a calabash:

Dos y nuéve:
Veinte y nuéve—29.
Seis con su cuatro:
Sesenta y cuatro—64.
Ocho y seis:
Borrachenta y seis—86 (*drunken* eighty-six).
Nina de quince (a girl of fifteen):
Uno y cinco—15.

Polite, too, these sinister-eyed men; there was not a single person in the room who did not greet us with a hearty *buenas noches*. The artist made his sketch of that grotesque scene upon the rude plank-work which served as a gambling table by the yellow flickering of lamps fed with fish-oil.

There is no liquor in the settlement, and these hardy fishers and alligator-hunters seem none the worse therefor. Their flesh is as hard as oar-wood, and sickness rarely affects them, although they know little of comfort, and live largely upon raw fish, seasoned with vinegar and oil. There is but one chimney—a wooden structure—in the village, fires are hardly ever lighted, and in the winter the cold and the damp would soon undermine feeble constitutions.

A sunset viewed from the balcony of the Maestro's house seemed to us enchantment. The steel blue of the western horizon heated into furnace yellow, then cooled off into red splendors of astounding warmth and transparency. The bayou blushed crimson, the green of the marsh pools, of the shivering reeds, of the decaying timberwork, took fairy bronze tints, and then, immense with marsh mist, the orange-vermilion face of the sun peered luridly for the last time through the tall grasses upon the bank. Night came with marvellous choruses of frogs; the whole lowland throbbed and laughed with the wild music—a swamp-hymn deeper and mightier than even the surge-sounds heard from the Rigolets bank: the world seemed to shake with it!

We sailed away just as the east began to flame again, and saw the sun arise with reeds sharply outlined against the vivid vermilion of his face. Long fish-formed clouds sailed above him through the blue, green-backed and iridescent-bellied, like the denizens of the green water below. VALENTINE hailed us from the opposite bank, holding up a struggling *ponte-d'eau* which he had just rescued from a wild-cat. A few pirogues were already flashing over the bayou, ribbing the water with wavelets half emerald, half orange gold. Brighter and brighter the eastern fires grew; oranges and vermilions faded out into fierce yellow, and against the blaze all the ragged ribs of HILARIO's elfish wharf stood out in black. Somebody fired a farewell shot as we reached the mouth of the bayou; there was a waving of picturesque hands and hats; and far in our wake an alligator plashed his scaly body, making for the whispering line of reeds upon the opposite bank.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

WILLIAM PENN AND THE COLONISTS.

IN the historical composition which appears on our opening pages MR. HOWARD PYLE represents the reception accorded to WILLIAM PENN, on the occasion of his first visit to America, in 1682, by the settlers who had already founded a flourishing colony on the banks of the Delaware. Not only Friends, but members of other denominations, Englishmen, Swedes, and Germans, joined in giving him a cordial welcome. Several conferences were held, a charter of liberties was issued, a democratic form of government was instituted, and the city of Philadelphia was planned and founded. At this time also was made the celebrated treaty with several Indian tribes—the only treaty, says VOLTAIRE, "never sworn to and never broken."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

In for a Penny, in for a Pound.—A London Doctor.—Wanted, Taste in High Circles.—Clever Russian Official.—The Woes of Jurymen.—A moving Bog.—A pattern Parson.

THERE is a proverb about not spoiling a ship for a pound of tar, and it seems there are some folks who apply it even to crime. When they have once begun with it they are not to be deterred, but meet little details as they arise with ever-new expedients. A young lady of Manchester, aged fourteen, was charged with attempting to commit suicide, and another lady of more mature years, a Mrs. Allen, with aiding and abetting her. Allen first incited Robinson to rob her father, and took the proceeds. When the theft was discovered she recommended the young person to destroy herself, as being the best way out of the scrape. The matter is of more limited range, but never since the days of Strafford has there ever been a more complete scheme of "Thorough." "We all stop somewhere," says Charles Lamb, referring to the practice of honesty, but as regards proceeding in the opposite course it would be interesting to learn where MRS. Allen of Manchester *would* feel called upon to stop.

I am always "cracking up" doctors; and no wonder, for I have received in a long life no end of kindness from them. Not only is their calling the most noble of all callings, but no other possesses members so generous. It is the only one, also, which distinguishes in a good sense between the rich and poor, and takes into account the circumstances of a client. I heard to-day a charming anecdote of one of the foremost of our good physicians, whom I will call Sir A. B, another great doctor, and himself, were summoned to attend the sick wife of a country rector not far from London. After the consultation the parson, in bidding them good-by, slipped a fifty-pound note into B's hand; his fingers closed on it without inquiry, and he left the room. When he had gone, the parson offered the same sum to Sir A. "Why, no, sir; I looked into the clergy list before I left home, and find your living is a very small one. I shall take no fee."

"But I have private means of my own—£4000 a year."

"I am glad to hear it;" and he held out his hand and took the check like a man.

To my mind nothing can be better than this. The generosity of the man, his carefulness that B should not see it, so as not to put *him* in an invidious position, and then the very proper alacrity to take his dues!

I have often wondered how members of a royal race can find it consonant with their sense of propriety to "crack up" the head of their family. It is quite right that outsiders should vaunt their loyalty and express their admiration of monarchical institutions, but surely it is not good taste for those who are so nearly connected with Majesty to do so. The young nobleman who wrote,

"Let law, religion, virtue, morals die,
But leave us still our old nobility"

(or some such fustian), it seems to me showed as little good manners as good sense in so doing, inasmuch as he himself belonged to the class he eulogized. But nothing to my mind can equal for this "gude conceit o' oursels" the last words attributed to the late Prince Charles of Prussia, who, on hearing his brother announced as a visitor, "made a final effort, raised his right hand, and faintly exclaiming, 'Long live the Emperor!' expired." Apart from the conventionality of such a speech at so solemn a time, and its absurdity as addressed to a man of over eighty, it seems to me a vulgar speech—much more so than that famous "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" for which Nelson has been so hauled over the coals by posterity.

A well-meaning but slightly disingenuous French priest was punished the other day for forging Nihilist programmes in order to bring Communism into contempt. A Russian inspector of police has bettered this teaching by issuing letters signed "Socialist Committee," threatening death to wealthy personages unless they paid ransoms to that imaginary council. He not only thus strengthened the cause of order, but filled his own pockets. This is conservatism indeed.

There is an immense "to do" made about class grievances, but the most ill-used class in this country, and at the same time that to which the said country is most indebted, are jurymen. When one looks round a court of justice, it is strange to think that, except the prisoner and the spectators (who may go when they please), there are only those twelve poor creatures, packed in a box like herrings in a barrel, who are not paid for being there. They have often to sit for days patiently listening to the details of a right-of-way cause, or, as in a recent case, to a dissertation upon art by experts. And yet it appears that we do not know the worst of what British jurymen suffer. At an inquest the other day a juryman called the attention of the coroner to a grievance which, if it were not corroborated by proof, would seem incredible. For coroners' juries, it seems, working-men are usually summoned, and not only do they necessarily lose their day's pay, which they can ill afford, but *their attendance often entails dismissal by their employers*.

The applicant suggested that local tradesmen should be summoned twice for every single time that working-men are summoned. The coroner said that he could not do that, but that every one not liable to serve on other juries was summoned by him in rotation. "I can not believe," he said, "that any one has ever lost a situation through doing his legal duty."

ANOTHER JURYMAN. "I have lost it myself, sir, through being summoned on one of your juries. I showed the summons to my employer, and he told me that if I went he would put some one else in my place; and he did so."

THE CORONER. "That is a great shame. If I knew who that employer was, I would take care he should be made acquainted with the law."

The juryman at once gave up his name, and the coroner said: "I will take care that *he* shall be summoned on juries enough." And quite right too; but why was not the name of that employer made public? Though such a man must needs be shameless, the publication of his name would at least open people's eyes to his character.

Considering how one resents the calamities that fall to the common lot, it is difficult to understand what one *would* feel if Nature herself went out of her way to harm one. To have one's house overwhelmed by an avalanche, as happened to a whole village in Switzerland the other day, must be a circumstance to try one's temper to the uttermost—supposing the avalanche left one a temper. Even nearer home there are landslips and things. The recent proceedings of Nature at Castleven, County Roscommon, would really have something of the sublime in it but for the character of the agent—a moving bog. Imagine a mass of mud twenty-six feet deep moving at the rate of a mile in twenty minutes, and submerging 120 acres of pasture-land, with farm and out-buildings! Inside the farm-house, which is, it seems, an exceptionally good one, the proprietor was found sitting in a state of "extreme depression and astonishment." He had heard "of the stars in their courses" fighting against a particular individual, but that was a long time ago, and perhaps he had taken it for an Eastern metaphor; indeed, he might have thought himself not much the worse for any enmity he might have excited among the celestial bodies. But the conduct of his neighbor the bog was something quite out of his experience. It had never, he said, entered into his head, but it really seems to have got everywhere else. It remains in the high-road for a quarter of a mile, ten feet deep, and threatens to burst up the bridges of the neighboring river. This is just the sort of event which half a century ago would have been called by the poor man's enemies "a judgment."

An admirable specimen of the English divine has just died near Exeter. "His generosity," we are told, "knew no bounds." His cider, which was of his own brewing, was reckoned the best in Devonshire. He handled needle and cotton with the skill of a tailor; he was a skilled mechanic, and possessed over a ton of tools; he was a member of the Volunteer Rifles to the day of his death, which happened at seventy-two; was an excellent shot, and took many prizes at Wimbledon. This gentleman, the Rev. Wilse Brown, was, of course, a man of means, but in other respects he resembles the famous clergyman of Scathwaite (his name was Walker, but he really existed) immortalized by Wordsworth. He too could hem and sew and bake and brew; indeed, if I remember right, he kept a public-house (I need not say "most respectably conducted"), and reaped the fruit of his "labors in the vineyard" very literally. Indeed, what seems the most amazing part of his performances was that though his living was less than forty pounds a year, and he had a large family, he contrived by his industry (chiefly spinning) to leave a considerable fortune behind him.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

RECENT experiments in long-distance telephoning have yielded very satisfactory results. A continuous line of wire of the Postal Telegraph Company's system was established a few days ago from this city to Cleveland, Ohio, and conversation was carried on by telephone over the seven hundred and fifty miles of wire with as much distinctness as over the short circuits of the city system. A microphone transmitter of peculiar construction was used. The membrane is of cork, with carbon trusses running from its centre to brass slips which are connected with the local battery. It is claimed that by the use of this device the instrument is made more sensitive to the sounds to be reproduced. The receiving instrument was made with the view of obviating the crackling sounds which are usually heard in telephones, and which are owing to induction. This is accomplished by so constructing the magnet that there can be no interchange of polarity between its parts. In the experiments mentioned the local battery consisted of two Fuller cells. A ground circuit was used.

Early intelligence from Newport is to the effect that fox-hunting is not likely to be one of the attractions during the coming season. This is not owing to a scarcity of foxes, but to the objections of farmers to having their fields trampled by horses running in the wake of hounds that are on the scent of a bag of anise-seed.

In a granite block recently built into a wall in Richmond is "an almost perfectly shaped blackbird outlined in mica." It may be a petrifaction of one of the historic twenty-four which were baked in a pie.

The value of a little capital to young men who go West to grow up with the country is illustrated by the experience of a Connecticut youth who has written home for a thousand dollars with which to marry a wealthy Iowa widow.

A splendid diadem is the crown which is to be placed on the head of the Emperor of Russia at his approaching coronation. The famous diamond which formerly belonged in the Brahmin temple at Teherigam, which was carried away by a French grenadier, which came into the possession of Prince Orloff, and was presented by him to the Empress Catherine II., is its chief ornament. This stone is said to weigh 779 carats, and is valued at 30,000,000 rubles. The sceptre was made by order of Paul I., and is adorned with a diamond which possesses a historical interest greater than that of the Orloff jewel. It was once an eye of the massive gold lion on the throne of the Shah Nadir, and its companion was the Koh-i-noor, now in the possession of Queen Victoria. The stone weighs 195 carats. Catherine II. paid an Armenian 450,000 rubles for it, but it is now valued at 3,000,000 rubles.

The large increase lately in the number of telegraph wires strung over the tops of the London houses moves *Truth* to call attention to the resulting perils. "It is well to remember," says *Truth*, "that a snapped wire would cut a man's head off. In wintry weather people walk about the streets in more imminent peril of their lives than if they were in the midst of the Atlantic." What would the residents of London think if, in addition to the peril of having their heads removed by breaking telegraph wires, they had to encounter the danger of being distributed over the housetops by exploding reservoirs of steam or gas whenever they walked in certain quarters of the city? *Truth* calls for a system of subterranean telegraph wires like that which Germany has completed, and which Russia is introducing.

The startling intelligence is printed in the London *Land* that the exterior stone-work of Westminster Abbey is disintegrating so rapidly that the necessity of refacing the entire structure is imminent. The mischief is said to result from the deposit of particles on the stone, which has given to the walls an extremely dark appearance, and in some unexplained way hastened the destroying effect of the weather on the surface.

The name of the Abilene (Texas) newspaper is the *Magnetic Quill*. One of its esteemed contemporaries is the *Simplecute*.

Complaint is made in many parts of the country because the *Congressional Record* does not adjourn when Congress does. Two numbers of that publication have been issued since the adjournment, in one of which a single statesman occupies, with speeches that were never spoken, as much space as there is in an ordinary octavo volume of about five hundred pages.

The chief envoy from Madagascar, who possesses fifteen honors and a name with ten syllables, is an admirer of Mr. Frelinghuysen. In his estimation, the name of the Secretary of State contains sufficient letters to place him at least a considerable distance above the majority of his fellow-citizens.

An extension of time has been granted recently to a company formed for the purpose of draining the valley in which the city of Mexico is. This work was undertaken by the Spaniards after the conquest, and they made a cut three hundred feet deep and several miles long. The work occupied, it is said, a hundred years. It is proposed to deepen this cut sixty-five feet, at a cost of four million dollars. The Spaniards at first attempted to tunnel the mountains, but the water destroyed the tunnel's sides, and that method was abandoned. The Mexican government offers grants of money and land to the company that shall succeed in draining the valley.

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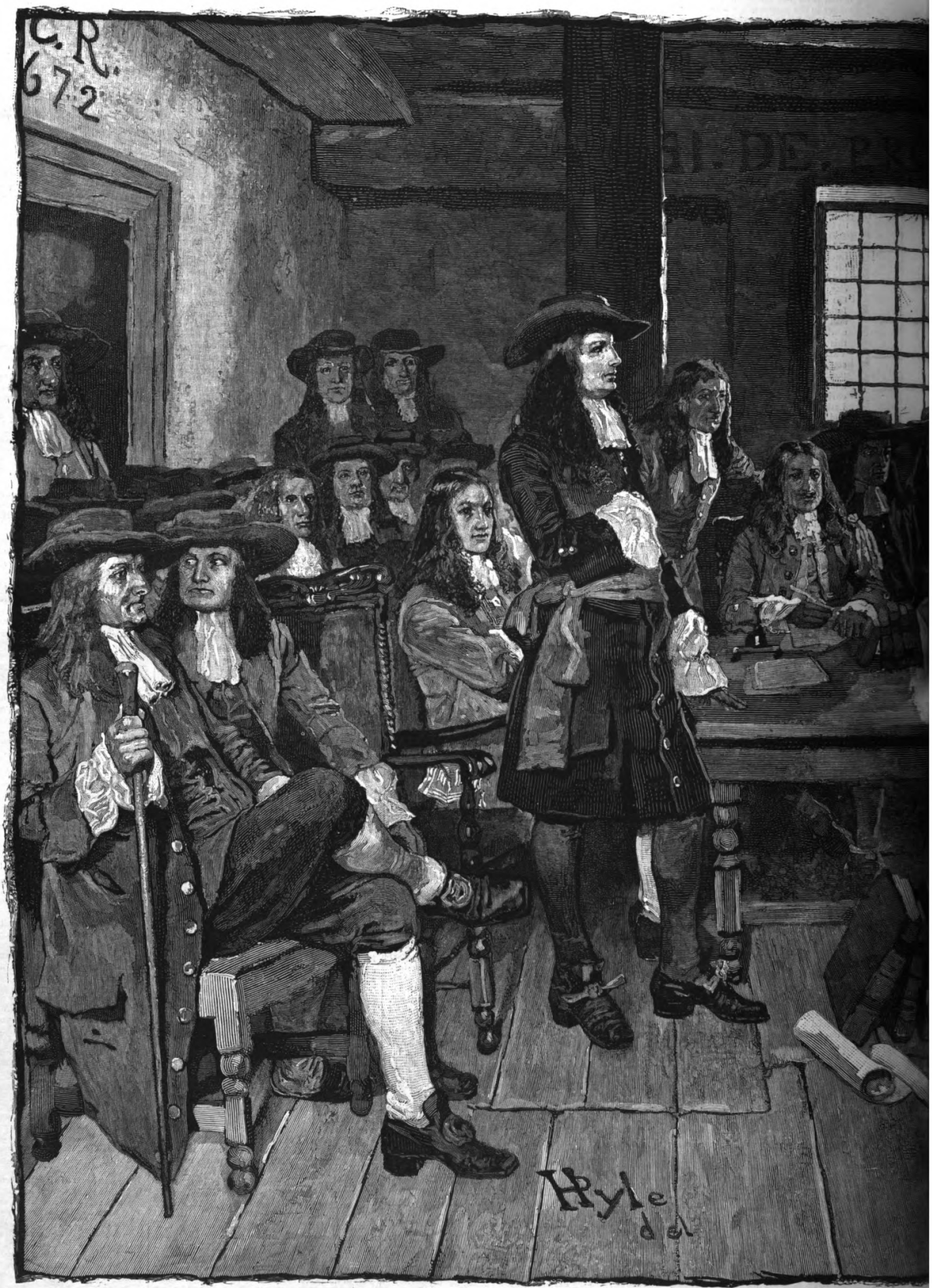

THE FIRST VISIT OF WILLIAM PENN TO AMERICA—A CONFER

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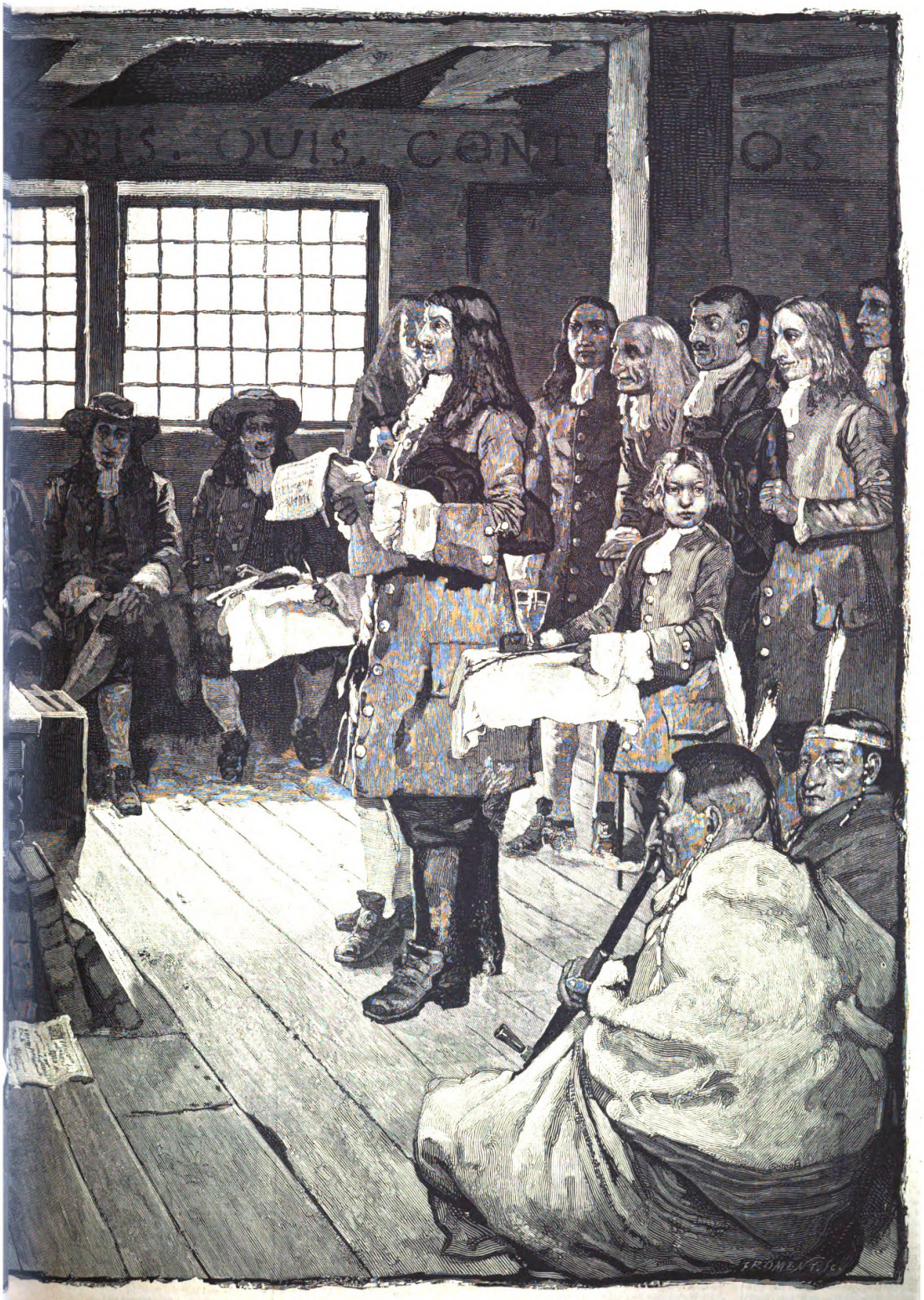

ITH THE COLONISTS.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 199.]

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WHY THE DAISIES ARE WHITE.

Once on a time a quarrel rose,
'Tis said, between impatient Spring
And that old gray-beard Winter, who
Yet longer to his throne would cling.
"My turn it is," quoth Mistress Spring,
"To reign, and clothe the earth anew.
How long must all my beauties lie
Concealed, for fear of such as you?"

Then to the Sunbeams coaxingly
She turned and said, "To you alone
I look for help earth's chains to loose,
And drive this loiterer from the throne."
So, tempted by her smiling face,
The Sunbeams answered to her call,
And though old Winter battled well,
His kingdom soon began to fall.

"But if you think," he coldly said,
"All trace of me to wipe away,
My memory still shall haunt and lie
Upon your meadows day by day."
And on that night a messenger
By Winter sent to Daisyland
Upon each daisy blossom laid
A sheet of snow with lavish hand.

And Mistress Spring, when she beheld
The souvenir of Winter's reign,
Smiled as she softly kissed her pets,
And foiled his purpose once again;
For in the heart of each white flower
She laid a bit of golden sun,
And bade it nestle closely there
Until sweet daisy life was done.

And thus the fair field flower grew,
Spring's golden sunshine, warm and bright,
At rest forever in its heart,
The while its leaves, like snow, are white.

MARY D. BRINE.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF FARM FORLORN.

Yes, the old farm had looked like desolation when Reuben Fladge had driven away from it. The absence of life about it was singularly marked, although human life had only vanished in the afternoon, and it was not yet sundown. And life was not all gone from it even, for the master of Farm Forlorn had locked himself in with his household gods and was busy after his fashion. In the cottages round about the farm, and in the lower level, where old Spikins had died, making so much mischief—all the mischief—in his last helpless days, it was known that Master Woodhatch was still within the house, and hence the villagers kept in the background, guessing instinctively that the master wished to be alone. But in the cottages and in the road before the cottages men and women stood in groups and talked the matter over, and speculated on the reason of it all, and why John Woodhatch in this unseemly haste had paid them in full of all demands and done with them forever.

Knowing not the truth, dreaming not of what a man can do stung to his heart's core by disappointment and ingratitude, being only aware that John Woodhatch was a liberal giver, and liked odd folk and prison folk about him, they, with the facility for easy lying patent to ignorance in general, constructed their own history of the case, and set it down for gospel. Something had been found out, and it was necessary for John Woodhatch to get clear off. Nothing remarkable in this, for there was something to be found out in most of the lives round about this place — this being shadow-land, and these its shadows — but it was certain the master must be gone. And though they would have been glad to know the exact facts of the case, and whether murder or robbery or some gigantic swindle was at the bottom of the explanation, still in the aggregate they wished John Woodhatch *might* get comfortably away before the "slops" from Lincoln or Boston came and collared him. There were two or three strangers in the place that day who might be after the master already and have warrants in their pockets for him, who could tell? One man professed to be there out of curiosity, and another to have heard of sales at Farm Forlorn, and have come too late in the day to drive any bargain with the owner, but they were men who sat together still in the tap-room of the way-side inn and looked out of window at the stragglers, and as if half afraid of them, and what they might attempt in the way of rescue presently. Still, they were men who might be brokers balked in making a seizure, now that the doors and windows of the place were closely barred, and the master as safe within the walls as in a fortress.

The people talked in "the open," as though they had some inkling they should see the master again, and learn more of him and his motives, if they were vigilant, before the stars shone out. But the day stole away and the stars were glittering above them, and old Carlo was heard barking within the farm-yard—a sign of life and vigor yet at the old place—when one or two stragglers, getting tired at last of keeping the respectful distance which they had maintained all the afternoon, slouched past the farm and along the high-road, with their hands in their pockets and their feet scuffling up the dust—men struck out of work, and already tired of the position. The farm looked very black and gaunt as the twilight deepened into night, and the trees rustled more ominously above it, as though they had some cognizance of evil with the on-coming of the dark hours. Presently, to the amazement of more than one pair of watchful ears pricked up that night, the old dog Carlo was heard barking a good quarter of a mile away, and it was suspected then that the master had stolen from the house by the garden door, and gone the short-cut across the sand-hills to the sea. He wished to get away without any more adieux, unless he was coming back again to take care of his property after one of his wild walks on the shore, and after the habit that he had always had. The inhabitants were not certain, and did not go in search of him. They were careful folk, who did not care for walks on the sands after dark, with the awful wind tearing across hundreds of miles of sea at them, and with rank desolation right and left—they would leave all that to John Woodhatch with great pleasure. Presently they grew tired of talking over the matter even, being early people, with sleepy wives; and doors were shut, and lights extinguished in the cottage windows, and only a few reckless souls without wives, or without much care for them or for the morrow, and with extra money—John Woodhatch's money—to spend upon sour beer, proceeded to the inn, to inspect the strangers again, and take their turn at drinking hard. And the great old farm stood like a giant house beyond them, and grew blacker and blacker with the night, merging itself in the night's density at last, and then suddenly and awfully waking up to light. Waking to a deepred light of bidden flame within, which shone forth luridly through cracks of wooden shutters and fissures in the doors, and above the shutters, where the strips of latticed glass were, and where every twisted pattern of the leaden frames became distinctly marked by a flickering light within, until the glass splintered and shivered with the heat, and smoke and sparks and fire came forth from a dozen parts at once, and each a remote, sure sign of the incendiary having been at work. The flames made steady progress, and stole like fiery serpents from room to room and corridor to corridor, crackling and snapping each scrap of wood-work in its progress; and drowsy folk within a hundred yards dreamed not of dire disaster till the hostler of the inn, crossing his stable-yard, was startled by the crimson light upon the cobble-stones, and looked up at the red sky and along the road toward the farm, as though the vision of Judgment had come suddenly upon him. It was soon known then, and Skegs Shore woke up to active life with its first wild cry of "Fire!"

All Skegs Shore became busy and excited and half mad, and people ran to and fro and shouted "Fire!" and women and children screamed; and those in other villages and at Skegs Shore proper woke up to the warning in the sky, and in all haste made for Farm Forlorn—the common centre of disaster. The old parish engine was being unearthed and getting ready for the journey; and the telegraph wires were flashing the news to busier centres, and asking for assistance. Meanwhile by the light of his own burning home John Woodhatch strode away. There was no longer darkness in his path: his favorite walk when his mind was ill at ease—as it had been so many times in his life—was steeped no more in blackness, but aglow with crimson and gold, where the wet sands caught the reflection of the sky and the waves grew bright with it.

He stopped once and looked back, and muttered, "So soon!" and then resumed his way, Carlo looking up at him as if he were as much puzzled by the master as those who had served him, and whom he had left behind that night with a grand spectacle of flame as a wind-up to his life with them.

He had not the sands to himself now. All Skegs Shore was bent on sight-seeing; a few figures ran past him now and then, knowing the short-cut to the farm as well as he; some glancing at him as they ran, and one man recognizing him and calling out his name, to which he took no heed, but strode on more rapidly. Presently, when he was close upon the old ship's skeleton, some one darted toward him full of excitement and caught him by the arm. There was no need to ask who it was that stayed his progress thus unceremoniously; there was no time, had John Woodhatch been in ignorance, for, in a husky, agitated voice, Reuben Fladge cried out,

"Master! the farm! the farm!"

"What are you doing here?" said Woodhatch, angrily; "why are you lurking about this spot—why are you not at Bleathorpe, as I ordered you?"

"I have been waiting for you. I knew you would come this way; I wanted so to see you once again!" he cried. "You won't be angry? The farm, oh! the farm is—"

"Yes, I know. Don't scream over it," said Woodhatch, interrupting him. "It is a fit and proper thing, Fladge, that that should be the end of it."

He pointed back to the red sky, and the flames rising brightly in it, and the sparks which were drifting out to sea in one continuous stream of golden flakes, with the thick, heavy wreaths of smoke following them like fate.

"Oh, master!" cried Fladge, bursting into tears; "you have burned it down, then!"

"Yes, I have."

"Oh, lor! what will they do to you for that?" John Woodhatch laughed scornfully.

"Anything they like; and I don't know if I should protest," he answered. "But there, you must not make this noise, or we shall have many spies about us. I have done no one harm in this; it was my own house, bought with my own savings, and it is better a ruin. I choose to have it a ruin, Fladge," he added, taking him by the arm, the better to impress the fact on his companion's mind; "and when you hear fools and liars talking about this, tell them so from me."

"Why did you burn it down?" gasped Fladge, glancing at his master, and half afraid of him and his manner, which was new to him.

John Woodhatch had never been a man to brook much questioning, but he made no protest in this instance to Reuben Fladge's inquiries. He was like a man anxious to explain to this one being, whose brain was not able to receive them, the motives for his desperate act. His anger at the sight of Reuben had vanished, and his voice was low and earnest, as he walked on with Fladge, his arm still linked in his.

"I burned it down, Fladge, because in that house I had met nothing but grievous shame and gross ingratitude," he said. "I wanted—I, a poor thief-born wretch—to act as God Almighty in this place and rule as king and savior. I wanted to be talked of as a great reformer of bad lives—a wondrous man, who, having known what crime was, and what temptation was, knew best the way to lead poor sinners from them. And I knew nothing—not even myself—and have been laughed at for my pains. Do you think you understand me?"

"Hardly, sir—hardly."

"Try and do so when you are alone, so that you can tell this story when I am a long way from Skegs Shore. For you are left, Fladge, to fight my battles here, you know," he said; "you who stood by me to the very end, and was the one friend left when the wreck came."

"I—I don't understand," whimpered Fladge, again, "I can't. Where are you going, master?—tell me that. And what are you going to do?"

John Woodhatch did not reply to these two extra questions. They were of the class to which he would hazard no reply. But he went on in his own way:

"You will go to Bleathorpe, and see what can be done there, Reuben, and you will take care of old Carlo for me till he dies, I know."

"Ay, that I will," Fladge answered.

"I had intended to drown him here to-night out of his misery—the misery of a master's loss, Fladge, and which a dog feels most," he muttered to himself; "but your lurking here to-night has saved the little life that's left him."

"Ay, is that it?" said the troubled Reuben.

Here John Woodhatch came to a full stop, and Fladge and Carlo stopped with him.

"I was rough and bearish to you when I saw you first," Woodhatch remarked. "Let me say, with my good-by to you, that I'm sorry you should have had any harsh words of mine to-night to sting you. But I am not myself just now—and I dare say," he added, with another short, mocking laugh, "I shall never be quite myself again. Who knows?"

Fladge regarded him wistfully. As John Woodhatch held out his hand toward him in farewell greeting he did not withdraw his own hands from the pockets into which a moment since he had thrust them.

"Why can't I go with you?" asked Fladge.

"I have said it's impossible."

"You'll want somebody—you ain't fond of your own company—and I'll never say a word or do a single thing to make you say, 'I'm sorry I took the feller with me,'" pleaded Fladge.

For an instant John Woodhatch wavered, although Reuben Fladge was not aware of it.

"It can't be. At all events just now. Perhaps," he added, "I may write to you in time to come—write to Bleathorpe, where you will be."

"Ah! that's no good," muttered Fladge. "You don't mean it?"

"Well, good-by."

"What are you going to Hull for?" asked Fladge. "You said you was going to Hull."

"It's a handy place to start from, and the ships sail out there night and day, hour after hour, to new worlds, new hopes, new lives. And, Fladge, I am very tired of the old life. There," he said, "will that do? I can explain no more than that."

"Yes. I make out—some of it" answered Fladge.

"Then good-by—and God make a man of you, and a good man!"

"Thank you, sir," answered Fladge, very humbly, and even inclining his head, as a suppliant might do receiving a benediction from his priest; "thankee, master, and—God bless *you*—allers!"

"Thanks, Fladge—I will value your last wish for me. And good-by again," he said, extending his hand once more. "Why the devil don't you say good-by?" he cried, petulantly, at last.

"I ain't a-going yet awhile."

"But you must."

"My way's your way," said Fladge. "There's the horse and trap at the Swan, and I've got to fetch it."

"I'm not going to the Swan."

"No, but you're going that way," replied Fladge, still persistent, not to say obstinate.

John Woodhatch shrugged his shoulders, and pressed the question no further. He walked on moodily toward the sand-banks, where the pathway met the sea-shore and led to the village where he was known so well, and where Lucy Brake had lived to this day. A poor, weak, loving, warm-hearted little woman, this Lucy, and not fit for *him* in any way, he thought very suddenly and remarkably just then, but the only woman in all his life whom he had ever thought of loving, and would have made an idol of, in his own clumsy way. Where was she now? he wondered. And why had she, with all the rest of them, gone away so easily from him, with a few commonplace expressions of regret? She might have guessed they would never meet again—that that had been his fixed resolve from the hour her father thought of giving up Skegs Shore.

He walked on, thinking of her still, and Fladge and Carlo followed in the rear. The sky was all ablaze, and lighted him along the foot-path to Skegs Shore—the old gilt tips to the vane upon the church tower seemed like little jets of flame that night, and the glass windows in the quiet village were bright with dancing lights.

There had been a rare race of the inhabitants to the farm, but there were a few dark figures dotting the main street, too indolent to make the journey, or too indifferent to sight-seeing, or with too much business at home upon their minds; and there was quite a crowd of idlers round the doors of the Swan, all talking of the fire and of John Woodhatch, and all with their faces turned to the red glare in the sky. One or two more were hurrying in the distance toward the railway station, where the down train was nearly due; and it was John Woodhatch who, seeing them, was reminded of the time, and took longer strides in their direction.

But the master of Farm Forlorn was recognized by those left behind in the old village, and more than one called out his name as he stepped into the foreground, and a few came running after him. He turned abruptly aside, with the object of evading them, and the hundred questions which would be hurled at him, but they intercepted him at right angles, and were in front of him again, two men, on whom he had never set eyes before, standing completely in his way.

"Mr. Woodhatch," said one of them.

"Yes; but I am pressed for time, and have the Hull train to catch," he said, striding by.

"Very sorry, sir," replied the man, as he and his companion kept pace with him, "but you can't go that journey yet awhile."

"Why not?"

"Very sorry, sir," he said again, "but I am a constable, and it's my business, and my unpleasant duty—to arrest you."

"To arrest me!" exclaimed John Woodhatch.

"Yes, sir; that's it."

"It is my own farm, and no one's loss but mine, you fool!" he thundered forth.

"I don't know anything about the farm, Mr. Woodhatch," said the officer; "mine's a different affair, and I hope you'll come quietly with us, and save all fuss and bother."

He glanced at the stalwart proportions of the farmer and trusted sincerely that he would.

"What is your charge?" asked John Woodhatch, calmly.

"Murder."

"Murder!" repeated the accused man, and "Murder!" echoed Reuben Fladge, in a higher key.

"Yes, sir. The old Morris Brake business, I'm sorry to say," replied the man, still deferentially; "and you'll come quietly, I hope."

"Yes," replied John Woodhatch, "quietly enough, my man. I am your prisoner."

CHAPTER V.

ON REMAND.

There was more news for this quiet and sleepy part of green old Lincolnshire—this dead-and-alive Skegs Shore, where news, as a rule, flew by and left no trace, like carrier-pigeons with tidings for a busier sphere. Moreover, here was news to be transmitted from Skegs Shore to English towns and cities, to the mighty London even, many miles away—news which might interest folk who had forgotten this dull, flat strip of coast, but remembered something about a murder near it years and years ago.

And now the murderer was discovered, and the whole story, with strange supplementary details born of the mighty imaginations of descriptive reporters paid to make the most of it, cropped up afresh in the newspapers, and, Heaven be praised! at a slack time of year, when politicians were grouse-shooting, or, if extra energetic, wearying provincial and scanty audiences with second-hand platitudes, stage thunder, and blue fire—with dismal prophecies of the country going to ruin for not taking their advice, or hymns of praise and glory for taking it implicitly, and being none the better for it just at present. The Skegs Shore murder came as a relief to the wind and water of the dull season, and people talked of it and grew interested in it, and saw love and jealousy and deep, dire revenge in it, and heaps of mystery, and all the component atoms of a big sensation.

It was a murder well pieced together, and the general public gave no thought to the possibility of the innocence of the man now under arrest. It was so indisputable a chain of evidence; it was as everybody had thought; it was as clear as day, as true as Gospel; it was absolutely natural!

John Woodhatch and Morris Brake had been rivals for the affections of the parson's daughter, and when the former had discovered the secret marriage of his pupil with the object of his love, he had waylaid and killed the youth who had supplanted him. These had always been the facts of the case, people said down in Lincolnshire; but in the absence of proof, and with a liberal expenditure of money, and an artful attempt to pose as a philanthropist, John Woodhatch had almost lived down the first suspicion which had fastened on him. And then the murder was out, and the proofs rose like ghosts from the grave of the slain man, and all was bare in the white light of God's day, with the Hands of Justice closing on the guilty one at last. A grand moral, that sin should not have all its own way, and that there was retribution to follow the commission of it.

It was known now that the weapon with which the murder was committed had been buried in the sands, and that the name of John Woodhatch was on the handle. The farmer and one Reuben Fladge, a mere tool of a stronger mind, it was asserted, had been seen digging up this spud one dark night together, and sinking it deeper again,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

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for more security. There was an old cap there also, a something Woodhatch had worn probably by way of a disguise, and the weapon had been missed from the night of the murder, and hidden here in preference to hurling it into the sea, which would have ebbed away along the level sands and left the weapon shining on the sands with the next outflow of the tide. The murderer knew that very well, and understood the coast. This Reuben Fladge was probably an accomplice, and would turn Queen's evidence when frightened a little more, the good, worthy, perspicacious general public thought. He would make the whole story stronger, having been bribed heavily, for even a farm called Tolland's had been settled on him, for no earthly reason that any one could conceive, save as a price upon his silence.

The evidence was somewhat weak at present, but the discovery of the spud would lead to business. Already it had been ascertained that John Woodhatch was not at his farm on the night of the murder, but on the sands, creeping stealthily in the direction of Skegs Shore; and the police were anxious to discover the whereabouts of a certain Mrs. Chadderton, who had sat up for him that night, and who had evidently disappeared from Farm Forlorn rather than be a witness in the case. Here was another party bribed and sent out of the way, John Woodhatch having had an inkling that the deed was being talked about again, and himself once more suspected. A deep, designing man this Woodhatch — a desperate character, and ready with the knife even as a boy, and one who might have been hanged for murder as a boy if his victim had not been mercifully spared. They had all his antecedents in the papers now—the mighty Press had him by the throat. And then to burn down the farm, and doubtless with many proofs of his crime therein; to pay his servants heavily to keep them on his side in case of an arrest, and rescue him—lest the destruction of his farm should not divert the attention of Skegs Shore folk so completely from the village as to enable him to slip away to Hull, thence to take ship away and be lost!

By some mysterious means he had been warned of his danger early on that day, but had acted just a little clumsily in some respects, and so had come to grief. Always the way with these calculating criminals: a merciful dispensation it was that they should help to put the hangman's rope around their own necks when left to their nefarious devices.

There were two letters found upon the prisoner also, it was said, which tended to implicate him more deeply than even the new evidence which had cropped up to his detriment. One letter was to a Mrs. Gregory Dorward, the wife of a deserving youth who had left Farm Forlorn probably in disgust at the conduct of its owner, telling her where money would be found to pay the passage out to Canada of herself and husband, and hinting that they were better away out of England, and might rely on further help from him when they required it. This was further evidence of bribery and corruption. The second letter—and strange that it should be so, it was thought at first—was written to the widow of the murdered man, who also, as if doubting him at last, had left suddenly for Paris, to which city the letter he had never posted—as though he had been afraid to place himself in her power—was addressed. Herein was allusion to the murder, as the motive for some forgiveness which he had asked of the young widow, and she had granted him, not knowing for what offense. "I knew who had killed Morris, and I kept the truth from you for the sake of your own peace," he had written, very vaguely, although she would guess the truth at once, he knew, when he was far away from England and beyond all chance of capture. Of course there were hypocritical wishes for her happiness, allusions to old times, and the old love he had had for her; words of long farewell, and words which were incoherent, or of a meaning which only Mrs. Lucy Brake could satisfactorily explain. It would be necessary to find Mrs. Gregory Dorward and Mrs. Brake, two beings who had occupied almost the last moments of Mr. Woodhatch before he had made a bonfire of his property. They would throw a light upon the dark corners of this *cause célèbre*, and add to the interest of the plot. But neither Mrs. Gregory Dorward nor Mrs. Morris Brake was readily discoverable. The Dorwards, a disreputable gang, as it transpired, had disappeared from Bolter's Rents a day or two ago, and up to present date the Brakes had not been discovered in Paris. Meanwhile the first examination of John Woodhatch before a bench of magistrates at Lincoln was duly reported in the papers; and the facts, more or less distorted, which had led to his arrest, and which we have foreshadowed, were set before many dull but worthy gentlemen.

One fact was startling, for a man who had maintained some position in the county, and whose badly packed portmanteau—unmistakably significant of sudden flight and haste—was crammed with notes drawn from his own bankers twenty-four hours before, and that fact was, the prisoner remained completely undefended. He had refused to send for his solicitor or to employ a counsel—it was not worth while, he said; and it was remarked in court that he regarded the whole matter apathetically, as if he were a half-interested witness in the case, rather than the party principally concerned, and over whose head was hanging so terrible a charge. He said not a word to criminate himself, which was a wise proceeding; he did not even state that he was innocent, and to the evidence against him he listened with a languid interest, which must have been sheer affectation, skeptical people thought.

There would have been a lack of sensation in the whole matter altogether had not the preliminary business been enlivened by the putting of Reuben Fladge into the witness-box, against his will, and swearing him to the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; which, to all outward seeming, he particularly objected to, raving and protesting and blundering and contradicting, and feigning to be idiotic; even raising the ire of the bench and the observant public, and then convulsing both with laughter.

It was a bad case, and went against John Woodhatch from the first. This Reuben Fladge would get himself into trouble presently, it was considered; and if not more explicit on the next occasion, might find himself in the dock along with his master. He was a bad one, had once upon a time borne the worst of characters, and it was not unlikely had had something, after all, to do with the commission of the crime. Still, he was not arrested, although detectives were told off to keep an eye upon him until the next examination; which they did, and found it dreadfully tiresome work, Reuben being prone to long, swift walks of twenty-five miles or so at a stretch, without any object that was apparent, save to render himself disagreeable, and trot the official force of Lincolnshire completely off its legs. He behaved like a madman in his perambulations too—flinging up his arms and raving at the sky, and calling for all kinds of people to come and help his master; he was altogether "playing a pretty game," it was asserted by the exhausted police detailed to follow him, and who were dead-beat already. Only the master of Farm Forlorn was calm and grave, and terribly at his ease. He would see no one; to those who came by special order to see him, or wrote to offer in one way or another their services or sympathy — there were a few of these folk, to his great surprise — he sent word to thank them, and to decline their kind offers of interposition on his behalf. In his cell, under remand, he sat and thought a great deal, but he asked no one for the news beyond his prison walls.

"What does it matter now?" he was heard to mutter once in the airing yard, when he was taking his exercise with other unfortunates to whom bail had been refused, and on whom Justice—grand and stern and merciless — had laid its mighty hands. "What does it matter now?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

VI.

CONCERNING SOME OLD FOES UNDER NEW FACES.

THE history of the human race is one long story of attempts by certain persons and classes to obtain control of the power of the state so as to win earthly gratifications at the expense of others. People constantly assume that there is something metaphysical and sentimental about government. At bottom there are two things only with which government has to deal. They are the property of men and the honor of women. These it has to defend against crime. The capital which, as we have seen, is the condition of all welfare on earth, the fortification of existence, and the means of growth, is an object of cupidity. Some want to get it without paying the price of industry and economy. In ancient times they made use of force. They organized bands of robbers. They plundered laborers and merchants. Chief of all, however, they found that means of robbery which consisted in gaining control of the civil organization—the state—and using its poetry and romance as a glamour under cover of which they made robbery lawful. They developed high-spun theories of nationality, patriotism, and loyalty. They took all the rank, glory, power, and prestige of the great civil organization, and they took all the rights. They threw on others the burdens and the duties. At one time, no doubt, feudalism was an organization which drew together again the fragments of a dissolved society; but when the Roman law of property was revived, and kings, and converted the feudal nobles into an aristocracy of court nobles, the feudal nobility no longer served any purpose.

In modern times the great phenomenon has been the growth of the middle class out of the mediæval cities, the accumulation of capital, and the encroachment of capital, as a social power, on the ground formerly occupied by rank and birth. The middle class has been obliged to fight for its rights against the feudal class, and it has, during three or four centuries, gradually invented and established institutions to guarantee personal and property rights against the arbitrary will of kings and nobles.

In its turn now capital is becoming a power in the state, and, like every other power, it is liable to abuse unless restrained by checks and guarantees. There is an insolence of wealth as there is an insolence of rank. A plutocracy might be even far worse than an aristocracy. Aristocrats have always had their class vices and their class virtues. They have always been, as a class, chargeable with licentiousness and gambling. They have, however, as a class, despised lying and stealing. They have always pretended to maintain a standard of honor, although the definition and the code of honor have suffered many changes and shocking deterioration. The middle class has always abhorred gambling and licentiousness, but it has not always been strict about truth and pecuniary fidelity. That there is a code and standard of mercantile honor, which is quite as pure and grand as any military code, is beyond question, but it has never yet been established and defined by long usage and the concurrent support of a large and influential society. The feudal code has, through centuries, bred a high type of men, and constituted a caste. The mercantile code has not yet done so, but the wealthy class has attempted to merge itself in or to imitate the feudal class.

The consequence is that the wealth-power has been developed while the moral and social sanctions by which that power ought to be controlled have not yet been developed. A plutocracy would be a civil organization in which the power resided in capital, in which a man might have whatever he could buy, in which the right, interests, and feelings of those who could not pay would be overridden.

There is a plain tendency of all civilized governments toward plutocracy. The power of capital in the English House of Commons has steadily increased for fifty years. The history of the present French Republic has shown an extraordinary development of plutocratic spirit and measures. In the United States many plutocratic doctrines have a currency which is not granted them anywhere else; that is, a man's right to have almost anything which he can pay for is more popularly recognized here than elsewhere. So far the most successful limitation on plutocracy has come from aristocracy, for the prestige of rank is still great wherever it exists. The social sanctions of aristocracy tell with great force on the plutocrats, more especially on their wives and daughters. It has already resulted that a class of wealthy men is growing up in regard to whom the old sarcasms of the novels and the stage about parvenus are entirely thrown away. They are men who have no superiors, by whatever standard one chooses to measure them. Such an interplay of social forces would indeed be a great and happy solution of a new social problem if the aristocratic forces were strong enough for the magnitude of the task. If the feudal aristocracy, or its modern representative, which is, in reality, not at all feudal, could carry down into the new era and transmit to the new masters of society the grace, elegance, breeding, and culture of the past, society would certainly gain by that course of things as compared with any such rupture between past and present as occurred in the French Revolution. The dogmatic radicals who assail "on principle" the inherited social notions and distinctions are not serving civilization. Society can do without patricians, but it can not do without the patrician virtues.

In the United States the opponent of plutocracy is democracy. Nowhere else in the world has the power of capital come to be discussed in its political aspects as it is here. Nowhere else does the question arise as it does here. I have given some reasons for this in former papers. Nowhere in the world is the danger of a plutocracy as formidable as it is here. To it we oppose the power of numbers as it is presented by democracy. Democracy itself, however, is new and experimental. It has not yet existed long enough to find its appropriate forms. It has no prestige from antiquity such as aristocracy possesses. It has, indeed, none of the surroundings which appeal to the imagination. On the other hand, democracy is rooted in the physical, economic, and social circumstances of the United States. This country can not be other than democratic for an indefinite period in the future. Its political processes will also be republican. The affection of the people for democracy makes them blind and uncritical in regard to it, and they are as fond of the political fallacies to which democracy lends itself as they are of its sound and correct interpretation, or fonder. Can democracy develop itself and at the same time curb plutocracy?

Already the question presents itself as one of life or death to democracy. Legislative and judicial scandals show us that the conflict is already opened, and that it is serious. The lobby is the army of the plutocracy. An elective judiciary is a device so much in the interest of plutocracy that it must be regarded as a striking proof of the toughness of the judicial institution that it has resisted the corruption so much as it has. The caucus, convention, and committee lend themselves most readily to the purposes of interested speculators and jobbers. It is just such machinery as they might have invented if they had been trying to make political devices to serve their purpose, and their purpose is nothing less than the possibility of free self-government under the forms of a democratic republic.

For now I come to the particular point which I desire to bring forward against all the denunciations and complainings about the power of chartered corporations and aggregated capital. If charters have been given which confer undue powers, who gave them? Our legislators did. Who elected these legislators? We did. If we are a free, self-governing people, we must understand that it costs vigilance and exertion to be self-governing. It costs far more vigilance and exertion to be so under the democratic form, where we have no aids from tradition or prestige, than under other forms. If we are a free, self-governing people, we can blame nobody but ourselves for our misfortunes. No one will come to help us out of them. It will do no good to heap law upon law, or to try by constitutional provisions simply to abstain from the use of powers which we find we always abuse. How can we get bad legislators to pass a law which shall hinder bad legislators from passing a bad law? That is what we are trying to do by many of our proposed remedies. The task before us, however, is one which calls for fresh reserves of moral force and political virtue from the very foundations of the social body. Surely it is not a new thing to us to learn that men are greedy and covetous, and that they will be selfish and tyrannical if they dare. The plutocrats are simply trying to do what the generals, nobles, and priests have done in the past—get the power of the state into their hands so as to bend the rights of others to their own advantage, and what we need to do is to recognize the fact that we are face to face with the same old foes—the vices and passions of human nature. One of the oldest and most mischievous fallacies in this country has been the notion that we are better than other nations, and that government has a smaller and easier task here than elsewhere. This fallacy has hindered us from recognizing our old foes as soon as we should have done. Then, again, these vices and passions take good care here to deck themselves out in the trappings of democratic watch-words and phrases, so that they are more often greeted with cheers than with opposition when they first appear. The plan of electing men to represent us who systematically surrender public to private interests, and then trying to cure the mischief by newspaper and platform declamation against capital and corporations, is an entire failure.

The new foes must be met, as the old ones were met, by institutions and guarantees. The problem of civil liberty is constantly renewed. Solved once, it re-appears in a new form. The old constitutional guarantees were all aimed against king and nobles. New ones must be invented to hold the power of capital to that responsibility without which no power whatever is consistent with liberty. The judiciary has given the most satisfactory evidence that it is competent to the new duty which devolves upon it. The political mountebanks who indulge in platform denunciations of capital desire, of course, to adopt fierce measures which could be paraded for political effect. Such measures would destroy capital and impair the most essential interests of society. There is, however, no reason at all to despair lest the remedies which the courts afford may not prove adequate to the protection of rights against any tyranny or insolence of capital. On the side of political machinery there is no hope, but rather fear. On the side of constitutional institutions there is ground for hope. It is no new thing to find that institutions are the real safeguard of liberty and rights whenever the latter are in danger.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

STEAM-HEATING.

THE subject of steam-heating is one that has attracted much popular interest, and will attract more and more, because by the use of steam and hot-water pipes it is possible to distribute heat on the grandest scale, even to the warming of whole towns from central boilers, and at a moderate expense for fuel. The system, properly managed, is both sanitary and economical.

The cause of the great efficiency of heating by steam or hot-water pipes is found in the great capacity of water to store up latent heat. Water has, in other words, a great specific heat—greater, indeed, than that of any other substance. It boils at 212° F., the barometer standing at 30 inches. But after it has reached 212°, and before it begins to pass into steam, it has absorbed the further amount of 966° of heat, called latent because the thermometer does not show it. But it is all there, the 212° indicated by the thermometer and the 966° not indicated, and of this entire quantity, 1178°, the greater part is available for the heating of our dwellings by means of steam or hot-water pipes.

We may, indeed, use considerably higher temperatures than these by making the apparatus strong enough to resist the steam pressure. This is often done when it is desired to warm the walls of a room or building more rapidly than the air, as I have said is the case when the source of heat is at a comparatively high temperature. Steam by itself can be heated to a very high degree with comparative safety, because its rate of expansion, like that of other gases, is moderate. Water can not be greatly heated with safety, because each added degree of heat makes new steam, and the pressure soon runs up to a dangerous point. For very prompt and effective warming of large spaces, and for the transport of heat to a great distance, steam-heating is therefore the best. But the principle in each case is the same—the steam and the hot water in cooling give up their generous treasure of latent heat. It is by this mysterious virtue that a bottle of hot water will keep one's feet warm so much longer than the same amount of sand or other solid substance, heated to an equal degree according to the thermometer.

For ordinary warming the hot-water pipes are preferable to steam pipes, because they do not overheat the air, and are less likely than steam pipes to get out of order. They are rather cheerless things in the living-rooms, but they are an efficient contrivance for heating large houses, and especially for the halls. A temperature of 300° F. can readily be had, if desirable, in the coils of the ordinary hot-water apparatus. This is a simple thing, as generally made: it is a circuit of closed inch tubing filled with water. A coil of this is exposed to the furnace heat; the warmed water rises and flows through the upper part of the circuit, returning below, and partly cooled, to the furnace for a fresh supply of heat, and so the circuit goes on continually. A "low-pressure gravity apparatus," *i. e.*, one without an outlet, with a thorough circulation, and requiring no mechanical means to return the water to the boiler, is a very complete and economical heating apparatus. Baldwin likens it to the circulation of the blood, "the boiler being the heart, the steam pipes the arteries, and the return pipes the veins." It is safe and noiseless, and requires little trouble to manage it.

But it is for the heat supply not merely of the largest buildings, as of asylums and hospitals, but of whole villages, towns, and cities even, that the system of steam-heating promises to be available. The features of the plan are (1) great fires and boilers at a central station, where the heat can be produced in the most economical way and upon a grand scale, and (2) a system of radiating pipes so protected by felt, paper, asbestos, and atmospheric air that little of the latent heat conveyed shall escape. This teeming caloric, it is claimed, can be distributed, without much loss by radiation, to all the houses within the radius of a mile or more, at less expense than that of the same amount of heat produced in the kitchen range and cellar furnace.

This has actually been accomplished upon the

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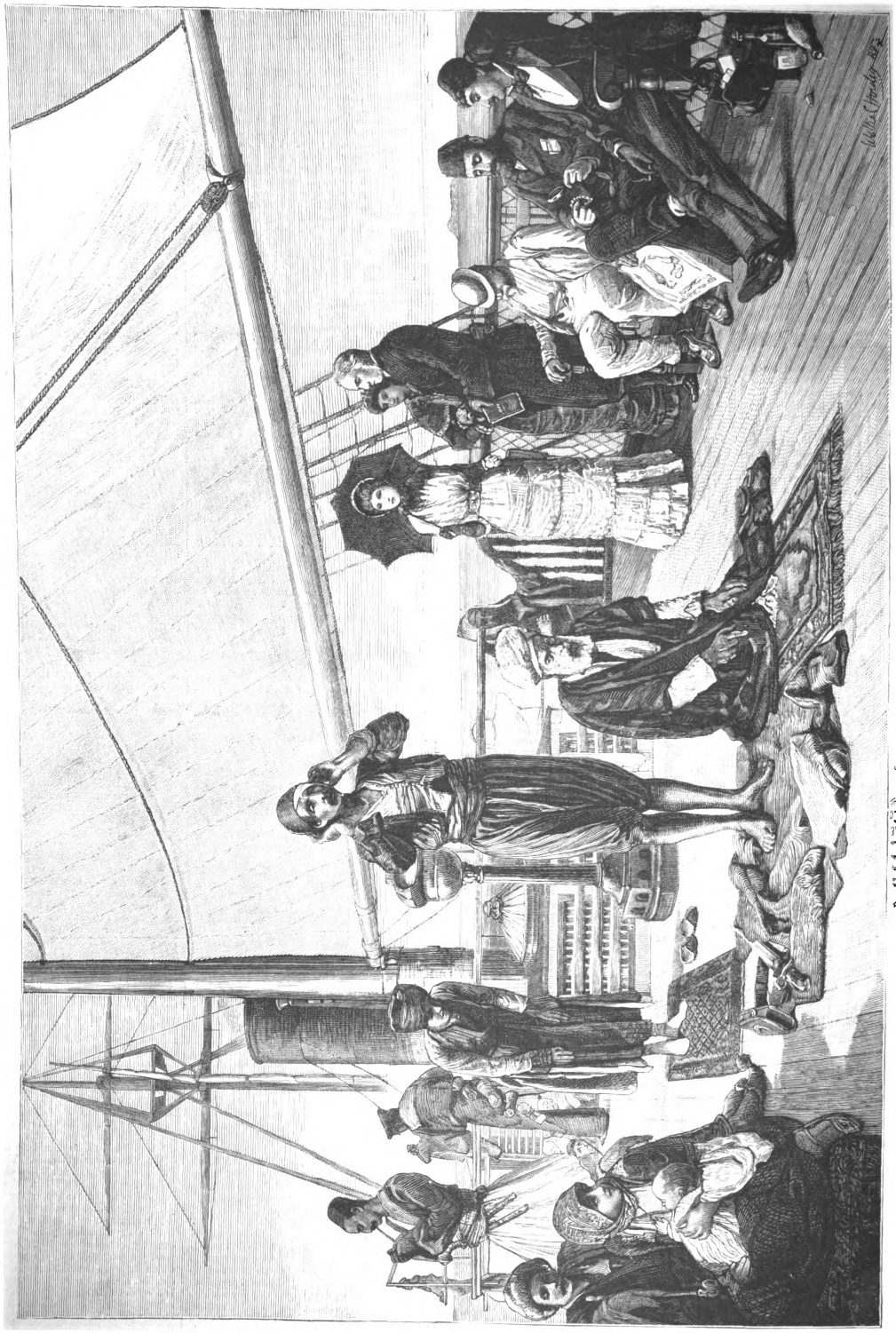

"ALLAH!" THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

large scale in more than one place, as in the cities of Detroit and Lockport. In the latter place two hundred houses were heated from a central boiler. Four tons of hard coal per day were used. The steam pressure in the boiler was kept at thirty-five pounds during the winter. There were three miles of main piping leading up to the various points of consumption; the supply pipes from these mains were an inch and a half in diameter, and three-quarter-inch pipes were used in the houses. Loss of heat was prevented by a first wrapping with asbestos paper, a second with Russian felt, a third with Manila paper, and the whole was incased in timber tubing bored out three-quarters of an inch larger than the pipes and their coverings, so as to include a jacket of atmospheric air as a further protection. Injury from the expansion and contraction of the pipes according to varying temperatures was guarded against by using, at intervals of every one or two hundred feet, extension or "telescopic" joints. The pipes were then laid in the streets like gas or water mains. The loss of heat was surprisingly small. "In a house three-quarters of a mile from the boilers a bucket of cold water could be raised to boiling heat in three minutes by the passage of the steam through a perforated nozzle plunged into the bucket." The laid-on steam was used for cooking purposes, for boiling, and even for baking. For warming the houses the ordinary system of inch pipes arranged vertically as radiators was employed.

The working expenses consisted of the coal and two firemen's wages. The company laid their pipes up to the houses, the consumer having to pay for all the internal fittings. In an eight-roomed house these cost $150; in larger houses, with more expensive finishings, about $500 were paid. A meter in each building indicated the total consumption of steam.

There can be no doubt that great economy in principle may be secured by thus supplying heat from a central source, and the great experiment now in progress in New York city will be watched with much interest by those who are weary of struggling with stoves and kitchen ranges.

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MUSSULMAN PRAYER AT SEA.

THE following is a translation of the beautiful form of invocation used by pious Mussulmans at sea:

"O Allah! O Exalted! O All-powerful! Thou art my God, and sufficient unto me is the knowledge thereof. We pray Thee for safety in our goings forth and in our comings in, our works and designs, our dangers and doubts.

"Subject unto us this sea, as Thou didst subject the deep unto MOSES, and subject unto us all the seas in earth and heaven, the sea of Life and the sea of Futurity, O Thou who reignest over everything, and unto whom all things return!"

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BECAUSE I desire this beautiful Square Grand Pianoforte introduced quickly, as other sales are sure to follow; hence it pays in the end to offer the first pianoforte at a special low price. Read the description and offer, and be sure to send me your order.

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If you will remit me ONLY $225.00, and the following Due-bill, within 10 days from date, and will agree to send list of 10 persons of your acquaintance who have no Pianofortes, after you have received your instrument and are satisfied, I will box and ship you this Pianoforte (mailing you a receipted bill in full for $297.50) with Stool, Book and Music, exactly the same as I sell for $297.50.

Rolland Ave., and Beatty St., Washington, New Jersey, April 5, 1882.

$72.50. On demand, **within 10 days** from date, I promise to redeem this due-bill for Seventy-two Dollars and Fifty Cents, as part payment for one of my **No. 2,023 Square Grand $297.50 Pianofortes**; the balance, **$225 to be paid me in cash** by Postoffice Money-order, Express prepaid, Registered Letter, Bank Draft, or by Check, previous to the delivery of said instrument. In consideration, the holder of this due-bill agrees to send the Names of ten persons who have no Organs or Pianofortes, and further agrees to recommend the instrument to their friends, providing, however, the instrument is precisely as represented; otherwise the Pianoforte to be taken back at the end of one year, and the $225 refunded in cash, with interest at 6 per cent. from date of remittance. [Signed.] DANIEL F. BEATTY.

DUE BILL.

If you do not wish an instrument yourself, you should avail yourself of this offer at once, even if you are obliged to borrow the money, as you can easily sell the Piano and realize the $72.50 profit, thereby helping me introduce the Piano.

YOUR GUARANTEE. ☞ If the Pianoforte, after one year's constant use, does not give you perfect satisfaction in every particular, and is in any way not as represented in this advertisement, I hereby bind myself to take it back and refund you your money, paid in current funds, with legal interest of New Jersey (six per cent.) I further agree to pay freight charges on the instrument both ways, the money to be refunded immediately upon receipt of the instrument at Washington, New Jersey. I further agree, if requested, to exchange it for any other organ or piano as shown in my catalogue.

Given under my hand and seal.

Write date of your remittance here.

.....1882.

and keep this end as a complete guarantee to you.

Return due-bill with your order.

DANIEL F. BEATTY
WASHINGTON NEW JERSEY U.S.A.

Daniel F. Beatty,

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you (provided you order immediately, within 10 days from date), I agree to **prepay freight** on the above Piano to your nearest railroad freight station any point east of the Mississippi River, or that far on any road west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument, as it were, **at your very door**, all freight prepaid, at **manufacturers' wholesale prices. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence.**

HOW TO ORDER. Inclosed find **$225.00** for Square Grand Pianoforte, Style No. **2,023.** I have represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forwarded it, at six per cent., according to your offer.

☞ **Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station and on what Railroad.**

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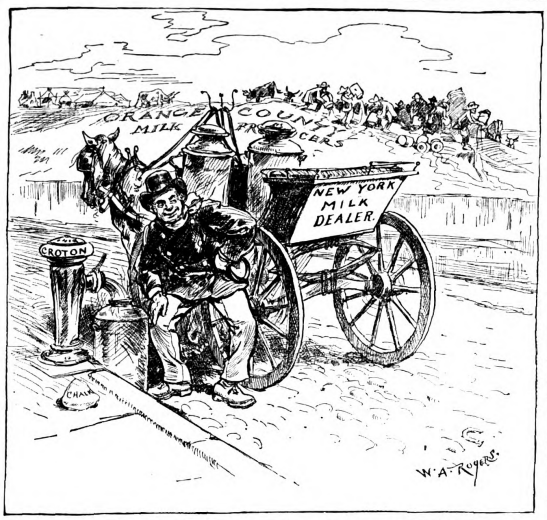

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What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
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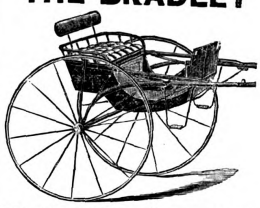

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ORNITHOLOGY.
DODO, DUDO, DUDU, DIDI, DOUDO, a bird of the genus DIDUS.
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ONE of the best and most reliable remedies for Throat and Lung affections is found in the old-established and well-known remedy, **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.** This is especially the case in families where there are young children, as a dose administered upon the first symptoms of Croup will not only speedily give relief to the little sufferer, but, by causing free expectoration, prevent the formation of the false membrane, which is at once the terror of physicians and the despair of parents. This remedy should always be kept in the house, as it may sometimes save the lives of little ones, when no physician is within call. Ask your Druggist for Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar (full name), *and take no substitute.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

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ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION

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Hereafter all Dry Goods bought of us will be delivered at any accessible part of the United States

Free of All Mail
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Thus enabling purchasers to receive goods at the same prices as if bought at our counters in person.

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To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

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VERY STRONG, PERFECTLY SAFE.
THE BEST RIFLE in the world for Large Game. Shooting more accurate, Model more beautiful, Manipulation easier, Finish finer, than that of any other rifle. MARLIN FIRE-ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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ORIGINAL POWER-LOOM MANUFACTURERS OF
WILTON AND BRUSSELS CARPETS,
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The Carpets made by this Company have received the highest award wherever exhibited, including Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition, 1878, and at the Centennial, 1876.

Their deserved reputation for excellence of fabric, richness and durability of color, novelty and beauty of design, has led to frequent infringements, and inferior goods have often been palmed off in their stead. For the protection of the public the company has adopted as a trade-mark the word "BIGELOW," which will be woven (at every repeat of the pattern) in white capitals into the back of the fabric.

Customers will therefore have merely to examine the back of a carpet to be certain that they are getting the genuine Bigelow Wiltons or Body Brussels.

1790. ROBERT LOW'S 1883.
TOILET PREPARATIONS.

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Many of the perfumes made by his successors up to the present time are prepared from his original formulas, and, aided by the experience of successive generations in the business, we continue to manufacture extracts which are unsurpassed for excellence, delicacy of perfume, and lasting qualities.

The new odor, ***"Flower de Luce,"*** which we have recently produced, is confidently recommended as the most delicate and refined perfume yet presented to the public.

The "Old Brown Windsor," "Turtle Oil," "Elder Flower," and "Glycerine" Toilet Soaps, manufactured by us, have long been favorably known in every country of the civilized world; the great trade established in these standard productions of our factories being the result of a steadfast adherence for nearly a century to the policy of making none but the best goods, and never sacrificing *purity* of materials for any other considerations.

Increase in material prosperity, and the spread of education, by effecting a corresponding extension in habits of refinement, have created a constantly growing demand for pure and finely perfumed Toilet Soaps. Recognizing the importance of this demand, we are constantly working to secure by improvements in methods and machinery, a still higher quality, if possible, in all our manufactures. The latest additions to our list is a *special* brand of Toilet Soap, named from its odor ***"Flower de Luce."*** Impregnated with this delightful perfume, its emollient qualities and charming odor continue to make it a *perfect Toilet Soap*, suited to the most delicate skin, and satisfactory to the most fastidious requirements.

Our Soaps are all made from the *best English soap stock*, procured from the leading London houses who make a specialty of this branch of manufacture.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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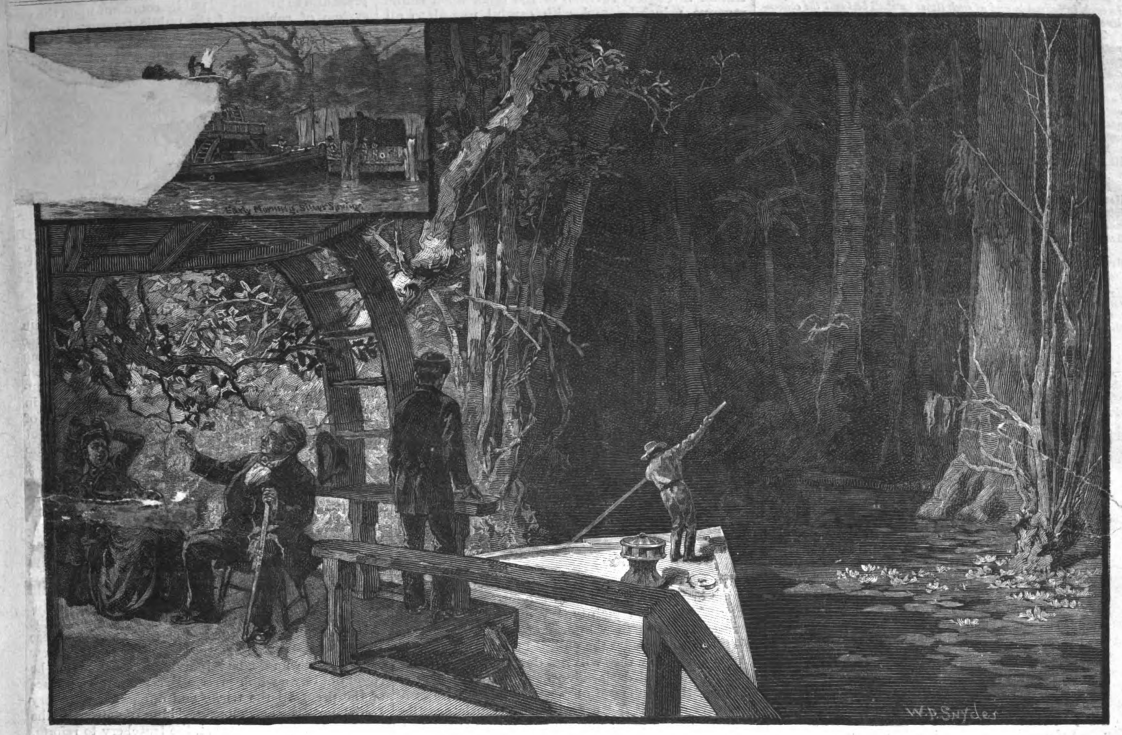

ON THE OCKLAWAHA RIVER, FLORIDA.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

A TRIP OVER "CROOKED WATER."

No visitor to Florida who has any regard for his own peace of mind can leave the State without having made the trip up the Ocklawaha River, at least to Silver Spring. He may have explored every other river in the State from its source to its mouth, but if he has neglected this one river, his friends who have sailed its "crooked waters" will insist upon it that he has failed to see the chief object of interest, and really knows nothing of Florida. In itself the Ocklawaha is no more remarkable than a dozen other rivers in the State, nor is Silver Spring more wonderful than several others which are hardly ever visited; but they come within the radius of the main line of winter travel, while the others do not. However much people may enthuse over the delights of the wilderness, and announce their love of "roughing it," the popular routes of travel are always those upon which are the most comfortable sleeping accommodations and the best set tables. In Florida the great highway of travel is the St. John's River, up which boats run three hundred miles south from Jacksonville. At Tocoi, fifty miles up the river, the traveller branches off to the eastward, and takes the little fifteen-mile railroad to St. Augustine; and at Palatka, twenty miles further up, on the opposite side of the river, he halts, if he is bound up the Ocklawaha.

A night's stay in Palatka is imperative, because all boats reach there in the afternoon, and all the Ocklawaha boats leave there in the morning. So at Palatka—a place in which there is little to see and less to do—the traveller spends an afternoon and night as best he may, and by nine o'clock next morning is ready and anxious to break the monotony of existence there by a trip up the Ocklawaha or any other river that promises interest and variety.

The Ocklawaha River boats, five in number, are *sui generis*, built expressly for the navigation of this particular stream, and all alike in general features. They are short, narrow, flat-bottomed, built without guards, low, and compact. Their chimneys rise but little above the roof of the pilot-house, in front of which, or on the lower deck forward, are the seats which the passengers occupy all day, and far into the night, while viewing the novel scenes constantly presented during the journey. As compared with the rude, awkward craft of a few years ago, these boats are models of comfort, and are admirably fitted for the service they perform. They are all of the stern-wheel or "wheelbarrow" pattern, each wheel being so inclosed as to be protected from contact with overhanging trees or branches. Most of them bear Indian names, such as Osceola, Ohakumkee, Astatula, or Tuskanilla; and often during the winter the rush of travel is so great that three of them filled with passengers leave Palatka at the same time.

Starting at nine o'clock in the morning, the boat, with her merry company—for Ocklawaha River travellers are proverbially jolly souls—steams for three hours up the St. John's to Welaka, on the left bank, opposite which the "crooked water," which is the meaning of the Indian word "Ocklawaha," debouches into the larger stream, and here the trip really begins. The moment the broad St. John's is left behind, the character of the scenery changes. Entering the narrow, wonderfully tortuous channel, winding through vast cypress swamps, and bordered by a dense growth of magnificent trees hung with moss and interlaced with a maze of vines and creepers, is like plunging from an open clearing into a dark forest. Palms and other strange forms of semi-tropic vegetation fascinate the eye, and new and curious specimens of animal life present objects of never-failing interest. The alligator, which to Northerners is the greatest curiosity in Florida, and which is now rarely seen from the decks of the St. John's River boats, here becomes common, and at length fails to arouse any great amount of interest. So clear is the water that frequently the "'gator," startled from his siesta among the "bonnets" or rushes on the bank, can be seen making his way far beneath the surface to a more secure retreat. Shooting from the deck of the steamer, which was allowed during the earlier days of Ocklawaha navigation, became such a nuisance, and so threatened the destruction of some of the leading attractions of the river, that it is now strictly prohibited, much to the disgust of those fledgeling sportsmen who look upon every species of undomesticated bird or beast as their legitimate target, and to the satisfaction of all sensible travellers.

Although the alligator is the star and leading attraction in this grand spectacle, he is ably supported by a select feathered troupe, which are to be seen at their best in these watery fastnesses. Most beautiful of these is the great snowy heron, which, with his companion the great blue heron, is such a treasure to the curiosity dealers, and works up so effectively into a fire-screen. At every bend, perched upon some dead limb, is seen the comical water-turkey or snake-bird, stretching his long neck, and ducking his head in a ridiculous state of indecision as to whether he shall fly or not, and finally solving the problem by dropping like a shot into the river, and disappearing beneath its surface. His cousin the cormorant shares his indecision, and affords almost as much amusement as the water-turkey by his frantic and erratic efforts to escape the approaching steamer. The speckled limpkin attracts attention at once by the peculiarly discordant cry, not unlike the laugh of a hyena, with which he makes his presence known, and which may be heard echoing through the dismal swamps at all hours of the day and night. A limpkin's egg is about the size of a hen's egg, and very good to eat. Besides these are the ibis and egret, the crane, curlew, and many others, curious in form and habit.

The various landings along the river afford but little idea of the country beyond, as most of them are merely shed-like warehouses, built upon shaky little wharves, and connected with the mainland by roads of corduroy laid through the swamps. They bear such names as Sunday Bluff, Limpkin Bluff, Forty-foot Bluff, Iola, Gores, Eureka, and Duerisosa, and the few cadaverous-looking natives, whose straight, lank hair and dirty homespun suits form prominent features at each landing, do not convey in their forms or countenances any re-assuring impressions as to the healthfulness of the adjacent country. But who cares for malaria or chills and fevers when on a trip up the Ocklawaha? They can't be contracted in one day, and none of the gay party of tourists have got to live there; so, with a word of pity for the unfortunates who must make this their home from one year's end to the other, the subject is dropped, and attention is again directed to the river.

A steady subject of inquiry is, "When shall we pass the down boats?" And when about sunset their whistles are heard and answered, all hands crowd to the best positions for seeing and exchanging greetings with the returning tourists as they pass. If the place of meeting is very narrow, as is generally the case, the upward-bound boats hug the bank closely, and wait for the others to pass. As the boat on which our artist was making his first trip up the river thus drew to one side to give the others room, a comical accident occurred that came very near being serious. Beside our artist sat an enthusiastic old gentleman whose jolly face and bald head were surmounted by a tall and very shiny silk hat. With him were his two pretty daughters, and the three were in a state of great excitement over the meeting of the down boat, on which they expected to see friends. As soon as she came in sight they began to wave their handkerchiefs. The old gentleman, having attached his to his gold-headed cane, was waving it high above the others, when suddenly there was a jar of the boat, a crash overhead, and from a tall cypress, into which the up boat had run while hugging the bank too closely, a dead limb came tumbling. It struck fairly on the top of the shiny silk hat, drove it down over the beaming face, and scattered twigs and splinters over the rest of the passengers. In the confusion which followed, the down boat passed unheeded. Nobody was hurt, and it was as good as a play to see those two pretty girls strive to release their father from the envelopment of that now disreputable-looking silk tile. The lining caught on his rather prominent nose, and every attempt to lift the hat elicited a howl of pain from the old gentleman, and much vigorous language. At length a release was effected by the aid of the ready penknife of our artist, and soon afterward, with a swollen nose, and disguised by an old slouch felt hat borrowed from the captain, the respectable father of the pretty girls presented the typical aspect of a venerable rake, just emerged from a rough-and-tumble mêlée.

The greatest enjoyment of a trip up the Ocklawaha comes after the sun has set, and the scenery is enveloped in the blackness of a dark night. A burning brand is thrust among the resinous light-wood knots that fill an iron fire-pan on top of the pilot-house. A burst of flame springs forth, and discloses by its yellow glare a

(Continued on page 252.)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

REPUBLICAN HARMONY.

THE extraordinary opportunity which was given to the Democratic party by the result of the election of last autumn has been completely lost. That election showed the Republican party to be in serious peril, and it was evident that if the voters who had deserted the Republicans of victory should see that the objects which they had in view would be promoted by another party, they would probably support it. The situation offered the best possible test of the Democratic party, and that party has totally failed. Nowhere and in no act since the election has it offered to independent voters the least reason for supposing that any good cause would gain by Democratic ascendency. On the contrary, its course has deepened the universal distrust with which it has been long regarded, and it is not surprising that the apprehension of its obtaining control of the government is so strong that great anxiety is shown to make such a result impossible by reuniting the Republican party. This hope has been the theme of much recent discussion. Informal meetings looking to "harmony" have been held in Philadelphia; Republican leaders have been interviewed in Albany; ward politicians have gossiped in New York; and all that is said proves the general conviction to be that Republican success is easily possible in 1884 upon the sole condition of Republican "harmony."

This word in politics is very elastic. But it is evident that it has two meanings in the present discussion, and this must be borne carefully in mind. "Harmony," as used by certain Republicans, means simply forgetting what has passed, and resolving to sustain the grand old party against the common enemy. In other words, it means "going it blind" for whatever is labelled Republican. "Harmony," with other Republicans, means support by the Republican party of certain definite purposes and measures, the nomination of candidates who actually represent them, and an organization of the party which restores equal rights to every Republican. The party discord which it is proposed to replace by harmony arose from very palpable differences, which are in their nature irreconcilable. This has been proved at the polls. Rather than permit the success of certain methods, or tolerate the petty tyranny of certain men in their own party, Republicans have secured Democratic success. It would be a fatal mistake to suppose that these Republicans now propose to accept such tyranny and adopt such methods because they are disgusted with the Democratic party. They do not ask any favor nor propose any dicker. "Bosses" are just as contemptible to them and "machines" as despotic as ever. "Harmony" must not be supposed to mean compromise in the sense of the husband who said that he always preferred linen sheets and his wife cotton, and that they had agreed to settle the difference by compromising upon linen. The precise situation to be dealt with is this: the unwillingness of intelligent and patriotic voters to support the Democratic party, and their indifference toward any party which does not offer something better. It need not be assumed that disgust with the Democrats is equivalent to satisfaction with the Republicans. Certainly it does not follow that because a man will not vote for JOHN KELLY he will vote for JOHN F. SMYTH, and "harmony" does not mean voting for SMYTH to escape KELLY.

It is plain that if the Republicans show themselves to be as incapable of using the opportunity which the failure of the Democrats has given them as the Democrats to avail themselves of the result of the election of last November, they will equally repel the confidence of honest men. "Harmony" is possible only upon condition that those who have opposed measures and methods which the country approves shall now accept them. For instance, Republican harmony is possible only by a frank and honest support of reform of the civil service both according to the spirit and the letter; only by seeking economy of administration through a revision of the tariff upon sound revenue principles, and with careful regard to all vested interests; only by the overthrow of the machine built upon official patronage. How could there be "harmony" among New York Republicans if the same old machine in the city ground out delegates to the Convention, and patronage were used to control votes, and the reformed system of the civil service were betrayed, and everything which produced the Republican revolt and catastrophe of last year were maintained in full vigor? Republican success in 1884 can be assured only by making the party the active agent of the measures which the country has shown that it desires. The proof that it is such an agent must be offered from this time forth. It can not be done by fine phrases in a platform. It can be accomplished only by the votes and the acts of Republican executive and legislative officers, and by the tone of the Republican press.

SECTARIAN LEGISLATION.

THE attempt in the New York Legislature to send the Freedom of Worship Bill to the "Grinding Committee" was happily baffled by Mr. ROOSEVELT, whose services to public honesty and the public welfare during this session have been many and eminent. Had the bill slipped into that committee it would have been beyond general discussion and exposure upon the floor. It would have been ordered to a third reading, and have been forced through to a vote under the previous question by the evidently unscrupulous Democratic majority. The instigators of this extraordinary sectarian legislation will now be compelled to explain upon the floor and to the people of New York the reasons for their urgent insistence upon the bill. Some of those reasons have been already announced, and they are worthy the serious attention of the public. The *Catholic Review* of February 27, 1883, said plainly, "We wish to say that there are enough men interested in the passage of this measure to secure the political damnation of any man or any party that will not do us justice." This is an unequivocal declaration of a leading sectarian authority that if a certain unjust and unconstitutional sectarian bill is not passed by the Legislature, the members of the sect as voters will secure the defeat of all who oppose it, and this threat will undoubtedly influence votes. This is not an unimportant matter. It is, we believe, the first time in our political history that the recognized organ of a religious sect has threatened the vengeance of the sect upon legislators for the honest discharge of their duty.

The bill assumes that certain inmates of certain public reformatory institutions are deprived of freedom of worship. This assumption is the sole reason of the bill. But it is wholly unfounded. The bill, as is known, is aimed at the House of Refuge. This admirable institution is one of which the city is justly proud. It is managed by a Board of Trustees comprising men of various religious denominations, including Roman Catholics. The inmates are attended by such clergymen as they desire. But sectarian proselyting is, of course, prohibited, and religious worship must be conducted only upon such conditions as are compatible with the good order and due discipline of the institution. The chapel is open to ministers of all denominations at proper times and under proper conditions.

In a public institution which justly recognizes no sectarian differences what more can be asked? What more, with just regard to equal rights and necessary discipline, can be allowed? But this bill proposes that minors shall be visited by the ministers of the sect to which their parents belong, not by the wish of the minors, but upon the application of the ministers, and that religious service shall be held according to the rules and discipline of the sect. This is, in plain words, an attempt of a certain sect to proselyte among children in a public institution. But it is for the State which has charge of the minors, not for the parents who have lost control of them by their conviction for crime, to secure to all the minors an equal freedom of worship, and this is done in the House of Refuge. The chapel, as we have said, is open to all denominations without discrimination, and visits from any clergyman are received under the necessary regulations of the board by those who desire them. All attempts at sectarian proselyting in public institutions should be resolutely baffled. And when the organ of a sect, in furtherance of a plan of sectarian aggression upon religious freedom in public institutions, threatens political vengeance upon its opponents, it is high time for intelligent citizens to inquire how long it would be after the success of a sectarian inroad upon public penal and reformatory institutions that a renewed and more powerful sectarian movement would be made against the public schools.

ANOTHER BLUNDER.

ONE of the most daring strokes of the TWEED Ring in the height of its power was the passage of a bill which virtually authorized a judge to construe criticisms in newspapers as offenses to be summarily dealt with by imprisonment. The object was to muzzle the press and to prevent all public comment upon the vast system of robbery of the public treasury in which TWEED and his gang were engaged. A bill [illegible] passed the Senate which was aimed [illegible] liberty of the press, and [illegible] that a few Republic[illegible] perpetrated by the re[illegible] was ordered to a third [illegible] minutes, many of the [illegible] of its scope or purpos[illegible] short: "Section 249 of [illegible] pealed. This act shall t[illegible]

This section provides tha[illegible] published in a newspaper ma[illegible] county where the paper is published or in the county where the complainant resides and the paper is circulated. But in the latter case the defendant may have the case removed to the county where the paper is printed, on certain specified conditions, one of which is that he shall give bonds to pay, in case of conviction, "all the complainant's reasonable expenses in going to and from his place of residence and the place of trial and in attendance upon the trial." Nothing could be fairer than this provision. But the repeal would restore the old common-law rule which authorizes an indictment to be brought in any county in which the paper circulates, and the consequences of such a rule are evident, and were clearly pointed out by the daily journals. It would enable any man who felt himself to be aggrieved to carry a defendant for trial to any neighborhood which the accuser [illegible] be unfriendly.

In the debate in the Senate upon reconsidering the passage of the bill several Senators made a very foolish assault upon the press, the only apparent bearing of which upon the subject was that the bill was intended to wreak some kind of vengeance upon editors for their criticism of legislative action. But how would Senators know anything of the public estimation of what is said and done in the Legislature except for the press? And what would not be said and done there except for the press? It was the press that overthrew TWEED. He might buy individual Senators, but he could not buy a whole press. Except for the vigilance of the press all the tricks and offenses of this very Legislature, the enormous grabbing of patronage, the theft of Mr. SPRAGUE'S seat, the treachery to reform, the unconstitutional Catholic Protectory grant, the proposed sectarian legislation, and this very blow at a free press would all have passed unexposed. All of these schemes have not been frustrated, indeed, but the names of those who have sustained them, and the party which is responsible for them, have been exposed to the people of the State by the press, and the just judgment that will be entered against the party will be due in great part to the press. The petty spite of such attempted vengeance as this bill provides was most discreditable. Not a single adequate or respectable reason was brought forward for the repeal, and so instant and emphatic was the public condemnation of it that the bill was promptly and unanimously rejected by the Assembly.

RESUMPTION IN ITALY.

THE 12th of April will be one of the noteworthy days in the history of the Italian Kingdom. On that day Italy is to resume specie payments. Seventeen years ago the Italian government, in view of the annual and growing deficit in the treasury, and of the low state of the national credit, was compelled to issue a forced paper currency. Nine years later the budget, for the first time in the history of the new nation, showed a small surplus. Year by year the surplus enlarged and the credit of the government improved, until it became possible to obtain by a loan the amount of gold needed to redeem the paper currency. To use the phrase made famous by that clever phrase-maker NAPOLEON III., the resumption of specie payments crowns the edifice of Italian independence.

The cost at which the independence and unity of Italy have been purchased has been very great. The silent sacrifices made by the patriotic people of the peninsula deserve the warmest admiration. If material prosperity is the chief good of life, then the Italians have made a grave mistake in becoming a nation. Under the rule of popes and kings and dukes and viceroys the Italians were lightly taxed. Few cities were burdened with large municipal debts, and the poorest beggar could always obtain a meal at the door.

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PENN STATE

of a convent. The expulsion of the Austrians and the overthrow of the petty rulers brought into existence with the Italian monarchy a burden of national taxation such as scarcely any European nation had ever before borne. What little prosperity Venice knew under the Austrian rule vanished when the Austrian garrison was withdrawn. Turin and Naples lost their respective courts and became provincial towns. Florence was ruined by the transfer of the capital to Rome; and after her municipal palace had been seized for debt, she was rescued from utter bankruptcy only by a gift from the general government. Rome, which did not owe a dollar under the popes, was burdened with a debt of 50,000,000 of francs within three or four years after the national troops entered the city. Everywhere the people were crushed under taxation, and with the closing of the convents the wretchedly poor lost the last protection against absolute starvation. These were the most obvious results of unity and independence, and it would have been perfectly natural had the simple and ignorant people of the lower classes demanded the return of the old and easy days when Italy was only a geographical expression.

We can gain an idea of the passionate patriotism of the Italians when we remember that those long years of suffering were endured quietly and cheerfully in order that Italy should be made strong enough to keep her independence, and to win the respect of the world. No government could have collected the taxes which the Italians have paid during the last twenty years had the people been unwilling to be taxed. The generation which voluntarily assumed the burden of excessive taxation has almost passed away, and it bore this burden for the sake of its children. There is something sublime in the courage which has made resumption possible, and there must be no fears felt as to the future of a people capable of such splendid and silent heroism.

IRVING'S CENTENARY.

THE portrait of WASHINGTON IRVING upon another page of this paper was the last ever taken. A few years before his death one of his nieces by marriage decoyed him—as he would have pleasantly said—into the room of a daguerreotypist, and there held him in conversation—as he humorously said upon another occasion—while the miscreant artist took his likeness. Soon after IRVING'S death his friend and family physician, Dr. JOHN C. PETERS, heard of the picture, and was permitted to have a photograph taken. From this photograph, with the kind permission of Dr. PETERS, our engraving is made. CHARLES MARTIN'S drawing in 1851 is in time the nearest likeness to this, but the friends of Mr. IRVING prefer the latter picture. Dr. PETERS describes the head of IRVING, who at the end of his life was absolutely bald, as one of the most massive and beautifully moulded that he has ever seen.

It is a little surprising that in IRVING'S native city the centenary of his birth should not have been commemorated in an imposing manner. The Historical Society or the Century Club might well have taken the lead in a fitting celebration to honor the memory of the most distinguished of native New-Yorkers, with the play of whose genius American literature began. At least the anniversary should remind us with regret and even shame that while in our Central Park great authors of other lands and some of our own are justly honored by statues and busts, the first of American authors, who was born in the city, and who has given to it and to its neighborhood an undying charm, is without any memorial whatever.

We speak elsewhere of the *Life of Bryant*, which appears in IRVING'S centennial year. But at the IRVING commemoration, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, when BRYANT delivered his delightful address, it was supposed that without delay the statue would be erected. It is not, indeed, necessary for his fame, for it is plain that he will not be forgotten. But the absence of IRVING'S statue from the Park in which New York has raised so many is a reproach to his native city.

GODWIN'S "LIFE OF BRYANT."

MR. GODWIN'S *Life of William Cullen Bryant* is an admirable and complete portraiture of our first great poet, and of a noble American citizen. Mr. BRYANT'S long life was simply that of a man of letters and of a political editor, but to insight and sympathy such life offers rich material, and Mr. GODWIN has made a singularly interesting and instructive narrative of an outwardly uneventful career. The skillful use that he has made of letters and "articles," and his judicious comments, forcibly impress the individuality of BRYANT upon the reader, and the story of a life so closely associated with the beginning of our distinctive literature was well worth telling in this ample form.

The most difficult part of the biographer's task is most happily accomplished. We mean, of course, the editorial career of the poet. Mr. BRYANT was an editor of the *Evening Post* for half a century, and during most of that time he was proprietor and editor-in-chief, directing the course of the paper. He was, we may say, born a Federalist, and he was nearly thirty years old before his political views changed. But he was one of the earliest free-traders in the country, and the most sagacious and forcible of all the daily advocates of the Jeffersonian principle of the limited functions of government. He was, in fact, a more sincere and scientific Jeffersonian than JEFFERSON himself. He called himself a Democrat, because the Democratic professions were more agreeable to his convictions than those of their opponents. But his views logically made him more of a "Loco-Foco" than was acceptable to the Democratic Sanhedrim, and he steadily opposed the Democratic betrayal of justice and humanity in the party servility to slavery. BRYANT was therefore in the Democratic camp rather than a Democrat in the strict party sense, and when the party became a mere slavery propaganda he was naturally a Republican. The same independence and loftiness of character loosened his connection with the Republican party when in his judgment it forsook its principles and abused its power.

Mr. GODWIN, without vexatious detail, and with great mastery of the general political movement from 1830 to 1870, gives a very vivid and accurate picture of the essential leadership of Mr. BRYANT. The *Evening Post* never probably had a circulation like that of some of the morning papers, but it taught the teachers. A hundred other papers were middle-men between the *Post* and the great public. Those who held the political views which the Democratic party, as a party, travestied, found in the *Post* the strong arguments of their side stated with incomparable clearness, comprehensiveness, and vigor, and this book amply vindicates Mr. BRYANT'S title as a great editor, independent, incorruptible, courageous, and very able. We do not wish to convey the impression that the narrative of this part of the poet's career overshadows that of his more purely literary and social life. It does not. We have especially mentioned it because it is less known. Proportion and perspective are justly observed, and the book is a delightful and valuable addition to our biographical literature.

THE LATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THERE was an unmistakable expression of sincere regret at the death of the late Postmaster-General HOWE, which is not surprising to any one who knew him. He was, in the old Saxon sense, a homely, old-fashioned man, of perfect integrity and of strong feelings. The cause of the Republican party in its early day was most congenial to his convictions. Upright, humane, and shrewd, he was the heartiest of Republicans.

A certain conservatism of nature made him comfortable only in the most unquestioning loyalty to that rather vague and obscure authority, "the party," and he looked with distrust upon whatever protested or questioned or menaced any kind of disturbance. Things might be bad in some Republican quarters, but nothing, he thought, could be so bad as the chance of Democratic success. This is an intelligible but an unfortunate disposition, because it is blind to the real perils and to the effective remedies. Could Mr. HOWE and his friends have had their way, the party would have been defeated, and he never would have been Postmaster-General.

But it is the amiability and gentleness of his private character, his suavity and rugged honesty, which all who knew him pleasantly recall. His long public service was without a stain. As a Senator in his life and manner he illustrated the simplicity which we fondly associate with the earlier days of the republic, and whose disappearance will mark the end of its best days.

SHALL NIAGARA BE SAVED?

IT would certainly be most discreditable to the State of New York if the adverse report of the Senate committee upon the Niagara reservation bill should be sustained. The Committee of Finance consists of seven members, of whom two were absent when the question was taken, and among the five members present the vote stood three to two against a favorable report. The opposition is said to proceed chiefly from mill-owners in the vicinity, and this is not surprising, because it is from obliteration by mills and other disfigurements that the bill proposes to rescue Niagara.

It must be remembered, however, that no waste of water-power is necessary or contemplated. The plan as originally proposed by Mr. GARDNER and Mr. OLMSTED provides for making the power available without destroying the spectacle of the cataract, and one of the objects of the pending bill is to ascertain in what way and with the least inconvenience to all existing interests this result can be accomplished.

The defeat of the bill would probably seal the doom of this unparalleled scene of natural grandeur and beauty. Twice the bill has passed the Assembly, and with every year the increase of obstructions makes the reservation much more difficult and impracticable. There should be no delay in forwarding petitions to add to those which have been already laid before the Legislature. Those which are ready should be sent to J. B. HARRISON, the corresponding secretary of the Niagara Falls Association, Post-office box 105, New York, or directly to some friendly Senator. Every New-Yorker who has a just sense of the honor of the State is interested to make himself an active volunteer and agent, to take care that the voice of intelligent New York upon this subject is heard by the Legislature.

PERSONAL.

THIRTY years ago an American artist presented one of his sweetest little landscapes to a friend. It was a sunset, and above the orange glory of the horizon a pale new moon exhaled a milder radiance. To-day the picture has two moons, the second one evidently an earlier specimen that had been painted out, but the pigments that once covered it have dried away. The effect is very strong.

—The late Mr. J. R. GREEN was a fervent admirer of Dean STANLEY'S literary style, and, naturally, expressed himself in a style quite unlike the Dean's.

—Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, the philosopher, was smart as a lad. In his third year he read English admirably, and had overcome many of the obstacles of arithmetic; in his fourth year he took high rank in geography; in his fifth year he could translate Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and recite from HOMER, MILTON, DRYDEN, and COLLINS. His eighth year found him able to converse in Latin, French, and Italian, and his tenth year saw him a student of Arabic and Sanskrit.

—Picture and sculpture galleries, observes Mr. J. A. SYMONDS, accustom us to the separation of art from life. It is only on reflection, after long experience, that we come to perceive that the most fruitful moments in our art education have been casual and unsought, in quaint nooks and unexpected places, where nature, art, and life are happily blent.

—"England's only relation with South Africa," said Mr. GLADSTONE recently in Parliament, "is a history of continued troubles. It is the one standing difficulty of our colonial policy which we have never been able to set right; in other parts of the world difficulties have arisen—in India, in Canada, and in New Zealand—and every one has been dealt with and satisfactorily disposed of, but never in South Africa."

—The students of Glasgow University held a meeting at which they voted to absent themselves from JOHN BRIGHT'S rectorial address unless proper seats were provided for them, the faculty having arranged that they should stand, while the public were seated. Their wishes were then respected.

—Miss MARIANNE NORTH, a painter now travelling in South Africa, is disappointed because "the country is all dried up," having few flowers and many swarms of flies.

—The anthropologist, according to Mr. A. LANG, the poet, should be a student not merely of savage life, but of human nature as a whole, and as much interested in the Cornish house-maid who kills spiders because her late master (the rector of the parish) was believed to have become a spider, as in the Zulu who spares serpents in which he recognizes his sisters and his cousins and his aunts and other deceased relatives.

—Professor AYRTON, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, expressed his faith in electricity as a motor. A street-railway car in Ireland was run ten miles an hour by the use of electricity, and could have made twenty-five miles had the land permitted. Another car, holding forty-six persons, moved six miles an hour at a cost of $1 86 a day. Horse-power would have cost $7 a day.

—News comes from Borneo that the son of Mr. JOSEPH HATTON has been shot while hunting elephants. He was a young engineer and scientist of remarkable attainments, and a distinguished career was confidently predicted for him. Mr. JOSEPH HATTON is well known in this country as the London correspondent of the New York *Times* and the author of several popular novels, and in this sad bereavement he will have the sympathy of thousands of American readers.

—Mr. BROWNING, it is said, loves successive shocks of thought or feeling, and can hardly deny himself the satisfaction of thinking that even the spirit of perfect love and harmony is perpetually startling this dull world by galvanizing it with vivid spasms, such as he himself has the skill to administer.

—From the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 16: "We learn that Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY has been elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors. Mr. ABBEY is a young American artist lately settled in England, whose paintings have as yet been seldom seen over here, but who has gained the highest distinction as a poetical and original illustrator. His edition of HERRICK, which was reviewed in these columns, was perhaps the finest of our Christmas books last year. He is the most prominent draughtsman on the staff of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. We congratulate the Institute on having performed a graceful act to a stranger, and on having secured an admirable artist." It may be added that Mr. ABBEY stands in the very front rank of American painters in water-colors.

—The present Archbishop of Canterbury is the authority for the following: "'When the war was over,' said our great Duke [of Wellington], 'and I came home, I thought one of my first duties was to know why, on what rational grounds, I belonged to the Church of England, and I read through several books. The one which I value most of all is WATERLAND'S *Treatise on the Athanasian Creed*.'"

—JEAN BOLOGNE, the celebrated Flemish painter of the sixteenth century, was in the habit of buying back any of his juvenile works which he considered too imperfect, at a price greater than he had received, in order to destroy them. DIAZ used to buy his back to touch up and sell at a profit.

—Professor TYNDALL has recently made some experiments which prove that during the night the earth's surface is several degrees colder than the air, and during the day the reverse is the case.

—Sir WILFRED LAWSON, M.P., has not the slightest doubt that "a great temperance wave" is rolling over England. Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P., believes that the temperance question, whether viewed socially, politically, or religiously, has more to do with the life of the people than all other causes put together.

—After an interval of thirty years, Sir WALTER SCOTT'S novels are being retranslated and republished in France. These works are so different in spirit and form from those of the popular novelists of the day that whether the new edition will be successful is a matter of some doubt.

—The official orders issued to the Twentieth Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, president of the Royal Academy, on the occasion of the recent grand review of the militia at Brighton, England, directed that "thick woollen socks, which should be soaped to prevent blistering of the feet, and strong, laced shooting boots should be worn on the march. Lace-up boots should always be worn with the leggings." Sir FREDERICK, it seems, is not a painter only.

—In Berlin, the post-office money-orders are cashed at the residence of the payees by a special messenger, and not at the post-office, as in this country. One of these messengers having been killed and robbed by the payee on whom he had called, the government has directed that hereafter money-orders shall be paid only in the presence of third persons.

—Lord LANSDOWNE says that he likes the term "girls" better than "young ladies," and the term "school" better than "seminary."

—It used to be supposed in Ulster, Ireland, that a man's ghost could not rest in peace until his debts were paid; but the belief at present is inoperative.

—Miss BETHAM-EDWARDES, in her recent book of travels in Spain, having apologized for being unable to describe a bull-fight, because she had never seen one, is informed by one of her countrymen that no apology is needed. "In the first place, a bull-fight is a brutal exhibition which nobody expects English ladies to patronize; and in the second place, it has been described and painted and sung for us so often that we are all as utterly tired of the subject as we are of the big gooseberry, the great sea-serpent, the unfortunate nobleman, or the Kilmainham treaty. Even Holy-Week at Seville has been a little overdone, and the Alhambra we can forego without a murmur."

—"The proposal to introduce a new fighting dress into the English army appears," says a London journal, "rather startling, and there are probably not fifty men in Great Britain who will not at first revolt from the thought that the so-called British scarlet will no longer be seen on any field of battle. But in most of our late wars the troops discarded their home uniforms, and were provided with garments of altogether different cut and color, and it has come to be pretty well understood that the British soldier, as he stands at home, is dressed in a costume unsuitable for war, and had better get quickly out of it and into another before trusting himself to perform any warlike feat."

John Richard Green.

Author of "A Short History of the English People," etc., etc.
Died at Mentone, March 8, 1883, at the age of forty-five.

Enough for one brief life the toil, the glory,
So to have told our stirring English story
That ears of English men most gladly listen,
That eyes of English youth will glow and glisten.
Yet all must grieve, gay stripling or grave sage,
Robbed by o'erhasty Death of many a noble page.
—*From London "Punch," March 17.*

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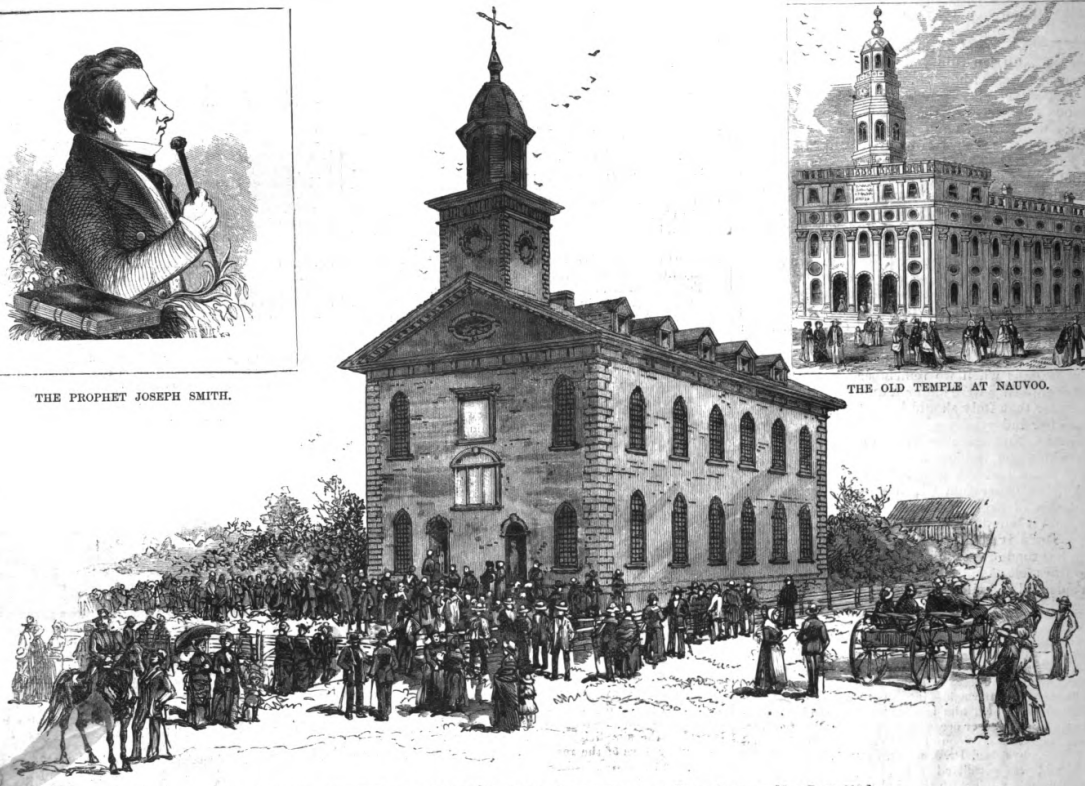
THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

THE OLD TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.



THE MORMON REUNION AT KIRTLAND, OHIO.—From a Sketch by Frank Taylor.—[See Page 213.]

THE OPENING OF THE FAIR OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST INFANTRY.—From a Sketch by Charles Graham.—[See Page 221.]

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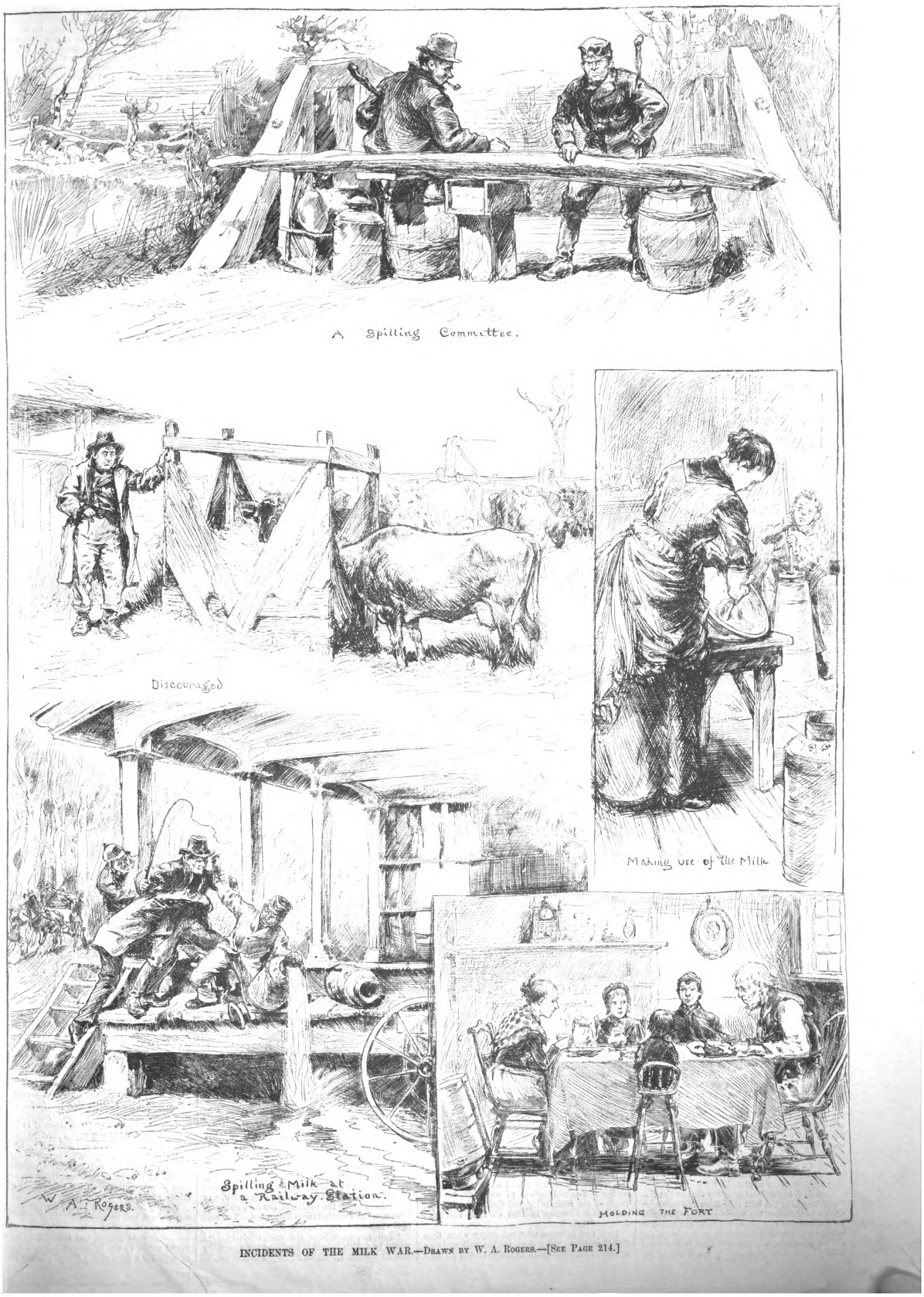

INCIDENTS OF THE MILK WAR.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 214.]

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THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

DREAM-LAND (A FRAGMENT).—CHARLES D. WELDON.

To the children of light an academy of art is a stronghold of the Philistines. Like the ancient temple of the Egyptians, it stands high above the life-giving Nile, its façade monotonously flat, and without openings for windows. What cares it, indeed, to see anything outside of itself? So think in full measure those alleged spokesmen of the children of light, the critics, and with each recurring exhibition of the National Academy of Design they renew the expression of their dislike of the way in which the institution is run; and as no institution in this world is perfectly run, the animadversions made upon the Academy's manner of doing things are bound to be true, if kept sufficiently general. At this time of the year these animadversions are addressed chiefly to the hanging committee, and may be classified under two principal heads: "You have hung too many pictures;" and, "You should make the exhibition more select."

As it is not within our knowledge that any self-respecting journal ever uttered a word in favor of a hanging committee of the Philistines, we propose this time, in speaking of the Academy exhibition, to present our readers with the novelty of an attempt to find, even in the hanging committee at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, some evidence of the doctrine that there is a soul of goodness in things evil.

At the outset, then, we may open our eyes to the temptations to which these good men are exposed. Each one, as we write, has his pockets sagging with letters written by the friends of artists—or alleged artists—who have sent canvases to the exhibition; the worse the picture, the more vehement the supplication to accept it and give it a good place. It is admitted on all hands that every Philistine has his Delilah, but never is Delilah so pressing in her overtures as at the sight of a hanger of paintings. She rises—or rather swoops—with the occasion, and the havoc that she makes in the vitals of that gentle soul is most pitiable to those who see the most of it. There never yet lived a member of a hanging committee who could truthfully say within himself, "I am absolutely inaccessible to the blandishments of the sex," and if in the communicative quiet of his own studio you should ask *him* if his judgment was influenced by the sweetly perfumed epistles with which his pockets are stuffed, he would tell you frankly and in all confidence that it was.

This thoughtful Philistine may add, if pressed, that in hanging a picture at the Academy exhibition he takes into consideration three things: First, the quality of the work itself; secondly, the position *of its author*; and thirdly, the demands of the general color scheme of which the picture is to form a part. It is at the second of these points that he is most likely to be led astray. If the author is an Academician, shall a man not take care of his friends? and the precedent at the institution has always been to allow every Academician at least one painting on the line. If the author has been commended in one or more of the *afore-mentioned* letters, is it human to suppose that the commendation must always be inoperative? There are, indeed, two kinds of epistolary commendation which in no respect act as temptations. Every year the hanging committee welcomes from would-be exhibitors at Maryannville or Eagletown *avant-coureurs* in the shape of extracts from the local press in praise of the color, composition, handling, and subject of pictures on the way to the Academy. These productions of the provincial pen are couched (as their own writers would express it) in the most appreciative terms, and by forwarding them it is supposed that a proper self-confidence will be imparted to the hanging committee when performing its manifest duty of giving the paintings so heralded the centres in the principal gallery. Again, the committee have been known to receive such a communication as this: An ecclesiastic of prominence whose portrait had been painted by a fellow-townsman sent the work to the Academy with a communication, carefully written by himself, to the effect that as a likeness it was perfect, and as an art-work immaculate. And in order to make his own assurance as well as that of the committee doubly sure, the document was accompanied by a notary public's certificate, in which his reverence swore that the facts were as stated.

Though it is paradoxical to say that at the National Academy the best exhibition can never be the best exhibition, the words express the truth. To the hanging committee the best exhibition is not the one that has the largest proportion of excellent paintings, but the one that is the most widely representative, including the works of the promising aspirant, as well as the works of the established professional; the works of the Westerner, the Southerner, and the Easterner, as well as those of the New-Yorker. With the present limitations as to wall space it is impossible to give the exhibition this representative character, and at the same time to make it consist exclusively of the best pictures procurable. There is not one of the most successful members of the Academy who would not like to send to the annual exhibition at least half a dozen of his paintings; and if the hanging committee encouraged this liking, the absolute quality of the show would be improved. But would the actual gain to American art be greater? And if the Academy is really an academy—a school—should it not take care of its promising pupils, and give them an opportunity to display their works before that great public whose approbation will be literally their meat and drink? Where else are these pupils—some of them destined doubtless to be successful—to go with the meritorious creations of their skill, if not to their alma mater? And is it of no interest or profit to the public to notice year by year the growth of these aspirants? The best exhibition, in the sense of being composed exclusively of the best pictures obtainable, the Academy exhibition is not, and never should be. Special exhibitions may be organized to accomplish special purposes, but a National Academy exhibition is not a special exhibition.

G. W. SHELDON.

THE MILK WAR.

THE spilling of a few cans of milk and the temporary stoppage of the supply from the line of the Erie Railroad is not the beginning nor the end of the Orange County milk war.

The causes which goaded the farmers to desperation lie too deep to be rooted out by a schedule of prices set by a committee for a month or a year. Such agreements, entered into by a large number of people, are never maintained. Supply and demand will assert their power in spite of all the resolutions of farmers' *committees* or combinations between creamery men and milk dealers. A few facts may give an idea of what has made milk farming a losing business.

The average Orange County farmer has a natural affinity for a mortgage. If he owns ten cows, he must mortgage his place and buy twenty more. He finds it impossible to care for so many cattle and carry on any other branch of farm labor. Not one farmer in five raises his own grain. Almost all of the feed used in Orange County is brought there from outside its limits. They do not even raise their own calves, but buy from the West, and add it to the mortgage. Many of them actually buy their butter, and but very few raise any pork, either to eat or sell. The whole aim of their existence has been to produce milk. While the consumer was paying fifty cents for butter, sixteen to eighteen cents for pork, and twenty-five cents for beef, these farmers had not a pound of any one of these to sell, but were flooding the market with *milk*, for which they received a cent and a half to two and a half cents per quart. This is how the farmer has cheated himself.

Now very naturally follows how, when he had thrown away *half* his chances, a few shrewd men, not too philanthropical, coolly pocketed the other half. They established creameries in the milk country—skimmeries would be a much more expressive name. The farmer was invited to bring in his milk, and receive the New York price for it, less the freight. This struck him as a good thing—no wear and tear of cans on the cars, nor risk of losing them. The creamery man became his customer. But this customer was also a member of the Milk Exchange in New York, which sets the price next month for the milk bought during this. Now when the creamery man has collected all the milk from a hundred farms, it is poured into small cans, and placed in shallow vats filled with water and ice. Here the cream rises, and is carefully skimmed off until the full milk delivered by the farmer has been reduced to a point just escaping the limit fixed by law. Part of the cream thus obtained is sold to New York hotels at from twenty to thirty cents per quart, and part is made into the high-priced "creamery butter." The skimmed milk, in which, often with the aid of a little salt, the lactometer bobs serenely at exactly the official figure, is then put into the usual forty-quart can and shipped to the city, and upon what this impoverished stuff will bring in the market is based the "New York price" to the farmer for the milk delivered during the month past. In other words, the creamery man pays the farmer for his *full* milk what he himself gets for the skimmed article, and has the cream, butter, and cheese, for which he pays not one penny, for his profit. The expense of running a creamery is trifling, a one-horse engine and two or three men doing all the work. It is not very strange, then, that the creamery men have grown fat, while the farmer is unable to pay the interest on his debts. The writer knows of cases—and they are typical—where farmers have spent during the past season for feed alone as much, or within a hundred dollars of as much, as they received for milk, being out their help, interest on capital invested, interest on their indebtedness, and their time.

Now the farmers may get angry when they find themselves being driven to the wall, and may denounce the creameries as the source of all their troubles, and call the proprietors swindlers and thieves, but it is the milk farmer who has made the creamery a possibility. The creamery is simply doing the work that should be done upon the farms. Why do not a few farmers try making butter as well as selling milk, feeding a few porkers on the skimmed milk, raising their own oats, rye, and corn for feed, bringing up a few good calves, and not try to turn everything into milk that is not wanted?

As matters stand now in the milk-producing counties about New York, the farmers are like sheep running in a deep rut, making it an easy matter for the wolves to fall upon and devour them.

In this short statement of the case we have endeavored to state the facts as they were given to us by several of the most intelligent producers. Allowing for possible exaggeration on their part, there is still cause for reflection on the subject of overproduction of milk.

UNDER THE CONVENT WALLS.

ABOUT twelve o'clock one bright February day in Paris Madame Blanchet sat waiting for the arrival of her belated scholar, Miss Cora Bell, a young American whose habit it was to spend a couple of hours three times a week in so-called "elegant conversation" in the French language with that worthy dame. The little apartment where the teacher lived had formerly been a garret over the *dépendance* of a suburban boarding-house, taken under some stress of circumstances by its present occupant, and little by little, through taste and perseverance, it had been made to "blossom like the rose." No wonder merry Miss Cora liked her tri-weekly French lessons. The walls of the large room, divided into two smaller ones by screens, were hung with fluted chintz, all flowers and leaves of brightest hue. A tiny porcelain stove diffused, when called upon (but that was not too often, for madame, like all French women, believed in economy in wood), a friendly warmth. In both windows, whose panes of glass were polished like the speckless boards of the flooring, were kept plants and birds. A great green box of mignonette in flower sent out a luscious fragrance. Vines were made to start from behind every picture-frame and out of every china jar upon the shelves; and somehow or other they grew like Jack's bean-stalk, strong and green and luxuriant. Best of all, a flood of genial sunshine came in on all sides, for the garret boasted of various windows. Where madame slept one could find out by peeping behind a screen at the tiny white-curtained bed with the crucifix above it, but where madame cooked no one ever guessed; yet she had a *fashion of producing from* unknown corners a series of luncheons that were nectar and ambrosia to her youthful visitors. Days there had been in madame's past experience when the poor lady had known what it was to subsist upon the slenderest of rations, but now the fame of her exquisite embroideries in chenille and silk was noised abroad, while her occasional scholars, like Cora Bell and a few liberal Americans of the *same set*, made up an income sufficient for the widow's wants.

Madame Blanchet, *sitting* at the open window overlooking an ivy-covered wall that just here formed the boundary of the Bois de Boulogne, felt quite wistful with regret over the non-appearance of her favorite scholar. "She will not come now," the widow said to herself, as the inevitable mantel clock struck a cheerful loud-voiced "one." "Truly, she has twined herself into my heart, that chère petite Cora. How she laughs and dances and sings her life away! Just like that other one—so many years ago." A shiver ran over the little woman's frame, and she closed her eyes as if to banish some painful image. "My pretty Cora will never know so sad a fate as hers, thank le bon Dieu." A light step upon the stairway, and Cora, *blooming* with health and animation, came into the room.

"Don't *scold*, dear madame. There is time enough yet for a chapter of our book before they send for me."

The lesson began, but Cora's attention wandered; her thoughts flew off at a tangent; her eyes grew dreamy; a deeper rose-color settled in her cheeks. At last a little white protesting hand was laid across madame's page.

"Blanchet dear, I want to confess to somebody. Won't you be my priest? You know that papa is in America attending to business always, and that mamma is forever going out. I've nobody but that stupid Parker of mine, and talk I must—I must. Oh, Blanchet, if such a thing can be, I am too happy! All of this dear blessed morning he has been with me, and mamma has given her consent, and we are to be married soon."

And then, the flood-gates loosed, came a stream of joyous confidence. Cora never thought to look up at her listener until she felt a hot tear, then another, drop upon her hands clasped in the widow's lap.

"What is it, dear madame?—what have I said to pain you?" the girl asked, wondering, to be answered by a fit of bitter sobbing. With kind and gentle words Cora soothed her friend's emotion, and at last Madame Blanchet was able to speak once more.

"Forgive me, dearest young lady," she exclaimed. "In truth I never can forgive myself. I owe it to you to explain my weakness. See here: this picture which you have often caught a glimpse of in my desk. Look at it—judge for yourself of her youth, her innocence, her beauty. She was my only child, and I have lost her forever. Years ago she knelt, as you do now, and poured out to me the wealth of her love and happiness, under circumstances like yours. The rest is too painful for you to hear."

"Tell me more," the girl said, tenderly. "I would be selfish indeed if I refused my sympathy at a time when all seems so bright before me."

Little by little the story was revealed. Ten years before, Léonie Blanchet had been sought in marriage by a wealthy Englishman, to whom her mother had given her with some misgiving, watching her go from that modest home into a life of luxury with many anxious fears. The husband Léonie had chosen was handsome, young, and winning; he had made good his claim to a rank and station far above Léonie's expectations. Léonie adored him. What, then, was there to apprehend? The widow could not tell, but still! Léonie's first letters came to her so full of buoyant pride, of confident happiness, that for a time the mother could not but reflect it. The young couple were absent upon their wedding journey in the South, and had reached Rome, when a thunder-bolt fell upon the pretty, trustful bride. The man whom Léonie believed to be her husband had left his true wife in England—a gay, fashionable beauty, sufficiently "emancipated," according to the notions of her class, to mock openly and lightly at her husband's latest fancy.

"But this is not for you to hear, my child," the little French teacher said. Cora, who from motives of delicacy had avoided looking at her friend, glanced hastily up, struck by the suppressed passion in her voice. What a transformation was there! In place of the quiet, repressed, demure personage she had been accustomed to see, Madame Blanchet's eyes were afire; her cheeks glowed with a dull crimson; her teeth were clinched.

"Do you know what I would have done to him?" she went on. "I am a Corsican, and the blood runs hot in our veins when it is stirred by wrong—*va!*"

The brief passion was spent. It was succeeded by a calm even more full of meaning. Cora waited until her friend could trust herself to speak.

"They parted then and there," Madame Blanchet went on, in a low tone. "He did not defend himself. He simply laughed at her—my poor, heart-broken, humiliated child. He said she was too innocent for the *times* she lived in. And so she was, bon Dieu, too innocent. She put all of this into one last letter *to me*, and then she fled—fled into the night."

"And now?" the young girl said, after a long silence.

"Now she is at peace," the mother answered, quietly. "The Holy Church received her in its bosom. Léonie is one of the sisters of the convent of the Sepolte Vive. For some time past I have been laying up money in order to take the journey to Rome, but until recently it was all I could do to live here, and to go away from my employment meant starvation. Oh, if I could but have seen her, I would have starved—yes, gladly—but that is impossible. All I can do is to visit the outside of the convent upon her 'day.' Once a year each sister has a 'day,' when she is allowed to throw over the convent wall a flower in token to her watching friends that she is still alive, but that is all. I know what flower my Léonie would choose—a bunch of fresh white lilac!"

"'Sepolte Vive'—buried alive!" the young girl repeated, sadly. A shadow seemed to fall over her life, and her budding happiness.

A few months later saw the Roman spring unfold in all its glory. A party of tourists were visiting that relic of mediæval days, the convent of the Sepolte Vive. Most of them turned back disappointed at the threshold, but a group of three people lingered until the rest of the sight-seers, after a colloquy held through a revolving barrel in the wall of the convent, had reluctantly dispersed. Over this barrel was traced an inscription: "Who would live content within these walls, let her leave at the threshold every earthly care." Upon these lines a woman dressed in black, standing apart from her two companions, kept her eyes fixed, while her lips moved in prayer.

The order of nuns who have thus condemned themselves to a living death subsist on charity. It is only when their supplies are totally exhausted that they are allowed, after twenty-four hours' starvation, to ring a certain bell, which the outside world interprets, "We are famishing." Two Lents are observed by them during the year—the one common to all Catholic Christians, and another held between November and Christmas. In the intervals the sisters receive and partake of whatever food may be bestowed on them by visitors.

Two of the three loiterers were young and handsome, radiant with ill-disguised happiness. That they were new-made husband and wife none could doubt, and it was a pleasant sight to see the wife order to be brought from a carriage awaiting them a hamper of abundant dainties, and with the aid of her husband proceed to unpack their store. To gain answer from the convent the young man knocked briskly upon the barrel head, which, slowly turning, revealed a shelf within.

"What wilt thou, stranger?" came a voice, faint and far as the note of an Æolian harp. So strong was the sense of remoteness and of desolation produced by this sound that involuntarily the young wife clasped her husband's arm in shuddering.

"Oh! it is too sad," she whispered in his ear. "I think I will go back to the carriage and leave Madame Blanchet with you—may I not?"

"Nonsense, darling. Who is it who has contrived and carried out this little expedition, I should like to know? Come, cheer up, and bestow your bounties upon the good sisters within. Depend upon it they will relish them."

Their presents were given, and in exchange our visitors had received a series of *cartolini*, or tiny slips of printed paper folded like homœopathic powder papers, and intended to be swallowed whole by the believer, who might thereafter hope for a cure of any mortal ailment possess-

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ing him. As their colloquy with the unseen sister came to a close, the young man signed to Madame Blanchet to draw near. The mother had kept a veil over her face while standing by in silence, but now she sprang forward, and putting her lips to the opening, uttered with feverish anxiety a few sentences of wild pleading unheard by her companions.

Fainter and farther were the pitying accents that smote her ear in return.

"'Sepolte vive,' daughter. The grave gives back no answer."

"Let us wait beneath the garden wall, dear friend," Cora said, as between them her husband and she supported the steps of the trembling mother from the spot. "It should be at about this time that the flower is thrown, and oh! how it will comfort you to have it from her hand!"

Underneath the ancient wall of the convent garden the little group waited in silence. It was a moment of feeling too profound for words. As the hour drew near the mother left her friends and went to kneel alone upon a grassy mound where her cheek might graze the wall, as if caressing it. For a time all was silent. Then a bell sounded the hour with slow and solemn strokes. A bird burst into joyous carolling in the tree above where Cora stood. "It is a good omen," she said, glancing up into her husband's face. As the last stroke of the bell died upon the air something white and fragrant fell at the feet of the kneeling figure. "It is Léonie's white lilac!" Cora cried, starting joyously forward.

But the mother did not stir. The token had come too late to awaken joy or sorrow.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

VII.

ON THE VALUE, AS A SOCIOLOGICAL PRINCIPLE, OF THE RULE TO MIND ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

THE passion for dealing with social questions is one of the marks of our time. Every man gets some experience and makes some observations of social affairs. Except matters of health, probably none have such general interest as matters of society. Except matters of health, none are so much afflicted by dogmatism and crude speculation as those which appertain to society. The amateurs in social science always ask: What shall we do? What shall we do with Neighbor A? What shall we do for Neighbor B? What shall we make Neighbor A do for Neighbor B? It is a fine thing to be planning and discussing broad and general theories of wide application. The amateurs always plan to use the individual for some constructive and inferential social purpose, or to use the society for some constructive and inferential individual purpose. For A to sit down and think, What shall I do? is commonplace; but to think what B ought to do is interesting, romantic, moral, self-flattering, and public-spirited all at once. It satisfies a great number of human weaknesses all at once. To go on and plan what a whole class of people ought to do is to feel one's self a power on earth, to win a public position, to clothe one's self in dignity. Hence we have an unlimited supply of reformers, philanthropists, humanitarians, and would-be managers-in-general of society.

Every man and woman in society has one big duty. That is to take care of his or her own self. This is a social duty. For fortunately the matter stands so that the duty of making the best of one's self individually is not a separate thing from the duty of filling one's place in society, but the two are one, and the latter is accomplished when the former is done. The common notion, however, seems to be that one has a duty to society, as a special and separate thing, and that this duty consists in considering and deciding what other people ought to do. Now the man who can do anything for or about anybody else than himself is fit to be head of a family, and when he becomes head of a family he has duties to his wife and his children in addition to the former big duty. Then, again, any man who can take care of himself and his family is in a very exceptional position if he does not find in his immediate surroundings people who need his care and have some sort of a personal claim upon him. If now he is able to fulfill all this, and to take care of anybody outside his family and his dependents, he must have a surplus of energy, wisdom, and moral virtue beyond what he needs for his own business. No man has this. For a family is a charge which is capable of infinite development, and no man could suffice to the full measure of duty for which a family may draw upon him. Neither can a man give to society so advantageous an employment of his services, whatever they are, in any other way as by spending them on his family. Upon this, however, I will not insist. I recur to the observation that a man who proposes to take care of other people must have himself and his family taken care of after some sort of a fashion, and must have an as yet unexhausted store of energy.

The danger of minding other people's business is twofold. First, there is the danger that a man may leave his own business unattended to; and second, there is the danger of an impertinent interference with another's affairs. The "friends of humanity" almost always run into both dangers. I am one of humanity, and I do not want any volunteer friends. I regard friendship as mutual, and I want to have my say about it. I suppose that other components of humanity feel in the same way about it. If so, they must regard any one who assumes the rôle of a friend of humanity as impertinent. The reference of the friend of humanity back to his own business is obviously the next step.

Yet we are constantly annoyed, and the legislatures are kept constantly busy, by the people who have made up their minds that it is wise and conducive to happiness to live in a certain way, and who want to compel everybody else to live in their way. Some people have decided to spend Sunday in a certain way, and they want laws passed to make other people spend Sunday in the same way. Some people have resolved to be teetotalers, and they want a law passed to make everybody else a teetotaler. Some people have resolved to eschew luxury, and they want taxes laid to make others eschew luxury. The taxing power is especially something after which the reformer's finger always itches. Sometimes there is an element of self-interest in the proposed reformation, as when a publisher wanted a duty on books to keep Americans from reading books which would unsettle their Americanism, and when artists wanted a tax on pictures to save Americans from buying bad paintings.

I make no reference here to the giving and taking of counsel and aid between man and man: of that I shall say something in the last paper. The very sacredness of the relation in which two men stand to one another, when one of them rescues the other from vice, separates that relation from any connection with the work of the social busybody, the professional philanthropist, and the empirical legislator.

The amateur social doctors are like the amateur physicians: they always begin with the question of *remedies*, and they go at this without any diagnosis or any knowledge of the anatomy or physiology of society. They never have any doubt of the efficacy of their remedies. They never take account of any ulterior effects which may be apprehended from the remedy itself. It generally troubles them not a whit that their remedy implies a complete reconstruction of society, or even a reconstitution of human nature. Against all such social quackery the obvious injunction to the quacks is to mind their own business.

The social doctors enjoy the satisfaction of feeling themselves to be more moral or more enlightened than their fellow-men. They are able to see what other men ought to do when the other men do not see it. An examination of the work of the social doctors, however, shows that they are only more ignorant and more presumptuous than other people. We have a great many social difficulties and hardships to contend with. Poverty, pain, disease, and misfortune surround our existence. We fight against them all the time. The individual is a centre of hopes, affections, desires, and sufferings. When he dies, life changes its form, but does not cease. That means that the person, the centre of all the hopes, affections, etc., after struggling as long as he can, is sure to succumb at last. We would, therefore, as far as the hardships of the human lot are concerned, go on struggling to the best of our ability against them but for the social doctors, and we would endure what we could not cure. But we have inherited a vast number of social ills which never came from nature. They are the complicated products of all the tinkering, muddling, and blundering of social doctors in the past. These products of social quackery are now buttressed by habit, fashion, prejudice, platitudinarian thinking, and new quackery in political economy and social science. Sometimes I think that if the Nihilists could be let loose until they had destroyed about half the work which we have inherited from the "statesmen" and social doctors of the past, and then could be chained up again, they would do us a great service. All this mischief has been done by men who sat down to consider the problem (as I heard an apprentice of theirs once express it), What kind of a society do we want to make? When they had settled this question *a priori* to their satisfaction, they set to work to make their ideal society, and to-day we suffer the consequences. Human society tries hard to adapt itself to any conditions in which it finds itself, and we have been warped and distorted until we have got used to it, as the foot adapts itself to an ill-made boot. Next we have come to think that that is the right way for things to be; and it is true that a change to a sound and normal condition would for a time hurt us, as a man whose foot had been distorted would suffer if he tried to wear a well-shaped boot. Finally, we have produced a lot of economists and social philosophers who have invented sophisms for fitting our thinking to the distorted facts.

Society, therefore, does not need any care or supervision. If we can acquire a science of society, based on observation of phenomena and study of forces, we may hope to gain some ground slowly toward the elimination of old errors and the re-establishment of a sound and natural social order. Whatever we gain that way will be by growth, never in the world by any reconstruction of society on the plan of some enthusiastic social architect. The latter is only repeating the old error over again, and postponing all our chances of real improvement. Society needs first of all to be freed from these meddlers—that is, to be let alone. Here we are, then, once more back at the old doctrine—*laissez-faire*. Let us translate it into blunt English, and it will read, Mind your own business. It is nothing but the doctrine of liberty. Let every man be happy in his own way. If his sphere of action and interest impinges on that of any other man, there will have to be compromise and adjustment. Wait for the occasion. Do not attempt to generalize those interferences or to plan for them *a priori*. We have a body of laws and institutions which have grown up as occasion has occurred for adjusting rights. Let the same process go on. Practice the utmost reserve possible in your interferences even of this kind, and by no means seize occasion for interfering with natural adjustments. Try first long and patiently whether the natural adjustment will not come about through the play of interests and the voluntary concessions of the parties.

I have said that we have an empirical political economy and social science to fit the distortions of our society. The test of empiricism in this matter is the attitude which one takes up toward *laissez-faire*. It no doubt wounds the vanity of a philosopher who is just ready with a new solution of the universe to be told to mind his own business. So he goes on to tell us that if we think that we shall by being let alone attain to perfect happiness on earth, we are mistaken. The half-way men—the professorial socialists—join him. They solemnly shake their heads, and tell us that he is right, that letting us alone will never secure us perfect happiness. Under all this lies the familiar logical fallacy, never expressed, but really the point of the whole, that we *shall* get perfect happiness if we put ourselves in the hands of the world-reformer. We never supposed that *laissez-faire* would give us perfect happiness. We have left perfect happiness entirely out of our account. If the social doctors will mind their own business, we shall have no troubles but what belong to nature. Those we will endure or combat as we can. What we desire is that the friends of humanity should cease to add to them. Our disposition toward the ills which our fellow-man inflicts on us through malice or meddling is quite different from our disposition toward the ills which are inherent in the conditions of human life.

To mind one's own business is a purely negative and unproductive injunction, but, taking social matters as they are just now, it is a sociological principle of the first importance. There may be developed some day a grand philosophy on the basis of minding one's own business.

A MORMON REUNION.

UPON a bleak hill-top in Northern Ohio, some four miles by wagon-road from the farm of LAWNfield, the home of the late President GARFIELD, and in Geauga County, there has stood, desolate and unclaimed, for nearly fifty years, a "temple" built by Mormons. In outward appearance it is not unlike the ordinary type of a country church. The interior, however, is divided into three stories, each of which forms one great room, devoid of all furniture save a couple of white desks, one at either end. Huge canvas curtains are said to have formerly divided these rooms during the ministrations of the Saints.

A few old residents of Kirtland—the village enjoying the distinction of possessing this temple—relate from personal recollection many strange and ridiculous performances by the leaders of the then new sect.

Public attention is called anew just at present to this weather-beaten, half-forgotten relic of superstition, as extensive repairs have been recently made in the structure, and preparations undertaken for a great reunion of Latter-day Saints, announced to begin upon April 6.

Although it is given out that the incursion of these reunionists is but a temporary affair—a simple visit to a Mecca of their religion—there is considerable agitation among the people of the Western Reserve lest it may prove this they propose staying. Possibly this alarm may not be without some good cause, for all communities wherein this pernicious sect has once intrenched itself have discovered in its strange vitality and capacity for standing persecution a most troublesome element.

JOSEPH SMITH, the first "prophet" and founder of the Church of Latter-day Saints, claimed Vermont for his birth-place, his parents being illiterate residents of Sharon, with some notoriety as "diviners" and fortune-tellers. The young prophet, however, first received "light" in the form of revelations near Palmyra, New York, and later at Manchester, Ontario County, New York, at both of which places his family had lived. It was in the vicinity of the latter place that he claimed to have found by inspiration the book of golden plates hidden in a hill. For these plates, which were about the thickness of tin, and bound together by rings, the following origin was claimed:

Some six hundred years prior to the advent of Christ a band of Israelites was inspired to seek the "promised land," which proved to be Central America, where they greatly increased. Subsequently a vicious and ambitious Jew named Laman was detected in a conspiracy, whereupon he and his adherents were driven forth, and migrated northward. These were the progenitors of the American Indians. A portion of the tribe, however, became a "fair and delightsome" people, and withdrew from their savage fellows, who finally surrounded them, at the scene of the recovery of the plates, and slew them to the extent of two hundred and thirty thousand, Mormon and his son Moroni alone escaping. This son, obeying his parent's injunction, buried the tablets containing the sacred history of this wandering tribe, it being recorded that he who found them should become a "prophet."

Upon this tale and the alleged purport of the mythical plates the excuse rested for the production of the *Book of Mormon*, which was printed at a country job office in Ontario County, New York, in 1830. Soon after its issue the widow of REV. SOLOMON SPALDING, a Presbyterian minister, recognized its main features as those of a fanciful romance written by her husband chiefly for the amusement of his friends. It also transpired that one SIDNEY RIGDON, who was among the first promoters of the new creed, was a printer employed in a publishing office in Pittsburgh, whither the author had sent his work, under the name of the *Manuscript Found*, to be printed. PATTERSON, the publisher, died, and the manuscript disappeared, to come to the surface in its "inspired" form.

The original promoters of the Church soon collected a considerable following, and shortly set out for Ohio, settling at Kirtland early in 1831. After a colony had been formed, and a bank started by SMITH and his confidants had been run long enough to fleece most of the faithful, another move was made to Missouri, which seems to have proven a rich recruiting ground, as the proselytes multiplied so rapidly that ere long the elders began to dictate public affairs for the people at large, and defied existing State laws. So it happened that in the summer of 1833 the people of the State dispersed them, after a severe conflict. They still hovered in various portions of the State, however, and raising troops from their number, fought the State militia, by whom they were defeated, and some of their leaders imprisoned. The whole Mormon host, now numbering upward of 12,000, concentrated at a point upon the banks of the Mississippi, in Illinois, and built, almost as though by magic, the city of Nauvoo, signalizing their intention of staying there by rearing a splendid temple of stone, costing, according to the best authorities, not less than one million dollars.

In the mean time BRIGHAM YOUNG, also a native of Vermont, had acquired great ascendency. The Mormon authorities had again assumed great arrogance: the "Saints" at large were recruited from the most lawless classes of the West, and "revelations" became frequent. It was here that the "divine right" of polygamy was first promulgated. Matters at length led to another great uprising, when this ulcer upon the body-politic was rooted out, as far as that section of the country was concerned. The leaders were imprisoned, and the Prophet SMITH and his brother HYRUM were carried by force to Carthage, Missouri, where they were shot by a mob at the jail, after the most approved Missourian fashion.

The city of Nauvoo was laid waste, and the Mormon people, under BRIGHAM YOUNG, began a long winter march to the westward, braving every danger and hardship, intent only upon founding another home where they might practice the peculiar tenets of their religion without interference. To what extent this indomitable if misguided people have succeeded in making the "wilderness blossom like the rose" is well known to the world. The writer, who visited Nauvoo but a few days since, found but a peaceful and scattering village, the centre of an agricultural region, its people living the simple life of the American rustic, and regarding the events of the "Mormon war" as something which happened a very long time ago. Of the splendid temple, "not one stone remains upon another."

Through the resistless onward impulse of civilization the "Gentile" has long since reached the Mormon stronghold in Utah. The will of YOUNG no longer sets at defiance the United States government. Salt Lake City is now largely peopled by gentiles, and the churches of many denominations are now to be found within its confines, and the question of Mormonism seems in a fair way to solution through absorption.

It is to the credit of this people that they have always exhibited great industry and singleness of purpose. The city of Salt Lake was wisely planned and built. Its broad streets are irrigated by pure mountain waters flowing swiftly down in open channels. Its great co-operative Store of Zion is a bazar of trade worthy of any metropolis. There are also some large factories. One of the most imposing residences is the "Amelia Palace," built by President YOUNG for one of his favorite wives.

PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.

A GOOD old Friend once declared himself opposed to life-insurance on the ground that it implied a want of trust in Providence. He probably thought that the established means of thrifty saving which his fathers had pursued had been providentially ordained, and accordingly looked upon the new method as an impious innovation. Other people were opposed to it for purely sentimental reasons, such as a reluctance to profit by the death of a relative, or fear that the insurance would be speedily followed by death—a superstition that deters many persons from making a will.

But in spite of many drawbacks arising from mismanagement, and in too many cases from actual fraud, life-insurance, especially in this country, has come to be regarded as a legitimate, safe, and economical method of providing for the future of one's family. For many persons, indeed, it is the only practicable method, since it involves ordinarily but a small present payment. It enables all who are dependent upon labor, brain or muscular, to at once capitalize the product of such labor, to thus discount the probable earnings of future years, and secure them for others. It bestows at our death upon those for whom we care the principal of any sum on which we pay interest while living. It averages the pecuniary calamities which death often entails, requiring of the living contribution to the family of the dead; and in this respect is fully in accord with the principle of mutual dependence on which society rests. Of course no prudent man will assume a policy so large that the payment of the premiums will embarrass him.

Life-insurance does not, of course, absolve one from the habit of other means of thrift, such, for instance, as those offered by savings-banks, government securities, etc. It may be properly regarded as supplementary to these, as a security that sudden death may not leave one's family destitute and dependent. It rests upon the same basis of wise precaution as insurance against fire or accident in travel. As in everything else, judgment and care must be exercised in effecting insurance on one's life to choose a company which rests upon a substantial basis, and which enjoys an unimpeachable record for good business management, and honorable promptness and rectitude in the settlement of losses. The means of obtaining this information are accessible to every one, and no more precaution is necessary than one would apply to any other kind of business.

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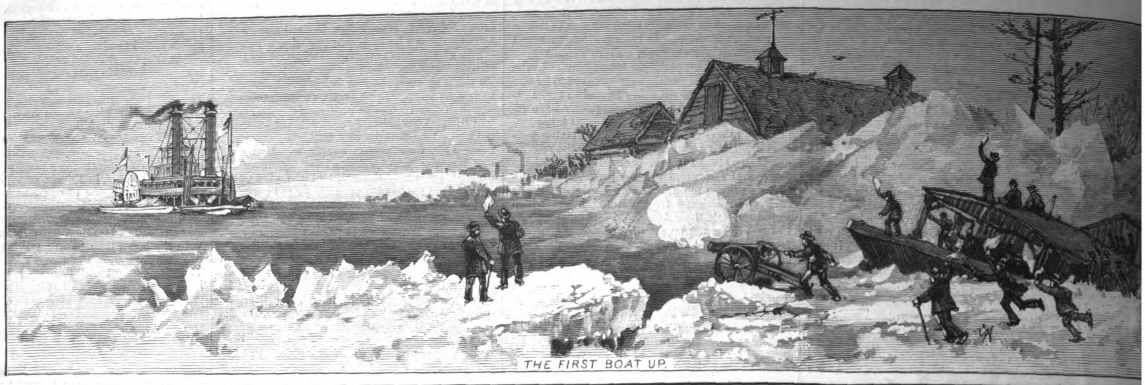
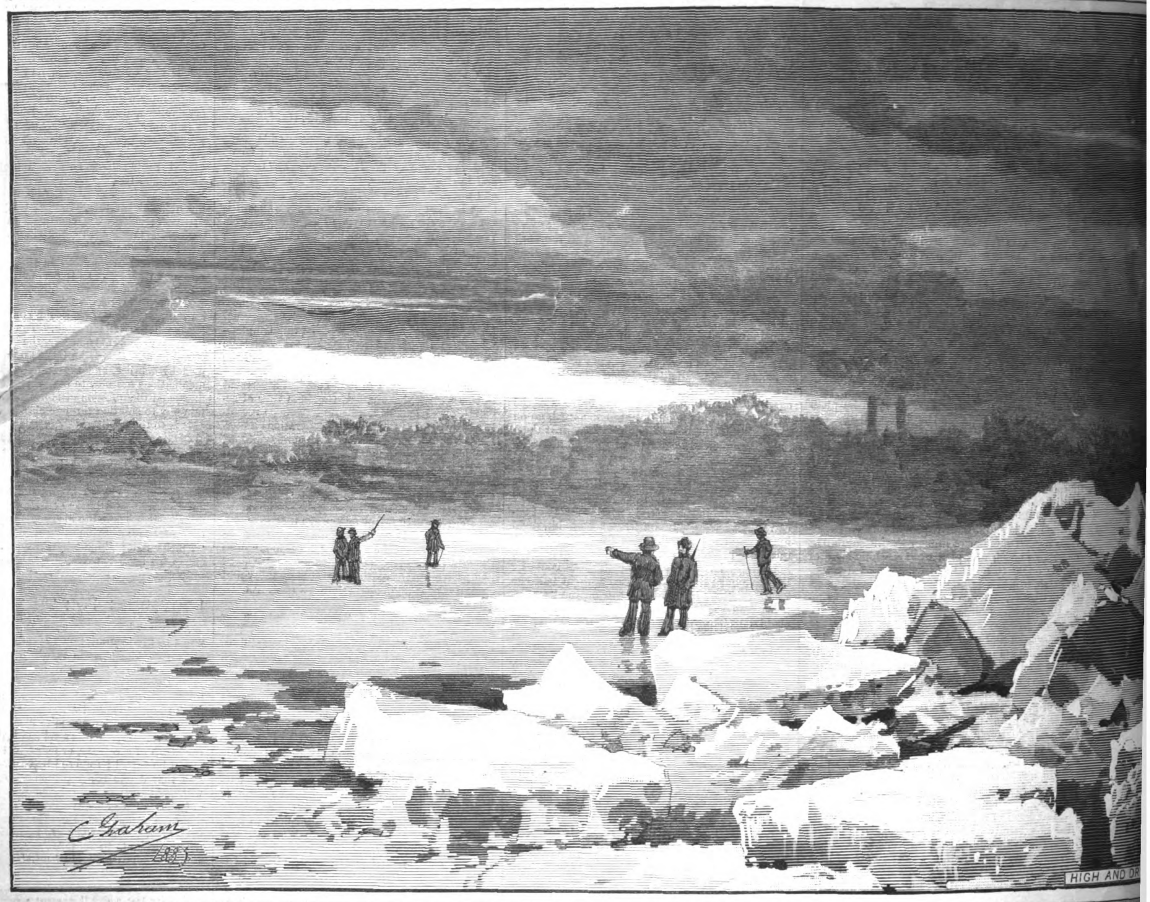
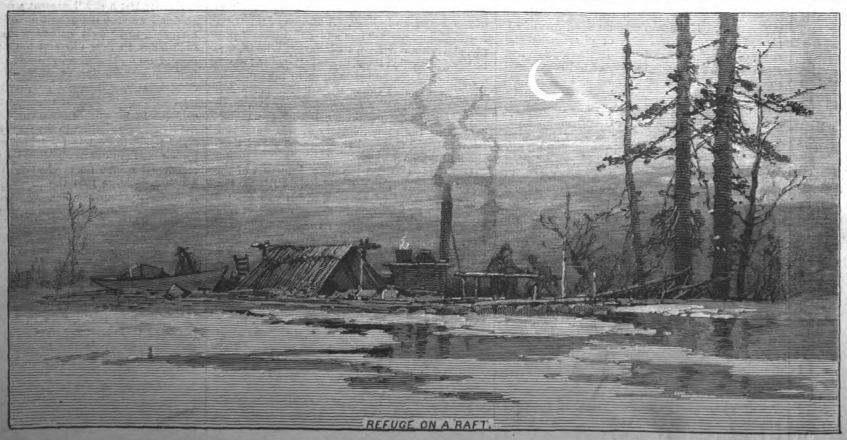


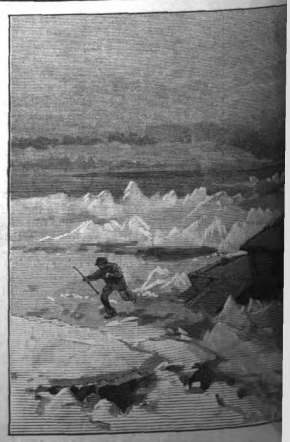
THE FIRST BOAT UP.



HIGH AND DR



REFUGE ON A RAFT.



ARCTIC SCENES ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI—THE BREAK

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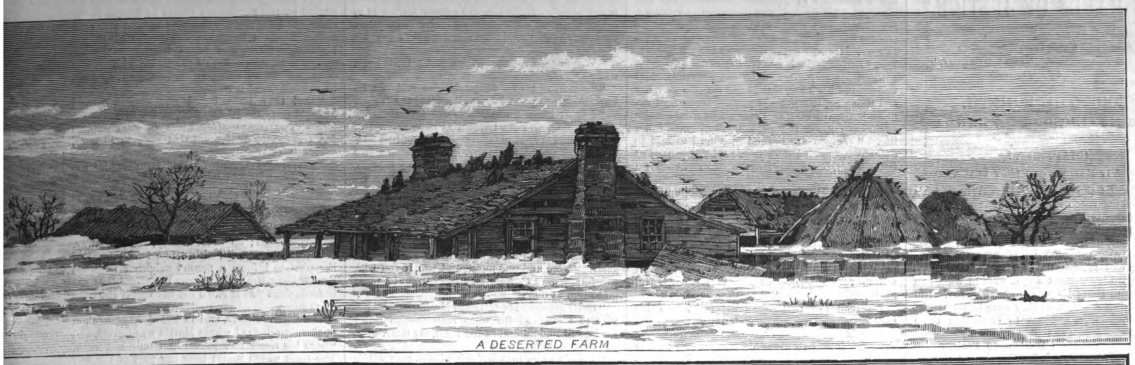

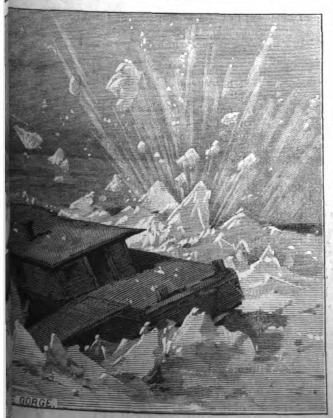

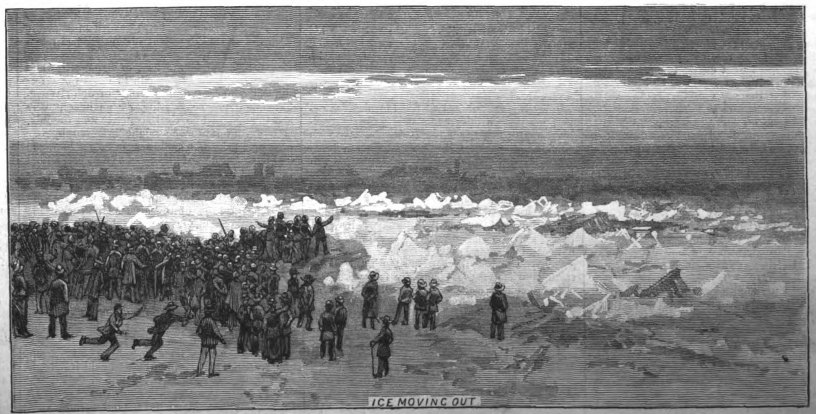

F THE ICE BLOCKADE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 221.]

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THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW IT MATTERED TO LUCY BRAKE.

Meanwhile the news of John Woodhatch's arrest did not reach the ears of Parson Larcom and his daughter.

"They think me guilty—they do not care to write to me, or ask a single question. They think the very worst," John Woodhatch said to himself; and meanwhile they were proceeding on their holiday without a suspicion of what had happened to Farm Forlorn and its owner, without the faintest idea that they were being sought for by busy folk, anxious to constitute them principal characters in this story.

They had proceeded straight to Paris, where Mr. Larcom, with a horror of hotels and the expenses to which he might be subjected therein, had procured apartments in a little side street near the Rue de Richelieu. They did not dash into a round of sight-seeing, after the fashion of new-comers to the gay city; sight-seeing was hardly in Mr. Larcom's life, and they were scarcely in the fit and proper mood to enjoy this great change in their lives, they discovered, after they had attempted to settle down. There was much business to attend to, trustees to find, and their own identity to establish, and much wearisome business in understanding where the money was, and how it was to be transferred, and all this in a language which Lucy but imperfectly understood, and Mr. Larcom knew nothing of; and when business was over for the day they were too tired for that fair amount of distraction to which Englishmen in Paris consider themselves entitled.

Then it happened that little Morice fell ill, and there came a grave anxiety to the young mother, and no more thought of holiday-making, or even of money-making, to the Larcoms.

Mr. Larcom began to grow very sick of wandering about the streets without Lucy as Morice, and to wish in his heart for an excuse to return to Skegs Shore. It began to impress itself slowly upon his mind that he had been in too unseemly a hurry to get away from John Woodhatch, and that John Woodhatch must have noticed it and been offended by it; and the parson being a man with a conscience, this began to render him unhappy.

Why he had not asked John Woodhatch to accompany them at the slack time of the farming season, when the harvest was all in, and John could have got away so easily, began to harass him.

"I could have existed in this unchristian place with John, mayhap," he muttered; "but to be trapesing about by myself, and with never a soul to speak to, is a terreeble nuisance, and the sooner the law business is settled, and Morice is well again, the better for a quiet Methodist like me, I'm thinking."

Finally the news came to him suddenly, and a day or two after the first *examination* of John Woodhatch at Lincoln. It startled him from the pages of a hastily scrawled letter from the gentleman left in charge of his little chapel, and to whom he had sent his address and a request to know how the chapel folk were getting on.

"You have doubtless heard the news of the man Woodhatch's arrest for the murder of your son-in-law," his correspondent added, in a light and almost airy postscript; "and I do not wonder at your keeping away from Lincolnshire as long as you can. I shall give no one your address until I receive permission to do so; and as the next examination is not for a fortnight, I certainly should not hurry home. There is really nothing to be done—and there is no doubt in the public mind, or in mine, that John Woodhatch is the murderer."

Mr. Larcom sat down, and wiped his forehead with his silk pocket-handkerchief. Was he dreaming?—or was all this stern, sober, solid fact?—solid enough to crush him!

It was fortunate that Lucy was not with him when the letter was received, for he could not make up his mind what course to adopt, and he thought it would be necessary to be cautious in communicating the news to his daughter. Of late days she appeared to have recovered considerably in health and spirits; her thoughts were not always of Morris, and the mystery of his murder, and here was now the old, awful business to the front again, with a horrible sequel in which their one friend stood out as the villain of the piece. He did not believe it, and then he hoped he did not. There must be some wretched mistake—he had known John Woodhatch all his life—but in what way Lucy would look at the matter now he could not tell. There was the powerful reminiscence of how Lucy Brake had looked at it five years since, when she was first struck down, and how this very Woodhatch was the man whom she had connected with the crime. True, she was grief-stricken and distraught, and as she grew stronger she set the suspicion aside, and was sorry it had ever distressed her; but now, with fresh evidence—evidence that had been considered strong enough to justify John Woodhatch's arrest—what would Lucy do? He did not know, and he could not imagine. Never was a father who knew less of his daughter's thoughts and inclinations than Alec Larcom, for the reason that he had been too much absorbed in his own occupation, his sermons, and his flock—even in himself, be it said, regretfully, and despite his many virtues—to trouble himself too deeply with a young woman's fancies. He had not understood Lucy five years ago, when she had deceived him and married without his consent, and he did not profess to understand her now, for all her quiet words, her sad thoughts, her general submissiveness of demeanor toward him, as though she would make amends by it for the past disobedience of her life. "Women are beyond me," he had said to John Woodhatch before this. "I can preach at them, John, but I don't make them out—not a scrap."

He went forth that morning to a public library where the English papers were kept, and spent an hour in looking over them and arriving at a definite idea of all that had occurred from the evening of his departure from Skegs Shore; and when he returned there was a Lincolnshire newspaper waiting for him, with the details in full of the first examination of the master of Farm Forlorn.

He read the particulars carefully, with his face growing very grave and extra lined, with the doubts on his mind increasing and gathering weight. It was so plausible a story, and he was one behind the scenes, who knew John Woodhatch better than the world did—who had known him years ago in Canada, and had helped to change him from a rough, desperate fellow to what he was at present. He had known him violent and strange enough; what if the old bad blood had leaped to the front again in the moment of his disappointment, his anger against Morris for supplanting him?

He was not a hero, Alec Larcom. Naturally he was a suspicious man, and a man of the world, who understood what evil might lie at the bottom of a fellow-creature's heart; he had never taken human goodness upon trust. He remembered all John Woodhatch's career at once, dating from his first murderous attack upon Gregory Dorward senior; he bore in mind the strange manner of John's latter days, the sudden change in him, the new mystery and eccentricity about him, and he linked it all with the story which had reached him from Skegs Shore.

"I hope it isn't true," he said, "but I am desperately afraid it is. It reads like truth to me."

Later in the day he broke the news to Lucy Brake. Little Morice was better, and pronounced out of danger. The child would be well in a few days again, it was said, and hence Lucy was stronger and better than she had been since her arrival in the French capital. Strong enough to hear the news, which her father was afraid might *reach her from another source* and wholly cast her down. It was his duty to tell her, and he had been a man always proud of doing his duty under adverse circumstances.

"Lucy," said he, suddenly, after their late English supper, "I have had news from Skegs Shore to-day."

"To-day," was the quick reply, "and you have not told me before this! Ah! it is bad news. There is more trouble. We are not long in the sunshine, father."

"That's true. But, then, trouble is sent for—"

"Yes, yes, that is understood; but is it any the less bearable?" cried Lucy, *irritably*.

"To a Christian, certainly, for—"

"What has happened to John Woodhatch?" she cried, interrupting him again, "for it is of him you are going to speak."

"What made you think that?"

"I believe I have had foreknowledge of it," said Lucy, quickly; "he is on my mind so much. We left him in so dark a mood, and in so strange a way. He has not written to me, as he promised. He asked my forgiveness for something which he was to tell me presently in a letter, poor foolish John! and that letter has not reached me. And now he has written to you instead; and it is bad news which has come to hand."

"He has not written, but it *is* bad news."

"I knew that. Well, what is it?"

Mr. Larcom coughed, and hesitated still. He approached the subject nervously, knowing that Lucy was so easily affected and dismayed. If she had been throughout her life less of an impulsive child, it would have been the better for herself and him.

"It is about John Woodhatch," he said, slowly.

"Yes, yes."

"And poor Morris," he added; "it is the old story cropping up afresh, to the horror of us all. There, Lucy, you can read the rest of it," he said, tendering her the newspaper, "and for the Lord's sake read it calmly, and think it over calmly afterward."

Lucy Brake snatched at the Lincolnshire paper, and gave a little cry at the ominous headlines with which the editor had embellished his columns; then she set herself to master the contents—this new version of an old tragedy which had altered her whole life.

Mr. Larcom watched her nervously from the background, and took hope presently from the firm expression on the fair face before him. The truth had not wholly dismayed her, the past spectres rising up from their graves had not completely daunted her.

Lucy Brake would know the truth, the whole truth, or what these Lincolnshire folk were proclaiming noisily *was* the truth, and till then, at least, she was strong and self-possessed. There were no tears to fall from those blue wondering eyes, and though the lips quivered now and then at portions of the evidence, they were set firmly and closely together afterward.

When she had read the whole facts of the case against John Woodhatch she folded the paper and returned it to her father.

"We must leave Paris as soon as possible," she said.

"Yes, my dear, I am completely tired of it myself," replied Mr. Larcom; "but there is no occasion for haste so far as this unfortunate case is concerned. But when the money matter is in a fair train of settlement no one will be more glad to shake the dust of the ceety from his feet."

"We must go away to-morrow. I, at least, will go," said Lucy.

"To-morrow! Ye forget Morice will not be well enough to leave her bed," replied the father.

"I must leave Morice," was the extraordinary reply to this, and Mr. Larcom at once arrived at the conclusion that his daughter's brain had suddenly and completely turned. For Morice had been all and everything to Lucy, whose morbid, passionate love for her had made an idol of the child, and whose life had been absorbed in her, and in nothing else that lived and breathed and loved her.

"Leave Morice!" gasped forth the father.

"Yes. She is out of danger—completely out of danger, and in a few days will be well," said Lucy. "She and one nurse, and you, if you will, can follow me as speedily as you can, but I must go to him at once."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Larcom; "but why to him—and for what reason—and how? I—I don't understand in the least, my dear, what ye purpose doing."

"I don't know myself," cried Lucy, very wildly and helplessly at last; "but John Woodhatch is in trouble—his life is in danger—he has been unjustly accused, and we, his friends, must not keep away from him. We must be by his side in these cruel times to show we trust and honor him."

"Ye don't think, then—ye don't suppose he did it?" said the parson, hesitatingly.

"I!" exclaimed Lucy, passionately. "Why should I think so badly of him?"

"Well, my dear, if ye remember—"

"I remember nothing but that he is in prison," cried Lucy, "and I know the man so well, and the true and noble heart he has! He kill my husband!—he would have been his best and stoutest friend had Morris lived, and Morris would have looked up to him as his guide. It is only people who have never known John Woodhatch who will, for an instant, think this deadly harm of him."

"Preceesely so. That's it," muttered the bewildered parson, losing all wish to argue the point, and feeling like a miserable hypocrite.

"I have only understood *him* of late days," continued Lucy. "I have learned so much of him from poor Hester, and of the good he has sought to bring about. I have seen his efforts to think the best of all by whom he has been surrounded, his sorrow at those efforts failing him, and the desperately wicked going their own way, until one has marvelled at his self-sacrifices. And this man to be charged with murder—oh! it is infamous."

"Preceesely so," said Mr. Larcom again. "He's a wanderful character is John; I never met a man like him. And yet I am poozled, too, as to why he wanted ye to forgive him."

"He would have given the man who killed Morris a chance of repentance, of salvation," she cried, "because he knew who he was, and was sorry for him—because the man was Greg Dorward, father, and he had been so proud of Greg."

"Greg Dorward!" repeated Mr. Larcom. "What makes ye think of him?"

"I am sure of it. I see it all," said Lucy, thoughtfully.

"Greg Dorward!" said Mr. Larcom again. "That would account for much. Ye're wanderfully cute to-night, Lucy, or I'm dradfully dull. My head aches fit to split, and the truth seems too hard for me to wrastle with just now."

"And the truth is very close to me to-night," was Lucy Brake's reply.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW IT MATTERED TO GREG.

By the last train which reached Skegs Shore the next night Lucy Brake arrived in her native place. She had travelled from early morning to night-fall, impelled by the one wish to reach England and comfort John Woodhatch by her own implicit belief in his innocence, by telling all with whom she came in contact that it was not the master of Farm Forlorn who had struck her husband out of life. She had travelled in company with the one maid-servant whom they had taken from Skegs Shore; she had left little Morice getting better, and in the best of hands; she had begged her father to remain in Paris for a few days longer; and thinking only of John Woodhatch, and not considering for an instant why she thought of him, thus strangely and forcibly, as one whose life she might brighten by her presence near him and her faith in him, she had hastened away to England "more like a mad thing," as her father had observed, "than a rational and senseeble female, if there were such an article anywhere." She it was who realized the true position of the accused, and what his feelings were under the awful charge which had been preferred against him; she knew he would neither protest his innocence nor rave against those who thought him guilty. She was certain now that she had left behind her at Skegs Shore one deeply aggrieved and bitterly disappointed, a man who had given way rashly—and like a man—when she, the last faint hope he had had, perhaps, had fled from him with the rest of them. The stern, sad face had been before her with every hour since her parting from him, and the words which he had said had been forever ringing in her ears. He had been sure, despite *her* assurance, that she was going away for good and he should not see her again. This had been the end of it, he had considered; and he would have made it the end had he not been arrested that same night.

The cottage next the chapel had not been occupied by the gentleman acting as deputy in the absence of the Reverend Alec Larcom; the newcomer, being a bachelor, had preferred to put up at the Swan, and hence Lucy and the domestic took possession of the house without any of the neighbors being aware of their return until the following morning.

"Oh! they have found you out, then, and brought you back?" said one, at the first glimpse of Lucy the next morning, when she was equipped for a second journey, and this time to Lincoln, where John Woodhatch was.

"No; I am back of my own accord," answered Lucy Brake; "it was my duty to come."

"They'll want you pretty soon as a witness, Mrs. Brake."

"To the innocence of John Woodhatch—yes."

The neighbor looked surprised, but said no more just then; on the contrary, scuttled away, being an old woman, with a fine long tongue of her own, to inform a second neighbor for what reason Lucy Brake had come back, and how she looked—just "as if she'd eat her up" if she went on talking.

Lucy went slowly, and in her deep mourning, to the church-yard where Morris was buried, and where his sister had joined him only last week. The train which would bear her part of the way to Lincolnshire was not due for three-quarters of an hour, and she could not rest in-doors now that she was ready to depart. She would pay one visit to the grave, and murmur over it a prayer that she might be guided to act rightly and justly in all that she purposed to do, and that the truth might come quickly and save the innocent.

It was a fine, bright morning, with Skegs Shore steeped in sunshine, and the lazy rooks floating in the sky above the big trees in the church-yard. All was at peace and rest, and those who saw the young widow passing through the village stepped aside out of her way, respecting the mission which they guessed was on her mind.

Still, there were many watching her, and some of whom she could not possibly have dreamed. And presently two of the latter, a man and *woman*, the former leaning on the woman's arm, and walking with difficulty, as though he was weak and ill, approached her in the church-yard.

The click of the latch of the gate had warned Lucy Brake of their approach, and the widow looked up quickly, like one ready to resent any intrusion upon *her* sorrow. Then she put her hands to her heart, as if to check a scream of surprise which might escape her in that instant of her consternation.

For it was Kitty Vanch who was approaching—she who had been called Kitty Vanch before Greg Dorward married her. And it was Gregory Dorward leaning on her arm, with a white, firm face, which scared her by its new expression. And in the background, waiting in the dusty roadway, and glancing toward them now and then, was the third figure from the dark, bad past, the housekeeper of Farm Forlorn.

"Kitty," she exclaimed, "why do you—and *he*—come to me at this time?"

"It was his wish to come," answered Kitty, calmly, "and his wishes are mine."

Lucy looked at Greg, as if for the explanation.

"I will tell you," Greg said, slowly, in answer to her mute appeal. "We have come to tell you all."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

It seemed something more than chance that these three should meet at the grave of Morris Brake, and each thought so in that hour. Even the woman in the background, beyond the church-yard, quiet and watchful and silent, thought so too. To her it was like Destiny.

"How did you know I was at Skegs Shore?" asked Lucy of Kitty, and without heeding Greg's words. "Have you been spying on me, either of you?"

"No," answered Kitty; "we thought you were abroad until this morning."

"I returned last night," she said. Then she faced Greg Dorward, and with a shudder she could not repress, added:

"And why have *you* come? What have you to tell me?"

His lips parted to address her; then he turned to his young wife, and said:

"Speak to her, Kitty. I can not, after all. I dare not."

"Courage, Greg," she replied.

"It is not lack of courage," he said, "but I have not the right."

Lucy looked from one to the other until Kitty spoke again, when she fixed her great blue eyes upon her wonderingly.

"Greg has come to ask forgiveness of that poor fellow lying there," said Kitty, in a low, firm voice.

"Then—then he—"

As she paused, Kitty Vanch went on, calmly: "Yes. He killed Morris, and is going to Lincoln to confess it."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Lucy, fervently. "The truth comes out at last, and I have prayed for truth. And it was you, Greg Dorward—you of all men, then?"

"Yes," answered Greg.

He was content to answer, but he would hazard no explanation, which he left to Kitty now. He stood there with his face in shadow, and his dark eyes bent upon his victim's grave—a sad, stern figure, with all the light quenched from him.

"In a sudden quarrel brought about by watching Morris—with a sudden blow following an attack of Morris upon him, Greg Dorward killed your husband," Kitty continued. "That is the miserable history of it, neither more nor less, and he comes here to own the truth of it, in the sight of day, and, God be thanked, of his own free-will."

*Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1946.

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"To save John Woodhatch—this?" exclaimed Lucy.

"To save the master," said Greg, in deep response, "yes."

The tears rose to the eyes of Lucy Brake, but she passed a hand before her eyes and dashed them away. She was excited, almost bewildered, by the avowal which had thus been made her. Before she could speak again Kitty went on in a new and excited tone herself.

"So you see, Mrs. Brake—Lucy, if I may still call you so, being Greg's wife, that is—he is not so wholly bad, not so very bad, as God will judge him now and—presently. He has suffered for his crime, even in disguising it—oh! more than he will ever own; he had hoped to live it down, and make atonement for it by a better life; he tried so hard; he did the best he could! Pray think this, if you can."

"I have not time to think," said Lucy, in reply, "it is all so sudden and terrible and just. Did *you* marry him, knowing what he was?"

"Oh yes," said Kitty; "why should I not? He was ill, and in danger at Bolter's Rents of going back to his old life, in sheer despair of God and man. I thought I could save him; and he and I," putting her hand in his confidently and lovingly, "have been together in all the troubles of our lives."

"Still—"

"Still he is the man who killed your husband. Ah! we both know that," cried Kitty, "and we both are sorry. And, Lucy Brake, I want you to remember some day—not now, with your heart closed against him—that when the master was arrested, when we heard it first of all, it was Greg who was strong enough to say, 'The innocent shall not suffer for the guilty, or *my* life be spared at the expense of his.'"

"I will remember," said Lucy, softly.

"And so," cried Kitty, warmly, "John Woodhatch did not wholly fail with him, you see, but taught him love and gratitude. That's something—that's a great deal; and John Woodhatch will be glad."

"What do you intend to do, Greg Dorward?" asked Lucy, turning to him at last, but not looking at him; fearing even to look at him, with the truth so plain before them all.

"I proceed to Lincoln and give myself up," he answered, very firmly.

"Now?"

"Yes, at once."

"And you wish to do this, Greg, with all your heart?"

"With all my heart and soul," he answered.

"It is surely true atonement," she murmured; "and it makes amends for much. And you who love him wish this, too?" she asked, turning to Kitty again—"you, his wife?"

"Yes," answered Kitty, "though in wishing it I lose him."

"You are a brave woman, Kitty Vanch," said Lucy; "and Heaven will reward you."

"Heaven will reward me by bringing him back to me, after a little while, I hope," Kitty replied; "for I think—we all think and hope and pray—our story will be believed, and that this was not murder in cold blood, or murder that was contemplated. Believing that Greg, in good time—in God's good time—will come back to me, to begin *life afresh*, with the blessing of the master on us, and the grace of your forgiveness."

"And at—the worst?" asked Lucy, fearfully.

"Well, then, we are prepared for it," said Kitty, taking her husband's hand in hers again, "and will look forward still, and—beyond!"

"For such repentance and faith there is surely pardon in heaven," Lucy replied, in a low, trembling voice; "and where He forgives I have no right to stay the comfort which *I* may afford the guilty. Greg, you darkened my whole life when you killed poor Morris there, but I forgive you for it."

She extended her hand to him, and with a faint, stifled cry, he took it in his own and raised it very reverently to his lips. But he could not speak to her, or look at her again. The very darkness he had brought about, and of which she had just spoken, had brought round too his pity and his love for her, and a wild dream of making her life happy by way of atonement for *his* crime; but of this he could never speak, and she would always marvel why he had thought of the one woman in the world whom he had so cruelly injured.

"You are going to Lincoln?" she said again to Kitty.

"Yes, in a few moments we leave here."

"I—I was going too," said Lucy. "I wished to be near John Woodhatch in his trouble, to assure him I did not for a moment place any credence in his guilt, and to be of help to him in any way I could. But I do not think he—he will need me now," she added, hesitatingly; "and I may be in the way of him, or of—of any plans he may have. Tell him that, Kitty, when you see him, as you will see him soon, I hope."

"Yes, I will tell him," said Kitty, thoughtfully regarding her.

"And say I am very glad his innocence is proved. This, because I may not see him now to tell him so myself," she added.

"You remain at Skegs Shore?"

"Yes," answered Lucy.

"You will see him, then, I think."

Thus they parted, and Lucy went slowly away, noting that Greg Dorward and his wife moved a step or two more closely to the grave of Morris Brake. Mrs. Chadderton bowed as Lucy passed, but did not speak; on the contrary, went back a step or two, till Lucy stopped her by a question.

"You are going with them to Lincoln, Mrs. Chadderton?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. Kitty will have need of me."

"God protect you all!" said Lucy Brake, in answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I WOULDNA GIE A COPPER PLACK."

By MARY A. BARR.

I WOULDNA gie a copper plack
For ony man that turns his back
On duty clear;
I wouldna tak his word or note,
I wouldna trust him for a groat,
Nor lift an oar in ony boat
Which he might steer.

When things are just as things should be,
And Fortune gies a man the plea,
Where'er he be,
It isna hard to understand
How he may walk through house and land
Wi' cheerfu' face and open hand,
Continually;

But when, i' spite o' wark and care,
A man must loss and failure bear,
He merits praise
Wha will not to misfortune bow,
Wha cocks his bonnet on his brow
And fights and fights, he kensna how,
Through lang, hard days.

I wouldna gie an auld bawbee
For ony man that I could see
Wha didna hold
The sweetness o' his mither's name,
The kindness o' his brother's claim,
The honor o' a woman's fame,
Far mair than gold.

Nor is it hard for him to do,
Wha kens his friends are leal and true,
Love sweet and strong,
Whose hearth knows not from year to year
The shadow of a doubt or fear,
Or feels the falling of a tear
For ony wrong;

But gie *him* praise whose love is pain,
Wha, wrong'd, forgives, and loves again,
And though he grieves,
Lets not the dear one from his care,
But loves him mair, and mair, and mair,
And bides his time wi' hope and prayer,
And still believes.

Ay, gie him praise wha doesna fear
The up-hill fight from year to year,
And wha grips fast
His ain dear ones through good or ill,
Wha, if they wander, loves them still:
Some day of joy he'll get his fill;
He'll win at last.

A TRIP OVER "CROOKED WATER."

(*Continued from front page.*)

scene so weird and uncanny as to baffle description. The black water shimmering in the firelight, the gaunt tree trunks rearing themselves into an upper vagueness, from which depends, straight and motionless, the cerement-like hangings of gray moss, the dark lagoons penetrating the swamps, and bordered by fantastically horrible forms, the hurried flight of startled nightbirds, all combine to form a picture that will remain forever indelibly impressed upon the minds of those who view it. The passengers involuntarily gather closer together, and talk in more subdued tones, as they gaze upon the rapid unfolding of the wonderful panorama, which fascinates them as by a spell. Suddenly a few chords are struck from a banjo on the lower deck, and a dozen rough but melodious voices break out in some old plantation melody abounding in minors and long-drawn refrains, and in perfect harmony with the hour and surroundings. One of these songs was so similar to those sung by the Arab boatmen on the Nile that for the moment the writer felt himself to be sitting on the little deck of a dahabeeyah, floating down with the smooth current of the majestic Egyptian river. The first few lines were

"All night long,
Jesa, Jesa,
On my knees,
Jesa, Jesa,
Begging God,
Jesa, Jesa,
To gib me ease,
Jesa, Jesa."

The refrain "Jesa, Jesa," running through the song in a bass monotone was identical with the "Allah, Allah," or "Moosa, Moosa" of the Arabs, and lent the peculiar rhythmical drone that forms so prominent a feature of Oriental melodies.

A few of the passengers remain on deck until nearly midnight to witness the passage of the "gate of the Ocklawaha," which is simply the passing of the steamer through a channel so narrow that there is barely room for it, and bounded on either side by an immense cypress-tree; but the majority retire early, in order to be up in the morning in time to see the "Run."

Soon after daylight the boat leaves the river, and, turning sharply to the right, enters the "Run," a stream so clear that it is like a body of crystal glass confined by wooded banks. For nine miles the steamer makes her way against the swift current of the "Run." Its bottom is of white sand, from which spring long feathery grasses and other beautiful forms of marine vegetation, that wave in the transparent waters as though tossed by currents of air. At the end of the nine miles the boat glides over the bosom of Silver Spring, and runs up to a little wharf on its further shore. A cushioned row-boat awaits the tourist who would still further explore the wondrous beauties of the spring, and in a moment after entering it he experiences all the sensations of an aeronaut. His boat has become an airship, and is floating in thinnest ether, high above the world, down upon which he gazes. So still is the water, and so wonderfully distinct the shadows, that a photograph taken of some object upon the bank of the spring is equally accurate whether inverted or held upright.

Silver Spring is wonderful, and as well worth seeing as though it were the only one of its kind in the State, and it well repays the two hours allotted to its inspection. At the end of this time the traveller either returns to his boat, which is prepared for the return trip to Palatka, or takes the cars of the Florida Southern Railway, and reaches Palatka in a few hours, instead of the next morning, as will be the case with the boat.

Some idea of the crookedness of the Ocklawaha may be gained by comparing the distance travelled by the steamers between Palatka and Okahumkee, the head of navigation, which is 275 miles, with that of an air-line, which would be but eighty. Very truly does the name "crooked water" apply to this mysterious river; but in this very crookedness lies its chief charm, which is that of constant anticipation. KIRK MUNROE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

MR. KEELY, the alleged inventor, is trying to invent a description of the motor which he claims to have invented. The description is to be a part of his application for letters patent. An account of his labors says that he has already covered nearly eight hundred foolscap pages with writing, and that he is "trying to describe his machine in language that can be understood."

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern has been apprenticed to a locksmith, in accordance with a custom of the royal family requiring each of its scions to learn a trade. If the Czar of Russia should find some morning that he had forgotten the combination of his bedroom-door lock, it would be pleasant to be able to summon a royal locksmith to let him out.

Residents of Colorado claim that no native of that State has died there of consumption. Colorado was made a State about the year 1875. Those who were born in the State are now running the gauntlet of measles, mumps, whooping-cough, and croup. Consumption is not likely to attack the survivors for several years to come.

Persons who arrayed themselves in spring attire and went forth into the brightness of Easter returned to find comfort in glowing fires. It has been many years since Easter has come so early in the season, and many years more must pass before it comes so early again.

An alarmist in New Hampshire is forced to the conclusion that "the year is not far away when the race that settled New Hampshire, and has furnished the brain and brawn that have made the little commonwealth famous, will have become practically extinct in this State." Natal and mortuary figures tell him that in 1881 there was an actual loss of eight hundred in the American population of the State from the excess of deaths over births. In connection with this showing, he mentions "the steady streams of emigration which carry our Yankees south and west, and fill their places with Canadians and Irishmen."

The war-cloud, considerably smaller than a man's hand, which was reported as being visible on the horizon, has disappeared. It is now denied that the British minister in Washington sent a communication to Secretary Frelinghuysen suggesting that if anything should occur to interrupt the friendly relations existing between England and the United States, the friendly relations of the two governments might suffer interruption.

It was announced not long ago that the squirrels had become too numerous in Central Park, and that on a certain morning the Park policemen, armed with guns, would begin thinning them out. In one of the newspaper offices a reporter was assigned to "cover" the squirrel-hunt.

"What if I get shot?" he asked.

"Keep with the squirrels, and you won't," was the reply.

A citizen of the United States of the name of Cope has been hailed as the first genuine American lord, because the Pope at Rome has made him a marquis. He is at least second on the list; for some three years ago a wealthy Californian named Murphy was similarly honored by his Holiness. Both the Marquis Cope and the Marquis Murphy have given large sums of money to the Roman Catholic Church.

A recent calamity in the town of El Dorado, Kansas, carries with it a warning to all growing places not to house their prisoners and fire apparatus under the same roof. A building there used as a jail and fire-engine house was set on fire by a drunken prisoner. Whether there was a bar-room in the same building is not stated. The prisoner could not get out to give the alarm to the fire-engine company, because he was securely locked up in jail. If the firemen had been informed of the fire, they could not have rescued the prisoner, because their apparatus was on fire The building burned down, and the prisoner perished in the flames.

The English press generally discredits Lady Florence Dixie's account of an attempt to assassinate her. While affecting to believe that she thinks she was attacked and stabbed by two men in woman's clothing, many of the London papers quote medical authorities as to the vagaries of persons subject to hysteria. An inquiry in the House of Commons as to whether the government would offer a reward for the arrest of the would-be assassins was greeted with roars of laughter. It is said that Lady Florence's friends believe that she was attacked, with the intention only of frightening her, however. It would be difficult to imagine anything more exasperating than to be laughed at after having undergone what she claims to have experienced.

THE ENGINEER'S APRIL-FOOL.

Chicago foot-pads have ceased to attack men at night, and are robbing women by daylight on the streets.

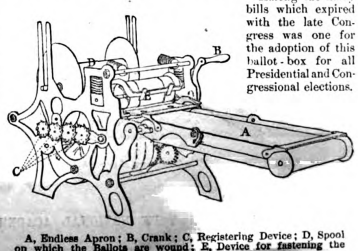
The tribute of New York city to the memory of the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," had the appearance of being perfunctory and without heart. Ten thousand persons, perhaps, visited the room in the City Hall in which the coffin of John Howard Payne lay. The majority of them seemed to have been brought there by curiosity. Although ample notice of the arrival of the remains had been given, there was no one to say at the head of the coffin that the thousands in this city to whom the memory of *home is almost* as precious as the hope of heaven were glad that the dust of Payne had been brought back to the land of his birth. Even the conspicuous omission to have the notes of his immortal song heard at his bier would have been made but for the forethought of MR. P. S. Gilmore.

A NEW BALLOT-BOX.

MR. A. C. CARY has invented a ballot-box which he claims will, if adopted, prevent "stuffing," and secure a fair count. The diagram herewith printed, with the inventor's description, will enable the reader to understand the working of the new machine.

The mechanism is contained in a walnut box. In front is a table of the proper dimensions to receive a ballot. At each end of the table is a roller, over which passes an endless apron, upon which the ballot is deposited by the voter. The operation is as follows: At the opening of the polls the officer in charge places upon the apron a piece of paper of the same size as a ballot, on which is stamped the United States, State, city, or town seal. By turning a crank the apron moves, and the paper is taken into the machine a given distance, at which time the mechanism is stopped automatically. The first voter then deposits his ballot, face down, upon the apron. The top end of the ballot, owing to the construction of the machine tables, laps on to the bottom end of the sealed strip of paper. The crank is again turned, and the ballot and the preceding strip of paper are carried forward into the machine and automatically fastened permanently each to the other. The ballot next deposited by voter No. 2 is automatically fastened to the ballot deposited by voter No. 1, and so on, until all the ballots are deposited, at which time another sealed strip of paper is deposited by the officer in charge, and fastened by the mechanism to the last ballot. There is a common registering device attached to the machine, which registers the number of votes cast. Inside of the box is a spool, upon which the ballots are wound as fast as they are deposited and fastened each to the other. When the voting is closed, the spool containing the ballots is removed to one end of a small frame. An empty spool is placed in the other end of the frame, to which spool the free end of the strip of ballots is fastened. The ballots are then counted by winding them back and forth from spool to spool until the number is ascertained. If more than one ballot is deposited upon the apron at the same time, purposely or accidentally, no harm is done, as all of them run into the machine as one ballot, and are all fastened to the preceding ballot, so that when they are counted only one ballot is seen; therefore no advantage has been gained.

Among the many bills which expired with the late Congress was one for the adoption of this ballot-box for all Presidential and Congressional elections.



A, Endless Apron; B, Crank; C, Registering Device; D, Spool on which the Ballots are wound; E, Device for fastening the Ballots together.

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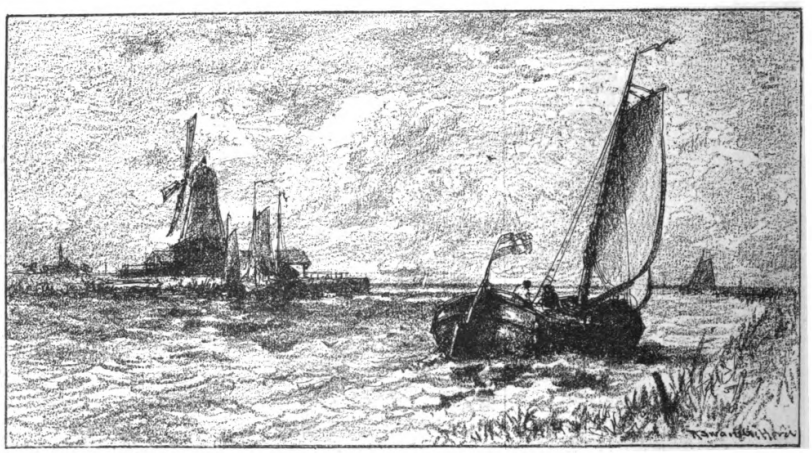
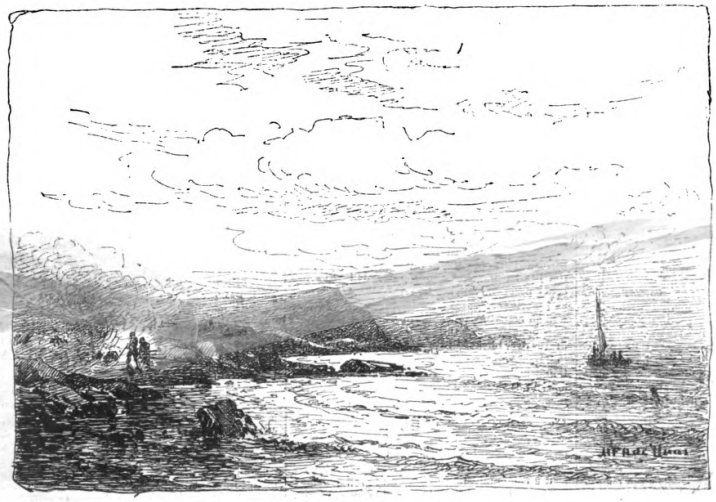
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER AND I.—J. G. Brown, N.A.



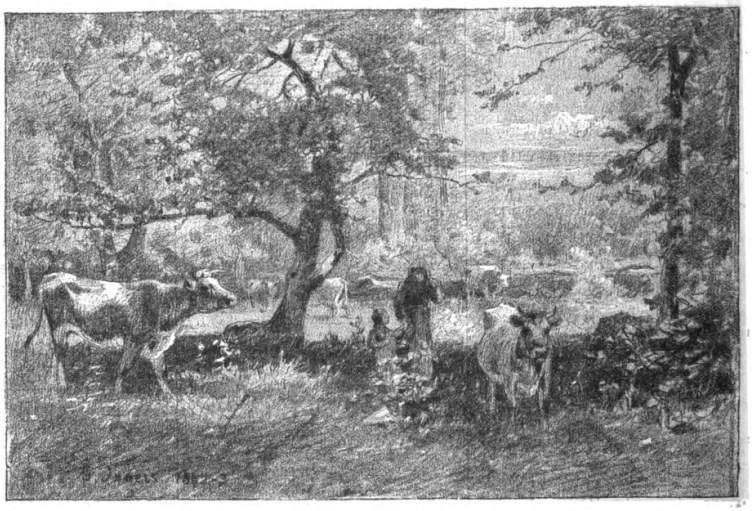
MORNING, NEAR ZAANDAM, HOLLAND.—R. Swain Gifford, N.A.



MOONLIGHT, MASSACHUSETTS COAST.—M. F. H. De Haas, N.A.

HER ONLY SUPPORT.—Robert Koehler.

THE LORD'S DAY.—Constant Mayer, A.N.A.



A SUMMER MORNING.—George Inness, N.A.

THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Selections from Illustrations in C. M. Kurtz's "Academy Notes for 1883."—[See Page 214.]

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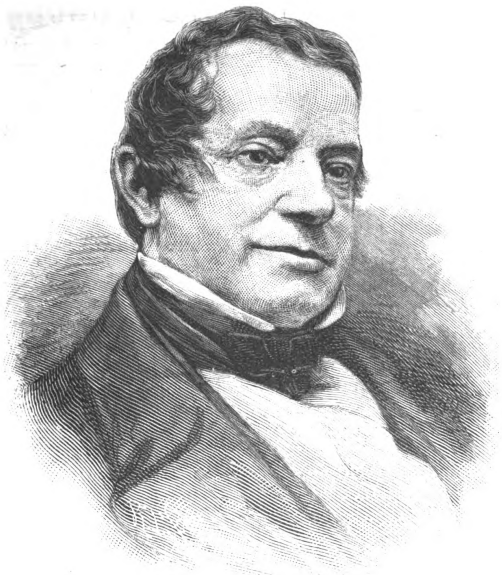


WASHINGTON IRVING.
FROM PHOTOGRAPH IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. JOHN C. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 211.]

THE LATE HON. T. O. HOWE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 211.]

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

ABOUT the year 740 Archbishop CUTHBERT founded a church at Canterbury, which in succeeding ages received many additions, and grew eventually into the magnificent edifice of which ERASMUS said, "It lifts itself toward heaven with majesty so great that the distant sight inspires devotion." A little more than four hundred years after the church was finished the choir was destroyed by fire, and was rebuilt by WILLIAM of Sens with great splendor. The cathedral presents an interesting union of many styles of Christian architecture, marking the periods at which different portions were built. The central tower rises to the height of 234 feet, and the exterior length of the cathedral is 545 feet. In former times the shrine of THOMAS À BECKET, who was killed there in 1170, drew immense crowds of pilgrims to Canterbury.

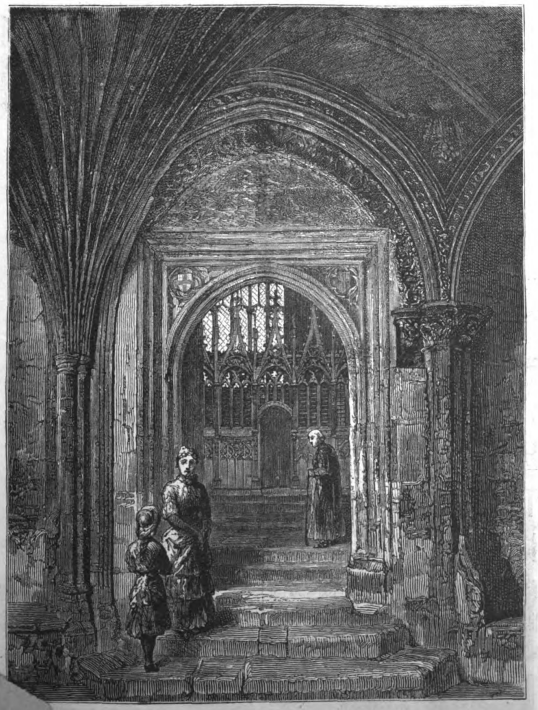
ICE BREAK-UP ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE breaking up of the ice on the Upper Mississippi, when the warm spring weather sets in, is always an occasion of great rejoicing among the inhabitants along the banks of the mighty river. During the winter the ice accumulates in huge "gorges" in the channel, crushing steamboats and other river craft, or lifting them bodily into the air, as depicted in MR. GRAHAM'S double-page illustration. At such times the country bordering on the river presents a truly arctic appearance.

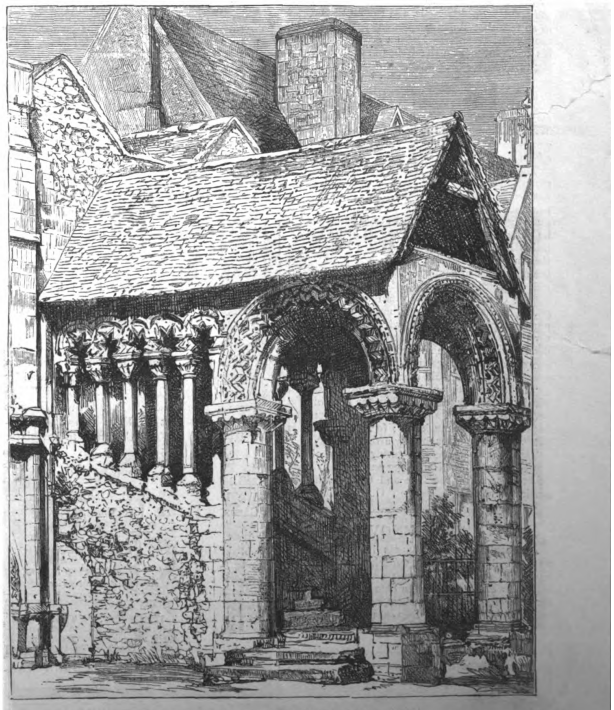
The first steamboat that forces its way up the river in the spring is received on its way with every manifestation of delight. At each landing salutes are fired, and people come in from miles away to hail the welcome messenger that proclaims the re-opening of navigation.

A MILITARY FAIR.

THE fair of the gallant Seventy-first Regiment in aid of its new armory and regimental fund opened at the old armory, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, on the evening of the 26th ult., with promise of great success. Over two thousand ladies and gentlemen, many of them distinguished persons, were present. Among others were General Hancock, Colonel Mitchell, Colonel Whipple, Captain Ward, Mr. Eugene Kelly, Mr. Levi M. Bates, Mr. Thomas L. James, Major-General Shaler, commanding First Division, N.G.S.N.Y., and staff; Major-General Jourdan, commanding Second Division, and staff; Major-General Carr, commanding Third Division (Troy); Major-General William F. Rogers, Fourth Division (Buffalo); Brigadier-General William G. Ward and staff, First Brigade; Brigadier-General Louis Fitzgerald and staff, Sec-



VANCE TO THOMAS À BECKET'S CHAPEL, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



NORMAN STAIRCASE, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

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ond Brigade; Brigadier-General Christensen and staff, Third Brigade; Brigadier-General William H. Brownell and staff, Fourth Brigade; Colonels Clark, Cavanagh, Seward, Scott, Unbekant, Cruger, Austen, and others.

At eight o'clock the Veteran Corps, under the command of Colonel C. W. Dustan, entered the armory and formally received the invited guests, escorting them to the grand stand, the band playing "Hail to the Chief." After prayer by the Rev. Carlos Martyn, chaplain of the regiment, Colonel Richard Vose, commanding the Seventy-first, delivered an address, in which he spoke of the object for which the fair had been gotten up. Algernon S. Sullivan followed in an oration exceedingly complimentary to the regiment. The voice of fame, he said, mentioned none with more honor than the Seventy-first.

Mayor Edson then formally declared the fair open, and referred in a few words to the regiment's war record.

Each company had its own booth, and tried to excel the others in richness of decoration and variety of the articles for sale. The Veterans made a large display of brass and china ornaments, and a Christmas tree hung with eggs, each containing a prize.

ANECDOTES OF WAGNER.

At Baireuth last summer I saw Wagner a number of times, and, moreover, heard from the artists who took part in the *Parsifal* performances several characteristic anecdotes of the great composer.

In the evenings, after the rehearsals and representations of *Parsifal*, the singers usually met in a small room at the Hôtel Sonne. One night Materna would dress a salad and Scaria brew a punch, and the next evening the rôles would be exchanged, with equally gratifying results.

On coming from rehearsal one evening Materna related how Wagner, wishing to have a phrase sung in a particular manner, attempted to sing it for her himself. In the midst of the phrase his voice broke. Turning to Liszt, who stood by smiling, he said, "Excuse me, sir; I forgot to practice my solfeggios this evening."

Another time, after the second *Parsifal* performance, Scaria came from a reception at Wagner's house. He said an Englishman there had examined everything in the room with an opera-glass. When Wagner entered, the Englishman rushed up to him, and seizing him enthusiastically by the hand, exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Wagner, I am so glad to see you! I had such a good time hearing *Parsifal*!" "You should have seen Wagner," continued Scaria. "Hardly had he heard the words 'had a good time' when he turned, and rushed from the room, shriekir.g, as he threw up his hands in dismay, 'If you want to have a good time, go and hear something by Offenbach.'"

Another good anecdote was told of Wagner's ...ence as conductor of the London Philharmonic Society. This society had been jogging ...g way of easy-going mediocrity, and Wagner endeavors to infuse new life into it were ...ed with great disc...tion. For he caused the greatest commotion when, at a rehearsal one day, he conducted a Beethoven symphony without a score. He had been familiar with these symphonies for years, and could conduct any one of them by heart. But this was something unheard of to the London Philharmonic, and the protests came in so fast that Wagner apparently yielded. At the concert he appeared with a score-book under his arm, placed it on the desk, and while conducting turned over the leaves. After the performance one of the directors came up to him, and said: "Well, Herr Wagner, we were right after all. You must acknowledge yourself that the symphony went much better to-night." In reply, Wagner handed him the book from which he had conducted. It was the score of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*.

The first time I saw Wagner was at a dinner given to him, his artists and friends, in the large restaurant near the theatre. His personal appearance was very disappointing. He was short and slight, and very nervous in his actions. As he entered in a light trig overcoat and a beaver in his hand, he looked more like a little dandy than a great composer. A capacious brow was the only mark of genius; otherwise, he was insignificant-looking. I could not understand his influence over people, for as he mingled with the guests his remarks consisted mostly of egregious puns and poor jokes. But when he began to reply to the first toast after dinner, I could comprehend his power. He seemed to grow in stature; every word, every gesture, was eloquent. His speech was in the main a eulogy of his artists.

"I am," he said, "under deep obligations to all who have contributed to the fund for the *Parsifal* performances, but I am under deeper obligations to my singers and musicians; for, after all, art is not created by money, but by artists."

That last sentence was surely worthy of the great man who all his life long had stood by what he believed to be the true and the beautiful in music.

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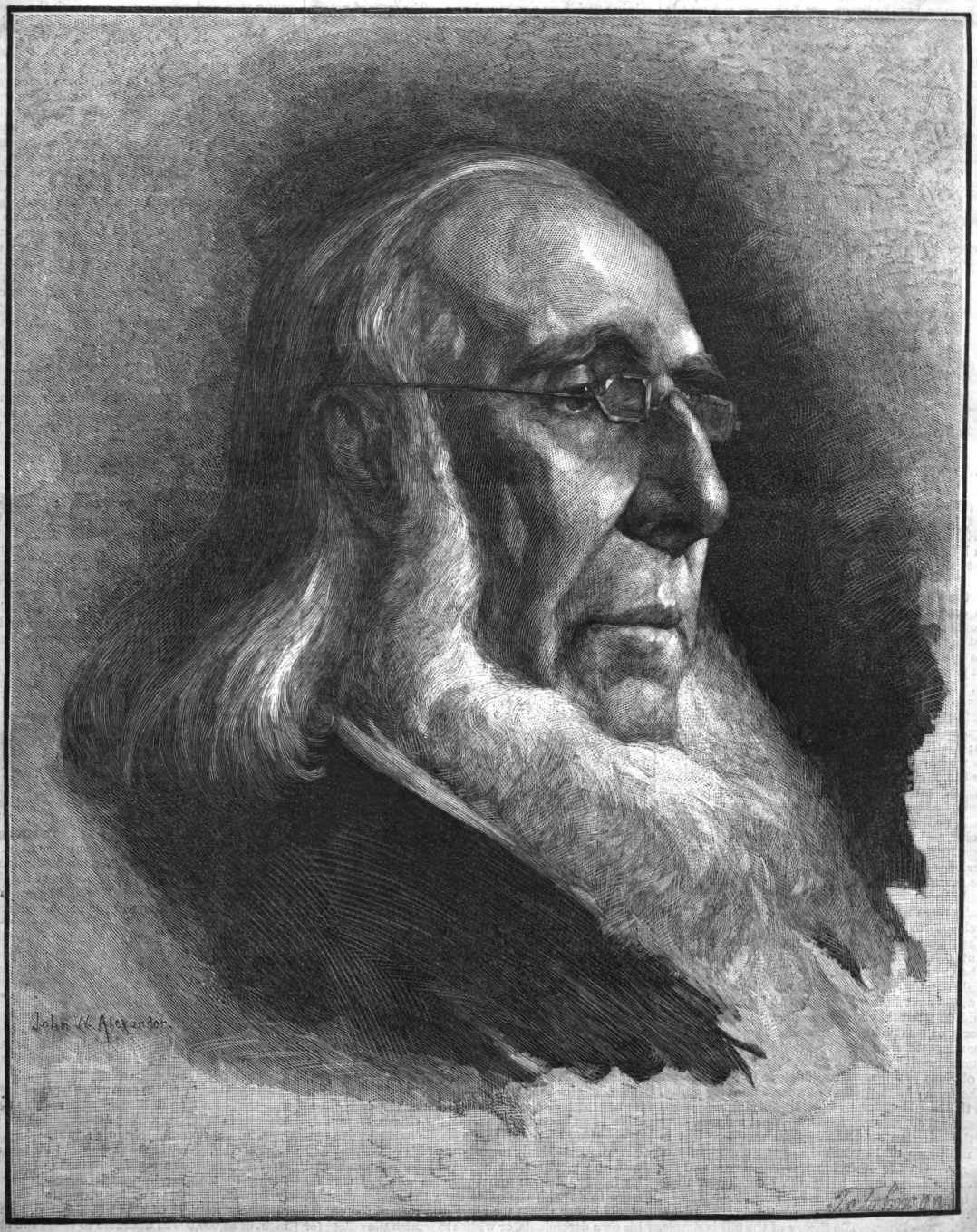

PETER COOPER.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

In this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the opening chapters of a new and fascinating serial story, entitled*

"DISARMED!"

from the pen of MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, *author of "Kitty," "Exchange No Robbery," and other popular novels.*

TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS FOR NEW YORK.

THE most important bills now pending in the Legislature of New York are the aqueduct bill and the New York charter. The real public interest in both bills is substantially the same. It is in the one case to secure the best and most economical construction of a great public work, and in the other to provide the most efficient government for the city. In both cases the public concern is economy and efficiency. But this is not the selfish and political interest in them; that interest is to secure place and pay for a certain ring of politicians, and to turn to the most party advantage the patronage involved in both bills. The real public interest is to prevent two enormous jobs. The mischief presents itself in one bill in the effort to secure the appointment of the aqueduct commissioners by the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen; that is to say, the persons who are to expend a sum which at the lowest estimate will be not less than $18,000,000, and which may become $40,000,000, would, if this effort succeeds, be appointed by the Board of Aldermen of New York—a body which represents neither the intelligence nor the character of the city, and which as a body is neither respected nor trusted. The Mayor, it is true, would nominate. But experience shows that he would probably either obey some secret influence, as in the nominations he has already made, or select such persons as he supposes the aldermen would confirm; and that kind of person is well known in municipal politics.

The proper plan under the circumstances would be to authorize the Mayor to appoint with the approval of the Governor. The responsibility would then be plainly defined. The State of New York and the country would see whether Mr. EDSON and Mr. CLEVELAND would do what they know intelligent public opinion expects, or what a knot of notorious political jobbers demands. The alternative would be to name the commissioners in the bill. But this is less desirable, for obvious reasons. It would lead to amendments in the form of substitution of some names for others, and this would end in a most unedifying discussion of personal character. Moreover, final responsibility for the selection of commissioners would be lost in the multitude of legislators and the uncertainty of motives. On the other hand, if the Mayor and the Governor alone must name the commission, there will be no doubt of the real responsibility.

The proposed city charter recalls the days and deeds of the TWEED Ring. The theory of the bill is simple. The city is Democratic, but in municipal elections the party is often restive, and the result is then a matter of serious apprehension to the party bosses, because a Republican ticket offers the opportunity of revolt to defeat the Democratic machine. The TWEED plan was to take the Republican machine into partnership, and proportionally divide the spoils, and that seems to be the present scheme. The administration of city affairs is apparently to be parcelled out among the Democratic factions and the Republican machine; while, as the dominant party, the Democratic bosses are to control certain departments which are now divided. The purpose of such a deal is to make the Ring secure, in case of a reformed Democratic or independent ticket, by providing a straight Republican ticket, and preventing union against the Ring. This is the old and familiar trick. It was played at the last election, when Mr. O'BRIEN was nominated, and it would be a suggestive event if Mr. O'BRIEN should be one of the beneficiaries of the new arrangement. The whole scheme is illustrative of the actual failure of popular government in the city, where a few men, by means of the patronage, select municipal officers and legislators solely for the purpose of retaining their own power and pay. The mass of voters in the different parties merely register the edicts of these few men. They have no initiative, and generally no knowledge of those for whom they vote. The worth and industry and intelligence and the tax-paying interest of the city have scarcely any representation either in the local or the State legislature or government. The severest comment upon the Democratic party—an argument intelligible everywhere in the country—is the government of the city of New York. If that party should now make a partisan aqueduct commission bill and a ring charter, it would furnish another effective argument against its success in the State next autumn and in the country next year.

A PUBLIC WRONG.

THE circumstances of the removal of the Collector of Internal Revenue at Detroit illustrate the truth of what we have said more than once, that the passage of the reform bill was but the beginning of reform, and that its friends must relax no effort or criticism if they would see the principle of that bill become the spirit of the service. General TROWBRIDGE, the Collector at Detroit, was an unexceptionable officer, one of the best in the internal revenue service. His collections last year amounted to $2,362,945, and his record of official service at the Treasury is stated to have been entirely satisfactory. But for some reasons, evidently unconnected with his official conduct, the Collector was not satisfactory to a knot of politicians in Michigan, including Senator CONGER and the well-known Mr. JAY A. HUBBELL. Perhaps he differed with those gentlemen upon the subject of assessments. Perhaps he declined to be an agent of their political and personal plans. But however this may be, certain politicians demanded his removal, and it is not known that they urged one public or proper reason for it.

Indeed, a year passed after their demand was made before the removal was ordered. This alone shows that there was no valid reason for it. According to the uncontradicted statements, the whole movement was a simple conspiracy of certain legislative officers in Michigan against an honest, capable, and efficient executive officer, and a conspiracy to secure other ends than those of good public service. Suppose, as is stated, that Senator CONGER demanded the removal of the Collector. If the Senator knew or had reason to believe that he was a dishonest man or an incapable officer, he had the same right as any other citizen to make complaint. But beyond that what right has Senator CONGER to demand the removal of an internal collector in Michigan that he has not to demand the removal of Collector ROBERTSON in New York? For Senator CONGER to insist that the President shall remove a collector, or a postmaster, or any other officer, except for valid public reasons, is a gross scandal and outrage, because the demand involves a covert threat to the Executive that if he does not yield he shall suffer defeat in future nominations. It is not only an unpardonable impertinence for one public officer to interfere in this manner with another, but it is an intolerable wrong to the public service, and a menace to the President.

The story has been now so long uncontradicted that its substantial accuracy may be assumed. But if Senator CONGER has been misrepresented, and should say so, we shall not fail to call attention to his denial. Meanwhile intelligent citizens may see in this one instance, which is but a single illustration of a system, the outrageous nature of the abuses in the civil service of which public opinion demands the correction. Here is an honest and exemplary citizen, admirably discharging his duties to the public as a revenue officer, who is suddenly turned out of his office, probably with the most serious consequences to himself and his family, because somebody else, who has nothing more to do with the office than the reader of these words, either wants the place as a reward for one of his own dependents, or wishes to punish the officer for personal or political reasons. Had the President refused to yield to the Senatorial dictation as his predecessor did, he would have been sustained by the country as his predecessor was sustained.

PETER COOPER.

THE career of PETER COOPER shows that wealth does not necessarily alienate general sympathy, and that public feeling toward rich men is determined by the use that they make of their money. He was a rich man, but there was probably no man in the city who was more universally beloved, or whose death would produce a profounder impression. The explanation is, of course, familiar. It was his unostentatious philanthropy. His sympathy with those to whom fortune is unkind was constant and wise. His success did not seal his eyes or benumb his heart, and as he had known honest poverty and the want of opportunity, his sagacity and industry enabled him to provide relief and to open opportunity for others in the most beneficent ways. There has been no more striking or significant spectacle in the city for many years than the annual Commencement of the Cooper Union, when the benign patriarch sat among the young men and women to whom with the most intelligent generosity he had given the means of helping themselves. It was an impressive contrast with the uses to which wealth is often put, but it illustrated why this rich man was beloved.

Mr. COOPER preferred to be his own executor. He did not leave to chance and the future the disposition of his bounty, but he personally superintended the details of his philanthropic enterprises, and sustained them with a great and untiring generosity, preferring temporarily to embarrass himself rather than to stay or limit the operation of his beneficence. There was no more marked or striking personality in this community. His was emphatically "the good gray head that all men knew." He held some views which were not accepted as sound by wise men, but they were all errors of benevolence, and doubtless endeared him more closely to those whom he aimed to benefit. The simplicity and sincerity of his character overbore in the public regard all eccentricity of opinion. Sure of his purpose, the community judged him by that alone, and by the great benefits of his actual achievements. Mr. COOPER'S feeling in regard to education was like that of EZRA CORNELL. The early education of both had been very limited. When he had amassed a fortune CORNELL said that he wished to found an institution in which any youth might learn anything, and COOPER said that he wished to prevent any young person suffering from the kind of want that he had known.

PETER COOPER will be always a memorable figure in the history of the city. As time passes, the tale of his good life will broaden into a popular legend like that of WHITTINGTON in London. His name will become a synonym of wise and modest philanthropy. He will be the accepted figure of sagacious and successful diligence, the type of a man, "whose life in low estate began," rising by simple probity and honest devotion to the highest public regard. There are many morals to be drawn from his long and beneficent and blameless life, but none more timely than this, in a community of great fortunes and of an eager strife for wealth, that the rich man whose daily conduct proves that he regards his wealth as a trust for others and not as a prize for his selfish appropriation, although he were worth untold millions, lives universally beloved, and dies amid the benedictions and sorrow of a consciously bereaved community.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE trustees of Columbia College have issued a plain statement of its financial condition, and of the necessary steps that must be taken to expand its system of instruction to that of a true university. The clear and complete exposition will serve as a strong appeal to the pride and munificence of the city to furnish an endowment which would make the institution, in the amplitude of its opportunities, worthy of the chief city of the continent. This result would be accomplished by supplying deficiencies in the present scheme of instruction, of which none are more conscious than the trustees, but their resources are inadequate to the work. In brief, this is the financial situation: the income of the college from students' fees and rents of real estate is $336,392; the expenses, including repairs, and interest, and increase of the library, are $298,690, leaving a surplus of $37,702. The surplus is applied to the cost of new buildings, which will reach a total of $750,000 by the time that the contemplated buildings are finished, and all surplus will be consumed for at least ten years.

The extension of the present scheme of instruction into that of a true university will require competent schools of archæology, comparative philology, Oriental literature, various branches of natural history, sanitary engineering, physical geography and the fine arts, and especially must the regular increase of the working library for training in original research be adequately secured. President BARNARD mentions an additional yearly revenue of about $200,000 and an endowment of $4,000,000 as desirable to make the university what it should be.

For the contemplated enlargement of the college system there are many advantages arising from the situation of Columbia in the great city. But there is

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one obvious disadvantage. The liberal gifts to other colleges are largely due to a kind of college loyalty and youthful association, which arise in great part from the romance and tradition of college life. But these are possible only where there can be college residence and a distinct college community, which in a great city are not practicable. We are far from meaning to draw upon our heads the wrath of C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a. But where there is no common and separate college life, something surely is lacking in the kind of hold which college has upon the graduate. There can hardly be the feeling for the London University, for instance, which there is for Oxford and Cambridge. In one word, when the associations of residence are wanting, much of the romance of college feeling does not exist, and this one spring of generosity is dry. But, on the other hand, this want may be supplied by the pride of a great city in a great university. Such is the wealth and the liberality of New York that it seems to us not at all improbable that men will come forward and propose to bear the expense of some of the Columbia buildings which are projected or erected, upon condition that they shall bear their names. To what better purpose could money be applied? What nobler memorial of his name could a man rear than a stately and beautiful college hall? It is in the libraries which they founded that the names of ASTOR and LENOX survive. It is in great universities—Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Johns Hopkins—that noble benefactors are nobly commemorated. The name of WILLIAM of Wykeham lives chiefly in the colleges that he founded. Whoever should erect one of the Columbia halls and give to it his name would both advance the great university and build his own monument.

THE DEMOLITION OF "THE COCK."

THE news that "The Cock," in Fleet Street, London, is to be demolished announces the disappearance of one of the resorts which are intimately associated with the characteristic life of London for centuries, and with the most famous names in English literature and history. Many a pilgrim to London would hasten first of all to the site of the old Tabard Inn in Southwark, and search curiously for some trace of Dame Quickly's tavern in Eastcheap, or BEAUMONT and JONSON'S "Mermaid," or DRYDEN'S "Buttons," or Dr. JOHNSON'S "Mitre." London, indeed, swarms with taverns and clubs and resorts so intimately identified with the most interesting traditions that old London itself vanishes as they disappear.

"The Cock," of which there is a characteristic picture upon another page, is not only rich in old reminiscence—for it was unaltered since the days of JAMES I., and PEPYS made merry there in 1668—but it has acquired fresh charm in recent times from TENNYSON'S "Will Waterproof's Monologue," in which that thoughtful roisterer apostrophizes the "plump head waiter of the Cock." In DICKENS'S *Life and Letters* there is the same friendly feeling for the tavern as a seat of good-fellowship. THACKERAY is never more charming than when he is playfully gossiping or moralizing about the good places for good dinners, and when he was in this country he was never more at home than when, at the "Century," he was seated with his cigar and his "modest glass," ruling with gentle sway, like ADDISON with his pipe, in his familiar realm.

Such associations as those of the famous London resorts of wits and poets and statesmen and scholars are of great value to any city. As they disappear the city is robbed of an influence which, although a mere sentiment, is most elevating and persuasive. The universal instinct of men which builds monuments and other memorials of the famous dead, the heroes and patriots, the poets and story-tellers and orators, is akin to that which fondly cherishes the material objects with which they were associated, and preserves their autographs and every personal relic. New York has retained very few buildings which have any striking or interesting connection with the past. The most interesting of them is probably Fraunces' Tavern, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, where WASHINGTON parted with his officers. But although London still teems with them, even London will have lost a charm which no splendor of architecture or convenience of building can restore, when the most famous "Cock" in the world is gone forever.

THE BROOKLYN "UNION."

MR. JOHN FOORD, late editor of the New York *Times*, is not lost to New York journalism by going over the river to conduct the Brooklyn *Union*. But the change is one which furnishes a fitting opportunity to speak of the unusual editorial ability of Mr. FOORD, his readiness, courage, and independence, his sound views of public questions, and the simplicity and incisive vigor of his style. During his connection with the *Times* he admirably maintained its high character as a wise and strong leader of political thought, and his transfer to the *Union* happily gives the good causes which the *Times* represents another efficient champion.

THE SPRAGUE-BUTLER DEFEAT.

THE defeat of SPRAGUE in Rhode Island is a popular rebuke of BUTLER and Butlerism, while the alarm of the canvass will be undoubtedly of service to the Republican managers in the State. The disaffection with that management was not strong enough to overcome the deep distrust of the ascendency of a man of no personal weight or importance, and who represented only discontent and the total want of political principle which is described by the word Butlerism.

Intelligent Republicans in Rhode Island may now well consider whether the management of the party may not be wisely reformed, and whether or not the conditions of the suffrage should be revised. The result ought not to be interpreted as a complete approval of what is well known in the State as "the machine." Many honest and independent voters took what they thought to be the best side of the alternative. But wise control of a party does not offer dilemmas to its own voters. A man who is not quite sure that he wishes his party to succeed at an election may be a very poor party man, but his case deserves careful consideration, because, when multiplied by a thousand or more, his vote or his indifference may defeat the party.

The thick-and-thin party men petulantly cry that if every party man voted as they vote there would be no trouble. That is very likely. But every party man is not a fool, and will not vote stupidly. It is a hard lesson for bosses to learn. But it is a lesson worth learning.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE appointment of General GRESHAM has been received with universal favor, not because he is very generally known to the country, but because all that is said of him is high praise both of his military and judicial career, and because of the unsatisfactory names that had been mentioned in connection with the office. As the only objection made to the appointment is that he is not generally known, it is to be remembered that the trouble with most of the persons named for the office was that they were too well known. General or Judge GRESHAM is from Indiana, and he is a positive but independent Republican, personally friendly to General GRANT, but a supporter of Mr. BRISTOW in 1876. He is called to a post requiring extraordinary energy and administrative faculty, and his conduct will be watched with hope and confidence.

THE "ANNEX" OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE tendency of the time is obviously to give to women the same freedom of choice which men enjoy, and it is observed that where such freedom is conceded no evil results have followed. It would be hard to say why Miss MARIA MITCHELL and Mrs. SOMERVILLE should not have every opportunity which is accorded to Sir JOHN HERSCHEL or to Professor AIREY, or in what way either they themselves or the community would suffer from their devotion to study.

The recent interesting report of the Harvard Annex shows the value of the opportunity which it offers to women, and how gladly they have availed themselves of it. And a report from a committee of the trustees has just been presented to the management of the University of Pennsylvania, proposing that women shall receive the same course of instruction in the university as men, but at a different time and place. They will be taught by the same professors, examined by the same board, and receive their degrees upon the same terms with the male students.

This proposition is justified by experience, to say nothing of good sense. The question of association in lectures and recitations is one of convenience and economy, and it will readily answer itself when the main point is gained. It is of course more expensive and unnecessarily troublesome to do at two times and in two places what can be as readily done at one. The comparative results of the experience of Cornell and Michigan universities, and that of the Harvard Annex and of the University of Pennsylvania, if the plan recommended should be adopted, will be watched with great interest.

PERSONAL.

DR. MCCOSH having resigned the presidency of Princeton College, the name of Professor MURRAY, formerly pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, is oftener mentioned with reference to the succession than that of any other member of the faculty of the institution. The professor, who now fills the chair of English Literature, is a scholarly gentleman of much personal dignity, and a great favorite with the students. Dr. JOHN HALL, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, is also spoken of as Dr. MCCOSH'S successor.

—The National Academicians are felicitating themselves that during the first three days of their annual exhibition at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street not less than twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of pictures have been sold—more than twice the sum ever before received in the same time for the same purpose.

—On page 228 will be found the portrait of the Hon. AUGUSTUS O. BOURN, who has been elected Governor of Rhode Island, on the Republican ticket, by a large majority over the Independent and Democratic candidate, the Hon. WILLIAM SPRAGUE.

—A writer in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE recently quoted the late Mr. PETER COOPER as saying: "The success of the Cooper Institute in preparing young women to earn a living has gratified me more than anything else. It was one of the things that I was most concerned about, and I made a statement of my desire in my 'deed of transfer' of the building to the trustees. Pupils come to our place, and behave themselves like gentlemen and ladies. For ten years not a single complaint of misconduct has been made to the trustees by any one of our twenty or thirty teachers. Nine boys whom we graduated are now professors in colleges. An old German called the other day to 'tank' me for his son's success; the lad, once a pupil of the Cooper Institute, is now a professor in the great University of Berlin, and much esteemed. So little is written about the Cooper Institute that people hardly know of its possibilities and results. Every year it instructs three thousand young men and women. For myself, I try to keep the building in good shape. I was looking at my books to-day, and I find that I have spent on it $130,000 in the last two years."

—JULES BRETON'S very beautiful landscape with figures, "Evening in the Hamlets of Finistère," which was a star picture at the last Salon, and received unusual attention from the press, is now on exhibition at the Avery Art Rooms. Mr. AVERY has collected in an interesting little pamphlet more than one hundred French criticisms on this notable work.

—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who was educated at a public school in France, recalls his experience of forty-three years ago without enthusiasm: "There was too little recreation; the boys' brains were wearied by tasks of inordinate length. They scarcely knew how to play; when I was twelve I did not know how to drive a hoop. The food was poor. The hours of work were too long. The inspectors were bullies, and the sub-ushers spies, and there was little sympathy between the masters and their scholars."

—Having been presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow, Mr. JOHN BRIGHT said: "I read a letter a few weeks ago from a friend of mine, a very eminent citizen of the United States, who has filled very high offices there, telling me that in the United States they are endeavoring to emancipate and elevate their politics. What he meant was this, that they were endeavoring to cure the gross evils connected with the appointments in the civil service, and to withdraw their legislation in regard to economic questions, taxes and trade, from the grasping hand of the monopolists, who, since the war, have had them so entirely in their own power. England also is endeavoring to emancipate and elevate her politics."

—The wife of a British manager of some Mexican mines, being asked after her return home how she liked the change from picturesque but dangerous Mexico to humdrum England, replied that the change was well enough, but that she missed her escort of lancers when she went out shopping.

—On the anniversary of the death of Queen VICTORIA'S mother, the Duchess of Kent, the mausoleum at Windsor was opened for the "memorial visits" of the royal household and their families.

—Signor MADRAZO, the director of the Madrid Gallery, has earned the gratitude of artists by recent alterations and improvements in the arrangements of that noble institution. He has lowered the "line," has isolated some of the pictures, and has put others in more favorable lights. The Spaniards, with some show of justice, call this gallery the finest in the world, and the modern art-student values it chiefly for the abundance and excellence of the portraits by VELASQUEZ.

—General JOSEPH K. BARNES, lately Surgeon-General of the United States Army, died on the 25th ult., in Washington, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His army service dated from June, 1840, when he was appointed an assistant surgeon. He served with distinction in the Mexican war, under Generals TAYLOR and SCOTT. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion he was assigned to duty in the office of the Surgeon-General at Washington, and in 1863 was appointed Surgeon-General to succeed Dr. HAMMOND. He was placed on the retired list last year by the operation of the compulsory retirement law. General BARNES was the first physician called to the bedside of President LINCOLN when he was assassinated, and when President GARFIELD was shot he served on the consulting board of physicians until the President's death. His portrait is given on page 228.

—It is expected that a performance of GOUNOD'S *Redemption* will soon be given in Westminster Abbey in aid of the fund for restoring the façade of that venerable structure.

—The French ambassador to St. Petersburg is a brave sailor, but lacking in social tact. Recently, through inadvertence, he deprived the embassy ball of all gayety and animation by failing to invite the dancing men among the officers of the garrison. On another occasion, while at dinner in the Imperial Palace, he unluckily asked the Empress if she contemplated soon returning to Gatschina—the city whither she had fled for safety from the attacks of the Nihilists. French consuls say that their difficulties are greatly increased by social deficiency on the part of the ambassadors, especially by the marked taste of the latter for appearing in democratic circles.

—General PORFIRIO DIAZ, Ex-President of Mexico, who is now visiting this country, and whose portrait is given on page 228, is one of the most energetic and sagacious statesmen of the day. His administration of affairs during his Presidency was marked by many judicious reforms. The purpose of his present visit is to effect closer commercial relations between the United States and his own country.

—An esteemed contemporary urges the establishment of a botanical garden in this city: "Apart from the scientific value of such a paradise open to the youths and maidens, who can doubt that the marriage rate would rapidly increase, keeping the parsons in cash, and stimulating the manufacture of plain gold rings?"

—Those attending the recent enthronization of the Archbishop of Canterbury were requested to wear lilies-of-the-valley in honor of THOMAS À BECKET; but in view of Mr. FROUDE'S exposition of the true inwardness of that prelate, it has been suggested that tiger-lilies would have been more appropriate.

—JOHN HALL, a potted-meat manufacturer in London, has been arrested for having five pieces of donkey-flesh for sale on his premises. Twenty-six tin cans, filled with partly boiled flesh of the same description, were also found there. JOHN was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

—A student in a Russian university insulted the president of the institution, and raised a disturbance generally. He was sentenced to spend three years in Siberia.

—At the Sunderland library sale an edition of the New Testament dated 1571 was sold for $170. Its title ran as follows: "The Gospels of the fower Evangelists translated in the old Saxons' tyme out of Latin into the Vulgare toung of the Saxons, newly collected out of ancient monuments of the said Saxons, and now published for testimony of the same."

—Mr. W. H. SMITH, M.P., declares his conviction that though some persons in London are able to lay by money, the great majority—shop-keepers, professional men, and others—are struggling for existence, and have difficulty in providing for the education of their children, and in putting them out in life. The course of trade in the last few years had not permitted many people to increase their incomes. Trade had been stagnant, and in many cases retrograde.

—Great destitution still prevails in the Western Highlands of Scotland. One hundred and twenty-five families at Ullapool are subsisting entirely on potatoes. More than two hundred families at Harris are in utmost want. From Skye, seven hundred and eighty-five families are reported to be in need of assistance; and from Lewis, more than twelve thousand persons in a state of extreme destitution. Sir W. HARCOURT announced in Parliament that the GLADSTONE government would consider it a duty "to watch this distress carefully."

—The sword of JOHN HAMPDEN, who was mortally wounded while waving it to cheer on his men against Prince RUPERT, has been sold at auction for about three hundred dollars. It is a rapier of finely tempered steel, thirty-eight inches long from the hand-plate, with a cross hilt and a scroll guard.

—Mr. JOHN NICOL, Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University, speaks, in his book on *American Literature*, of WASHINGTON IRVING as living "among the slopes of Sleepy Hollow, by which he built *his New England home*."

—The grand offense of parents, says ALEXANDRE DUMAS, lies in shirking the difficulties presented by the curiosity of children. He dwells upon the heinousness of the time-honored practice of lying to children. Children, he declares, are always old enough to receive correct answers to the questions they ask: "There is no such thing as a stupid child. A child may have a more or less prompt intelligence; it may develop special aptitudes or antipathies; but you will never hear it say a stupid thing as long as you have not deceived it, as long as you have not told it a lie."

—At the trial of some prisoners of state in Vienna, one of the number, ONLY FEUKERT, a self-educated man, who had been working for the people in almost every country of Europe, was allowed to speak in his own defense. "I have been," he said, "for the last ten years in the workmen's movement, and have some education, which the prosecution make a reproach of. When I joined the movement the watchword was, 'Workmen, get educated; endeavor to rise to the level of the rest of society.' I have imbibed this principle. I have zealously studied. Scarcely had I arrived in Vienna when I was arrested. I have been in Austria fifteen months, and of these I have been imprisoned ten months. And what have I done? Nothing. If I have committed a culpable deed, I am ready to bear the consequences, and to undergo my punishment. But I ask for justice." He was acquitted.

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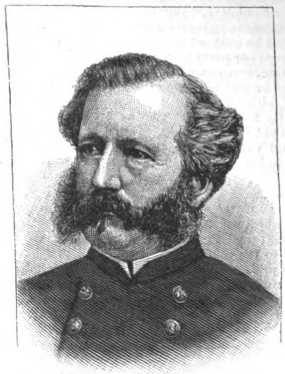
PORFIRIO DIAZ, EX-PRESIDENT OF MEXICO. [See Page 227.]



GENERAL JOSEPH K. BARNES, LATE SURGEON-GENERAL OF THE ARMY.—[See Page 227.]

THE HON. AUGUSTUS O. BOURN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF RHODE ISLAND.—[See Page 227.]

THE OLD JEFFERSON HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

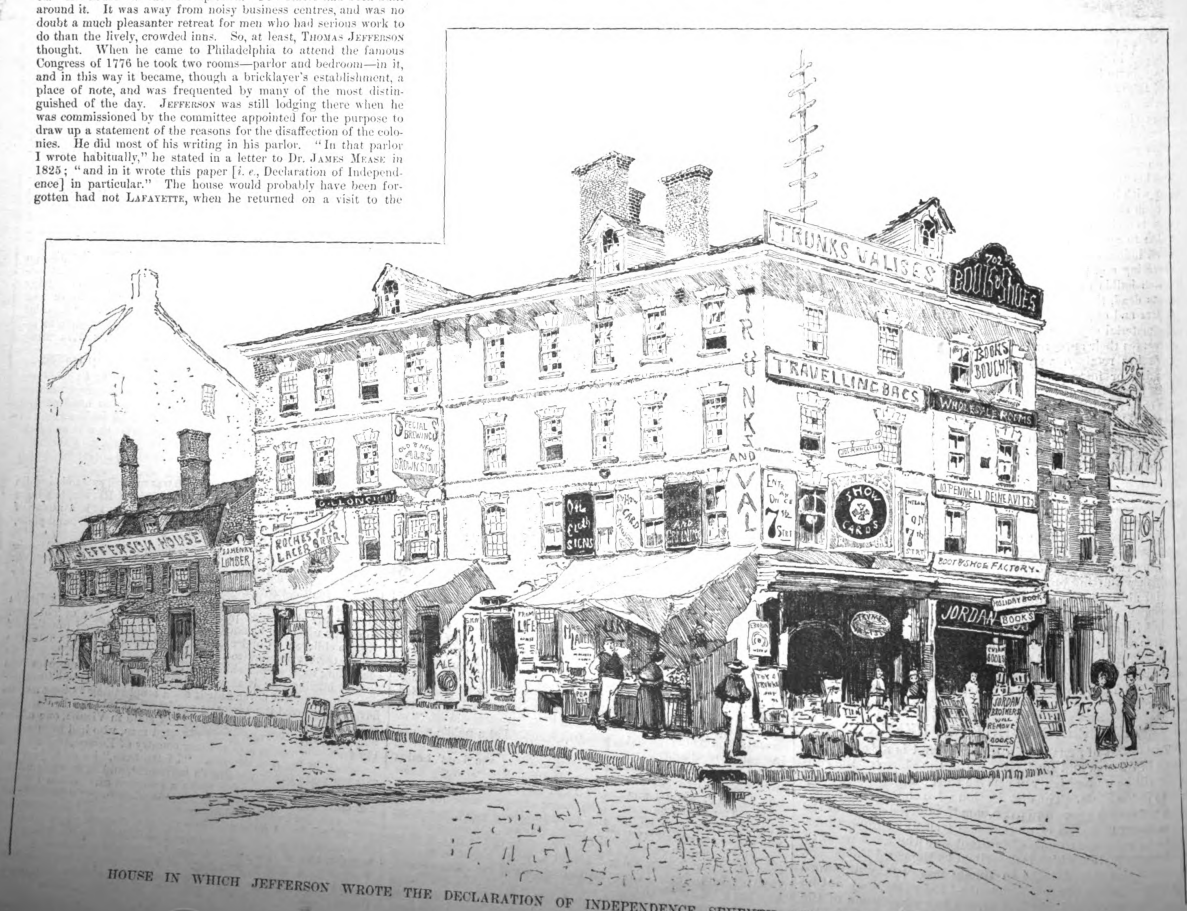
The house in Philadelphia in which Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence is at present attracting more attention than it has probably received since the time when Jefferson had lodgings in it. This is because, as usually happens to our old landmarks, it is to be sacrificed in order to make room for newer buildings better suited to the demands of increasing business in the neighborhood. So long as there was no immediate probability of its being destroyed, few gave it a thought.

The house thus brought into public notice stands at the corner of Seventh and Market streets. It is a plain, unpretending, four-story brick building, differing but little from the others on the same block. As the death of a once celebrated actor or actress long retired from the stage calls forth reminiscences of his or her early glory, so the threatened destruction of this old house suggests at once the days of its prosperity and greatness. In 1776 it was new; had just started life, as it were, like its then owner, one Graaf by name, who had not been long married. He lived in troubled times, when, between the heavy taxation of the mother country on the one hand, and on the other the probability that a war of rebellion would make the second state of the country seven times worse than the first, the chances of money-making were not great. But Graaf, it seems, was, like most Germans, a thrifty man, and understood the value of having two strings to one bow. Though a bricklayer by trade, he rented out rooms ready furnished. His house was then far up town. Few others had been built around it. It was away from noisy business centres, and was no doubt a much pleasanter retreat for men who had serious work to do than the lively, crowded inns. So, at least, Thomas Jefferson thought. When he came to Philadelphia to attend the famous Congress of 1776 he took two rooms—parlor and bedroom—in it, and in this way it became, though a bricklayer's establishment, a place of note, and was frequented by many of the most distinguished of the day. Jefferson was still lodging there when he was commissioned by the committee appointed for the purpose to draw up a statement of the reasons for the disaffection of the colonies. He did most of his writing in his parlor. "In that parlor I wrote habitually," he stated in a letter to Dr. James Mease in 1825; "and in it wrote this paper [*i. e.*, Declaration of Independence] in particular." The house would probably have been forgotten had not Lafayette, when he returned on a visit to the United States, awakened popular interest in places made sacred through association with the principal events of the Revolution. Philadelphians, fired by his example, exerted themselves to discover in which house so important a document had been prepared, and fortunately Jefferson was then alive to give the necessary information.

After his time a fourth story and a roof with dormer-windows were added to Graaf's house, and passing into other hands, it became an eminently respectable private residence. Then it was in its zenith. But the city grew, as cities in a new country have a way of doing. Market Street was made a strictly business street, and men of means or of any social standing moved their dwellings to more fashionable quarters. The house in question was, with the others, turned into a store. At present its ground-floor, the exterior of which is a favorite corner for theatre posters, is occupied by a dealer in trunks, satchels, etc. The upper floors are rented out to men of various trades and callings. From a door on Seventh Street a flight of stairs leads to that portion of the second story which was occupied by Jefferson, but it is to be hoped he never had to mount such narrow, dark, rickety, rat-haunted steps. What was once the great statesman's bed-chamber is now the office of a manufacturer of "fancy" advertisements. Sunflowered, highly decorated announcements of "*Oscar Wilde's Poems*—price, ninety cents," lying cheek by jowl with painted overflowing beer mugs bearing the notice, "Cool Ale always on Draught," and large-lettered signs of "Free Lunch this Morning," have replaced bed and dressing-table. And to what use has the room once his parlor been put? Alas, that we should have to tell the tale! It has been made into a hall or passageway, and there by the window where perhaps he was wont to sit at his writing-desk a hatchway has been cut, and so—farewell to all its greatness!

It must be confessed that at first sight there is nothing to distinguish this house from those surrounding it, or to denote its age. On a little closer observation one notices the stone facings to the windows usually found in houses built about a century ago, and the old-fashioned dormer-windows in the roof. But in itself it is so far from being remarkable that we can understand why many antiquarians have had doubts as to its identity. The honor of having been Jefferson's residence when he wrote the Declaration of Independence has been at different times assigned to the house next it on Market Street, and to the small one just back of it on Seventh Street. The general appearance of the latter is much more striking, and more like that of a house with a history, and as it has for a number of years been known as the Jefferson House, or Wigwam, it has misled many "old-house hunters." However, the claims of the building at the corner have been firmly established, and those interested to know the *pros* and *cons* in this dispute may be referred to the chapter on the subject in Westcott's *Historic Mansions of Philadelphia*. The necessity for pulling down this house is to be regretted. The interest attached to it is not of a local but of a national character. The corner of Seventh and Market streets may possibly be improved in appearance by a new building, but the removal of the old one is a loss to the whole country.

Elizabeth Robins.



HOUSE IN WHICH JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, SEVENTH AND MARKET STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

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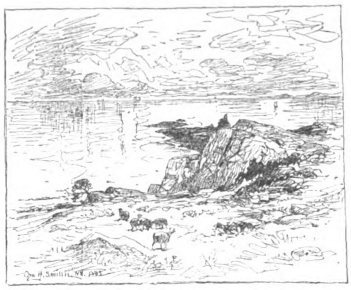
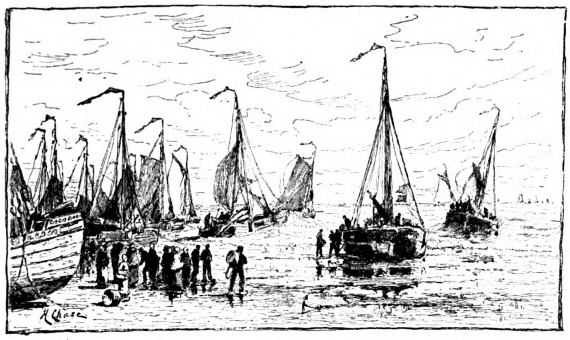
"THE STORY OF ŒNONE."—F. D. MILLET.

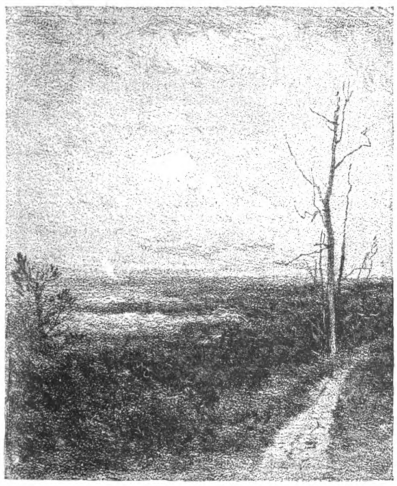


"MASSACHUSETTS COAST."—GEORGE H. SMILLIE.



"HERRING BOATS PREPARING FOR SEA, SCHEVENINGEN, HOLLAND."—H. CHASE.

"EN VOYAGE."—PERCY MORAN.



"ANYWHITHER."—A. H. WYANT.

"IN THE GARDEN."—C. S. REINHART.

"TURKISH IDLERS."—S. W. VAN SCHAICK.

"MORA-PLAYERS."—F. DIELMAN.

SKETCHES FROM THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

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THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER IX.

UNSETTLED.

There was more news to excite and confound the intelligence of honest Lincolnshire when it was spread throughout the country that young Gregory Dorward had confessed to the murder of Morris Brake, and that John Woodhatch was wholly innocent. It was as everybody thought from the first, everybody took the liberty of asserting now; and those few who had stood by the farmer hard and fast—and cheered his heart, after all, by the assertion of their faith in him—had extra reason to take credit for the clearness of their views.

Still, the law's delay—which is proverbial and Shakspearean—did not open the prison doors of John Woodhatch's cell in an instant, and on the mere word of one of his farm pupils. The master of Farm Forlorn had been seen in the dark night on the sea-shore, with Reuben Fladge, disinterring, and then sinking deeper, the evidence of the crime. The past rose up against him even, and the last act of his life, before his sudden arrest, had been a very desperate piece of business, verging closely on a further crime, or, at least, akin to madness. All this had to be considered, and the truth to be sifted from the false, before the order could be given for John Woodhatch's release; but John was very patient now, and very thoughtful, marvelling at last at the love some people had for him. The prison rules were, to a certain extent, relaxed in his favor, it being thought that mere formalities were keeping him in jail; and Reuben Fladge, though he took no more long walks, and with the excited prospect before him of his master's speedy restoration, was relieved from that rigid surveillance of the police which had been more an inconvenience to the force than to himself, and had resulted in one constable being borne to his bed from sheer exhaustion, and another being reduced to a sad and crippled condition of corns and bunions, which had been abnormally developed by the most violent exercise.

Still, Reuben Fladge could afford to be patient with the rest, and he looked the very personification of patience, standing day and night before the doors of the jail, waiting for the master; always waiting for him to come forth, as people said he would soon, and never for half an hour together absent from the place—a faithful servant, forever on the watch, and disregardful of the health and strength he wasted.

Once a tall young woman, dressed in black, touched him on the arm and asked if he remembered her. He looked askance at her and nodded his head.

"Oh yes, of course I do."

"Is it wise to wait here night and day?" asked Kitty.

"I'm afraid of losing him."

"You are very faithful, Fladge, and the master will be proud of you," said Kitty, "but it is not wise to watch so closely thus. To-day, now, he can not possibly come."

"Oh, you don't know," said Fladge, doggedly.

"I think I do."

"He may come out of those doors at any moment," remarked Fladge; "that's where it is."

"You will be glad to see him?"

Reuben nodded. It was a foolish question, and hardly worthy of a nod. Glad to see him!

"I—I hope," said Kitty, timidly, "that with your gladness you will be presently a little sorry for my Greg."

"Ah, yes, I s'pose I may be," was the careless answer.

"He saves the master," added Kitty.

"Anybody would have done that," muttered Fladge.

"Ah, no, Reuben," said Kitty, shaking her head; "the man repentant and anxious to take the sin upon himself is scarcer than you think."

"Do you think *I* wouldn't?" cried Fladge, indignantly.

"Yes, you might," she replied, looking at him thoughtfully.

"And more than that," continued Fladge, "I'd a-said I killed the man whether I'd done it or not—if I could have got anybody to believe me," he added, with a sigh over the general distrustfulness of his fellow-creatures.

"You loved the master—and so did Greg, with all his faults, poor fellow," said Kitty.

"Ay."

"We will wish happiness to John Woodhatch, at all events," she said as she moved away, "and it is justice."

Reuben Fladge looked after her wonderingly, as after some one who had talked too much to him and disturbed him; then he took an apple from his pocket and munched it slowly, with his eyes fixed upon the prison gates. And so we leave him—a man with one idea.

Meanwhile Lucy Brake had evinced less patience than the rest of our characters. The only poor heroine we have, she was less heroical than those who had marred her life and made it what it was. She was even fidgety, and petulant, and inconsistent, like a woman crossed in every little wish or in every big, secret hope; she was unlike herself, and yet a very woman! She regretted twenty times a day she had not gone to Lincoln, that she had altered her mind when the clouds were breaking away from the life of John Woodhatch; as if, with the coming sunshine of fair fame and honor cleared, she was afraid to meet him—as she was, though for a reason she could not explain and did not care to analyze.

When her father, with little Morice, almost strong and well, returned from Paris—an event which occurred a few days afterward—she was only better for a while, and while the novelty of their arrival was upon her.

After that she was again fretful and eccentric, irritated—justly, perhaps—against the difficulties in the way of John Woodhatch's release.

To her father's stories of his Paris incidents she did not even profess to listen, but sat staring over his head when he had finished, and with her thoughts very far away.

"It's not much good talking to ye, Lucy," he said on one occasion, "for ye won't leesten the least bit in the warld."

"I can't."

"I've been telling ye that all's fair sailing with the prarperty, and it will be all settled in a moonth or two, without our taking any further trooble about it; and— Lucy, what *are* ye thinking of, in the Lard's name, to pull that meeserable face?" he exclaimed, very petulantly himself, at last.

"I am miserable. Why is nothing done—with the guilty man owning to the crime, and the innocent locked up in prison still? This is not justice," she cried, "and it angers me, and makes me wretched."

"There's that stoopid besceness of the fire, they say," replied Mr. Larcom, quietly filling his pipe, "and people can't make out why he should have doon it."

"He thought everybody had deserted him—he was disappointed in every one of us, and he was not his own firm self that night," she said. "I understand it all."

"I understand he's a terreeble temper, for all the good in him, and it's a marcy the farm was his own freehold and uninsured, though he mayn't get off quite clear, for all that."

"Not get off!" exclaimed Lucy; "oh! don't say that."

"It's clear arson, if he owns he burned it down, I'm thinking," said Mr. Larcom; "and though he's done no one any harm, it was a vary mad proceeding. And yet a child can turn John Woodhatch, who is like a child in most things, trusting too much in everybody and everything. Which is a bad failing, Lucy—as I've told him twanty times, and twice twanty times, for that matter—and he never a bit the better for it. And here's the result of it, ye see."

"I see nothing but that you are losing time," cried Lucy, sharply, "and neglecting your duty as a friend."

"What—what's that ye say?" exclaimed Mr. Larcom, in a loud voice.

"Is he not your friend?" said Lucy; "has he not always been, father, the best friend you have ever had?"

"Wall, I canfess that."

"Then you are not acting like a friend by idling here at home," she cried. "Your duty is at Lincoln, using every means and every effort to set him free from these colors which entangle him; sparing no money, employing the best men everywhere to fight his cause and get him out; doing everything in your power, as he would have done, you know too well, for you."

"Blass and save us all!" ejaculated Mr. Larcom.

"I am a woman and helpless," she cried, "and the *time hangs* back so cruelly!"

Mr. Larcom put his pipe on the mantel-piece, buttoned his coat, and thrust his rusty hat on his head.

"Ye're right," he said. "I'll go, if I post all the way. Ye're not often right, mind ye, Lucy; but this time—just for a change—I think ye are."

And, after that remark, Mr. Larcom started on his journey.

CHAPTER X.

AMONGST THE RUINS.

What had turned Lucy Brake's thoughts so completely toward John Woodhatch, his fortunes and *mis*fortunes, is difficult to say. It is always a difficult task to account for the vagaries of the sex, the satirist assures us. Certainly there had been a whirl of events of late days in the life of the Methodist parson's daughter, and she had been whirled round with it, and confronted with stern truths and many changes, and might still be confused and agitated, and "not herself at all."

She had come into money, without caring for money in any degree; she had been confronted with the scathing news of her late husband's love, or professed love, for Kitty Vanch; and regret his death as she might, the hero was no longer on the pedestal where her devotion and sorrow had placed him. Forever before her was the uncomfortable thought of how a man so feeble or impressionable would have behaved through life, had life been spared him, and the certain assurance that much unhappiness would have come in its time to dispel the fair illusions she had had of his character and his affection for her. And then, before she had had time to consider this, and mourn for this, there followed Miss Brake's death, John Woodhatch's farewell of her, the journey to Paris, the burning of the farm, and the arrest for murder. It was unnecessary haste, after all, with which she had hastened home, only to remain supine and helpless, and pray for better times. She had written to John Woodhatch a few lines of consolation—if words from her could convey any consolation, she thought, very humbly now—and there had come an answer back in a line or two of thanks, no more, as though he had not the wish to write, and yet had felt compelled to answer her.

His troubles distressed her more than she could have possibly imagined that they would, great as they were, and affecting her own life with his—pages in the same story. He had suffered so much, he had been so terribly disappointed in all that he had schemed for, he had been so unselfish amidst a crowd of people thinking only of themselves, and, at last, he had been, poor John! so desperately reckless, that it was doubtful how the law would consider his last act. Would it even believe Greg Dorward's confession to be anything else save another mad fellow's freak—that insane craving for a notice in the newspapers which besets the British mind, and would be rather connected with a murder case than forever "out of print," and thus cruelly ignored?

Mr. Larcom disappeared into space, as it were, for Lucy heard no more from him. He did not write to his daughter—it had not entered into his mind to be "bothered" by any correspondence; and so Lucy was left to distress herself, which she did very successfully, as to the progress of events at Lincoln, where were all the principal characters of the tragedy—if it were to end like a tragedy, and as the cruel delay and uncertainty seemed almost to warrant.

Still there was hope, more hope than she believed. The neighbors were quite certain of a satisfactory result, so far as John Woodhatch was concerned; the newspapers were as "cock-sure" about it as newspapers generally are; and all would be well in time, if time would only move a little faster!

She would wait another day and go to Lincoln, she thought. One more day, and receiving no missive from her father, she would leave Skegs Shore again. She must be one of the principal witnesses in the case, having been almost the last to see Morris Brake alive. Why did no one communicate with her in this crisis?

That day she and little Morice walked along the sands to Farm Forlorn—never looking so forlorn and grim as in that hour, with its blackened walls, its roofless, windowless aspect, and its great gaps to the sky; with its charred timbers, still stretching intact from side to side of the old farm, and its *débris* of ruin strewn about the ground. A terrible wreck, a still more terrible *monument of man's despair and passion*; a black blot upon a fair, green landscape for Lucy to shudder at that early autumn day, with little Morice cowering in the folds of her mother's skirts. A blot, too, upon the fair life of its owner, to show he was very weak and—very human.

"Yes, this is Farm Forlorn indeed," said Lucy, with a sigh.

John Woodhatch had prophesied she would never come back to it, and she had smiled a little at his prognostication, knowing so much better than he that he was in the wrong. But it was all stern truth, and there was no return, only to the wreck—the grim witness of where the farm *had stood*, and how the hopes had shrivelled up with its destruction.

There were tears swimming in Lucy's eyes as she gazed at the ruin; the ruin of one man's life seemed to be marked by it, too, and she, at least, could have altered it by a word. And if that word had been spoken, what would have been the end of it to him or her? Surely something *more* full of promise than the utter collapse of one honest home, one earnest life.

She walked with Morice into the garden, where she had talked with John Woodhatch a few minutes before she went away, and where he spoke in riddles to her, and looked at her with his grave face the while. Here there was but little change, the neighbors' children having spared it, and more than *one* neighbor's hand having kindly helped to keep it bright and trim for the sake of the master who might come back at any moment now—for who could tell?

Who could tell, indeed? For suddenly through the gate, across the fields, there came John Woodhatch, with his old quick strides, toward her—the same man whom she had ever known, with his frank, clear face aglow with health and hope, despite the shade of sorrow in it—a sorrow, as it were, for others suffering for his sake, and who had taken his place, so that he might go free. A noble return even in a criminal, and a poor penitent like Greg Dorward, of whom there should be surely hope some day.

John Woodhatch's sudden appearance was too much for the overwrought feelings of Lucy Brake; she had not thought to find him there, she had not believed he was at liberty and at Skegs Shore again, and she burst into tears and ran toward him—stopping before she reached *him*, in alarm at her own impulse, and coloring very much.

But he was at her side very quickly too, when she sobbed forth, "I am so glad you have come back, John! I—I did not think you would be here so soon."

"There, there, don't cry," he said, taking both her hands in his; "you have never been one to shed tears—even of joy. And if it *is* joy—"

"Yes—it is," she confessed at once.

"Then surely I am happy."

He stooped and kissed her forehead, and she did not shrink away from him. That was all the love-making between them then, and for some time afterward, but from that very moment they understood each other better than they had done in all their lives, and neither from that instant of their meeting surveyed the land ahead—the land over which their track together was yet but faintly marked—with dull, sad looks and heavy sighs, as though the sunshine was never more for either.

They did not speak of love one word; that was to come when John Woodhatch was more assured that forty-five might be a fitting match for three-and-twenty, taking the entire facts into consideration, and remembering how patiently he had waited for her, and in all his life had cared for no one else; when Lucy was disposed, too, to see the happiness beyond the present time, and link her life with his, making both bright to the end of their days.

In this time of their meeting they simply walked arm in arm together in the garden of Farm Forlorn, and talked of the past and the future like two old friends who had had never a thought of parting between them. They spoke of the one wild act of John Woodhatch at Skegs Shore, and what would come of it.

"I don't think they will hurt me," said the farmer, with a smile, "as I have hurt no one but myself. I was very miserable that night, and awfully alone. But it was rash."

"Yes, John, it *was* a little rash," said Lucy, quaintly.

"Still, I may hear no more about it."

And he did not; and presently a new farm, which he called Farm Felicity—a happy augury of his new life to come—was erected on the old site, and peace and love and faith became presently the household fairies there.

They spoke of Greg Dorward also, and of Kitty.

"Your teaching was not wholly in vain," said Lucy, "when they would not let you come to harm, those two."

"No, not in vain," answered John Woodhatch, thoughtfully.

"And Greg, what will they do to him?"

"They will give him a light sentence for manslaughter, the lawyers think; they will consider his youth, the provocation, and his frank confession, and in a year or two, perhaps less, he may begin life again—life abroad, possibly—under fair auspices, with a true woman at his side to keep him hopeful, and on the right road to the end. I try to see that picture in the future."

And it was near the truth, as if John had had a prophet's vision in that hour.

"I hope the colors are not too bright, and I am not too sanguine," he added, with a reserve, at last.

"You were always sanguine, John, until the last days of Farm Forlorn," she said.

"Yes, that's true. And then?"

"Ah! we will not speak of that again."

They walked away from the farm, and once more along the sands, to the broad, shining sea; they went from the garden of Farm Forlorn to the village nestling in the shadow of the church, from the ruin of a home, and the record of a rash act, to the Methodist's little cottage, where Alec Larcom waited for them—from the despair of ever doing any good, to the hopes which would grow stronger every day, and blossom into love and trust.

And in the far distance, and at a most respectful distance, but with their watchful eyes upon one figure always—lest it should melt away as in a dream, and this should not be reality after all, but only fancy born of vain imaginings—trudged Reuben Fladge and Carlo, the two who had been faithful to him when all the rest had seemed to turn away.

Only seemed! For John Woodhatch had been a man of many fancies, and it had been pure fancy that his friends had failed him.

"If you had asked *me* to remain and be your wife, John, on that day father and I left the farm," said Lucy, some months afterward, when he had asked in earnest, and she had answered Yes, "I should not have said No. And I—I thought you would before I went away."

"It was a thought you kept wonderfully well to yourself," he replied, with a hearty laugh—and as men can laugh at past trouble always—"but then I do not profess to understand human nature now, especially feminine nature, and—especially Lucy Brake!"

But they understood each other very well, and knew that there was as fair sailing in life's stream before them as on the broad deep sea at which they gazed, and where the distant ships, with their great white wings outspread, passed slowly to their journey's end.

THE END.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1316.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By Professor W. G. Sumner.

VIII.

THAT WE MUST HAVE FEW MEN IF WE WANT STRONG MEN.

Taking men as they have been and are, they are subjects of passion, emotion, and instinct. Only the *élite* of the race has yet been raised to the point where reason and conscience can even curb the lower motive forces. For the mass of mankind, therefore, the price of better things is too severe, for that price can be summed up in one word—self-control. The consequence is that for all but a few of us the limit of attainment in life in the best case is to live out our term, to pay our debts, to place three or four children in a position to support themselves in a position as good as the father's was, and there to make the account balance.

Since we must all live, in the civilized organization of society, on the existing capital, and since those who have only come out even have not accumulated any of the capital, have no claim to own it, and can not leave it to their children, and since those who own land have parted with their capital for it, which capital has passed back through other hands into industrial employment, how is a man who has inherited neither land nor capital to secure a living? He must give his productive energy to apply capital to land for the further production of wealth, and he must secure a share in the existing capital by a contract relation to those who own it.

Undoubtedly the man who possesses capital has a great advantage over the man who has no capital in all the struggle for existence. Think of two men who want to lift a weight, one of whom has a lever, and the other must apply his

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directly; think of two men tilling the soil, one of whom uses his hands or a stick, while the other has a horse and a plough; think of two men in conflict with a wild animal, one of whom has only a stick or a stone, while the other has a repeating rifle; think of two men who are sick, one of whom can travel, command medical skill, get space, light, air, and water, while the other lacks all these things. This does not mean that one man has an advantage *against* the other, but that, when they are rivals in the effort to get the means of subsistence from nature, the one who has capital has immeasurable advantages over the other. If it were not so, capital would not be formed. Capital is only formed by self-denial, and if the possession of it did not secure advantages and superiorities of a high order, men would never submit to what is necessary to get it. The first accumulation costs by far the most, and the rate of increase by profits at first seems pitiful. Among the metaphors which partially illustrate capital, all of which, however, are imperfect and inadequate, the snow-ball is useful to show some facts about capital. Its first accumulation is slow, but, as it proceeds, the accumulation becomes rapid in a high ratio, and the element of self-denial declines. This fact also is favorable to the accumulation of capital, for if the self-denial continued to be as great per unit when the accumulation had become great, there would speedily come a point at which further accumulation would not pay. The man who has capital has secured his future, won leisure which he can employ in winning secondary objects of necessity and advantage, and emancipated himself from those things in life which are gross and belittling. The possession of capital is therefore an indispensable prerequisite of educational, scientific, and moral goods. This is not saying that a man in the narrowest circumstances may not be a good man. It is saying that the extension and elevation of all the moral and metaphysical interests of the race are conditioned on that extension of civilization of which capital is the prerequisite, and that he who has capital can participate in and move along with the highest developments of his time. Hence it appears that the man who has his self-denial before him, however good may be his intention, can not be as the man who has his self-denial behind him. Some seem to think that this is very unjust, but they get their notions of justice from some occult source of inspiration, not from observing the facts of this world as it has been made and exists.

The maxim or injunction to which a study of capital leads us is, Get capital. In a community where the standard of living is high, and the conditions of production are favorable, there is a wide margin within which an individual may practice self-denial and win capital without suffering, if he has not the charge of a family. That it requires energy, courage, perseverance, and prudence is not to be denied. Any one who believes that any good thing on this earth can be got without those virtues may believe in the philosopher's stone or the fountain of youth. If there were any Utopia, its inhabitants would certainly be very insipid and characterless.

Those who have neither capital nor land unquestionably have a closer class interest than landlords or capitalists. If one of those who are in either of the latter classes is a spendthrift he loses his advantage. If the non-capitalists increase their numbers, they surrender themselves into the hands of the landlords and capitalists. They compete with each other for food until they run up the rent of land, and they compete with each other for wages until they give the capitalist a great amount of productive energy for a given amount of capital. If some of them are economical and prudent in the midst of a class which saves nothing and marries early, the few prudent suffer for the folly of the rest, since they can only get current rates of wages; and if these are low, the margin out of which to make savings by special personal effort is narrow. No instance has yet been seen of a society composed of a class of great capitalists and a class of laborers who had fallen into a caste of permanent drudges. Probably no such thing is possible so long as landlords especially remain as a third class, and so long as society continues to develop strong classes of merchants, financiers, professional men, and other classes. If it were conceivable that non-capitalist laborers should give up struggling to become capitalists, should give way to vulgar enjoyments and passions, should recklessly increase their numbers, and should become a permanent caste, they might with some justice be called proletarians. The name has been adopted by some professed labor leaders, but it really should be considered insulting. If there were such a proletariat it would be hopelessly in the hands of a body of plutocratic capitalists, and a society so organized would no doubt be far worse than a society composed of nobles and serfs, which is the worst society the world has seen in modern times.

At every turn, therefore, it appears that the number of men and the quality of men limit each other, and that the question whether we shall have more men or better men is of most importance to the class which has neither land nor capital.

The discussion of "the relations of labor and capital" has not hitherto been very fruitful. It has been confused by ambiguous definitions. Labor means toil, irksome exertion, expenditure of productive energy, but it is also used, by a figure of speech, to mean those persons who, having neither capital nor land, come into the industrial organization offering productive services in exchange for means of subsistence, and who are united by a community of interest. Capital is a product of labor employed to assist production, but the word is also used, by a figure of speech, for those persons who possess capital, and who come into the industrial organization to get their living by employing capital for profit. In order to accomplish this purpose they need the productive services of laborers. Laborers and capitalists are the terms which we will always use when we mean the persons. These two classes make contracts on the best terms which they can agree upon, like buyers and sellers, renters and hirers, borrowers and lenders. Their relations are therefore controlled by the universal law of supply and demand. The capitalist-employer assumes the direction of the business, and takes all the risk, for the capital must be consumed in the industrial process, and whether it will be found again in the product or not depends upon the good judgment and foresight with which the capital and labor have been applied. Under the wages system the employer and the laborer contract for time. The laborer fulfills the contract if he obeys orders during the time, and treats the capital as he is told to treat it. Hence he is free from all responsibility, risk, and speculation. That this is the most advantageous arrangement for him, on the whole and in the great majority of cases, is very certain. Salaried men and wage receivers are in precisely the same circumstances, except that the former by custom and usage are those who have special skill or training, which is almost always an investment of capital, and which narrows the range of competition in their case. Physicians, lawyers, and others paid by fees are workers by the piece. To the capital in existence all must come for their subsistence and their tools.

It is a common assertion that the interests of capitalists and laborers are identical, that they are partners in an enterprise, etc. These sayings spring from a disposition, which may often be noticed, to find consoling and encouraging observations in the facts of sociology, and to refute if possible any unpleasant observations. If we try to learn what is true, we shall both do what is alone right, and we shall do the best for ourselves in the end. The interests of laborers and capitalists as parties to a contract are antagonistic in certain respects and united in others, as is the case wherever supply and demand operate. If John gives cloth to James in exchange for wheat, John's interest is that cloth be good and attractive but not plentiful, but that wheat be good and plentiful; James's interest is that wheat be good and attractive but not plentiful, but that cloth be good and plentiful. All men have a common interest that all things be good, and that all things but the one which each produces be plentiful. The capitalist is interested that capital be good but rare, and productive energy good and plentiful; the laborer is interested that capital be good and plentiful, but that productive energy be good and rare. When one man alone can do a service, and he can do it very well, he represents the laborer's ideal. To say that laborers and capitalists are partners in an enterprise is only a delusive figure of speech. It is plainly based on no facts in the industrial system.

THE SOCIETY EXHIBITION.

THE concert-pitch of the Sixth Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists is higher than that of any of its predecessors. This is the significant fact of the affair: it shows that the self-confidence of the exhibitors has increased. For in proportion as the tone of a representative oil-painting differentiates itself from the tone of a composition in black and white do the technical difficulties of the artist increase. He easily obtains the indispensable quality of tone when working in black and white; but he must use great skill to obtain it when endowing his canvas simultaneously with fullness of color and with fullness of light. Very few canvases—perhaps none at all—in the present exhibition can truthfully be said to be so endowed; yet the tendency of the display is unwontedly in that direction, and as a consequence the self-confidence of the artists is notable.

This self-confidence justifies itself by three phenomena of special interest to those who have watched the origin and growth of the Society of American Artists. First, the exhibitors appear at last to have got hold of the distinction between a picture and a mere sketch or study. Some of their best friends, who, because they were friends, refused to flatter them, were no slow to point out in several of the earlier exhibitions the virtual effacement of this distinction. "But we don't want 'finish,'" was the reply; "would you have the public put its nose close enough to a painting to smell it? Didn't REMBRANDT himself say that the odor of paint was unwholesome?" "True enough," was the rejoinder; "but REMBRANDT got atmosphere as well as masses and values, sentiment as well as decorativeness, delicacy as well as robustness, gradations as well as strength. And instead of trying to obtain color and tone simultaneously, he took his time about it, and escaped heaviness and blackness." These elementary facts have evidently become influential in studios where once they seemed strangers. Look at Mr. W. H. CHASE'S "Hackensack Landscape," the least conscious and otherwise also the most successful landscape in the exhibition, and this chiefly because lacking the heaviness and blackness that so stuck to some of his previous works. It is a picture, in the full sense of the term. It has delicacy of gradations—not, to be sure, to the extent that WYANT'S profoundly luminous masterpiece in the north room of the National Academy has it, but still to a degree very considerable—and it has virility, vitality, certainty, snap; while the studio interior by the same artist is not only the best thing of the kind he has ever shown, but the best representative in the exhibition of a color scheme in still-life.

In the next place, the exhibitors, as a rule, have added to their vigor some charm. Vigor they have always had; charm they have seldom had; and if the reader desires an exemplification of what is meant by vigor without charm, let him recall MR. HUBERT HERKOMER'S series of oil portraits recently displayed in the Goupil Gallery. Take MR. WYATT EATON'S "Portrait of MRS. S. de K." It has vigor and charm. The delicacy of the gradations, especially in the flesh, is masterly. MR. EATON has perhaps painted portraits a little nearer absolute perfection in case of unconscious pose, and he could, if he chose, improve the effect of the *ensemble* by more attention to the flexibility of his sitter's fingers; but one feels that this portrait is so fine a thing that minute criticism of it may be unjust, the very littlenesses that are criticised being perhaps the consequences or concomitants of minor sacrifices made in order to secure a higher general result. The insight of this learned and resolute painter suggests genius; but it is not difficult to remember works of his that showed vigor without charm.

Still further, the exhibitors have succeeded more nearly than ever before in presenting Nature, not as the nomadic shepherd sees her, but as the artist feels her. There was so much in previous Society exhibitions that smacked of the nomadic shepherd. Let us not do injustice to the nomadic shepherd. The New York public is indebted to him for much innocent diversion. His terrible cañons and Yosemite precipices and impenitent mists at the National Academy, his Munich thatched roofs, and aerial smut, and tremendous belts of sunset at the American Art Gallery—have not a multitude of us been entertained by them? Of course we uninitiated laymen, we to whom the gods have denied the divine afflatus, the *feu sacré*, can see Nature as well as that ourselves. But since all art is a language, and the function of language is to express thoughts, we look to the artist to tell us something which we did not know before, to show us something which otherwise we might have passed by, to put Nature before us in the aspect in which she reveals herself to him, and because he can perform this high deed we respect him. In spite of several infelicities of pose and background—the work would be unexceptionably happy were it a quarter-length instead of a full-length—MR. JOHN S. SARGENT'S "Portrait of a Lady" in black, who holds a white rose in her extended left hand, exercises the choicest prerogatives of art. The nomadic shepherd never saw the face that MR. SARGENT has painted—its warm glow, its soft pliancy, its blithe movement.

This advance in the quality of the exhibition has been made in the teeth of several obstacles. Most of the exhibitors are young, and there are certain indispensable matters of technique and sentiment in which the young do not, because they can not, excel; for instance, the exact adjustment of the thickness of pigment required for the lights, and the thinness of pigment required for the shadows. A painter might live to be sixty and never discover it. Many painters, indeed, die first. Yet the lack of it is even a grievous fault. Moreover, some of the exhibitors, for reasons not to be noted here, even if positively known, sent to the country while in Europe better pictures than they have since been able to paint, and thus discounted their reputation in order prematurely to draw upon their fame. Necessarily much time must be lost in overcoming this hinderance. Finally, the public, startled at first into talk about, if not into affection for, "the new style of painting" as promulgated by the Society of American Artists, has at length settled into an attitude of more or less indifference toward triumphs of the brush that are too easy. "Why, the girl pupils of these young masters," it said, "can paint as well as the young masters themselves," and along with the saying came the remembrance that the work which has survived the caprices of taste, and has lived in the admiration of hundreds of successive generations, was not easily done at all.

G. W. SHELDON.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IN a coal mine in Dallas County, Iowa, at a distance of over a hundred feet below the surface of the earth, an image of the frozen part of a human head has been found. It is said that the nose, mouth, and forehead are so nearly perfect in their outlines as to preclude any belief other than that the image was made by human hands. The circumstances of the discovery are said to be such as to do away with any suspicions which might be entertained by persons familiar with the case of Brown, of Calaveras County, formerly of the South.

It is said that flower buds may be sent almost any distance without withering if the stems are inserted in holes bored in a potato. There is sufficient moisture in a good-sized potato, it is asserted, to keep flowers fresh for two weeks in a moderately cool temperature.

A course in electrical engineering has been established at Cornell University, and costly and extensive apparatus has been ordered. There is already a vast field for the utilization of knowledge such as the course is designed to impart, and the field promises to grow larger every year. The comparatively few persons who have kept up with the rapid progress that has been made of late in this department of knowledge are well paid. There is room for many more.

A certificate of death was presented in Chicago not long ago on which the attending physician had written his name, perhaps inadvertently, in the space left for "cause of death."

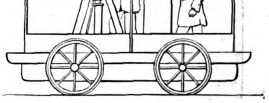
An interesting question was recently decided in a Paris court. M. Ménard, a bibliophile, had a French *Book of Hours*, which was of little value of itself, but there was a loose fly-leaf in it on which were the autographs of Louis XIV., Maria Theresa, and Bossuet. These he valued so highly that he insured the book for a thousand dollars. There was a fire in his library, and the fly-leaf of the book was destroyed, though the book itself was uninjured. The insurance company refused to pay the thousand dollars which M. Ménard demanded, declining to accept any responsibility for the "lost scrap of paper," and it won the suit which grew out of the disagreement.

The Western Union Telegraph Company, anticipating the enforcement of an ordinance adopted in Chicago requiring that the wires in that city be removed, has begun substituting aerial cables. It is estimated that not more than four cables will be required in any street, and it is proposed to string them to poles thirty-five feet above the pavement in such a way that they may be let down in case of fire. In each cable there will be eighteen copper conducting wires. Something similar to this arrangement may be seen in New York, where the cables from the North River are carried under the elevated railway structure at Dey Street and up to the roof of the Western Union Building. The skein of several cables gives variety but not picturesqueness to the darkness of wires that overhangs the street. If the Chicago Common Council consents to aerial cables as a compromise, the unsightly poles will remain, and it is probable that in time the number of cables will become almost as great as the number of single wires at present.

The last day of March was the one hundred and twenty-first day of continuous sleighing in Saratoga. On that day the fields around New York were white with snow, and in the interior of the State there was a prospect that the sleighing would last for weeks.

The engravings of the drawings by Mr. Smillie and Mr. Chase in this number of the WEEKLY are enlarged from illustrations from Charles M. Kurtz's *Illustrated Art Notes* upon the Academy Exhibition. This publication, now in its third year, contains a running commentary on the exhibition, and illustrations—mostly reproduced from drawings by the artists—of ninety specially selected pictures. It gives biographical sketches of the artists whose works are reproduced, and diagrams of the galleries, showing the positions of the pictures on the walls.

We copy from the *American Car Builder* the accompanying cut of the first locomotive constructed in America. It was built in 1829 by Peter Cooper, who at that time owned lands on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which had been constructed to be operated by horses. Believing that the value of the lands would be enhanced if the cars were run by a steam locomotive which could round the short curves of that road, Mr. Cooper built one which he called the "Tom Thumb." It had an upright boiler 20 inches in diameter by 5 feet high, fitted with gun-barrels for flues. It had a single cylinder 3¼ inches by 14½ inches. The engine drove a large gear, which meshed into another smaller gear on the



axle. The fire was urged by a fan driven by a belt. The driving-wheels were 2½ feet in diameter. The wheels were "coned," and this was the first use of this principle as applied to car wheels, and was suggested by Mr. Knight, chief-engineer of the road. On the 28th of August, 1830, the first railroad car in America propelled by a locomotive was tested on the Baltimore and Ohio road. The "Tom Thumb" was coupled to a car in front of it containing a load of 4½ tons, including twenty-four passengers. The trip of thirteen miles was made in 1¼ hours, the best time for a single mile being 3¼ minutes. The return trip was made in 57 minutes.

The East River Bridge was unexpectedly and informally opened to the public a few Sundays ago, under the immediate auspices of the small boys who had gathered at the New York end of the structure to peer through the picket fence at the long stretch of masonry and iron-work leading up to the central span. After the boys, by stealing past the solitary watchman, and leading him on hopeless chases up the incline, had brought him to a condition of despair, many grown persons improved the opportunity to obtain entrance to the bridge. They found a smooth walk of concrete up to the point where the masonry ends and the approach is suspended from the cables. From there to the beginning of the masonry on the Brooklyn side, nearly a mile, there was an even flooring of boards. Near the middle of the great span, where the promenade rises above the cables and cross-trusses, an interesting view of the expanse of city and of water was afforded. Though it was chilly in the streets where evaporation of the melting snow was going on, the air was delightfully mild about those who lingered on the great structure. It was dark before the police succeeded in clearing the bridge of the intruding small boys and the many grown persons who had innocently started to walk from city to city. The number of persons who were on the bridge in the course of the three or four hours has been estimated as high as ten thousand.

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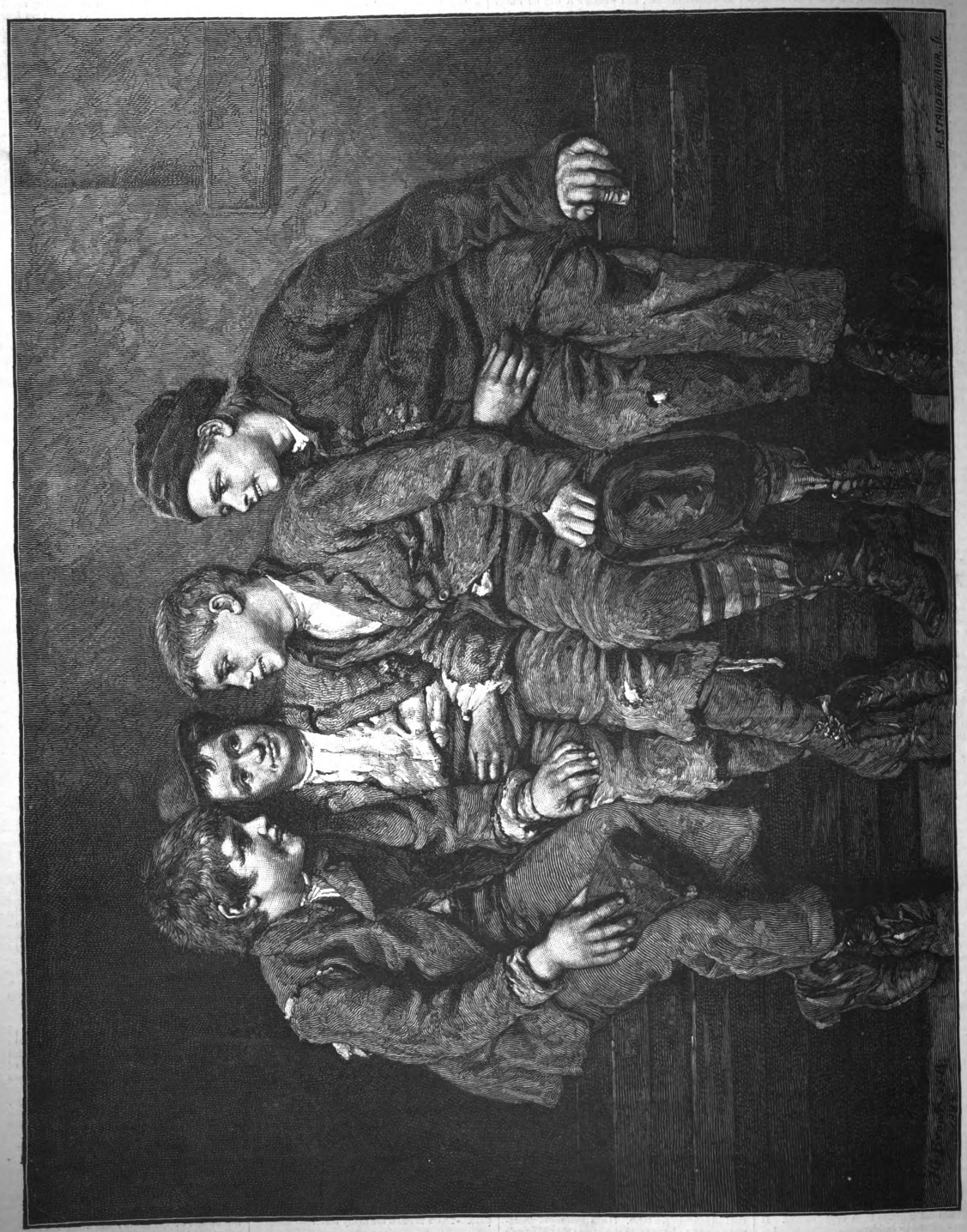

"THE CONFAB."—From the Painting by J. G. Brown.

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THE COCK TAVERN, FLEET STREET, LONDON.—[See Page 227.]

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AN APRIL WEDDING.

I'll never be friends with the swallows again.
In the April sun, in the April rain,
I will not watch
That I may catch
The dip and glint of their glancing flight
In the dewy dawn or the evening light.

They knew how it was with my love and me,
For they heard him whisper, "Good-by to thee";
They heard him say,
"Some April day
The swallows and I will come back to thee."
Here are the swallows, but where is he?

We shall not be friends, though they are my guests;
Though they twitter, and chatter, and build their nests
'Mid shadowing leaves
Under my eaves;
For they came alone, and they did not bring
The love of my heart and a golden ring.

It was rain and shine, it was dark and clear,
But her tender soul held a trembling fear,
And all was wrong—
The robin's song,
The primrose star, and the larches green—
Till a glad voice call'd her, "Helene! Helene!"

With a golden sun and a silver shower
Came the April joy of the wedding hour.
In earth or air
Now all is fair—
Blossom, and leaf, and the wild birds' strain—
Now she is friends with the swallows again.

"DISARMED!"

By MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvesters; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER I.

I could never understand why a man should be contemptuously spoken of as living by his wits. 'Tis surely the most charming compliment in the world. For the eking out existence on five thousand a year requires no uncommon parts. To saw, plane, or dig potatoes is within the narrowest capacity also. But to come into the world unencumbered with earthly goods, as a bird or a butterfly, to make the day's invention suffice for the day's needs! Here is a phenomenon that strikes the slowest imagination.

Can we conceive the heaviness of the world without the engaging souls who, as the saying goes, live by their wits? From Homer to Harlequin, from Michael Angelo to Mountebank, the wit of the few alleviates the dullness of the many. Knowledge does not always gladden, philanthropy drives us mad. The contriver of happy surprises saves society from universal suicide. Begrudge not, then, thy sixpence to your poor Saltinbanque, O fellow-groaner under the burdens of life! If he ease thee not of a leaden hour, he is sure to do such a service for neighbors in worse plight than thyself. Give him sixpence, ay, a shilling, cheerfully, and bless him into the bargain, for he also is a benefactor of humanity!

The blazing logs of a handsome fire lit up the winter twilight; silver tea service, vermilion hangings, and every other brilliant object in the room glowing with light and warmth, as one of four lazy loungers thus questioned another: "Arthura, what would you have done had you been born dull?"

The young lady never so much as lifted her eyes to the speaker, but continued to turn over the pages of her illustrated paper, dimpled wrist and fair hand, on which sparkled diamonds, showing to as much advantage as if the leaves were turned for no other purpose. Then lazily and inoffensively, with eyes still bent on the page, she answered the question by putting another: "What have you done all your life?" Then came a malicious little laugh from the depths of one easy-chair, an interjection of reproof from the other, but the first speaker rose from his seat, and stood glaring at the offender.

"You are growing intolerable," he said. "But since you call me dull, I will be dull to you, and to your cost."

"Oh dear! don't, Mr. Valerian," began a timid feminine voice. "Arthura did not mean it."

"Now, Colley," cried the occupant of the chair opposite, "I forbid you to interfere. If Arthura and Valerian did not hate each other they would be as dull as you and I."

The first little old lady sank back in her chair, breathing a sigh of resignation. The second leaned forward, all alertness. The pair between them presented also a striking contrast, the girl quiet, even languid, the man evidently irritated past endurance.

"Such ingratitude it has never been my lot to punish, for punish you I will. Turn no more of your dull people over to me." Arthura only smiled. "The fact is you are fast being spoiled. But your task from to-day will be to make bricks without straw. No appeal shall induce me to have pity on you."

Arthura laughed. "You should not put such questions. I can not help it if I do really find you dull sometimes."

"Do not say that, dear Arthura," again remonstrated Mademoiselle Colette; but she was straightway silenced by her formidable hostess.

"It is your book-learning, perhaps," the girl went on, in the quietest manner. "Nothing but books, books, books, from morning till night. I should grow into a dullard too if I read as many."

"You might be more of a scollard with advantage," retorted the other. "It is surely as well to know the three R's. Don't, however, look to me any more to instruct your ignorance. Find some one else to teach you what every housemaid ought to know." Thus saying, the irate speaker dashed out of the room, Arthura's provoking little laugh reaching him on the threshold.

"What a question to ask! Yet it sets one thinking," she said, looking in the fire. "Why are so many people dull, I wonder? I suppose it is the curse of sin, the old Adam in us. And what should I have done had I been thus afflicted? A blind man gets a dog to lead him; a cripple can buy a wooden leg; trumpets supply ears. But what shop could I go to for a parcel of wit? And a spry beggar is worth a golden fool, and a farthing's worth of wit fair change for fifty pound, says the proverb."

"Does the proverb really say so?" asked Colette. "But why did you not say this to Mr. Valerian? It would have amused him. It would have put him in a good temper."

"Let Mr. Valerian be," answered Arthura. "He tries to crush me with his learning. But I am his match with the tongue."

"Don't quarrel—pray don't quarrel. Try to see his best side," pleaded the little Frenchwoman.

"Will you always be a child?" broke in the mistress of the house. "My dear good Colley, if Arthura and Valerian try to crush each other, where's the harm? Leave the rivals alone."

"Why should they be rivals?" asked Colette, with a tone of pain.

"Why should they not be cherubim? That is as rational a question. But now upstairs for the business of dressing! Be sure to look in and give me a finishing touch, Arthura. Benson knows no more how to dress me than if she had been lady-in-waiting to a savage with only shell fringes for wardrobe."

The three ladies rose, Arthura soon to appear in her patroness's tiring-chamber well dressed enough for a handsome girl of twenty-three, even had she been an heiress instead of an underling.

"Are you going to wear all these?" she asked, glancing at the dressing-table with unabashed girlish amusement. It glittered with gold and jewelry, and from her seat before the mirror their withered owner contemplated the treasure, smiling an odd smile of satisfaction.

"Now, Arthura, the truth. Is it worth while for an old woman like me to trick herself out with rubies and pearls?"

Arthura was curiously turning over the first ornaments that came to hand. Dazzling indeed was the display! Amethyst contrasted with topaz—the violet and the crocus; chrysolite, glow-worm among gems; opals for pensive loveliness, and rubies for rosy lips and smiles; the modest yet bewitching sapphire, azure of heaven's own; pearls for princesses born, and diamonds for nature's *duchesses*, with heaps of gold and silver beaten into beautiful shapes, broken sun-rays, rippling moonlight—all were here, and the girl contemplated them with the unenvying eye of youth content to be itself. Thus questioned, she looked straight at the speaker, then at the reflection of the small shrunken face opposite.

"No," was the prompt answer. "If I were *sitting before* the glass as you are now, and looking at myself, I should say it is not worth while. But seated at the head of the dinner table, and seeing everybody staring, not at me, but at my diamonds, I should say, Yes, it is worth while."

Miss Hermitage *laughed* that worldly little laugh so full of character. "I knew I should get no *beating* about the bush from you, Miss Speak-your-mind. Then I am bound to befool myself because jewels impress people?"

"And amuse them."

"You are right. It is our duty to amuse people. What is amusement but another name for happiness?" Miss Hermitage said. "Why was I unhappy in my youth? Because I never got any amusement. Why am I as happy now as the day is long, though but a withered old woman? Because I am amused."

"Then we will wear as many jewels as we can carry, and never mind the preposterous figure we make," Arthura said, culling one or two trinkets of unusual size and splendor. "We will wear this, and this, and this," she added, adjusting circlet and star, clasp and aigrette.

"You are a perpetual riddle to me, Arthura. I do believe you are the only person in the house not afraid of me."

"Why should I be afraid of you, or any one? You can only send me away. I do not wish to go. But I must be unconcerned and outspoken sometimes. Well, yes, preposterous was too plain a word to use; yet I am sure, at my age and in my place, you would have had it in your mind."

"Never mind the word. One thing is certain, I hear all your sharp speeches. You can say nothing harder of me out of hearing."

"These diamonds set off your velvet gown mightily," Arthura said, paying no heed to the last remark. "Yes, after all, age, not youth, is the time for jewels. They fascinate people's eyes, and turn their attention from deficiencies. They do the sparkling we can not do for ourselves. One, just one more ornament, dearest Gossip. This diamond spray in your head-dress, and just one more, this dewdrop—it is nothing more—to glisten under your chin."

"As you please, Miss Impertinent. That was not a stupid question Valerian put to you. What would have become of you had you been born dull? We had been talking of it just before, Colette and I, and saying how lucky it is that you can earn so much, and with all your incumbrances and responsibilities too. But now every one is dying to get you: I mean my old cousin, Mr. Constantine, and my young cousin, Stephana—the countess, as we should call her."

"I love Mr. Constantine, and the Countess Stephana bewitches me. But you are a good mistress; I will stay with you till you turn me away."

"I shall not turn you away," was the good-natured reply. "That is to say, so long as you amuse me. I must be amused."

"We will amuse you," Arthura said, gayly. "It would be hard indeed if we could not amuse ourselves when money drops from the trees like ripe apples."

"Money does not seem to have much to do with it. Who so gaysome as yourself?"

"I think people are like flints," Arthura made quick reply, with that piquant gravity as natural to her as exuberant mirth; "you must crush them to make the sparks fly."

"My dear Arthura, who has crushed you? Your father had a sweet temper, you say, although he was a sad— But never mind. And your step-mother is as harmless as a pet tortoise."

"Oh! I was not thinking of human *beings*, but circumstances. I am the luckiest person in the world; still"—here the young face clouded—"what if I should fall ill, should die, my father's debts unpaid, my little brother and sister uneducated, my step-mother helpless as a baby?"

"Well, you are not in the least likely to die just yet; so let us go down-stairs and enjoy ourselves. You answer for it that no one will be bored. The opening night of a season is critical."

But Arthura only laughed away these misgivings. Always gayest after a pensive thought, to-night she seemed irrepressible. Crushed or no, the sparks flew in all directions.

On the threshold of the dining-room, just as she had opened the door for Miss Hermitage, she saw Valerian coming out of his study. Closing the door after her mistress, without shutting it, she awaited him just to say, with extraordinary hauteur:

"You may be as dull as you please, Mr. Valerian, but incivility before Miss Hermitage's guests is quite another matter. You remember the conditions on which you hired me into her service."

He bowed, even more frigid than herself. "I hope I know my duties as host without having to come to you for instruction," he said.

Then he opened the door, and Colette, looking tremblingly from one to the other, saw that they had at least made up their minds to a show of courtesy.

CHAPTER II.

Flirtation is of every age, and Miss Hermitage, who had been starved at seventeen, could eat and be filled at seventy. Do not ice-men relish pomegranates close under the pole-star, and foggy Londoners delight in roses at Christmas-tide? The ineffable pastime of coquetry has no season, and may be indulged in when wigs are set as a snare instead of sunny curls or locks Hyperion, and we smile adoringly with lips parted showing ivory not our own. Miss Hermitage was now amused in right good earnest. There were bright-eyed maidens and sumptuous matrons in her salon, a fair company arrayed with the respect due to the richest hostess in the place. One acknowledged beauty and one finished coquette were there, of course; what assemblage was ever without? But alike lovely dimples and queenly figures, arch smiles and eyes irresistible, were neglected for the oldest and least lovely woman present. The irony of the situation pleased Miss Hermitage. There she sat, like a young and beautiful queen on her throne, one knight holding her fan, another her bouquet, a third protecting her complexion from the fire by a hand-screen, a fourth seated obsequiously at her feet. These clerical henchmen, however, would not on the morrow make merry at their hostess's expense. A rich old maid is a Golconda, a river flowing over golden sands, to curates. Miss Hermitage was safe from fairer rivals in these hearts, beating calmly, strangers to passion. She accepted the chivalrous homage now paid to her, whether lay or clerical, smiling inwardly. The irony of it! In girlhood neglected, in middle life forlorn, in old age fêted, flattered, befooled!

The dazzling evening had reached its acme, when two figures brought a new and romantic element into play. In a certain degree outward uniformity and commonplaceness must stamp every company in which the men and women are dressed precisely after the same fashion. Here, without any surprise being intended, came one of those happy surprises alone enough to enliven the dullest fellowship.

Among the latest to do homage to their new sovereign was a small space of oddest yet imposing appearance. He was so old that his dress, which for the most part belonged to the last century, well became him. Nor were his manners wholly of this. Ceremonious, courtly, fastidious, he went through his social observances with a mixture of airiness and solemnity that accorded with his costume—scrupulously fitting black silk hose, black knee-breeches, and long-lappeted coat of silky black cloth, and on his bosom ruffles of finest lawn, on which sparkled a diamond star. Diamonds also adorned his shoe-buckles. But engaging as was his general appearance, the fine, delicate features of the old cavalier attracted still more attention. Carved ivory were not finer, more delicate, than this small, rare physiognomy, nor the smoothest vellum of more harmonious texture than his beardless cheek. He wore no wig to hide the baldness of a beautifully shaped head, and his carriage was erect as that of a soldier. This dainty apparition now stood before the lady of the house, kissing her hand, and bowing low, as if in the presence of majesty itself. The little knot of admirers made way, and Mr. Constantine sat down beside Miss Hermitage.

"Praise me, cousin," he began; "I have risen from my bed—I was going to say my grave—to pay my respects to you. Pray be congratulated. A brilliant assemblage, and superbly entertained. Whilst as regards your own appearance, it is faultless."

He bowed low to the diamonds. Miss Hermitage laughed.

"It all amuses me. Why should it not?"

"Why not, indeed? I see with pleasure, too, that the old family plate is at last called into requisition, for I confess that I stopped on my way to invigorate my old frame with a sip of your excellent Madeira. The gold and silver service, the crystal, the exotics—everything matches to a nicety."

"I have not lifted a finger. Valerian and Arthura arranged everything."

"Ah, that incomparable creature with the legendary name! She ministered to my wants, and flitted about me so charmingly just now that I fairly lost my head."

"You are welcome to lose your head, Constantine, but I can not lose Arthura. I divine your covert meaning, Jesuit that you are! But the girl is worth half my fortune to me."

"You are *too* rich, Christina; you have an admirable steward in your second cousin—nephew, I should say—"

"Valerian and I call each other cousins; I will be nobody's aunt," Miss Hermitage said, tartly. "It is a venerable title, and not to my taste."

"I ask pardon. Then there is that ingenuous chirping little Frenchwoman, the dear creature I heard playing so divinely just now—you have her."

"I could no more do without Colette than I could do without the other two. We have known each other for fifty years."

"Oh, misnamed Christina! You will not, then, spare me one out of the matchless three?"

"Cleverness is to be had for money. Go to the right market and bid for it, as I have done."

"Cleverness, yes. But wit, sprightliness, Arthura's bewitching audacity! Where can I find such a paragon? Well, go your ways. When I am laid—it may be to-morrow—in my narrow bed, you will repent. 'Poor Constantine,' you will say, 'if I had only humored him!'"

"Indeed I shall never think of you in your narrow bed. What good would it do?"

"Take me to your bosom now, then," said the old man, playfully. Make my few remaining days happy. I would go to the length of marrying you, cousin—on my soul I would—for the sake of being cheered by that pretty, pretty thing."

"I am much obliged to you. I will go to the length of saying that you may come and see me as often as you please for the sake of Arthura's society," Miss Hermitage said, with extreme good nature. "But here comes Stephana!—Constantine and Stephana! Will the stars fall next? I am indeed honored."

"I will offer my respects to our kinswoman later; your Madeira tempts me once more down stairs." So saying, Mr. Constantine, doing reverence to his hostess after the stately fashion of several reigns ago, made way for the second apparition in Miss Hermitage's crowded reception-rooms. For the pale, pensive lady, almost unearthly-looking in her sadness, was also phenomenal in her dress. There were scores of white dresses in the room; not one in the least like the white robe of Stephana. Other women wore pearls; her pearls seemed a part of her, and in her whole appearance, from the white flower shining in her dark hair and on her bosom to the *diaphanous drapery* floating about her like a cloud, was something shadowy, spirit-like, almost ghost-like, if a fair breathing creature can be compared to a ghost.

"My dear Stephana! I am glad to see that you have not quite given up this wicked world; and we are to be neighbors."

Stephana sat down, holding her cousin's hand, and fixing her large, brown, penetrating eyes upon her.

"I am glad also. Then your travels are over?"

"Yes; I shall never travel in foreign parts any more, unless to Paris. In ten years I have seen every place I wanted to see. I intend now to settle down and amuse myself for the rest of my life. I am the richest woman in the country, and I mean to get the utmost entertainment possible out of my money."

The large mesmerizing eyes of Stephana were still fastened on Miss Hermitage.

"Such large-hearted hospitality is much needed here. You will do real good," she added, gently.

"Now, Stephana, please do not talk to me about doing good. I do my charities handsomely to ease my conscience, and there the matter ends. I am always interested to see you, my dear, but the very word philanthropy drives me mad."

Stephana smiled away the other's asperity, and changed the subject. "Were you happy in Italy, on the Nile, in Dresden?" she asked.

"I was amused, if that is what you mean. Valerian and Colette managed everything beautifully for me. I never had a dull moment."

"And I am sure you can never be dull now. That charming Arthura who came with your message! I fell in love with her at once. It is just the nature that does me good to come in contact with."

"Quite useless for any one to fall in love with Arthura," Miss Hermitage said, unwarrantably emphatic. "She is necessary to me, and nothing in the world shall induce me to part with her."

"You are happy indeed to find Arthuras," Stephana answered, resignedly.

Miss Hermitage dropped her voice almost to a whisper. "You need not be lonely. Marry again. But now let us confabulate no longer. I am beholden to show myself—you also, as one of the house."

The pair rose, and Miss Hermitage passing her arm within that of her tall and beautiful conductress, went from one room to another. She had her especial reasons for looking after Valerian and Arthura. "Mind," she had whispered to her steward, "be civil to Arthura before our guests. She would be quite useless to me unless treated exactly on the same footing as yourself. The first person that flouts her shall be struck off my visiting-list." She saw now with infinite satisfaction that after setting conversation agoing in the large salon, Valerian was making much of Arthura among the young people. Colette, always gay and initiative where music was concerned, had improvised a carpet dance. There was Valerian leading Arthura through the labyrinths of a cotillion, certainly without a smile on his face,

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yet cordial enough for the occasion. The dance over, he was introducing her to a partner here, a stately chaperon there, Arthura smiling graciously. "A wonderful piece of acting! Who would suppose that they hated each other?" Miss Hermitage mused. She was well pleased with both as she continued her survey. Apparently without any effort, they had made the evening full of pretty surprises, of which the impromptu ball was but one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

MOISTURE IN THE AIR.

Of the varying conditions of the air we breathe there are three which especially concern our health. They are its purity, its temperature, and the amount of moisture it contains.

Of these three the first two should be pretty well understood; if they are not, it is not for the lack of abundant discussion. But the questions which relate to the amount of moisture in the air are less discussed; they are seldom, indeed, stated very clearly. Of a dozen writers on hygiene whose books lie on my table, only one (Dr. W. H. Corfield) gives an accurate and adequate account of even the first principles of the subject.

Let us inquire, then, about the moisture that we breathe. We have to ask: (1) How is water dissolved in air? (2) how can we know the amount in solution in any given place? (3) how much moisture in the air is desirable? and (4) in what ways can we regulate the amount in our sitting-rooms and houses?

1. Water dissolves in air in much the same way, and almost as readily, as sugar dissolves in water. But there is this unlikeness: the temperature of the air makes a vast difference in the amount that it will hold in solution. A cubic foot of air at the freezing-point will contain only about two grains of water in solution, though more may be present in suspension, that is to say, in the shape of fog or cloud. But at 95° F.—with us a not infrequent summer temperature—this cubic foot of air will contain seventeen grains of water, and the two grains of moisture only would be quite lost in it, or insensible. It is as if a glass of cold water sugared should lose its sweetness by being warmed. Still, whether with two grains of water at the freezing-point, or with seventeen grains at 95°, the air is said to be *saturated*, *i. e.*, it holds all the moisture that it can dissolve, and in either case this complete saturation is expressed by the number 100. A half-saturation would then be expressed by 50; and this degree would mean about one grain of water per cubic foot at the freezing-point, eight and a half grains at 95°, and some other amount at each point of the thermometrical scale. At the comfortable winter temperature, for in-doors, of 68° complete saturation means about seven grains of water per cubic foot.

Now let us suppose that it is clear cold weather. Two grains of water per foot is all that the outside air, at the freezing-point, can contain. But our sitting-room is ventilated from that outside air, which we have warmed to 68°, or perhaps higher, and at 68° it requires seven grains of water for saturation. This heated air, therefore, is at most only two-fifths saturated; in other words, it is dry, and it may contain very much less than the amount of moisture that most persons require for health and comfort.

2. How are we to know, and conveniently measure, the deficiency or the excess of moisture in the air?

The hygrometer tells us the degree of saturation, whether excessive or deficient, at any temperature. Of several kinds, Daniell's hygrometer is the best. It is very accurately made by Tiemann, of New York. The instrument consists of two precisely similar thermometers. The bulb of one is covered by a little piece of thin linen, which dips into a small receptacle of water attached to it. The capillary attraction keeps it continually moist; and evaporation from the surface of the bulb thus goes on continually, except when the surrounding air is already saturated, or as full of moisture as it can hold. Then, of course, there is no evaporation from the wet bulb, and consequently no chilling of the wet bulb, the water upon it being of the same temperature as the air of the room; and the two thermometers will stand at the same mark, high or low. This means, therefore, that the air is saturated; in winter-time the moisture on window-panes will tell you the same thing, at least of the cooler air next to the windows. The warmer air toward the middle of the room may be comparatively dry at the same moment.

But when the air is not saturated, then evaporation from around the bulb goes on, the bulb is cooled, and the mercury falls. This evaporation, and the consequent fall of temperature in the wet-bulb thermometer, give an exact measure of the dryness of the air. A considerable difference (6° or 8°) between the two thermometers means that a considerable evaporation is going on over the wet bulb; and this means that the surrounding air is comparatively dry, *i. e.*, that it does not contain enough water to saturate it at the given temperature. And what does a small difference of temperature mean? It means that little evaporation is possible because the air is moist; and no difference tells us that the air is already saturated.

3. The practical question is now, What is the proper degree of saturation? We need not know the actual quantity of water per cubic foot of air, for this quantity, as we see, varies immensely with the temperature. The exact degrees of saturation for each temperature are expressed in tables with which we need not concern ourselves here. The practical rule is a very simple one. It is this: the difference between the wet bulb and the dry bulb thermometer should not be less than 4° F., nor more than 8°. Where the difference ranges between these extremes, we may consider the air to be about moist enough for health and comfort.

4. In what ways can we regulate the amount of moisture in the air of our apartments and our houses?

The atmosphere of a room may be either too moist or too dry for health and comfort. In the first case, a cold damp air without becomes a dry air when heated within, for the reasons that we have seen, namely, that its capacity to dissolve water being greatly increased by the heat, it is no longer saturated. But the air may easily be made too damp by moisture disengaged within the house itself, as by evaporation from boiling water—a phenomenon especially familiar to housekeepers on Mondays. The exhalations of the lungs and skin in a crowded apartment produce the same effect, and so does the combustion of many lights.

When the outer air is both hot and moist, as often in summer, we can not well warm it in order to dry it; in fact, we can do nothing but to ventilate thoroughly. But we can always make dry air moister; it remains for us to consider another time how that may best be done.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

ON THE ATCHAFALAYA.

[FROM OUR ARTIST'S CORRESPONDENCE.]

I HAVE arrived at New Iberia after the most astonishing voyage it has ever been my fortune to make. Entering the Atchafalaya River, we found ourselves confronted by the great problem which is of such universal interest through the Southwest. Thirty-eight years since the farmers waded across the present sources of the Atchafalaya, and cattle browsed on the reeds growing in its bed. We found it, as you will see by the diagram, 122 feet deep, and lower down 165, until our line was broken by the current, and we had to stop sounding. As we got well into the river we found it about 350 yards wide, with the wildest kind of primitive forests on either side. The swollen current reached high up on these trees, rushing through them, and here and there undermining and uprooting huge cypresses and flinging them into the stream. The trees lodge against the banks and form drifts and rafts, until they again break away with the current.

At many places the water whirls in great circles, whose centre dips down like a saucer two feet beneath the surrounding current. Here and there it boils up as of a huge caldron, bringing with it various colored earths, showing the nature of the soil its deep channel is tearing away. Here and there it is joined by a sluggish red stream from the submerged forests. It is the overflow from the Red River, thus leaving its former outlet at the Mississippi for the new-found cross-cut to the Gulf. While crossing these currents or the wake of a steamer, the foam would toss completely over our pilot-house, and deluge our fires.

We stopped at few places; at most we had time only for a hail. Our gallant little steamer sometimes surged along sideways; again it had to back against, and then raced with, the river current, at a speed of sixteen miles per hour. A powerful river boat upward bound had to work back and forth across current to avoid "bows" and "races." Her progress resembled the crawl of a turtle. Alligators, turtles, and wild fowl abound along this wilderness. Our forward deck resembled an arsenal. Shot-guns, rifles, and revolvers lay along the rail, with piles of cartridges beside, and when not engaged in navigating the boat, a continual fusillade was kept up. Our crew were very expert with the "shooting-irons," and many a dead "'gator" followed us down stream. Whenever an extra large one bove in sight, basking peacefully on some drifting monarch of the forest, a call to arms would be made by our keen-eyed pilot, and a broadside from eight barrels would be sent, lifting his majesty clear off the log in a most hasty and undignified manner. The swiftness of the current prevented our saving many specimens, but the want of fresh meat soon made the hunt a stern reality, and many a savory dish graced our table toward the last of the "run." It sometimes took three-quarters of an hour to secure a turtle, after shooting, for we had to round to and struggle up stream, and one wounded duck kept us fully an hour, with several involuntary butting matches with the bank; but it was a case of duck dinner or none, and success at last rewarded our efforts.

I give in my sketch a steamer passing a whirlpool. We were about shooting at an alligator on a log just entering one of these, when the log, caught by the current, "up-ended," and disappeared, "'gator" and all, before our astonished vision. They appeared a quarter of a mile further down. We sounded—depth 160 feet.

We tied up to the trees for the night, and were boarded by the curious character marked No. 3. He came aboard to "talk over the news." His face, hair, clothing, and boots were all of the same yellow parchment color. No. 9, the ash cabin, is a well-known place, most of the surveys of this section making their rendezvous there.

The question asked by all along our route is, "Do you think the Atchafalaya will absorb the Mississippi current?" Major WHITNEY, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, who is in charge of this trip, is constantly visited by delegations from the towns on our route wishing information on this point. His opinion is that, unless immediate attention is paid to this work by the government, the Mississippi will flow bodily to the Gulf through this new-found relief for the levee-bound flood waters. Such an event will ruin Bayou Sara, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, and all south coast cities depending on the river for support, for it will not only leave them high and dry, but necessitate the changing of the entire established transport system of the Southwest below the mouth of the Red River. The millions spent on the Eads river improvements and the present levee system would alike be thrown away. To be sure the route to the Gulf would be shortened some two hundred miles by allowing the change to take place, but it is still a question whether the new outlet, with its comparatively narrow and more turbulent channel, would not so increase the dangers of travel down, and labor and loss of time up, as to take away all advantages from the shorter cut to the Gulf.

The country we are now in is just as wonder-exciting for its beauty and productiveness as the Atchafalaya was for its wildness and swamps. Imagine a river or bayou two hundred feet wide, running between gently sloping banks covered with stately live-oaks and grass to the water's edge. We pass for days through one continuous scene of beauty and cultivation, while within sight of each other lie quaint little villages, connected with each other by the largest and finest sugar plantations in the world. We meet draw-bridges every few miles, of the most curious build and mechanism. The people are the happiest and most hospitable in the world.

We are besieged by invitations to stop and dine, to stay all night, to remain a week; months would be required to take advantage of their hospitality. The plantations are generally divided by the river into two parts, with a draw-bridge connecting. One old gentleman refused to allow his bridge-turner to open for us until we promised to land and take a "bite" with him. The dinner he served was fit for a king, and we didn't stop "biting" until four o'clock: we landed at one. I told Major WHITNEY to stop again at his peril, for these people would certainly kill us with kindness. Messengers on horseback are sent down-stream to meet and engage us beforehand.

SOME ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

YOU ask me to give you a few new anecdotes Washington Irving.

One bright morning before breakfast, when most of the family were gathered on the western piazza at Sunnyside, our attention was attracted by the loud cries of a beautiful bird which was flying around and repeatedly dashing itself against the trunk of a locust-tree near by. We quickly discovered that a red squirrel had robbed a bird's nest of an egg, which he held in his mouth, and, like an adroit tactician, merely moved a little way around the trunk of the tree, out of the bird's way, when it flew fiercely toward it, and endeavored to peck it with its bill or beat it with its wings. In a little while the poor bird was so injured that it was forced to withdraw. Then the squirrel with the greatest impudence came out on a limb of the tree, glibly cracked the egg, devoured its contents, and dropped the pieces of the shell almost at our feet. Mr. Irving was soon in almost as much distress as the bird, exclaimed against the barbarity of squirrels in general, and ordered all on his grounds to be shot. He loved all living and pleasant things, but birds especially. Every one may not recollect the time when Mr. Irving was walking about his grounds with a friend, and passed very near to a bird's nest in which the mother bird was sitting. His friend noticed the tameness of the bird, when Mr. Irving said, "Oh, we know each other very well; I often go by the nest, and we always look at each other, but she is not afraid of me, nor I of her."

He once told inimitably the salient points of a little adventure he had in company with the French and Russian ambassadors and Sir David Wilkie, when they were travelling in the most unostentatious way on the Mediterranean shores of Spain. Wilkie was amusing himself with making sketches of the coast, as of old Moorish castles and ruined forts, when they were suddenly surrounded and arrested as spies, and taken before a little village alcalde, who in a very fierce and pompous way demanded who they were. The Russian ambassador replied that he had the honor to represent his Majesty the Emperor of Russia at the court of Spain. The outraged functionary burst out in a paroxysm of rage and invective against this supposed attempt to deceive and ridicule him, which was increased when the French ambassador made a similar reply. But turning to Mr. Irving, who then looked like an Englishman, he said, "You, of course, will claim to represent his Majesty the King of Great Britain." He sobered down a little when Mr. Irving replied, No, he merely represented the United States of America; and became still more thoughtful when Wilkie only claimed to be one of the court painters to his Majesty the King of England. At request they quickly produced documents and cards to prove their identity, when the worthy little fellow fell into great terror from the fear that they would forward complaints against him. They earnestly assured him that he had only done his duty toward such suspicious-looking persons as they were; that they were merely travelling for relaxation and pleasure after their hard duties at Madrid, and that he had furnished them with materials for many a pleasant afternoon. They invited him to dinner, and drank so much of him that I fear the report is true that he was left under the table by their good cheer.

In my visits to Sunnyside I generally preferred a short walk along the railroad to a long drive around. Mr. Irving was often watching for me at the southern window, and when I passed a curve in the road and came in sight, he would wave his hand or handkerchief to me, and then generally seemed at ease. He would be so gay and pleasant at the tea table, and quietly take his evening naps, that very frequently I could only learn from others how he had been. He seemed to think I would know all about him by looking at him, and would give my directions to his faithful niece, while all he had to do was to take all the doses he was directed to take as docilely as the best trained child. He never asked for particular information about his disorders, even about his heart, nor what medicine he was taking, or what its effect would be, but accepted whatever he was told. He never made a single impatient or querulous remark to me, and almost spoiled me for the treatment of all troublesome patients. When I expressed any special confidence or hope of benefit from some new prescription, he generally pleasantly wished me a good deal of success. He always came down to breakfast neatly shaven and attired, and I often could only judge from his wan face and trembling hands that he had had an unusually bad night. He always put on a dress suit and fresh linen for his three-o'clock dinner, and presided at the head of his table with old-time courtesy and geniality. But one time when he attempted to carve the dish before him, and found that he could not even force the fork into the meat, much less cut with the knife, he rose from the table uncomplainingly, and while the tears were streaming down all our faces, he turned pleasantly, looked at a long gray shawl which was trailing from his shoulders on the floor behind him, saying, "What a fine long tail our cat has got!" He retired to his sofa in the drawing-room, and soon was his old, cheery, brave, and pleasant self again.

One Sunday he preferred to stay at home, and asked me whether I would not like to go to church. On my return he inquired rather quizzically how I liked the church (which had been newly refitted), and the sermon, and the services, and all the proceedings. I then became aware that he knew what would happen to me if I went. He was a vestryman, and always carried around the plate when a collection was taken up, or sent some male member of his family to fill his place. I had been considerably taken aback in church when a silver plate was gravely handed to me to aid in taking up the collection, and would have been much more embarrassed if Mr. George D. Morgan had not stepped forward and taken the plate from me just as I was stepping out of the pew to fulfill my friend's duties.

I once saw Mr. Irving rudely jostled while getting into an omnibus by one of those ruffians who force themselves in ahead of any person weaker than themselves or more peaceable, who never give up their seats to a lady. The earnestly reproachful look of Mr. Irving spoke volumes; his temper was under as good control as that of Washington, but he had full as much spirit, as many incidents given in his *Life and Letters* prove. This look was only equalled on another occasion when a wildly drunken and hatless man drove into Mr. Grinnell's grounds, down to his house, thinking he was going to New Rochelle, where he wished to return after the celebration at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to Major André's captors at Tarrytown. Mr. Grinnell tried to have his horse put up, as it was late at night, and to have him accept a bed in the groom's rooms, and a good breakfast in the morning, when he would be fit to take his long drive of twenty or more miles. In his endeavors to convince the man that he was not fit to go to New Rochelle he asked him what had become of his hat. He felt all over his head, and looking directly at Mr. Irving, said, "Some of you g——d b——gg—rs have got it; you have been playing tricks upon me all the afternoon."

Mr. Irving was in the city when the first volume of the *Life of Washington* came out, and securing a copy, put it under his arm. One of his nephews offered to carry it for him; he replied, "No; I have carried it so long in my head that I can easily take it under my arm."

Excepting when he was under the heat of composition, Mr. Irving rarely wrote later than two o'clock in the afternoon, stopping in time to dress for dinner, and gave up his afternoons and evenings to relaxation and pleasure. But sometimes he wrote fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and when the mood was on him could hardly sleep, and very unwisely thought it best to go on "until his brain was wrung dry," as he phrased it. He never recollected sleeping six hours consecutively in his whole life; and four hours at one time was a long sleep for him. When reasonably well he always enjoyed his wakeful nights, and often got up to read and write. He had had repeated attacks of intermittent fever both before and after I commenced my attendance, and when feverish or disturbed would "muddle," as he termed it, *i. e.*, write one sentence over a dozen or twenty times, each one of them good and perfect, but none satisfactory to him. He would also re-arrange the chapter of the book in hand several different ways, and rewrite many parts. His nephew P. M. Irving, often at my suggestion, would then take his manuscript away from him and give it at once to the printers. He would then often try to make endless alterations in the proof-sheets, but these would often be withheld from him; and he never saw any, or at least very few, of the fifth volume of the *Life of Washington*. When that work was finished, and he had nothing to occupy his mind regularly and continuously, he became almost absolutely sleepless. Every remedy of every school of medicine—homœopathic, eclectic, and regular—often failed to procure him sleep, although he sometimes said I actually gave him in one night enough medicine to put a whole congregation to sleep. I then thought that this state came solely from over-brain-work, but have since recollected that he had an attack of masked fever and ague as late as the middle of September, 1859, and he died in December. I have often thought if I had given him quinine as boldly as I have since done in similar cases, and continued it as long after the attack was broken up as we now find necessary, that much suffering might have been spared him. It always acted kindly and well upon him, but was ever given in as small doses as could prove beneficial, and its use was stopped as soon as the fever was broken.

JOHN C. PETERS, M.D.

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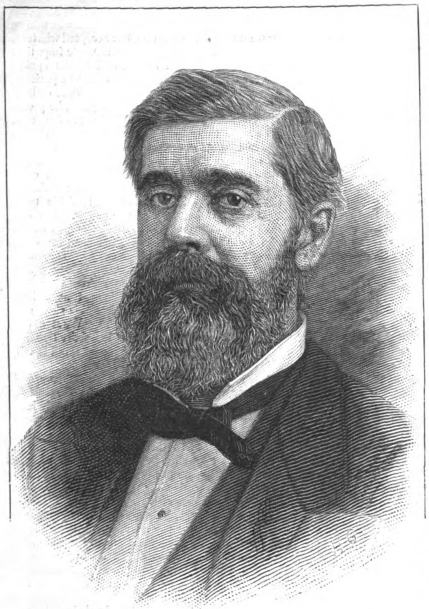


THE HON. W. Q. GRESHAM, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. POTTER.—[SEE PAGE 227.]

"JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER."

THERE can scarcely ever have been a happier or more useful life than that which "JAMES NASMYTH, Engineer," led, and recorded in an autobiography, which has been edited by SAMUEL SMILES, and published by HARPER & BROTHERS. A man who, starting with nothing, attains a competency at forty-eight, is commonly esteemed enviable, but NASMYTH'S success was far greater than that. He attained his competency by solid and indisputable services to society, the rendering of which had been a continual and high enjoyment to him. He was satisfied with enough, and he retired, not to be idle, but to gain time to prosecute researches and studies of his own, because his interest in life transcended even his keen interest in his business. This is indeed to be fortunate and enviable, and the felicity of such a life is completed when, as in NASMYTH'S case, the employments of his leisure are as fruitful in their way as the employments of what was in the strict sense his business.

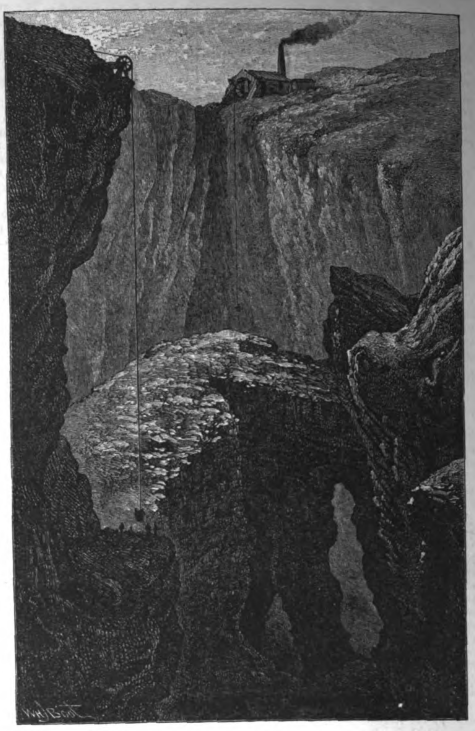
NASMYTH was a man of a type commoner here in this country than in his own—a born mechanician. He came, he tells us, of a family noted for handiness. The great-great-grandfather of JAMES NASMYTH, born in 1652, was a builder and architect, for the profession and the handicraft had not yet been divided, and rebuilt castles, and built houses and even forts. MICHAEL NASMYTH'S son and his grandson successively carried on his business, to which JAMES NASMYTH'S father succeeded in his turn, but abandoned it for painting, in which he had a local success, which was eclipsed by the career of his son PATRICK, the landscape painter, the friend and rival of CLARKSON STANFIELD and DAVID ROBERTS; and the elder NASMYTH is now remembered chiefly as the painter of the only authentic portrait of BURNS, that in the Royal Scottish Academy. But he was also a mechanic, with a private workshop, in which he pottered after the manner of the amateur mechanician, and in which he did some really important things, such as the introduction of the bow and string bridge, now so common, and the method of driving rivets by compression instead of by blows.

JAMES NASMYTH underwent the usual classical schooling of the time, which he seems to have shed, without retaining the least trace of it; and the chief of his scholastic reminiscences is that he got his pocket-money by turning on his father's lathe better tops for his school-fellows than they could buy, and by making better kites and better brass cannon—the latter cast and bored by himself—than could be got otherwise. He dabbled in chemistry; he learned how to temper steel. Before he had left school he knew for himself many things that the school did not teach. After he left school he was abandoned to his own devices, and these were all mechanical. He made and sold working models of steam-engines, and before he was eighteen had made with his own hands a steam-engine which supplied power to a foundry. In his twentieth year he made a practicable steam-carriage for use on common roads. His ambition was to be connected with MAUDSLEY'S, in London, then the most famous iron-works in Great Britain, and he attained it by submitting to the head of the great house a working model of a steam-engine and a series of mechanical drawings.

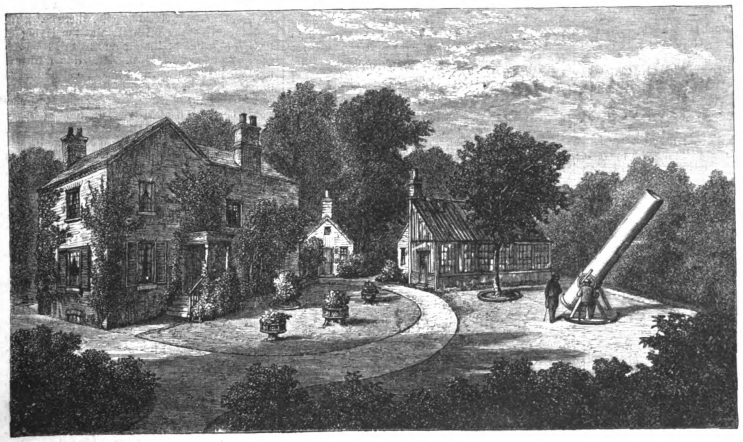
In London he cooked his own food, and spent his holidays in the search and study of machinery. Shortly after MAUDSLEY'S death, NASMYTH, being then twenty-three, set up in business for himself near Manchester, in the Bridgewater Foundry, which was to become very famous under his conduct. The simple story he tells of his early struggles, which were not severe enough either to break his strength or to imbitter his spirit, is extremely interesting, especially the recital of his resistance to the trades-unions, and the successful stand he made for "free trade in ability," and for his right to pay men what they were worth. His first and only strike ended by the importation from Scotland to Lancashire of men to take the places of the strikers. But the labor troubles made him more keen to devise machine tools which did not strike nor get drunk, and inspired many fortunate inventions. The most famous of these was the steam-hammer. The necessity which was the mother of this invention was the discovery by the engineer of the Great Western Company, for which NASMYTH had already built twenty locomotives, that there was not a hammer in England powerful enough to forge the paddle-shaft of a large steamer the company desired to build for the Bristol and New York trade. His own account of the exhibition of the hammer to the Lords of the Admiralty is too good and too characteristic not to be transcribed: "The admiral told them that the most interesting novelty in the dock-yard was the starting of NASMYTH'S steam-hammer. 'Very well,' they said, 'let us go and see that.' I was there, with the two mechanics I had brought with me from Patricroft, to erect the steam-hammer. I took share and share alike in the work. The Lords were introduced to me, and I proceeded to show them the hammer. I passed it through its paces. I made it break an egg-shell in a wine-glass without injuring the glass. It was as neatly effected by the two-and-a-half-ton hammer as if it had been done by an egg-spoon. Then I had a great mass of white-hot iron swung out of the furnace by a crane and placed upon the anvil-block. Down came the hammer on it with ponderous blows. My Lords scattered, and flew to the extremities of the workshop, for the splashes and sparks of hot metal flew about. I went on with the hurtling blows of the hammer, and kneaded the mass of iron as if it had been clay."

It was the steam-hammer and the steam pile-driver, which was a modification of it, that made NASMYTH'S fortune. He was sent for to supply machine tools for the dock-yards and arsenals of France, Spain, Italy, and Russia, and every finished contract brought him new customers, so that he was able to retire at forty-eight with a reputation as an innovator in mechanics which has not been equalled in Great Britain except by WATT. His devices, patented or not worth the risk of patenting under the clumsy and costly British system, which has done so much to stunt invention, number more than forty, and nearly all of them are important, and have become part of the commonplace of mechanical engineering.

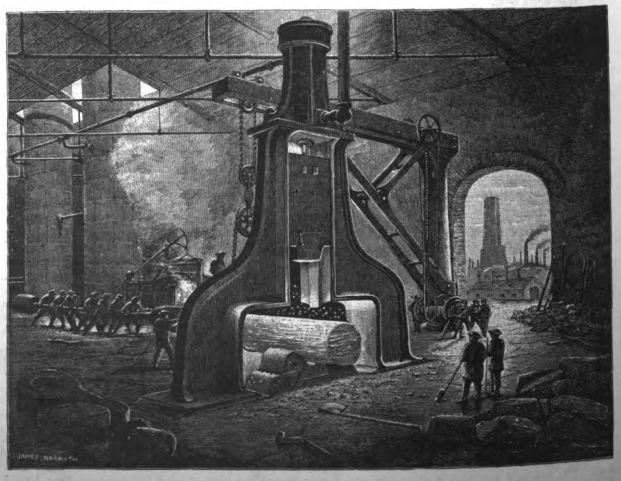
It is impossible to read this autobiography without a hearty liking for the author. The very simplicities attract the reader to the strong-minded and simple-minded author, as when, for example, he says: "My suggestions were zealously carried out by Colonel COLQUHOUN. He was one of the most clear-headed and intelligent men I have ever met with." And another very marked trait of the book is its geniality and kindliness. The optimism of an old man may not prove much in favor of his species, but it proves much in favor of the aged optimist. NASMYTH says: "I have heard a great deal about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of those unfeeling conditions. On the whole, I have found a great deal of unselfish kindness among my fellow-beings. They have often turned out of their way to do me a service." A man who talks in this way at seventy-four we may be sure is worthy of all the kindness he can have received.



DANNEMORA IRON MINE.



PATRICROFT—RESIDENCE OF JAMES NASMYTH.



STEAM-HAMMER IN FULL WORK.

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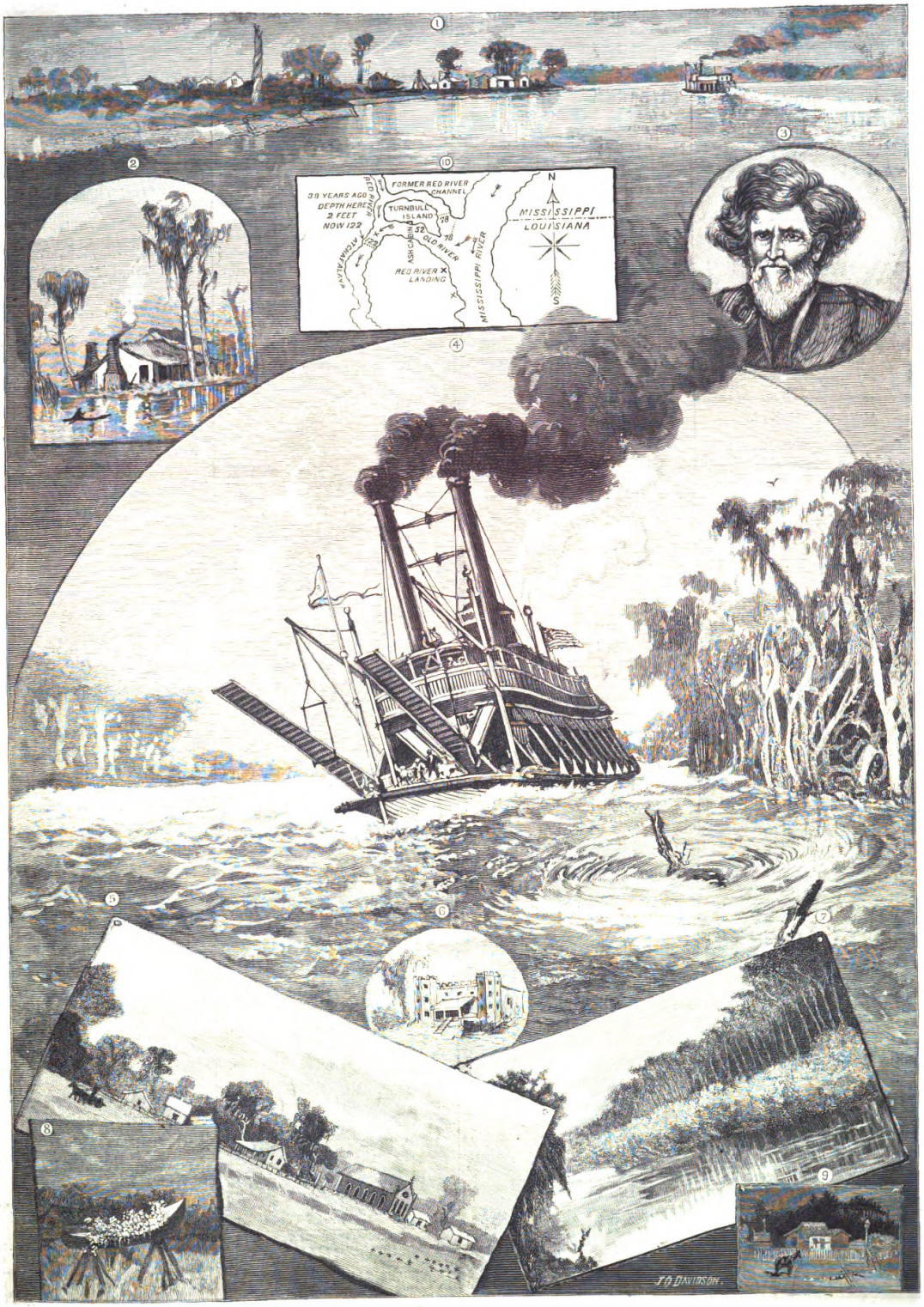

1. Entrance to Atchafalaya River. 2. A "Swamper's" House on the Atchafalaya. 3. A Swamper. 4. Steamer running the Rapids of the Atchafalaya. 5. Red River Landing. 6. Castle on the Atchafalaya. 7. Little Whiskey Bayou. 8. A Swamper's Garden (in a Canoe). 9. The Ash Cabin, Atchafalaya. 10. Map showing Changes in the Mississippi's Current.

A TRIP ON THE ATCHAFALAYA RIVER.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 235.]

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30 Fine White Gold-Edge Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book, 25c. M. SHAW & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York.

50 Large Cromos, New and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. VANN & CO., New Haven, Conn.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

40 Gold & Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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THE PREMIUM
to the Wives of Grocers has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be the handsomest and most valuable ever offered by a manufacturer to make the trade familiar with his name. The Case itself is a magnificent one, and the Silver Ware elegant, of beautiful pattern, and of the finest quality.

THE INSTANTANEOUS AND UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

Which has attended the introduction of The Frank Siddalls Soap among the readers of "HARPER'S WEEKLY" proves that it must be

AN ARTICLE OF THE HIGHEST MERIT

fully meeting all the expectations raised by the claims made for it;—and the many thousands of ladies who have been led by the advertisements to try the Soap, are now enthusiastic in their praises of it for all uses:

TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium of a beautiful set of Plated Silver Knives and Forks for simply giving The Frank Siddalls Soap *a Thorough Trial.*

REMEMBER IT IS ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES:—

For Laundry, Bath, Toilet, Hospital, Stable, Scrubbing and Dish-washing.

Better for the Laundry than any other Soap or any Washing Compound! ***Better for Washing an Infant*** than the Finest Imported Castile Soap!
Better for the Toilet than any Toilet Soap! ***Better for Shaving*** than any Shaving Soap! ***Better for Stable Use*** than Castile or Harness Soap!

And Remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here PUBLICLY GUARANTEED to do *everything* claimed in this advertisement, and to contain nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors or the finest fabrics!

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce *remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.*

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that **The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.**

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* **No stable is complete without it. For Harness,** it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin: *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or **WASH-RAG** will appreciate **The Frank Siddalls Soap.** Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and **The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.**

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as **Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc.,** are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use **The Frank Siddalls Soap** and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in **Schools of Design** for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—**IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT,** *and will not wear away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when **The Frank Siddalls Soap** is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accomodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake: *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle
THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as it never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board to get the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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ANOTHER FIELD OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY INVADED BY THE CHINESE.
"No more Washee! Playee Base-ballee! Sellee out Game, allee same Melican man!"

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THE WONDER OF HEALING!
CURES CATARRH

SYPHER & CO.
ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING FROM EUROPE
Antique Silver, Furniture, Clocks, Bronzes, and Articles of Vertu.
739 & 741 BROADWAY.

BURKEE'S
DELICIOUS SALAD DRESSING
No Waste. No Trouble. No Disappointment.
A GOOD SALAD ASSURED.
The most Delicious and the most Popular Mayonaise for all kinds of Salads, Raw Tomatoes, Cabbage, Cold Meats, Fish, &c., ever offered for sale.
ALL GROCERS SELL IT.

Round Writing
USEFUL FOR EVERYBODY
BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS & PENS
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS, AND
KEUFFEL & ESSER, New York.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD
THE STAR THAT LEADS THEM ALL
UNEQUALLED FOR SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION AND DURABILITY OF OPERATION
THE LIGHT RUNNING
HOMES SEWING MACHINE
MEADVILLE Pa

CONGRESS WATER.
Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, native and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys. None genuine on draught.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS
ARE often greatly annoyed, and their best efforts impaired by Hoarseness, caused by protracted or undue exertion of the vocal organs. To such **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar** is recommended as an efficient remedy, quickly soothing irritation of the Throat, and allaying an inflamed condition of the larnyx, thus not only giving temporary relief, but preventing many other serious affections of the Throat and Lungs. ☞ *Ask your Druggist* for Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar (full name), *and take no substitute.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

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☞ Send for price-list, naming county and state. Please mention this paper.

LOW, SON, & HAYDON'S
Flower de Luce
The Howard Tooth Brushes
HAVE
SECURELY FASTENED BRISTLES
AND CAN BE FOUND WITH ALL DRUGGISTS.
PINS BEARING THIS
TRADE P&A MARK.
ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS
MANUFACTURED BY
THE PLUME & ATWOOD MF'G CO.
WATERBURY, CONN.

THE BEST THE QUEBER WATCH CASE

HOW to Make $500 Yearly Profit with 12 Hens. 45 medals awarded. Inventor, Prof. A. CORBETT, 7 Warren Street, New York. Particulars sent free.

PEARS' SOAP
The famous English Complexion Soap
Established in London 100 years.
A SPECIALTY FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
As recommended by the greatest English authority on the Skin,
PROFESSOR SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,
President of the Royal College of Surgeons.
15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.
Good Complexion & Nice Hands
Nothing adds so much to personal appearance as a bright clear complexion and a soft skin, with these the plainest features become attractive, without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive. Many a complexion is marred by impure alkaline and coloured Toilet Soap.
PEARS' SOAP
Is specially prepared for the delicate skin of ladies and children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. In England it is pre-eminently the complexion Soap, and is recommended by all the best authorities, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear bright appearance and soft velvety condition imparted and maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury of the toilet. Its durability and consequent economy is remarkable.
THE BEST DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

MRS. LANGTRY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE LONDON.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE
45 Govt. and 40-60 Grain Cartridges.
VERY STRONG, PERFECTLY SAFE.
THE BEST RIFLE in the world for Large Game. Shooting more accurate, Model more beautiful, Manipulation easier, Finish finer, than that of any other rifle. MARLIN FIRE-ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

CATARRH
To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

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ASK FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR OF THE NEW DISSOLVING STEREOPTICON.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
AMERICAN STAR SOFT CAPSULES THE BEST.
Also, Star Empty Capsules. All Druggists.

J. W. BOUGHTON, 1118 Market St., Phila., Manufr. of
WOOD-CARPET
THE VERY BEST MATERIAL FOR
BORDERS RUGS
—FOR—
Also for Covering Parlors, Dining, Sitting, and Bath Rooms, Libraries, Offices, Stairs, Stores, &c. *Send stamp for Book of Designs.*

HERCULES MALT WINE
The most efficacious, delicious, and PUREST EXTRACT OF MALT in existence. An unexcelled remedy for INDIGESTION, MALNUTRITION, and DEBILITY; a thorough restorative for ENFEEBLED PERSONS, CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS, and Children of Delicate Health. Sold by all Druggists and fine Grocers, at 25c. PER BOTTLE.
TRADE MARK.

GOLD PENS.
PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, &c.
THE CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN.
A GOLD PEN and RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury for persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.
MABIE, TODD, & BARD,
180 Broadway, New York.
Send for Price-List.
OUR GOODS ARE SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

EARL & WILSON'S
PATENT "SHORT BAND" COLLARS AND "BEAD EDGE" CUFFS
ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION

The Celebrated Wooton Rotary Desk.
Received everywhere with expressions of delight.
The lower sections are pivoted to the frame-work of the body of the desk, and with a slight touch of the hand rotate at the will of the operator. Awkward closets and drawers are thus done away with, and proper facilities afforded for the convenient classification of Books, Papers, &c. Twenty-four Pigeon-Holes in left case filled with our Patent Filing Boxes. Three drawers at top of desk. We apply the same principle to **Cylinder** and other styles of desks. For particulars and prices, send 3-cent stamp to
THE WOOTON DESK MANUFACTURING CO., 49 Vance Block, Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"SHE HUNG HER HEAD."

VINEY'S CONVERSION AND COURTSHIP.

BY SOPHIE SHEPARD.

I.

VINEY felt that life was hard. Viney was a maid of sixteen, brown of color, and as pretty as one of Stoddard's South-sea Island girls—though for my part I have never quite believed in the charms of those winsome nymphs. In her soul Viney was a frivolous little wretch who loved to feast, flirt, sing, and dance, regardless of the fact that she might have to pay the piper. Her tastes, indeed, did not stand in the way of her usefulness, for Viney was "as handy as the next one"; she worked right royally when she worked, and idled, it must be owned, after the same fashion. Her discontent now was not owing to the meanness of opportunity, for plenty of gayety went on about her. Fate in the shape of an elder sister stood between her and the desires of her heart. This sister, Mrs. Ally Phil Hancock by name, was a shining light in the Happy Hollow Baptist Church, and she put her foot down too hard for it to become entangled in "de devil's snares," as she called junketings of a worldly nature. Her special duty was to keep watch and ward over Viney, and train her in the way she should go. This was no easy task, for Viney was a born rebel. With a figure supple as that of the Discus-thrower, strong statuesque arms, and extraordinary agility of motion, she would have been a terrific foe to meet in an Amazonian fray. But fortunately she was very good-natured, and extremely susceptible to kind words. "Sis Ally" managed her without the least trouble in life, when she followed her own ideas in the matter, and did not allow herself to be too much guided by Elder Simeon Buford, who had long regarded Viney as a "brand."

"De trouble is, Sis Ally," complained Viney one day, "you ain't *neber* willin' fur me ter have no fun."

"What you call fun, chile?" said Ally, good-humoredly, resting one hand on her hips. Ally was ten years Viney's senior, "an' ten years ahead of her in looks," her admirers declared. The truth is, the sisters were exactly alike, except that for the last ten years one had been growing tall and the other broad—very broad.

"Well, picnics an' parties an' barbecues an' dancin'!"

"Dancin'! Now see here, Viney, dar's one thing you kin purpose yo' min' on, an' dat is dis: When de devil sees a sinner er-dancin', he is glad on it—*powerful* glad on it—an' he keeps rattlin' in de light-wood knots ter make de fire double hetted fur 'em."

"Dunno 'bout dat, but I does know dat you ain't willin' fur me ter hab de joys ov life."

"You'll neber know dem joys, Viney, till you is a worker in de vineyard ov de Lord; but if it's gaddin' about you're hankerin' arter, I'm sure we have enough o' dat ter satisfy a cormorus."

"Yes, baptizin's an' funerals."

"Well, baptizin's is very joyous occasions, an' funerals is improvin' to de soul, however dey harries de feelin's. An' den look at de tea parties we is invited to attend wid our presence an' fur ter eat chicken pie, an' drink coffee, an' praise de Lord."

"'Pears like you don't have no interestin' folks at yo' 'semblages. Now ef you would jes' sprinkle in a few young 'uns, like—like—"

"Like Jack Chaney, maybe you're tryin' ter say," said Ally, severely.

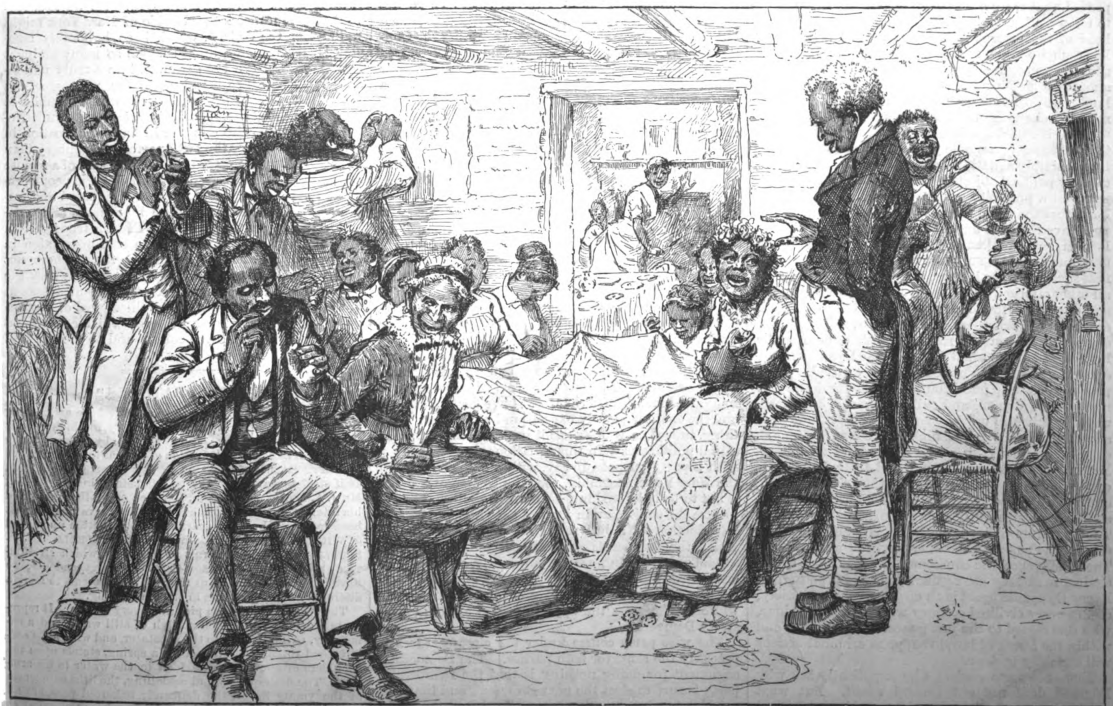
Viney blushed; and Ally knew she blushed, though no sign was visible through her dusky skin. She hung her head too, and dug her toes into the ground, but finally, plucking up heart of grace:

"S'posin' I did mean Jack Chaney? I guess you kin cross many a waggin track widout meetin' anybody any fairer-spoken dan him. Now, Sis Ally, dat gran' quiltin' o' your'n, why don't you give Jack a invite?"

"He can't darken my do'," said Ally, solemnly. "Fur what does de hymn say?

'Blest is de man—'

[*Continued on page 246.*



"THE 'BROTHERS' ASSISTED IN THE QUILTING."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE DYNAMITE CAMPAIGN.

NOBODY who is familiar with the facts, not even Mr. PARNELL or Mr. DAVITT, holds that the oppression of Ireland by England is now so cruel and hopeless as to justify armed and bloody revolution. Their policy, in view of all the abuses [illegible] corrected, is that of O'CONNELL [illegible] changes are to be sought by [illegible] that there has been in times [illegible] injustice in Ireland is undeniable; [illegible] was largely responsible for it is unquestionable; that there is still much individual suffering due to individual wrong and to unwise laws is probable; and that all such injustice ought to be remedied every honest man will admit. On the other hand, that unjust laws in Ireland have been repealed, that immense abuses have been corrected, that the condition of the country has been greatly improved, that there is a general disposition in England to relieve all just complaint in Ireland, and that the head of the present ministry is a proved friend of Irish amelioration, are all familiar facts. In such a situation to begin a system of murder and anarchy as a means of helping Ireland, under the plea that England will do nothing that it is not forced to do, is merely a challenge to tremendous reprisals.

What is called the Dynamite policy is therefore, in the absence of reasonable justification of forcible revolution, simply agitation by assassination. It proposes to carry political objects by murder. If Congress will not pass a prohibitory tariff or decree free trade, it holds that the opposition should blow up the Capitol, and leave Senators and Representatives to their fate. It is, in fact, a project of extermination of the opposition, and Mr. LOWELL tells but the truth in saying that such a scheme is as repulsive to Americans as to all other civilized people. Mr. PARNELL is the leader and one of the founders of the Land League. He is a member of Parliament, and he approves Parliamentary agitation and the relief of Irish difficulties by laws passed in the usual way. To the Dynamite leaders this seems to be a milk-and-water method. Their plan is to blow up public buildings, and to destroy innocent men, women, and children, friends and opponents together, in order to coerce the Government to adopt some unknown and undefined course in Ireland, or to exasperate it to shake off Ireland altogether. Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DAVITT and their friends are coming to stand for a Gironde in the Irish agitation, and men like the informer CASEY and his fellow-assassins are apparently to be the accepted leaders. The Dynamite policy is sheer anarchy and social dissolution as against humanity, civilization, and law. The intelligence and conscience of every country are against it as they are against piracy and poisoning. Every Dynamite agent is an enemy of human society, and in every civilized country whatever can be done, with due regard to the just guarantees of liberty and within the forms of law, to suppress criminal actions will certainly be done.

There are some readers who impatiently ask why England does not cut Ireland adrift. But what would happen, and by what right could any civilized country take such a responsibility without a free and fair demand honestly made and ascertained, and without opportunity for a careful and timely adjustment of terms? The condition of the Irish people is summed up in two words—poverty and ignorance. Ireland separated from England would be at once dominated by the most cruel despotism, that of the Dynamite agents. It would not be PARNELL and DAVITT and MCCARTHY, but CASEY and BRADY and the assassins of Phœnix Park, who would rule a destitute and superstitious population. The "landlords" would be "brought to justice," and a saturnalia of terror would follow the "independence of Ireland." It is not a decent or an honorable answer to say that England might thank herself for it, because the real question is not the origin of the present situation, but its wise relief. Undoubtedly there may be a very large party in England for summary separation from Ireland. But separation would mean murderous desertion of those whom England is bound to protect, including Irishmen in England and both Englishmen and Irishmen in Ireland. The only humane course is legal remedy of wrongs. But every murder and explosion and outrage makes such remedy more difficult and improbable. It is the misfortune of this country that money is given here for "the cause of Ireland" which is probably devoted to criminal purposes, and it is very irritating to those who suffer by the crimes that money so given should be so used. But such transactions necessarily elude the law, because the money is not given for an avowed criminal object. If a man should professedly receive money to aid the perpetration of crime, the law would interfere. Or if there were declared war between England and Ireland, we should strictly observe neutrality. Or if a conspiracy to commit crime were known to the police, it would be suppressed. But the law can not prevent gifts of money to aid Ireland, or Germany, or France, or any other country. The people of the United States have no sympathy with crime of any kind or degree. They do not smile at the Irish situation because the English opinion of "society," and the clubs, and the ministry, was unfriendly to us in our great struggle. Whenever and wherever the United States can properly lay their hands upon Dynamite plotters and assassins they will not hesitate.

STRIKING A SNAG.

THE passage of the administrative reform bill by Congress, in obedience to a very decisive and unmistakable expression of public opinion, naturally led to the introduction of similar bills in the State Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania. This was especially proper, for it was in both of those States that the abuses and evils of the spoils system first appeared, and the surrender of JACKSON to what CLAY called the New York system, which MARCY defended in his famous phrase, was merely opening the national service to mischiefs long established in the States, and which from JEFFERSON'S inauguration had been steadily besieging the general government. There are two bills pending in the New York Legislature, one a bill of the Reform Association, and adapting the Congressional bill to State conditions, and one introduced by Mr. ROOSEVELT, applicable to the city of New York. Mr. MILLER, of New York, also introduced a bill providing for inquiries into the number, duties, appointment, etc., of officers, both in the State and county service, which by his consent has been made a part of the first bill mentioned, which is supported by the Reform Association, and from which Mr. ROOSEVELT'S bill substantially differs, we believe, only in its mandatory character in regard to the city.

Upon the discussion of the bill the Democratic speakers made the same mistake that their fellow-partisans made in the Senate at Washington. They taunted the Republicans as being the sick monk, forgetting that they assumed the position of the well monk. Without denying the justice of their gibes at the trifling and the delay of the Republicans in dealing with the subject, it is evident that such sneering can not take the place of action. The Democrats have loudly demanded reform, and the demand was perfectly well understood to mean this particular kind of reform. Not only the party in general, but individual members of the party, have declared for it, and the country plainly expects and requires it. Nothing, indeed, now obstructs it but the class of professional politicians. In this situation it is useless, even with a party purpose, to say, with Mr. HAGGERTY in the New York Assembly, that the Democratic party is not to be bulldozed into sustaining a bill, but ought to take the subject up in its own time and way. The introduction of a bill providing for the reform to which the Democrats are pledged, and making it a special order, are in no sense bulldozing, and the Democratic party in Ohio, in Pennsylvania, and New York, has shown no disposition whatever to promote reform; while in Congress the opposition was almost exclusively Democratic.

The wise party course under the circumstances is precisely the same for both parties. The Democratic argument for doing nothing is that the Democratic party is sure to elect the next President, and that it is suicidal to abandon the patronage. But the more obvious this position becomes—and it is already very evident—the more certain is Democratic defeat. The very fact that the Republicans aid their party immensely by favoring this reform should open Democratic eyes. Vague declamation about stopping peculation and correcting abuses, when accompanied by no mention of methods and by derision of all methods proposed, is child's play, and deceives nobody. How do the Democrats mean to stop peculation and correct abuses? Is it merely by electing Democrats? Then the country has only to look at Democratic government in the city of New York, and Democratic speeches and votes in Congress, and Democratic speeches and votes and acts in the Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the tone of the Democratic press, to decide whether Democratic ascendency is in itself a security against abuses of administration. Governor CLEVELAND, who came in upon a "tidal wave," said truly that success in 1884 depended upon party conduct in the mean while. But the Governor is the only man in his party in New York who seems to be aware of the profound truth of his remark.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

WASHINGTON hoped to see a national university, and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS urged its erection. The project has been often revived, and a few years since it was pushed with some persistence. President ELIOT, of Harvard, in a very sagacious and timely pamphlet, pointed out that a national, in the sense of a national government, university was an institution inconsistent both with our principles of education and with our traditions, and that a true national university was not one supported by the public money, and left, in its organization and conduct, to the mercy of politicians in Congress, but a broad, comprehensive, unsectarian institution, amply endowed by private munificence, appealing to every part of the country by its offer of the most complete and liberal education, and beyond the reach of parties and politicians.

This is evidently also the view of Professor CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH in his recent proposition—which is heartily approved by President BARNARD—to erect Columbia College into a national university. He states that large and increasing numbers of young Americans are compelled by the want of adequate scholarly training in this country to go abroad to seek it, and that this proclamation of intellectual poverty is a shame in which we ought not to acquiesce. A fitting site for an institution which shall satisfy every requirement of study he holds, and we think justly, to be the central city of the country, and since the foundations of such a school are already laid in New York, in Columbia College, the work, he thinks, may be considered to be already begun, and to erect the national university it is only necessary completely to develop Columbia College.

This seems to be a very reasonable plan, for whatever sectarian or other limitations there may be in the charter could be readily removed. As we said last week, the munificence and pride of New York might well foster the college, which is so honorably associated with the city, and in which so many eminent New-Yorkers have been trained, into a truly national university. The broader and the more generous the policy of the trustees, the more will the public be inclined to heed the appeal of Professor SMITH. Nothing is more striking in the history of education in the country during the last quarter of a century than the change in the college system from that of a recluse academy into that of a great school of the people, relying for prosperity not upon an antiquated and traditional curriculum supervised by pedants and pedagogues, but upon the perception that the true function of a university is to provide the best instruction in every study, that the chief point is the teachers, not the scholars, because scholars will naturally seek the most accomplished instructors. The recent statement of the trustees of Columbia and the appeal of Professor SMITH will stimulate an interest which can not but be of great service to the college and to the cause of good education.

HUNT'S "BATHERS."

WE have often had occasion to speak of the astonishing progress of wood-engraving in this country, to which we trust something of a fresh impulse will be given by the proposition of the HARPERS for a competition of designs in illustration of DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn." It has sometimes seemed as if steel-engraving might be left behind in the race, but Mr. J. A. LOWELL, of Boston, has been of another mind, and his interest in the development of steel-engraving has just been rewarded by the remarkable reproduction upon steel of WILLIAM M. HUNT'S "Bathers," by S. A. SCHOLL. Of Mr. SCHOLL'S admirable portrait of EMERSON, which Mr. NORTON chose for the EMERSON-CARLYLE correspondence, we have already spoken. But the "Bathers" seems to mark a distinct epoch of progress in steel-engraving.

The composition of the picture is very simple. It represents a darkly embowered stretch of still water, and a naked boy, with his back to the spectator, and with arms outstretched to balance himself for a spring, stands upon the shoulders of another boy hidden in the water to his armpits. The flesh quality and modelling, the lithe suppleness of the young figure, the delicately balanced pose, are all reproduced with such freedom, vigor, and subtlety that at a little distance the richness and roundness and fullness of the engraving wonderfully replace the picture. The hard-

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ness and fixed precision of the older style are lost in the flowing grace and broad fidelity of this treatment, and those who knew HUNT's delight in every finer form of art can imagine the enthusiasm with which he would have recognized the co-operation of the engraver's feeling and skill with his own.

This work reveals new possibilities in steel-engraving, and, with the amazing progress in engraving upon wood, it is an exceedingly interesting illustration of American activity in art. Mr. LOWELL, to whose energy, confidence, and liberality the result is due, in the honest pursuit of his business, has done also a public service, for such is every advance in the nobler arts.

"DIALECT TALES."

THE pretty volume under this title is peculiarly American. Like BRET HARTE's frontier stories, these tales treat of aspects of life and of a kind of humor which are unknown elsewhere, and of which there are glimpses in the journals of travellers in the South and Southwest of the United States. They have a certain historic value, also, because the kind of life which they portray will vanish rapidly before the advance of a new spirit into every remote and secluded part of the country. Already the vivid pictures of life in Mr. OLMSTED'S *Sea-board Slave States* are strange, like those of ARTHUR YOUNG'S *Travels in France*, so striking have been the changes in the regions which he describes. "Sherwood Bonner," in the profusely illustrated volume of *Dialect Tales*, which is just published by the HARPERS, has in the same way rescued odd traits of humor and characteristic scenes which will soon be known only in such books.

DISRAELI AS A FRIEND OF THIS COUNTRY.

THERE has been always a feeling in this country that Lord BEACONSFIELD was honestly friendly to the Union during the late war, and his attitude has been cited to disparage that of Mr. GLADSTONE. A recent letter in the London *Advertiser*, however, shows that the impression in regard to DISRAELI is unfounded. The writer says that he had frequent conversations with Lord BEACONSFIELD upon the subject, and that his lordship always regarded "recognition" as a possible card to be played at the right moment.

The invasion of Pennsylvania by LEE he held to be the favorable time, and he told the correspondent that he thought that the moment for action had arrived. He was of opinion that the proposition should proceed from the Tory or Confederate side, and that it would come best from him, while Lord PALMERSTON would be glad to accept a Parliamentary declaration of a policy which he personally approved. The correspondent, quoting DISRAELI's words, says:

"'But,' he continued, 'I can not speak without more knowledge of the subject than I now possess, and I should be glad if you could give me a brief, furnishing the necessary statistics of the population, the institutions, the commercial and political prospects, of the Southern States, in order that when the moment comes I may be fully armed.' I procured the necessary information from the best authorities, and placed it in his hands. Every day seemed to bring the moment for its use nearer, and the general feeling in the House of Commons was perfectly ripe for the motion in favor of 'recognition,' when the news of the battle of Gettysburg came like a thunder-clap upon the country. General MEADE defeated LEE and saved the Union, and from that day not another word was heard in Parliament about recognition. A few days afterward I saw Mr. DISRAELI, and his exact words were, 'We nearly put our foot in it.'"

This statement is corroborated by that of a gentleman who was entirely familiar with the situation in England at the time. He says that although DISRAELI himself waited to see how the cat would jump, his *alter ego*, Lord CAIRNES, and all the Tory set, were as actively mischievous as they could be, and doubtless with the connivance of their chief. PALMERSTON swaggered and blazed to the music halls about the *Trent* affair in his usual style. But one of his colleagues assured the gentleman whose view we quote that PALMERSTON was not inclined to recognize the Confederacy. He had been all his life crusading against slavery, from mixed motives, and this undoubtedly restrained him, while he certainly resisted the strongest solicitations of LOUIS NAPOLEON. That DISRAELI was friendly to the side of the government in our struggle is a mere Wondrous Tale of Alroy.

THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL AND THE GREAT ORGAN.

THE statement that the great organ in the Boston Music Hall had been sold is incorrect. But the sale has been suggested, in order, apparently, to provide a few more seats, and there is a strong and very intelligible feeling of opposition to the sale. The organ is one of the largest and finest in the country, and like the great organ at Haarlem, in Holland, it is a pride of the city. There is no other place to which it could be removed, and should it be taken down it must be laid away, and necessarily suffer great injury. Its removal would put an end to the noble oratorio performances of the Handel and Haydn Society, which are one of the great musical traditions of the city, and the Music Hall robbed of its organ would have lost its unique distinction.

For such a loss it can not be thought that the gain of some two hundred seats would be an adequate compensation, and there is a singular misconception of the value of association in the proposition to sell so essential and characteristic a part of such a hall. Surely an organ is needed in the Music Hall, and to replace this magnificent instrument by a meaner one would be only to make permanent a humiliating contrast. It is the great organ which justifies the distinctive name of the building, as it is its most fitting decoration.

We do not quite understand why opposition to the removal of the organ should be regarded as a "sentiment," in the sense of sentimentality. The feeling which consecrates Bunker Hill or Faneuil Hall is undoubtedly a sentiment, and so was the patriotism which is associated with both. To many persons without a musical ear delight in music seems to be only sentiment. It is sentiment which hangs the portraits in Faneuil Hall, and it is sentiment only which would be concerned at their removal. But certainly it is a sentiment worthy of cultivation. Is not any building invested with a noble and elevating sentiment in itself a refining and beneficial possession for any community? And is not the same thing true of the parts of a building, or those objects in it which a similar sentiment invests? The Elgin Marbles in London are not what they were in Athens, nor was the temple from which they were stolen the same after they were gone. The Music Hall when the great organ is gone will have suffered an irremediable loss.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE portrait upon another page is that of one of the youngest Republican leaders of the Assembly, who has fortunately inherited the manly public spirit of his father, with an intrepidity and independence which are as valuable as they are unusual in public life. Mr. ROOSEVELT is one of the very few Assemblymen that the Republican party is able to send from the city to the Legislature, and he and his colleague Mr. HOWE have represented the highest character and purpose of the party.

Like many of the younger Republicans, Mr. ROOSEVELT holds the soundest views upon public questions with the feeling that the Republican party is the organization which from its traditional principles and the character of its membership is more likely wisely to secure the public welfare. This feeling has been undoubtedly strengthened in the case of Mr. ROOSEVELT by his observation of the course of the Democratic party in the Legislature. That party has done nothing whatever to inspire public confidence, and Mr. ROOSEVELT has been among the most active in stripping off the mask of Democratic professions of economy and reform.

With energy and ardor, and with a directness and plainness of speech from which older legislators shrink, Mr. ROOSEVELT in the last session moved the WESTBROOK inquiry, and in the present session he has urged proceedings to vacate the charter of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company. He has also introduced the municipal civil service reform bill, and his voice and vote are sure for whatever is honest, wise, and progressive.

MRS. CARLYLE'S LETTERS.

THE HARPERS have issued in a neat volume the letters of MRS. CARLYLE to her husband and various friends, and the book is one of singular interest because it is so intimate a revelation of a remarkable woman who was well known by her friends to be hardly less striking a person than CARLYLE. The apparently remorseful tone of the *Reminiscences*, and the opinion freely expressed by Mr. FROUDE in his memoir of CARLYLE's earlier years that CARLYLE was grossly and selfishly negligent of his wife, permitting a superior woman to become the slave of his whims and convenience, produced a strong and general feeling of antipathy to him as a man. But the glimpses of MRS. CARLYLE in the EMERSON-CARLYLE correspondence, and a more careful consideration of CARLYLE's imaginative richness and extravagance of expression, have favorably modified that feeling.

The present volume, which is one of extraordinary interest, enables the reader to understand still more truly the exact situation. CARLYLE and his wife were both persons of genius and of most positive character and tastes. They were both in ill health and very poor. He was absorbed in study and writing. She was contriving and toiling to make both ends meet. Much of her life was sacrificed to the most teasing details, and the only consolation which the situation might have offered—the constant and tender sympathy of her husband in lightening somewhat the heavy burden—was wanting, by reason of his temperament and preoccupation.

But that they were very closely attached to each other, that she was very proud of him, and happy in being his wife, despite all the clouds and irritations and troubles in the household, is evident. He had plainly great defects of character, and she had often the consciousness of powers totally repressed. But the humoristic turn of the mind of each, and their remarkable facility and felicity of expression, make it necessary to read very closely between the lines to determine the precise relation. That done, there will be greater justice to both than it seems to us is awarded by Mr. FROUDE. The book is one of extraordinary interest, and it will take a permanent place among the most valuable collections of letters in our literature.

PERSONAL.

THE farewell dinner given to MR. ELIHU VEDDER by the Tile Club, of which he is a conspicuous luminary, was a graceful personal tribute to an American artist who has brains, and whose early return from Rome will be very generally wished for. A public exhibition of some of Mr. VEDDER's paintings is now holding in Boston.

—When the news of the steam-ship *Arizona's* collision with an iceberg, some months ago, reached New York city, considerable anxiety was aroused in the breasts of the officers of one of the small mercantile life-insurance companies. Seven members of the organization were on board the vessel, and their simultaneous deaths would have imperiled its life.

—A New-Yorker who recently attended a fancy-dress ball in ordinary evening attire was naively said by a lady to have been "disguised as a gentleman."

—The studio of a celebrated American painter was visited by a collector of rents. "Ah!" exclaimed the latter, standing at the proper distance from a newly hung landscape, and admiring it with enthusiasm, "there's nature for you!" Then approaching near enough to smell the pigments, he added, "But these trees need finishing up a little." Such, thought the painter, is popular art-criticism.

—The modern missionary shines also as a pioneer in philology. During the last ten years the Madagascar missionaries have made important discoveries among the words and dialects, the legends and the folk-lore, of the islanders.

—"It is the boast of New York that any charity that can prove itself to be practical and well administered is never allowed to languish for want of funds in that city," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "The Fresh Air Fund of the New York *Tribune* was an instance. The *Tribune* had only to show that for every three dollars contributed a poor child could have a fortnight's vacation in the country, and means were supplied for the holidays of 5600 children. London has in this respect taken a leaf, though as yet, we fear, but a small one, out of the book of New York." Much of the success of this charity is due to the tact, perseverance, and benevolent impulses of the Rev. WILLARD PARSONS, its superintendent.

—A well-known American singer declares that a matinée audience does not tempt the performers on the stage to draw upon their best resources: "We singers, indeed, like to sing to the people, and nothing pleases us more than a representative country audience; but at matinées the listeners are almost exclusively ladies, and the muffled applause of their gloved hands is depressing. What we want is downright noise—with canes, umbrellas, feet, anything. It is the loudness of the appreciation that inspires us."

—The accident to MR. HENRY BERGH, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, by which he broke his collar-bone after jumping off the platform of a street car, has elicited many expressions of sympathy. MR. BERGH was born in 1823, and is the son of the eminent American ship-builder CHRISTIAN BERGH. His useful and successful society was incorporated in 1866.

—The offer of a prize by HARPER & BROTHERS for the best illustration to DOMETT's "Christmas Hymn" has created a stir among the young artists of America. At present writing more than thirteen hundred applications for copies of the hymn have been sent in by aspirants for the honor and the prize. A large majority of the applications are from New York city; then follow, in the order named, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati. Several have been received from New Orleans and Charleston, and one from Zuñi.

—The imagination of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON could picture mathematics among the fine arts. "To my particular constitution of mind," he wrote, "a mathematical theory presents even more of 'the intense unity of a living spirit' than the work of a poet or of an artist. Even the *Principia* of NEWTON, which is ordinarily perused as a model of inductive philosophy, I consider as being rather a work, a fabric, *an architectural edifice*, the external results of which have been, and will be, changed by the progress of experimental science, but which will always be interesting to mathematicians as a structure of beautiful thoughts."

—HANDEL was born on the 24th of February, 1684, and it is suggested that a bicentennial celebration of the author of the *Messiah* would be appropiate next year. But when BEETHOVEN's remark that "HANDEL is the unequalled master of all masters" is quoted in this connection, it will be remembered that new masters have appeared since his day, and that even BEETHOVEN praised him not absolutely, but as the producer of "great effects with scanty means."

—The *Academy* advises every bachelor who has the slightest respect for the dignity of his position to consider a well-known Frenchman's statement before investing in a victoria or a landau: "The victoria marks you as a candidate for matrimony, and leads you down an irresistible incline into the landau, where you are inextricably engaged beyond all hope of venture."

—Lord GREY thinks that England's attempts to prevent the horrors of a war of extermination between the white and black races of South Africa have made matters worse instead of better; and the *Cape Argus*, a newspaper of that region, declares that the black races are increasing so fast that there is more danger of them preying on Englishmen than of Englishmen preying on them.

—Every one of the British militia recently encamped at Brighton is said to have felt as much "loyal satisfaction" in the sight of the King's Head Inn, where CHARLES II. spent the night before sailing for Shoreham, as did MRS. THRALE and FANNY BURNEY more than a hundred years ago.

—A whisper in New York having become audible in Chicago by means of the telephone, an English editor predicts that before many years the more important debates in Parliament will be delivered in the hearing of Great Britain, and such a speech as Mr. JOHN BRIGHT's recent one at Glasgow will be heard simultaneously by great audiences in every town in the land.

—Mr. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, of the well-known Boston firm of A. WILLIAMS & Co., booksellers and publishers, has retired from business. The event is one of interest not only to Bostonians, with whom the "Old Corner Book-store" has been for so many years an institution, but to the book trade at large. Mr. WILLIAMS was the oldest bookseller in the city, and he will take with him in his retirement the best wishes of thousands of friends. His large and prosperous business will be continued by his three partners, under the name of CUPPLES, UPHAM, & Co.

—In an age when young Japan wears the evening dress of Parisian civilization, and when young Honolulu takes unaffectedly to brandy and seltzer or Apollinaris, it is a comfort, writes a foreign editor, to reflect that one corner of the world, Corea, still resolutely refuses to be moulded into the single uniform, stereotyped, Western pattern. "What a pretty, picturesque, varied world it will be, to be sure, when everybody indues himself in frock-coats and chimney-pots with singular unanimity from Kamtchatka to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the converted polar Esquimau to the polite and cultivated inhabitants of a Europeanized Patagonia!"

—An extract from the shooting register kept on a prince's estate in Austria shows that last year more than 75,000 deer, wild-boars, roebuck, pheasants, partridges, hares, wild-duck, and other game were killed.

—The vestry of a church near London have resolved that the Athanasian Creed be read no more during service, and that the vicar shall be "guaranteed against pains and penalties" if he acts in accordance with their wishes in this respect.

—Shall the sixpence toll now levied on all visitors to the church in Stratford-on-Avon where SHAKSPEARE's bones lie be used in paying the salaries of the curates or in keeping the edifice in repair? This great question still excites discussion in the land of the immortal bard. If the money must be raised at all, why not expend it in promoting a knowledge of SHAKSPEARE's works?

—Lady FLORENCE DIXIE refused to call in a physician after her alleged attack by highwaymen, because, as she said, "I dislike doctors." Thereupon the *Lancet* asks why people sometimes dislike them: "In part, doubtless, this feeling may arise from the recognition that doctors lift up the veil, and see the psycho-physical being behind it; and probably, in a certain proportion of instances, the sense of being known is not pleasant."

—In his eloquent funeral oration on the late PETER COOPER, the Rev. Mr. COLLYER said that the founder of the Cooper Institute "stands alone, so far as I know, among the men who would do some great work for the help and blessing of the whole nation, and have lived to see that work perfected in their own life and time."

—Twelve Arabian acrobats, from Fez, Algiers, and Tunis, arrived a few days ago in New York city. To a *Times* reporter, who addressed them in their native Arabic, one of the number said: "We thought the steamer was going down every moment. We hardly ate anything during the voyage, and we do not feel very strong just now. We made a vow to our saint, SIDI BEN ABBAS, that if we reached land in safety, we would give him an offering of gold; so when we got to New York we took some gold coins, tied them up in a cloth, and threw them into the sea; they will find their way to the treasury of the saint just the same as if we put them there ourselves. I said to the sea: 'Oh, you blue sea, if they ploughed you, and sowed seeds on you, and the grass were to grow all over you, I'll never trust you again.'"

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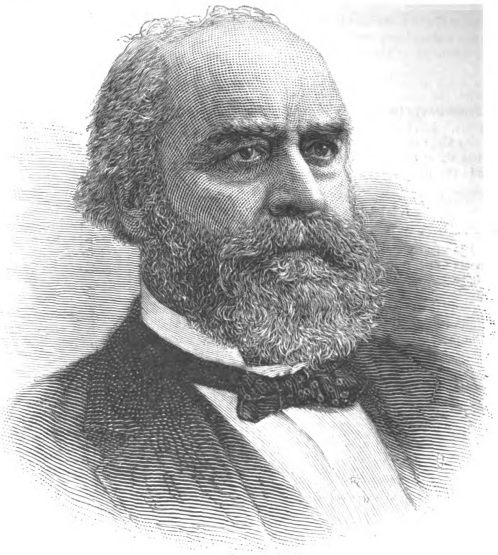
THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 243.]



CARTER HARRISON, RE-ELECTED MAYOR OF CHICAGO.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEHRIG.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPION.

THE late Billiard Tournament at Chicago, which resulted in a decisive victory for JACOB SCHAEFER over MAURICE VIGNAUX, the most celebrated player of France, has given rise to considerable bickering among devotees of the game. It is asserted that some experts claim that it was understood from the outset that SCHAEFER was to win, in order to create interest in future matches, and that VIGNAUX purposely missed several easy shots when SCHAEFER was playing with luck against him. This is hardly credible, and VIGNAUX's evident chagrin at losing the first prize and the world championship indicates that the match was fairly played.

VIGNAUX complains somewhat bitterly of the conduct of the audience, and of their boisterous applause when SCHAEFER was making good runs. He says that the noisy demonstrations, clapping of [illegible] unnerved him, and made it almost impossible for him to maintain the coolness requisite for good play. He seems to have good ground for complaint in this respect; and although it is very difficult to control the sympathies of an interested audience, every effort should be made to insure fair play in this as in every other manner to the foreigner.

THREE MAYORS.

CHICAGO, Cincinnati, and Cleveland have each elected a Democratic Mayor. The success of Mr. STEPHENS in Cincinnati is considered a victory for Mr. PENDLETON, and as giving that gentleman the leadership of the Democratic party in Ohio. The Chicago election was also considered an important turning-point for the Democrats, who wished by carrying the local election now to secure the Lake City, and with her the State, in 1884. Next to that a victory now was deemed an important step toward the Gubernatorial boom for the Mayor-elect. Already the strongest Democratic papers in the State are hoisting the name of HARRISON for Governor, and should the Democratic National Convention meet in Chicago the boom will be intensified.

JACOB SCHAEFER, VICTOR IN THE CHICAGO BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

Besides Mr. HARRISON, who now enters upon a third term as Mayor, ten Republican and eight Democratic Aldermen were elected in Chicago, leaving the complexion of the Council twenty-one Democrats to fifteen Republicans. The rest of the general ticket is Democratic.

In Cincinnati the Democrats elected not only the Mayor, but twelve candidates on the general ticket. The Republicans elected three. The Mayor, Police Judge, and Prosecuting Attorney elect were indorsed by the saloon-keepers and brewers, and eight of those elected were indorsed by the Municipal Reform Association. The Council will stand twenty-six Republicans and twenty-four Democrats. The School Board remains Democratic.

The Democratic clean sweep in Cleveland was not a surprise. The Republicans had conceded the election to their opponents before a vote was cast. Last spring the Democrats carried their ticket by over 2200 majority in the first flush of anger on the part of the Germans and saloon men over the passage of the POND law. This same cause, added to others, gave them the Congressional ticket in the fall by 5000 majority. This spring it was thought that the old trouble might have been allayed somewhat, and that a considerable part of the Germans would quietly vote the Republican ticket. The result has shown this to be a fallacy, as the Democrats have carried the day by a large majority. The weather was fine, and a great deal of work was done. There was less excitement than usual, as the people at large did not seem to be very enthusiastic. In the ward tickets considerable scratching was done from local causes. The Republicans so clearly conceded the election of the entire Democratic ticket that they did not gather to hear the returns read, while the Democrats filled the City Armory to overflowing. The victors are very loud in their boasts that they have come to stay, that they will elect a Governor in the fall, and elect a President in 1884.

J. H. FARLEY, MAYOR-ELECT OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FOLIAMBE.

THOMAS J. STEPHENS, MAYOR-ELECT OF CINCINNATI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.

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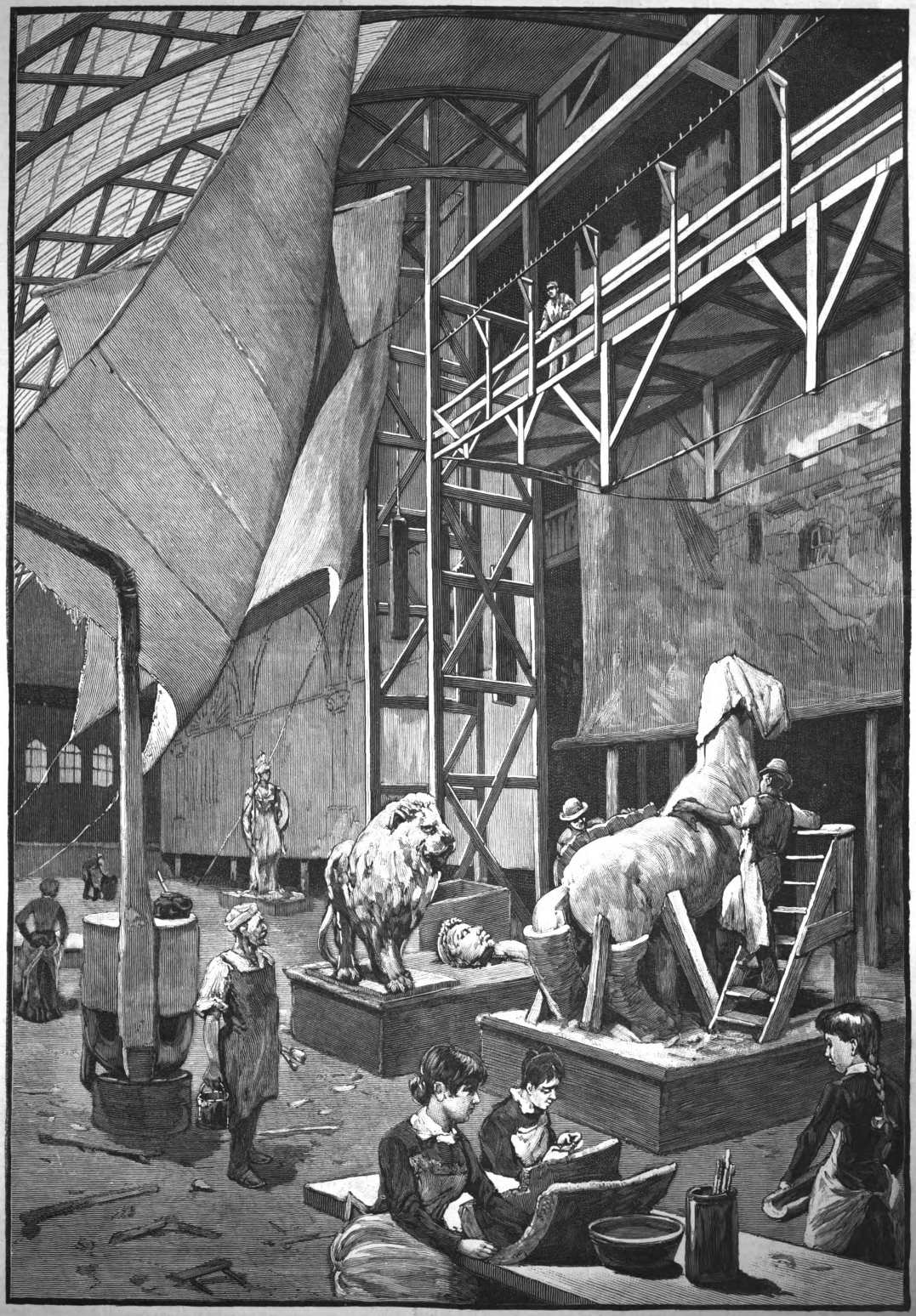

THE CINCINNATI DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.—PREPARING SCENERY.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 247.]

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(*Continued from front page.*)

VINEY'S CONVERSION AND COURTSHIP.

an' ov co'se it means 'oman too—

> 'Blest is de man who ne'er consents
> By ill advice ter walk,
> Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
> Whar *men ungodly* talk.'

Dat's de p'int, Viney—men *ungodly*. Dat's what Jack Chaney is—ungodly. An' I couldn't have him at my party; he would jes' be de fly in de 'intment."

"Jack don't do nothin' wrong," muttered his champion.

"Oh no! He didn't fight chickens las' Sunday wid Tom Kinkle in *actile* sight o' de moniments in de cimetery, did he?" said Ally, crushingly.

"What tattle-tale brought dat ter yo' years?"

"'Twarn't no tattle-tale; it were de godliest man in de church—Elder Buford."

"I mought 'a knowed it. I allays did hate dat ole 'coon."

"Dem as hates is in danger o' hell fire."

"Take keer, den, dat you don't hate Jack Chaney," cried Viney, quiek as a cat.

"I 'clar ter goodness I don't, Viney. I owns Jack is a nice, outspoken chap ez ever I seen, an' ef he war on'y a child o' grace, I could shout fur joy. An' ter show you I don't b'ar no malice, I'll let you fix up a nice plate o' goodies when I has my quiltin', an' sen' 'em ter him in a frien'ly sperrit."

Viney laughed. "All right, Sis Ally; an' I'll do all I kin ter he'p you git ready fur your quiltin', fur I knows you means ter make a gre't occasion ov it."

"De gre'test," said Ally, "dat hez been seen in dese parts sence slavery times."

When Ally said this it meant something. She was in the habit of having "companies," all extremely comfortable in plan and execution, and the rumor that she was bent on outdoing herself at the coming "quiltin'" made the mouths water of those who were bidden to the feast. Ally was, indeed, a hospitable soul; and she had good right to be, for the "Phil Hancocks" were the most important people in the colored community. Jolly tastes went hand in hand with their pious convictions, and somehow, in spite of Elder Buford, they had always managed to keep on the sunny side of religion; and besides being jolly and young, our friends were rich—oh! crowning touch! Uncle Phil "druv a team" for a gentleman who paid him thirty dollars a month, and Ally when in need had only to announce to the ladies of Happy Hollow that she was ready to do up their laces, or accept orders for embroidery, to find her hands full of work. It can not be said that our friends laid up any money; but they did better—they enjoyed it. Uncle Phil, indeed, sometimes shook his head over "de way money burnt in his pockets," but, after all, he was not far behind Ally in hospitable feelings, and the flatteries of his friends upheld him.

"Phil says ter me ter-day," remarked Ally, as she and Viney sat beating cake for the party, each with a sinewy hand in a great wooden tray of creamy golden batter—"Phil says dat de money dis 'll cos', fust an' last, would ermos' put a new L to de house; an' we *is* cramped fur room, no doubt on't. But I says, 'Never min', Phil; de L 'll take keer o' itself. I ain't been er-talkin' 'bout dis quiltin' party ten year for nothin'. De time has come, an' Happy Hollow is er-gwine ter see style.'"

II.

Up rose the sun, and up rose Sis Ally, Uncle Phil, Viney, and a graceless grandchild called Tobe, who promised to give as much trouble as Viney in the years to come. He was on his best behavior now, for the day of the party had at last rolled round, and only a few final touches remained to be given. Viney drew up a great bucket of flowers, picked the day before, and hung down the well to keep fresh, and decorated the front room; Ally iced her last cake; Uncle Phil went off on an errand; while Tobe occupied his morning chiefly in grinning and washing himself behind the well. Early in the afternoon the guests assembled, brethren and sisters coming together. This was an innovation, as the brethren usually strolled in about supper-time, doing little more than show their prowess as trencher-men. But Ally insisted on the change. "It 'll make things livelier," she said, astutely.

Her cabin had been swept and garnished until it shone with cleanliness. There were only two rooms; but one was adorned with a grand piece of furniture, the very pride of Ally's heart—a mahogany chest of drawers, glittering with brass handles, and surmounted by an old-fashioned mirror. In both there were bits of carpet on the floors, pictures cut from the newspapers hanging against the whitewashed walls, and white curtains fluttering at the windows.

Uncle Phil stood in the doorway, hands extended, a twinkle in his eye, the same words of welcome for all. Ally, regardless of the weather, was arrayed in a gorgeous crimson alpaca, buttoned tightly across her plump bust. On her head she wore a wreath of roses, one enormous red "Giant of Battle" being planted just above her forehead with startling effect. This costume she wore and loved, not only loved, but rejoiced in, and was by no means unpleasing to look on with her beaming smiles, gleaming white teeth, and happy air of consciousness. The "company," you may be sure, was gotten up in its best. All the finery in Happy Hollow was brought out to do honor to the occasion. It was soon evident that "Sister Elsie" in a "black granadeer," with a large white turkey-tail fan in her hand, was to take the palm for tip-top elegance; but there was a pink muslin of a most satisfactory cut, and a white dimity that made Viney's eyes dance; and none was so poor as to fail of setting off her costume with a fluttering ribbon, a bit of lace, a string of beads, or a dangling ear-ring. And though the whole effect was slightly suggestive of

> "Some in rags,
> And some in tags,
> And some in velvet gowns,"

it was festal in the extreme; so much so that Elder Buford—restless, uneasy soul!—feared a spirit of worldliness was creeping into the Happy Hollow "professors," and suggested to Preacher Simpkins that he preach a sermon on "dress an' damnation widout furder delay."

Brother Simpkins, a guileless-looking, white-haired old man, whose expression seemed to struggle between one of cheerful kindliness and anxious care, smiled, but would make no promise. In fact, he had himself to-day sacrificed to the vanities, and was disposed to look with charity on fellow-sinners, though he hoped (good man!) that few suffered as he did. He wore a pair of wide flapping kersey trousers, home-made and of easy fit. So far so good; but his upper half was clad in a tight—very tight—coat of the kind known as swallow-tail, the gift of some former master. Time was when it hung agreeably on the preacher's spare figure, but with years had come pounds. The poor man grew corpulent, and his fine coat had no more "give" to it than Elder Buford's theology. His soul was now distracted with wondering whether the buttons would hold during the long evening, whether it was his duty to forbear eating that the strain on the broadcloth should not be too great, or whether it would not be best to shamelessly unbutton himself at the beginning of the feast, and enjoy it like a man. I fear he leaned to the latter course, for the guests all knew that the hour of the supper was likely to be a season of joy. One "brother" was overheard to whisper to a "*sister*" that he had "starved himself sence yistiddy so's ter do full jestice to Sis Ally's cookin'." And though the sister put her kinky head on one side, and intimated that Brother 'Arrison "ought ter be ashamed o' hisself," it was noticed that she cast longing glances through the open door into the next room, where the supper was laid. The long table was covered with a white cloth. "None o' yo' po' white trash linen," Ally would say, "but ginnine damask, not ter be beat in dis town nor de nex' one."

The supply of crockery was made abundant by contributions from friends, who felt themselves honored in "assisting" in ever so small a way at such an entertainment. All the treasured pieces of "chaney" from the different cabins were brought forward—"chaney" which had been obtained either by gift or—well—otherwise from masters and mistresses of the past. Some of them were very beautiful, but their beauty shone unrecognized among the glittering new pewter spoons and picayune tumblers in which Uncle Phil had invested for the occasion. The table was already ornamented with cakes of goodly size, fruit, and sweetmeats. That part of the supper which was to be served hot was still undergoing the process of cooking. In this room Viney, in her best dress—an outgrown pink calico—presided cheerfully. She was as good as gold at such times, unless good for nothing by reason of a freak of temper or sweet native indolence. To-day, however, all was going right. She hovered undismayed round the open fire-place with its crackling logs, from whence savory odors came. And small wonder! *From the cranes in* the wide chimney swung a chicken stew *à la* Hancock, and a pot of gumbo fit for the heroes of Homer; *in an enormous tin* coffee-pot coffee was being dripped; and on a spit in front of the glowing coals, with a "creeper" or small oven under him to catch the rich drippings, was a lordly turkey, a wild gobbler which Phil had killed the Sunday before, in the teeth, so to speak, of the law and the gospel. He not only profaned the Sabbath, but scouted the enactment of the Legislature which had forbidden the shooting of game during August. One of the doubting sisters had gone to Preacher Simpkins to know what he thought as to "de Lord's people he'pin' ter eat dat ar turkey." Preacher Simpkins was found to hold advanced views. "Well, sister," he said, "I ain't no ways a predjist man. I likes ter see jestice done—jestice to Brother Phil, an' jestice ter de turkey gobbler, an' jestice ter de brethering an' de sisters what anticerpates ter purtake ov him. An' while I wouldn't hev *sed* to Brother Phil, 'Kill dat fowl,' still he is at de present as dead as a do' nail, and dar's no puttin' de life back in him, so I jes' says dis, Let de Lord's people enjoy him, an' say nothin', 'cep'n' ter thank de Lord fur makin' sich critters."

So there the turkey swung before Ally's fire, seeming to preserve his dignity even under the process of being "done brown." Tobe, who gloried in his office, kept him constantly turning, and as he displayed first his broad front, and then his shapely back, he seemed mildly to inquire if ever before had been seen such a glorious development. From time to time Viney basted him with her plump hands, and as often as she did so Tobe observed, with a blissful grin, "Him gwine ter taste good, *sho'*."

Poor Viney! Very hot, very busy, she gleaned what amusement she could from the scraps of conversation that floated through the open door. She was conscious that she did not stand high in the mind of the assembly, and the girl felt her isolation, though she tossed her head over it.

"I s'pose dey is all elected fur salvation," she mused, "an' ole Satan hisself wouldn't dar ter meddle wid dat crowd." And Viney might have felt herself shut out from companionship with her kind but for a saving remembrance of Tobe. "He's a limb, dat boy is," she reflected, gazing sternly on him as he "locomoted" the turkey, "an' ef I didn't hab an eye on him he'd git de liver an' gizzard in spite o' me, even if dey was half done, an' hot as de Bad Man's fires."

Here Viney did Tobe injustice. The noble youth preferred coming in for the "pickings" rather than trusting to the uncertainties of the "stealings."

"Sis Ally" was in high feather. Her quilt was spread in the centre of the room, and the quilters' needles flew through the shining fabric. It promised to be finished by "sundown," which also meant supper-time. The "brothers" assisted in the quilting by threading the needles for the "sisters," both parties attitudinizing in their best company manners. Whenever a sister received a needle she made a point of doing so between her thumb and forefinger, while the others were held straight out, as a public evidence that the owner "knowed how ter behave herse'f in sercicty."

"S'pose we take a little breathin' spell," said Sister Elsie, as the work grew warm, "an' let's onroll de quilt, ef Sister Ally is accommodatin', an' take a look at it."

"Ter be sho'," cried Sis Ally; and in a moment the nimble brothers had unrolled the light frame, and the quilt in all its beauty was unfolded before the admiring eyes of Sis Ally's company. It was a magnificent affair. Every shade of shimmering silk, every pattern of glorious brocade, every color of heaven-caught dye, seemed to blend in the shining whole—"a harmony in rainbow," it might have been called; and the only wonder was how so many fine bits of color had ever fluttered into Ally's homely nest. In truth, the silk quilt had its beginning long ago in a fine old Southern mansion when Ally was a "teeny gal." Her mistress, wishing to train her as a maid for her little daughter, taught her to read and to sew. Ally was fond of recalling those days, and of telling how the quilt came to be in her possession.

"I hated my spellin'-book, an' I hated my patchwork," she said; "but ole mis' she kep' me at work, a-rappin' my head wid her gold thimble ef I so much ez yawned. But when I saw how hansum dat silk quilt was gwine ter be, I got ter wishin' it wuz mine. Fust I thought I'd finish it up for to spread over my big doll dat little missy give me de Christmas befo'; den it seemed as ef I'd like ter sleep under it myse'f, jes' for de grandeur ov it. An' it grew bigger an' bigger in my mind till I decides dat ef it *wuz* mine, I'd save it fur my weddin' quilt; fur I wuz a mighty onregenerate young 'un," said Sis Ally, incautiously, "an' my head was always a-runnin' on things it didn't have no call to meddle wid."

Brother Buford groaned slightly; and a subdued chuckle from Viney in the next room showed that she had overheard the rash admission, and scored one against Sis Ally.

"At las'," continued that worthy matron, impressively, "at las' *dar come a day*. Lor'! Lor'! I remembers it ez ef it wuz yisterday. Dar wuz ole mis' in her big cheer by de winder sorter dozin' like; an' dar wuz me a-settin' on a three-legged stool t'other side o' de room, a-puttin' de yaller an' de red an' de lielack pieces o' silk tergedder, an' a-wonderin' whedder her or me wuz de mos' likely ter sleep under hit; an' dar wuz Uncle Tobe—Tobe yonder is his gran'chile; Uncle Tobe he looked in at de do', sneakin' like, an' sez he, 'Ally,' sez he, jes' as dough he war skeerd—er-whisperin' he wuz—'Ally,' sez he. 'Sar,' sez I, never sturrin' er inch, but er-prickin' up my ears fass enuff, I kin tell yer—'sar,' sez I. Sez he, 'Ally, cibilizashun hab tooken place; de Yankees dun kum, chile,' sez he; an' I desser grabbed up de quilt, scraps an' all, an' I went like *er streak er lightnin'* fur daddy's cabin, an' I snatch up my bes' clothes, an' him his'n, an' de way we went fur de sojers you never seed, an' I hain't seed ole mis' and she hain't seed her quilt sence. I didn't hab it fur my weddin' quilt," concluded Ally, with a jolly laugh, "bekase I never got pieces enuff to finish it; but I's been beggin' 'em right an' lef' fur a good many years; an' here's de quilt."

"The Egyptians *shell* be spoiled," pronounced Brother Buford, in a strong voice. "Thus spoke the prophet—thus it wuz done."

"Well, I will say, Sister Ally," cried Sister Elsie, "dat dar ain't a queen under de skies could hab a prettier spread to sleep under."

"Maybe you'll give it to Viney fur *her* weddin' quilt," spoke up Sister Car'line Elizabeth, who was a new-comer in Happy Hollow, and rather given to making unseasonable remarks.

"May de day be fur away!" ejaculated Ally. "Dough to be sho'," she added, pensively, "our Viney's got to be had an eye on, now she's gittin' to be growed up. Look at her to-day in dat pink calico ov hern. It needs a-lettin' out, and a-puttin' in, and a-makin' over gin'ally, an' I 'ain't got a piece ov cloth like it no bigger dan my thumb."

"I've got a piece o' pink caliker to whichen you's welcome," said Sister Elsie. "It ain't no way diff'rent from hern 'ceptin' in figger."

"Thank you kindly, sister; I'll do as much for you some day. De trouble is dat Viney has shot up so sudden ter be a woman dat she foun' me onperpared. It makes me feel ole an' compressed jes' ter look at de chile."

"I onderstan' she's got a beau, too," says Sister Car'line Elizabeth, with a giggle—"Mr. Jack Chaney by name."

"Well, he do hang roun' Viney considerable," acknowledged Ally, with a sigh. "He's always fetchin' her sugar-cane and goober pease, and wantin' ter take her to parties; and it goes agin me hard ter see her busted out o' dat ar caliker right before his eyes."

"Jack Chaney," said Elder Buford, severely, "is a wild fellow—a wild fellow. He is one of the sinner folks wot plays kyards and dances—fights cocks. He comes to meetin' Sunday arter Sunday, an' de preachin' ov de Word don't have no more effect on him dan so much cold water poured on our yaller dog to cure him ob de mange."

"Well, well," said Preacher Simpkins, "let us not forget charity to de weaker bredren."

"Brother Simpkins," said Brother Buford, "I've done been a-liftin' my voice in testimony a-gwine on twenty years next Christmas, and I 'ain't neber seen no good kum ob flyin' in de Lord's face, an' a-dancin' an' a-playin' kyards, just as dough He had not kum down in fire and brimstone 'mongst de pine-trees ob Lib'rus—"

There is no telling where Brother Buford's eloquence might not have landed them if Preacher Simpkins had not raised his hand.

"Stop right dar, brudder. De Lord ain't no way connected wid brimstone, seein' dat dat article belongs to de debil—and it's false doctrine to say dat it belongs to de Lord; an' false doctrine, bredren, will slay a sinner's soul quick as chain-lightnin'."

"Dat's de troof," said Sis Ally, heartily, "an' it's on account ob dat dat I first sot my mind to be 'mongst de elec'. I warn't gwine to be layin' roun' loose on Judgment Day, an' run de risk ob havin' my soul turned into a goat, and sent gallopin' down de slopes ob hell!"

Here the company looked dismal, and a few groans were heard; but cheerfulness was restored as Viney's voice from the inner room exclaimed, "Dis turkey's about ready ter take off, Tobe; an' my! don't he smell heabenly!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

IX.

ON THE CASE OF A CERTAIN MAN WHO IS NEVER THOUGHT OF.

THE type and formula of most schemes of philanthropy or humanitarianism is this: A and B put their heads together to decide what C shall be made to do for D. The radical vice of all these schemes, from a sociological point of view, is that C is not allowed a voice in the matter, and his position, character, and interests, as well as the ultimate effects on society through C's interests, are entirely overlooked. I call C the Forgotten Man. For once let us look him up and consider his case, for the characteristic of all social doctors is that they fix their minds on some man or group of men whose case appeals to the sympathies and the imagination, and they plan remedies addressed to the particular trouble; they do not understand that all the parts of society hold together, and that forces which are set in action act and react throughout the whole organism, until an equilibrium is produced by a re-adjustment of all interests and rights. They therefore ignore entirely the source from which they must draw all the energy which they employ in their remedies, and they ignore all the effects on other members of society than the ones they have in view. They are always under the dominion of the superstition of government, and, forgetting that a government produces nothing at all, they leave out of sight the first fact to be remembered in all social discussion, that the state can not get a cent from any man without taking it from some other man, and this latter must be a man who has produced and saved it. This latter is the Forgotten Man.

The friends of humanity start out with certain benevolent feelings toward "the poor," "the weak," "the laborers," and others of whom they make pets. They generalize these classes, and render them impersonal, and so constitute the classes into social pets. They turn to other classes and appeal to sympathy and generosity and to all the other noble sentiments of the human heart. Action in the line proposed consists in a transfer of capital from the better off to the worse off. Capital, however, as we have seen, is the force by which civilization is maintained and carried on. The same piece of capital can not be used in two ways. Every bit of capital, therefore, which is given to a shiftless and inefficient member of society, who makes no return for it, is diverted from a reproductive use. But if it was put to reproductive use, it would have to be granted in wages to an efficient and productive laborer. Hence the real sufferer by that kind of benevolence which consists in an expenditure of capital to protect the good-for-nothing is the industrious laborer. The latter, however, is never thought of in this connection. It is assumed that he is provided for and out of the account. Such a notion only shows how little true notions of political economy have as yet become popularized. There is an almost invincible prejudice that a man who gives a dollar to a beggar is generous and kind-hearted, but that a man who refuses the beggar and puts the dollar in a savings-bank is stingy and mean. The former is putting capital where it is very sure to be wasted, and where it will be a kind of seed for a long succession of future dollars, which must be wasted to ward off a greater strain on the sympathies than would have been occasioned by a refusal in the first place. Inasmuch as the dollar might have been turned into capital and given to a laborer who, while earning it, would have reproduced it, it must be regarded as taken from the latter. When a millionaire gives a dollar to a beggar the gain of utility to the beggar is enormous, and the loss of utility to the millionaire is insignificant. Generally the dissension is allowed to rest there. But if the millionaire makes capital of the dollar, it must go upon the labor market as a demand for productive services. Hence there is another party in interest—the person who supplies productive services. There always are two parties. The second one is always the Forgotten Man, and any one who wants to truly understand the matter in question must go and search for the Forgotten Man. He will be found to be worthy, industrious, independent, and self-supporting. He is not technically "poor" or "weak"; he minds his own business, and makes no complaint. Consequently the philanthropists never think of him, and trample on him.

We hear a great deal of schemes for "improving the condition of the working-man." In the United States the further down we go in the grade of labor the greater is the advantage which the laborer has over the higher classes. A hod-car-

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rier or digger here can by one day's labor command many times more days' labor of a carpenter, surveyor, book-keeper, or doctor than an unskilled laborer in Europe could command by one day's labor. The same is true in a less degree of the carpenter, as compared with the book-keeper, surveyor, and doctor. This is why the United States is the great country for the unskilled laborer. The economic conditions all favor that class. There is a great continent to be subdued, and there is a fertile soil available to labor, with scarcely any need of capital. Hence the people who have the strong arms have what is most needed, and if it were not for social consideration, higher education would not pay. Such being the case, the working-man needs no improvement in his condition except to be freed from the parasites who are living on him. All schemes for patronizing "the working classes" savor of condescension. They are impertinent and out of place in this free democracy. There is not, in fact, any such state of things or any such relation as would make projects of this kind appropriate. Such projects demoralize both parties, flattering the vanity of one and undermining the self-respect of the other.

For our present purpose it is most important to notice that if we lift any man up we must have a fulcrum, or point of reaction. In society that means that to lift one man up we push another down. The schemes for improving the condition of the working classes interfere in the competition of workmen with each other. The beneficiaries are selected by favoritism, and are apt to be those who have recommended themselves to the friends of humanity by language or conduct which does not betoken independence and energy; those who suffer a corresponding depression by the interference are the independent and self-reliant, who once more are forgotten or passed over, and the friends of humanity once more appear, in their zeal to help somebody, to be trampling on those who are trying to help themselves.

Trades-unions adopt various devices for raising wages, and those who give their time to philanthropy are interested in these devices, and wish them success. They fix their minds entirely on the workmen for the time being *in* the trade, and do not take note of any other *workmen* as interested in the matter. It is supposed that the fight is between the workmen and their employers, and it is believed that one can give sympathy in that contest to the workmen without feeling responsibility for anything further. It is soon seen, however, that the employer adds the trades-union and strike risk to the other risks of his business, and settles down to it philosophically. If, now, we go further, we see that he takes it philosophically because he has passed the loss along on the public. It then appears that the public wealth has been diminished, and that the danger of a trade war, like the danger of a revolution, is a constant reduction of the well-being of all. So far, however, we have seen only things which could *lower* wages; nothing which could raise them. The employer is worried, but that does not raise wages. The public loses, but the loss goes to cover extra risk, and that does not raise wages.

A trades-union raises wages (aside from the legitimate and economic means noticed in Paper No. 5) by restricting the number of apprentices who may be taken into the trade. This device acts directly on the supply of labor, and that produces effects on wages. If, however, the number of apprentices is limited, some are kept out who want to get in. Those who are in have therefore made a monopoly, and constituted themselves a privileged class on a basis exactly analogous to that of the old privileged aristocracies. But whatever is gained by this arrangement for those who are in, is won at a greater loss to those who are kept out. Hence it is not upon the masters nor upon the public that trades-unions exert the pressure by which they raise wages. It is upon other persons of the labor class who want to get into the trades, but not being able to do so, are pushed down into the unskilled labor class. These persons, however, are passed by entirely without notice in all the discussions about trades-unions. They are the Forgotten Men. But since they want to get into the trade and win their living in it, it is fair to suppose that they are fit for it, would succeed at it, would do well for themselves and society in it—that is to say, that of all persons interested or concerned, they most deserve our sympathy and attention.

The cases already mentioned involve no legislation. Society, however, maintains police, sheriffs, and various institutions, the object of which is to protect people against themselves, that is, against their own vices. Almost all legislative effort to prevent vice is really protective of vice, because all such legislation saves the vicious man from the penalty of his vice. Nature's remedies against vice are terrible. She removes the victims without pity. A drunkard in the gutter is just where he ought to be, according to the fitness and tendency of things. Nature has set up on him the process of decline and dissolution by which she removes things which have survived their usefulness. Gambling and other less mentionable vices carry their own penalties with them.

Now we never can annihilate a penalty. We can only divert it from the head of the man who has incurred it to the heads of others who have not incurred it. A vast amount of "social reform" consists in just this operation. The consequence is that those who have gone astray, being relieved from nature's fierce discipline, go on to worse, and that there is a constantly heavier burden for the others to bear. Who are the others? When we see a drunkard in the gutter we pity him. If a policeman picks him up, we say that society has interfered to save him from perishing. Society is a fine word, and it saves us the trouble of thinking. The industrious and sober workman who is mulcted of a percentage of his day's wages to pay the policeman is the one who bears the penalty. But he is the Forgotten Man. He passes by and is never noticed, because he has behaved himself, fulfilled his contracts, and asked for nothing.

The fallacy of all prohibitory, sumptuary, and moral legislation is the same. A and B determine to be tectotalers, which is often a wise determination, and sometimes a necessary one. If A and B are moved by considerations which seem to them good, that is enough. But A and B put their heads together to get a law passed which shall force C to be a tectotaler for the sake of D, who is in danger of drinking too much. There is no pressure on A and B. They are having their own way, and they like it. There is rarely any pressure on D. He does not like it, and evades it. The pressure all comes on C. The question then arises, Who is C? He is the man who wants alcoholic liquors for any honest purpose whatsoever, who would use his liberty without abusing it, who would occasion no public question, and trouble nobody at all. He is the Forgotten Man again, and as soon as he is drawn from his obscurity, we see that he is just what each one of us ought to be.

ON THE BAYOU TECHE.

THE subject of our artist's sketch on page 249 is that part of the Bayou Teche which lies between St. Martinsville and Breaux Bridge, where the expanse of water narrows considerably, and the live-oaks on either bank are more dense than at any other point. The correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, who accompanies our artist, writes of this part of the bayou:

"The scenery is wilder, as the cultivated places at most points are some hundred yards back from the water. The oaks, with here and there a monarch cypress, assume the most varied shapes and seemingly impossible attitudes—sometimes receding from the bank at an angle of fifty degrees, and a little further on stretching their rugged branches far out over the water.

"There is little or no underbrush, and this affords delicious vistas through the heavy trunks back to the fields beyond. The oaks in their new garniture of fresh foliage, and patriarchal in their Mohammedan beards of gray, seem to laugh at the evanescent changes going on around them. Solid, strong, apparently eternal, they have stood their watch over the Teche, have sheltered the man-eating Attakapas Indian and squaw, have waved their arms at the approach of the Acadian boats as with measured stroke their sturdy navigators came slowly along to give new life to these prairies, and awaken these forests to a day of plenty. The story of Evangeline is familiar to the people of the bayou. They point to the church at St. Martinsville as being situated on the site of the old edifice where she worshipped, and LONGFELLOW'S story has touched tender chords among those the history of whose ancestors he has so tenderly written."

THE CINCINNATI DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.

To New-Yorkers, at least, the enthusiasm with which the Cincinnatians conceive a grand artistic project, and the success with which they execute it, are matters of some surprise. We do not know what *esprit de corps* is in the sense in which they understand it. We are for ever and ever getting ready to set up a WASHINGTON statue in Wall Street, and then, after all, we back out of the business; while as for a pedestal for the BARTHOLDI Liberty light-house, our grandchildren, when hoary, may see that desired object, but it does not look much as if we ourselves should. During the week beginning the 30th of April, a Dramatic Festival will be celebrated in Cincinnati on a scale greater even than that of the late music festivals. A constellation of celebrated stars, among whom CLARA MORRIS, LAWRENCE BARRETT, JOHN MCCULLOUGH, MARY ANDERSON, Mlle. RHÉA, MARIE WAINWRIGHT, J. E. MURDOCK, and NAT GOODWIN shine the brightest, will, in an immense hall capable of seating about four thousand persons, illuminate five of SHAKSPEARE'S plays on five successive evenings, the sixth evening being devoted to SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S *Hunchback*, and two matinées to repetitions of *Othello* and *Julius Cæsar*. Ever since the 25th of February, when the list of plays, which includes also *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Hamlet*, was first publicly announced, together with the complete casts, the managers of the enterprise have been busy in pushing it, and scarcely a day has passed when the Cincinnati newspapers have not given their readers some new details or some editorial cheer. The illustration in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY represents a room in Floral Hall, one of the wings of Music Hall, where painters and sculptors, under the supervision of Mr. DEWITT C. WAUGH, are preparing for a *mise en scène* in *Julius Cæsar*. Week before last, at public auction, 2453 seats were sold for $64,625 20—an average of twenty-seven dollars apiece—thus assuring the financial success of the undertaking long before a single actor or actress had opened his or her mouth. The drop-curtain is sixty-six feet wide, or three times the width of an ordinary one, and presents a reproduction of BENJAMIN WEST'S picture, "Regulus leaving Rome for Carthage." Several of the paint-frames on which are stretched the canvases to be used in the scenes are so large that, if we may trust a Cincinnati reporter, the painter, when at one end of the bridge, has to take a field-glass to see what his assistant is doing at the other. It is further announced that all the stars except MCCULLOUGH, who was born in Ireland, and Mlle. RHÉA, who was born in Belgium, are natives of the United States of America; and that the sequel of this grand festival will be the establishment of a magnificent Dramatic Temple, which shall be the head-quarters of a dramatic school, and in which each year dramatic festivals shall be held, "more splendid than any city has yet attempted."

The artistic value of this first Dramatic Festival can not, of course, be determined in advance, but it should be a source of pleasure to every intelligent friend of the drama that the managers of the enterprise have billed SHAKSPEARE for seven-eighths of the performances; and all the more so because, notwithstanding the recent brilliant spurts of SALVINI and ROSSI, it can not be said that the general tendency of dramatic art in this country is at present in a Shakspearean direction. In New York city during the season just closing the stage has *exerted itself* scarcely at all in the true interest of the drama—Wallack's Theatre, especially, never before rated the capacity of its patrons so low—and the metropolis, in this respect, represents the nation. When, therefore, the projectors of this Dramatic Festival announce five of the greatest plays of the greatest playwright for successive performances in a single week, they command attention and deserve gratitude. So many dramas get out of date; but the classic are beyond the caprices of fashion. So many dramas are not worth a rehearsal; but SHAKSPEARE'S give laws to criticism itself, and, moreover, were written for the express purpose of being acted on the public stage. Acted inadequately they usually are, and perhaps it is too much to hope for many actors who can interpret SHAKSPEARE, as it is too much to hope for many painters who can interpret nature; but the attempt to interpret him by this living presentation is the only way in which his almost superhuman wisdom will ever be made known to the masses of mankind.

G. W. SHELDON.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IN Canada a young man of twenty years was not permitted to prosecute a suit because he was an infant in the eyes of the law. He has recently attained his majority, and when he sought to renew the suit the court held that the case had been already decided.

A writer advises Americans who visit Europe this year to provide themselves with passports, to keep away from political gatherings, and to be careful about denouncing the established institutions of the countries through which they pass. Many young Americans who visit Europe have no desire to denounce the established institutions of any country except their own.

The records of the United States Patent-office convey some idea of the importance attained by electrical appliances in the economy of the present age. Only a few years ago the number of patents issued in a year for inventions of that nature averaged but a few hundred. In the past year the applications numbered about three thousand, and the patents granted were not far from fifteen hundred. The ratio of successful applications is smaller than in former years, indicating a closer competition among inventors. There has been of late a large increase also in the number of applications for patents for metal-working machinery and fire-escapes.

It has been decreed that the fashionable young man of the immediate future must be accompanied by a dog when he appears on the avenues. The possession of a dog suggests resources which are not at the command of those who occupy hall bedrooms in boarding-houses, and thus gives a sort of local status to the individual.

After eluding the swarms of office-seekers in Washington, it could hardly have given the President pleasure to read, while on his way to Florida, that if reports about the enormous numbers of beach flies and midgets on the Kissimmee River should prove to be true he would probably change his fishing grounds shortly after his arrival.

A new State law, which is avowed as being intended to inbitter the punishment of Chinese convicts, went into effect in California a few weeks ago. It provides that the hair of all criminals shall be cut to within three inches of the scalp. Some years ago a sheriff in that State attempted to enforce an ordinance of a similar nature, but the ordinance was declared unconstitutional so far as it concerned Mongolians, and suits for damages were begun by some of the incensed prisoners whose queues had been clipped. In view of this phase of the question the present sheriff at San Francisco has decided to respect the queues of his prisoners till his counsel reports as to the constitutionality of the law, and the liability of the sheriff in any actions for damages that may be brought. The keeper of the House of Correction was less cautious, and caused the queues of nineteen Chinamen to be cut off on the day the new law went into effect.

An incident of President Arthur's journey to the waters in which he was to angle for Florida fish was the appearance in the special car of a conductor who was no respecter of persons. This official was in the service of a North Carolina railroad company. He had received no notice that the party was to be "passed," and he insisted upon collecting from the half-dozen persons in the car fares for as many passengers as there were seats. He was prevailed upon to delay at least until the next station was reached, and there a dispatch informed him that the courtesies of the road had been extended to the distinguished party.

The ultra-fashionable young woman of Philadelphia is distinguished by "a gold-rimmed little contrivance which she wears on a slender chain around her neck," and which seems to be a sort of "quizzing-glass." It is called a "spy." A reporter who was in the Academy on a recent evening writes: "When she sailed gracefully down to the front, and sank languidly into a crimson velvet chair, hundreds of opera-glasses were levelled at her. Was she embarrassed? Not in the least. Her olive cheek never blushed; she simply lifted her 'spy,' and stared back at the multitude with all the stately grace of a dowager."

If all the men who have been made special policemen for the occasion are present at the coronation of the Czar, the multitude will be the largest that ever witnessed the crowning of a potentate.

In the absence of the President from Washington the improvements in the White House which were begun last summer will be finished. These will include extensive alterations in the vestibule and in the President's bed-chamber.

It is estimated that the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth will be finished in four years. It is to be four miles long, and of the same width and depth as the Suez Canal—seventy-two feet and twenty-six feet. Vessels going through the canal from Mediterranean ports will save ninety-five miles, and those from the Adriatic Sea one hundred and eighty-five miles, besides avoiding the dangers of Cape Matapan.

Small incandescent electric lamps have been used with much success by Mr. C. H. Stearns, in England, for illuminating both opaque and transparent objects under the microscope. In microscopes recently shown by him to a scientific society there were three lamps: one above the stage, revolving around its own axis; one below the stage, fitted to the sub-stage; and one below the sub-stage, for use with the polariscope. Diminutive electric lamps have been used also for lighting up the cavities of teeth under dentists' treatment, and for illuminating incisions made by surgeons in the human body.

The steam-ship *Great Eastern* cost her owners $20,000 for maintenance last year, and earned $65—fees paid by sight-seers. The place for the *Great Eastern* would seem to be in the United States navy.

An Arizona newspaper says that the climate of that Territory is undergoing a marked change, the once arid lands now being blessed with considerable moisture. The change is attributed "to the deflecting of electric currents by the railroads." The greatest obstacle to the building of railroads in China is the belief that the lines of iron rail would cut off the streams of good luck from influential personages. It may be the office of Arizona to prove to the heathen that the reverse would be the case.

On a recent Saturday, when several reporters of a New York daily were in the counting-room waiting to receive their pay, a bright-looking young Chinaman entered and asked at which window the reporters presented their checks. "What?" exclaimed a veteran news-gatherer, "are we to be ruined by Chinese cheap reporting?" The other reporters broke out in the same strain, and for a while the Chinaman was made the object of good-natured raillery. He took it in good part, and he greatly enjoyed telling of it later in the day among his countrymen in Mott Street. His work was probably the first reporting ever done for a New York daily by a Chinaman. He had the advantage of the other reporters in at least three respects: he received special rates—nearly double pay, in fact—for his work; his manuscript was not revised or reduced by the "blue-pencil fiend"; and he was permitted to use his signature. So he [illegible] the entering wedge for Chinese [illegible] in the metropolis.

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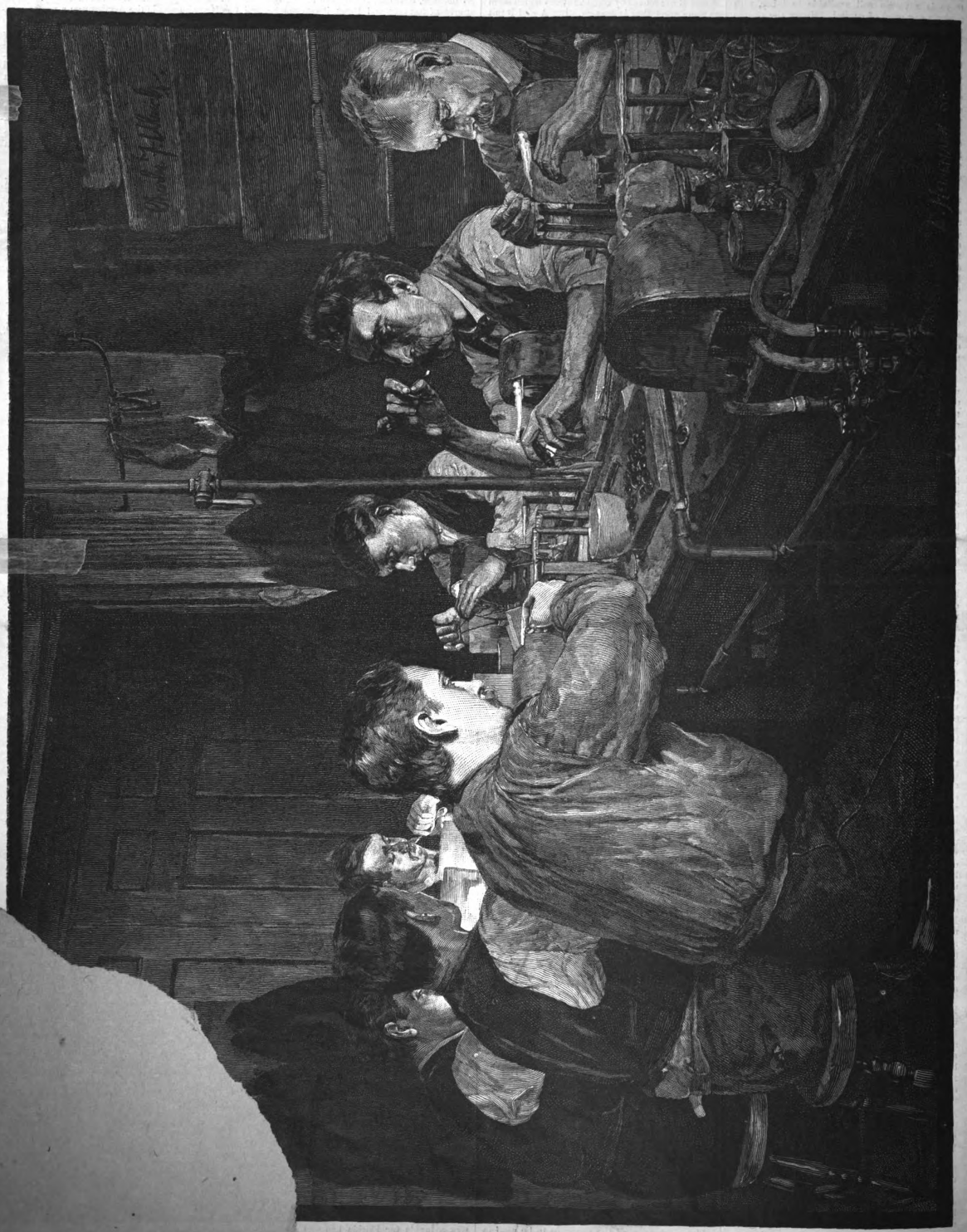

"THE GLASS-BLOWERS."—From the Painting by Charles F. Ulrich, in the Possession of Thomas Benedict Clark.—[See Page 251.]

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ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 247.]

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"DISARMED!"*

By MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER III.

Meantime Mr. Constantine and Stephana, finding a quiet corner behind the camellias and the crystal, talked easily. "Welcome home, sweet Mystic!" said the old cavalier, lifting her hand to his lips. "We have come hither, Christina and I, because we could find no pleasanter place to die in. But what brings you from Italy, from the world?"

"Say rather to the world," Stephana said, glancing at the crowded rooms beyond. "Well, who can give any reason for going anywhere who has no reason for going to one place more than another? But one motive I had in coming here. It was to be near the only kinsfolk I have in the world."

"Say you love me the best of the three, Stephana."

"You have always been kindness itself to me," said Stephana, by way of answer.

"I have been kind to everybody, my dear," Mr. Constantine replied, dropping his voice. "You are a married woman; I may say anything to you. I have not shone in the domestic moralities, but I have never been morose. I have done good-natured things."

"And now you want praise for being kind and virtuous too. But, as you know, I despise more of people; I insist on a soul."

"Only come and see me often—cheer my solitude, dear Santa Teresa—and I warrant you the soul shall be found. I am too lonely."

Stephana's eyes moistened with tenderness as she laid one hand on her companion's arm. "I will come as often as you please, Cousin Constantine, and bring that naïve Arthura with me. We will amuse you."

"Ah! that is what I want—a little genuine amusement. I know—I feel that you can mesmerize people with those eyes of yours. Force Christina to give up Arthura to me. My cup would then overflow."

Just then Valerian appeared, with Arthura on his arm. The tête-à-tête was broken. Arthura, taken possession of by Mr. Constantine, was delighting him with her mirthful sallies. Valerian dropped into a chair by Stephana's side, and chatted after the friendly fashion of a kinsman. "I am sure we have all done the very best thing in coming to this place," he began. "The sea is the only bribe for living in England, and we are here so near London that we can run up for an hour. Our cousin is enchanted with all my arrangements."

"You have a genius for making life agreeable," smiled Stephana.

"I may without flattery say that I have. But I hope, my lady cousin, that you find no difficulty in enjoying your own handsome fortune?" asked Valerian, much as if he were inquiring after her health.

"I certainly enjoy it as well as I have any right to do."

"Oh, if you go to the root of the matter, you will never enjoy anything," Valerian said. "You must let me teach you a little of my philosophy."

"Rather of the world, worldly, I fear," Stephana made reply.

"Can any true philosophy be otherwise?" laughed Valerian. "We are of the world; we must live in it—although I believe you do hold intercourse with finer spirits."

Stephana would fain have checked the playful speech, under which, she knew, lurked a certain grave meaning.

"Why reluct at the beautiful imputation?" he began. "Were you not in Rome exactly a year ago?"

Stephana bowed her head assentingly.

"And were you not obliged to flee like an outlaw because of these gifts, spiritual, supernatural—call them what you will?"

Stephana held her peace.

Valerian laughed lightly.

"A little bird whispered in my ear that you feared the enviable fame thus acquired might bind you to Rome forever, keep you a perpetual prisoner there like the Pope. But not a syllable more, since it displeases you. Take my arm, and let me introduce you to some of our guests, one also like yourself from Rome."

The last sentence was carelessly uttered and carelessly listened to; then Valerian made way with his companion toward the music-room. What could be going on there? Piano and violin were hushed; alike dance and song were over; yet the doorway was thronged with hungry listeners, and the air breathed expectation. "Listen," Valerian whispered. "It is our Roman friend, the blind improvisator. You knew him; you must have heard of his wonderful story-telling?"

The pair stood still, and the narrator began. Was he using rhyme or prose? His listeners hardly knew. They were only conscious of a marvellous voice—music itself—that held them spell-bound, and of a sad, sensitive face that seemed to see, though only inner light could now irradiate it. Talk not of the cheerfulness of the blind. What deep, pathetic pensiveness is stamped—must be stamped—on the brow of the sightless!

"Just a year ago, then," began Valerian's guest, "all the world—I mean the world of Rome—was horror-stricken by one of those problematic crimes, that happen once in a generation, as if to teach us the irony of human justice. It was a fratricide, under circumstances so strange that whilst in men's minds the real murderer was convicted past doubt, the evidence of the law fastened the crime upon another. Never, humanly speaking, could anything be clearer than that here the innocent was about to suffer in the place of the guilty. Never was a stronger case made out by the lawyers.

"The eldest of three rich brothers is foully murdered, and the deed could only have been committed by one of the survivors, both having equal pecuniary interest in the death. But by which? By him of stainless reputation, austere morality, the devout churchman and lavish almsgiver, the wearer of civic honors well earned? Or by the graceless spendthrift, his younger brother, the hero of a thousand disreputable adventures, the wild wooer of every pretty girl in Rome, the frequenter of taverns and casinos? Now it so happened, although I can not go into details, that, putting aside such damning testimony, circumstantial evidence pointed out the younger brother as the doer of the deed, whilst public opinion leaned the other way. As far, indeed, as outward circumstances could go, the culprit was doomed before he appeared at the bar of justice, nor did anything come to light during the trial to shake the tremendous, the crushing conclusions against him; yet the popular judgment never swerved; the elder and not the younger brother was the guilty man; the reputed saint, not the sinner, here had earned the curse of Cain.

"Meantime the unhappy prisoner was condemned to die, and as the day of doom drew near a painful tension held people's minds. No one dared openly to avow his thoughts, and accuse a man whom the law held unassailable, for the elder brother had been released after the preliminary and extrajudicial inquiry. But none acquiesced in the verdict. It was well known, moreover, that no confession within the prison had been made, a palmary proof of innocence in the popular estimation. Yet what could be done? The case had been tried after the usual fashion. The prisoner had been defended by able counsel. From such a sentence there was no appeal. So the fatal day drew near, and on the eve of the execution it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could avert the catastrophe of the morrow. Just fifteen hours of life yet remained to the victim, when something happened so wholly unprecedented and extraordinary that but for a witness here to bear out my statements I should not ask you to give me credence.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon, therefore, an English lady, a young widow long resident in Rome, was entreated to give secret audience to a priest, a stranger to her, whose very name even she now heard for the first time. Being, however, allied by marriage with an old Italian family, of Catholic persuasion of course, she readily consented, seeing nothing unusual in the request. It was some every-day demand on her sympathies and well-filled English purse, nothing more. The stranger proved to be no homely country priest come to beg a little charity. Instead she saw a polished, affable man of the world, whose authoritative speech and bearing bespoke ecclesiastical rank. 'I am not—I could not be mistaken,' he said, perusing her with extraordinary earnestness. 'Yes, rumor and popular belief have not erred. You, if any living creature, can rescue a guiltless head from the scaffold, the soul of another from everlasting perdition.' The lady looked up in deep amazement. 'There is not a moment to lose,' he said, 'and surely there is no need for explanation. You must be aware of the power you possess over your fellow-beings, that strange influence with which some are endowed, we know, for some Heaven-sent purpose. No flattering! Now is the moment to exercise it on behalf of two unhappy men, one burdened with disavowed crime, the other doomed to expiate it, although guiltless.'

"The lady was silent. He had spoken the truth, and she dared not shrink from the mission confided to her. Yet it was an awful one. No wonder that she turned cold and pale.

"'I have a carriage at the door. Call your tire-woman at once, and make ready to go with me,' said the priest. 'Although I believe that you are an alien from the one true Church, you can not refuse its mandate in such a cause. Two lives at stake, the one brief and uncertain, the other eternal.'

"He then explained to her how the belief had got abroad of her occult powers; the merest rumor at first, it had gained such force and consistency that nothing but an appeal to her would satisfy people's minds. She and she alone could lift the veil from a guilty soul. In her hands the granite of the real culprit would become as water or a blade of grass.

"'Of course,' whispered the abbé, as they left the house together, 'we must be circumspect. We must resort to stratagem. The unfortunate man now awaiting sentence of death is, in the eye of the law, the fratricide. The man you have to kneel to as an intercessor is presumably innocent of blood-guiltiness. We have secured an interview for an English lady on a mission of charity; your pretext may be to beg as a last favor from his brother that he will take leave of him in prison. The rest—'

"They now stopped at the great man's door, and no living soul will probably ever know what passed between the pair. Was there some talismanic charm in the lady's eye potent to subdue evil and make it obsequious to her will? Or did she use wizardry of speech that we know not of, laying bare the black soul with the lightning flash of a word? All is mystery. But when, pale as a ghost, she re-entered the carriage, her companion read at a glance what was past utterance. That evening the news had spread through Rome like a conflagration: the murderer had avowed his crime; the falsely accused was set free. But the lady whose strange powers—"

The story-teller suddenly broke down, as if thrilled and set a-tremble with the potency of his own words. He bent his head forward in a listening attitude, stretched out both hands as one trying to reach something. Then he said, slowly and wonderingly:

"I feel it—I know it—she is here. Her unspeakable errand let none ask. Where all is good, all is mysterious."

CHAPTER IV.

What easier than to snap one's fingers at laggard Time, and flout all the demons of dullness that be, when our purse has no bottom? Money, certes, can not turn the loon into a paragon, but its miraculous powers stop there. It can draw out life to those who love it. It can flog the slow hours into a rushing pace.

Talk not to me, then, of the immorality of squandering. What were we sent into the world for but to amuse ourselves? What were others sent into the world for but to amuse us? Let those sophisticate who may about moral obligation and Christian duty. We bid them pack, and in amusing ourselves do good all round without taking any trouble.

This was very much Miss Hermitage's creed, had she cared to put it into words; but she might have pleaded by way of excuse that she must make up in a few years for the dullness of a lifetime. She was old, and her chance of amusement had not come till the freshness of feeling was over. "Better late than never," she had said, when coming into fortune and freedom at sixty. "I am a miser's daughter, nathless, I am sure of it, some spendthrift's heir! How the pleasure of spending tingles through my very veins! And I will be warned by my father's example. At least if nobody mourns, nobody shall rejoice, when I die."

She was resolute, then, to spend, to make merry, and thus, as far as might be, compensate for the blank monotony of years. If repression had dwarfed her sympathies, it had not dulled her intellect. Above all, it had not shorn her of one natural endowment. She had the wit to enjoy. "I have a frame of iron. If I contrive to get twenty years of satisfaction out of my life I shall have no reason to grumble," she mused.

Certainly she never did grumble. A girl just awakened to the consciousness of beauty and its power could not exuberate more than Miss Hermitage over her sound, healthy, unflagging appetite for enjoyment.

What, indeed, missed she but youth and love? Beauties pleased her, but the sight of happy lovers drove her mad. Was it envy? Was it regret? She wist not; she only indulged the feeling. If youth and love, however, are not to be bought for money, most other commodities come into the market, and Miss Hermitage could outbid her neighbors' bows. Whilst the lazy world waits for its pleasure, how little does it divine what pleasure costs! Miss Hermitage might have fitted out armaments, bought Peruvian cargasons, conquered a heathen people, with the specie put into her steward's hands for the purpose of making time fly. Valerian's busy brain and many another worked night and day on the problem, although, of course, no effort must be apparent. If the perfection of art is to conceal art, it is surely so with this crowning achievement, this rare piece of ingenuity, this almost superhuman victory over mortal dullness. Valerian's brain must work, and Colette's and Arthura's, from morning till night, in order to keep this complex machinery agoing. If the one failed of an expedient, straightway the others were called upon to furnish theirs. The riddle must be read by somebody. But as yet all there had shown themselves equal to the task. The day dawned, and Miss Hermitage woke up like some cradled princessling, sure of being dawdled and prattled to and showed the pretties till bed-time should come round again. "It is wonderful how diverting life is," she often thought; "I am sure I do not mind if I live to be a hundred." She had not even a dim perception of the truth. It never struck her that this light and airy fabric of existence cost as much labor as the building of a Pyramid. What was the cost to her? She could pay.

So, like a feminine Al-Raschid, she had her own poets dashing off *jeux d'esprit*, playwrights in her hire devising drawing-room comedy, prime donne exercising trills for her especial benefit. And there were conjurers in her pay, and sedulous stage milliners plying needles for her masquerades, and in far-off quarters of the globe fabulously lovely cats and priceless toy dogs were being educated, talking birds taught epigrams, floral paragons made to grow, whilst, to come down from wonder-land to sober reality, how many pallid artificers sweated by gas-light, how many miners toiled like gnomes in the underworld, how many brown sailors put to sea, imperiling life and limb!—and all for what? To drive away one old woman's ennui!

"Really it is quite astonishing how Valerian and Arthura understand their business," was Miss Hermitage's remark, soon after that opening soirée. "Time is flying so fast I shall soon have to find fault with them for doing their work too well. I shall be a hundred in no time at this rate."

The secret of Valerian's success was simple enough; but has not a great poet taught us that "Doch ist das Leichte schwer"? Just as a wise cook never serves up precisely the same dish to the company that has once pronounced it perfect, so Valerian never repeated a triumph; and if a Soyer or a Francatelli can ransack earth, air, and water in search of gastronomic emotion, how much vaster are the resources of the intellectual purveyor! Never had such bills of fare been imagined, much less heard of, as those now placed before Miss Hermitage's guests. Commonness was banished; uniformity knew not its own. The wand of inaptitude was broken, and sparkling novelty reigned in its place.

Moreover, the little circle itself was a daily surprise and a mystery. Who were they all—this audacious, piquant Arthura? this authoritative, universal Valerian? the dream-like, beautiful Stephana, of whom report whispered so strangely? No one knew more of the group than that Miss Hermitage had lately inherited a princely fortune, and that her cousin, Mr. Constantine, had spent one; that Valerian was related to both, though in what degree nobody could tell; finally, that Stephana was really cousin twice removed of the first two, and widow, after two months' wedlock, of a titled foreigner. Curiosity was most alert concerning Stephana—a human rarity in this nineteenth-century sea-side resort, or in any other. A seer, now folks called her, and now one of the Illuminati. "A spirit, and a woman too," she was, without doubt, but the spirit predominated over the woman, and that was not of the earth, earthy. Marvellous gifts were hers, they said—unwonted influence for good over her fellows, superhuman insight into things unseen, mysterious kinship with those ineffable souls that have revealed hidden truth to men.

Let it not be for a moment supposed that even the vulgar-minded categorized Stephana among those self-called interpreters of the unseen world by common means and for the gratification of abject curiosity. From such charlatanry she held aloof, moving serenely in a light all the more dazzling to others because they knew not whence it came.

Miss Hermitage made light of her kinswoman's reputation, except as a factor in the sum total of amusement. Stephana excited conjecture, she diverted, she was therefore "worth any money" to one who valued nothing but diversion, and measured all things by one rate of exchange. "Of course Stephana will cost me something, will get charity out of me," mused Miss Hermitage; "all diversions do. But what else is money good for?"

When Arthura playfully called her patroness by the familiar name of Gossip, she was but using her veritable patronymic. All four, indeed, Miss Hermitage, Stephana before her marriage, Mr. Constantine, and Valerian, styled themselves Gossip-Hermitage, the last name having been appended on the death of a kinswoman whose fortune had gone to the Gossip family, and with it her cognomen. Mr. Constantine, however, partly because he was one of several brothers, and partly because the name (like Steppie Sadgrove's) seemed to cling to him of its own accord, the son of a diplomate, and born at Constantinople, was becomingly called after the city and its founder; his early youth, too, had been spent in the East, and he ever kept up connection with a country of which he was inordinately fond.

Mr. Constantine was cousin-german to Christina and Stephana's father; and Stephana herself having three years before exchanged her two English names for an Italian one, her real style and title was Countess Cardonna; but when at the end of six unhappy months she was left a widow, she disclaimed what seemed to her affectation, and insisted on being called plain Mrs. Cardonna. English by birth, English at heart, determined to spend her life in England, why should she affect an empty title of nobility? Mr. Constantine had long ago spent the best part of a handsome fortune in philanthropy, but his cousin and second cousin were rich. What would they do with their money? This problem interested the old man not a little. He had indeed followed them to the South in order to solve it. Next to the pleasure of spending your own fortune, thought Mr. Constantine, is that of watching another spend his, just as a whist-player watches a game in which he takes no part.

CHAPTER V.

A picnic under greenwood shade is a stale contrivance, but surely Valerian was the first to entertain his friends in Nature's own garden white with hoar-frost. But let no one shiver at the notion. What knows opulence of zone and zone? The rich can carry the climate they like best with them wherever they go, and Miss Hermitage and her friends, in well-warmed carriages, furred and feathered up to the chin, could afford to call January delicious. How effeminate to stay in-doors huddled over a fire, when you can be every whit as warm out-of-doors, and exhilarated and amused to boot? So "It is the greatest possible mistake to make a fuss about English winters," Miss Hermitage said. "Could any one be warmer than we are?"

That she might well say as the well-appointed carriage sped along the shore, between glittering white town and azure sea, to-day hardly rippling into a wave. The little bay was flooded with sunshine. It caught the tawny sail of the fishing-boat far away, burnishing the sheer till it seemed made of gold. It warmed the smacks of the sea-faring men busy with their nets into hues of battered copper. A mosaic could hardly be more brilliant or purer in tone than this picture. Yet when the carriage climbed an inland road winding high above the sea, it was surpassed by a scene phenomenal even in our fair Southern England. Not a breeze was stirring, and the mists of two days had cleared away, revealing Nature's handicraft, kept secret till all was ready. And what had the enchantress wrought so cunningly? Not the solemn array of snow, that is death-like and eerie, but the witchery of the hoar-frost, belonging to life and joy. In the dimness of dawn and haze every object is veiled in mystery; a glorious burst of sunshine reveals such enchantment as we only see once or twice in a lifetime. The whole natural world is arrayed in white samite and diamonds—a winter bride ready for espousals.

In the woodlands the statelier branches are

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weighed down with their glittering burden, but the tiniest spray best shows the magic, not a blade, not a panicle, without its tassels and fringes of crystal, its sparkles of jewelled light. Then the blue clear-swept sky above, and the blue pure sea beyond. It is as if we were suddenly lifted into some beautiful moony world free from gross elements. All is cold, ethereal, crystalline. The carriage had flanked the bay, and now stopped at the head of a small winding combe, through which a foot-path led to shelving rocks overlooking the shore. In summer-time there is beauty enough and to spare here, and then not a mossy dell or ferny covert without the prattle of happy lovers. To-day, instead of greenery and wild flowers, all was pure, silvery, silent splendor, the dazzling flowerets of the frost making labyrinths everywhere, here and there letting in a peep of the deep winter sea.

Valerian gave Miss Hermitage his arm.

"It is very clever of you to find out such beautiful things," she said, delightedly; "and to manage even the weather. No muddy roads, no snow-storms. Surprise upon surprise. But what are you going to do with these good people?"

Valerian smiled rebuke as there emerged from the dry crisp alleys of shining white one guest after another: a bevy of pretty girls for grace, their vermilion-colored petticoats and crimson feathers brightening the scene, and half a dozen for wit, Stephana and the blind story-teller among these.

A bend of the path, and Valerian's little scheme revealed itself. Midway between the sea and the opening of the valley was a small restaurant, much resorted to in summer, but shut up in winter—to-day, however, alive with merry voices. A bright fire blazed on the hearth, curtains had been hung up, rugs laid down; the place was a picture of rustic elegance and comfort, whilst in the middle of the room stood a flower-decked table ready prepared for a savory feast. "How charming!" cried Miss Hermitage. "Well, really, I wonder, Valerian, what you will think of next. You are, indeed, worth any money."

Never was a more appetizing and animated little banquet. But the marvellous *entourage* would have moved even a dull company. It was like feasting in a palace of frosted silver under a sapphire dome. What a sight to be seen or missed! Yet the blind story-teller seemed somehow conscious of the beauty around him. The enthusiasm of the others was as a revelation to his inner eye, and when the light part of the banquet had come, he rose, leaned against the wall, and put everything into a fairy tale—the little lodge under the spangled glittering branches, the sea below, blue as malachite, flecked with many a white pinnace, the sea-birds flashing overhead. After the story the party dispersed to see the views, Arthura and Colette staying behind to pack up plate and crystal.

In the midst of this business Valerian came up. "I have to hurry you away," he said to Colette. "My cousin and Stephana wish to return alone, but a seat is kept for you in the carriage. As for us two," he added, glancing at Arthura with mischief in his eyes, "we must get home on foot as best we can."

Arthura looked dark, but said nothing.

"The walk is charming. We shall quite enjoy ourselves," he went on, ironically.

"Oh," put in the little Frenchwoman, "I am sure you don't mind—do you, Arthura? You will be friends with Mr. Valerian, won't you?"

"Arthura is not bound to be my friend, but can not refuse my company," Valerian replied, still malicious. "I will send Brown for the baskets, and then fetch you," he added, smiling at the discomfited girl. Then giving the little Frenchwoman his arm, he set off for the carriage.

When, however, he came back, a few minutes later, a certain plumed hat and fur cloak he knew well no longer hung on the peg. Arthura had flown. It was evident that she would not have his escort at any price.

From the valley several ways led into the town. Which would Arthura take? He pondered for a minute, then reflecting that she most probably knew but one, set off in pursuit, keeping the high-road. And true enough he did overtake the sulky recalcitrant. Mademoiselle Colette, catching sight of the pair, sighed to herself.

"Always at daggers drawn! I do wish they would learn to tolerate each other!" she mused. "But it is all Christina's fault."

Meantime Stephana, finding Miss Hermitage in the best possible humor, was skillfully leading up to the theme uppermost in her mind.

"I have been thinking a good deal about Valerian since my return to England," she began. "How admirable he is in many respects! So prompt, practical, and good-natured."

"All that he is, and much more. In fact, he is quite indispensable to me," Miss Hermitage replied. "But why should you think about him?"

"Because he is a relation, and yet no relation. I feel that you and Constantine and myself are bound to make up to him for the wrong—shall we say—that society has done him."

"He has everything his heart can desire. Why should you two do anything for Valerian?"

"That is hardly a position," Stephana said, gently, "and a man should have that. Some kind of career, a future."

"He knows well enough that if he makes himself useful to me as long as I live, he will be pensioned. I never intend to enrich any one. But Valerian shall never want."

Stephana looked unconvinced. "He is of our blood; the last, maybe. He should marry. He should found a family."

Miss Hermitage laughed a little dry sarcastic laugh. "To listen to you one might suppose poor Valerian to be the son and heir of a lord. A nobody he is, a nobody he must remain. Unless"—here she laughed again—"unless you marry him yourself."

"Valerian is on my conscience, and I would make sacrifices to help him," Stephana said, with great seriousness, and taking no account of the last part of the sentence.

"Why should Valerian be on your conscience?"

"Is he not on yours, then, and on my cousin Constantine's?" Stephana asked, still very earnest. "A kinsman who should bear our name, yet has none. The sin of our blood is here."

"Well, you and I and Constantine, I am sure, are doing all that we can for Valerian; and the world does not concern itself with by-gones. He is better off than most people, after all that may be said," Miss Hermitage answered, comfortably.

For some time Stephana was silent. At last she said, in the same tone of subdued painful thought, "Christina, do you think Constantine could tell me Valerian's history from the beginning?"

"There could be no harm in asking him," was the curt reply. Then Miss Hermitage suddenly became good-natured and alert, and she changed the subject. "Mind and come to our dance, Stephana. Valerian and Arthura are getting up minuets and rigadoons to be danced in costume. It will be as good as a play."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. ULRICH'S "GLASS-BLOWERS."

ONE of the two or three most notable successes at the National Academy Exhibition is MR. CHARLES F. ULRICH'S "Glass-Blowers." It is both a professional and a popular success: the studios are talking about it, and the populace admires it—if we may suppose the populace to be represented at the exhibition—and the most interesting thing about it is that the artist, after a course of eight years' study in Munich and thereabouts, should have gone straight to Walker Street, New York city, and found a subject to paint. These seven glass-blowers in their narrow quarters are making artificial eyes for the use of the taxidermist. At the present moment, we will say, they are making owls' eyes. The man at the extreme right has taken a piece of black glass, and by the aid of the three gas jets and a current of air is melting it, as he twirls it, fastened to the end of a wire, into the shape of a pupil. His next neighbor will soon take it and add some yellow; the third, receiving it from the second, will put some gray streaks on what corresponds, in the case of a human being, to the white of the eye; the fourth will back the whole with black. It requires the services of four men to make one owl's eye. The other operators we may suppose to be similarly engaged.

MR. ULRICH, who was also a student at the Cooper Institute and the National Academy, and is now about thirty years old, has made himself conspicuous by showing that he knows what he is about. Already he manifests a determined purpose. And while the technical execution of his picture is very admirable, its internal significance is serious and deep. Here is a work which displays the sympathetic and interpretative qualities of the profoundest art. The painter has entered into the life of these humble men. They are his brothers; he makes them ours. This trait is fundamental, and it is the fundamental that counts.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

AIR THAT IS TOO DRY.

WHAT is to be done when parched lips and flushed faces, to say nothing of the wet-bulb thermometer in the sitting-room, indicate that the indoor air is too dry?

It is a frequent fault of the air during our winters to be too dry, and for most people air that is too dry is more or less injurious, though in different ways from damp air; and while we can not always make damp air dry, we can always do the converse—we can dissolve water at will in dry air.

Most of the stoves in use have some little attachment that is supposed to answer this purpose—an iron urn on a very slender stem, or a small projection on which to place a smaller kettle of water, which in its utmost fury of ebullition may possibly reach blood-heat.

The only trouble to be found with these ornamental arrangements for the evaporation of water is that they do not actually evaporate water—not enough, at least, to make any appreciable difference in the state of the air. One can easily decide this by noting the time required for the evaporation of the small quantity of water that the urn may hold, first removing, however, the ends of matches, to the reception of which that container is often devoted. You will find that a quart of water will last a week or more in that situation; but for a room of ordinary size a quart of water is none too much to evaporate in a single day if it be cold and dry. These æsthetic urns are of little use, because they seldom receive heat enough to make the water boil: and boil the water must if moisture is promptly required to make overdry air comfortable.

In rooms where there is an open grate fire the best plan is to have an evaporator made on purpose of tin or copper; the latter is, of course, the best, because it will last the longest. It should be covered, should hold two or three quarts, according to the size of the apartment, and should have a hollow handle, through which the vapor may escape directly into the room. Place it on a wire hob at the edge of the fire, and the air will soon feel more comfortable.

In the case of a stove it is best to remove the terminal urn of which we have spoken; or if that object of art is firmly secured by a pivot, then turn it aside, and set in its place a pan which will cover the top of the stove at least as tightly as the urn covered it. A pail hung by the side of the stove, if the water in it can be made to evaporate fast enough, will serve the same purpose, but it must be put out of the reach of accidental overturning. Watch the hygrometer, or the moisture on the window-panes, and check the evaporation or stop it the moment that a comfortable state of the air is produced.

The same method may be used with a furnace; a larger amount of water should, of course, be provided if several rooms are heated by it. The practical points are, first, to be sure that a sufficient quantity of water is actually and visibly evaporated, and second, to evaporate no more of it and no more frequently than is needed.

Who are the more benefited in general by a moister air, and who by a drier?

Warm air may easily be made too moist, its capacity to dissolve water being very great. This should be guarded against, for air that is overmoist relaxes the system, and makes the vital actions sluggish. But for nervous and delicate persons, and especially for those who need to gain flesh, an amount of moisture within the limits that I have indicated is very beneficial; it soothes the nerves, and promotes assimilation of the food, and it tends to brighten pale and pasty complexions. The flower of beauty needs moist air, like any other blossom. A drier air, on the other hand, is better for persons of sedentary habits, and for those who already have flesh enough, and to spare. It makes the blood tend toward the skin, and favors perspiration, while the appetite and the rapidity of assimilation are slightly checked. A desirable in-door temperature for sedentary persons is about 66° F.; the delicate will require it a little warmer, but a heat of over 70° is generally too much for the winter.

Two other services of moisture in the air may be mentioned. The first thing to do when symptoms of croup appear in the nursery is to provide a moist atmosphere at about 70° F. The evaporator that I have described is most serviceable in the case of such an exigency. And if there chance to be any escape of carbonic oxide into the air from the stove, the moisture present will go far to neutralize the effects of that active poison.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE CRANE LIBRARY.

"NEARLY two hundred and forty years ago, in the early days of Massachusetts, and while CROMWELL was still Lord Protector," according to MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JUN., in his address at the dedication of the Crane Memorial Library, HENRY CRANE, first of the name in this country, emigrated from England, and settled in Dorchester. This HENRY CRANE became, in the sixth generation, the progenitor of the THOMAS CRANE (born at Quincy in 1803, died in New York in 1875), for a memorial of whom in his native place this beautiful library has been reared by his children, in pursuance of their wish to do something which should signalize his attachment to Quincy.

In tracing this descent through these generations, MR. ADAMS, in the very interesting address from which we have quoted, had occasion to trace not only the history of a typical New England family, but also, in rapid outline, the history of a New England community, in which down almost to our own time there were no rich and few invidiously poor, and in which, of the elements of "plain living and high thinking and heroical acting," the first was not a matter of choice. The CRANES were not men of special mark, but "average citizens" of those earlier days, and, as MR. ADAMS says, the character and the career of the CRANE who attained fortune by his own exertions and a posthumous local fame by the piety of his children are not less but more remarkable and interesting because they are not exceptional, but typical. The direct ancestors of THOMAS CRANE were born and reared, and chose their wives, and worked hard with their hands, and were gathered to their fathers, in one or the other of what are now the beautiful suburbs that encircle Boston. THOMAS CRANE showed more of the spirit of adventure and enterprise than his forebears. When he was a stripling, "Universalism," the first fruit of the reaction against the rigors of an austere Puritanism of an earlier day, had just been formulated, and young CRANE was attracted toward this creed, or perhaps toward its evangelist, "Father HOSEA BALLOU," who was then preaching it in Boston. There was then no public conveyance on Sunday over the ten miles between Quincy and Boston, and Sunday after Sunday the young stone-cutter, who had lately changed his trade from that of a shoemaker, after working at it all the week, walked these ten miles and back again to hear the gospel in which he believed.

It was in 1829 that THOMAS CRANE outgrew the opportunities that Quincy had to offer to a stone-cutter, and removed to New York, which three years before, by the completion of the Erie Canal, had been given the decisive impulse to the metropolitan rank which has ever since made it the goal of the active and ambitious of American youths, and whither an elder brother had preceded him. With some other young journeymen he started a co-operative stone yard, and as they became disheartened or impatient he bought them out, and by 1835 had become an employer of labor and the master of a yard. And then came the opportunity of his life, which he turned to use. The great fire of December, 1835, laid waste the busiest part of New York, and in the rebuilding the Quincy granite, in which MR. CRANE dealt, was employed more freely than it had been before. The first commercial building in New York in which granite columns and lintels formed the first story was the store of ARTHUR TAPPAN, in Pearl Street, which is, or very lately was, still standing, and this was built immediately after the great fire. For nearly thirty years of as active construction as any city ever saw, there were few buildings of magnitude in New York in which granite was used to which THOMAS CRANE did not contribute, and which did not contribute to him. He became a rich and influential man of business, an owner of real estate, a bank director, an insurance-company director, a street-railway director, and, as has been said, a leading man in his religious denomination, abstaining from more public life, and finding the interests of his life in his calling, his family, and his church, and closing at seventy-two a prosperous and honored life, leaving behind him the widow and two sons who have paid this noble and durable tribute to his memory.

In February, 1880, the family of MR. CRANE offered to the town of Quincy "an edifice to be known as the Crane Memorial Hall or Library," to cost "not less than twenty thousand dollars," on condition that the town should allot a suitable site. At the town meeting of March 22, this offer was "gratefully accepted." An ample and admirable site was secured, which was laid out and planted under the direction of MR. OLMSTED; MR. H. H. RICHARDSON was chosen as the architect of the building, and the work of construction was begun, and continued until, on Decoration-day, 1882, the simple ceremony of dedication was performed in the presence of the surviving members of the CRANE family. The most interesting of the exercises was naturally the memorial address, from which the foregoing account has been borrowed, delivered by a representative of the family that has given the quiet village a long and wide celebrity. Not the least interesting circumstance in connection with the library is that the great-grandfather of the orator, the second President of the United States, bequeathed his private library to the town of Quincy, and this collection of books, after having for two generations been housed where injury by neglect was almost unavoidable, now properly disposed and secure of care, forms a subdivision of the Thomas Crane Library. It is, upon the whole, in excellent preservation, and is intrinsically of extreme interest. JOHN ADAMS, it seems, was a bibliophilist as well as a reading man, and there are in the collection many sumptuous specimens of the best typography and of the finest bindings of the end of the eighteenth century and of the beginning of our own. More than one volume has the rare interest of the signatures on one fly-leaf of JOHN ADAMS and of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. The books themselves seem rather like the collection of a professed scholar and student of "polite letters" than of an active public man; and a glance over the titles of a gentleman's library of the first decade of our century, thus segregated from more modern books, gives the modern reader a sense even more vivid than he gets by considering the mechanical marvels that have been wrought since these volumes were current literature, how short a tract of time has served to antiquate our grandfathers into an almost fabulous remoteness, and how much further away we are from their precise and classic culture than they from the men of two centuries before.

It would have been a great pity if the completeness of the story we have been telling had been marred, and the pious intention of the benefactors partly frustrated, as so often happens in these cases, by a gift artistically unworthy of its purpose. In this case, however, the memorial is a brilliant architectural success. It is the third village library that MR. RICHARDSON has designed in Massachusetts, and, upon the whole, the most successful; and saying that is pretty safely saying that it is architecturally the best village library in the United States. The first of these three was the town library and museum at Woburn, and the second the Ames Memorial Library at North Easton. Each of these is of high architectural interest, and the three have a strong family resemblance. But the latest is the most simplified as well as the most refined in treatment, and gains thereby in singleness and force of impression. The library is one room, without even a vestibule, although the deep and sheltered porch serves the purpose of a vestibule. The books and the librarian are protected from the unauthorized incursions of readers by a light open screen of wood-work. The projecting turret contains the staircase that gives access to the attic, in which records and files not in common use are stored, and this is lighted by the triple window in the gable and by the small openings under the pent-house "eyebrows" in the roof.

Nothing, evidently, could be simpler than this plan, and nothing could be more forcible than the architectural outcome of it. The style is the Provençal Romanesque, in which the architect commonly works, and in which he contrives to express an artistic individuality so marked and characteristic. The building owes not a little of its picturesque force to the judicious choice and rugged treatment of the material. The field of wall is a pink granite from North Easton, which is very light without being cold in effect, and is laid rock-faced. The complementary stone is a dark and rich brown stone from the Longmeadow quarries, also rough-faced except where it is modelled or carved in decoration, the darker color being of course always employed where it is intended to give special emphasis to the design. MR. RICHARDSON has used this same combination in the Albany City Hall and in the Ames Memorial Library at North Easton, and nothing could be more effective.

But "the workmanship surpasses the material." In fact, the choice and combination of the material are part of the design, which, even if it were executed in monochrome, would make a striking and admirable building. Simple as the composition is, it is as far as possible from being bald or monotonous. A parallelogram of these dimensions with unbroken walls and a single roof could scarcely have been saved from baldness and monotony. It is saved here by the emergence of the gable and its attached turret, *not* in the centre of the front, mind, on the side visible, by a larger counterparting gable on the side opposite, by the unsymmetrical gables at the ends, and by the situation and treatment of the chimney. And all this is so well studied that there is nothing forced, no appearance of "making architecture," but the

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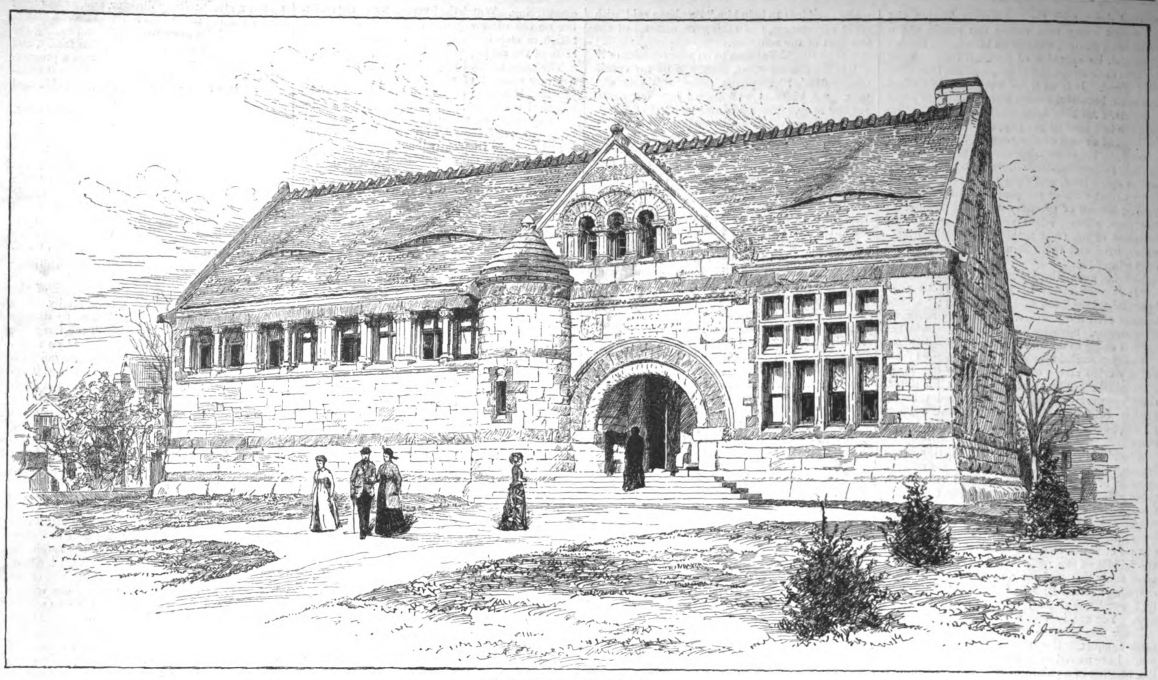
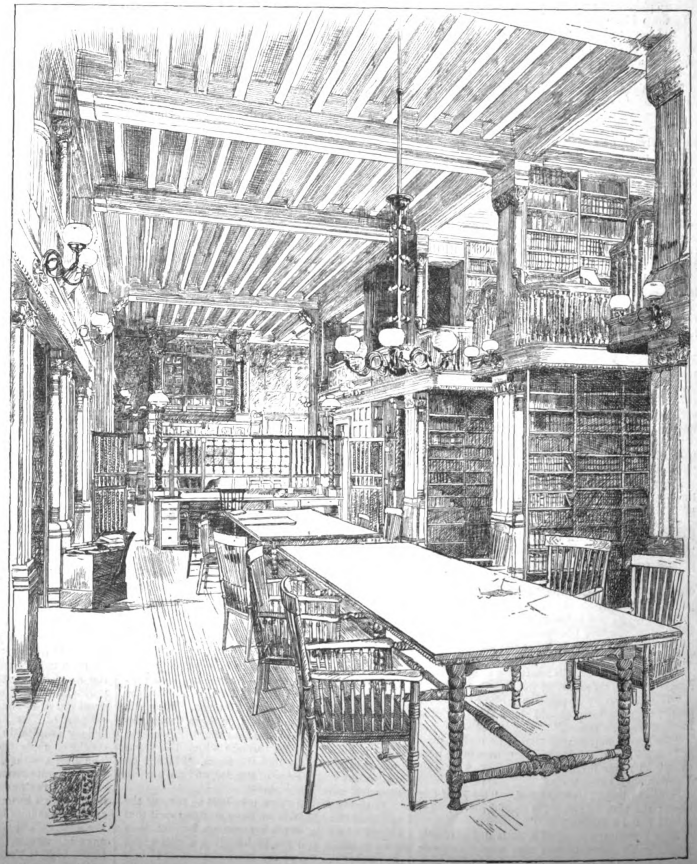


THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

composition seems as simple and spontaneous as if it came so. There is a complete equipoise and balance, with no approach to formal symmetry, in the two wings of the front, which is brought about by the skillful arrangement and contrast of the two sets of openings. A striking instance of the length to which variety may be carried in skillful hands without becoming restlessness is afforded in the courage with which the entrance is placed "out of centre" in both directions, neither in the centre of the wall which it pierces horizontally, nor in the axis of the central opening of the triple window above it vertically. The impression of rugged strength is everywhere kept by the ample spaces of rocky wall, either in unbroken wall spaces or in powerful wall piers. No detail could disturb the impression secured, and the effect of the decorative detail here employed is to enhance it.

The real successes of detail, however, are in the interior. Here, too, the arrangement is as simple as possible. The posts which divide the alcoves, and which are modelled above into pairs of columns corresponding in position to the heavier mullions of the exterior colonnade, carry the principal beams of the ceiling, which is flat at the centre, and follows the slope of the roof at the sides. These sloping sides are covered with embossed leather, while the



INTERIOR VIEWS—READING-TABLES AND ALCOVES.

THE CRANE LIBRARY, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

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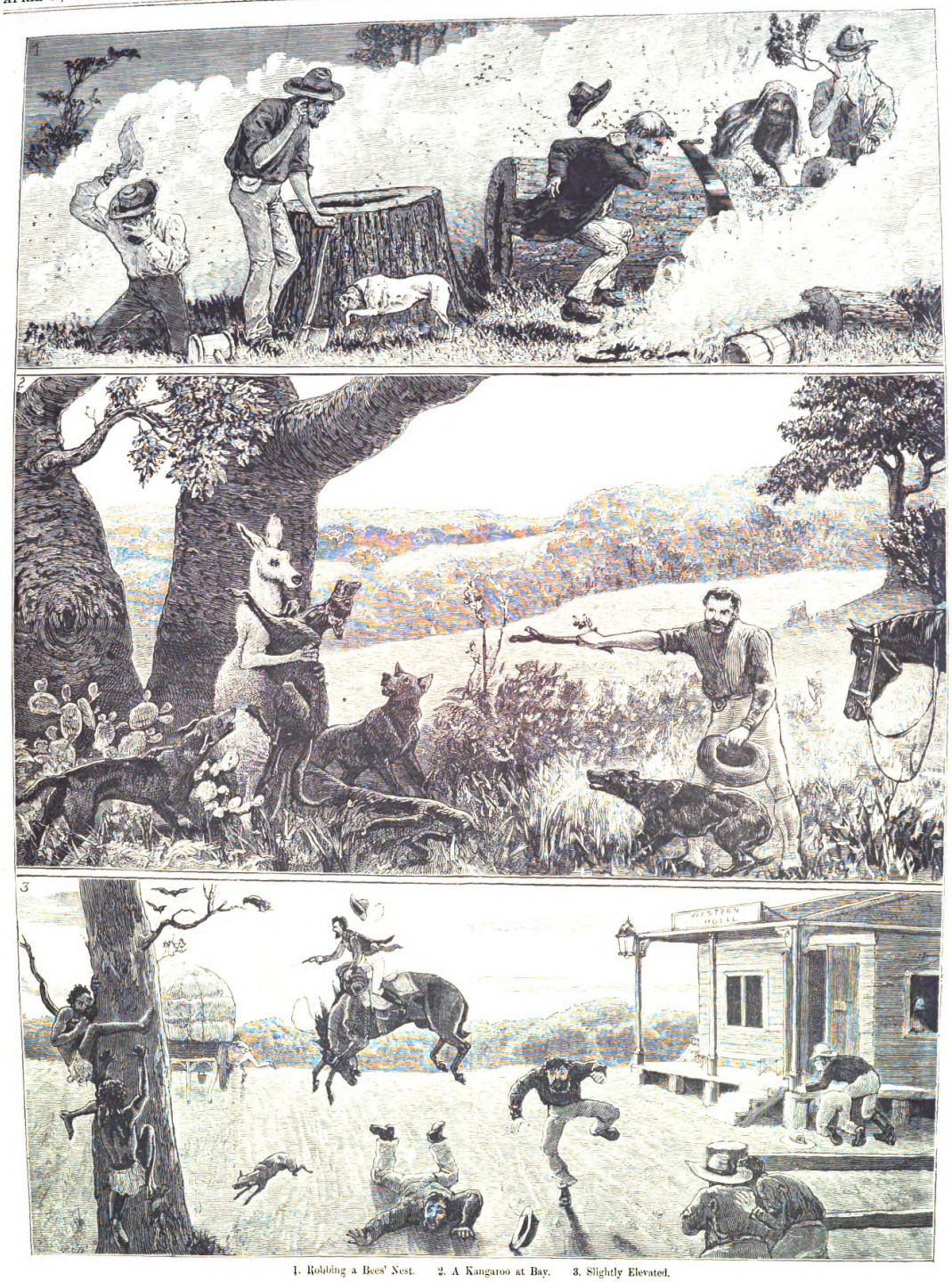

1. Robbing a Bees' Nest. 2. A Kangaroo at Bay. 3. Slightly Elevated.

ADVENTURE AND SPORT IN QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

wood-work throughout is of white pine—a choice as felicitous in its way as that of the materials for the walls and roof. It has been carefully chosen, of beautiful and varying colors, and the "tone" of the interior, given by this wood, the darker leather of the hangings, and the stained glass in the upper lights of the great mullioned window, is rich and harmonious. Over the large chimney-piece at the end of the reading-room, still in white pine, and richly panelled and carved, it is proposed to place a bass-relief portrait of THOMAS CRANE, by SAINT-GAUDENS. Almost all of the detail of this wood-work deserves and will repay study. The greater part of it is exquisite in design and in execution. The cost of the building is said to have been $50,000; and one's surprise is excited not by the fact that so much was spent upon so small a building, but that so much good art was got for so little money.

LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

THE artist writes: "Robbing a Bees' Nest" is an actual scene of which not long ago I was an amused witness. These bees are not native ones (which have no stings), but the English variety, imported here from the old country, and being in a wild, healthy state, they know how to use their stings. They are now spread over most of Queensland, and make much better honey than the native variety. The mild gentleman in the centre has a bee, if not in his bonnet, certainly on the top of his pate, and his sensations can be quite understood by his antics.

"A Kangaroo at Bay" shows a common scene in Queensland, and is truthfully represented as I have many a time witnessed it. The kangaroo dogs are usually fierce, strong animals, full of fight, but they are often terribly mauled by the kangaroo, which, if he be a large, full-grown male, is esteemed dangerous when placed in the position depicted in the drawing. I have known many instances where the settler, in a stand-up fight with one of these creatures, has been nearly killed, and in some instances they have died afterward from wounds inflicted by the long, sharp nails of the kangaroo.

The lower sketch represents our "new chum," who is "slightly elevated" in more than one way. He has been encouraged by an old hand to try his hand at shooting a crow with his Colt's revolver, and the result is depicted in the sketch. It will be observed that the by-standers have, in the language of the poet, "left something at home," and are anxious to recover their possessions. Every time the horse bucks, our elevated friend pulls the trigger, and sends another bullet to seek its billet.

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DR. E. CUTTER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."—[*Adv.*]

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ONE week ago, while engaged in my duties as Assistant Postmaster, I was taken with a violent pain or kink in my back; it was so painful I could hardly breathe, and I ached all over my body. I immediately sent for an Allcock's Porous Plaster, and applied it over the seat of pain; in twenty minutes I was entirely relieved and cured. I have used Allcock's Plasters in my family for over twenty years, and have found them wonderfully effective in curing coughs, colds, and pulmonary difficulties. They are a perfect medicine-chest; they cure without the slightest pain or inconvenience, never leaving a mark on the skin. THOS. LEARY,

President of Village of Sing Sing, N. Y.

—[*Adv.*]

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A CRIPPLE with rheumatism, Parker's Ginger Tonic cured me and keeps me well. M. Gilfoile, Binghampton. —[*Adv.*]

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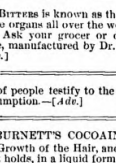

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NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

MANY people who have tried to throw light on the difficult subject of curing disease have found that what they supposed to be light was nothing but darkness. Those who depended on them for information and relief have been, like the suffering woman mentioned in Scripture, who had spent her money in vain on many physicians, "nothing better, but only worse." This sort of experience is unpleasant for all concerned. When the sick are to be made well and the suffering to be healed, there should be no blundering about it. The common blunder of American invalids is that they think they must swallow great quantities of drugs, concerning which they know with certainty only one thing, namely, that the taste is horrible. There is another thing in connection with these drugs which is not so generally known, namely, that the liquid which carries most of them is bad whiskey. Thus many an invalid goes from bad to worse, becoming a dyspeptic, a hypochondriac, a drunkard, and eventually a wreck. This is bad business, and they who follow it walk in the darkness to their own destruction.

It is better to walk in the light to recovery and HEALTH. The old Saxons spelled that word "*wholth*," and there is a good idea in the way they spelled it. True health is a state of *whole* soundness. When a man is sick, it is not only lung, or stomach, or brain that is out of order. The entire man is affected, and the trouble is most severely manifested in whatever happens to be his weakest part. When he completely recovers he is well all over, and in a state of "*wholth*," which is just what everybody wants to enjoy. The blood is the life of the human being. When it is poor and ailing, and clogged with impurities, there is no health. When it is properly vitalized, it courses through artery and vein, carrying to every part of the body the vigor and delight which spring from real health. The blood receives its vitality, or its promptings to decay, from what is taken into the lungs. It verily gets its substance from what goes into the stomach. But substance without vitality is not life. To see how that which is inhaled affects the life which is in the blood, look at the wretched sufferers who inhale poisons. They take in sewer-gas, and the inevitable low typhus fever or quick diphtheria seizes them. They inhale the bad air of undrained swamps, and presently shake and burn with chills and fever. They blow out the gaslight before going to bed, and devitalize themselves into untimely graves by taking into their lungs carburetted hydrogen. Now if all this mischief can be done by simply inhaling that which can neither be seen nor handled, it is but fair to recognize the fact that, on the other hand, the inhaling of that which is life-giving can work corresponding benefit. The skeptical drug-swallowers, whose ideas of relief and cure are associated with the taking of nauseous things into their suffering stomachs, may not look on it in this light, but it is just as true as if they did. The facts are against them, and these speak louder than all their theories and objections. The sick can, in the most pleasant and delightful manner, inhale new life for lungs and blood, and, consequently, for the "*wholth*" of the entire system.

"What!" says a suffering and weary invalid who has swallowed nearly all the drug nostrums that are compounded and sold, "you don't mean that I shall get well by just breathing something that I can't see, or handle, or take with a spoon?"

Yes, MR. Suffering-and-Weary, that *is* exactly it. COMPOUND OXYGEN will do it, and all you have to do is simply to inhale the Compound Oxygen according to directions.

The lungs are the air-bellows of the body. They are continually opening and closing as air is inhaled or exhaled. They are made of a delicate, yet very strong substance, much like leather. They are divided into thousands of little air-cells. When we inhale (or take in) a breath of air, we fill as many of these air-cells as are in working order. The air with which we fill them is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. What we send out when we exhale (or breathe out) the contents of the lungs, is nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. The latter is the impurities from the blood. The oxygen, coming in contact with the blood through the delicate tissue or membrane of the lungs, gives it its life. The heart is busy all day and all night pumping blood into the lungs and thence all through the circulation in every part of the body. In four minutes from the time a drop of blood has received its oxygen in the lungs, it has gone its round, and is back again to discharge its load of carbon and other impurities, and to receive a new message of life in the vitalizing inspiration of the oxygen. In the COMPOUND OXYGEN treatment, the invalid is given something to inhale which is different from mere atmospheric air. Oxygen by itself would not answer the purpose. It is sharp, severe, and irritating, and in its uncombined state is not assimilable. Thousands of faithful trials have proved this. In the atmosphere we breathe there is but one part of oxygen to five of nitrogen. If there were too much nitrogen and not enough oxygen, we would soon die. COMPOUND OXYGEN is a skilfully prepared, revitalizing agent, which supplies through the lungs to the blood exactly what the blood needs for its restoration, and for the restoration or renewing of every part of the system on which it acts. It carries with it a magnetic property, reaching the nerve centres, which, in their partnership with the brain, exercise a controlling influence on every part of the body, and telegraph to its remotest corner, either by sensations of pleasure or of pain, their condition of health or of ailment.

America's great disease is consumption. This is, to define it briefly, a wasting or decay of the lungs. The most remote air-cells first refuse to do their duty. Mischievous little tubercles invade the substance of the lungs, producing inflammation and other unpleasant results. The lungs become flabby and poor, like a worn-out kid glove, and grow powerless to vitalize the blood. There has been a prevalent idea that consumption cannot be cured, because no drug has been found to act as a specific for it when taken through the stomach. But it is now a well-attested fact that consumption is really curable, provided only that it is taken in time. Even COMPOUND OXYGEN will not convert a worn-out old leather glove into a new one. But it will take hold of consumptive lungs, and, by its searching and invigorating action, build them up to life and health. Its first action is to inflate air-cells which have long been uninflated and collapsed. Then, gently but powerfully, stimulating the lungs to vigorous action, it enables them to throw off the tubercles and regain a condition of soundness. So many consumptives who had been booked for the grave have been cured by COMPOUND OXYGEN that there is no reason why persons who are afflicted with lung troubles should feel gloomy about themselves, or regard their cases as at all hopeless, if taken in time.

As to other diseases than consumption. Is COMPOUND OXYGEN a cure-all?

It is not claimed for COMPOUND OXYGEN that it cures every disease that can afflict the sons of men. But there are a great many over which it has gained the most complete victory. Almost everything that goes wrong in the body is in some way or other connected with vitiated blood. In some cases these ailments are aggravated by local irritations, misplacements, or difficulties which are hereditary. Exposure, over-feeding, improper ventilation, and the abuses of clothing have much to do with them. Vitiated blood produces a lack of harmony among the nerves, and the horrors of neuralgia and sciatica are the result. It sends its messengers of evil to the region lying between nose and brain, and disgusting catarrh is enthroned in all the supremacy of its ugliness. It robs the stomach of its proper juices, and the victim becomes a dyspeptic whose every meal is a burden of sorrow. It reminds the system of the injustice done it by distributing here and there the pangs of rheumatism and the tortures of gout. Sufferers with these maladies, and the victims of exhausted nerve power and the diseases which follow on it, will find in COMPOUND OXYGEN the relief they need.

There are many medicines, an important feature of which is that they are kept on sale at every drug store. Not so with COMPOUND OXYGEN. It can be had only of its originators, Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. It is sent with full directions, so that all invalids can, without trouble, use it for themselves. The pamphlet entitled "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*" contains much interesting information in regard to it, with the testimonials of many well-known persons who by its use have been restored to health. This pamphlet is sent to any address on application.

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Net Assets, December 31, 1881.....$7,314,655 03

Receipts during the year,

For Premiums ...	$1,958,176 62	
For Interest.....	460,737 30	1,818,873 92
		$9,133,528 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death.....	$468,755 04	
Matured Endowments.....	62,932 00	
Surrendered Policies	94,726 22	
Cash and Note Dividends..	267,294 51	
Re-insurance	6,894 99	
Total paid policy-holders	**$920,602 76**	
Taxes and Legal Expenses.	33,183 52	
Salaries, Medical Fees, and Office Expenses.....	78,154 91	
Commission to Agents, Rents, &c.....	115,907 40	
Agency and other Expenses.	65,655 99	
Advertising, Printing, Supplies.....	17,636 01	
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, &c.....	7,649 93	1,228,790 52
Net Assets, Jan'y 1, 1883.....		**$7,894,738 43**

ASSETS.

Philadelphia and other City Loans, R.R. and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks.....	$3,650,554 40
Mortgages and Ground Rents	2,043,431 90
Premium Notes secured by Policies, &c..	665,576 78
Loans on Collaterals, &c.....	640,567 00
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans.....	829,778 53
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand..	64,229 82
Net Ledger Assets as above.....	**$7,894,738 43**
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums.	140,273 25
Interest due and accrued.....	56,430 44
Market Value of Stocks, &c., over cost...	392,365 60
Gross Assets, January 1, 1883.....	**$8,483,807 72**

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due	$165,634 07	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks.....	6,854,849 00	
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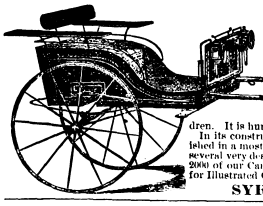

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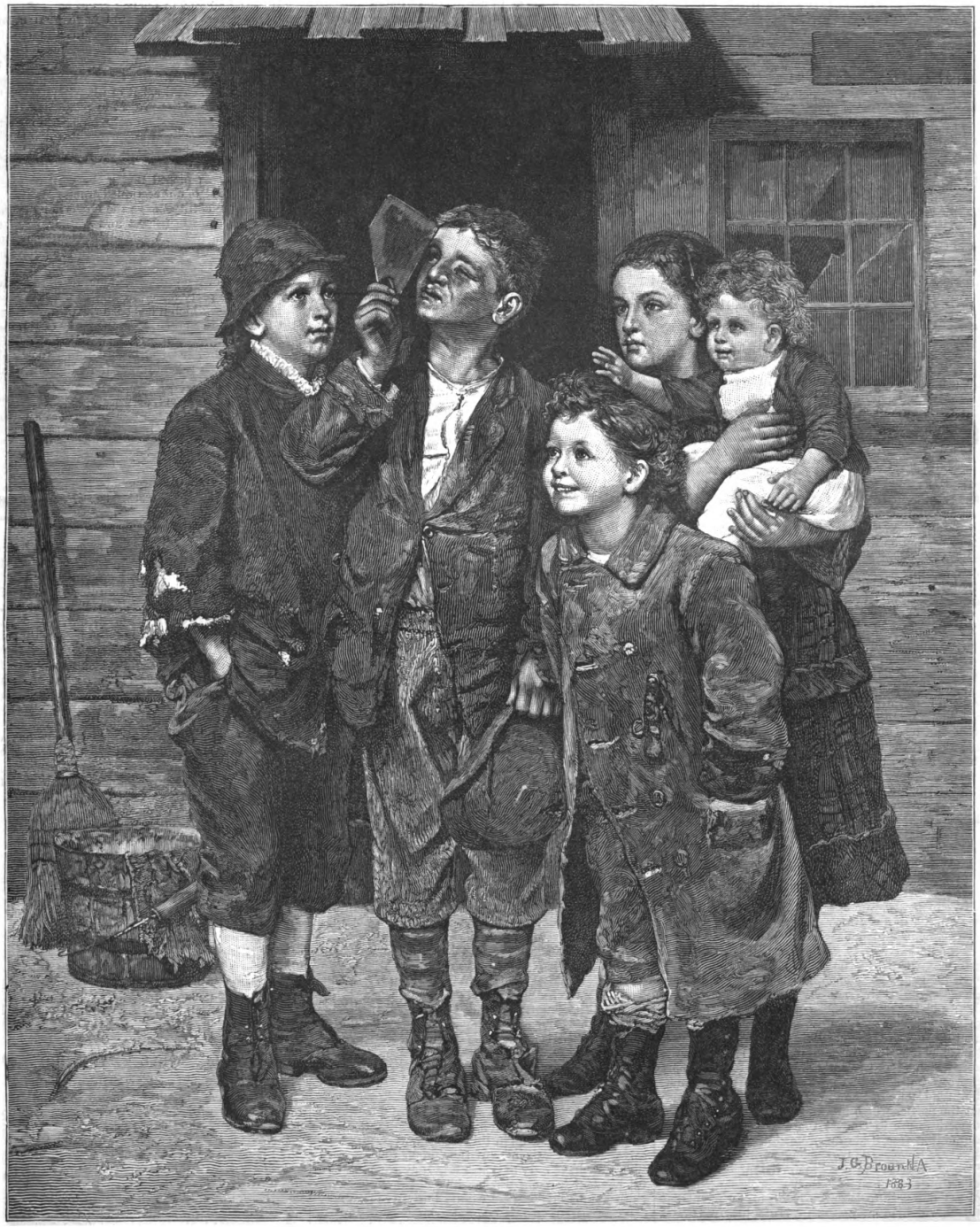

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For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE POLITICAL CALM.

IT is remarkable that while the political situation in Europe is so critical that one of the most accomplished of publicists describes it as the "European Terror," politics in the United States are so stagnant that the only activity is an endeavor to show some reason for the existence of parties—an endeavor which ends in showing that upon no one immediate question is either party agreed. The Democratic attempt to present the tariff as the crucial question has merely revealed the bitter and hopeless dissension of the party upon that subject, a dissension illustrated by the tone of the Democratic press for or against Mr. RANDALL, and by the protectionist speech of Mr. CARTER HARRISON at a party dinner expressly designed as a free-trade demonstration. On the other hand, a Republican paper declares a protective tariff to be a cardinal Republican doctrine, a declaration which if true would at once exclude from the Republican party the New York *Times*, the Albany *Evening Journal*, and the Buffalo *Express*—to go no further—three of the most representative and powerful Republican journals in the State. It is plainly very doubtful whether the chief issue of an election can be made upon a question about which neither party is agreed. Whenever such a question is felt by the public—not by the Iroquois Club nor by a knot of politicians of any party, but by the country—to be the paramount issue, it must lead to a reorganization of parties, like the slavery question. The effort of politicians and "managers" to fit an existing party to a new question—that is, to a question upon which the party was not formed—is in itself presumptive evidence that the question is not a controlling issue. The endeavor to adjust the Whig party and the Democratic party to the question of slavery destroyed the Whig party and left the Democratic party a mere slavery propaganda, while the Republican party, recruited from both, arose swiftly to power, and has maintained its dominance for a quarter of a century.

The conclusion from such facts is obvious. If the Democratic party is to become in good faith a free-trade party, as the Republican was an anti-slavery party, then such gentlemen as Mr. RANDALL and Mr. HARRISON and their friends will be no longer Democrats; and if the Republican party is to be in good faith the party of protection, then the leading journals that we have named will cease to be Republican. If the chief issue in an election be protection, how can a paper which advocates a non-protective tariff support the protectionist nominations, or how can a protectionist orator declare for the free-trade party? To suppose that the parties which are known as Republican and Democratic are to contest the election of 1884 is to assume that free trade or protection will not be the issue. A Democratic correspondent inquires whether we mean to say in a recent article that free-trade Democrats are to renounce their party because it may not yet be ready to take the true ground upon that subject, which, in his judgment, is absolute free trade. We answer that what we said was simply this, that to make free trade the issue would cost the Democratic party the election. But undoubtedly every free-trader will support the party that he believes will most certainly secure the object which he holds to be of paramount importance. Nothing, however, it seems to us, can be more evident to a free-trader than that if there be no free-trade party in the field, it is because free trade has not become a paramount issue.

It is not probable that the position which either party will take upon this question will seriously disturb the party relations of voters. The platforms will proclaim sound and safe and non-committal sentiments, which will hold the stragglers and the rear-guard, and the main reliance of both sides will be party association and tradition, as is always the case when a question has not become strong enough to remodel parties. Yet the situation has one peculiarity. Usually, when old issues are spent and old questions settled, there is a disposition, as in 1820, to re-adjust party relations or to abandon them altogether. But the attitude of parties in the civil war is too fresh in the public memory to permit that kind of indifference. The deep distrust which the Democratic party then inspired has not been removed by the more recent conduct of that party, and whatever Republican offenses may have been, the alternative of Democratic administration is not contemplated with pleasure by the truly conservative sentiment of the country. This, of course, is not a disposition which would maintain itself against a great issue. But so long as the main question is the comparative chance of efficient, economical, and progressive administration under Republican or Democratic control, the probabilities of success are all with the Republican party. Moreover, in view of this distrust, and of the extraordinary course of the Democratic party upon the tariff question, many friends of a revenue tariff who would perhaps co-operate with a new party formed upon that issue would not support the Democratic party, with which they are perfectly familiar, merely because it might declare in 1884 for a revenue tariff, as in 1872 it nominated a protectionist, and resolved "to remit the discussion of the question to the people in their Congressional districts." The Democrats may be very sure that they will be judged not by their professions in a convention, but by their conduct for twenty years.

"THE IRISH CONVENTION."

"THE Irish Convention," as the assembly of certain naturalized American citizens is called, which is soon to be held in Philadelphia, has one plain duty to discharge. Whatever else it may say or leave unsaid, it must unequivocally and completely disclaim all sympathy with murder as a means of agitation. There should be no evasion whatever upon this point. The great body of American citizens sympathize with the honorable aspirations and efforts of all other countries, and with the agitation which aims at juster and humaner laws. In case of evident and hopeless oppression they do not forget the Revolution that secured their own independence, and they look with interest and fellow-feeling upon every justifiable revolutionary struggle. But there is no people in the world more loyal to law, and a policy of assassination directed against Englishmen who are endeavoring to relieve suffering in Ireland by law is a policy so hideous that the instinctive abhorrence with which it is regarded is apt to include all Irishmen who in demanding changes in the law do not clearly and emphatically absolve themselves from all suspicion of complicity in crime or of approval of criminals.

The leaders of the Convention ought to understand that American sympathy with the Irish agitation is not only chilled, but changed into hostility, by any doubtful position of Irish agitators, whether in this country or elsewhere, upon the policy of murder. Whatever may have been true a century ago, and during the cruel Irish repression of the eighteenth century, it is inexpressibly ridiculous to attempt to represent Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT and the Liberal members of the ministry as black-hearted tyrants and oppressors of Ireland. Constitutional agitation, in or out of Parliament, for changes in the land laws, for increase of representation, for "home rule," even for separation, is legitimate, and would have a certain moral support in this country. But agitation which justifies such savage atrocities as the murders in Phœnix Park is not agitation, it is an outbreak of anarchy which every honorable man in every civilized country at once stigmatizes as a crime against humanity and society, and every abettor of such crime in every degree is spurned as an enemy of the human race.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the managers of the Convention interpret correctly the change of American feeling and tone about the Irish agitation, and that they see the necessary and fatal effect upon Ireland of any hesitation in clearly defining the position of those residents in this country who call themselves Irish-Americans. If they prefer that designation, they have only to reflect that they are but a pitiful handful in comparison with English-Americans. But such distinctions are wholly mischievous. Any class of citizens in this country who evidently abuse its name and the immunity which its citizenship gives them may surely count upon profound and universal national distrust and antipathy. If the action of the Convention—which as an "Irish-American" assembly is greatly to be regretted as implying that American interest in foreign questions is not a national but a class interest—shall show that the Dynamite party in this country is limited to a few insignificant ranters who represent nothing but their own vanity and folly, it will do something to retrieve the obloquy which recent crime has cast, however unjustly, upon the name of Ireland. But if it should appear that the leaders are afraid of the criminal element among Irish agitators, they will not change, indeed, the wisdom and propriety of certain reforms in Ireland, but they will have greatly obscured the hope of seeing those reforms accomplished. For Dynamite can not frighten, although it may easily exasperate, England.

THE GOVERNOR'S BUFFALO VETO.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND is said not to be popular with the politicians of his party, but he is very much wiser than they, and it would have been most advantageous to the party to sustain him cordially. His best actions, however, have produced the most vehement Democratic protests, and his official term has thus far been most serviceable, in a party sense, by disclosing the real spirit of his party. The Governor's late veto of the project to reorganize the Buffalo Fire Department is an act which good citizens of all parties most cordially approve, but which the local Democratic politicians furiously condemn. The present Fire Department of Buffalo was organized in 1880, and it was placed under the control of three commissioners "of unquestioned probity, intelligence, and executive ability," says the Governor, "who enjoy and deserve the respect and confidence of their fellow-townsmen." This excellent board is not political, and manages the department in the public interest and not in that of a party.

The object of the proposed change was to make the board a mere party machine, and to provide more of that patronage which it has been the object of the present Legislature to secure for the party of the majority. The Governor, who, as the late Mayor of Buffalo, is perfectly familiar with the situation, exposes plainly the nefarious scheme hidden in the bill, and remarks:

"The purpose of the bill is too apparent to be mistaken. The tried, economical, and efficient administration of an important department in a large city is to be destroyed upon partisan grounds, or to satisfy personal animosities, in order that the places and patronage attached thereto may be used for party advancement. I believe in an open and sturdy partisanship which secures the legitimate patronage of party supremacy, but parties were made for the people, and I am unwilling knowingly to give my assent to measures purely partisan which will sacrifice or endanger their interests."

Nothing could be more manly and honorable. It is by such acts that men in high positions, by serving their country best, serve their party most. But the local Democratic politicians have burst into such an uproar over this just and admirable position of the Governor that if there had been any doubt of their purpose they have entirely dispelled it.

The Governor declares for "the legitimate patronage of party supremacy." But whatever that may be, it is not, in his opinion, such patronage as results from the overthrow of an honest, efficient, and economical administration of a wholly non-political function in order to make it a "placer" for "runners," "rounders," "heelers," and "bummers." In vetoing this miserable scheme Governor CLEVELAND has done what every man who is really fit to be Governor of New York would do. He has proved the sincerity of his response to the inquiry of the Civil Service Reform Association, in which he said:

"When contests between parties are waged for the purpose of securing places for professional politicians of high or low degree, whose only recommendation for appointment is their supposed ability to do partisan service, the people are apt to be defrauded by the displacement of tried and faithful servants well able to perform the duties for which they are paid with the people's money, and the substitution of those who are unfit and incompetent. In this way the interests of the party may be subserved, but the interests of the people are neglected and betrayed."

It is curious that the Democratic politicians do not see that their true party policy lay in hearty support of the Governor's veto. But the action of the Legislature shows how total is their repudiation of his principles, and how complete their abandonment of any pretense of desiring the reforms which they have loudly demanded.

MILLENNIAL YEARNINGS.

SEVERAL Republican journals are improving each shining hour by dropping honeyed words of conciliation of party differences. Why not "close up the ranks"? Why should brothers differ? Is not the good old party good enough for all Republicans? Shall not by-gones be by-gones? Can not the antithesis of GARFIELD and GUITEAU be forgotten? Can not offensive adjectives about the machine be in the deep bosom of an ocean of concord buried? Are we not all devoted protectionists and true civil service reformers, and is there not a universal desire for political purity and the lying down of lambs and lions? Stalwart, Half-Breed, Molly Coddle, Snivel Service, Sunday-School, and the Brass-medal Squad—do we not

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all agree that these are naughty names which no good Republican will take again upon his lips or his pen?

These millennial yearnings must be warmly approved by every sincere lover of his kind. But politics, as we are constantly assured, being a very practical business, how is the glittering goal to be attained? Hurrah for conciliation, by all means, but then how to conciliate? There can be nothing juster than justice, but how shall justice be done? What is the source of the difference which is to be reconciled? This is the beginning of the inquiry, and the answer is that the trouble springs from the exclusion of a large part of the party from any voice or part in its councils, and from the factitious power given to a few men by patronage. An organization of the party in which every member shall have an equal voice, and the overthrow of illicit power based upon patronage, therefore, are necessary to heavenly harmony and perfect conciliation. At present the majority principle is brought into contempt, and the exhortation to abide by the will of the majority is ridiculous, because everybody knows that it is not an honest majority. A seventh part of the party is absolutely excluded from representation in the Convention, and the votes of such representatives as appear are often controlled by patronage. A majority so obtained is fraudulent, and its will, even according to the most scrupulous view, is not binding. Votes controlled by patronage are corrupt, and the action which they seem to sanction is void.

Conciliation will hardly be accomplished by "closing up the ranks," and agreeing not to use "swear words" and contumelious epithets. Indeed, they are not very distressing. They merely indicate a difference; they do not produce it. If the Republican party in New York is to be harmonized, it will be done by getting rid of the causes of the trouble, and it is well to observe that none of these causes are "bygones," and therefore can not be left to be by-gones. Conciliation is not a negative procedure. It can be effected only by doing something, and a party can be united only by agreement upon certain definite principles, and by honest management. We are glad to see, therefore, that a committee, among whom are most excellent gentlemen representing every view in the party, has been appointed to devise a plan of harmonizing all differences. Their action will be watched with great interest. But we trust that the committee will understand that without real and important changes, including personal changes, "harmony" will be, like the will-o'-the-wisp, only a bright deceiver.

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

MAYOR EDSON'S speech before the Assembly Committee on Cities contained nothing very new, but much that is very true, and only too familiar to every New-Yorker. The city, he said, is governed by commissions, and the commissioners are appointed by bargains between the nominating and confirming powers. It is practically impossible to remove unfit officers, and equally impossible to fill vacancies without a "dicker." In the present city government there is really no responsibility, and the situation is both demoralizing and dangerous. Any system, therefore, which would combine power and responsibility would be preferable to the present system, and this union is the object of his charter.

This charter gives the Mayor power to appoint the heads of the municipal departments without the intervention of any other authority, and it would be better, in Mayor EDSON'S opinion, to intrust that power even to the Board of Aldermen than to leave it divided as it is now. He said that he was not personally anxious for the power, but in response to Mr. ROOSEVELT said that he saw no impropriety in giving the present Mayor the sole appointing power, and there could be no good reason for deferring for two years changes of such pressing importance. The Mayor's views are in harmony with those of his predecessor, and his strong expression of them only confirms with the eloquence of experience the view which commends itself to intelligent students of city affairs.

A grotesque reply was made to the Mayor by Alderman COCHRANE, who holds apparently that a city is a political community like a State or a nation, and that the Mayor was proposing a municipal tyrant, while the great system of popular government had already provided a bulwark of popular rights and liberties in the Board of Aldermen. A more amusing speech could not be made. There is no doubt of the wisdom of the Mayor's general proposition. The power of removal, however, should be strictly defended against abuse, and the inevitable corruption of minor patronage should be baffled by a practical abolition of such patronage. Much would be gained, however, by concentrating responsibility upon the Mayor. It is only a pity that, knowing this when he was a candidate last autumn, Mayor EDSON had not made his charter his platform. He now states strongly and cogently the impossibility of good city government under the party and dicker system, and the desirability and necessity of the transaction of public business upon business principles. We congratulate him upon his new light. It was because he was nominated by the dicker system that he was opposed last year by those who wish to see the business of the city transacted upon business principles.

WALTER HOWE.

UPON page 260 is a portrait of the Hon. WALTER HOWE, of whom we spoke last week as a worthy colleague of THEODORE ROOSEVELT in the Assembly, another of the young, resolute, intelligent, and independent Republicans who represent the strong convictions and high principles of the party, and who are coming forward in its leadership. Such Republicans must be considered carefully by those who are eager to reorganize the party in New York. They are not Republicans of yesterday, but of to-morrow. They are not old Whigs, but new Republicans, and they equally discard old Whig doctrines which have become obsolete, and old Republican methods which are not honest and of good report.

Throughout the session Mr. HOWE'S vote has been recorded upon the right side of all important questions, and the practical experience which he has gained will be of great service in his future career. If the proposed reorganization of the party should result in sending such men as Mr. HOWE and Mr. ROOSEVELT to the State Convention from the city of New York, it would secure to the party councils a representation of the wisest and most courageous and most upright sentiment of the party in that city, which is not always present in the conventions.

SOUND ADVICE.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS is still a wise counsellor of the colored men. In an address in Washington upon the anniversary of emancipation he said that three solutions have been offered of the problem of the fate of the colored man in America. The first was colonization, which was certainly not worth talking about. The second was extinction by poverty and disease. But it appeared that in the Southern States the increase of the colored people is ten per cent. greater than that of the whites. The third solution was assimilation and unification with the rest of the population, and this seems to Mr. DOUGLASS the natural course.

"There is but one destiny, it seems to me, left for us, and that is to make ourselves and be made by others a part of the American people in every sense of the word. Assimilation, not isolation, is our true policy and our natural destiny. Unification for us is life; separation is death. We can not afford to set up for ourselves a separate political party, or adopt for ourselves a political creed apart from the rest of our fellow-citizens."

This is simple good sense, and may well be pondered by every American. The demand of "recognition," that is to say, of patronage, upon the ground of color or previous nationality, is as foolish as to demand it upon a sectarian ground. The Constitution and the laws do not know German, or English, or French, or Irish, or colored, or Baptist, or Jewish, or pagan, or atheistic, Americans. They know only equal citizens, who, if they are white or black, may have been born anywhere in the world, and may hold any religious faith, or none. Consequently any body of citizens who, as citizens, try to separate themselves into a class upon grounds of race, or nativity, or religious opinion, are essentially anti-American.

Citizens who hold similar views of public policy will naturally and properly organize to secure the passage of laws embodying their views. But this is very different from organizing to secure advantages as colored, or Baptists, or Catholic, or German, or English, American citizens. Mr. DOUGLASS'S words, like all wise words, are timely and suggestive.

THE GOVERNOR AGAIN.

THE good word elsewhere spoken for Governor CLEVELAND is justified by the appointment of the Superintendent of Insurance, assuming that a change was necessary or desirable. That it is not a political office is plain enough from the fact that Mr. MCCALL, the new Superintendent, who is a Democrat, has been long the efficient deputy, to which post he was appointed by the two late superintendents, who were Republicans. Governor CLEVELAND now promotes him to the headship of the office, and there is no question of his singular fitness for the position.

One peculiarly satisfactory fact in connection with this promotion is that it baffles the efforts of a noted politician to secure the nomination by means of political influence of every kind and degree. This personal pressure has now become so universal that a man who can drum up signatures to a petition and procure certificates and letters is held to establish a kind of "claim" to the place, and no man who does not blow his own trumpet violently and insist upon "recognition" is regarded as a possible candidate. "If he wants the place, why doesn't he ask for it?" is the question. But the sounder form is, "Does the place want him, and if so, why is he not called to it?"

Of course in making important nominations the Governor or any appointing officer will consult those whose opinion he may desire. But advice given under such circumstances is wholly different from a recommendation written at the request of the person to be recommended. Such a letter means only that the writer prefers not to refuse an entreaty. It does not mean that he thinks the applicant to be the best person for the place. The appointment of Mr. MCCALL is another of Governor CLEVELAND'S creditable acts.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES F. ULRICH, whose "Glass-Blowers" we engraved last week, is said to have received already this year orders for four thousand dollars' worth of pictures, his patrons being collectors of American paintings exclusively.

—Mr. T. B. CLARKE'S private collection of American works of art numbers more than one hundred examples, and is especially rich in fine examples of GEORGE INNESS. Mr. CLARKE began to gather it about ten years ago, and it is now an honor to the city.

—In his *Mexico To-day*, Mr. BROCKLEHURST notes that the co-existence of several small communities of differing Protestants, exhibiting feelings of animosity toward each other in a purely Catholic country like Mexico, is a source of great weakness, as it affords the Catholic priests an opportunity of cautioning their flocks against joining a body so divided in itself.

—Mr. CHARLES R. MILLER, who has succeeded Mr. JOHN FOORD as editor of the New York *Times*, is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and about thirty-four years of age. Immediately after leaving college he was offered a position on the Springfield *Republican*, and remained four years with that paper—an excellent school for young journalists. He has been connected with the *Times* for about two years, is in thorough sympathy with the progressive wing of the Republican party, and by education, ability, and experience is well equipped for the responsible position to which he has been called.

—Mr. GOURDAULT is commended for having, in his new book on Venice, "grasped the aspect of the lagoons in a mist—an aspect seldom touched upon—their vast and solitary desolation, the confusion of sea and sky, the sense that you and your gondola are floating in a medium which is neither one nor the other, the fitful breeze bearing strange sounds across the water."

—Fourteen volumes of THIERS'S *Parliamentary Orations* have already been issued in Paris, where they do this sort of thing more thoroughly for their dead statesmen than in any other city in the world.

—Says the *Academy:* "We observe that the new edition of LIDDELL and SCOTT'S Greek Lexicon is being actively pushed in America. The literary journals advertise pages of favorable notices. Owing to the fact that American help was sought for in the revision, the book is now copyright in America." The great success of this work is almost commensurate with its deserts, but the college boys whose eyes meet its legible and beautiful type are not likely to appreciate their advantage over their predecessors.

—In the new bronze statue of Lord BEACONSFIELD in Parliament Square, London, the Earl appears in his robes and the order of the Garter, and holds a scroll in one hand. The 16th of April was the day set apart for the unveiling.

—CETYWAYO declares that he is grateful to England for letting him out of captivity, but very sore at heart because his country has been so much cut up. This division of territory, he predicts, will lead to trouble and complications before long.

—Of Mr. G. E. WOODBERRY'S *History of Wood-Engraving*, recently published by the HARPERS, the *Academy* has a highly appreciative two-column review. The volume, it says, is "clearly the result of a great deal of work; and where the author inserts observations or criticisms of his own they invariably give evidence of thoroughly sound opinions upon fundamental principles. Engravers on both sides of the Atlantic would do well to lay to heart the wholesome criticism and advice contained in the last chapter. The historical portion of the book is the most readable history of the art that has yet been written. Moreover, any one who accepts Mr. WOODBERRY as his guide will not be led far astray. Finally, the printing is excellent, the paper is good, and so are the illustrations."

—BISMARCK wrote in 1855: "From all I have heard about LOUIS NAPOLEON'S character during the last few years from people who have known him for half a generation it seems that the impulse to do precisely what no one expects of him is almost a disease with him, and is daily encouraged by the Empress."

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER begs the students of St. Andrews University, who have nominated him for the Lord-Rectorship, to withdraw his name. Ten years ago, he says, he was compelled to decline the honor on account of the state of his health, and the same reason again prevails.

—Mr. ALBERT WÖLFF, contributor to the *Figaro*, has had a biography of himself written, under the title of *Albert Wolff, Histoire d'un Chroniqueur Parisien*. He was born and educated at Cologne.

—Mr. O. B. BUNCE observes that a book whose pages have been cut is always despoiled of something: "Every one who is accustomed to see the folded sheets of a book before it is bound, and the same sheets after they have been squeezed, crushed, and subjected to the butchering knife of the binder, must feel, if he possesses a sense of beauty, that a certain very inviting quality in the page has been extinguished. The most accomplished book-maker in the country once remarked to the writer that in comparing cut and uncut copies of the same edition of a book he found a difference which he was utterly unable to account for—the paper, the ink, the printing, everything about the uncut copies seemed so much superior."

—According to Dr. F. L. OSWALD, fat is the best lung-food, and among all fat-containing substances fresh sweet cream is about the best, and salt pork the worst. Consumptives should avoid all scorbutic articles of diet, salt meat, pickles, indigestible made dishes, rancid fat, pungent spices, cheese, and all kinds of intoxicating liquors.

—Mr. MILLAIS'S latest picture, "A Stowaway," is a full-length figure of a wayward lad who, having crept into the hold of a ship, is startled by the lifting of the hatch above him. The light streams upon his frightened features, and he crouches in terror. The drawing and painting of the head are said to be marvellously fine.

—The days of profitable stock-farming with a small capital are passing away, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but for the young man with a level head, strong constitution, and ample means the plains of the west and southwest frontiers of the United States and Canada will for many a long day offer an admirable field for enterprise.

—Horse-flesh is sold in some parts of London as beef. It has the peculiarly rosy appearance which the people like, and in order legally to prevent its sale it must be shown that it is "unfit for the food of man."

—The General Synod of the Church of Ireland has adopted a resolution petitioning Parliament against any bill which will have the effect of admitting atheists into either House. But it is objected that the present oath is a premium on hypocrisy, not a prohibition of unbelief.

—The Lord Bishop of Rochester entered the House of Peers the other evening, and after seating himself unfolded a newspaper and began to read it. An attendant immediately called his lordship's attention to the breach of order, and the paper promptly disappeared into the offender's pocket.

—The death of Mr. JOHN BROWN, the Queen's personal servant (says the *Spectator*), has created some interest in society. He has for years been a conspicuous figure in the royal household, and at one time the most absurd stories of his influence with the Queen were greedily believed. The truth is that he was a confidential servant, so trustworthy and devoted that the Queen treated him, as he deserved, as a humble friend, and in particular relied more upon his vigilant watchfulness than upon any police or guards. Kings value devotion like Mr. BROWN'S with a feeling compounded of true gratitude and of a master's kindness for a great dog, and naturally consider service to themselves service also to the state. In this light there is nothing unusual in the strong expressions with which her Majesty, in the *Court Circular*, records the "grievous shock" she has felt at the "irreparable loss" of an "honest, faithful, and devoted follower, a trustworthy, discreet, and straightforward man," whose unceasing care in the performance of his duties "had secured for himself the real friendship of the Queen." There is a ring of true and most creditable feeling in the whole official notice. Mr. BROWN died of erysipelas, supervening on a cold caught while inquiring, at the Queen's desire, into the reported attack on Lady FLORENCE DIXIE.

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THE HON. WALTER HOWE, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY FROM NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 259.]

JOHN A. MCCALL, JUN., SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 259.]

STOLEN BY APACHES.

On the 28th of last March Judge H. C. McComas, his wife, and young son, while visiting some mining property, were met by a straggling party of Apaches at Thompson's Cañon, twenty-five miles from Silver City, New Mexico. The parents were killed, and the boy captured and carried off by the band into Mexican territory.

The name of this unfortunate lad, bereft of father and mother, and carried into a terrible captivity, is Charles Ware McComas. He is only six and a half years old, large for his age, weighing nearly one hundred pounds, and has light yellowish hair.

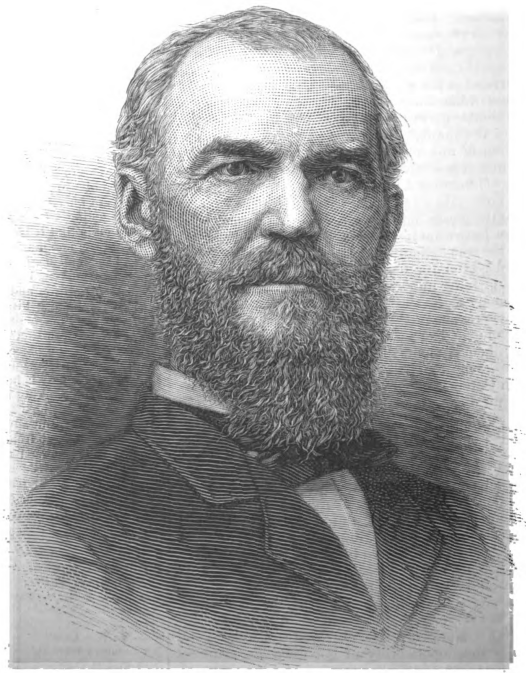
Judge McComas was at one time a prominent merchant of St. Louis, Missouri, and his wife, a lady of culture and refinement, was considered one of the leaders of fashionable society in that city. Both were very highly esteemed.

THE HON. HENRY D. McDANIEL.

This gentleman, nominated by the Democratic State Convention for Governor of Georgia, was born in Walton County, in that State, and now resides at Monroe, the county seat, engaged in the practice of law. He was educated at Mercer University, a Baptist institution, then located at Penfield, Georgia, where he graduated with the highest honors in 1856, at the age of nineteen. He soon opened a law office, and won a substantial reputation.

As a member of the Secession Convention of 1861 he opposed disunion at first, but finally voted for the ordinance of secession, and was one of its signers. A few months later he was in the field as Lieutenant of the Eleventh Georgia Regiment, became Major in November, 1862, and commanded a brigade on the last day of the battle of Gettysburg. On the retreat of the Confederate army he rendered gallant service, and was severely wounded near Hagerstown. This closed his military career. He subsequently served in the State Assembly, and eight years in the State Senate.

CHARLES WARE McCOMAS, STOLEN BY APACHES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE HON. H. D. McDANIEL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.
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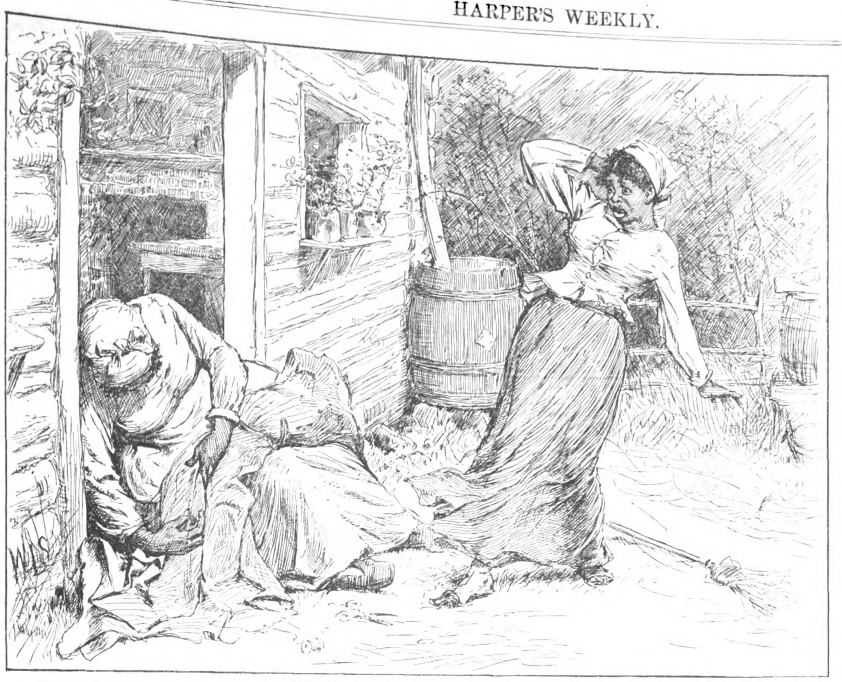

"WITH A SUDDEN WILD CRY SHE RUSHED AWAY."

VINEY'S CONVERSION AND COURTSHIP.

By SOPHIE SHEPARD.

II.—*(Continued.)*

THE supper hour was indeed drawing near; the needles flew faster, and the quilting was honorably completed by the time that Viney appeared and whispered in Sis Ally's ear that all was ready.

Sis Ally rose. "Walk right out, ladies an' gentlemen," she said, with a delightful air of mingled triumph and modesty. "Walk into de nex' room for a little refreshment."

At sight of the "little refreshment," Preacher Simpkins's hand instinctively sought his buttons. All settled into their seats with a flutter, followed by a hush of expectation.

"Brudder Simpkins," said Ally, gravely, "will you please to hab de honor ob axin' de grace?"

Brother Simpkins cleared his throat in reply; then began: "We hab come togedder, good Lord—we hab come togedder as Thy humble worshippers fur to praise an' thank Thee, an' to partake in righteousness ob de creetur comforts which Thou hast prepared fur us from de beginnin' ob de worl'." A pause, during which Preacher Simpkins shifts his position. "Ef dar be any sin mixed up in it"—with a mental glance, doubtless, toward the turkey—"why, jes' take it up, O Lord, an' put it right on ole Satan's shoulders. Be here wid us while we are partakin' ob de food what you gib us through de han's ob Sis Ally an' Brudder Phil. Ef he done wrong to shoot de turkey on de holy day ob de Sabbath, remember Thy Son, who plucked de corn on de Sabbath-day, an' forgib us all, an' forgib de Legislature fur makin' a law dat t'warn't nothin' but human natur' to break. Bress dem, O Lord, an' bress all ob us, bofe de sinners an' de righteous, de ole an' de young, de rich an' de poor, de quality an' de quantity, an' don' leabe none ob us out. Bring us all to Thy fold, an' neber fall from Thy grace."

An earnest "Amen" followed from all the company. Ally was obliged to wipe her eyes, and as to Viney, such was Preacher Simpkins's air of simple piety that a strange feeling came over her that perhaps, after all, there was something a sight better in religion than she had ever been able to grasp.

And now the feast began. Conversation was annihilated. Through the long golden sunset hour enjoyment reigned supreme. Then all was over. Warm, but happy, the company crossed their knives and forks, and leaned back to fan themselves; and then, with the proud smile of a general whose forces are not yet exhausted, Ally brought forth a great bucketful of lemonade, the ice gratefully tinkling against its sides, and ladled it out to her guests. Happiness could no further go, and Sister Car'line Elizabeth made a sensation by wishing, in audible tones, that she had a throat like a giraft, so she could feel the trickle of the lemonade a good long time.

Brother Buford roused like a war-horse upon hearing this, and made some cutting remarks upon the subduing of the carnal nature, adding that it was bad for the health to take cold drinks after such a hearty dinner. For his part, he preferred hot coffee. Hot coffee was furnished him. He drank it, steamed, and felt virtuous.

"'Pears like dat ole man is powerful contrairy," thought Tobe, who sat in the chimney-corner, with the gravy and "crusted creeper" before him, piled up with odds and ends and scraps of every kind. He was the happiest of urchins, and since he was doing exactly what his healthy human nature impelled him to, it is a hard heart that refuses to sympathize in his enjoyment.

And now the feast was over. Brother Buford was called on for a second grace. He did not ask another blessing, for there was nothing to bless—"'ceptin' de bones," thought Tobe—but he got on his feet to view the wreck, and returned thanks, very heartily for him—thanks in which Ally's guests, though for the most part too full for utterance, joined him in their hearts, for the quilting party had been more than a success.

III.

A prayer-meeting had been "called" for the day following the quilting party, and at the hour of noon Ally sat on the door-step of her cabin mending Viney's pink calico. It was one of those hot, breathless afternoons in August when the air, charged with electricity, seems every moment ready to burst into forked lightning. Ally, however, undisturbed by any sense of danger, plied her coarse steel needle busily, and lifted up her voice in a monotonous quavering nasal hymn. Viney in the room back of her was busy mixing the corn-bread for supper. As she did so she joined in the singing in a sweet high treble, intonated with the plaintive wail characteristic of the music of a captive race. The words went round in a circle, like the rolling of a hoop:

> "Dis air de house what Jee-sus built,
> An' He built it 'dout a hammer or a nail,
> An' in dis house sinners lay down deir sins,
> An' drink de grace ob de Lord by de pail-ful."

The last syllable, like one born out of season, was carried over violently to the beginning of the next verse, in which the same lines were repeated, varied only by altering a word here and there so as to change the scene of action; for example, "Dis air de church what Jee-sus built," or, "Dis air de ship."

Viney, while waiting for the oven to get a little hotter, had placed the tin pan with the bread in it on the table, and setting her arms akimbo, she gave full vent to her vocal powers. As she sang, her thoughts, naturally enough, fell away from the state of her soul, first to Jack Chaney, and from Jack Chaney to one or two stolen frolics she had had with that youth. Then her feet broke out, so to speak, into a gay shuffle with which they seemed sadly familiar. Her sister's quick ear caught the deadly sound, and laying down her work, she turned slowly, with righteous wrath. "Viney," she said, in solemn voice, "hab my ears belied me, or hab I heerd you dancin'—a-dancin' straightforrards into de briling pit?"

"You 'ain't heerd me dancin' into no pit," said Viney, with her hot but invisible blush.

"Ef you was," continued Ally, oratorically, "you's a onthankful gal, for here's me a-mendin' an' fixin' your dress to wear to de nex' 'spectable religious party we's invited to, for de Lord can be praised widout makin' Him ashamed of His critters. Don't let me hear no mo' sech shameful gwines on!" Having thus relieved herself, Ally returned to her hymn, and Viney joined as if nothing had happened.

It must be owned that from time to time she spun round, in a noiseless *pas seul*, snapping her fingers at the unconscious Ally, excusing her neglect of duty by reflecting that the "creeper" was not yet hot enough for her bread.

It so happened, however, that a certain yellow dog, of the pure mongrel breed, belonging to the Hancock family, was not particular as to the cooking of his food, and so, as silently as Viney danced, so silently he devoured the corn-cake. She only knew it when the tin pan, being too violently licked, came rolling to the floor and stopped bottom upward at her feet.

"Fur de lan's sake," cried Viney, "de dog done eat de bread fur supper! Git out, you thief!"

The mongrel fled. Broomstick in hand, the girl pursued, with the result that the dog escaped after leading her a long hot chase.

As she came back, breathless and hot, to the house, she glanced with alarm at the suddenly changed sky; an evil wind was blowing. Heavy black sullen clouds were rolling fast across the sky.

"Sis Ally," she cried, "I believe dar's goin' ter be a thunder-shower!"

"So dar is, chile," cried Ally, with a look of alarm. "Hurry in an' close de do's an' de winders."

Alas, poor Ally! those were the last words she spoke. The heavy heated August atmosphere, as we have said, was charged with electricity. Suddenly, like a tongue of fire, there darted from the breathless heavens a flash of lightning straight to the door of the little cabin—to the bowed, turbaned head of the poor woman but a moment past sewing and singing in the sunshine. There was an explosion as though the earth itself was rent asunder. To see and hear all this was the act of a second to poor Viney; for an instant she could not move, but stood transfixed with terror and amazement. She saw the keen fiery blade flash upon her sister's head and lay her low on the threshold. Even as she looked it seemed as if her own spirit was wrenched away and had gone out on the raging thunder. She lay prostrate, stunned by the shock.

When she came to her senses she dragged herself to her feet, and looked with wild eyes toward the rigid form which lay over the threshold. She shrank from it like a frightened child. Even to her inexperience it meant death. With a sudden wild cry she rushed away and fled into the forest.

The storm was now raging with all its fury. Flash after flash of lightning darted from the darkened sky like stealthy enemies in ambush, striking more than one of the lofty trees, and shivering them from top to bottom. "Lord hab mercy on me!" sobbed Viney. "Judgment Day done come. In de day ob judgment, good Lord, deliber me! Lord, sabe me from my sins!" With such terror-stricken words bursting from her lips she ran at full speed. She ran for more than half a mile, until she came to the Happy Hollow church. Instinct rather than intention had guided her. A few of the brothers and sisters were assembled, but none of the usual exercises were attempted. All were on their knees in prayer, though an occasional shriek from one of the women testified to her fright at the storm. Panting like a wild creature, Viney rushed in, the door slamming behind her with a bang.

"JACK STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

"Viney Hancock," said Elder Buford, severely, "what in de name ob creation does dis mean?"

"Sis Ally," cried poor Viney—"Sis Ally."

"She ain't here, Viney. Did you run all dis way to find her 'cause you was skeerd at de storm? Ah, Viney, chile, you must learn to cling to de Rock ob Ages, an' it 'ull sabe you, even at sich a time as dis, when de heabens is tore up from deir bery foundations, an' de wrath ob God is s'archin' out sinners in high places an' low."

"He done foun' Sis Ally," gasped Viney; "an' He struck her dead wid a flash o' lightnin'!"

A great excitement followed. Many sprang toward Viney with eager questions.

"Speak out, my chile," said Preacher Simpkins, laying his hand upon her arm, "an' try to tell us straight an' plain what has happened."

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His voice seemed to calm Viney, and she told her story with tolerable composure, and with a simple truthfulness which struck a chill of conviction to every heart. A hush thrilled the little assembly. Then one sister began to weep aloud; another and another followed, while the brothers folded their arms and groaned—piteous sounds mingling with the roar of the storm without.

Elder Buford felt that his hour had come. Now should the smoking flax be quenched, and the bruised reed trampled; now should Viney's obdurate heart be melted, another brand be snatched from the burning, an' to Him the glory. He rose from behind a table which served as pulpit. Angry lightning threw a glare on his face.

"Bredren an' sisters," he cried, flinging open the Bible, and stretching one long sinewy arm toward the congregation, "*now* is de time for de lesson ob dis great affliction to strike home. It is de Lord's judgment on sin. Not on Sister Hancock, fur she was a good woman—a church member an' a prayin' Christian. De Lord neber cotched her a-dancin', nor a-makin' eyes, nor a-singin' blasphemious songs. Has any member anything ter say of a contra'ywise nature?"

Sister Elsie rose up, tall, lean, gray-haired, tears streaming over her face.

"I has some right to be called mother in Israel," she said, "for I was one ob de ten members dat first founded de Happy Hollow church. Six ob de same is already gone ter gib an account of deir works befo' de great white throne. Sis Ally jined some ten years back. I hab knowed her intimate, through de back do' an' de front do', corn-pone days as well as cake days, an' I'll b'ar my testimony dat she was a Christian soul—kind an' generous an' sweet-tempered, an' believin' all de doctrines ob de church, an' keepin' 'em so fur as she wuz able to her life's end."

The tumult rose again.

"Dat's so!" says Sis Elsie. "Glory to God! Amen!"

One quavering voice began, "I would not live alway."

Brother Buford quelled his flock. "Dat bolt was meant for 'nodder sinner," said he. "Let her come forrard an' *confess* her sins."

"Is it me?" shrieked Viney—"is it me dat's killed my sister, dat's been a mother ter me sence I came into dis worl'?" She sank to the floor in a heap, like one going into convulsions.

They crowded around her, and as they held her they exhorted her to speak out and confess her sins, fur dat de Lord would hab mercy on her, eben at de 'leventh hour, ef she would turn to Him; so amid tears and sobs Viney made her confession.

"I hab always hankered after de wickedness ob de worl'. I wanted to dance wid de sinner folks, an' twice I ran away wid Jack Chaney to a dancin' party unbeknownst to Sis Ally. I was gwine agin ter-night, an' I meant to wear Sis Ally's ruby breastpin. Dis very day I wuz dancin' behind her back, while she wuz settin' in de do' singin' hymn tunes, innocent as de babe unborn, an' she wuz to be struck down fo' my sins. I sewed buttons on my clo'es on Sunday, an' slapped Tobe fur ticklin' me when I wuz tryin' ter say my prayers."

Silence followed Viney's dreadful confession, unbroken except by deep sighs from the most sanctified of the company and Viney's convulsive sobs.

Finally Elder Buford arose and said, "Viney, Viney Hancock, you has spent yer life a-geddern' wood for de debil's fire; for yer sins is de wood dat burns like seasoned hickory in dat place ob torment, an' de more ob 'em you commits, de hotter his fire burns."

No one interrupted the elder's eloquence, and he went on to improve the occasion in a strong voice:

"Bredren, de Lord are manifest in all His works. When we see dis po' sinner a-writhin' an' a-sufferin' befo' our eyes, we knows dat de Lord have laid His hand heavy on her, heavy like lead; but it wor to save her soul, her black sinner's soul, dat ain't neber been washed in de 'generation waters. He was visitin' Viney's sins on Sis' Ally, for, bredren, what saith de Scriptures? De sins ob de fathers shall be visited on de childern. Mebbe you think it's kinder puttin' things hind part fust to be visitin' 'em on Sister Ally from Viney, for she ain't no chile ob hern; but wid de Lord all things are possible. He can make sin go back'ards as well as for'ards, which accounts for His sendin' Viney's wickedness straight on to Sister Ally's head in a stroke o' lightnin'. An' now, bredren, it behoofs us, as St. Paul says, dat we abstain from evil things an' meats offered to idols an' sech like, ob which things de wrath ob God comes on de childern ob dis 'dolatrous generation; an', bredren, let's pray for de livin', for 'tain't no use prayin' for de dead. Let us pray for po' Sister Viney dat she may 'scape hell fire."

Here he turned directly on Viney, shaking his skinny forefinger in her direction. "Come out ob de pit, Viney Hancock," he cried—"come out ob de pit ob sin!"

His voice sounded so terrible to Viney, he looked so wild and menacing, that she gave a shriek and fell to the floor, this time in real convulsions. The women gathered about her, and Preacher Simpkins came to the front.

"De chile is in gre't affliction, Brudder Buford," said he, quietly, "an' your measures is harsh."

"Brudder Simpkins," said the stern elder, "does you forgit de Lord's own words, 'Ef any man among you rejoice, let him be an'inted wid ile'? An' dis is no season for rejoicing. An' de sins ob de human heart must be burnt out wid caustic, an' not an'inted wid ile."

"Let us pray," said Preacher Simpkins, gently.

It was a soothing prayer, but its audience was not quite ready to be calmed. There was too much electricity still in the air. Sobs and cries were still heard through the church, and one sister and brother after another lifted up a voice in prayer for Viney, until the excitable girl could bear no more. As she lay on the floor, crushed by remorse, they began to sing. The melody tranquillized her, and suddenly a great wave of joy seemed to sweep through her soul. Springing to her feet, throwing her arms above her head, she cried, or rather shouted:

"Glory! glory! my sins is done gone. De Lord has forgiben me." And springing from those who no longer attempted to hold her, she clapped her hands, and ran toward the mourners' bench, where she knelt, crying, "Glory to de Lord! My soul is saved. Sis Ally, I'll meet you in heaben after all."

Like an electric thrill, her words and motions seemed to run through the crowd, first one and then another yielding to the infectious enthusiasm. They began to shout and sing, to clap their hands, and to embrace each other, and throw themselves hither and thither like distracted creatures. More than one woman with her baby in her arms threw the infant from her like a ball, "expectin' de Lord would keer for it, 'cos 'twas throwed for His sake." It was believed that no child, however small, had ever received injury from this treatment; some one always seemed to be ready to catch it.

The sudden August storm gradually died away, and the noisy mourners in Happy Hollow church, yielding to nature's mysterious influence, grew quiet and still.

"Silence like a poultice came
To heal the blows of sound."

Through the western window the sun streamed in broad farewell rays, and the light wind blowing over the fresh earth seemed to whisper "Peace."

Preacher Simpkins dismissed his congregation with a blessing, and bestowed a solemn handclasp on his new convert.

"Sis Elsie an' my wife will take you home, my po' stricken lamb," said he, "an' I'll follow befo' long," and clinging on either side to her motherly supporters, poor Viney was half led, half carried, through the forest back to the house of death, from which she had fled in such frantic terror.

IV.

Three months have gone by, and another and a different Viney sits in Uncle Phil's forlorn cabin, clothed in decent black, and sewing with downcast eyes. She pores daily over the little Testament that Preacher Simpkins has given her, spelling out the long words, and marking such as she did not understand, for Brother Phil to explain when he came home in the evening.

For three long months Viney had devoted herself entirely to religion, and for a while something like peace had stolen into her poor storm-tossed heart, but to-day Viney sighed at her sewing. Something like unrest had taken possession of her, sober and demure as she looked.

She thought, as a redeemed sheep of the house of Israel, she ought to feel happy, but she did not; she was very lonely.

Of late Brother Phil had not seemed to care so much for the Bible-readings and hymns that had been his only comfort just after Ally's death. Viney had begun to find that there were serpents within the church as well as without. Envy, hatred, and malice often confronted her, and the half-frightened thought came to her mind that the line was not so broad nor the gulf so deep as she had been told between those chosen ones and the sinner folks outside, and naturally she remembered Jack Chaney. Regarding him as a temptation and a snare, she had kept very carefully out of his way, and Mr Chaney used to attend church with very tolerable regularity, for the double purpose of looking at Viney and scowling fiercely on Elder Buford when that worthy blew a blast chilling as an east wind over the fervid worshippers.

Unfortunately for Viney's resolve of forgetting him, she had met Mr. Chaney the day before—in fact their eyes had met, and for the first time since the catastrophe. He had taken off his hat with a bow whose thrilling nature no words could describe. It was an accurate copy, indeed, from that of a young gentleman for whom Jack acted as occasional valet, and humbly admired as a pattern of manners and graces.

"He couldn't have bowed no prettier to a queen," thought Viney, showing her teeth, in spite of herself, in a little smile. "Poor Jack!"

"Miss Viney," said a voice.

What a start she gave! Jack stood in the doorway.

Off went his hat, with one of those same wonderful bows, and while he held it in one hand, he extended the other to Viney, with a basket laid with straw.

"Here's some fresh aigs," said the youth, modestly. "You see, Miss Viney, I knowed things was gittin' skeerce to'ards Christmas, so I tuk de liberty ob fetchin' dese roun' ter you. I kin vouch fur deir bein' fresh, seein' as how I laid 'em myself—"

"Law!" broke from Viney, with an unwilling giggle.

"I mean my hens," cried Mr. Chaney—"my hens laid 'em. Hain't I bin a-feedin' 'em on raw meat, an' oyster-shells, an' roast corn, an' what not, to bring 'em up to deir duty? An' ef it ain't takin' too much ob a liberty, Miss Viney, ef you would let me fetch you over a dozen ebery week till after de holidays, it would be a real pleasure to git shet ob de aigs."

"Plenty of use for eggs at dis time ob year," cried Viney, with a slight toss of the head. "De white folks would buy 'em ob you at 'most any price."

"Yes," responded Jack, "I know white folks is terrible shiftless when dey has a Christmas fit on 'em, an' don't keer how de money goes. So, ef you didn't want de aigs, Miss Viney, you might sell 'em an' buy Christmas ribbons."

"I am not wearing ribbons just now," said Viny, fingering her black frock with an air of dignity.

Mr. Chaney was at once stricken with contrition. "Pray excuse me," he cried. "I hadn't thought of your bein' in mournin'."

"Will you take a cheer, Mr. Chaney?" said Viney, wiping her eyes.

"Wouldn't you call me Jack, as you used to do?" said Mr. Chaney, in a loving manner.

"In de days ob de past," said Viney, "I was too keerless as to what I did."

Jack waived this question, and asked if Viney meant to wear black all her days.

Viney sighed heavily, and declared she ought to do so, if she didn't wear sackcloth and ashes, which Elder Buford had suggested as "more fitten" for such a sinner.

"Elder Buford be hanged!" cried honest Jack. "Now see here, Viney, Ebery dog has his day; don't you think mine has come? I've been pretty good, in my opinion, a-keepin' out ob de way while de church folks was a-takin' hold ob you so powerful. I ain't raisin' no objections ter you bein' converted; religion is a gre't thing for de ladies. I loves ter hear you singin' in church, though it goes agin me dat Elder Buford should raise de chune, snake in de grass dat he is."

"You mustn't speak ebil of de dignities."

"Not much ob dignities. But here's what I wanted ter say. I think I kep' myse'f a little too much in de backgroun'. I s'pose you done forgot me."

"You neber axed me not to."

"Now, Viney, I'm sure I give you plenty ob hints—hints as big as elephants—as to what you was to me. She'le you knowed, honey, how much I wuz a-lovin' you?"

"I wuz a-thinkin' maybe Sally Pettis wuz the one," said Viney, faintly, telling, alas! an awful fib for a converted sinner.

"*Sally* Pettis!" and deep, dark disgust shone in Jack's face. "Lor, Viney, don't you know dat I wouldn't look at her *in a procession?* Here's de p'int," continued Mr. Chaney—"is all to be ober between us jes' because poor Ally got struck by lightnin'?"

"I'm afeard so, Jack."

"Come, now, don't go an' harden your heart ag'inst me. Nothin' won't bring her back."

"Jack, what made her die?" said Viney, in a hollow voice.

"De will ob de Lord, an' de fac' dat she wuz in de track ob de lightnin'."

"An' what made her in de lightnin's track?"

"Bekase she went to de do' ter git a good light on her sewin'."

"She wuz sewin' fur *me*," cried Viney, "on my pink calico, an', Jack, she wuz *struck down* fur me dat I might be brought to see de errors ob my ways an' save my soul."

"Viney," said Jack, soberly, "I kin tell you dis—de good Lord died fur *us all*. Arter dat does you s'pose any human life would be axed or taken by Him who had give His only Son?"

Viney stared at Jack. How comforting and beautiful his words sounded! But perhaps the evil one was at his elbow, though Preacher Simpkins had once said something like that, only to be overawed by Elder Buford. But she was too dazed to think it all out.

"Well, Jack, you is one ob de onconverted; an' I has been tuk inter de church an' had all my sins washed away."

"Dat's all right, chile. I'll try to make you a decent sort o' husban'."

"But, Jack, you don't see," cried poor Viney, despairingly—"you don't see what I mean: dat de Lord has his eye on you now, an' ef we wuz ter marry an' He couldn't bring you roun' no other ways, I should be struck fur your salvation jest as Ally wuz *fur mine*."

The murder was out now with a vengeance. For a moment Jack was struck dumb. Then he gave a long whistle. Finally, although Viney's soft black eyes were swimming in tears, in spite of himself he laughed a great laugh. But no smile answered on the face of his beloved.

"See here, Viney," he said at last, "don't you know dat all my family live up in Tipper, an' have always been religious—reggilar shoutin' Methodists? Why ain't some ob *dem* been struck?"

"Reason enough. You don't keer nothin' about yo' family in Tipper. I don't believe you so much as remembers all deir names."

"Dat's so, chiefly fur de reason dat I was mostly raised by Aunt Chaney Harris. So why warn't Aunt Chaney took? She is powerful fond ob me, an' jes' as pious as folks is ever made. An' I've loved her longer dan I have you—"

"An' maybe better," flashed out Viney, with that quick jealousy of her sex which is ever the wonder, the admiration, the vexation of man.

"No, I couldn't never love nobody half so well. I reckon you is what de song calls de apple ob my eye," said Jack, waxing poetical.

The girl burst into tears. "An' dat is de very reason why I would be de victim. De lightnin's would play roun', an' you would continner in yo' sins, an' it would be good-by to poor Viney. It's too much to ax ob me, Mr. Chaney."

Poor Jack! he was a smart fellow, but he did feel tremendously nonplussed. What was he to do with this impracticable sweetheart?

"I don't expec' ter marry nobody," continued Viney, mournfully. "I'll jest live on here, an' keep house for brother Phil, an' go ter church, an' visit de afflicted, an' go to de house ob mournin'."

"An' you calls dat a pleasant sort ob life?"

"No, Jack," said Viney, with great dignity—"*un*pleasant, but godly."

"As fur keepin' house fur your brother Phil," said the artful Jack, not without malice, "maybe he'll spar you dat trouble. Dar is a widder—a yaller widder livin' over on de east side o' town, dat dey do say makes mighty big eyes at him, an' wouldn't mind a-rulin' an' a-reignin' over here."

"Jack Chaney, you say dat ter my face?"

"Gospel trufe!" nodded Jack.

"An' Sis Ally not cold—not cold!"

"I wouldn't take on about it, honey; but do you see dis ain't no place fur you? Now I'm a-tin' up a pretty little house ob my own, an' you should be queen ob it, ef you'd only say de word. An' as fur de rest, while not wantin' ter say too much, I *would* try, Viney, ter be a good man an' mend my ways jes' fur ter please you."

"Would you jine de church?" said she, eagerly—"would you become a perfesser?"

"Not while old Buford is at the head ob things," cried Jack, coming out of the region of sentiment with a sounding slap on his knee; "I'll be shot if I let myself down to that!"

"You'd better leave," she said; "dar is a great gulf fixed."

Jack rose to go, and with him arose a last, a new inspiration.

"Viney," said he in his most insinuating tones, "what do you think about love, anyhow?"

"I 'ain't thought much about it," said Viney, rising to the occasion like the little sable coquette she was, "bein' too much occupied wid odder matters dat I ain't so knowledgeable maybe as yourse'f," and here she stole a sly glance at Jack.

"Well, I'll tell you *my* opinion," said that artful dodger, "an' it is dis—dat when a man an' a woman *loves* each odder, dey ought to be willin' ter die each *fur* de odder. Fur instuns: ef you wuz married ter me, an' *you* wuz a sinner an' couldn't be no odderhow saved, *I'd be willin' ter be struck by lightnin' forty times over* ter save you—yes I would. An' I expec's my wife ought ter love *me* jes' dat same way."

And now Mr. Chaney felt that he had indeed played his last card.

Poor Viney! Her heart felt torn to pieces. The emotions of the last hour had been too much for her. She felt herself gasping for breath, and rushing to the window, flung it open.

"Oh," she cried, "I wish Sis Ally could give me a *sign*."

At this instant—so Viney and Jack afterward told the tale—a beautiful white bird of unknown kind flew in through the window. Circling fearlessly about the room two or three times, it finally alighted on Jack's shoulder, and allowed him to extend a petting hand.

"Viney," said Jack, in a whisper, "perhaps it's the sperrit of Sis Ally come back to tell us to jine our hearts an' hands."

And then the bird uttered one sweet note, and flew slowly away. "An' we 'ain't set eyes on him sence," Viney would say long after, "dough Jack s'arched de neighborhood, an' I would 'a petted it like a chile ef I could 'a got hold ob it."

They watched the bird's flight until it was lost in the blue above, then turned to each other. One glance at his sweetheart's face; then Jack put his arms around her and gave her a hearty kiss.

Viney was certainly won, but Jack never knew exactly how he had gained his point—whether through superstition, love, or the force of his argument. But they were married about Christmas-time.

Viney has not yet been struck by lightning; and as she has a rapidly increasing family of babies, to each of whom Jack is a slave, her chances of life are proportionally increased.

It is observed, however, that in time of storm she manifests great terror, and always establishes herself and the last baby—Jack's reigning favorite—on a large feather-bed, which Jack has to drag to the centre of the floor.

As for Mr. Chaney, his persuasive tongue was not given him for naught. He became a man of influence among his people, and they very properly sent him to the Legislature. Elder Buford, however, only shakes a woolly head when his name is mentioned, and says:

"A man may be a Greekist or a Latinist, or a member ob de Washington Congress, or a fightist like dat poor critter who, because he didn't hab no mo' worl's to *conquer*, sot down an' cried an' died; an' *yit* if he 'ain't got de kingdom o' God in his soul, he 'ain't no mo' account dan last year's fennel."

But cheerful Jack only laughs when such speeches come to his ears, and says that a man must draw a line somewhere, and he draws *his* at Elder Buford.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

X.

THE CASE OF THE FORGOTTEN MAN FURTHER CONSIDERED.

THERE is a beautiful notion afloat in our literature and in the minds of our people that men are born to certain "natural rights." If that were true, there would be something on earth which was got for nothing, and this world would not be the place it is at all. The fact is that there is no right whatever inherited by man which has not an equivalent and corresponding duty right alongside of it as the price of it. The rights, advantages, capital, knowledge, and all other goods which we inherit from past generations have been won by the struggles and sufferings of past generations; and the fact that the race lives, though men die, and that the race can by heredity accumulate within some cycle its victories over nature, is one of the facts which make civilization possible. The struggles of the race as a whole produce the possessions of the race as a whole. Something for nothing is not to be found on earth.

If there were such things as natural rights, the question would arise, against whom are they good? Who has the corresponding obligation to satisfy these rights? There can be no rights against nature except to get out of her whatever we can, which is only the fact of the struggle for

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existence stated over again. The common assertion is that the rights are good against society; that is, that society is bound to obtain them and secure them for the persons interested. Society, however, is only the persons interested plus some other persons; and as the persons interested have by the hypothesis failed to win the rights, we come to this, that natural rights are the claims which certain persons have by prerogative against some other persons. Such is the actual interpretation in practice of natural rights—claims which some people have by prerogative on other people.

This theory is a very far-reaching one, and of course it is adequate to furnish a foundation for a whole social philosophy. In its widest extension it comes to mean that if any man finds himself uncomfortable in this world, it must be somebody else's fault, and that somebody is bound to come and make him comfortable. Now the people who are most uncomfortable in this world (for if we should all tell our troubles it would not be found to be a very comfortable world for anybody) are those who have neglected their duties, and consequently have failed to get their rights. The people who can be called upon to serve the uncomfortable must be those who have done their duty, as the world goes, tolerably well. Consequently the doctrine which we are discussing turns out to be in practice only a scheme for making injustice prevail in human society by reversing the distribution of rewards and punishments between those who have done their duty and those who have not. We are constantly preached at by our public teachers as if respectable people were to blame because some people are not respectable—as if the man who has done his duty in his own sphere was responsible in some way for another man who has not done his duty in his sphere. There are relations of employer and employé which need to be regulated by compromise and treaty. There are sanitary precautions which need to be taken in factories and houses. There are precautions against fire which are necessary. There is care needed that children be not employed too young, and that they have an education. There is care needed that banks, insurance companies, and railroads be well managed, and that officers do not abuse their trusts. There is a duty in each case on the interested parties to defend their own interest. The penalty of neglect is suffering. The system of providing for these things by boards and inspectors throws the cost of it, not on the interested parties, but on the tax-payers. Some of them no doubt are the interested parties, and they may consider that they are exercising the proper care by paying taxes to support an inspector. If so, they only get their fair deserts when the railroad inspector finds out that a bridge is not safe after it is broken down, or when the bank examiner comes in to find out why a bank failed after the cashier has stolen all the funds. The real victim is the Forgotten Man again—the man who has watched his own investments, made his own machinery safe, attended to his own plumbing, and educated his own children, and who, just when he wants to enjoy the fruits of his care, is told that it is his duty to go and take care of some of his negligent neighbors, or if he does not go, to pay an inspector to go. No doubt it is often his interest to go or to send rather than to have the matter neglected, on account of his own connection with the thing neglected, and his own secondary peril, but the point now is that if preaching and philosophizing can do any good in the premises, it is all wrong to preach to the Forgotten Man that it is his duty to go and remedy other people's neglect. It is not his duty. It is a harsh and unjust burden which is laid upon him, and it is only the more unjust because no one thinks of him when laying the burden so that it falls on him. The exhortations ought to be expended on the negligent, that they take care of themselves.

It is an especially vicious extension of the false doctrine above mentioned that criminals have some sort of a right against or claim on society. Many reformatory plans are based on a doctrine of this kind, when they are urged upon the public conscience. A criminal is a man who, instead of working with and for the society, has turned against it, and become destructive and injurious. His punishment means that society rules him out of its membership, and separates him from its association, by execution or imprisonment, according to the gravity of his offense. He has no claims against society at all. What shall be done with him is a question of expediency to be settled in view of the interests of society, that is, of the non-criminals. The French writers of the school of '48 used to represent the badness of the bad men as the fault of "society." As the object of this statement was to show that the badness of the bad men was not the fault of the bad men, and as society contains only good men and bad men, it followed that the badness of the bad men was the fault of the good men. On that theory of course the good men owed a great deal to the bad men who were in prison and at the galleys on their account. If we do not admit that theory, it behooves us to remember that any claim which we allow to the criminal against the "state" is only so much burden laid upon those who have never cost the state anything for discipline or correction. The punishments of society are just like those of God and nature. They are warnings to the wrong-doer to reform himself.

When public offices are to be filled, numerous candidates at once appear. Some are urged on the ground that they are poor, or can not earn a living, or want support while getting an education, or have female relatives dependent on them, or are in poor health, or belong in a particular district, or are related to certain persons, or have done meritorious service in some other line of work than that which they apply to do. The abuses of the public service are to be condemned on account of the harm to the public interest, but there is an incidental injustice of the same general character with those which we are discussing. If an office is granted by favoritism or for any personal reason to A, it can not be given to B. If an office is filled by a person who is unfit for it, he always keeps out somebody somewhere who is fit for it; that is, the social injustice has a victim in an unknown person—the Forgotten Man—and he is some person who has no political influence, and who has known no way in which to secure the chances of life except to deserve them. He is passed by for the noisy, pushing, importunate, and incompetent.

I have said something disparagingly in a previous paper about the popular rage against combined capital, corporations, corners, selling futures, etc., etc. The popular rage is not without reason, but it is sadly misdirected, and the real things which deserve attack are thriving all the time. The greatest social evil with which we have to contend is jobbery. Whatever there is in legislative charters, watering stocks, etc., etc., which is objectionable, comes under the head of jobbery. Jobbery is any scheme which aims to gain, not by the legitimate fruits of industry and enterprise, but by extorting from somebody a part of his product under guise of some pretended industrial undertaking. Of course it is only a modification when the undertaking in question has some legitimate character, but the occasion is used to graft upon it devices for obtaining what has not been earned. Jobbery is the vice of plutocracy, and it is the especial form under which plutocracy corrupts a democratic and republican form of government. The United States is deeply afflicted with it, and the problem of civil liberty here is to conquer it. It affects everything which we really need to have done to such an extent that we have to do without public objects which we need through fear of jobbery. Our public buildings are jobs, not always, but often. They are not needed, or are costly beyond all necessity or even decent luxury. Internal improvements are jobs. They are not made because they are needed to meet needs which have been experienced. They are made to serve private ends, often incidentally the political interests of the persons who vote the appropriations. Pensions have become jobs. In England pensions used to be given to aristocrats, because aristocrats had political influence, in order to corrupt them. Here pensions are given to the great democratic mass, because they have political power, to corrupt them. Instead of going out where there is plenty of land and making a farm there, some people go down under the Mississippi River to make a farm, and then they want to tax all the people in the United States to make dikes to keep the river off their farms. The California gold miners have washed out gold and have washed the dirt down into the rivers and on the farms below. They want the Federal government to now clean out the rivers and restore the farms. The silver miners found their product declining in value, and they got the Federal government to go into the market and buy what the public did not want in order to sustain (as they hoped) the price of silver. The Federal government is called upon to buy or hire unsalable ships, to build canals which will not pay, to furnish capital for all sorts of experiments, and to provide capital for enterprises of which private individuals will win the profits. All this is called "developing our resources," but it is, in truth, the great plan of all living on each other.

The greatest job of all is a protective tariff. It includes the biggest log-rolling and the widest corruption of economic and political ideas. It was said that there would be a rebellion if the taxes were not taken off whiskey and tobacco, which taxes are paid into the public Treasury. Just then the importations of Sumatra tobacco became important enough to affect the market. The Connecticut tobacco-growers at once called for an import duty on tobacco which would keep up the price of their product. So it appears that if the tax on tobacco is paid to the Federal Treasury there will be a rebellion, but if it is paid to the Connecticut tobacco-raisers there will be no rebellion at all. The farmers have long paid tribute to the manufacturers; now the manufacturing and other laborers are to pay tribute to the farmers. The system is made more comprehensive and complete, and we are all living on each other more than ever.

Now the plan of plundering each other produces nothing. It only wastes. All the material over which the protected interests wrangle and grab must be got from somebody outside of their circle. The talk is all about the American laborer and American industry, but in every case in which there is not an actual production of wealth by industry there are two laborers and two industries to be considered—the one who gets, and the one who gives. Every protected industry has to plead as the major premise of its argument that any industry which does not pay *ought* to be carried on at the expense of the consumers of the product, and as its minor premise that the industry in question does not pay; that is, that it can not reproduce a capital equal in value to that which it consumes plus the current rate of profit. Hence every such industry must be a parasite on some other industry. What is the other industry? Who is the other man? That is the real question, and it is always overlooked.

In all jobbery the case is the same. There is a victim somewhere who is paying for it all. The doors of waste and extravagance stand open, and there seems to be a general agreement to squander and spend. It all belongs to somebody. There is somebody who had to contribute it, and who will have to find more. Nothing is ever said about him. Attention is all absorbed by the clamorous interests, the importunate petitioners, the plausible schemers, the pitiless bores. Now who is the victim? He is the Forgotten Man. If we go to find him, we shall find him hard at work tilling the soil to get out of it the fund for all the jobbery, the object of all the plunder, the cost of all the economic quackery, and the pay of all the politicians and statesmen who have sacrificed his interests to his enemies. We shall find him an honest, sober, industrious citizen, unknown outside his little circle, paying his debts and his taxes, supporting the church and the school, reading his party newspaper, and cheering for his pet politician.

We must not overlook the fact that the Forgotten Man is not infrequently a woman. If we should forget that we should not half deal with our subject. The Forgotten Woman is more thoroughly forgotten than the Forgotten Man, and her case is a great deal worse. I am told that there are sewing women who work twelve hours a day for fifty cents a day, and provide the thread. For such a woman the thread costs, as near as may be, one hour's labor. In the price of the thread one and three-quarter cents are tax. If the woman uses a spool of thread a day, she must work fifteen minutes every day to pay the tax. This labor, then, she spends, not to get the thread, for she could get the thread without it, but to get the Willimantic Linen Mill, which is not an institution, therefore, for getting thread for the American people, but for making it harder for us to get thread than it would be if there were no such concern. The mill and its operatives make a great effect on the imagination. The sewing women, the farmers' wives, and the laborers' wives and daughters who are scattered in all the garrets of the great cities and in all the humble homes of the country are paying for it all, and they are all forgotten.

It is plain that the Forgotten Man and the Forgotten Woman are the real productive strength of the country. The Forgotten Man works and votes—generally he prays—but his chief business in life is to pay. His name never gets into the newspapers except when he marries or dies. He is an obscure man. He may grumble sometimes to his wife, but he does not frequent the grocery, and he does not talk politics at the tavern. So he is forgotten. Yet who is there whom the statesman, economist, and social philosopher ought to think of before this man? If any student of social science comes to appreciate the case of the Forgotten Man, he will become an unflinching advocate of strict scientific thinking in sociology, and a hard-hearted skeptic as regards any scheme of social amelioration. He will always want to know, Who and where is the Forgotten Man in this case, who will have to pay for it all?

The Forgotten Man is not a pauper. It belongs to his character to save something. Hence he is a capitalist, though never a great one. He is a "poor" man in the popular sense of the word, but not in a correct sense. In fact, one of the most constant and trustworthy signs that the Forgotten Man is in danger of a new assault is that "the poor man" is brought into the discussion. Since the Forgotten Man has some capital, any one who cares for his interest will try to make capital secure by securing the inviolability of contracts, the stability of currency, and the firmness of credit. Any one, therefore, who cares for the Forgotten Man will be sure to be considered a friend of the capitalist and an enemy of the poor man.

The road to social improvement to-day is very clear. It is to relieve the Forgotten Man of some of his burdens.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE device of the Indians who burn pine knots on the bows of their canoes and stand with uplifted spears to strike the fishes that are attracted by the light has been improved upon. Professor Baird's expedition carries an apparatus which consists of three incandescent electric lights of sixteen-candle-power each, inclosed in a glass globe capable of resisting the pressure of the water at a great depth. This globe is to be sunk in the sea, and the water illuminated by turning on the electric current. It is expected that all sorts of "queer fish" from the lower depths will be attracted to it. Then a net ten feet in diameter at its mouth, sunk below the glowing ball, will be drawn up, capturing such of the finny tribe as have lingered around the strange light to gratify their curiosity.

IN No. 91 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, published July 26, 1881, the little readers of that paper were asked to send in their contributions for the purpose of endowing a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, New York. The amount specified was $3000, and the treasurer of the fund announces that it has been wholly paid in. Her final report will appear in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 183, May 1, 1883. The children deserve great praise for the ardor with which they have worked to gain Harper's Young People's Cot.

A resident of Hartford, Connecticut, gave permission to a telephone company to string its wires temporarily across the roof of a building which he owned. Then an extension of time was asked for and obtained by the company, the limit being named. When the time expired the company did not remove the wires nor heed the house-owner's warning that he would remove them if they were not taken away within a specified period. He cut the wires, and the company brought suit to recover damages. The jury, after twenty minutes' deliberation, made a verdict in the house-owner's favor. The result of the action settles, for the time being, an interesting question.

About six weeks ago several ladies got together and proposed to redeem the ill fortunes of the Bartholdi Statue Fund by getting up some entertainment of an amateur nature. The version of Tennyson's "Princess" prepared by Professor Shields, of Princeton, was adopted as a good vehicle for declamation and stage effects, and Mrs. James B. Potter promised to play the title rôle. The effort has been beset with difficulties, and yet the ladies persevered. The result promises to be very fine, and, with the addition of another little drama, the afternoons of April 25, 26, and 27 will be full of interest. The play comes off at the Madison Square Theatre at three o'clock on those days. The ladies have invited the President to occupy a stage box on the afternoon of Friday, the 27th. The Central Committee of the Bartholdi Statue Fund have written a complimentary note to the ladies, have thanked them for their "spirited action." Although the size of the theatre precludes the making of a very large sum of money, the ladies hope for a substantial result for their six weeks' toil and infinite worry.

A writer, describing some of the especially interesting features of the private library of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, says that among the books is a copy of Tom Hood's *Comic Annual* for 1842, from the library of Charles Dickens. It contains an inscription in Hood's handwriting, which, the writer says, is published for the first time. It runs as follows:

"Pshaw! away with leaf and berry
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up.
Though I had a pledge to shiver,
And the longest ever was,
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I will drink a health to Boz.

"Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a *sale* at home.
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And the shallow sand that lurks,
And his passage be as clever
As the best among his works!"

A private secretary is described as "the person who makes everything public."

It is customary in New England for the Mayors of cities to preside over the Memorial-day services. The Mayor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was an officer in the Confederate army, and the question has been raised whether he can with propriety take the most prominent part in the exercises of the day. The Boston *Herald* offers this suggestion: "If anybody ought to be able to feel and show respect for our brave soldiers, it is an officer of the army against which they fought, and which they finally crushed."

Complaint is made in Boston because of an alleged loose way of claiming descent from persons who were of the only original band of Pilgrims—with an "upper-case" P. There were *Mayflowers* and *Mayflowers*, it is explained, and even *the Mayflower* made a dozen voyages, thus bringing several bands of pilgrims who were not first chop, so to speak.

The Prison Association of New York, of which Dr. Theodore W. Dwight is president, finds that of fifty-nine county jails not more than six are in good condition. In only eight are children separated from adults; the number in which convicts are kept wholly apart from the unconvicted is only seven; and in more than half of the jails the sexes are not entirely separated. The jail system of this State is declared to be in no better condition than that of England a century ago, and to be a disgrace to civilization and to the commonwealth. The Association is in need of money with which to carry on its work. Its office is at 65 Bible House, in this city.

In the past twenty years the Working-Women's Protective Union has done much for a class which is growing larger every year in the metropolis. Its benefits are conferred free of cost, and the expenses of the Union—about five thousand dollars a year—are paid from the fund of voluntary contributions. No salaries are paid to its officers. Its objects are "to prevent frauds and impositions upon working-women, and to secure for them, free of all cost or expense, honest pay for honest work; to seek employment for the unemployed, and to open to them, when possible, new fields of labor hitherto unoccupied by women." The office of the Union has been lately removed from 38 Bleecker Street to 19 Clinton Place.

A diplomate was criticising the system of government of an Eastern country. "Why," he said to the Grand Vizier, "not a single one of your Sultans has died in his bed during the last two hundred years."

"You mistake, sir," was the reply; "four of them have died in their beds during that period, though I must admit that in each case the royal sleeper was found with the mattress on top of *him*."

Says a Mississippi paper: "He made a most excellent matrimonial insurance agent, and we can not see why he would not make a wise and able legislator."

Not all the mechanical ingenuity of Russia has been employed of late in devising infernal machines for the destruction of royalty. An ingenious Jew, a watchmaker in Kichenev, has devoted two years to constructing a clock which he will offer to the Czar and Czarina immediately after their coronation. At certain hours it plays the anthem "God Protect the Czar," and gives a mimic representation of the coronation. As it strikes the hour two doors fly open, and a model of the Cathedral of the Assumption in Moscow, where the ceremony takes place, is disclosed. Then the gates of the cathedral open. In the interior the Metropolitan of the city, surrounded by gorgeously robed dignitaries, awaits the entrance of the Czar and Czarina, and sprinkles them with holy water when they arrive at the altar. The Czar thereupon takes the crown from the hands of the Metropolitan and places it on his own head, and then places another crown on the brow of his consort, after which the doors of the cathedral close.

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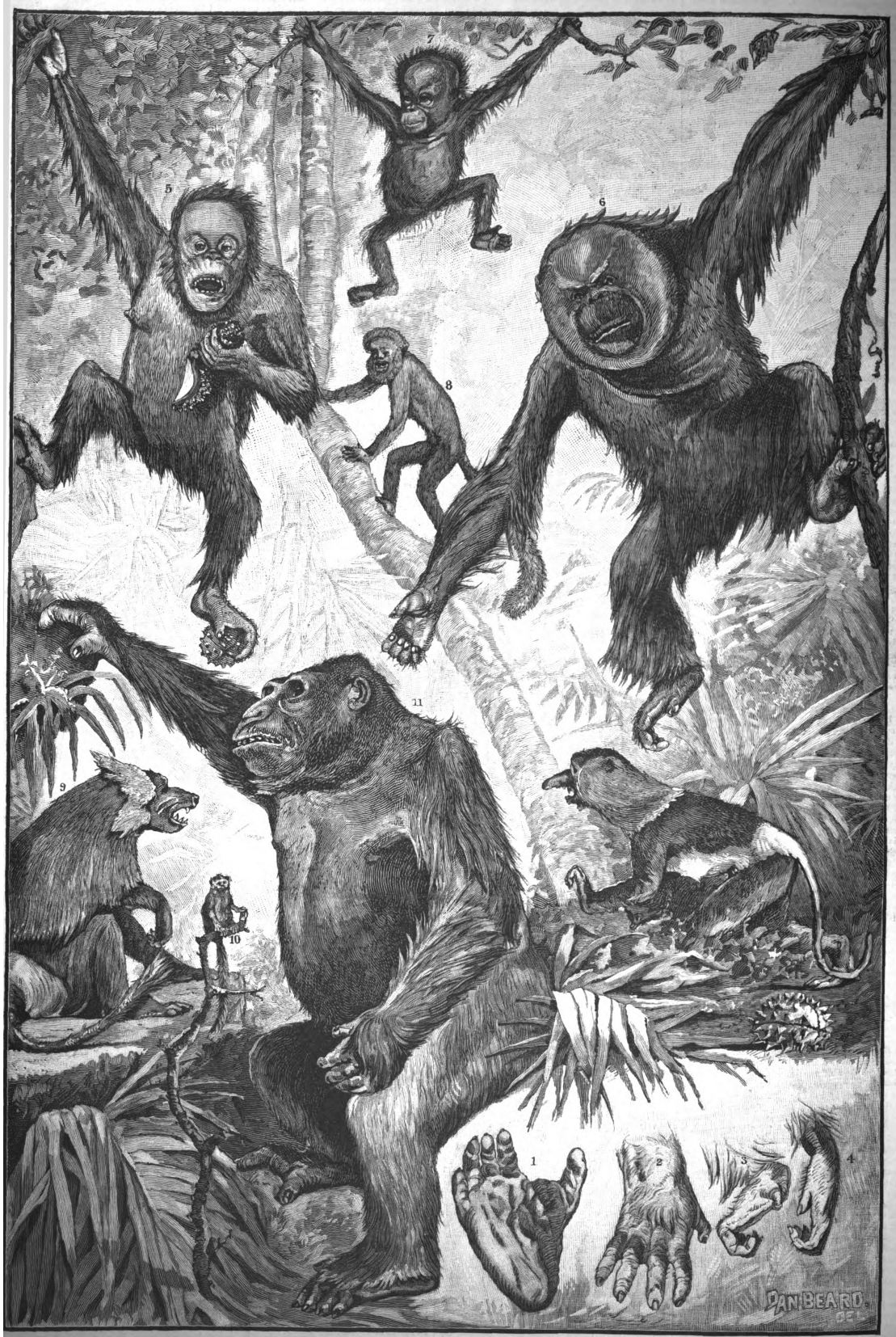

1. Bottom of Gorilla's foot. 2. Back of Gorilla's hand. 3. Orang-Outang's foot. 4. Orang-Outang's hand. 5, 6, 7. Mamma, Papa, and Baby Orang-Outangs, from Borneo. 8. Bearded Saki, South America. 9. Tartarin, North Africa. 10. Marmoset. 11. Male Gorilla. 12. Proboscis Monkey, Borneo.

REMARKABLE QUADRUMANA AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

DRAWN BY DANIEL BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

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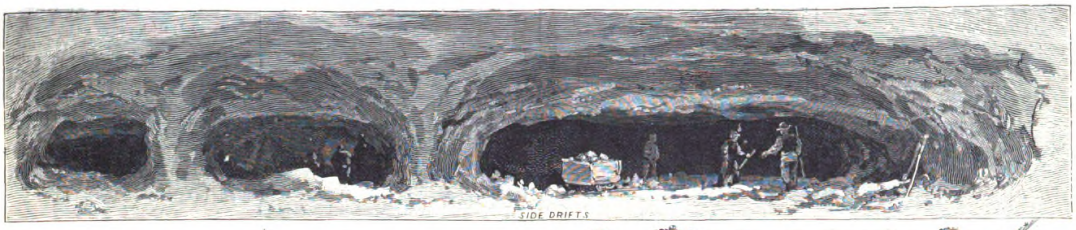
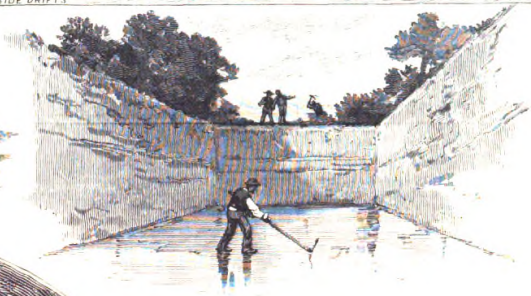
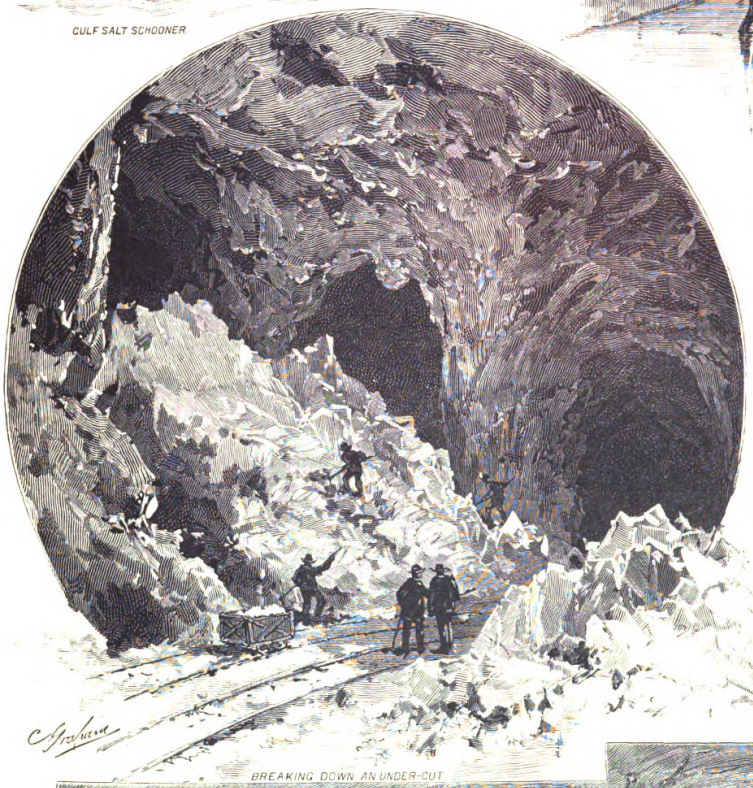
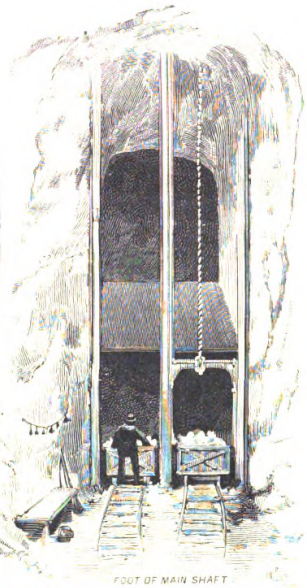
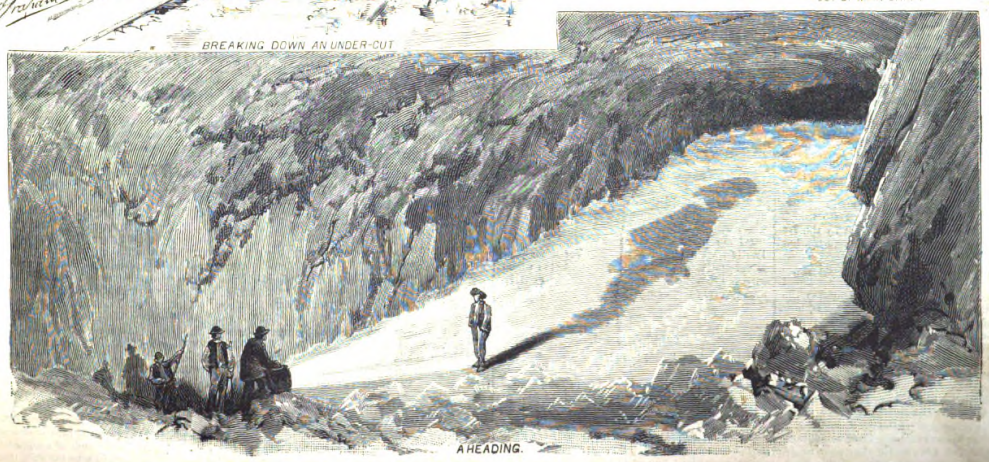


GULF SALT SCHOONER


UNCOVERED SURFACE OF SALT DEPOSIT


BREAKING DOWN AN UNDER-CUT


FOOT OF MAIN SHAFT


AHEADING.

THE SALT MINE OF PETITE ANSE.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 266.]

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"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvesters; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

The like of Valerian and his rigadoons had never been seen in those parts, and although in his latest achievement he was always said to have surpassed himself, here praise stopped short for want of a word.

What so like one fashionable masquerade as another? But when at a signal from the master of the ceremonies the band sounded, and Mr. Constantine led Miss Hermitage, both in the costume of Queen Anne's time, through the rhythmical paces of a minuet, drawing-room etiquette was for once set at naught, and ringing applause filled the place. Youth and beauty felt themselves eclipsed. All eyes were fixed on the antique exquisite pair treading their measures so exactly, yet with such stateliness and dainty grace. Exquisite they both certainly were, and not only as far as dress was concerned. If Miss Hermitage wanted Mr. Constantine's perfect features and ivory complexion, there was still a likeness between them. The faultless build, the small stature, the correct carriage, were hers also, and Arthura had done the business of dressing so beautifully that there was no outward inferiority. As a picture Miss Hermitage could bear comparison with her cousin, but as a picture only. The sumptuous little old lady in hoop and brocade nicely matched her no less superb cavalier. The fire animating Mr. Constantine's physiognomy lacked in Miss Hermitage's. Two vessels were here fashioned after one mould, but from different materials, and whilst through the alabaster the pure flame burned bright, feebly by comparison glimmered the wick through the clay. It was, above all, the little performance that captivated lookers-on. Handsome old ladies and gentlemen in antiquated costumes may be seen any day, but to see them do anything precisely as it would have been done in the days of our great-grandfathers is wholly another matter. Mr. Constantine had been one of the most finished dancers of his time. Miss Hermitage had never been taught any other accomplishment but the dance, and could go through her steps and courtesies to perfection. The pair, bowing and courtesying to each other when the minuet was over, afforded a piquant spectacle. For the life of them people could not help clapping their hands and shouting.

"Our last appearance in the world, most likely," said Mr. Constantine, as he led his companion to a chair. "The next new clothes we have to buy may be much simpler."

"Speak for yourself, if you please," retorted Miss Hermitage. "Though, if you had left me a legacy, and I wanted it, I should have to poison you. You look wiriness itself."

"Don't you really feel ghost-like sometimes?—as if you belonged to a world of shadows?" asked the other, playfully.

"Now, Constantine, if you make yourself disagreeable, you shall come to no more of my parties."

"My dear Christina, how many more do you expect to give?"

"You are older than I am, ten years at least," Miss Hermitage made tart reply.

"Well, let us not quarrel. I am longing for a glass of your well-remembered Madeira. Will you bear me company to the buffet?"

"No; I am well pleased to sit still; you must go by yourself," was the reply; whereupon Mr. Constantine made a stately reverence and left her.

"How unpleasant Constantine is at times!" thought Miss Hermitage. "Like Stephana, always harping on disagreeable topics. I do believe life might be perfect without relatives. Yet Constantine and Stephana can be vastly entertaining when they choose. I could not do without them."

As she spoke her eye rested on the beautiful figure of Stephana, at that moment the cynosure of many eyes. She was sitting beside the blind story-teller, and, utterly unconscious of general admiration, was describing one gorgeous figure after another, as the dancers flashed by in dresses of the olden time. Now, strange although it may appear, the effect of Stephana's description on her blind companion soon became a much more vivid impression to the by-standers than the spectacle itself. The outward, visible pageant before them, so alert with life and movement, so aglow with color and richness, lost somewhat of its charm and reality, and all were bent upon the realization of the scene through the delicate poetic medium of a blind man's perceptions. Perhaps, indeed, none of us see things so vividly as those who behold them by the aid of memory or imagination only. Stephana but described the hues and lustres we may look on every day. Her listener saw with the inner eye something maybe of the splendor that irradiated the blind prophet of Patmos. And just as the crimsons, the purples, the gold and gems, now passing before him became a thousandfold more dazzling, thus exaggerated by a blind man's fancy, so the little crowd of listeners saw what their own eyes could never have revealed to them. Lukewarm appreciation was changed to deep, æsthetic insight.

"I see it all," said the story-teller, breathing a sigh of enjoyment as the dance ended. "And now, dear lady, tell me what your own dress is like. Yet stay—I can divine. These sumptuous peacock splendors are not for you: only white, and not the white of snows and sea-foam; something pearly and pensive; and for jewels only pearls, or perhaps the melancholy opal. No flashes, no scintillations. Only your eyes, deep, dark, unutterable, to make a glory of the picture."

"You shall fancy what you please," said Stephana, smiling. "Now tell me what brought you from your beloved Italy?"

"Ah," he replied, "my answer is easy enough. But your own to the same question, which I have been tempted to put a dozen times? You had a mission in Italy. Sin and mystery claimed you."

"Are not sin and mystery everywhere?" asked Stephana.

"Hardly here," he made reply. "It seems to me that you have planted yourself in just the kind of world to make us forget their very existence. Since I came to this place I have breathed an air of perpetual light-hearted enjoyment. No need, surely, for a revealer of dark secrets, an apocalypse of doom and retribution, here."

Stephana smiled away the grave question. "But misery at least is to be found in every corner of the earth. You may perhaps hear of me as an evangelist among the fisher folk? If I undertake to preach sermons for the good of my fellows, will you tell stories?"

"You have anticipated my reply to your first question," he said, quite seriously. "What else, indeed, can a blind man do? And why should not story-telling be a medium of spiritual instruction as well as the printer's block? Now I do not know if it has ever struck you, but it has long weighed upon my own mind, and painfully and imperiously—a conviction that must sooner or later take the shape of deed—how few, comparatively speaking, of even civilized human beings, realize the music there may be in the human voice. Most folks, at least English-speaking folks, hear once in their lives the music of the sea. Some sort of musical harmony, too, is brought to the door of the meanest. But the subtle spell that lies in a rare human voice, how seldom is that exercised on the souls of the masses?"

"And such a gift is indeed yours," answered Stephana, eagerly. "Not the gift alone; you have the spell to use it."

"So I believe," answered her companion, in a tone of deep humility. "A blind man, above all others, has constant need of fellowship and sympathy. In darkness none can live alone. I have put the question to myself, Might not story-telling become not only a medium of social intercourse, but absolutely a career, an avocation? Outside the pulpit, outside the tribune, what a field lies open for him who would move the souls of men by the magic of fastidious, impassioned, flawless speech! For the most part, to what dull, gross uses is put the human voice! Listen on the threshold of a tavern, a cottage parlor, any place in which average humanity is congregated together. The language is mean enough, but the manner is more deplorable still. Never once will you hear an exquisite word."

"A beautiful ambition!" replied Stephana. "And of course your stories will point a moral?"

"Was ever any story written by reasonable man or woman without a moral? Therefore, dearest lady, you will picture me and hear of me as a wanderer stopping wherever he can get a dozen folks to listen to him, or even one; for I shall not only accept invitations to frolicsome places, but to hospices, deathly silent but for the groan of pain, and to lonely chambers of poor sick men. Think of what a story may do for one blank day! Nor will sin fright me. Shall I not be as safe in the dens of vice as yourself? for I have heard of a certain angel that troubles the waters—" He broke off with a rapturous expression, and added, still using Italian, and speaking in under-tones: "Ah! If I might but be as that angel's attendant shadow!—minister I dare not say: to whom can a blind man minister? But if we could only go through the world hand in hand, you to speak to men's consciences, I to their hearts, what happiness would life still have in store for me!" And lower and lower still he dropped his voice: "Did you not know it? I could not stay behind. Italy was not Italy without you."

Before Stephana had time to reply, if indeed she intended to make any, Valerian came up petitioning for a story. Nothing else would now satisfy Miss Hermitage and her guests.

So, leaning against the mantel-piece, his tall, attenuated figure wearing almost a look of shadowy unsubstantiality, his pale rapt face riveted as it seemed on some spot from whence light should come, he looked as strange and out of place among these careless masqueraders as Stephana herself. It was, indeed, perhaps the contemplation of the narrator as much as the wild weird story he now told with such quiet insinuating eloquence that struck the fancy of his listeners.

When he ended there was a ringing shout of applause. Miss Hermitage went straight to her guest with bluntest thanks.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Marksham. Really what a pity it is you are not some poor under-graduate in search of a livelihood! I would give you handsome wages, and you should tell me a story every day of my life."

CHAPTER VII.

"Ah, Arthura," said Miss Hermitage, when the flushed, triumphant girl came to her patroness's unrobing, "what should I do without you? Your comments on these evenings is the best part of them."

"Are they really?" Arthura asked. Then, as she took off one ornament after another from the gold brocade, she said, "Who got the most admiration to-night, you or I?"

Miss Hermitage laughed grimly. "What a question to ask! People admire you, my dear, because you are young and handsome, and me because I am a rich old woman they can get something out of."

"But it is all admiration, and foolish compliments may as well be paid to one's pocket as one's self. What difference can it make?" laughed Arthura, gayly.

"You are in extravagant spirits to-night. I am sure you have been quarrelling with Valerian. You may try to crush him. You never will," Miss Hermitage said. "But quarrel as much as you please, so long as you do it amusingly."

"I do not want to crush any one," Arthura replied. "But if any one, why not Mr. Valerian?"

"Because he is a man and you are a woman. That is why."

Arthura laughed in merry scorn.

"If Mr. Valerian were not a man I could like him well enough."

"Well, we can not transform him into a parrot, like Judas. So you must put up with him as he is."

"Do tell me, my Gossip," said Arthura, "can you remember how you felt when you first fell in love?"

"What next, Miss Malapert? I wonder why it is that your impertinence never displeases me?"

"Is not impertinence common-sense, and common-sense Christian feeling?" asked the undaunted Arthura. "Why should I not treat you like a human being, just because you are rich and I am poor? I am sure, were you in my place, you would ask such a question."

"Why, you are not falling in love, are you?" asked Miss Hermitage, glancing at the sparkling, animated apparition before her. "Be warned, Arthura. Falling in love would be ruin to your prospects."

Arthura but grew more and more gaysome. She actually stooped down and kissed the tip of Miss Hermitage's nose. Never before had she ventured on such a caress, but it was not taken amiss.

"Why should you throw yourself away on a curate, when I give you the pay of three? No, my dear, stay with me, and amuse me," Miss Hermitage said.

"But I can do that and fall in love too."

Then she threw herself playfully on her knees before her patroness, and asked in a tone of entreaty:

"A favor, a favor, or I stay here all night. May I go home to-morrow to get a peep at my darlings?"

"If Valerian makes no objection, certainly. What is the programme?"

"Expectation is the better half of enjoyment, as the spider said before swallowing the fly. Wait and see, dear mistress. But I am not wanted."

"I can hardly believe that. Still, if Valerian raises no objection, go and see your step-mother and the children by all means. But home early, remember."

"May I settle it all with Mr. Valerian?" asked the girl.

"Yes, settle it with Valerian," Miss Hermitage made answer. "Though what pleasure you can see in going to London for an hour or two this cold weather I can not conceive. But now tell me amusing things. What did people say and do worth repeating to-night?"

"If it were only possible to be as clever as some people are stupid! But I won't be ill-natured, except to the curates. And Mr. Barham—well, can you imagine what Mr. Barham said?"

But her listener had dozed off, and Arthura glided away, the tire-woman replacing her. Still radiant and wide-awake, she went down-stairs to look for Valerian. He had just lighted Mademoiselle Colette's candle, and the pair were bidding each other good-night when she entered the dining-room, bringing so much freshness and beauty with her that they could but look up admiringly. Yes, this dark-haired, dark-eyed Arthura, with her rich complexion and easily acquired sumptuousness of dress, was a picture worth looking at just then. She might indeed wear anything, and be in any mood. But the dash of wild spirits no less than the gown, red as a cardinal's mantle, became her mightily.

She went straight up to Valerian, and dropping a courtesy, asked, with the prettiest house-maid's simper in the world,

"Please, sir, may I have a day out to-morrow?"

"What have you done to deserve it?" he asked, looking in the best possible humor also.

"You can spare me," she said, now herself again; "I am not wanted to-morrow. Do, Mr. Valerian, for once be amiable to me."

"Oh, be friends," interposed Colette. "I am sure you might like each other if you only tried. Do begin this very day. Let her go home, Mr. Valerian, and she will show her gratitude by being friendly to you ever after."

"I make no conditions," frowned Arthura. "The day's holiday is in the bond."

"Not any especial day," said Valerian, teasingly.

"I will have to-morrow or none," was the vindictive reply.

"Oh, dear Arthura—oh, Mr. Valerian—do not begin quarrelling! You were quite pleasant to each other this evening. I watched you."

"We must be civil before the world.—No, Arthura, it is inconvenient to me to spare you to-morrow. Ask me some other time."

"Never again," Arthura said, as she took up her candle sulkily and made for the door.

"Dear Mr. Valerian," put in Colette, "she looks terribly disappointed. Why not say yes? Stay, Arthura; I am sure he will say yes."

But Arthura vanished quickly as she had come.

"Let me go to her with the permission. She is young. She clings to her step brothers and sisters. Remember that this is not her home," pleaded the little Frenchwoman.

"Of course she can go," Valerian answered, with perfect good nature. "But it does me good to see that girl in a passion. She is really very handsome."

"One would think women were only made to be looked at from the way men talk of beauty. She has a heart of gold; that is really something worth mentioning. But good-night, Mr. Valerian. I will do anything that in me lies to fill her place to-morrow. I must now let the poor child have the happy news to sleep upon."

"Good-night, Mademoiselle Colette. Tell Arthura, no more holidays for her unless she comes back in a tractable spirit. Henceforth all favors to depend on good behavior."

"Indeed I shall say no such thing. I will not aid and abet you in spoiling a generous temper. The sin be on your own head."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1873.

THE SALT MINE OF PETITE ANSE.

Southwestern Louisiana is justly regarded as the garden of that State, and the Bayou Teche the picturesque water-path into its delights. Longfellow in his "Evangeline" has in clear outline and brilliant coloring given to the world a truthful description of its dreamy bayous, sepia-tinted prairies, and Druid oaks. The subject is fully as luxurious as were the poet's imaginings, and those who are familiar with this land of the Attakapas Indians are lost in wonder at Mr. Longfellow's accuracy of delineation, knowing he never had visited the land he so graphically paints.

Our artist on the little steamer *Susie B*, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, has penetrated this fertile land of flowers, and has caught some of its curious pictures and remarkable formations. About sixty miles above the mouth of the Teche, where it enters the Atchafalaya River, the thrifty town of New Iberia is situated, built on the site of New Town, one of the oldest settlements in the State. Within its precincts are still preserved many of the quaint houses of the Acadian settlers, with their low slooping roofs and cool verandas. Eight miles south of New Iberia is the island, as it is called, of Petite Anse—a remarkable elevation in the sea-marsh bordering the bay of Vermilion. Nowhere on this continent has nature built such a storehouse of salt as is here found—a formation which even to the present has not been accounted for by the most proficient of our geologists. Petite Anse, as one approaches it over the level prairie, looms up in the distance, a thickly wooded series of hills, whose highest elevation is 180 feet above sea-level. Here and there gorges of orange sand barely visible between the trees indicate that its soil bears no relation to the black earth of the surrounding country, and kindles the curiosity at its unlooked-for presence in the almost limitless sea-marsh which fringes the coast of Louisiana. In extent the island is about three miles square, and contains 2240 *arpents*, the old Spanish measure generally adopted here. Formerly occupied by Indians, of whom traces are found on every side, tradition has it that owing to some terrible calamity within the memory of its earliest settlers the red men refused to make it a place of habitation, and no inducement would prevail upon them to revisit the spot. A number of artificial mounds are found upon it, and exploitations have brought to light arrow-heads, baskets, war-paint, and tomahawks, once the property of the prehistoric dwellers.

The first authentic history of this strange upheaval—for it is generally conceded that it was an upheaval—comes from one John Hays, hunter and trapper, who squatted on its hills in the latter portion of the last century. In the year 1791, whilst out after deer, he discovered there a salt spring, the brine from which was soon afterward manufactured into salt. The supply of this brine was too limited for profitable manufacture, and the spring was neglected until 1812, when the high price of salt, on account of our war with Great Britain, gave an impetus to its production, and small works were operated until 1815, when the cessation of hostilities lowered the price of that article of prime necessity. Judge D. D. Avery, who subsequently became the owner of the island, in 1861, after the establishment of the blockade of Southern ports, commenced boiling the water from the spring long neglected, and as salt was scarce throughout that section, all the product of his factory was eagerly sought for. To increase the production it was resolved to enlarge the well, and hands were engaged in that work, when an obstruction was met. Mr. John M. Avery, son of the proprietor of the island, in 1862 descended to the bottom of the well, and whilst striking the hard object impeding the digging, chipped off a piece of transparent rock-salt. An investigation followed, and a solid bed of salt was found. A report was made to the Confederate government, and mining commenced. Borings show that the deposit underlies about 150 acres of surface area, and wherever struck was identical in quality. The depth of the deposit is unknown, but already 115 feet of solid rock-salt has been penetrated; and as the workings show the stratification to be nearly perpendicular, the indications are that its present width was its original depth, and its present depth beyond conjecture. The floor of the present workings is 140 feet from the surface, the shaft penetrating 25 feet of surface soil and 115 feet of salt, of which 50 feet is left for a roof.

As this level alone will yield 15,000,000 tons, the supply may be considered almost inexhaustible. This salt, which is now being mined by a New York company, is of the purest quality, and, strange to say, chemical analyses show the entire absence of many of the invariable constituents of sea water. The manner of mining is by driving galleries or tunnels into the solid rock-salt, and crossing these by others at right angles, giving a width to each of about thirty-five feet and a height

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of seventy feet. The salt is blasted out with dynamite by miners imported from the salt mines of Strassfurth. After it is mined it is carried on a tramway to the shaft, and hoisted to a platform some sixty feet above the ground, where it is dumped into a powerful rock-crusher, which reduces it to a suitable size. It thence descends into a bin, which in turn supplies three ordinary mills, as shown in the illustration. The present yield is about 250 tons per day, including the coarse for packing and fine for table use.

The descent to the mine is made on the platform used in hoisting the salt cars, and when the bottom of the shaft is reached it requires some time for the eye to accustom itself to the darkness. Down the broad galleries miners' lights flit about, tiny fire-flies in this subterranean night. The salt crystals of wall and roof reflect their rays on all sides with wonderful brilliancy; and as the chambers were illuminated by a locomotive head-light on the occasion of our artist's descent, the pure white rock-salt was brought out with ghostly effect. Salt was everywhere. The floor was solid salt; walls, roof, above, below, and on either side, one vast cavern of this valuable deposit. The advance of the chambers is made by under-cutting or blasting out for a considerable distance a space about eight feet from the floor, and then blowing down this overhanging mass as it is needed for shipment.

Whilst the visitors were watching our artist sketching a group of miners boring in an undercut, suddenly a sharp crack was heard, like the explosion of a musket cap, and this was almost immediately followed by a deep roar, as of the sound of an earthquake. The sound was dull, heavy, and tremulous, vibrating from gallery to gallery, accompanied by rapid concussions and an unpleasant pressure on the tympanum of the ear. The very foundations of the earth seemed to tremble, and little bits of salt, long after the sound had died away in a dry musical cascade, fell from the roof and sides. Hardly had the first report ceased its reverberations when it was followed by another, and another, until the mine was shivering with sound. A convulsion of nature could have been hardly more grand and awe-inspiring. The surprise of the party caused much merriment to the phlegmatic miners, who had gathered from an adjacent chamber, where the dynamite blasts had been fired.

Some two hundred yards from the present shaft another has just been opened, about sixty feet square and about thirty in depth, to the upper surface of the salt. This is intended for ventilation, and is of itself a curiosity. The exposed salt—so pure is its condition—resembles a sheet of smooth ice, and looking down upon it one can hardly believe that it is salt, and not clear water in a frozen state. In digging this, but a week or more ago, the workmen unearthed the bones of a huge mastodon, some of the teeth of which weighed over five pounds each, and the thigh-bone was over nine inches in diameter. Just above the mastodon was found a large amount of Indian crockery, some of which was ornamented with imitation of basket-work and circles. An ivory horn not unlike that of the rhinoceros was also discovered. These curiosities are to be forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution for examination.

Leading up to this singular island from Vermilion Bay, an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, with graceful curves, a silver ribbon on the brown sea-marsh, comes the serpentine Bayou Petite Anse (Little Cove), affording water communication for the fleet of salt vessels to New York, Galveston, and New Orleans. A tramway runs from the mine down to the wharf on the bayou, a mile distant, where are large quarters for the hands engaged in loading the craft. Looking seaward from the high hills, the distant waters of the bay are just visible, a thin steel rim on the horizon, whilst the intervening space is spread out a long low level of reeds and grasses, dotted with groups of live-oaks forming islands of foliage, or *chênières*, as they here are called. Some five miles to the northwest, just peeping above the cool green forest, the handsome residence of Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON can be seen, his delightful retreat where he enjoys his respite from the stage. Shoreward the Attakapas Prairie lies in its carpet of apple green, stretching off into hazy invisibility, with herds of cattle and horses roaming about in blissful freedom, mere specks to the eye. Here and there a newly fenced field, with its modest cottage, tells of freshly arrived settlers, and just beyond these the spires of New Iberia show their points above the live-oaks.

On the island the scenery is unlike anything found in any of the surrounding country. Rolling hills with gentle declivities velvety with soft grass; skirtings of forests of walnut, live-oak, elm, and other trees; gorges of shadow festooned with trailing vines—all unite to make this an artist's Ultima Thule. It is an island of Summerland, where the air, perfumed with orange blossoms and rarest flowers, intoxicates the senses, the hum of bees and murmur of southern breezes woo voluptuous languor and perfect rest. The mocking-bird and the cardinal whistle in the underbrush, the lazy pelican rises from the bayou, startled deer vanish into the thicket, whilst myriads of wild fowl cover the many ponds on the prairie. Nature holds her court here; but her rule is to be short-lived, and is soon to pass away. Gangs of workmen have already graded a roadbed from New Iberia to the mine, and within four months this sylvan retreat will re-echo with the shrill whistle of the locomotive and rattle of cars. Salt, an hour before resting within its solid bed, will then be whirling on its way in bulk to the packers of Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, and the exhaustless resources of this remarkable deposit drawn upon to supply the needs of our continent. The sugar which grows with such tropical prodigality on the surface, with the salt below, will both go into the markets on the same train. Petite Anse will then be open to the traveller, and its romances of LAFITTE'S buried treasures, Indian traditions, and bountiful hospitality will be a thing of the past.

CHARLES E. WHITNEY.

SOME REMARKABLE APES.

IT will be a gratification to those interested in the growth of our free institutions, especially those identified with the advancement of public-school interests, to know that the Museum of Natural History, that a few years ago stepped into its new building on Manhattan Square, has already outgrown the space then designed, and that its rich collections more than fill the cases.

The varied collections are not alone pleasing to the eye, but have been, through the lectures on natural history delivered by the Superintendent, made directly available to the pupils and teachers of the public schools, and thus the Museum has become an adjunct of the public school system, and its growth watched with equal interest. The trustees have taken especial interest in the various departments, and a recent gift will place the collection of mammals on a par with, if not superior to, any in the world. Already some of the most interesting forms shown in the accompanying illustration have arrived.

New York has long been supplied with gorillas elaborately and expensively manufactured from bear-skin; but here is the bona-fide animal, of such extraordinary dimensions that it is difficult to realize that it is not the work of the skilled taxidermist.

The specimen in the Museum is that of an adult male, and seems to equal in general bulk at least two men. It is represented resting upon a *limb*, and the thick neck, long retreating forehead, and deeply sunken eyes give it a demoniacal expression. Its height when erect was about that of a tall man. The resemblance to the human frame is striking in the extreme; the proportions of the leg to the body, of the foot to the hand, the size of the heel, the curvature of the spine, and the capacity of the skull—twenty-nine to thirty-five cubic inches*—being all points of similarity.

But it is the evidence of enormous muscular power that perhaps most impresses the observer. This is particularly noticeable in the limbs, hands, and feet, where, in the latter particularly, the opposable thumb is seen to be of great power. The animal probably weighed, when alive, over two hundred pounds, and was shot in the mountains of interior Guinea; and as their range, once evidently wide, is now restricted presumably to the country between the Gaboon and Congo rivers, it is evident that their extinction is to be expected in the near future.

In a case adjoining that of the gorilla is a remarkable group representing a family of five orang-outangs, two adult males, one young and one old female, and a baby, with their nest in the top of a durion-tree—especially valuable, as it is the exact reproduction of a family party observed by W. T. HORNADAY on the Sadong River, Borneo, where he shot the specimens. Three of the group are represented in the accompanying illustration—a male, female, and young. In the Museum group the platform nest is shown with a young orang reclining upon it, fast asleep, clinging with its hands and feet to convenient boughs.

They are known to science as the *Simia wurmbii*, and if we are not mistaken the present illustration is the first one that has shown correctly the remarkable cheek callosities that distinguish the male. In many works this is represented as a fold of the neck, but it is a *fibro-cellular* outgrowth of the cheek, giving the animal a most singular appearance. The group represents a characteristic scene. The mother orang hangs from a limb, greedily eating a durion from one hand, while another is clasped in the free foot. Behind her the baby is swinging from limb to limb, while directly in her rear is a male suspended by one arm and leg, his long hair giving him a weird appearance, reaching out to snatch the coveted fruit. The fruit, leaves, branches, and all are exact reproductions. The largest specimen measures about four feet three inches in vertical height, and its reddish-brown hair in some portions is twelve or fourteen inches long. Across the face, including the strange callosity, which is a sexual characteristic, it measures thirteen inches, and in fact resembles a great moon. Another characteristic that strikes the visitor is the enormous length of the arms, that touch the ground when the animal is erect, the animals resting upon their knuckles. The skull in shape is much nearer the human than that of the gorilla, yet its capacity is only twenty-five cubic inches. In many points the orang differs materially from man, yet in the number of ribs, the form of the cerebral hemispheres, and certain other features interesting to the physiologist, they approach him.

The orang is truly arboreal, never leaving the trees, and even in the tree-tops they are clumsy, and never attempt the gymnastic feats that form the characteristics of so many of their tribe. They are extremely heavy, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, and thus are obliged to move with great caution, swinging themselves along by collecting the branches, never leaping from one to another.

In general appearance they are only a degree less repulsive than the gorilla, their long reddish hair, spider-like arms, weird faces, ferocious canine teeth, and shining black skin, which often hangs in loose flabby folds, all tending to give them an uncanny appearance. As with the gorillas, they are tailless, and the feet and hands, as shown, exceedingly powerful. The latter are exceedingly long, but the thumb short, not reaching to the end of the metacarpal bone of the adjacent (index) digit. The toes of the feet are also equally long, with the exception of the great toe, which is extremely short, and often destitute of a nail.

Among the smaller monkeys of this unique collection perhaps the most striking, certainly for the possession of an enormous nasal appendage, is the proboscis monkey of Borneo. Instead of the flat nose of the forms already mentioned, we see an organ nearly four inches in length, that seems an absurd caricature of the human nose. This feature is extremely small in the young, and turned upward instead of directly outward. Quite recently another monkey with that organ excessively turned upward has been discovered in Thibet.

The proboscis monkey is mild and timid. It is fond of insects as well as vegetable food, and is shown in the act of creeping upon a butterfly that has alighted upon the limb.

In point of resemblance to the human African face the bearded saki of South America is remarkable, and when the head alone is seen is still more striking. The face is jet-black, the hair of the head stiff and high, while the cheeks and chin are ornamented with a perfect glossy beard. Its coat is a rich uniform black, and the tail large and brush-like. They are exceedingly cleanly, and are said to hold aside their beard when drinking, and to pass the water to their mouth with their hand. According to HUMBOLDT they are vindictive, and when enraged will grind their teeth and leap about, displaying extraordinary mobility in the muscles of the face. They live in pairs, thus differing from other South American monkeys, are nocturnal, and have a strange unearthly cry, extremely resonant and far-reaching. The species is represented in the collection by several fine specimens of both sexes.

The interesting group of dog-faced monkeys, of which there are a number of specimens of different genera in the collection, is also well represented by the tartarin, that from its curious ruff or mane is often called the lion-monkey. They are indigenous to Northern Africa, and are extremely powerful. In Southern Africa the chacma (*cynocephalus*) is much dreaded. It attains the size of a large dog, and far exceeds that animal in strength. They rarely, if ever, take to trees, and travel about the rocky country in bands of several hundred, often carrying devastation to the crops of the Boers. They are, however, extremely intelligent when domesticated, and it is said that one almost starved to death before it would eat poisonous food prepared for it. They have been employed as watch-dogs, for driving oxen, or attending the fire of a blacksmith, but generally require the watchful eye of the master.

The famous Gibraltar monkeys, that are protected by the government and allowed to live about the rock, are of the dog-faced variety, and were probably introduced from the African side.

Among the smallest and most interesting of the monkeys peculiar to South America are the marmosets, and in the illustration their relative size, when compared to the gorilla, is well shown. Their habits are seemingly more like those of squirrels than of the monkey tribe. The fur is long and wonderfully soft, the tail long and bushy, while the face with its twinkling bead-like eyes has a most interesting and human expression. They have the same number of teeth as in man, but the hands and feet are not so well adapted for grasping as in other monkeys, the thumbs being poorly developed, not at all opposable, and provided like the other fingers with a long sharp claw; hence the hands approach the claws or fore-feet of other mammals. The tail is never prehensile, and they are all of exceedingly small size. In their habits they are truly arboreal, living high in the tree-tops in troops and companies. There are many different species collected in two genera. Several have been successfully kept in the zoological gardens of this city and Philadelphia, and recently one was born at Central Park. They are, however, exceedingly susceptible to climatic changes. Unlike all other monkeys, they bring forth as many as three young at a birth.

* That of the lowest Australian is seventy-five.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Stars and Crosses.—Furs Worn by Eminent Persons.—The Claimant.—Crime and Citizenship.—The Missing Heiress.—English Literature at Cambridge.

MILITARY persons of distinction will henceforth be more popular than ever. It has hitherto been a drawback to them that since every one wears mustaches, and no one wears his uniform at evening parties, these heroes are too often taken for civilians, whose only notion of a weapon is an umbrella, and of service, the putting it up. Now, however, the edict has gone forth from the Horse-Guards that "officers may wear miniature decorations at private parties in plain clothes." I can fancy a miniature cross or star, but I can't understand how one of those broad ribbons that half cover the waistcoat can be "writ small." If it is made thus, it will look less like a memorial of valor than a "remnant" from Whiteley's, and if it is cut short it will look like a pocket-handkerchief. However, these decorations will no doubt make a sensation, and at all events be pretty things for a fair neighbor at the dinner table to talk about, and military persons who have not served will be wild to do so and become similarly distinguished.

Certain eminent personages are known to affect various kinds of fur. The Emperor of Russia wears sable, the Emperor of Austria Astrakhan, and the Queen of Spain beaver. If Mr. Parnell should ever be President of the Irish Republic, and be in doubt about a fur to suit him, let me recommend—as eminently characteristic of himself and of the odor in which he is regarded—the skunk. It is impossible to conceive how a man who has once occupied an honorable position, a "white" man, as the Americans say, could permit himself to sink so low. Silence and shame go at least decently together, but silence without shame is base indeed. The characterless creatures that form his following avow their sympathy with outrage loudly enough, but some fragment of conscience restrains him; and, on the other hand, he dare not denounce murder lest he should lose the suffrage of "the party of assassination," or even be its next victim.

The Claimant is again in high spirits, which, one is glad to observe, happens once in three months at least. News is regularly conveyed to him every quarter concerning Mr. Arthur Orton, who is perpetually being found in Australia, though always under some un-get-at-able circumstances. He has just now been discovered in the Paramatta lunatic asylum. Poor as I am, I would give five pounds to be at the back of that fat man's mind, to know what he really thinks about the Tichborne he pretends to be, and the Arthur Orton who he is; or does he shut his mental eyes altogether to his own nefarious proceedings, as Mr. Parnell shuts his mouth?

There are some books pretty sure not to be read which one is tempted to wish that the community should be compelled to read, whether they like them or not. This is always the case, of course, with one's own books; but there are sometimes books written by other people teaching excellent lessons and circulating the most wholesome principles. Sir Fitz-James Stephen's *History of the Criminal Law of England* is one of these. He is one of the few judges on the bench who seems to give himself the trouble to go into the motive of crime, and to estimate its general effect. He has a soft place in his heart for poverty and stress of circumstances, and he sets his face against the Brutal and the Cruel. This latter attribute has become most rare upon the bench. A rough was brought up last week for kicking a man on the face who had refused to supply him with drink without payment; lock-jaw set in, and the man died. The jury found the prisoner guilty, "and," says the report, "as it appeared that he had been several times convicted of violent assaults, the judge sentenced him to *three months'* hard labor! If the man had stolen five shillings to keep himself from starving, the same judge would, without doubt, have given him a severer sentence. Sir Fitz-James Stephen, however, has a brain which is *not* composed of poached eggs. He does not deny that there are cases even of murder which do not call for capital punishment. There are circumstances, indeed, when murder may be justifiable. Suppose, for example, that unhappy cabin-boy who was done to death by a series of prolonged and unimaginable cruelties by his skipper the other day had had enough vigor left in his tortured body and broken heart to kill the beast as he slept, what human being could blame him? The contention of our author is that we have gone too far in laying capital punishment aside for crimes short of murder, but which may testify to a more incorrigible hostility to society. These persons—savages, and worse than savages, like the aforesaid skipper—"are as much misplaced in civilized society as wolves and tigers would be in a civilized country." This is a lesson which our legislature, and especially those who administer the law, have got to learn. At present, while property is protected by the severest enactments, *the fate of children* and women is left at the disposal of the cruel, and human life is made miserable to thousands from the brutality of a few. What good is to be hoped for from the professional wife-kicker and rough as husband and father? What benefit can he possibly be to the state? The idea of citizenship—though we hear so much talk about "a stake in the country"—never seems to enter into the heads of our lawgivers. Yet surely it ought to be fostered, while those who dwell amongst us only for the purpose, as it would seem, of increasing the sum of human misery, ought to be cast out. Surely a wretch who willfully pollutes a public fountain, devastates a garden intended for the public, or robs a box the contents of which are dedicated to the poor, ought to be more severely punished than the petty thief who steals from individuals.

The story of the Irish heiress who, having been left on a door-step alone, has so opportunely come into her £14,000 a year just as she comes of age, to use an expression racy of the soil, "beats Banagher." I don't know who Banagher was, nor how to spell him, but I mean that her story outtops all others for romance. It is strange enough (though exceedingly admirable) that her uncle "the Colonel"—whose name, however, has not yet, I regret to say, been made public—should have made such generous efforts to find her, since he himself was in enjoyment of her property; it is rather unusual (though most satisfactory) to learn that the young lady has at once offered to halve the money with him, and that the offer has been declined; but what is the most surprising feature of the case is the convenient way in which both her parents expired of heart-complaint on the same morning! From their behavior to their infant it would not have been supposed that they had a heart even between them. Every one is saying, "What a subject for fiction!" To which I reply (1) that no novelist would have been permitted to use materials to which the terms "impossible," "incredible," "monstrous," would have been applied by every critic; and (2) I am not quite sure that the whole story is *not* a fiction.

Thanks to the late Mr. W. G. Clark—a name every Trinity man will recall with respect and affection—a lectureship in English Literature is to be founded at Cambridge. This is a revolution indeed. The literature of England from Chaucer to the present date is actually going to be studied at an English university. Young gentlemen who are at Oxford and Cambridge may presently rival their contemporaries in America in the knowledge of their own language. This is as it should be (but not at all as I ever expected to see it). All thanks to dear W. G. Clark, who, being dead, yet speaketh, and even, by proxy, lectures.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

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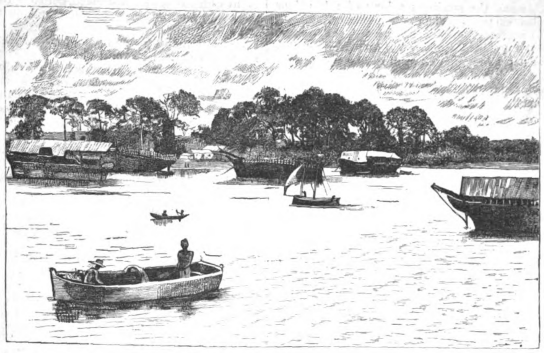
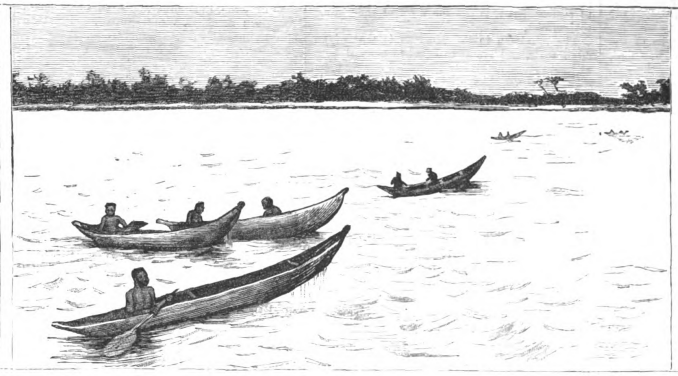


Bonny, from the River, with the Hulks where the Merchants live lying in front.

Old Calabar, seen from Palm-tree Factory.

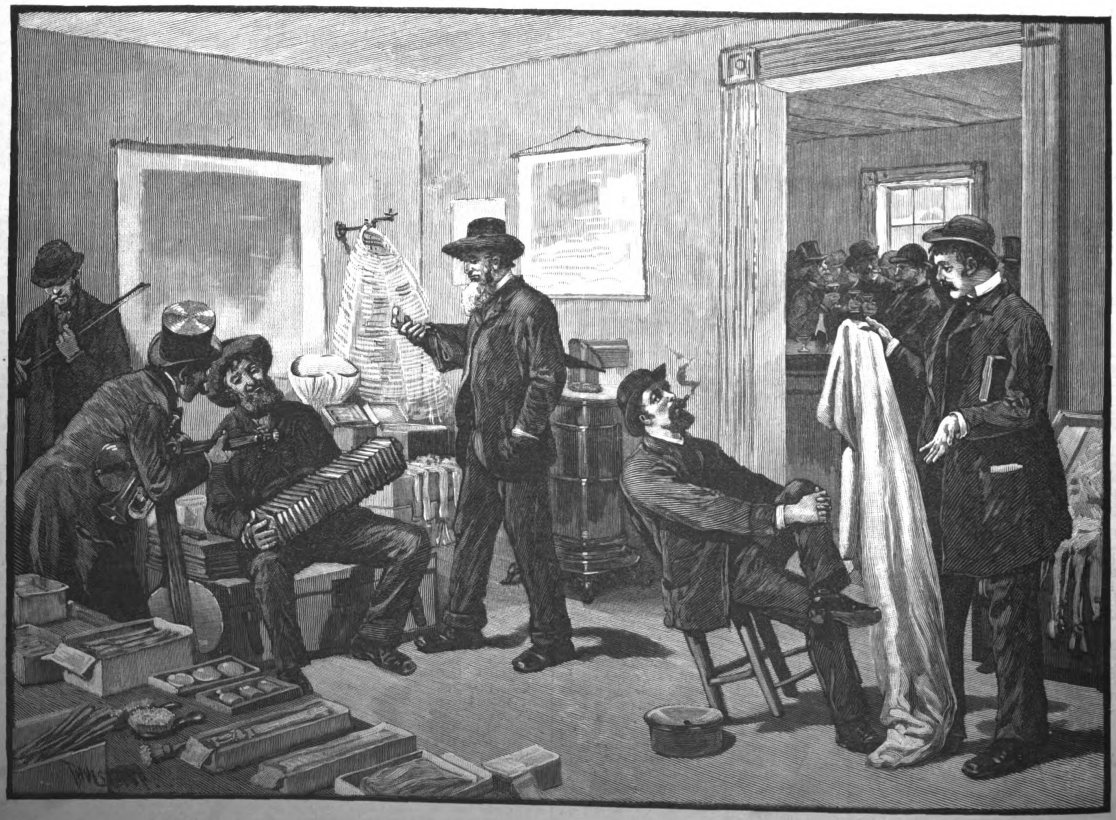
A Palm-tree hung with the Nests of the Weaver-birds.



Kon-boys coming off from Grand Cestos.

The King's "Mouth," with Stick of Office given by H. B. M.'s Government.

SKETCHES ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.—[See Page 269.]



THE DRUMMERS' ROOM IN A WESTERN HOTEL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 269.]

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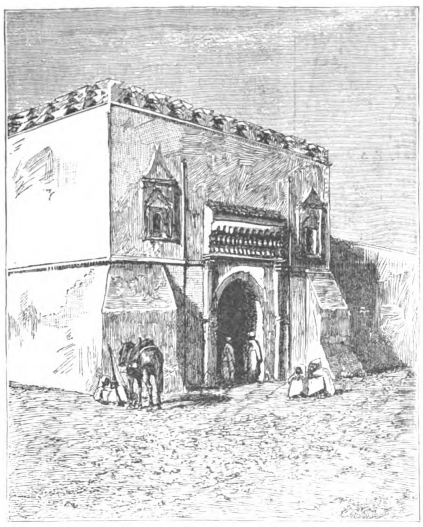
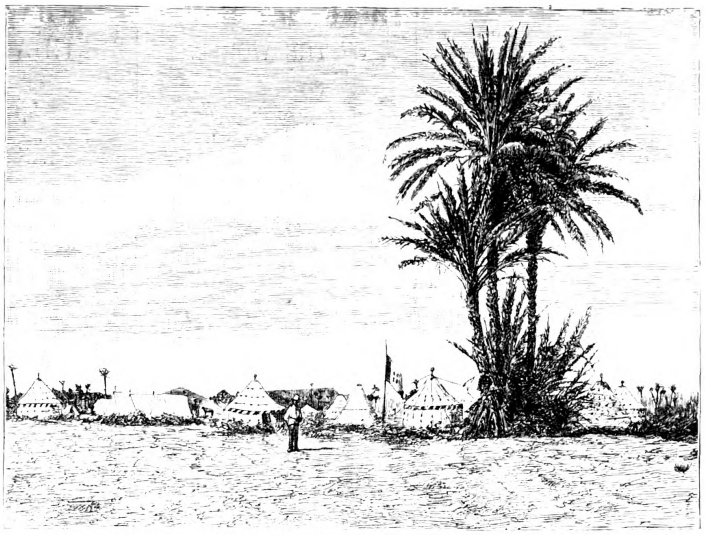


PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR OF BENI-MESKIN.



CAMPING OUTSIDE MOROCCO.

DRUMMERS.

THE "drummer" has become an important personage in the transaction of business between the importers and manufacturers of the Eastern cities, and their customers in the interior of the country. Formerly the country merchant was obliged to make the journey to New York, Boston, or Philadelphia several times a year in order to replenish his stock of goods. But now the "drummer" visits him at his own place, with samples and prices, so that he can order whatever he may be wanting at the time to just the same advantage as if he had made the trip to the metropolis.

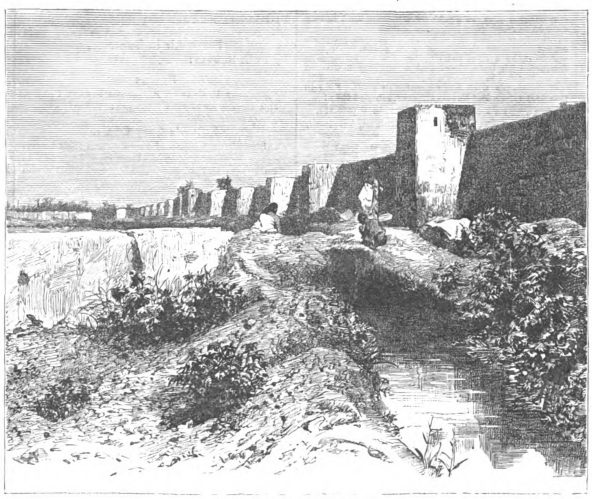
These "drummers," of whom several thousands are employed by New York merchants alone, are generally active, intelligent, and reliable young men, thoroughly acquainted with business and with the requirements of their customers. As a rule they are also jovial and companionable, and when several of them meet at hotels are not averse to having a lively time.

AFRICAN SKETCHES.

THE sketches on the preceding page represent scenes at various trading stations on the west coast of Africa, in the region of the Niger Delta and the Calabar River. The district of Calabar is flat, and closely intersected by rivers. The climate is unhealthy, and there is not a single lighthouse on the coast. The inhabitants, mostly slaves, are employed by the chiefs in various kinds of labor connected with the palm-oil trade. There are two settlements on the Old Calabar River, Duke Town and Creek Town, where Christian missions have spread civilization and religion quite extensively among the natives.

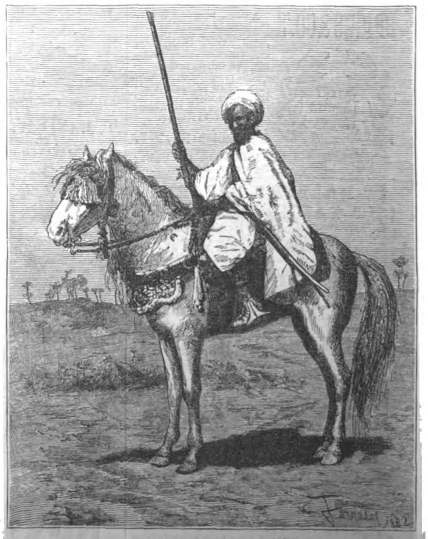
Bonny, or Boni, is a town near the mouth of the river of that name. It is in the midst of a pestilential swamp, and is inhabited by degraded savages. European merchants live in hulks anchored in the river. A large business is done in palm-oil.

Until very lately travel in the empire of Morocco has been dangerous and exceedingly uncomfortable. The fanatical natives looked with suspicion and anger upon all foreigners, and treated them with the utmost incivility. Affairs have mended somewhat of late, but travellers must still be protected by an escort if they would be safe from maltreatment by roving bands. The sketches on this page present scenes and incidents of an artist's tour from the seaport of Tangier to the capital of the empire. The city of Morocco was founded in 1072, and was once flourishing and important, but for generations it has been decaying, and it is now nearly half in ruin. War, plague, and a detestable government have united in accomplishing this result. From the outside it presents a picturesque appearance; but within, the streets are narrow, irregular, and unpaved, and the houses are generally of one story, flat-roofed, with the side toward the street plain and glaring with whitewash, with one or two narrow unglazed slits for windows.



THE WALLS OF MOROCCO.

BRIDGE ON THE TANSYFT.



A HORSEMAN OF BENI-MESKIN.

FROM TANGIER TO THE CITY OF MOROCCO.

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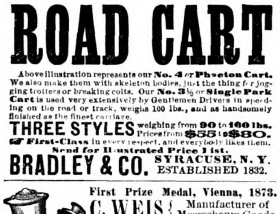

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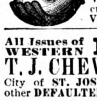

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(No. 396)

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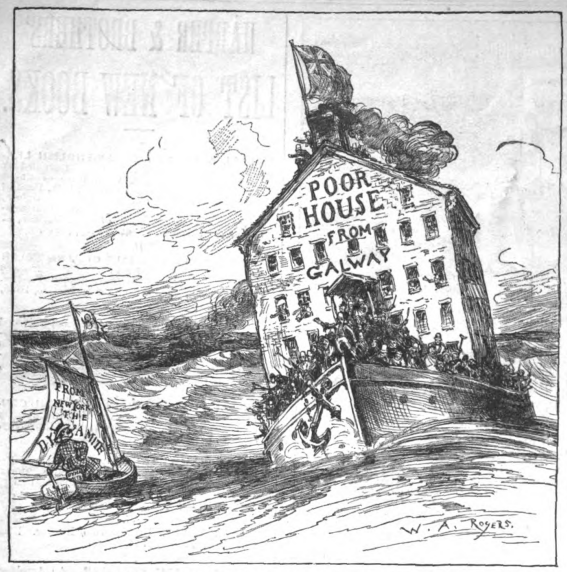

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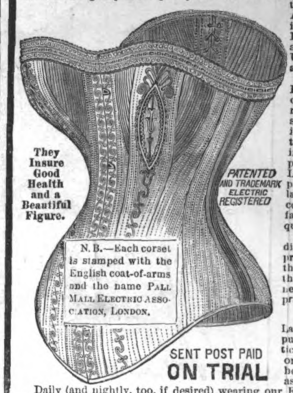

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Dear Sir,—I have read with much care and interest your book on "Stock-Brokers and Stock-Exchanges," and cannot refrain from expressing to you my appreciation of the excellence of the work. I shall not venture to give an opinion as to its value from a strictly legal standpoint, inasmuch as I am not a lawyer; but I am greatly pleased with the extent and accuracy of the information concerning the history and customs of stock-exchanges, and the dealings of brokers. In view of the magnitude and importance of the interests involved, and the general lack of knowledge concerning them which has hitherto prevailed, I feel that you have conferred a favor both on brokers and the public by your intelligent and exhaustive labor.

Yours, very sincerely,
(Signed) BRAYTON IVES, *Chairman*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Whatsoever of principle or precedent exists, whatsoever of lawful usage and custom has been established, in relation to stock-brokerage in transactions and remedies between broker and dealer in this city or elsewhere, will be found exhaustively stated and discussed by Mr. Dos Passos. No investor or speculator or broker or banker ought to transact his business affairs without owning and consulting this treatise.—*N. Y. World.*

Mr. Dos Passos has rendered a valuable service to the legal profession, to the stock-brokers, and to the large circle of dealers at the stock-board by the complete and intelligent chart he has furnished to guide them in their always perilous operations.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1376.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

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IN THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE.—[SEE PAGE 279.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *no later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

SETTING THE TUNE.

FOR a year or two before every Presidential election the Democratic managers engage in an animated controversy to decide what the party shall profess for the purposes of the election. But for more than twenty years it has uniformly taken the wrong position. In 1860, in obedience to its tradition and practice of many years, it presented itself as the friend of slavery. In 1864 it proclaimed an ignominious surrender to the rebellion, and nominated a Union soldier who had lost the confidence of Union men. In 1868 it asserted the unconstitutionality of reconstruction, and nominated an opponent of the war. In 1872 it shouted for shaking hands and forgetfulness, and nominated a Republican protectionist. In 1876 it professed reform in general, and nominated a Copperhead. In 1880 it pronounced for a revenue tariff, and nominated a brave soldier, who knocked over the revenue plank with one hand and gave the other to the paper-money charlatans. It has left no "cry" or "dodge" untried. But with every fresh effort it has only shown that as a party it represented nothing whatever but a desperate desire for place and patronage. Even in the midst of the extraordinary result of the election last autumn, when the Republicans were everywhere defeated, nobody acknowledged more fully and frankly than leading Democrats that it was not a Democratic triumph, but merely Republican discontent.

The contest over the profession which the party should make in 1884 has already begun, and is already very warm. It will be practically decided, before the Convention meets, by the election of Speaker next December. If Mr. RANDALL should be elected Speaker, the Democratic Convention would evade the question of protection, and it would probably select Mr. RANDALL as the candidate for the Presidency. Should he be defeated as Speaker, the Convention would pronounce strongly for something which would be generally interpreted as free trade, and the party would lose the active and efficient support of the RANDALL element, while the Republican platform would be so drawn as not to exclude men of Mr. RANDALL'S views. The defeat of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker, after the contest which is now raging solely upon his tariff views, and which will be very thorough by the time that Congress meets, would be fairly interpreted as conclusive evidence that the Democratic party does not hold the views for which he stands; and as he is but a moderate protectionist, his defeat would be held to foreshow a free-trade policy in the event of Democratic success in 1884.

This view is rejected by many of the free-trade Democrats upon the ground that the phrase free trade is improperly applied to their position, which is that of tariff revision in the interest of revenue instead of protection. Nobody, they allege, in the actual situation is for free trade, because vested interests and established industries must be considered. Here, however, is the weakness of the anti-RANDALL Democratic view. An open declaration for free trade, if combined with an honest demand for civil service reform, would dissolve the Democratic party, and probably lead to party reorganization. But the present Democratic party, which is hostile to civil service reform, and which is profoundly distrusted for many reasons, could not renounce the free trade cry, and demand merely tariff revision in the interest of revenue and with careful regard to established interests, without provoking the immediate rejoinder of all independent free-traders that for such results, in view of the character and career of the Democratic party, they preferred to trust the Republican party. A new party might entice such voters. But, after the contest which is now proceeding within the Democratic party, they would no more expect a wise revenue policy from it than they would expect administrative reform. There would be a profound conviction that "somebody was to be cheated." Policies make parties, not parties policies.

MAYOR EDSON'S APPEAL.

MAYOR EDSON'S plain and vigorous appeal to the intelligent citizens of New York to save the building of the aqueduct from degenerating into a mere job for the benefit of disreputable politicians is a summons which deserves the cordial response of all honest citizens. Whatever mistakes the Mayor may have committed—and we have not hesitated to comment upon them—his present movement is indicative of a courage and a perception which are in the highest degree admirable.

He says plainly that an effort is making to change the wise safeguards of the bill by those who desire to control for their own selfish purposes the vast power which the Aqueduct Bill confers, and that the conspiracy will succeed unless the citizens of New York protest in the most emphatic and resolute manner. The work of building a new aqueduct is one which necessarily involves the outlay of an immense sum of money, and men who make a mercenary trade of politics will fight desperately to obtain for themselves the handling of the money. They would not hesitate to double the indispensable expense, and to make a work which might reasonably cost twenty millions of dollars cost forty millions, to be paid by the people of this city.

It is well for those who do not pay taxes directly to remember that they do pay them indirectly in higher rents and prices. It is the great body of the community whom the political jobbers and swindlers swindle while they pretend that only tax-payers suffer. The money stolen by the TWEED Ring came at last out of the pockets of poor men equally with those of rich men. The Mayor's appeal is to no party or class except that of the honest citizens, and we presume that by the time these words are printed they will have moved in response to his warning.

CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY.

THE questions of extradition and of repressing criminal conspiracy are very different. When the *London Standard* suggests that we should "extend our extradition laws so as to include Dynamite bravos," it forgets that the extradition treaty concerns only the surrender of persons accused of overt acts, under evidence which would hold them for trial in this country. The question of punishing "Dynamite bravos" is the question whether a conspiracy in this country to commit crime elsewhere shall be made penal. The *Standard*, we apprehend, is mistaken in saying that such a conspiracy is forbidden by English law, because JACOB THOMPSON and his confederates in Canada plotted to commit crime in New York and elsewhere during the rebellion, and were not molested by English law; and Lord PALMERSTON was defeated in a proposition to make conspiracy to murder a felony, although Mr. GLADSTONE, who opposed the project, demanded that the existing law should be amended if it were found necessary. The fact that the United States were at war when THOMPSON and BENJAMIN conspired did not justify English inaction, if there was a law to restrain such conspiracies, because a plot to infect cities with pestilence, and to poison and burn enemies, could not be regarded as lawful acts of war.

It is not, however, a question of precedent, but of public expediency and comity. Ought the United States to prevent conspiracies within their jurisdiction to commit crime elsewhere? If there are Dynamite plots and plotters in this country looking to the destruction of life and property in England, there being no lawfully recognized state of war, ought they to be tolerated? If it were known that a knot of men in New York had contrived a torpedo which was to be taken to the Mediterranean and attached to any English ship for the purpose of destroying it and all its company, in order that Parliament might be terrorized into passing certain laws which the plotters professed to desire, would the Government of the United States look on quietly, under the plea that political refugees must not be touched, or that its own citizens—supposing them to be such—had committed no offense? If a naturalized Irishman in New York arranges with accomplices in England to murder Englishmen because he disapproves the course of the British Government, is he to be regarded as engaged in a legitimate political movement, and to escape scot-free while his agent is hung? And if so, why? What would prevent any such crime plotted in this country from being cloaked as a political movement?

It is a puerile pretext that to plot the destruction of innocent persons in England is an act of war upon the part of Ireland. England is not at war with Ireland, and no authorized body of Irishmen has declared that, in the inability of Ireland to organize armies and warlike operations, every kind of violence against Englishmen is justifiable. On the contrary the most eminent and trusted of the Irish leaders disclaim any such view. The question, therefore, whether American law should permit crime to be organized here to be committed beyond its reach answers itself. Our position should be that of Mr. GLADSTONE in the PALMERSTON debate: "Let the existing law be vindicated, and then proceed to amend it if found necessary." The man who is detected in printing counterfeit notes is amenable to the law whether he has uttered them or not. The man who abuses his asylum or his citizenship in this country to procure the commission of nefarious crimes, not legitimate acts of hostility, elsewhere, should be summarily dealt with by our own law. This is undoubtedly the best American opinion, and there is no question that it is the opinion also of intelligent and honorable Irishmen in this country.

A SURPRISE AND A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE Chief Examinership under the Civil Service Commission is a very important place, because the incumbent is really the executive officer of the Commission. He acts under its control, indeed, but he has great opportunities, and can largely mould the whole work. If the President had offered the place to Mr. BURT in a manner which would have enabled him to accept it with proper self-respect and without betraying the reform—as we have already explained—he could not have declined the position. But under the circumstances he could not honorably have accepted. That he was singularly fitted for the post was universally conceded. To great administrative ability and urbanity he adds profound confidence and long experience in the reformed system, with the reason and methods and details of which he is fully acquainted. Some such man is indispensable in the position. The selection of any examiner-in-chief who is not fully identified with the reformed system by conviction and sympathy must necessarily affect unfavorably the public impression of the good faith with which the work is to be undertaken.

The appointment has been awaited with great interest and with great hope, as it was known that the President would be governed largely by the preference of the Commissioners, and the result, due to their recommendation, is a serious disappointment. The gentleman selected to be Chief Examiner is Mr. DE B. RANDOLPH KEIM, of Pennsylvania, a gentleman well known in Washington, but who is wholly unknown anywhere as a friend of reform. What is said in explanation of his appointment is not re-assuring. That he has knowledge of men is vague praise, and that he is familiar with the work of the Departments is a recommendation of all the professional politicians at the capital. We know that in making such appointments many things must be considered, and many concessions must be made. But whatever these may be, and however pressing, one thing is absolutely indispensable at the outset of the new movement upon the part of all concerned, and that is hearty faith and interest in the necessity and practicability of reform. It is evident that if Mr. KEIM had been nominated as a Commissioner instead of Mr. EATON, the selection would necessarily have impeached the good faith of the President. In the same way his selection by the Commission as Chief Examiner is inexplicable, because it lacks the primary and vital qualification.

The new Examiner is not known to have convictions or knowledge or experience to fit him for the duties of the place. It was not impossible, however, to find those who combined all these qualities, and a selection from among them would have been the most satisfactory earnest to the country of a simple resolution to carry out the law in its spirit—the only way in which it can be made effective. It will be a cause of sincere regret if the selection shall prove to have been intended as a stroke of miscalled "diplomacy"—a choice made to conciliate the politicians. Halfway reform in the civil service is impossible. It is like a scheme of modified slavery or limited gambling. Modified slavery is slavery, and gambling is not less gambling because it is limited. "Influence" and favoritism and personal patronage can not be blended with selection by proved merit or, as in this case, by obvious and known fitness. The President, so far as appears, left the selection to the Commission, which is therefore really responsible for it. The Commission certainly will not doubt the disposition of every Reform Association and every individual reformer in the country to co-operate with it in the most friendly manner. But as the National League did not hesitate to criticise and censure certain acts of the President which it thought prejudicial to the cause, every friend of reform must frankly criticise and condemn whatever appears to be similar injury to the cause upon the part of the Commission.

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OUR LOST STREETS.

A CITY without streets is only a little less absurd than a city without houses. Yet New York is in a fair way to be deprived of her streets, so far as their usefulness for the original purposes of streets is concerned. The surface and the elevated railroads, the telegraph, the steam-heating, and the electric-lighting companies, and the men who never cease to dig up the pavements on the pretense of laying gas, water, and sewer pipes, have done their best to make our streets not only useless, but dangerous. If we do not fall into sewer excavations, we are liable to be blown up by exploding steam-pipes, crushed by the fall of telegraph posts, or cut to pieces by railway cars; and traffic is interrupted by the sappers and miners who are constantly digging pitfalls for horses and vehicles.

Not content with having taken most of our avenues and important cross-streets from us, the insatiate marauders are now trying to dig up Broadway, apparently with the view of carting it away to Harlem flats or elsewhere. The promoters of the Arcade railroad scheme propose first to convert Broadway into a deep trench, and then to cover it with a roof at the level of the present pavement, to be used by vehicles and pedestrians, as the pavement is now used. Thus we shall have a surface Broadway and a subterranean Broadway—the latter to be used by railways, and to contain gas, water, and sewer pipes, as well as electric wires and steam-pipes. Could the work be done in a single night it might be regarded as a benefit to the city, but as it will take months and probably years to blast a vast trench out of the solid rock and to cover it in accordance with the Arcade plan, of what possible use will Broadway be either to shop-keepers or to the general public while the work is in progress? It is true that the promoters of the Arcade scheme profess to have invented a plan by which the work of excavating and covering Broadway can be done without the slightest interruption to traffic. Perhaps they are sincere; but hitherto no method of digging the earth from underneath the feet of horses and of men without attracting their attention and putting them to more or less inconvenience has been devised.

If our streets are to be entirely taken away from us, we might as well accept our fate and try to provide ourselves with some tolerable substitute for streets. We might, for example, cut passages through the centre of each block for the use of pedestrians only. On these passages the shops and the front doors of dwelling-houses and public buildings could be placed, while the present so-called streets could be wholly given up to the corporate brigands. Or we might take a hint from the elevated railroad companies and provide ourselves with aerial streets, laid out on the roofs of houses, and provided with bridges between every two adjacent blocks. Surely our condition is a pitiable one. New York is popularly supposed to possess some measure of self-government and some of the privileges of freedom; but the people of the cities of monarchical Europe and despotic Asia have one great advantage over us—their streets have never yet been taken from them either by legal trickery or by bold and reckless robbery.

ANOTHER WISE APPOINTMENT.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND was warmly and generally commended last week, except by mere politicians, for the appointment of the Deputy Superintendent of Insurance to succeed the late Superintendent. President ARTHUR has shown the same loyalty to sound principles in appointing Mr. ANDREW MASON, an accomplished expert in the Assay Office at New York, to succeed Mr. VAN WYCK, the late Superintendent. Mr. MASON is not an active politician, and is conceded to be peculiarly fitted for the position.

The universal satisfaction with which such appointments are received shows how deep and strong is the public feeling that places in the civil service should be filled by those who are proved to be competent, and not by the mere parasites of politicians. The reasons for such appointments as those of Mr. MCCALL and Mr. MASON are equally applicable to selections for other positions which require either special knowledge or only intelligence, business habits, diligence, and integrity. The latter qualities can never be assumed to exist in persons who are appointed as a reward of political activity of a very questionable kind.

Promotions, indeed, should depend very largely upon meritorious service. The object of formal examinations and probations is to ascertain a fitness which actual service demonstrates, and when admission to the service is regulated so as to baffle personal influence and intrigue, promotions should be determined chiefly by actual conduct. This is the view held by the Reform Associations, and it is that which the President and the Governor in the two signal instances mentioned have put into practice.

AUSTIN DOBSON'S "FIELDING."

THE charming lecture upon FIELDING which THACKERAY —whom Mr. DOBSON calls FIELDING'S "literary descendant" —delivered thirty years ago revived that interest in the great novelist which has never since flagged. There is very much in sympathy between the two men and writers. Of both the word manly, in its richest and fullest sense, is most descriptive, and the younger author's tribute to the older is one of the heartiest and most touching in literature.

Those who are familiar with the verse and prose of AUSTIN DOBSON will feel at once his fitness to be the biographer of FIELDING, and in the latest issue of the "English Men of Letters," which the HARPERS have just published, he has told the simple story with a fine appreciation and gentleness of tone which are very delightful. He enters into no elaborate criticism; but there is no more copious account of all FIELDING'S works, with a shrewd and sympathetic commentary, and a general estimate of his powers which is no more generous than just.

SCOTT called him the father of the English novel, and he still remains one of the sturdiest and strongest figures in English literary history. The undoubted fact that the clear mirror which he held up to nature reveals much that modern taste and manners do not tolerate does not affect the honest purpose of his work, nor the comprehensive, sweet, and kindly humanity of his genius. At its best—and by his best must every man be judged—it was a healthy and corrective power, in its joyous range like that of CHAUCER, and in its insight even Shakespearean. Mr. DOBSON has made an exceedingly interesting addition to this notable series, which is the most valuable collection of complete and satisfactory literary biographies. In no other way so briefly, concisely, and adequately as in this series can the literary history of England be studied. Each neat and convenient volume contains the life of a conspicuous author, based upon all the biographies and all modern information and annotation. The collection is a very valuable and most delightful household literary library.

A WISE WOMAN.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Tribune* reports a conversation with a very sensible woman in the government service, and some of her observations have a general application. The "practical woman," as the correspondent well describes her, says that she anticipates from the reformed system the appointment and advancement of capable women in the service, and the prevention of the appointment of incompetent women by mere influence. This kind of appointment has long been one of the scandals of the public service. The odium of the inefficiency of such women, as this shrewd observer truly says, falls upon all women in the service, "for men judge themselves as individuals, and women as a class." That is a very significant remark. If a man is a useless clerk, intemperate, or idle, or ignorant, he is as much a nuisance and loss in the office as a woman of the same kind. But, says our critic, "you never hear the remark, 'It is a great mistake to appoint men to these places.'" Yet why not generalize in the one case as in the other? If an incompetent woman proves that women should not be employed in an office, why does not an incompetent man prove that men should not be employed?

The same wise observer, who has been eighteen years in the service, thinks that it is an unfair discrimination against women to assume their inability to fill any but the lowest places, and to grant them peculiar privileges. The head of a bureau permits women to do as they please, and then grumbles that they are less efficient clerks than men. She anticipates fair play for women under the new rules, and she says, undoubtedly with truth, that there are no better clerks in the Treasury Department to-day than women who were appointed and promoted under the original rules in 1872–3.

BRYANT'S POEMS.

WITH Mr. GODWIN'S *Life of Bryant*, of which we recently spoke, was issued by the APPLETONS the final and complete collection of BRYANT'S poetry, in two beautiful volumes uniform with the *Life*, and the series will be completed by two more volumes, one of orations and addresses, and one of sketches of travel. The volumes now published are exceedingly handsome books, the solid unglazed paper, broad page, and black, legible type giving a dignity of aspect befitting the grave and vigorous verse. This will of course remain the permanent library edition of BRYANT'S poems, including some thirty or more which were never before published. The simplicity of his verse, its total freedom from mere literary artifice or fashion, its truthfully pictorial Americanism, and its natural feeling of nature, will give it a permanent place in literature. It is always cool, observant, reflective, sometimes deepening into solemn feeling, but never kindling into passion or ecstasy. But this sobriety of tone is in itself a charm.

Mr. GODWIN'S duties as editor are admirably done. He has wisely given the date of every poem, and the place in which it was written, and he has supplied whatever notes were necessary. We have already spoken of the delightful and delicate biography, and we have to add only that in his biographer and editor Mr. BRYANT is singularly fortunate.

PERSONAL.

Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER has been so successful in securing orders for portraits that it is said he will return to England with fifty thousand dollars of American money in his pockets.

—That enterprising class of operators, the boot-blacks, are cutting rates. One of them greeted a pedestrian the other day with the cry, "Shine, sir?—three cents." Five years ago the offer to do the business for five cents was considered especially condescending.

—Amateur stock-raising is sometimes profitable. Three gentlemen in a New Jersey suburb ten months ago paid one thousand dollars for a bull-calf six weeks old. He was a nice little beast, sired by Duke of Darlington, whose dam, Erotus, won the distinction of making 778 pounds of butter in eleven months and six days in 1879–80; and he had solid color, a fine yellow skin, a first-class escutcheon, and full black points—black tongue, black muzzle, and black switch. To-day the handsome and spirited brute is worth four thousand dollars, to say nothing of the pleasure his owners have had in watching his rise and progress.

—"If you want to see something picturesque," said a painter to a friend the other day, "come to my studio, and look at an aged darky dressed in a pair of old blue army trousers with a patch of red flannel on the seat. The color scheme is superb."

—"Were I an artist," remarked a man of letters to a painter, "I should never read a line of criticism on my pictures, and should pitch anybody out of my studio who repeated anything of the kind he had seen. I should ask some of my most capable professional friends for their candid criticism when I was finishing a painting, and then should follow out my own bent. The brutality and contradictions of most of the current printed art criticisms irritate and discourage artists without helping them."

—A Western newspaper, discussing the drama of *Romeo and Juliet*, observes, very judiciously, that though "Juliet is much exalted by the critics as a display of young love, she is not commendable as an example to girls' seminaries."

—Mr. JAMES COTTER MORRISON has been reading a paper before the Browning Society, of London, on "Browning's Poems on God and Immortality as bearing on Life Here." Though BROWNING has been called a preacher, he is, says Mr. MORRISON, a singer more than a preacher or teacher. The God of BROWNING'S poetry may be regarded as, on the whole, of a very lofty type. This poet exalts God infinitely above the best and noblest of men; whereas, in popular speech, God is too often degraded below them. And as for the doctrine of immortality, this is what we find: there needs another life to remedy and atone for the evils and miseries of this. If there be not another, this deserves to be hurled back with scorn as "a poor cheat, a wretched failure."

—The Astor Library, under Mr. LITTLE'S superintendency, is running very smoothly. Courtesy and competency characterize the assistants who fill orders for books, while the alcoves reserved for scholars in pursuit of special information are as quiet and inviting as the contents of their well-stocked shelves. During the last four years no damage has been done to a book by an alcove reader, and no book has disappeared.

—Whatever may be said of CARLYLE'S treatment of his wife, the philosopher was affectionate enough toward RALPH WALDO EMERSON. "It is indubitable," he wrote to the latter, "I love you very well, and have long done and mean to do. Deep as is my dissent from your Gymnosophist view of heaven and earth, I find an agreement that swallows up all conceivable dissents. In the whole world I hardly get, to my spoken human word, any other word of response which is authentically human."

—In the diary of RICHARD COCKS, an English merchant in Japan in the year 1615, we read how that country impressed a son of Britain two hundred and fifty years ago, especially how the pagodas (which he calls "pagods") took his fancy. He "found howses scattared heare and there in pleasant valles betwixt divers mountains wherin are divers pagods very sumptuouse," and he "did never see such pleasant walkes among pyne and spruce trees as there are about these pagods."

—Referring to Mr. H. M. STANLEY'S peaceful occupation, by permission and purchase, of a tract of African soil, a correspondent notes that one of the ideas most firmly fixed in the African brain —the brain of the settled Africans of the interior of the continent, who are not savages—is the non-alienability of the soil. Africans freely allow the stranger to locate among them, to work land, and to build as he pleases. But they hold the grant to be a personal concession, and when the grantee dies his successor is expected to pay successive duties—in other words, to repurchase.

—A Frenchman has written a book describing the various proposals of marriage made to Queen ELIZABETH, and the environment of them. He quotes from a French ambassador of her day who wrote: "The said lady [ELIZABETH] thinks it expedient always to have some one on the hook. She is convinced that all the princes of Christendom who are in a position to marry are aspiring for her hand, and that the slightest suggestion is enough to bring them incontinently to her feet."

—Mr. W. H. GIBSON'S *Highways and Byeways: or, Sauntерings in New England*, published by the HARPERS, is reviewed *con amore* by the *Athenæum*: "The letterpress of this handsomely printed volume shows an uncomfortable degree of willful liveliness, much intelligence, and keen observation of nature in landscape and animal life. Every one who has admired—and very few have failed in that respect—the so-called new 'American' mode of engraving on wood, which is practically mezzotinting, should possess himself of the book, for the sake of the soft and delicate cuts which enrich its pages with the charm of finish, breadth, and beautiful draughtsmanship.....The book is a superb example of its kind, a treasury of modern labor, skill, and graceful taste, far superior to its forerunner, *Pastoral Days*, by the same author and publishers."

—It rained hard at Urbino on the 28th of March, the fourth centenary of RAPHAEL, and the artists who had assembled from Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, and the principal Italian cities to honor the memory of their great predecessor were compelled to defer until the next day their visit to his house. In the Ducal Palace a great crowd assembled, and listened to speeches. Upon some modern painters—MEISSONIER, ZAMACOIS, FORTUNY, and their followers, for example—RAPHAEL'S influence is or was almost nothing.

—The story of the sufferings undergone at Warsaw by Mr. SEYMOUR'S daughter and the other girls who accompanied her will, says an English journalist, cause young women to be very cautious in accepting proposals for theatrical engagements on the Continent. There was here no conspiracy to intrap young girls for wrongful purposes. The London agent of the Berlin manager appears to have been a respectable man, anxious to do his best both for engager and engaged. Melancholy experience testifies that where such proposals prove to be of a totally different character from that which they were represented, it is very difficult for a girl, when once she has left her native country, to extricate herself from the web which has been woven around her.

—M. PICARD, who bought the ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries for $6400, is not likely to make anything out of the contract. He has been digging up and removing the débris ever since the 1st of January, and must finish the job by the 1st of August. It is not yet decided what shall be done with the site of the old palace.

—"With all his merit and distinction as a novelist, Mr. HOWELLS generally presents us," remarks a London reviewer, "with heroes and heroines whom we detest:

> "'Each casual stone on which she trod
> Did not appear a pearl—
> Nay, it is not a little odd
> How I dislike that girl.'"

—A late reviewer suggests that the familiar nursery story of Old Mother Hubbard and her dog is derived from the legend of St. Hubert, the patron saint of dogs. The derivation commonly accepted for the surname Hubbard is that it is from Hubert. The title "Mother" may have been given in a contemptuous sense, just as we style a certain kind of man an "old woman." Mother Hubbard is a good old soul, but in all her canine anxieties and efforts quite futile. Her dog is none the better for her patronage. And so possibly in her person the saint himself may be derided, the current version of "Old Mother Hubbard" being a sort of parody of the old saint legend, composed when the belief in the saints and their powers was dying out.

—King HUMBERT of Italy, who is troubled by shyness, said once to a friend: "To me one of the most terrible things in the world is to have to meet strangers; and just see, my lot in life compels me to do so constantly!"

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, while trying to set one of his critics straight, lays down the following doctrine: "Though it is impossible for correction to overtake error on all the roads it takes, it may overtake it on a few of its roads, and it seems in some cases needful to point out the error, lest silence should be construed into assent. Especially it seems needful when the error is a grave one, and repetition of it seriously mischievous."

—"The intelligent foreigner," observes the *Saturday Review*, "has two types of British female around which he permits his consciousness to play freely. One is that of the 'blonde mees.' She has 'a lovely hide,' as Mr. DU MAURIER'S German lady says—'a lovely hide,' an exquisite complexion. She is blonde and passionate, but she is shy and difficult of access. Secretly she pines for Alphonse, but when introduced to him, she shrinks from his conquering glances. Her conversation consists of the words, 'Oh yes.' The other foreign conception of an Englishwoman is neatly summed up by the remark of a detective in one of M. XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN'S charming romances: 'She is red-haired, has a jowl, long teeth, and enormous feet—she must be an Englishwoman.' The long projecting teeth and the wispy ringlets of the British fair are known to us in all French caricatures. Some of our countrywomen have, let us admit, very long teeth. The possession of this charm somehow goes with advanced liberal opinions and ideas about deceased wife's sister and female suffrage."

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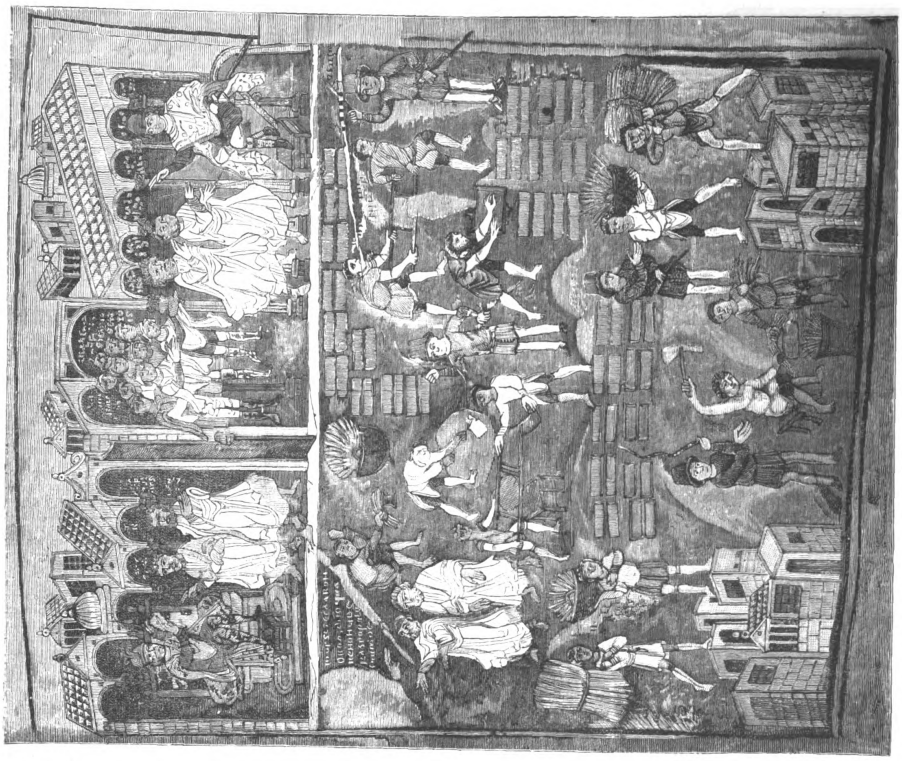

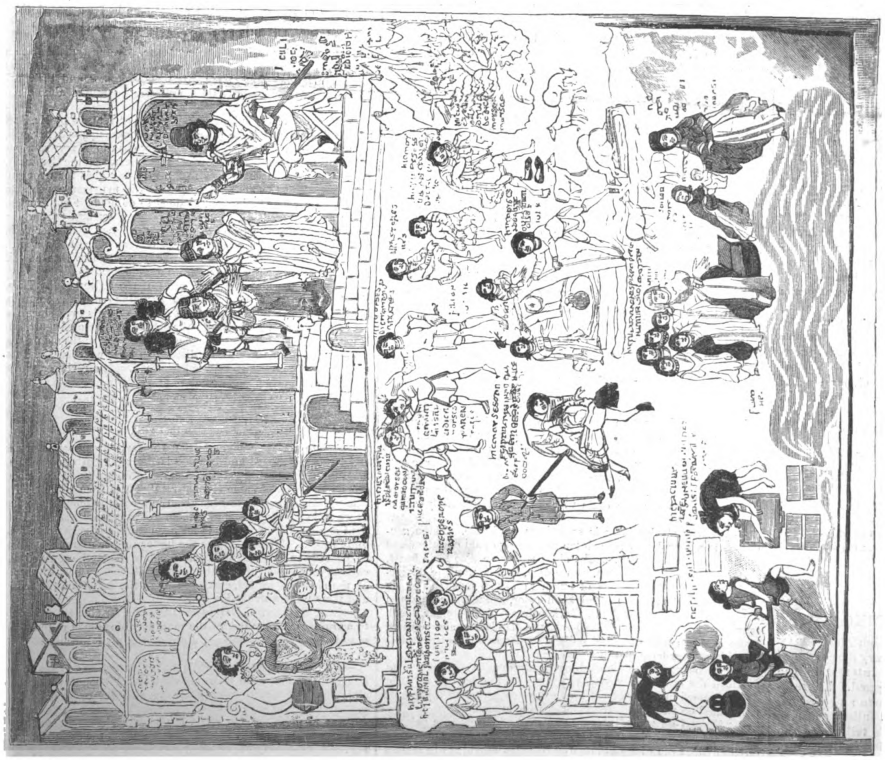

PICTURES FROM THE ASHBURNHAM MS. PENTATEUCH.

THE ASHBURNHAM PENTATEUCH.

AMONG the MSS. of the Ashburnham Collection which have been offered to the Trustees of the British Museum, one of the most ancient, and at the same time most curious, is the famous Pentateuch. This volume, which, however, is very imperfect, forms a large quarto, and was executed in Italy in the seventh century. From internal evidence it appears to have been removed, as early as the beginning of the tenth century, into France, where it passed into possession of the cathedral church of Tours, and remained there till quite a recent date. The text is in Latin of St. Jerome's version, and is accompanied by a series of large illustrative paintings, the greater number of which refer to Bible history, as told in the Books of Genesis and Exodus. Executed in Italy, these paintings give most interesting and valuable details of the architecture, the costumes, and the domestic manners and customs of that country at that early period. They may in composition be reproductions of still earlier paintings; but the artist assuredly followed the usual practice of representing his figures and buildings and other details as he saw them in every-day life around him, and only for the more sacred characters, such as Moses and Aaron, is the traditional costume retained. We give two of the pictures.

The first picture carries us through the story of the first three chapters of Exodus. In the upper portion stand the buildings of the royal city, the front being occupied by the palace of Pharaoh, in the interior of which two scenes are depicted. On the left the king, seated in state on a cushioned throne, gives orders to his servants for the oppression of the children of Israel. Above his head a half-defaced inscription, which, like others in the volume, is rendered still more indistinct by having been written twice, explains that "Hic Farao rex dicit servis suis, Oprimantur filii Israel operibus ut non multiplicentur" ("Here saith Pharaoh unto his servants, Let the children of Israel be afflicted with tasks, that they multiply not"), or, as our version has it, "Let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply." In front of him his servants, two of whom are black, stand ready to obey his commands: "Hic servi faciunt preceptum regis" ("Here the servants do the king's bidding"). Above them, in the part of the building surmounted by the cupola, is seen the head of the queen, "regina." The group on the right represents the scene between Pharaoh and the midwives. Here the king wears a tall hat, and is girt with his sword. The remains of the inscription above suffice to show that he is upbraiding Shiphrah and Puah for disobedience in saving the male children of the Israelites; and they are excusing themselves, as explained in the words, "Obstetrices dicunt, Non sumus sicut Egiptie mulieres" ("The midwives say, We are not as the Egyptian women"). Behind them are the servants who have brought them before the king: "Hic servi obstetrices perducunt Faraoni" ("Here the servants bring the midwives to Pharaoh").

Now, taking the lower portion of the picture, we see, on the left, the children of Israel at their tasks. Below, they are making bricks, working the clay, carrying it, and kneading it into the form: "Hic filii Israel opprimuntur operibus et faciunt lateres" ("Here the children of Israel are afflicted with tasks and make bricks"). Above, a group is engaged on a walled city. We are told in our version that "they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses," and, with variations in the names, the inscription here announces how "Hic filii Israel edificant civitatem Lampiton et Ramesses ad preceptum Faraonis" ("Here the children of Israel build the city of Lampiton and Ramesses at the bidding of Pharaoh"). The taskmaster, "Hic superoperarios" ("Here the foreman"), stands by, dressed in a very modern-looking garb, consisting of trousers, frock-coat, and tall hat.

The rest of the picture is composed of scenes from the life of Moses. The finding of the child is represented at the foot. On the bank of the river, "flumine," Nile, stands Pharaoh's daughter with her attendant maidens, and orders the little foundling, just rescued from the ark of rushes, to be cared for: "Hic filia Faraonis precipet nutriri sibi Moysen" ("Here the daughter of Pharaoh ordereth Moses to be nursed for her"). The little sister, "soror Moysis," hands the infant "Moyses" to the mother, "mater Moysis." Above, in the middle of the picture, Moses is seen burying the body of the Egyptian whom he has slain: "Hic Moyses obiit Egyptium in arena quem occidit de calce" ("Here Moses burieth in the sand the Egyptian whom he slew"); and again, above this, the two Israelites are seen fighting and Moses interfering, with inscriptions: "Hic ubi rixant filii Israel, et dicit Moyses, Quare rixatis" ("Here is where children of Israel strive together, and Moses saith, Wherefore do ye strive?"), and "Hic Moyses dicit, Quare rixatis" ("Here saith Moses, Wherefore do ye strive?"). The scene is then transferred to the Land of Midian, where the daughters of Jethro, "filie Jotor," stand at the well, and their sheep are watered by the fugitive: "Hic Moyses adaquat oves Jotor" ("Here Moses watereth the sheep of Jethro"); while above are seated two of their enemies, the shepherds, "pastores." And lastly, on the right, is the burning bush, with the hand of God issuing from it: "Hic vocat eum Dominus de rubo dicens, Moyses, Moyses" ("Here the Lord calleth unto him out of the bush, saying, Moses, Moses"); and in front of it is Moses, who has laid aside his shoes, and is covering his face with his hands: "Hic Moyses abscondet faciem suam" ("Here Moses hideth his face").

The second picture contains fewer subjects. In the upper portion, on the left, Moses and Aaron appear before Pharaoh; on the right, they again stand in the presence, accompanied by the officers of the children of Israel, whose complaint is contained in the inscription above them: "Filii Israel clamant ad Faraonem, Quare sic agis cum servis tuis" ("The children of Israel cry unto Pharaoh, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants?"). Below are the Israelites making bricks, bringing in stubble, the substitute for straw, and directed and beaten by their task-masters. The cities of Pithom and Raamses occupy the two lower corners. On the left, Moses and Aaron appeal to the Almighty, whose presence is indicated by a hand issuing from a cloud: "Moyses et Aaron dicunt Domino, Quare non liberas populum tuum" ("Moses and Aaron say unto the Lord, Wherefore deliverest thou not thy people?").

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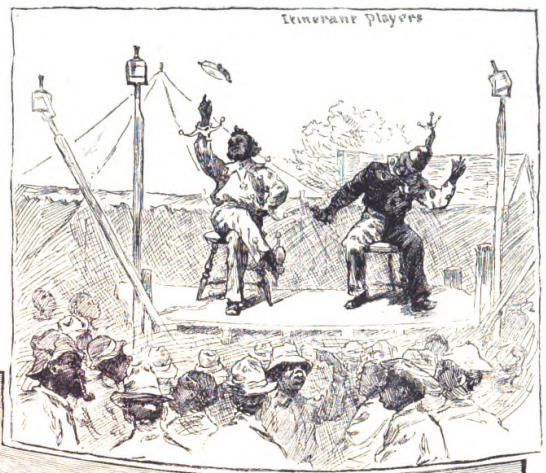
MARKET-DAY IN A SOUTHERN CITY.

In the "Black Belt" of Florida, where the colored voters outnumber the white three to one, and which includes the town of Tallahassee, every Saturday is a market-day and a holiday for the plantation negroes, who flock to town to spend money if they have it, or, if they have none, to sell a little cotton, a little wood, or a little truck, and thus obtain some, which will most certainly be expended before they turn their faces homeward. And the prices that they pay for the few third or fourth rate articles of necessity or luxury that find their way into the homeward-bound wagons! One hundred per cent. of profit is moderate, and satisfies but few of the merchants, who depend for their business almost entirely upon the black and the poor white trade.

But, overreached or not, the Tallahassee negro rarely allows business trifles to interfere with his full and hearty enjoyment of a Saturday market-day. On that day the scene presented in Tallahassee streets is indeed animated and full of interest. From early morning until high noon the darkies pour into the town over its several avenues of approach—the Augustine road, the Miccosukee road, the Meridian road, the Wakulla road, the Thomasville road, and several other roads, whose names denote their termini. Some walk, but the majority ride on horseback, mule-back, and even ox-back, and in wheeled vehicles which for novelty and ingenuity of construction would shame the cart of a Yankee peddler. Relics of the faded glory of the past in the shape of ancient buggies or chaises only held together by innumerable bits of rope, with frayed ends giving a peculiarly rag-tag look to the structure, and drawn by wheezing, spavined animals whose ears proclaimed them to be mules, mingle with evidences of the rude poverty of the present, represented by carts with bodies and shafts roughly hewn from virgin timber and mounted on wheels which as often as not are mismated. Most of these are drawn by single oxen, attached to the shafts by crude rope harness, and sometimes even by cows. Where beasts of burden and draught are in such demand that seems strange that the hogs—great, strapping fellows, tough, lean, and wiry, that roam the streets at will—should escape, and I have no doubt that it is only because they present no available points to "hitch to."

Amid the motley throngs flocking to the town the old slaves are distinguished by the respectful manner with which they touch their hats to the white men whom they meet, while those of the present generation pass by with an independence of carriage that almost amounts to rudeness. Among the lines of vehicles may be seen every now and then a fairly good pair of mules attached to a substantial wagon laden with the family of some comparatively well-to-do negro farmer. The young women, buxom, smiling, brave in gaudy finery, and often beguiling the tedium of the way with the music of a harmonica, or mouth-organ, which is most popular with the negroes, occupy hide-bottomed chairs, and exchange good-natured banter with the occupants of other carts. Over the sides of the wagon peer the comical faces of the piccaninnies, and on bunches of corn-stalk fodder in the corners sit the old aunties smoking pipes and wearing gay bandana turbans.

When the main street of the city is reached the wagon and team are left, generally at the side of the street, but very often in its middle, to take care of themselves, and the family scatters, the men going to the cotton market or the bar-rooms, and the women and children to the stores. Here they handle and price every article within reach, and cause much vexation of spirit to the white clerks who are forced to wait upon them and answer their innumerable questions. Meantime the throngs in the streets increase until the sidewalks and stores are packed with a mass of black humanity, independent, conscious of their own importance, noisy, good-natured, argumentative, but rarely aggressive or quarrelsome, and forming by their numbers such a formidable barrier to progress that the few whites whose business calls them into the town generally prefer to walk in the middle of the street rather than force a passage through the dense throng on the sidewalks.



THE MARKET-PLACE.

Disappointments of this kind are, however, quickly forgotten amid the various attractions and divertisements of the street. Most of these are so simple that one is astonished that they can attract the attention of even a plantation negro. A group of grown men and women will gather about a child with a jumping-jack, and laugh immoderately at the movements of the toy as long as the child continues to pull the animating string; then it is passed from one to another, and regarded as a most cunning device and triumph of mechanical skill. The vender of a patent medicine drives his gaudily decorated wagon through the streets, and stopping at a corner sings a negro melody. Before he has gathered a crowd many [illegible] refrain, and an audience [illegible]

ed, not only by the would-be purchaser, but by a group of interested friends, who tender much advice and indulge freely in comment. When finally bought, the article is unwrapped a dozen times to be shown to as many friends on the street, and each of these passes judgment upon its texture, price, and other qualities, until, reduced to a state of despair, nine times out of ten, the purchaser returns to the store and makes a vain effort to have it exchanged for something else.

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ground. Everybody eats; but where and how they eat are matters of little consequence so long as the simple fact remains. They climb into carts, sit on the edge of sidewalks, gather under the shade trees, or loaf at the corners of buildings—standing, sitting, squatting, or lying down—but all eating what they have brought from home with them, or what they have procured from the restaurants established for their especial benefit. These restaurants are comical affairs, most of them being the rudest of tables, built of slabs or packing boxes under live-oak shade trees. Near by burn the fires over which fish is fried and coffee boiled, and the guests eat or drink while standing or wandering about in the immediate vicinity. Occasionally one more pretentious than the rest is opened in a rude shanty, built of such waste material as has been gathered from the wreck of old houses, or refuse lumber picked up about the streets.

The most elegant colored restaurant of Tallahassee is that of PAUL SCOTT. It stands in the middle of an unoccupied square, and is built of great sheets of tin that once covered the roof of a neighboring hotel, but were blown off during a recent hurricane. The structure is about ten feet high, thirty long, and fifteen wide. The windows are holes punched in the tin, and above the whole affair is a board, supported by two upright pieces of scantling, on which is painted in rude letters: "PAUL Scott His Eating House. Meals at all ours. Fish, Coffee." In the eyes of PAUL SCOTT and his colored patrons fish and coffee occupy the same prominent position upon the bill of fare that ice-cream and oysters assume in more pretentious establishments. To these inland negroes fish is one of the luxuries that can only be obtained by coming to town, where it is received daily from St. Mark's, twenty miles away, on the Gulf.

After dinner, trade and sight-seeing are resumed with a notable increase of noise, and much hilarity in the exchange of the compliments of the season. Order is, however, well maintained by the police, who, as is the case in many other Southern cities, are colored, and severely strict in their dealings with offenders of their own hue. In Tallahassee not only are the police colored, but the City Council is largely composed of negroes, and the Postmaster is black, as are also the Street Commissioner and the incumbents of all the minor municipal offices.

Half a mile outside of Tallahassee, where a running stream is spanned by a rude bridge, on one of the principal roads leading in from the country, the picturesque groupings of form and color to be seen on a market-day are the delight of artistic eyes. It is here that the female field hands stop on their way to town to complete their toilets. Strapping wenches who have guided a plough or hoed cotton all the week, barefooted and bare-legged, with their dresses gathered about their waists by an encircling cord until the hems reach only to their shapely ankles, and who have tramped to town over miles of the red-clay roads in the same guise, find here a place to rest, restore their dresses to their proper length, and don the shoes that they have thus far carefully carried. The old aunties stop here to replace soiled turbans with others fresh, clean, and vivid in coloring. The younger girls, straight and lithe, bearing upon their heads baskets of eggs or other articles with the grace and skill of Eastern water-carriers, set down their burdens, and often, with the clear water as a mirror, pin to their dress bright bits of ribbon, or display various trifling ornaments and trinkets reserved for festive occasions.

Although the negro, his mule, and his old master are gradually fading away together from this warm, indolent Tallahassee country, and with a change of people there is also coming a change of custom, the Saturday market-day will long remain a feature in the life of what must always be a distinctly agricultural community.

Before many years, however, much of its present picturesqueness will have vanished. The tide of improvement is setting steadily in this direction, and will sweep away the quaint restaurant shanties, the rickety rope-bound carts, the sleepy mules, and, above all, the lazy, almost worthless, but light-hearted negro, perfectly happy while sitting in the sun and twanging a Jew's-harp, and regarding with profound respect a market-day or any other holiday that furnishes him with a valid excuse for idleness. KIRK MUNROE.

A HOUSE-HUNTER'S REPRIEVE.

"YES," said mamma, "you'd better tell the doctor, Betty, that we have concluded not to take his house for another year. It is a great blow to me, Betty. My pecuniary arrangements with the doctor have been very advantageous, and strict economy in domestic matters is highly important with us just now. The little money we had when your papa died is sadly diminished: Fred's education has cost so much, and it is so expensive to dress and educate Blanche suitably to her style and beauty. I had hoped—I was almost certain—"

Here mamma began to cry. I felt very sorry for her. She suffered in her way as much as she made me suffer in mine.

"We'll get another house, mamma," I said, hoping to ward off the topic that I knew mamma was dying to talk about; but nothing would do.

"It's not the house I'm dissatisfied with," said my poor mother; "it's Dr. Steele, the owner of it, of whom I have cause to complain."

"I think you have misunderstood the doctor's old-fashioned politeness, mamma. It is always, perhaps, too pointed."

"Altogether too pointed, so far as your sister is concerned," said mamma. "He as much as told me he was in love with her down at the beach last summer. Don't you remember the day he invited us all to go, and was so vexed because you would not leave the house with the new servants that he talked about it all the way down in the train, and appeared to be very sorry that your domestic duties were so engrossing? You must acknowledge, Betty, that he has been very kind to you."

"I do acknowledge it, very gratefully indeed, mamma."

"And then," continued mamma, "he got Fred that situation in the bank. Why, no man could have been more pronounced in his attentions to the family of the young lady he professed to admire, and straws show which way the wind blows; but it would not be so humiliating if he had not come right out and told me that he cared for her. A man has no right—a man in his position—to lead a mother to believe that he is about to propose for her daughter's hand, and then seem to forget all that he has said. I remember his very words, Betty. Your sister had started down to the water's edge, and the doctor sat upon the seat beside me, following her with his eyes and poking his cane into the sand. 'Madam,' said he, speaking very deliberately, as a man does when he has made up his mind, 'I must tell you that I had a motive in asking you and your daughters to share my holiday at the beach. I am very much interested in your daughter.' And here Blanche came strolling back again, looking so lovely that I thought the best thing I could do would be to leave them together. I made an excuse to go back to the hotel, and supposed that when I returned all would be settled, but from that day to this he has never opened the subject again either to Blanche or to me. Your sister is young and thoughtless, and accepts his attentions as she does those of everybody by whom she is admired; but a parent is bound to look at the matter in a more serious light."

"Blanche don't care a fig for him, mamma," I said.

"She would try to care for him if he offered himself," said mamma. "She has owned to me that she might be brought to view the matter in a favorable light."

"Oh, mamma," I said, jumping off my chair in a heat of mortification and impatience, "do let's get out of his house as soon as we can! I'll tell him we're going to move, and go out house-hunting this very day."

"Yes, do, Betty," said my mother; "and watch him when you tell him—see if he is surprised and vexed. And, Betty my child, you have such a plain old-fashioned way, you seem so much older than you really are, and the doctor and you have always been such good friends, he may confide to you—"

"Excuse me, mamma," I said, running to the door. "I'm sure I hear the vegetable man, and I must see about luncheon before I go."

Away I ran down the stairs as fast as I could go, and rapped upon the door of the doctor's study.

He opened the door, and already had his hat in his hand and his overcoat on his arm. He put both of them aside, and with gentle cordiality bade me come over to the open fire.

"For the air is chill, Miss Betty," he said, "though we are getting on toward *April*. I believe—"

"Yes," I said, and rushed immediately into the subject in hand. "I will not detain you, doctor. I must tell you that mamma has concluded to move. I am going out house-hunting to-day."

Mamma ought to have been there, for if ever surprise amounting to consternation was depicted anywhere, it was painted on the doctor's face at that moment.

"House-hunting!" he cried. "What the—the deuce would you do such an *insane* thing as that for? Move! What does your mother want now? Papering? painting? kalsomining? a hanging garden on the roof? a calcium-light in the hall? a steam calliope in the parlor? Tell me what she wants, and if it's possible to accomplish it without the aid of Aladdin's lamp it shall be done."

How could I say that she wanted him to marry my sister Blanche? It made me burn from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet to remember the conversation between mamma and me.

"You are very generous, doctor," I said, "but my mother wants to move. Don't you know that women are changeable sometimes, and get tired of the one place?"

"And the one party?" he rejoined—"the one old fossil who began to hope he might settle down to certain surroundings and be happy? Are you one of those women, Miss Betty? Do you want to leave your landlord?"

I knew that it was nothing but a generous pity for my condition of mind and body that made him look upon me with such sweet compassion. He threw his gloves aside, and took both my hands in his own. That was his unfortunate manner, his all too friendly way, so easily misunderstood, as I tried to persuade my mother. If it had been my beautiful sister instead of my plain little self, it might have been thought that the consummation to mamma's ambition was about to be reached.

"You look already so tired!" he said. "Sit down here in this easy-chair, and tell me what I can do to save you from the awful fate of a house-hunter. Did you ever hear of Mynheer Von Ghlan, who every morning said, 'I am the richest merchant in Rotterdam'? He came to grief, my dear little woman, from too much walking. Haven't you cares enough upon your poor little shoulders? If your mother will move, why don't she go herself upon this hunt that she desires?"

"My mother is never quite well," I said.

"And your sister?" he said.

"That would never do," I replied, quickly; "she is too—" and here I hesitated.

"Too beautiful," he said, with a wry grimace.

"Yes," I exclaimed, resolving to make one little struggle in mamma's behalf. "Don't you think that my sister is beautiful, Dr. Steele?"

"Yes," he said, with all the vehemence that could be required of him; "too beautiful altogether. I wish she was as ugly as a stone fence."

A red flame leaped into his dark cheek. He was certainly agitated by some unwonted emotion. I thought perhaps he loved her, but distrusted his fate because of her beauty and her youth. Who could tell? The moment passed while I hesitated, not knowing just what to say in mamma's behalf. If I only could have gained courage to ask him what was the motive that he spoke of to mamma upon that day at the beach; but how could I? It was impossible. I got upon my feet. He picked up his gloves and followed me out into the hall.

"You must persuade your mother to abandon this idea of moving," he said, gently.

"Oh, please, no!" I exclaimed. "I can not, doctor. We must go."

"I can not force you to stay," he said, coldly; then turned to his man John, who watched his horse outside. "Go get a bill," he said, "and put it upon the house."

"To let?" said John, with curious surprise.

"Yes," said the doctor. "No—for sale. I'll sell everything out," he added, "and go to the de—desert of Sahara." Then he leaped into his buggy and drove away, leaving me to ponder over the wretched frustrations of this miserable world.

Dr. Steele had lived twenty years at least in this dear old house, for he had often said that he came there when a boy of fifteen, and he could not be far from fifty now. He was the only child of a widowed mother who had idolized him. When she had died, two years before, the doctor had put an advertisement in the paper that, I well remember, seemed very attractive to mamma. Our arrangements with him were indeed very satisfactory. He was generous to a fault, simple in his tastes, punctual in his habits. From a boarder he had become a friend, almost a benefactor. Had it not been for the beauty of Blanche, or the ambition of my mother, or the extreme warmth of the doctor's politeness, or perhaps a tenderer sentiment of his that he scarcely dared nourish for so young and beautiful a creature as Blanche—had it not been for one or all of these, we might have lived happily here for years. Now we must go adrift again, Heaven knew where and how. I went out that very afternoon upon my dreary quest, and grew sick at heart when I saw the signal of misery and disintegration hanging at the doorway: "For sale. Inquire within." I read it, and acknowledged to myself then that the deed was done. We were houseless, homeless wanderers again upon the face of the earth. I wished Blanche were not so very beautiful; perhaps it would have been better, as the doctor had said, if she had been as ugly as a stone fence, whatever style of ugliness that might be. For, wherever we went, my mother would begin again plotting, manœuvring, hoping, fearing, despairing. I went to all the agents in the neighborhood. I looked at impossible houses—houses like the doctor's, but with rents that reached to the thousands. I found to my blushing horror that we had absolutely been living partly upon the doctor's bounty—the rent we had paid for his house was ridiculously small. A mere farcical sum, which he must have known long ago. He could not have been unconscious of his reckless generosity, and the advantages we were reaping from it. My cheeks tingled with every new knowledge I gained, but my chief sorrow lay in the fact that we could no longer go on living in the old blissfully ignorant way. The doctor could afford it, seemed rather to enjoy it, and I had no longer that indomitable spirit that chafes under even a suspected obligation. If that spirit had ever existed, it had long ago oozed out of my weary toes, and every aching joint in my body.

But it was useless to mourn over lost happiness. The only thing to do now was to get a house within our means and live in it. I resolved to spare my people all the misery that I could, and let them enjoy their last days at the dear, comfortable, roomy, sunshiny, never-to-be-forgotten house of the doctor's. It was necessary to prepare them a little for the plunge downward they were to take. Mamma was the only one that suffered in the anticipation. Fred was at that happy period of a male existence when the "malious mischief" of a boy begins to merge in the "rackets" of adolescent youth. He was absorbed in the transition—didn't care what kind of a shelter I secured, so long as it would serve the necessity for sufficient sleep to tide him over from day to day.

Blanche was still less interested. She laughed to scorn all my efforts to prepare her pride, and begged of me not to borrow trouble. Once in a while she bade me to remember that she was not an absolute drone in the hive, and had her own schemes for our mutual advancement. I shuddered when the conversation took this turn, for she was more beautiful than ever, and consequently there were more matrimonial rocks ahead.

Poor mamma began to look gray and old, and took double doses of her nervous medicine. Her constant recurrence to that day at the sea-shore made the bleak winds of March seem to be beating about my ears like pitiless waves against a ship in the trough of the sea, and her haggard and anxious surveillance of every movement of the doctor's drove me at last to securing a house. It was a coffin-shaped building that savored of sewer gas a little, and of mould and mildew very much more; the paper was hanging from the walls; the ceilings were cracked and dangerously bulgy; cobwebs fantastically festooned it from the draughty garret to the gloomy kitchens down in the bowels of the earth. It was unhandy, dismal to desolation, on the damp and shady side of the street, and had the uncanny reputation of lately being occupied by a clairvoyant who had never come back from one of his trances. But the agent spoke vaguely of repairs, and it was absolutely the only house in the whole metropolis that seemed available to our family.

There was a final humiliation to suffer—security was demanded for the rent. There was nobody to ask it from but the doctor. I began to think he might be so glad to get rid of us that this would seem a trifling favor. For the doctor after the first shock, had appeared to be resigned to the idea of our separation. His [illegible] yet hung upon his hands; it was neither let nor sold; but the doctor went upon the even tenor of his way, apparently undisturbed by the rise or fall of real estate.

March happened to be going out as a lion on the day that I secured the house. The heavens opened, the rain fell, and beat upon my defenseless head, that had ached and ached for many a day. I had almost lived in the streets for the previous fortnight, and ought to have grown accustomed to my nomadic miseries. But they seemed to culminate in my final success, and when the agent handed me over a document which he said would secure me the house if properly signed, a cold shudder went to the marrow of my bones, and I felt as if it was my death-warrant. I staggered home, resolved to have done with the whole torture that day, and found a moneyed-looking person on the door-step anxious to negotiate with the doctor about his property. This was the last turn to the thumb-screw, but I hastened to the doctor's study and asked him his price.

"A hundred thousand dollars, cash down!" shouted the doctor, without even turning his head.

I thought I had misunderstood him. I was so faint and weary that every voice I heard went humming in my ears like a spent bell.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," I faltered: "what did you say?"

He turned and looked at me, got upon his feet, and reached me just as it seemed to me I could no longer stand. He carried me to an easy-chair, undid my bonnet strings, dropped some liquid in a little glass, and pushing back my head, poured it down my throat.

The bell rang loudly. The party at the door had waited all this time to know the price of the house.

"Tell him I've changed my mind," said the doctor. "Take the bill down, John, and tell Miss Betty's mother to step down here at once."

"Your daughter is very ill," he said, as poor mamma came into the study. "She must be put to bed immediately. I will carry her up the stairs."

My poor mother, who could never restrain herself, burst into a passion of tears and reproaches.

"It is all your fault," she cried to the doctor. "If you had not trifled so with Blanche, and actually told me that day at the beach that you cared for my daughter, and had a motive in inviting us to go there, and then thrown her over in such a humiliating way, things would never have come to this pass."

But the doctor had already picked me up in his arms and started for the stairway, my poor mother stumbling after him.

"I did care for your daughter, madam," said the doctor, in a clear ringing voice that might have been heard upon the house-top, "and will care for her to my dying day, and my motive has always been to make her care for me; but it is your daughter Betty that I love, you blind and foolish woman, and not your beautiful Blanche."

I felt his rough beard graze my chin, his lips touch mine, in the twilight of the upper hall, and then I sank away into paradise. When I came back to the world again I was lying in my mother's bed in the second-story back room of the dear old house of the doctor's. I must have lingered a long time in that queer and shadowy land to which I had drifted on that last wonderful day of my dreary house-hunting. A soft balmy air floated in at the top of the window that looked over the old-fashioned garden; the thick knobby old lilac-tree must have been bursting into bloom, for the faint sweet fragrance reached me where I lay; the tulip bed must have been one blaze of color. My mother sat in a low chair by my bedside with her prayer-book in her hand. But she looked younger by ten years than when I had seen her last. Poor dear woman! she was reconciled to my struggle with life and death, so long as more important matters had been doubtless comfortably settled. But she was overjoyed to find that I was there again. Poor mamma had always depended so upon me, and loved me well in her own way. Now it seemed that she almost loved me in another way too, as she did her beautiful Blanche. Amid her tears and smiles she began to twist some wisps of hair upon my forehead into curls, and arrange the blue bows that decorated my night robe.

"Thank God," she said, "for *all* his mercies! My dear, dear child, compose yourself. Betty, before the doctor comes—he has forbidden any excitement, any confusion—but, my darling, you must know—it is necessary, it is right, that you should know, and perhaps it will do you good; it ought to, I'm sure: it has sustained me through all these weary weeks—Betty, my love, my darling, wonderful as it may seem, it was *you* that the doctor spoke about at the beach, and his motive was perfectly honorable and creditable. I'm sure if I'd only known it all this trouble might have been saved. But it's recognized now by everybody. He openly acknowledged it the day that you fell ill, and I must say he has acted up to it ever since."

"Who are you talking to, mamma?" said a voice at the door. "Has Betty come to?"

And in ran my beautiful sister. She hated tears, but they fell from her magnificent eyes upon my sunken cheeks and wasted hands; they fell in torrents; and although she was always so careful of her clothes, she flung herself by my bedside, rumpling all the pretty breadths of her marvellous spring outfit. She looked like a gem

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in porcelain. She was a hundred times more beautiful than ever. No wonder my mother was so astonished. It seemed a miracle that the doctor had not a motive about Blanche. And my beautiful sister also loved me in her own way. She had determined to save me from what she considered an immolation.

"You mustn't talk, Betty," she said, "and we mustn't talk to you any more than we can possibly help. You've been very ill, dear, and we've been wild about you. The doctor has gone about like a ghost, and we've followed him around like phantoms. I must say I think a great deal of the doctor; he's a very nice, splendid man in a great many ways. But you needn't marry him, Betty, when you get well, unless you want to. I know how queer you are about these things—how you'd hate to marry him if you didn't just worship the ground he walked on; and yet you'd feel badly about the rest of us. And I want to tell you as quick as I can, before he comes in, that you needn't think of anybody but yourself any more. You've worn yourself out for us about long enough. I'm engaged to Fitz-Edward Smythe, and only waiting for you to get well to marry him."

"Oh, Blanche!" I gasped; for the young man was little better than a poodle-dog.

"I'm fond of him, Betty; I am indeed!" she exclaimed; and she really looked as if she meant what she said. "I actually love him. He'll do anything in the world I tell him to do, and we shall have a most elegant time together, because his money is all his own, and I can help him take care of it, and show him how to really enjoy it in a proper way. There will be money enough for us all. You and mamma and Fred are to live with me, and it's all arranged between Fitz-Edward and myself that my family is to be held in the greatest consideration. I'd have been buried alive with your doctor, and any one that marries him will be worse than a door-mat.—Oh, goodness gracious me!"

For the doctor walked softly in, with a big bunch of roses in his hand. Blanche slipped out the door, my mother noiselessly followed her, and I was left alone with my benefactor.

The roses fell out of his hand. He scanned me at first with the eye of a physician. He felt my pulse, my forehead, my hands, my feet; he watched me for fully ten minutes, his face softening the while from the Æsculapian rigidity to an ineffable tenderness.

At last he took a long breath, and seating himself in my mother's chair, he pushed back his hair from his forehead. I could see how gray it had grown. I could see the lines in his face. I held out both my hands to him.

"You would have been very sorry," I whispered, "if I had not come back to you?"

The strong hands trembled that closed about my own. He put his head down upon the pillow beside me. "Betty," he said, "I think I should have gone and got some dynamite and blown the whole property and its owner into fragments."

His eyes still devoured my face. I sighed uneasily, and pulled the blue bow off my night robe and began to smooth back the hair that my foolish mother had tried to curl.

"I wish I had ever been the least bit in the world pretty," I said.

The doctor picked up one of his roses that lay scattered about the counterpane, and putting it upon my breast, he said, in his old tender way,

"'Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.'"

MRS. FRANK MCCARTHY.

THE CINCINNATI DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.

BEING the first dramatic festival ever instituted on so large a scale in this country, the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival, which began on the 30th of April, is directing to the Queen City of the West the eyes of every other city of the United States. Not the cities only, but the towns and villages, are interested in its progress, of each step of which the Associated Press dispatches keep them well informed, while the rosy dawn of a general dramatic revival that seems about to visit this country lends to the enterprise its smile. Comparatively few persons are aware of the costliness and beauty of the opera-houses or theatres recently erected in many towns that make no pretensions to the honor of being metropolises—towns, for example, like Northampton, Massachusetts, long famous for its natural charms—and amateur entertainments similar to those organized in New York by the ladies of the Bartholdi Dramatic Committee are sure to be successful. Ever since the early days of *Pinafore*, when church choirs transformed themselves into private or public theatrical companies to act Mr. GILBERT'S play and sing Mr. SULLIVAN'S music, recalling the tunes of the sixteenth century, when the choristers of St. Paul's, in robes of silk and satin, appeared in secular dramas in Queen ELIZABETH'S chapel and in various royal houses, with such intelligence as to become one of the most popular troupes of actors in London, the signs of this approaching dramatic era have been obvious enough, and the Cincinnati Festival will doubtless accelerate its coming as much as it has gained an impetus from it in advance.

For, the spirit with which our Ohioan brothers are laying the foundations of this artistic enterprise is resolute and pervasive. Everybody who has a hand in it, no matter how humble, is transfigured by his environment. Even the man employed to provide the calcium lights is called by the local newspapers an "artist"; and "as a preliminary to the display to be inaugurated the coming week," an old Cincinnati actor is announced to deliver in the Grand Opera-house a lecture on "The Drama, and its Influence." Nor is this the only preliminary. A Cincinnati publishing house has issued a cheap popular edition of the six plays to be acted, with critical introductions, marginal notes, and glossaries to each play, the whole edited with judicious intelligence; and a leading Cincinnati newspaper is printing a series of "Shakspeare Studies," in which those dramas of the mighty playwright that are to be put on the Festival stage receive learned and thoughtful attention. One of the latest of these disquisitions is an elaborate defense of the personal character of Hamlet's mother from the attacks made by "the fury of her ill-conditioned son." Even the shoe-dealers share the enthusiasm. One of them, in anticipation of the arrival of certain celebrated actresses, advertises an "elegant stock of ladies' slippers; the names of the latest novelties are Mlle. Rhéa, Clara Morris, Mary Anderson."

These things are significant. The noblest triumphs of dramatic genius in Athens, when the citizens, high and low, crowded to witness the dramas of EURIPIDES and SOPHOCLES, were always popular festivals; and it was at the popular festivals that followed the advent of peace and liberty in the days of good Queen BESS that the revival of the drama in England began. The very nature and impulse of the drama is to make its appeal to the people—to the people collectively, to all classes together; to widen the horizon of their thoughts and feelings; to awaken in them emotions which the hum-drum round of daily existence does not stir, and thus to give them pleasure which otherwise they could not experience. Consequently the people have always liked the drama, and it was this natural affection that the clever clergy of the Middle Ages took advantage of in establishing those dramatic representations of the life of CHRIST which were known as Mysteries; and this natural affection it is that the Catholic Church still takes solicitous cognizance of in the pomp and pageantry of the celebrations at her altars. The severity of the Puritan spirit naturally was directed toward the drama, as toward every other representative of the fine arts, inside of the church edifice and outside of it—toward painting, toward sculpture, toward music, toward architecture, toward poetry—and the drama, in childish spite, tried to shock the Puritan spirit by becoming as licentious as the licentious courts of JAMES and the two CHARLESES would permit. But JOHN MILTON, sturdy Puritan though he was, went to the theatre when the plays suited him; and MARTIN LUTHER, sturdy reformer though he was, encouraged his friend the Elector MAURICE to establish an opera. Our Cincinnati brothers seem to believe that since man has a natural affection for dramatic representations, the part of wisdom is to guide that instinct in a wise direction. Accordingly, they have made a beginning by organizing a grand Shakspearean revival. Next year doubtless they will continue their undertaking by treating us to something modern, but not less sterling.

G. W. SHELDON.

THE DEATH OF MR. PARK.

THE career of Mr. JAMES PARK, Jun., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which closed so peacefully on the 21st of April, at the end of sixty-three years, is one of which his native city may well be proud. The pioneer of steel manufacture in the United States, he lived to see his infant industry grow to stalwart maturity, battling its way to recognition in the markets of the world. In the establishment and conduct of his business Mr. PARK performed much hard work. The greatest care was exercised in making new experiments or improvements, and it was his custom to always go through new boilers, about to be put up, with a candle, and thoroughly inspect them before he would allow fire to be put under them. It was some time before the firm recovered from their early struggles, and when, at the end of their first profitable year, the book-keeper brought in a balance sheet showing they had made some fifteen thousand dollars, there were great hopes for the future.

To-day the Black Diamond Steel-Works have the largest capacity for crucible steel in the world, two of the largest open-hearth furnaces, and the largest steam-hammer in the United States, while their business is conducted through five branch houses and more than a dozen outside agencies.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

THE THERMOMETER AS A HEALTH-MEASURER.

IN a last year's number of a popular health journal may be found an article on "Mining in Hot Places," the Comstock Mine in Nevada being meant. In this article, which was quoted from a Western journal, I came across the following statement: "The temperature of the blood is about 98° F.; therefore, when a man remains in a hot place for an hour, or even half an hour, his blood and his whole body become heated to a temperature of 115°, 120°, or whatever may be the temperature of the place in which he is at work."

This statement is given without a word of comment by the editor of the popular journal in question, who writes A.M. and M.D. after his name. Let us hope that his readers, and also my own, are acquainted with a fact in physiology of which the learned health journal editor has perhaps never heard—the fact, namely, that the healthy human body preserves nearly the same temperature everywhere and under all circumstances, whether in the hottest mine or upon the coldest arctic iceberg, and that a slight departure from that standard heat, whether produced by exposure or by disease, means the speedy death of the sufferer.

What is this standard heat of the human body? what is the source and degree of this natural animal heat? Its source is the oxidation or burning of the food taken into the system. The food is consumed as in a fire, only far more slowly, but with about an equal disengagement of heat as the result. Throw a sugared almond into the fire: it will burn longer probably than you would think, some two or three minutes, throwing out a considerable volume of flame. In the human body the sugar, starch, and oil of the almond will give out about the same amount of heat during the process of assimilation, which may last many hours. Part of this heat is converted into force, part is radiated. The total amount of heat radiated by a healthy human body is estimated as equal, on the average, to that of two burning candles. Ten persons sitting in a room, that is to say, would warm it as much as twenty candles in the same time.

The degree of this heat, as indicated by the temperature of the blood, varies with different animals and classes of animals, but for each kind and individual it remains very nearly the same. Birds are the warmest-blooded; their animal heat ranges from 106° to 111° F. The temperature of mammals lies between equally narrow limits; that of the porpoise is 97°, of the horse 99°, and of the ass and the hare 100°. On this point the cat and the rat are in complete accord, having each a vital temperature of 102°. The sheep, the goat, and the sea-cow have the warmest blood of all the mammals, its heat reaching 104°. But how small is this range, especially in view of the immense difference in the natures, habits, and surroundings of the different animals I have named!

The temperature of the human body has been studied with great care. Its average height was first determined by the researches of Dr. Brechet. In health, as measured by an accurate thermometer placed in the armpit, it is 98.6° F., or 37° C. The actual heat of the blood is about 1° F. higher than this. The differences between the temperatures of different individuals are extremely small, 1° or 2° F. The spontaneous variations in the temperature of the same individual during health are also slight, seldom as much as one degree in the course of a day. Two or three degrees is the utmost range for health. Any range lower than 97.2° or higher than 99.5° (in the axilla) is very suspicious; more than this means disease; a little more means danger; still a little more derangement of the natural heat means death. In the large hospital practice of Dr. Wünderlich the lowest temperature among severe cases which yet recovered was 92.3°. At the other extreme, there is no record of a life which has survived a blood temperature of 113°. So delicate is the adjustment of the flame that we call life!

It is by the clinical thermometer that we study the movement of these temperatures from the normal standard of health upward or downward to disease. The instrument forewarns us of the danger and describes it; a barometer of health, it is one that is so easily used, and in its simpler indications so easily understood, that it should be familiar in every family. Far more clearly than the barometer foretells the weather does the clinical thermometer warn us of the approach or foretell the close of the storm of disease in the microcosm of the human system.

The instrument as made by the best makers, as by John Tagliabue, of New York, is graduated by tenths of a degree from 95° to 110° F.—an extremer range of figures, I hope, than any of my readers will ever be called on to note at the bedside of a loved one. And what are the indications, for better or for worse, of the *hygeimeter*, or health-indicator, as the clinical thermometer might properly be called?

1. The standard of health being a temperature of 98.6° F., a *constant* temperature, or one that varies in health not more than one-quarter of a degree either way from this *norm* in the same individual, is a proof of a sound constitution.

2. And conversely, "mobility of temperature under the action of external influences is a sign of some diseased condition" (Wünderlich).

3. A natural temperature does not prove health, though it is a presumption of health. But as I have said, any variation from the normal temperature that exceeds two degrees, either upward or downward, is to be taken as almost certainly meaning disease; while temperatures above 108° or below 92° F. are, with very few exceptions, fatal.

4. Each and every disease that is well marked in its course and symptoms—that is, *typical*, in scientific phrase—produces in each of its stages its own effects upon the temperature of the blood, and gives, therefore, numbers that may be figured in curves which are characteristic of the particular disease.

These latter details are for the physician to record and study; they are too complex for description here. But any other person—even the patient himself, unless a child—can make the preliminary observations of which I speak, and the nurse should know how to make them in the absence of the physician. Even a single observation with the clinical thermometer will tell us whether the patient is really ill. Two or three observations will inform us what the kind of danger is, and will sometimes determine the probable mildness or severity of an attack. In most families illness is threatened, at least, not infrequently, and it is of great service to be able to know promptly whether to send for the doctor or not. The general rule on the point, subject of course to slight modification for the individual, is to call medical aid if the temperature rises above 101° or falls below 97°.

5. Influences which do not disturb the temperature of the healthy derange that of the sick. The occurrence of abnormal temperatures in persons who have been previously healthy points to the existence of disease. The thermometer indicates, for instance, the existence of tuberculosis by evening elevations of three or four degrees.

Such in brief is the clinical thermometer, the most recent and one of the most important appliances that medical science has given us. Its use requires intelligence, but no special skill. It is only necessary to handle the instrument carefully, to keep it dry and clean, and in using it to leave it in the closed arm-pit for not less than four minutes. Read the result carefully and promptly, and note it down at once, with the day and hour, for the use of the physician. A permanent record of the temperatures of each child should also be kept from infancy. It will prove serviceable to the physician, and will form a part of the physiological history of the child.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE GREAT CYCLONE.

THE awful storm of wind and rain which on Sunday, April 22, swept over Mississippi, Georgia, and South Carolina, leaving ruin and devastation in its track, was one of the most extended and destructive cyclones ever known in this country. Between two and three hundred lives were lost, and nearly a thousand persons were injured.

The towns of Wesson and Beauregard, in Mississippi, suffered more severely than any other places in the track of the cyclone. At the former town the first signal of the approaching storm was noticed at three o'clock in the afternoon. Dark and low-lying clouds enveloped everything in gloom, and a few minutes later the cyclone burst upon the inhabitants. Houses and other buildings were swept away in an instant, and their fragments blown and scattered in every direction. The loss of life was very large, and the destruction of property is estimated at many thousand dollars. Hardly a vestige marks the site of the village of Beauregard. The entire town was swept away, and the surrounding valleys were strewn with twisted and splintered timbers. Human beings, freight-cars, houses, and live stock were whirled through the air with frightful velocity. The total loss of property in the two towns will aggregate, it is said, $300,000.

Many sad stories are related of the destruction of life and property outside of the towns. Hundreds of farm-houses, hundreds of small cabins, were swept away, and their inmates killed or wounded. In the picture on our first page our artist, who has witnessed similar storms in the South, has endeavored to convey an idea of the awful scenes that accompanied this cyclone—the blackness of the air, illuminated by terrific flashes of lightning, the flying debris of buildings, fences, and trees, the utter helplessness of humanity in the wild uproar and tumult of the elements.

TAXIDERMISTS' EXHIBITION.

SOMETHING very novel and interesting in the way of an exhibition is to be found in that of the Society of American Taxidermists, held this week at Lyric Hall in this city. The object of the society is to improve the quality of taxidermy, both for ornamental and scientific purposes, and raise it to the dignity of an art. The present exhibition, the third held by the society since its organization, is by far the best exposition of the possibilities of taxidermy which has been opened to the public. The display is arranged under twelve heads, comprising groups of mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes, single specimens, animals grotesquely mounted, and articles for use or ornament, such as scenes, medallions, dead game, etc. It affords a new idea of the possibilities of taxidermy to those who have known it chiefly through the medium of stuffed cats and canaries.

THE NEW ASSAY OFFICE SUPERINTENDENT.

MR. ANDREW MASON, whom the President has appointed to succeed Dr. PIERRE C. VAN WYCK, deceased, as Superintendent of the United States Assay Office in New York, was born May 27, 1829, at New Milns, Ayrshire, Scotland, during a visit of his parents to their native land. He was brought up in Philadelphia, his parents' adopted home, and received his education in the public schools of that city, graduating from the well-known Central High School. For several years after leaving school he was employed in the commission house of the late General ROBERT PATTERSON. In 1850 he was appointed to a position in the Philadelphia Mint, and in 1854, on the organization of the New York Assay Office, was made Assistant Assayer under Dr. JOHN TORREY, for many years Chief Assayer of that institution. Mr. MASON has therefore been connected with the New York office about twenty-nine years. In July, 1865, he succeeded the late EDWARD N. KENT as Melter and Refiner—a position which he has held up to the present time.

Soon after his appointment as Melter and Refiner Mr. MASON introduced the sulphuric acid process of separating gold from silver in place of the much more costly nitric acid process in use in all the mints and assay offices until then—a change which has very largely reduced the cost of the operation to the depositors, and at the same time resulted in the saving of thousands of dollars annually to the government. In recognition of this important service Congress in 1874 voted him a special appropriation of $10,000, and he was given leave of absence for about three months to recruit his health, which had been seriously impaired by close and long-continued application to his public duties. Two years ago he was commissioned, as one peculiarly fitted for the service by his intimate knowledge of Mint affairs, to investigate the condition of the Carson City Mint—a task which he performed to the entire satisfaction of the Department. While in San Francisco, engaged on this business, at the request of the Mint officers he supervised the introduction there of the sulphuric acid process.

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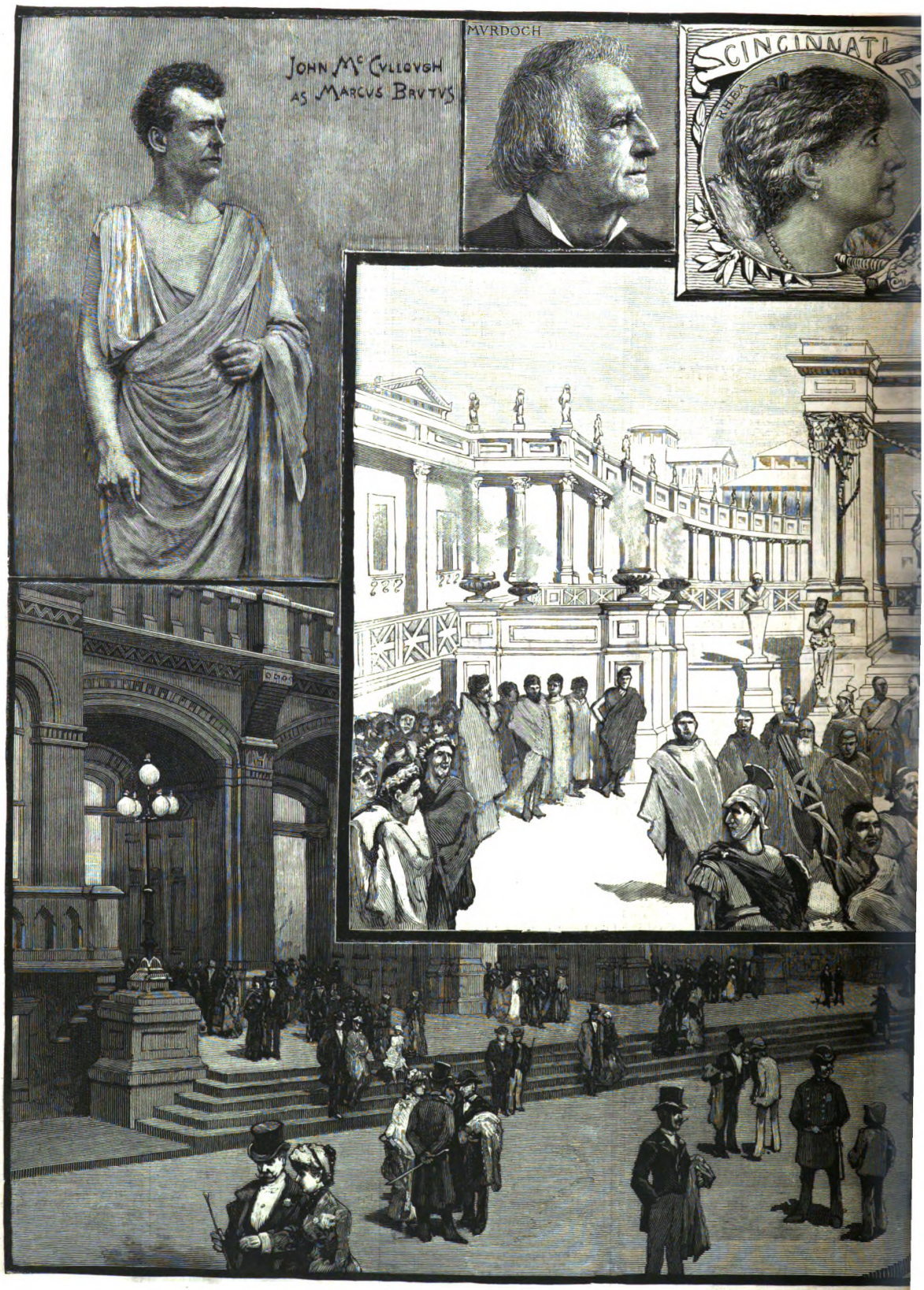

THE DRAMATIC FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI.—FROM A D

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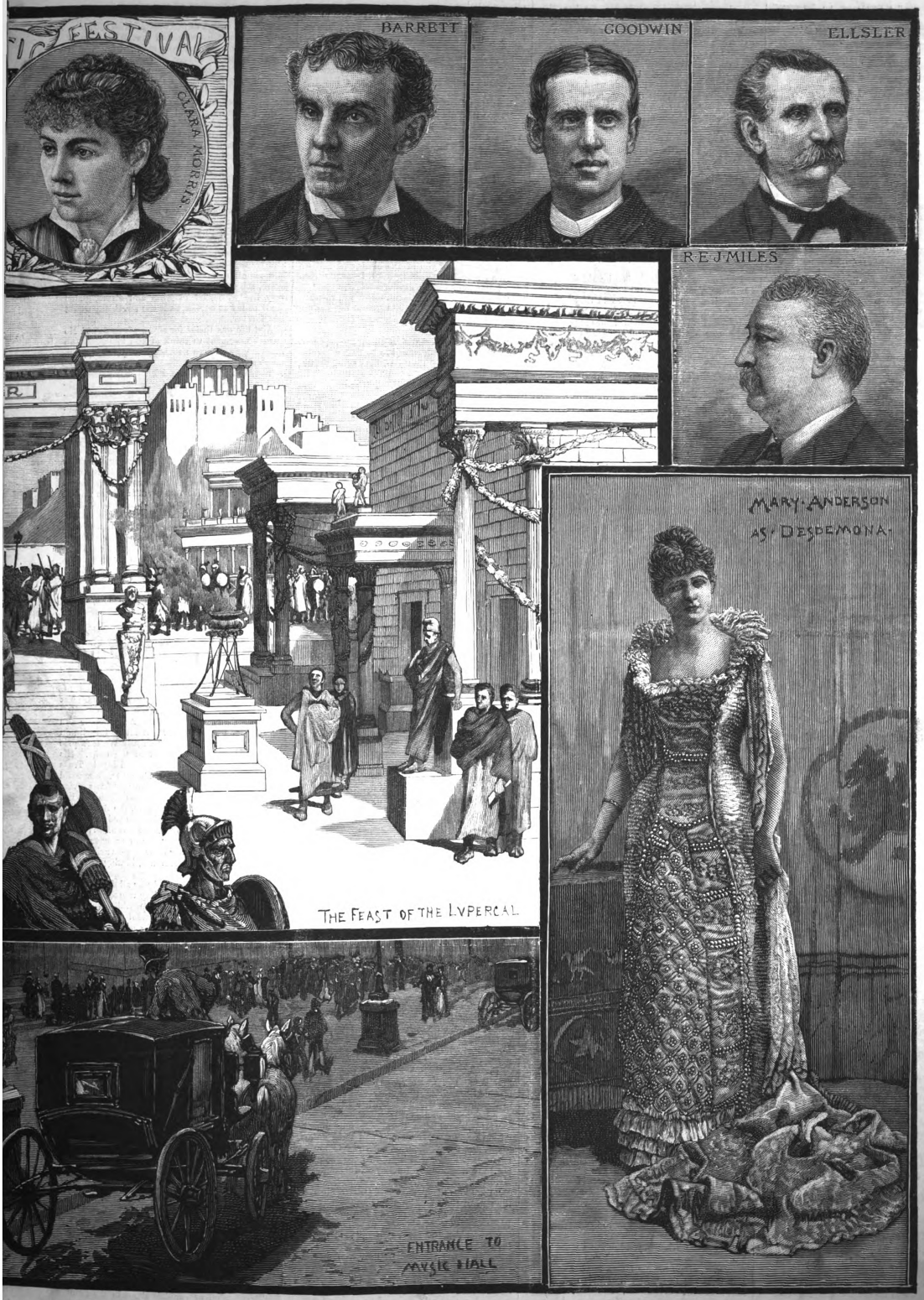

H. F. Farny and Photographs by J. Landy.—[See Page 279.]

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"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arthura lived in two worlds, divided only by an hour and a half of railway, yet unlike each other as remote antipodes. The place she greeted so rapturously next day was wholly sad and unlovely. Instead of tossing waves and exhilarating breezes, a white town glittering along the sea-marge, and resting on hills verdurous even in November, she saw a picture as sordid as may be. It was certainly not London in tatters, but London out at elbows—London shorn of its sable pomp, and shivering in the thin garments of poor gentility. This townling within a town was one of those numerous suburban colonies of poor people ashamed to be held poor. One street of ill-built little houses was precisely like its fellow. There were precocious little serving-maids cleaning windows, gardens in front narrow as hearth-rugs, clothes that would never dry hanging out at the back, and nothing in one window that you did not see in the next. Yet a fire blazed on every hearth, the cheap red curtains had a warm look, on every sill was a flower or bird-cage for grace. As Arthura tripped along the narrow street her step became buoyant, her cheek glowed with happy expectation as her heart leaped. She breathed the air of home.

"Arthura! *my* own Arthura!" cried a young voice from within. Straightway the door flew open, and a delicate-looking boy of eleven was almost throttling her with embraces, a girl two years younger was clutching her gown, the young mother followed, leading a third, and all was joyous commotion. "You should have written, Arthura," began her young step-mother, affectionately, but with a tone of melancholy reproach. "We have nothing fit to give you for dinner."

"My dear little Steppie"—her pet name for a step-mother little older than herself—"you must not bewail the dinner, but be merry. I could not tell you, because I did not know. I am to have a day's holiday once a month. Only think of that!" Then she kissed the little company over and over again—Steppie, the boy Walter, Benjamine, and her three-*year*-old *sister*. "My own, own Arthura," cried Walter, clinging to her, gazing up into her face as if his very life were there. "Kiss me a thousand times, my Arthura."

Whilst Steppie very carefully and admiringly disrobed Arthura, putting away plumed hat, rich fur cloak, and silver-handled umbrella, little Benjamine's face presented an interesting study.

First with large eyes, pale blue as milk and water, she inspected the muff. Finding it absolutely and hopelessly empty, she sniffed gently round the cloak, lifting up the lappets, peering slyly into the pockets. Like the muff, they held nothing. Benjamine next glanced at the umbrella. No little parcel was fastened to it. She at last sadly and resignedly sat down by Arthura's side. "What beautiful things you wear now!" she said.

"It is my livery," Arthura answered, *merrily*. "Miss *Hermitage's* servants all wear livery—the men powdered wigs and artificial legs covered with silk stockings, the women furs and feathers."

"Arthura," Steppie cried, ready to shed tears of mortification, "how can you talk in that way to the poor children?"

"Would you have them believe that I like wearing a hundred pounds' worth of clothes whilst they are fitted out at the slop-shop?" Arthura asked, with almost brutal frankness.

"That reminds me," Steppie began—"I am very *sorry*. I always have *something* disagreeable to say when you come home. The children must have new shoes. I could not take them to church last Sunday because they were so badly shod."

Arthura took out her purse, and with unruffled spirits emptied its contents on the table. There were several pieces of gold, a number of shillings, and one sixpence. She picked up nothing but her railway ticket, and pushed the money toward her step-mother. "There, dear little mamma, I wish I had more to give you."

Benjamine crept up to her mother's side.

"May I have the sixpence for the doll you promised me?" she said.

"Yes," cried Arthura, overhearing the question. "And give Walter something, and Baby too. I was too delighted at the prospect of seeing you all to think of presents."

"I hope you are happy?" asked Steppie.

"As happy as I can be away from you. My notion of perfect happiness is to have nothing to do all day but lie here on the sofa with the children jumping over me, and little mamma feeding me with a spoon."

The children laughed immoderately.

"How amusing you always are!" sighed Steppie. "'Tis but a dull companion I am to the poor children. I could cry sometimes to think how dull I am."

"That is an odd way of trying to be livelier," laughed Arthura. "You should read some funny story that makes you laugh till the tears run down."

"Tell us such a story. Make mamma's tears run down," said Walter.

"No; when we have had dinner we will do something better than have stories. Wait and see," replied Arthura, looking mysterious.

It was soon one of the clock—dinner-time—and the little maid-of-all-work having laid the cloth, the party sat down.

"A wretched dinner for you," moaned Steppie. "Now had you come the day before yesterday, you would have dined off a *hot joint*."

The dinner was no worse than it generally is in households where means are straitened and gentility at a premium. But the savor of home was there. Arthura, with Walter by her side and the *rest of* her little family in sight, could have swallowed anything short of ogre's fare.

Grace said, and the cloth taken away, she sprang up joyfully. "Little mamma shall play to us, and we will dance," she said—"dance madly till we hear the muffin bell."

Dancing and muffins! Each word conveyed to the children's minds the very apex of enjoyment. They knew not which to enjoy most—the delectation of the moment or the thought of the pleasure to come. Steppie, proud and happy to have her one accomplishment called into requisition, sat down to the piano. Arthura danced now with Walter, now with demure Benjamine, now with one-syllabled Baby. It was wonderful how much contentment Baby managed to express with her monosyllables. All were in frolicsome mood. Even Steppie declared that she was enjoying herself.

"At least, not enjoying *myself:* I can not say that I ever do that. But I am enjoying you, I suppose, Arthura."

The minutes flew by desperately. There was the *muffin* bell.

But although the muffin bell heralded tea, and tea Arthura's departure, all kept up their spirits till the *last* moment. How could they help it? First of all, Arthura, all tears, sighs, and depression, acted the woe-begone figure she should make entering Miss Hermitage's drawing-room. Then with inimitable mimicry she showed how, in the midst of her despondency, Miss Hermitage's pet parrot would shout, "Fetch the doctor!" changing her tears to laughter. Lastly, standing on the hearth-rug, she acted alternately the part of Colette, vinaigrette in hand, offering consolation, and of herself utterly inconsolable, yet laughing between her *sobs*.

This comic scene sent the children into ecstasies, but no time for encores! only just enough to hurry on hats and cloaks and catch the train. Arthura did, however, find a moment before they set out to put her arms round her step-mother's neck and whisper,

"Of course, Steppie, as soon as papa's debts are *paid*, you shall be made much more comfortable."

Then they all started, *prattling* cheerfully as they made their way through the fog.

"Tell me," Steppie said, as the train came up. "Nobody is unkind? You are not snubbed and flouted?"

Arthura laughed merrily.

"You have never been to court, little mamma. Everybody is good to the court *fool*, the *zany*. I am as the apple of Miss Hermitage's eye."

Before Steppie had time to remonstrate, the train was off.

CHAPTER IX.

Valerian could gild refined gold and paint the lily in matters of enjoyment, but how to plant Miss Hermitage's bower with *moly* and amaranth, and shut out breaths from the cold dark underworld of Shades?

Do what he might, mortal reminders would come in the likeness of such winter ailments as flesh is heir to: the cough and catarrh inseparable from age as expectant next of kin. Through the very key-holes these warning whispers continued to make *insinuating* way, and curtains downier than starlings' nests failed to keep them out.

"I suppose, if Valerian can not keep me well in England, we must betake ourselves to the Riviera next winter," she said to Mr. Constantine. "But I find England quite as amusing, and to folks of our generation it seems more natural to live in one's own country 'in spite of the climate.'"

"I do not think the climate of a certain other country we are fast bound for will trouble us much. Whether you will find it amusing or no, my poor Christina, I can not say."

"I am sure I do not ask you to say. You are welcome to think what you please, and to keep your thoughts a secret," retorted Miss Hermitage. "I sincerely hope, Constantine, when I am as old as you are, I shall be less disagreeable."

"Come, cousin, we won't quarrel. Tottering on the verge of the grave as we both are, we ought to love each other like turtle-doves. Still, I make use of the privilege of kinship to urge on you—"

"An odious privilege, too. Am I in my dotage? Can not I do as I will with my own? I know what you are driving at. What can it concern you how I dispose of my money?"

"Tush, tush, my dear Christina! You can not be angry with your old cousin. I can have none but disinterested motives in persuading you to make your will. It is your duty as a citizen."

"Well, have you made yours?" asked Miss Hermitage, brusquely.

"Upon my honor I have. But as I have nothing to leave, what does it matter?"

"Nothing to leave? What an old spendthrift! And your money has been squandered on no good objects—that I feel certain of," retorted Miss Hermitage.

Mr. Constantine looked more insinuating than ever.

"My dear Christina, you are not a child. You know something of the world and its ways. I may, then, blush for my follies in your presence. But it is not the model husbands and fathers that make the world better, remember. It is the good citizen, the man of public spirit. I have at least been a squanderer in good causes also."

"Well, is my squandering in bad causes?" asked Miss Hermitage. "I employ plenty of people. I encourage trade."

"Women were not taught political economy when you learned Shakspeare and the musical glasses," answered the other, with perfect good nature. "But you have the right to enjoy your money. The only point I feel it a duty, as your nearest relation and senior, to insist upon is this: you must know as well as I do that if you never make a will, poor Valerian would not so much as get a quarter's allowance if it happened to be due."

So saying, Mr. Constantine rose and very significantly with his walking stick traced on the carpet the family escutcheon bearing a Bar Sinister.

Miss Hermitage was not to be moved.

"Then it would fall to Stephana to provide for him. She has plenty of money. She may marry Valerian if she chooses when I am gone."

"Oh! you do think you shall go, as you call it, some time or other?" laughed Mr. Constantine, lightly. "Don't be so superstitious as to suppose that the making of a will would hasten departure. I made mine, the first of many, fifty years ago."

"Much good it would do, if, as you say, you have nothing to leave."

"Well, one always has something. For instance, in my last codicil I bequeathed to you my dress suit, shoe-buckles and all. It will so pleasingly remind you of the heyday of age we are now spending together, these lover-like confabulations and almost amorous confidences."

"I am sure it is very handsome of you to leave me your old clothes! Now had you left me the family portraits in your possession I would not say no."

"Not too late!" cried Mr. Constantine, eagerly. "I will order a fresh codicil to be drawn up this very day—provided that you, by way of return, leave me five thousand a year!"

"You are absurdity itself. Ten years my senior, and asthmatic to boot!"

"Do oblige me, Christina. Supposing it should happen that I live to be a centenarian and you are prematurely cut off, how glad you would feel that you had smoothed my declining years!"

"If you have not enough to live upon, you are most welcome to anything you want. You know that well enough, Constantine. But I must go my own ways. I can not be interfered with."

"I always said you were an angel. I only want, alas! what you refuse to give me, your confidence, your affection. Well, I am off to Stephana. She never refuses me anything, and I will tell her that it is her duty to marry Valerian."

"I hope she will tell you that it is your duty to leave other people's marriages alone."

"And wills? Well, God bless you, my dear Christina. We part in peace, I hope?"

"You are not going off on a journey, are you?" asked Miss *Hermitage*.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I could but think of yourself. The gruel basin, the hot posset, the slight—forgive me, Christina—the slight redness of the nose—all these things awaken anxiety when we are—well, no longer what we used to be."

"Come, Constantine, the luncheon bell! You must really stay or go. Stay, I say, for Stephana's genius does not lie in the direction of eating and drinking."

Raillery and banter will, however, often do what argument *fails* to accomplish, and Colette's quick mind soon discovered that her friend and patroness was pondering. Something, the little Frenchwoman knew not what, had set her thinking. She entered airily as usual into the day's distractions, with recovered health recovering her spirits. But she had evidently a weight on her mind.

Now there was one person in the wide world from whom Miss Hermitage had no secrets, and that one person was Mademoiselle Colette. They had summered and wintered each other (to use a rustic phrase) for upward of fifty years. They had borne together the thralldom of youth, and in company had welcomed the deliverance that came with age. And, strange to say, the materialism and self-indulgence of the one had never infected the other.

Colette, now an old woman, was all pure, unalloyed musicalness and sweetness, as when, an orphan girl of twenty, she had been received as companion to the miser's daughter. Did the pair love each other? Rather did Miss Hermitage love any one?—for Colette's warm heart embraced all the world.

Who can answer such a question? But if not affection, at least generosity or gratitude made the rich woman act a protector's part to the penniless one. Colette, to use her patroness's words, had everything she wanted. Confidence, like love, is accorded to those who do not go out of their way in search of it, and Colette during fifty years had never asked Miss Hermitage a personal question. She knew well enough that in due time she should learn her friend's most secret thought, and so it was now.

"Colly," said Miss Hermitage, one morning, "I am going to send Arthura and Valerian away to-morrow for a week. The servants must go too, except Bates, who is so deaf that she would not hear a cannon-ball going off under her ear. Mr. Brown is coming."

"I am very glad," answered Colette, always on the side of right and kindliness.

"Why you should be glad I can not conceive. What difference can it make to you?"

"I was thinking of Valerian," said the little Frenchwoman, meekly.

"One would suppose, to hear you and Constantine talk of Valerian, that I had never done anything for him. He has as much as he deserves, I am sure."

"So have we all; some of us perhaps more," was the reply.

"You talk like a child, Colette. As if deserving had anything to do with the good or evil fortune that befalls us in this world. Nobody deserves anything. We just take our chance as people do with lottery tickets. Well, Mr. Brown is coming, so I hope you will now be satisfied."

Nothing more was said, but next day by noon Miss Hermitage's house wore a look of funereal gloom. The shutters of the ground-floor closed, the blinds of the upper chambers drawn. Not a sign of life was to be seen. Even careless passers-by supposed that Miss Hermitage had been very suddenly stricken down with mortal sickness. Others that she had lost her cousin Mr. Constantine. The world of acquaintance took it for granted that she was, as the phrase goes, "out of town." No one surmised the true state of the case. Closeted with her faithful old friend and legal adviser Brown, Colette stationed outside the door lest even the deaf old woman-servant left in charge might peep through the key-hole, Miss Hermitage was at length making her will.

CHAPTER X.

Never spring-tide gave more seductive hints of sunshine holiday than on that April morning when Arthura and Valerian found themselves so unexpectedly and enchantingly cast adrift. How fair and pleasant looked the world! The zephyrs breathed softly from the south, the brilliant metallic sea was changed to gently ruffled azure, the fishing-barks, instead of battling for very life with fury of wind and waves, glided lazily or lay at anchor, as if the sweet day would last forever.

And life was theirs for seven whole days. No more amusement to think of and to scheme, no more happy devices necessary daily, hourly, momentarily.

They could both be as dull as they pleased till twelve of the clock that day week. No wonder they breathed, not common air, but intoxicating ether, and *hardly* touched the ground as they went. Noisy as must any railway station be, perhaps it is the most exhilarating place in the universe. The very railway whistle has sweetest music in it, the bustle and turbulence intoxicate the senses. We are going somewhere; we are leaving somebody behind. Let us pardon our ancestors their bloody encounters, their savage pastimes. They had no railway to whirl them in a twinkling from routine and relations.

Arthura, a lackey beside her holding reticule and wraps, looked more like a queen than a young lady living, as the phrase goes, by her wits. A duchess might well have envied that erect carriage, that fine glow of spirit, that faultless set of the *head*, not to speak of eyes and brow.

Valerian came up, cold as ice, and automatic as if he too wore livery.

"There is your ticket," he said. "We must travel by sea-coast, as there is no other train for an hour. I go to the smoking carriage, so will say 'good-by,' and wish you a pleasant journey." Then having seen to the proper arrangement of her bagatelles, he took formal leave. In another minute the train moved off, slowly *following* the sea-line. The radiant girl looked out of the window, smiling to herself, laughing to herself for very joy. But for the absurdity of it she must have burst out singing. A week, a long unending week of home, of freedom! And Steppie and Walter and Benjamine? What a surprise in store for them! She saw already Walter's pale cheek crimson with delight at the news. His own Arthura! and for seven round days! Tears of exquisite expectation filled her eyes. She could no longer contain herself. She was fairly crying at last—crying from pure gladness of soul. When the train stopped for a minute, the door of her carriage opened, and Valerian jumped in. Without a word of apology he sat down. The cold ceremoniousness of a quarter of an hour before had vanished. The mask was thrown aside. Her lover stood bending over her, kissing away her tears.

"The joy! the surprise!" was all she could say, whilst she wept on, he smiling reproaches.

"Listen!" he said, flushed, trembling with haste and eagerness. "A wonderful idea has just flashed across my mind. You must not, you can not, say no. In the other end of the train is a protégée of Colette's, a French school-mistress, going back with her little girl to France. Let us go with them. Let us spend our holiday on the other side of the water."

All her doubts, misgivings, and hesitancy he read at a glance. Her pure, candid face opened to him as a book.

"I know this lady, Colette's friend, well. She would take care of you. If the adventure is discovered, no blame could be attached to either of us. But it will not be discovered. I will bind her over to secrecy. And you shall have your promised holiday in the summer to spend at home. That I promise—I guarantee."

Still Arthura wavered.

"Think of me," he urged. "I could but see you at your step-mother's. We have so much to say to each other, and here is an opportunity."

Arthura said never a word.

"Oh, we must go," he cried. "You need just such a distraction. And France! France! To be in France! Think of that!"

But Arthura could not think at all. The sudden sense of freedom, the relief at throwing aside the mask worn so many months, had quite overcome her. She only wanted a quiet place in which to weep happy tears.

"Then I decide for you," he said. "I not only decide, I take all the responsibility. We will go with this lady. You shall stay under her roof, and every day we will run about in the country together."

That notion of running about in the country with Valerian made Arthura smile through her tears. She let him do as he would, only begging to be left alone for the present—till they were on the boat, till they were in France, she said.

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"Till we get back again?" smiled Valerian.

But he humored her, getting out at the next station, and Arthura had a priceless hour to herself. No one was by.

She could ease her too happy heart by tears, not the first, certes, of her young life, but the first—perhaps the last—shed out of pure unalloyed joy. Who ever wept twice for being too happy?

Then the train stopped, and there came the excitement of a first little sea-voyage. Arthura, placed between her new friends, looked around her with quick, eager eyes.

Nothing she saw now was ever forgotten: the strange sweet aspect of English landscape as it gradually faded from view; the pure waters through which the vessel moved like a living thing that knows its way; most of all the ships coming and going, the sea birds darting hither and thither. All was life and movement on what she had imagined to herself must be the solitary, silent ocean. Then as gradually dawned a beautiful old town built high on a green hill—no look of England here; church towers, house-tops, even shutters, had an outlandish appearance. The place seemed to smile a welcome, and gentle gales breathed from the lea-shore. Nearer and nearer they came till they were close under the bustling harbor and quaint town, both bright as in a picture.

The sailors on the quay shouted, using foreign speech, and military music could be heard from a neighboring square. A little convent bell tinkled sweetly in the suburbs.

At last the keel grazed the sand, and the travellers landed one by one under the waving tricolor.

They had set foot on the soil of happy France, the pleasant, pleasant land—land of liberty, of light-heartedness, and of love!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

XI.

WHEREFORE WE SHOULD LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Suppose that a man, going through a wood, should be struck by a falling tree and pinned down beneath it. Suppose that another man coming that way and finding him there should, instead of hastening to give or to bring aid, begin to lecture on the law of gravitation, taking the tree as an illustration. Suppose, again, that a person lecturing on the law of gravitation should state the law of falling bodies, and suppose that an objector should say: You state your law as a cold mathematical fact, and you declare that all bodies will fall conformably to it. How heartless! You do not reflect that it may be a beautiful little child falling from a window.

These two suppositions may be of some use to us as illustrations.

Let us take the second first. It is the objection of the sentimentalist, and ridiculous as the mode of discussion appears when applied to the laws of natural philosophy, the sociologist is constantly met by objections of just that character. Especially when the subject under discussion is charity in any of its public forms, the attempt to bring method and clearness into the discussion is sure to be crossed by suggestions which are as far from the point and as foreign to any really intelligent point of view as the supposed speech in the illustration. In the first place, a child would fall just as a stone would fall. Nature's forces know no pity. Just so in sociology. The forces know no pity. In the second place, if a natural philosopher should discuss all the bodies which may fall, he would go entirely astray, and would certainly do no good. The same is true of the sociologist. He must concentrate, not scatter, and study laws, not all conceivable combinations of force which may occur in practice. In the third place, nobody ever saw a body fall as the philosophers say it will fall, because they can accomplish nothing unless they study forces separately, and allow for their combined action in all concrete and actual phenomena. The same is true in sociology, with the additional fact that the forces and their combinations in sociology are far the most complex which we have to deal with. In the fourth place, any natural philosopher who should stop, after stating the law of falling bodies, to warn mothers not to let their children fall out of the window, would make himself ridiculous. Just so a sociologist who should attach moral applications and practical maxims to his investigations would entirely miss his proper business. There is the force of gravity as a fact in the world. If we understand this, the necessity of care to conform to the action of gravity meets us at every step in our private life and personal experience. The fact in sociology is in no wise different.

If, for instance, we take political economy, that science does not teach an individual how to get rich. It is a social science. It treats of the laws of the material welfare of human societies. It is therefore only one science among all the sciences which inform us about the laws and conditions of our life on earth. Education has for its object to give a man knowledge of the conditions and laws of living, so that, in any case in which the individual stands face to face with the necessity of deciding what to do, if he is an educated man, he may know how to make a wise and intelligent decision. If he knows chemistry, physics, geology, and other sciences, he will know what he must encounter of obstacle or help in nature in what he proposes to do. If he knows physiology and hygiene, he will know what effects on health he must expect in one course or another. If he knows political economy, he will know what effect on wealth and on the welfare of society one course or another will produce. There is no injunction, no "ought" in political economy at all. It does not assume to tell man what he ought to do any more than chemistry tells us that we ought to mix things, or mathematics that we ought to solve equations. It only gives one element necessary to an intelligent decision, and in every practical and concrete case the responsibility of deciding what to do rests on the man who has to act. The economist, therefore, does not say to any one, You ought never to give money to charity. He contradicts anybody who says, You ought to give money to charity; and, in opposition to any such person, he says, Let me show you what difference it makes to you, to others, to society, whether you give money to charity or not, so that you can make a wise and intelligent decision. Certainly there is no harder thing to do than to employ capital charitably. It would be extreme folly to say that nothing of that sort ought to be done, but I fully believe that to-day the next most pernicious thing to vice is charity in its broad and popular sense.

In the papers of which this is the last I have discussed the public and social relations of classes, and those social topics in which groups of persons are considered as groups or classes without regard to personal merits or demerits. I have relegated all charitable work to the domain of private relations, where personal acquaintance and personal estimates may furnish the proper limitations and guarantees. A man who had no sympathies and no sentiments would be a very poor creature; but the public charities, more especially the legislative charities, nourish no man's sympathies and sentiments. Furthermore, it ought to be distinctly perceived that any charitable and benevolent effort which any man desires to make voluntarily, to see if he can do any good, lies entirely beyond the field of discussion. It would be as impertinent to prevent his effort as it is to force co-operation in an effort on some one who does not want to participate in it. What I choose to do by way of exercising my own sympathies under my own reason and conscience is one thing, what another man forces me to do of a sympathetic character, because his reason and conscience approve of it, is quite another thing.

What, now, is the reason why we should help each other? This carries us back to the other illustration with which we started. We may philosophize as coolly and correctly as we choose about our duties and about the laws of right living; no one of us lives up to what he knows. The man struck by the falling tree has perhaps been careless. We are all careless. Environed as we are by risks and perils, which befall us as misfortunes, no man of us is in a position to say, "I know all the laws, and am sure to obey them all; therefore I shall never need aid and sympathy." At the very best, one of us fails in one way and another in another, if we do not fail altogether. Therefore the man under the tree is the one of us who for the moment is smitten. It may be you to-morrow, and I next day. It is the common frailty in the midst of a common peril which gives us a kind of solidarity of interest to rescue the one for whom the chances of life have turned out badly just now. Probably the victim is to blame. He almost always is so. A lecture to that effect in the crisis of his peril would be out of place, because it would not fit the need of the moment, but it would be very much in place at another time when the need was to avert the repetition of such an accident to somebody else. Men, therefore, owe to men, in the chances and perils of this life, aid and sympathy, on account of the common participation in human frailty and folly. This observation, however, puts aid and sympathy in the field of private and personal relations, under the regulation of reason and conscience, and gives no ground for mechanical and impersonal schemes.

We may then distinguish four things:

1. The function of science is to investigate truth. Science is colorless and impersonal. It investigates the force of gravity, and finds out the laws of that force, and has nothing to do with the weal or woe of men under the operation of the law.

2. The moral deductions as to what one ought to do are to be drawn by the reason and conscience of the individual man who is instructed by science. Let him take note of the force of gravity, and see to it that he does not walk off a precipice or get in the way of a falling body.

3. On account of the number and variety of perils of all kinds by which our lives are environed, and on account of ignorance, carelessness, and folly, we all neglect to obey the moral deductions which we have learned, so that, in fact, the wisest and the best of us act foolishly and suffer.

4. The law of sympathy, by which we share each others' burdens, is to do as we would be done by. It is not a scientific principle, and does not admit of such generalization or interpretation that A can tell B what this law enjoins on B to do. Hence the relations of sympathy and sentiment are essentially limited to two persons only, and they can not be made a basis for the relations of groups of persons, or for discussion by any third party.

The current discussions about the claims and rights of social classes on each other are radically erroneous and fallacious. If we refuse to recognize any classes as existing in society when perhaps a claim might be set up that the wealthy, educated, and virtuous have acquired special rights and precedence, we certainly can not recognize any classes when it is attempted to establish such distinctions for the sake of imposing burdens and duties on one group for the benefit of others. The men who have not done their duty in this world never can be equal to those who have done their duty more or less well. If words like wise and foolish, thrifty and extravagant, prudent and negligent, have any meaning in language, then it must make some difference how people behave in this world, and the difference will appear in the position they acquire in the body of society, and in relation to the chances of life. They may then be classified in reference to these facts. Such classes always will exist; no other social distinctions can endure. If, then, we look to the origin and definition of these classes, we shall find it impossible to deduce any obligations which one of them bears to the other. The class distinctions simply result from the different degrees of success with which men have availed themselves of the chances which were presented to them. Instead of endeavoring to redistribute the acquisitions which have been made between the existing classes, our aim should be to *increase, multiply, and extend the chances.* Such is the work of civilization. Every old error or abuse which is removed opens new chances of development to all the new energy of society. Every improvement in education, science, art, or government expands the chances of man on earth. Such expansion is no guarantee of equality. On the contrary, if there be liberty, some will profit by the chances eagerly and some will neglect them altogether. Therefore the greater the chances the more unequal will be the fortune of these two sets of men. So it ought to be, in all justice and right reason. But if we can expand the chances, we can count on a general and steady growth of civilization and advancement of society by and through its best members. In the prosecution of these chances we all owe to each other good-will, mutual respect, and mutual guarantees of liberty and security. Beyond this nothing can be affirmed as a duty of one group to another in a free state. The yearning after equality is the offspring of envy and covetousness, and there is no possible plan for satisfying that yearning which can do aught else than rob A to give to B; consequently all such plans nourish some of the meanest vices of human nature, waste capital, and overthrow civilization.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In a somewhat roundabout way comes news of a remarkable discovery said to have been made by an Australian electrician. The London *Times* says the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, of New Zealand, told an audience recently that Dr. Guidrah, of Victoria, had constructed an electrical apparatus which produced with wonderful fidelity pictures of objects that were at a distance, somewhat after the manner of the reproduction of sounds by the telephone. According to Mr. Gilbert, a trial of the new instrument has taken place in Melbourne in the presence of forty scientific and public men, and, sitting in a darkened room, they saw projected on a large disk of white burnished metal the race-course at Flemington, with its many moving figures. "Minute details," says the account, "stood out with perfect fidelity to the original, and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses it was difficult to imagine that they were not actually on the course itself, and moving among those whose actions they could so completely scan." The new instrument is called the electroscope.

A new trade paper is called *The Corset.* Of course it has announced that it has "come to stay."

The great increase in the number of apartment-houses in this city has checked the advance in rents, and has caused landlords to take thought as to how they may keep their property profitable as an investment. Many families who live in apartments store their household goods from the 1st of May till the 1st of October, spend the intervening months in the country, and reduce their yearly expenditures by so doing. The landlords are striving to do away with the 1st of May as the day of moving, and to substitute for it the 1st of October—an arrangement that would secure them tenants the year around. At the present rate of building, the prices of apartments of the better class will soon come down to figures at which families of moderate means can afford to retain their apartments throughout the year, and still enjoy the summer months by the sea-side or in the mountains.

Making some comparisons between Wall Street and Texas, a paper says that land in the former location sells at the rate of fifteen million dollars an acre, while in the Lone Star State it can be bought for six cents an acre, and that in Texas a steer costs fifteen dollars, while a New-Yorker would gladly pay fifteen dollars to have a Texas steer taken away if it happened to be in his yard. It may be added that a Wall Street "steer" sometimes costs as much as a good-sized patch of land in the same region.

May 24 has been fixed upon as the day for opening the East River Bridge. It should be remembered that this is not a date following a postponement. If the disappointments which have attended the work from its beginning are continued, the date of the opening will have to be fixed at least once more. The interesting question of tolls still engages the attention of the trustees.

It is announced that the museum of the Dead-letter Office in Washington is now open to the public. Persons who know of love-letters which have gone astray bearing their signatures will be apt to feel uneasy till they are assured that the sanctity of such epistles is not laid bare in the museum, which, according to an account, is "very attractive to visitors." The display is mainly of the curious articles which have been committed to the mail-boxes, but which, for one reason or another, could not be delivered to the persons for whom they were intended.

Several oppossums have been captured recently in the streets of Washington, and it is said that the Smithsonian and Agricultural parks "are full of them." It is suggested that 'possum hunts by moonlight may take their place among the fall attractions of the capital.

It seems that the Orphans' Court is the proper tribunal in Philadelphia before which to carry questions concerning the rights of dogs. The late Rev. Mr. Connor left a legacy of ten dollars a week for the maintenance of his faithful dog, and designated Mary Tierney as the person who should care for the animal and receive the pay. The executor of the will refuses to make the weekly payments, and Mary Tierney has filed a petition in the Orphans' Court, asking that he be ordered to pay up from the 1st of February.

A granite quarrying company of Missouri has employed a considerable force of laborers for five months in drilling a hole into a mountain. Eight thousand pounds of powder will be packed in the hole and exploded. It is hoped that the shock will rend the mountain asunder, loosening sufficient granite to keep the men busy for two years cutting it into paving blocks. An account of the work says it was expected that the blast would be ready to be fired about the 1st of May. Heavy blasts have usually proved disappointing, notably the submarine blast at Hell Gate a few years ago, which, instead of cracking Manhattan Island in two or deluging two cities with East River water, went off very tamely, and disappointed the thousands who had secured advantageous positions from which to view the catastrophe.

CLERKS ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM BUSINESS.

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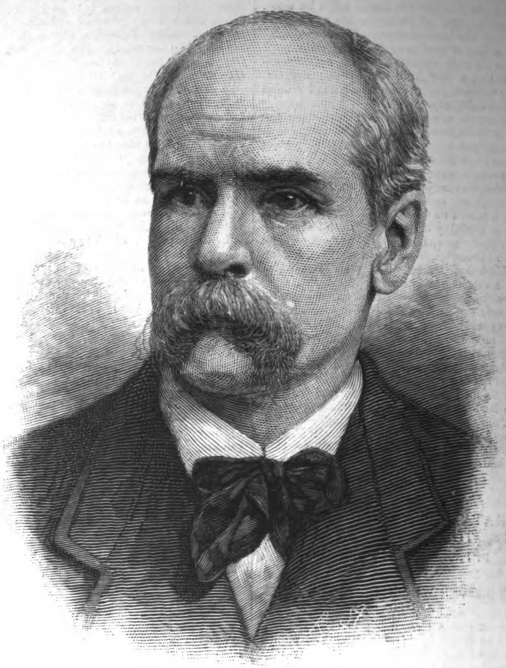
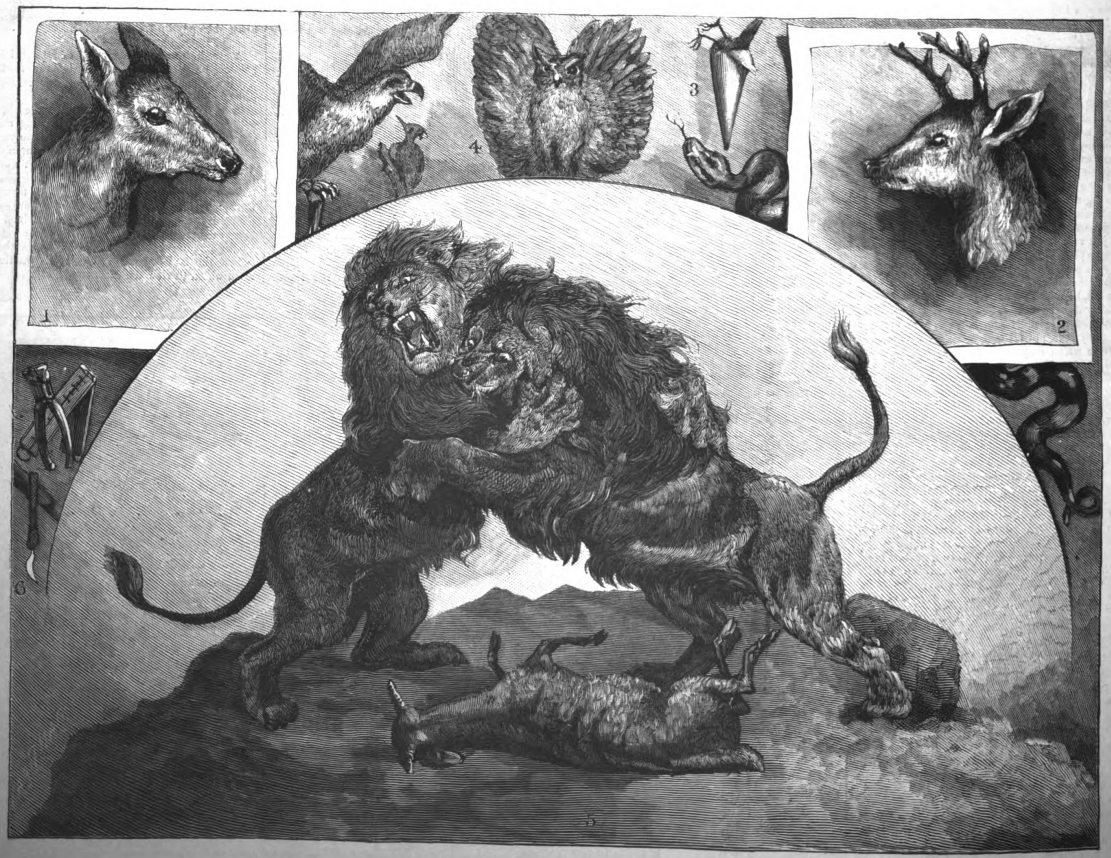
ANDREW MASON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ASSAY OFFICE, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Dana.—[See Page 279.]



THE LATE JAMES PARK, JUN.
Photographed by Dabbs.—[See Page 279.]



1 and 2. White Deer. 3. A Fresh Specimen. 4. An Owl Screen. 5. Lions Fighting. 6. Tools.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN TAXIDERMISTS, LYRIC HALL, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Daniel Beard.—[See Page 279.]

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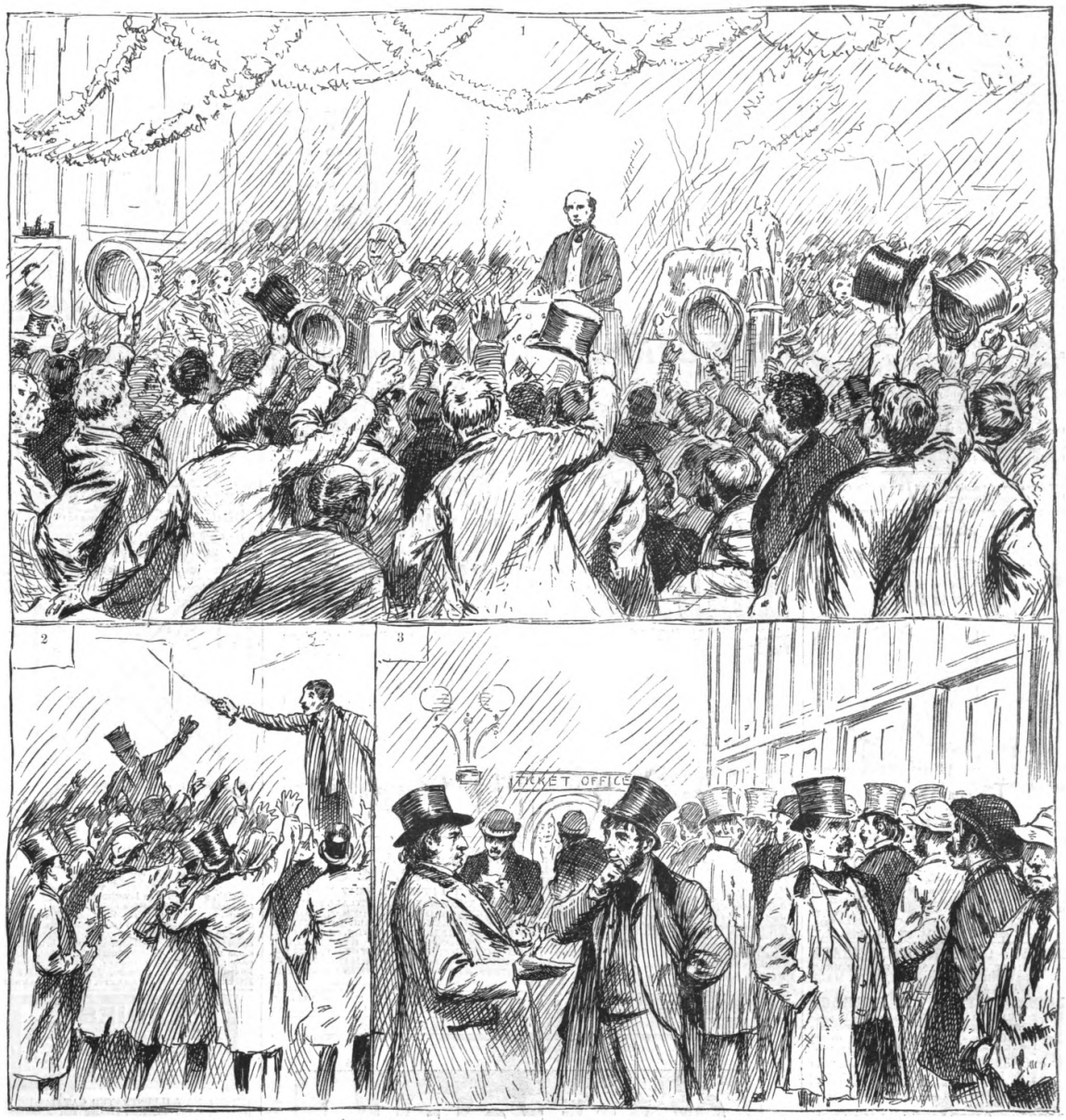

1. Reception of Mr. Egan. 2. Pennsylvania Delegates in Private Session. 3. Delegates presenting Credentials and obtaining Tickets for the Floor.

THE IRISH CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BURYING THE LAND LEAGUE.

IN the City of Brotherly Love there assembled last week as delegates from the several States of the Union and representatives of the several patriotic Irish organizations throughout the country a Horticultural Hall full of Irishmen. Their object in meeting was to bury the Land League—"brutally murdered by the coercion of the British government in Ireland"—and to organize in its place another and a more powerful association.

This object was duly accomplished, and with circumstances of moderation and self-respect that invest the closing scene of the Land League's existence with a dignity that had not uniformly characterized it when in full health and vigor. For no secret was made of the fact that a considerable section of the Irish Convention which has been performing such momentous functions in the Horticultural Hall of Philadelphia was in favor of retaining the Land League's name as well as its plan of operations, or that another and smaller section was anxious to give to the new association a more violent and "unconstitutional" platform than its predecessor. Fortunately both "factions," as speakers at the Convention called them, gave way at the last, and with the double object of showing that they were Irishmen before they were partisans, and that they were advocates of no policy "likely to embarrass Mr. PARNELL in his great work," they united with the majority to squash obstruction and promote harmony of opinion and action.

It was hardly, however, with as good a grace as the rest that O'DONOVAN ROSSA yielded to circumstances. He went to the Convention inspired with the belief that he would eventually prove the dictator of the Parliament. But he found the odds in favor of moderate counsels overwhelming, and the general inclination to orderly discussion too unmistakable to permit him to venture on any experiments with combustible topics, or any pyrotechny of inflammable arguments. Indeed, he discovered that it was very possible that he might not be admitted into the Convention at all and to make this impossible came provided with a press pass, and took his seat at the reporters' table. When spoken to, however, he announced with characteristic assurance that he intended to join the Convention as "the delegate of the Supreme Council of the Skirmishing Fund," let all the moderate party say him nay if they liked, and that his "credentials"—consisting of a souvenir of a British jail in the shape of a British pardon, sealed with the prodigious wax seal of the Home Secretary's "merciful department"—were sufficient to insure him a seat in any convention of patriotic Iri-hmen. But to his surprise he found these credentials altogether inadequate to pass him, notoriously charged with explosives as he was, into the deliberative councils of United Irish-America. So ROSSA had to plead justification for admission on the ground that he was the elect of the Order of United Irishmen, and on this plea he succeeded in making good his boast, and entering the Convention as one of the delegates of New York.

That the chief apostle of criminal agitation should thus have had to divest himself of his war-paint before being permitted to join the comparatively tranquil assembly of his fellow-patriots is a matter for congratulation; but we would remind the leaders of the new movement that the teaching of all history is this, that when any party consists of a moderate and a violent faction, the latter always gains the upper hand eventually. Moderation and enthusiasm do not go together, and as soon as the men of temperate counsels begin to flag in their efforts at control, the extremists gradually oust them from the leadership, and take the helm themselves. And if the day ever comes when the avowed advocates of dynamite and assassination shall obtain the control of the movement for alleviating the condition of Ireland, on that day the sympathies of the whole American nation will be irrevocably alienated.

The meeting, indeed, was strongly Hibernian—especially under the genial chairmanship of Father DOHENY, whose abundant mother-wit found a repartee for every offender, and an escape in a joke from every dilemma—for very pronounced throughout the sittings was the Irishman's chivalrous respect to the fair sex. Every entry and exit of Mrs. PARNELL was the signal for enthusiastic cheering, every reference to her dead daughter, the late Miss FANNY PARNELL, a pretext for expressions of condolence and sympathy, while the lady delegates on the platform were repeatedly welcomed with plaudits. Equally prominent also was the Hibernian instinct for the parade of insignia, and not only the coats of the delegates, but the platform and walls of the hall, abounded in those mysterious legends and devices, always running to gilt harps on green ribbons, so dear to the Irish patriots. Mixed with these, in judicious concession, as it were, to the United States, were various emblems of America and her Constitution, and on the platform a large bust of WASHINGTON unfairly divided the honors with a small plaster statuette of PARNELL, chiefly remarkable, in an artistic sense, for the amplitude of those nether garments which one memorable Sunday morning in 1880 the free and independent voters of Enniscorthy so nearly pulled off CHARLES STEWART'S person, in their sudden priest-led indignation against "dictators."

But times have changed since then, and the priests who tried four years ago to hold back "the finest pisantry in the world" from joining the no-rent agitation, were conspicuous in Philadelphia by their numbers, no fewer than forty being returned as delegates. But who could have foreseen, standing on that bleak hillside of Balla four years ago, and hearing PARNELL and DAVITT, and DILLON and COSTELLO, delivering their first speeches on behalf of an evicted widow and her family, with the keen wind sweeping across the dreary bog-land, and the sharp sleet driving in their faces, that the "no-rent agitation" would grow into a Land League, and the Land League into an Irish-American National Convention? Or that an agitation so modestly begun on an Irish farmstead, with a handful of Galway farmers for audience, would have closed its first era in such a convention of American citizens as Philadelphia has just witnessed?

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STATISTICS from the Census Department show that New Haven, Conn., is the healthiest seaport town in the world. Its clean *streets, noble elms,* and beautiful drives, both to the shore and in country, are wonderfully attractive to large numbers of our city people that evidently unite with Dr. Holland, who said in an article in *Scribner's* a year or two ago that the City of Elms was "a charming place;" and, he added, "Moseley's New Haven House is a peculiarly excellent place at which to stop."—*New York Tribune.*

We can add to the above *hearty* word, that the sanitary condition and the comforts, as well as the table, are not excelled by any hotel in the country. The air of New Haven is delightful for invalids and those seeking rest.—[*Adv.*]

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Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

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THOUSANDS of people testify to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—[*Adv.*]

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to the Wives of Grocers has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be the handsomest and most valuable ever offered by a manufacturer to make the trade familiar with his name. The Case itself is a magnificent one, and the Silver Ware elegant, of beautiful pattern, and of the finest quality.

DONT BE A CLAM

CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions;—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:—Is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER **will *TRY* new ways that are *endorsed by leading newspapers:—***

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A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER **will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—***

TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium of a beautiful set of Plated Silver Knives and Forks, for simply giving The Frank Siddalls Soap *a thorough trial.*

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their papers for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was NOT A HUMBUG. *Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*

SO DONT BE A CLAM

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce *remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.*

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints *actually* Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag: use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. *Use it for Scrubbing* and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the *Hotel* Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the *leather* and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and *safer*, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin: *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even on an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the lace never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair *(not worked out);* it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—**Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.**

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching the same, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—**IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT,** *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** *(not even Castile Soap).*

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun.
It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid.* It will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No Intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake; *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle

THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap **LIGHTLY** over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then **ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL,** just as a piece is roll'd when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes **LIGHTLY** on a wash-board **AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT;** turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, **AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT,** and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece **LIGHTLY** on a wash-board through the rinse-water *(without using any more Soap)* **AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.**

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold; Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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POPJOY JENKYNS. "Fellah has a grandmotha'. She tips him heavily. The eight thou' dress, smoke, and club him. Lucky beggar!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1377.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

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SEVENTH ANNUAL BENCH SHOW OF THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "ART COMPETITION, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS.
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE PARTY GAME.

THE result of the election of last autumn, as we said at the time, put both parties upon their good behavior. The Republicans had still a session of Congress before them in which to show their disposition, and in New York, where the majority against the Republican candidates was overwhelming and unprecedented, the Democrats had the Legislature and the greatest possible opportunity. The election had shown extraordinary dissatisfaction and Republican indifference to party success, and no chance so promising was ever offered to any party as to the Democratic, and not the chance only, but the plainest indication how it was to be improved. This was felt by leading Democrats, and Governor CLEVELAND spoke for them in saying that the great result in 1884 would depend entirely upon the conduct of the two parties in the mean time. It was evident that the one of the two parties which should be unable to improve such an opportunity would convict itself of a want of administrative ability which would be properly fatal.

In the contest of the winter for the favor of the country, carried on by the Republicans in Congress and by the Democrats in the New York Legislature, every honest observer must agree that the Democrats have ignominiously failed. The two important measures in Congress were the reform bill and the revision of the tariff. The Republicans were responsible for legislation, and early in the session they passed a reform bill substantially as it was drafted by the friends of reform. The only vigorous opposition to it came from Democrats. Yet the Democrats had vociferously demanded reform, and appealed to the country as especially reformers. The tariff was revised and the revenue reduced. It was the reduction more than the tariff in which the country was interested, but the Democrats left the impression that they would tolerate a redundant revenue if it were not reduced in their own way. Congress adjourned, and the two results which the election had been universally understood imperatively to demand—administrative reform and reduction of the revenue—had been achieved by the Republicans. It was, indeed, the same Congress which six months before had scornfully flouted reform. But it had not then heard from the country, and the immediate question of the winter was, Which party will most truly apprehend and carry out the wishes of the country?

At length the Democratic trial also has ended. As we write, the New York Legislature is about to adjourn; and to what act of that Legislature, to what tone or spirit or promise in its debates, can any sagacious observer point as proof of its desire or capacity to comprehend or to carry out any great purpose which the election of last autumn showed to be desired by the country, with the exception of the primary regulation bill? For several years the Democratic party has proclaimed its devotion to civil service reform in its platforms. But the chief characteristic of this Democratic Legislature has been a greedy grasping for the spoils of patronage. The charter to secure more responsible government for the city of New York it has smothered. The aqueduct bill it has perverted into a huge job, so that the largest property-holders in the city, without regard to party, have assembled publicly to protest. Upon every great measure in which the principles which the election showed to be favored by the people have been involved the Democratic Legislature has taken the wrong position. It has demonstrated the falsehood of its own platforms, and it has renewed in full vigor the deep and general distrust of the party. Viewing the contest of the winter merely as a game, without reference to sincerity or principle, the Democratic party has been incredibly stupid. Had it cordially supported reform in Congress and in the New York Legislature; had it taken a clear and consistent position as a party upon the revision of the tariff; had it passed the reasonable charter proceeding from Democratic hands; had it prevented jobbery in the aqueduct; had it, in a word, feigning a virtue, if no more, shown itself desirous of the reform and economy upon which the public heart was proved by the election to be fixed—it could have greatly disturbed party relations, and have been justified in high anticipations for 1884. But it has totally and ignominiously lost the game, and it has itself furnished the strongest reasons for its general defeat next year.

THE IRISH CONVENTION.

THE president of the late Land League Convention in Philadelphia spoke of England as "the power which has driven us or from which we have fled into exile." This is an accurate description of the "Irish-Americans," as they prefer to call themselves, who held the "Irish Convention" on the following day. They are Americans only by the legal fact of naturalization. They are here, as Mr. MOONEY said, "in exile." They value "our government" only as a force which protects them while they endeavor to turn it against a country which they hate. Their pride and perpetual boast are not that they are Americans, but Irish. Their acknowledged leader is a foreigner. Their closest political alliance is with alien politicians and members of the British Parliament, and they use their political and party relations in this country not for American but for Irish interests. This position is a misfortune for them and for us. No nation is better or stronger from the possession of a large foreign population unassimilated in political sympathy, or language, or faith, or historic tradition, or national spirit and purpose, and which sedulously cultivates any kind of foreign allegiance. It is an *imperium in imperio*, a nation within a nation, a separate population among the people.

We do not insist, indeed, that Irishmen are bound to stay in Ireland, and suffer or starve there when they can help themselves by going into exile. Nor do we assert that having left their native land they should forget it and their kindred, and abandon it without further thought or care. Local attachments and traditions are familiar to Americans, and nowhere more fondly cherished than in America. We know very well in this country the charm and value of the feeling which binds New England, or "the South," or "the West," to their children everywhere in the Union. It is a generous and an ennobling sentiment. Natives of Ireland, wherever they may have chosen their homes, will naturally follow with interest the fortunes of that country, and seek to affect favorably toward it, as a moral aid, the good opinion and sympathy of the country which they have made their own. But this can not be done by treating the country as a mere convenience, and its citizenship only as a means of more effectively promoting the interests of another country. Those citizens only can affect favorably the feeling of Americans who are thoroughly identified with them. The impression of the late convention in Philadelphia was that of an assembly of foreigners, not of citizens, so that its tone of demand upon the government of the United States seemed singularly impudent. The proceedings were like those of a club of the English or American "colony" in Paris or Berlin or Rome, the enthusiasm of aliens whose pleasure or profit it is to remain for some time in those cities, but who take good care to have it known that their hearts and hopes are elsewhere.

If such a Convention was to be held, its chief aim should have been to conciliate the favor of the country in which it assembled. The one way to do that in this case was to state the actual wrongs of Ireland to-day, and to denounce unequivocally the Dynamite policy as a method of redress. The method chosen was a recital of injustice long since abandoned; bitter denunciation of the most friendly administration to Ireland ever known, which has been earnestly engaged in seeking measures of relief; and not only an omission to denounce the Dynamite system of crime, but this declaration, "There is no form of retaliation to which despair or madness may resort for which English cruelty in Ireland is not directly responsible." If this is not an approval, it is certainly not a condemnation, of the foul murder of CAVENDISH and BURKE and the cowardly crimes of Dynamite conspirators. This kind of evasion, due to the overwhelming American horror and indignation at the Phœnix Park murders and their kindred outrages, does not show courage, but cowardice. If the Convention really thought that English cruelty in Ireland justified the assassination of Lord CAVENDISH, it should have said so frankly. If it thought otherwise, the manly and honorable course was to say so with equal frankness. But its cautiously chosen words,

"Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,"

would not deter a single criminal from a single crime. No man can read the resolution which ends with the words that we have quoted without feeling that its spirit, if not its purpose, condones any crime whatever. If the Convention had said that it would give its sympathy to constitutional agitation or to open and honorable war with England, but that it held every Irishman who plotted assassination as an enemy to Ireland, it would have gained a sympathy which it has not gained now.

MR. BLISS UPON HARMONY.

MR. GEORGE BLISS, who has often pointed out very plainly the absurdity of the present machine organization of the Republican party in New York, and who says that he opposed reorganization two years ago because it would have been a mere change of machine, now proposes a scheme which he thinks will be useful. He states frankly that he does not believe that any re-adjustment made by the present machine would be acceptable to the party, and he thinks that the work must be undertaken by "a few high-minded Republicans from outside the city," and as such he mentions Messrs. J. W. WADSWORTH, FRANK HISCOCK, O. W. CHAPMAN, RICHARD CROWLEY, and HAMILTON FISH, Jun.

Mr. BLISS'S plan is very simple. In his judgment the primary election law passed by this Legislature opens the way, and he would have a complete enrollment made every year before the primaries by officers previously elected at the primaries. The applicant should answer certain questions under oath. The list should be publicly exposed, and every enrolled voter should be entitled to vote at the primary. The only troublesome question would be that of Republicanism, but the trouble Mr. BLISS thinks would vanish before well-considered questions as to the ticket supported at the last election, etc. Pledges of future action he evidently thinks to be very dangerous weapons, which upon the whole should be let alone. In fact, Mr. BLISS would treat the primary meeting like an election for which a careful registry should be provided, and by removing all the objections and pretenses for political inactivity which the present foolish and unfair system furnishes, he would throw upon every individual voter the responsibility of not attending the primary as he now bears that of not voting at an election. The essential points to arrange are the character of the enrolling officers and the evidences of Republicanism. Upon the latter point the suggestion of Mr. REID in his letter to the committee of inquiry is very forcible, that the chief test should be the last Presidential vote.

The letter of Mr. BLISS is a good sign. It shows what an active politician thinks may be a simple and satisfactory settlement of the party dissensions. But more and better than that, it is the tribute of a "practical politician" to the law which regulates primaries, which, like most of the measures which practical politicians despise, is really practical and progressive politics. The committee upon "harmony" will undoubtedly consider the suggestions of Mr. BLISS, for it is plainly in some such way, independent of the familiar machine, that "harmony" is to be sought.

THE DISAGREEMENT OF THE DOCTORS.

THE doctors in New York are disagreeing upon a point which it is incredible should occasion any difference whatever among humane and intelligent men. A physician professionally dedicates himself to the cure of disease and the alleviation of suffering. If he comprehends his position as it is understood by reasonable men, he morally engages to do anything to promote those purposes which is not repugnant to good morals or good sense. To quote the reason alleged in the rhyme for not liking Dr. Fell as a serious reason for refusing to consult with him professionally, is to plead prejudice as an excuse for inhumanity. The follies of certain medical men have been the butt of some of the choicest satire and ridicule in literature, and the solemn medical prig and pedant is among the most familiar and absurd figures of the comic stage. Certainly the position taken by several New York physicians in the pending controversy recalls the most contemptuous touches of MOLIÈRE and LE SAGE.

The code of the Medical Society of New York provides that

"Members of the Medical Society of the State of New York, and of the medical societies in affiliation therewith, may meet in consultation legally qualified practitioners of medicine. Emergencies may occur in which all restrictions should, in the judgment of the practitioner, yield to the demands of humanity."

This is a reasonable and proper provision, if there must be any provision whatever. The better way, we think, would be to leave the matter wholly unrestricted; but as this rule in its last clause virtually leaves the decision to the judgment of the practitioner, it is unobjectionable. But Dr. AUSTIN FLINT, Jun., and his friends wish to prohibit professional consulta-

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tion with those whom they consider to be irregular or trade-mark practitioners; and as a large and most accomplished and admirable body of physicians call themselves or are called homœopathic physicians, Dr. FLINT and his friends would prohibit consultation with them. Of course we should no more bespeak "regular," or "allopathic," sympathy with homœopathy than the approval of Prelacy for Dissent, or of the Vatican for Canterbury or Geneva. But the question is not one of sympathy with any "school" of medicine, or of approval of any theoretical method of treatment. It is a point of humanity and common-sense. Shall the members of the Medical Society refuse to use any reasonable means to acquaint themselves with a case of sickness which they may be called to treat? If the patient has been under the care of a person who calls himself an astrologer, and who professes to cure by faith or the imposition of hands, shall the members of the Medical Society, for that reason, be obliged to refuse to exercise their discretion?

It is certainly too late in the day to assume that because a practitioner calls himself a homœopath he is therefore an ignorant man, without the experience and training which enable accomplished intelligence to deal with disease. A rule, therefore, which would forbid a physician to avail himself of the valuable aid which such a man could render him in the treatment of a case would be a rule, it seems to us, intolerable to every self-respecting and independent mind. It is not surprising that the proposition to abridge the liberty of association which is now guaranteed should have deeply excited the medical profession. But it is very surprising that the advocates of restriction should have adopted the most disgraceful caucus methods to carry their point, so that Doctors BARKER, AGNEW, ROSSA, and CUSHMAN, all of them justly eminent gentlemen in their profession, were compelled at once to resign. This act, which had no reference to homœopathy, or allopathy, or Thompsonian, or Botanic, or Indian doctors, but only to the conduct of gentlemen, led to a pause in the business, and the whole question goes over to the autumn. By that time we trust that the plain expression of public opinion on all sides will have shown the reactionary body how grave an error they have committed.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

THE Niagara bill has been signed by the Governor, and is now a law, and the Commissioners have been nominated and confirmed. The bill provides simply for an inquiry into the probable cost and character of the proposed reservation of the immediate neighborhood of the cataract, to preserve unimpaired and for free public study and enjoyment the grandeur and beauty of the sublime spectacle. To have suffered the practical obliteration of the noblest natural scene upon the continent by disfiguring masses of buildings and obstructions of every kind would have been an intolerable disgrace to the Imperial State.

To no one man will the rescue and proper preservation of the great spectacle be due more than to the president of the Niagara Falls Association, Mr. HOWARD POTTER. With the most unostentatious energy, generosity, and intelligence he has spared no effort to secure a result in which all good citizens were interested, which they all approved, but which, except for the special interest and aid which Mr. POTTER has given—wholly, of course, upon public grounds—could not have been accomplished. He has had earnest and active associates, and all, without exception, animated by the same high and generous public spirit.

The Governor has named Commissioners whose fitness will immediately commend itself to public approval. That Mr. POTTER is not among them is undoubtedly due to the fact that he prefers still to serve as unconspicuously as heretofore. It is certainly a matter of congratulation that so great an enterprise, and so honorable and becoming to the State of New York, should have begun under auspices which prevent any suspicion of jobbery, and there is no reason to doubt that the good sense and energy which have conducted it thus far will attend it to the end.

THE CHIEF EXAMINER.

MR. D. B. EATON has written a letter to the *Times* repelling criticisms and insinuations in regard to the selection of Mr. KEIM as Chief Civil Service Examiner. He states that Mr. KEIM was not his first choice, but that he was, upon the whole, the best available choice under the circumstances. He denies that "the CAMERON influence" dictated the selection, and he asserts that Mr. KEIM has favored sound principles in a published report and in a consular bill which he drew.

Mr. EATON'S personal relation to the reform is beyond question. His knowledge of the subject is very great; his ability in the discussion is established; his fidelity is unimpeachable. All this is not debatable. And Mr. KEIM may have expressed sound sentiments in a report and in a bill. But it does not follow that his selection was not a very grave error. For how does it happen that having expressed such sentiments ten years ago, and being an active politician familiar in Washington and all political circles, and the editor of a paper during all the agitation of the question, from the appointment of the first Advisory Commission in 1871 down to the passage of the reform bill at the very end of 1882, Mr. KEIM was not only not known as a friend and supporter of reform, but was known as a close political supporter of Mr. CAMERON and of the system which was to be reformed?

In the answer to that question lies the conclusive reason against his selection, and it would have been recreancy to the cause for the friends of reform to acquiesce without protest. But we do not wish to prolong the controversy, and while we feel that the appointment must be regarded as extremely unfortunate, and justly provocative of public amazement and incredulity, we certainly do not suppose that reform is abandoned or the Commission treacherous because of a serious mistake. Its action and the career of the Chief Examiner will be followed still more attentively, and the Commissioners will doubtless see in the universal criticism which has been made in this instance how strong and general and intelligent are the public interest and expectation in regard to their work.

THE LATE DR. WILBUR.

DR. H. B. WILBUR, the head of the State Institution for Idiots at Syracuse, who died suddenly last week, was a man who will not be forgotten by those who knew him and his pathetic and beneficent work. From early life his temperament and character called him to the discharge of a duty for which his peculiar fitness was a genius as positive as that of a painter or a musician for his art. DR. WILBUR'S professional accomplishment in his special department was very great. But in that department his personal qualities were as unusual and as indispensable. His infinite patience and tenderness and gentleness were not less than his sagacity and intelligence, and his long experience enhanced the practical value of his admirable qualities. Naturally a life passed among innocent sufferers from a calamity which they could not comprehend produced in him a subdued and sympathetic manner which made his essential manliness only the more striking and touching. His work was, like himself, most modest and noiseless. But among the citizens of the State whose activities are true and humane public services and whose characters are benedictions to all who are associated with them, none deserves a more lasting and grateful remembrance than this kindly gentleman, accomplished physician, and trusty friend.

THE AQUEDUCT JOB.

THE press of the city of New York was virtually unanimous in demanding that the new aqueduct should not be made a job. The Commissioners earnestly urged the same view. The Mayor sustained it by a strong appeal. A large public meeting of the tax-payers dispatched a weighty committee to press upon the Legislature the necessity of defending the work against corruption and reckless extravagance. But the Legislature contemptuously disregarded all remonstrance and appeal, and crowned its long series of offenses against the public welfare by imposing an enormous job upon the tax-payers of New York. The sole hope of baffling the nefarious schemes of mercenary politicians now lies in the Governor's veto. It is to meet precisely such emergencies that the veto power is intrusted to the Chief Magistrate as the final defense of the people. It is to the Governor that the intelligent people of the city now turn for protection.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

THE HARPERS have just published two delightful works of literary criticism and history, PERRY'S *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, and SIMCOX'S *History of Latin Literature from Ennius to Boethius*. Mr. PERRY is university lecturer upon English Literature at our Cambridge, and his volume is made up of lectures delivered in Cambridge and repeated in Baltimore. Mr. SIMCOX is of "English Oxford," and his work is a complete and comprehensive survey of his subject.

Mr. PERRY'S plan permits an easy colloquial treatment which is very charming; and without proposing to himself either a history or cyclopædia of the time that he has chosen to illustrate, he aims to trace the laws of progressive literary development as they are exhibited in the works of the eighteenth century. This scheme involves naturally some critical consideration of such authors as mainly serve his purpose, and his evident familiarity with the times and the men and their books makes his volume an exceedingly pleasant picture of them from a fresh point of view. It will remind readers once more of the rich resources of our literature even for those who can not spare time for extensive or profound study.

Mr. SIMCOX'S *Latin Literature* is a work of thorough scholarship, and, like Mr. PERRY, he treats it so well from the humane and not from the Dryasdust point that the story of the old literature glows like an old picture over which a freshening sponge has been passed. There is no better introduction to the literary period which it covers, and no more satisfactory account of the authors, whose names at least are familiar. The work popularizes the subject without vulgarizing it, and illustrates a scholarship whose literary touch is not less genial and charming because it is accurate and thorough.

PERSONAL.

QUEEN VICTORIA issued an order that no lamb should be eaten this season by the royal household. The price of that meat in Smithfield Market soon fell from twenty-eight cents a pound to eighteen cents a pound.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Mr. ALMA TADEMA has not been fortunate in his engravers. The peculiarities of his touch are not to be rendered by any of the modern known methods." There are several engravers in this country to whom Mr. ALMA TADEMA'S friends should commend him. There are no peculiarities of his touch which these artists can not render.

—A Vienna correspondent asserts that "the imperfect and little-spread knowledge of the English language is the reason why the Vienna critics are not very eloquent in discussing the merits and faults of Mr. EDWIN BOOTH." But our New York critics seem to have experienced no difficulty in handling SALVINI, who spoke in Italian.

—The *Athenæum* on EMERSON'S poetry: "Although we can not think highly of EMERSON'S verse, it certainly finds honor in his own country."

—We find in the *Bay City Tribune* the following touching anecdote of the late Professor COCKER, of Michigan University: "Shortly before his death he called the attention of his pastor to a worn and faded shawl spread on his bed, and requested to have it wrapped around his body and buried with him. He had made it himself when a young man in England; had worn it in all his journeyings to and fro over the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, when residing in Australia, when he escaped from the Feejee Islanders when they were preparing to kill and roast him, and when he was shipwrecked. It accompanied him when he landed in the United States, and even clad the remains of his dead child when, penniless and disheartened, he first arrived in Adrian. His wish was gratified."

—In the great fire which recently occurred in Paternoster Square, London, Messrs. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & Co. lost the whole of their bound stock, a few MSS., some valuable sketches, and various wood-blocks. Fortunately a large portion of the MSS. for forth-coming books was already in the printer's hands, and the bound stock was not nearly so extensive as it would have been at a later period of the year.

—In answer to an invitation by a committee appointed to procure competitive models for an equestrian statue of PAUL REVERE, to be erected at Boston, eight artists, whose names were in sealed envelopes, sent in designs. After a careful examination the committee selected three models, awarding the place of honor to one which, on opening the accompanying envelope, proved to be by Mr. JAMES E. KELLY, of New York. Mr. KELLY'S model represents the hero on the Charlestown side of the Charles River, at the moment when he first sees the lights on the tower of the Old North Church. He has caught the horse firmly by the mane with the left hand, the left foot in the stirrup, and with the right hand he grasps the saddle. In the act of vaulting into his seat he turns his head for a last look, and his attitude, as well as that of his horse, is exceedingly dramatic, and far removed from the conventional treatment. Mr. KELLY, who is well known as a gifted and original artist for HARPER'S WEEKLY and other illustrated periodicals, and also for his many excellent models and designs, was recently the successful one among forty competitors for the design of a statue commemorative of the battle of Monmouth.

—Photographs of five likenesses of WORDSWORTH have been presented by the Wordsworth Society of London to its members. The artists are the painters HENRY INMAN, HAYDON, and Miss GILLIES, and the sculptors FLETCHER and THRUPP. INMAN'S portrait was painted for Professor REED, of Philadelphia, and was considered by the poet's wife to be the best ever made of her husband. Mr. INMAN was one of our earliest and most prominent National Academicians.

—The wife of Minister J. R. LOWELL, according to a letter in the New York *Times*, has long been an invalid, and, in consequence, has only lately been presented at court. The state of her health making necessary the greatest care, she applied for permission to wear a somewhat different dress from that which is the rule at the Queen's Drawing-Room. The Queen, in extending to Mrs. LOWELL the needed dispensation, sent a message requesting her not to go to the royal reception without the permission of her medical advisers, and adding that if they were not of opinion that she could do so with safety, the Queen would have much pleasure in paying her a visit at the Legation. Mrs. LOWELL attended the Drawing-Room, and was very much gratified by the kindness of the English Queen, who is now herself an invalid.

—Three hundred and ten dollars were paid at the auction sale of Mr. C. FISKE HARRIS'S library for the MENZIES copy of a small volume of BURNS'S poems, "chiefly in the Scottish dialect." Book collectors are pleased with the fact that at the MENZIES sale, several years ago, the same volume brought only $155.

—An interesting concert will be given at Chickering Hall on Friday evening, May 11, by the Columbia College Glee Club, in aid of the fund for the expenses of the Columbia crews this coming season. The club is young, but under the careful leadership of Mr. A. D. WOODRUFF it has developed rapidly, and in a very gratifying manner. Mr. EDGAR D. SEAMAN is the warbler, and Mr. ROBERT ARROWSMITH manager. A varied programme of college glees and warbles has been arranged, and New-Yorkers who like to see Columbia push the blue and white to the front will be doubly repaid for the purchase of tickets. These are one dollar each, and there are no reserved seats.

—A memorial cross of fine white freestone, consisting of a base about seven feet square and two inches thick, a pedestal about four feet and a half high and four feet square, an ornamental shaft, the cross proper, and a cap or finial, has been erected at Bolton Abbey, England, by the tenantry of the Duke of Devonshire, in honor of the late Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH. The inscription on the pedestal was decided upon by the widow of that nobleman and his sister, and reads as follows:

"To the beloved memory of
Lord FREDERICK CHARLES CAVENDISH,
Son of WILLIAM, 7th Duke of Devonshire,
And of BLANCHE GEORGIANA, his wife,
Born November 30th 1836:
He went out as Chief Secretary to Ireland,
'Full of love to that country,
Full of hope for her future,
Full of capacity to render her service.'
And was murdered in the Phœnix Park, Dublin,
Within twelve hours of his arrival,
May 6th 1882.
'The Lord grant thee thy heart's desire,
And fulfill all thy mind.'"

The lines first quoted are the words used by Mr. GLADSTONE when announcing to the House of Commons the news of the assassination.

—CHARLOTTE VON KALB, the friend of SCHILLER, HERDER, FICHTE, and especially of JEAN PAUL RICHTER, appears again in literature by means of a volume of her letters to RICHTER, lately published in Germany. She was a passionate, large-souled, and audacious creature, who used to say that it took a JEAN PAUL RICHTER to understand her. But though her avowals to that distinguished author were unmistakable, he married CAROLINE MAYER, preferring, as he said, "a gentle maiden who could cook for him, and laugh and cry with him," to one who, like CHARLOTTE, was always ready to "venture flight into the infinite."

—Marshal MCMAHON, at a public reception last month, was described as still erect, and retaining his fresh complexion; "but age is telling upon him. He was stimulated for a while by the salutations of old friends, and then he folded his arms on his chest and went to sleep."

—Mr. PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, in his *Portfolio*, the leading art journal in the English language, writes a very interesting notice of a well-known book: "We have seldom come across a more delightful book in its way than *Highways and Byways of New England*, by WILLIAM H. GIBSON (HARPER & BROTHERS, New York). As the title indicates, the letterpress is descriptive of rural life and scenery; a love of nature that is Wordsworthian in its reverence, the close and patient observation of an artist, the peculiar humor of a genial American in the study of men and things—these are qualities that give a quite individual freshness and vigor to Mr. GIBSON'S account of his wanderings, sketch-book in hand, up hill and down dale. The contents of the sketch-book furnish the illustrations to the book, most of them accurate and exceedingly careful and intricate studies of foreground material, or of groups of plants and flowers, of insects or birds, with also some general landscape subjects. The skill with which these notes and studies have been reproduced and printed by the wood-engravers is beyond praise. The varied tone, the imitative interpretation of the artist's touch, the intelligent following of his delicate effects of light and dainty drawing of form, make these among the most beautiful examples of the American school of wood-engraving which we have seen. The name of the engraver is printed against each title of illustration—a tribute only just where at least as much is due to the interpreter as to the designer."

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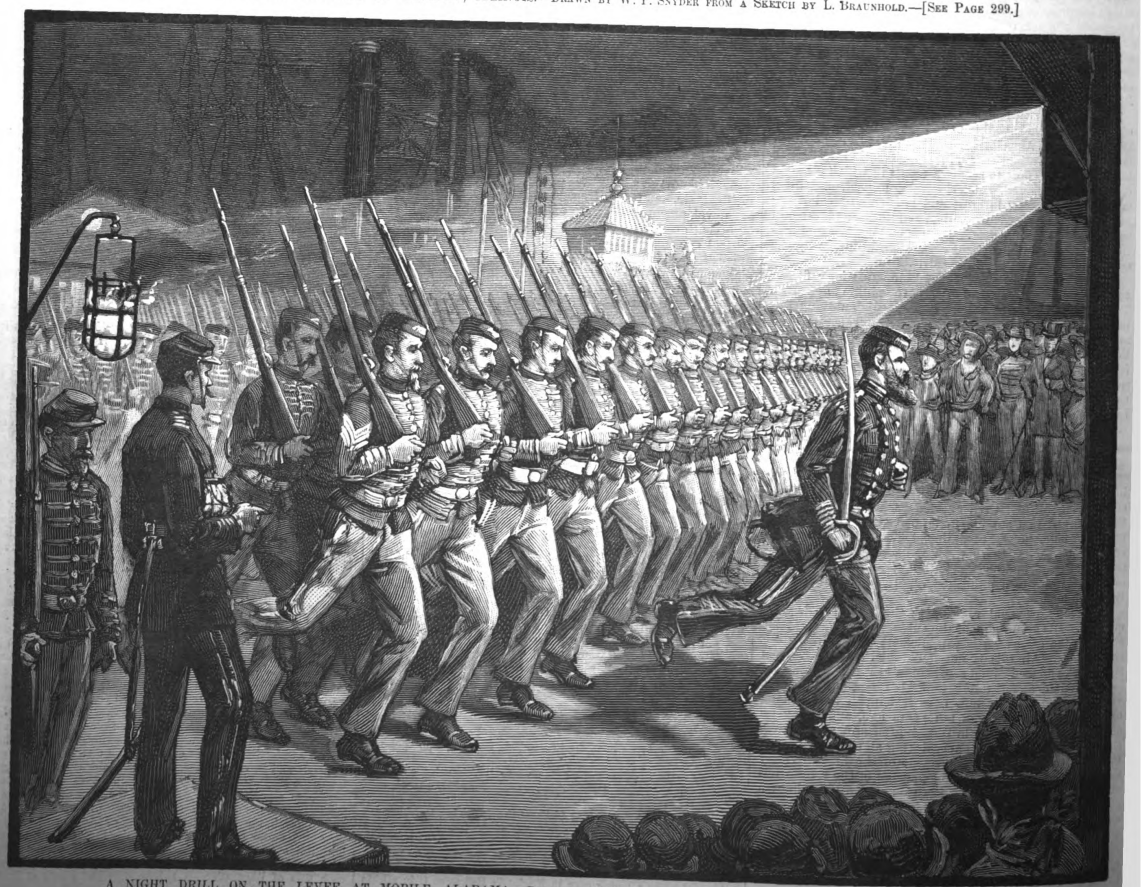
THE NEW BASE-BALL GROUNDS AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder from a Sketch by L. Braunhold.—[See Page 299.]



A NIGHT DRILL ON THE LEVEE AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 300.]

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OLD MINCHEON'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

"Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end:
That one day, out of darkness, they shall meet,
And read life's meanings in each other's eyes."

In the twilight of a summer day a young man was walking briskly through a grass-grown side street of a provincial town. As he walked he looked about, and seemed to patronize impartially both the shabby cottages and magnificent elm-trees. He was good-looking, and reputed clever, and had been much petted by his mother and sisters and other women.

With all these excellent reasons for self-esteem, he could not be expected to repress a sense of superiority when he found himself in a town of no importance whatever except as a point of departure for remote Canadian fishing grounds.

He was following a ragged boy laden with a portmanteau, rifle, and fishing-rods. These traps were marked, "Frank Aldridge, New York," and were of that correct and costly kind affected by young and wealthy sportsmen. Mr. Aldridge had not yet indulged in any conversation with his guide, though he was taking notes and meaning to ask questions later. As a clumsy vehicle, for which he knew no name, rolled past him down the street, he exclaimed,

"Hallo! What's that?"

The boy turned and grinned.

"That's Old Mincheon, and his chariot, and his granddaughter."

"Chariot! Good name for it. Curious. But everything here is curious."

Aldridge relapsed into silence, but his eyes followed the chariot until it disappeared round a corner.

The gentleman irreverently termed "Old Mincheon" was by far the most aristocratic person in the town. He was poor, but in a community where no one is rich, poverty is not a disability. It was commonly said that nothing Old Mincheon had was his own excepting his chariot, his granddaughter, and his family ghost.

The ghost was, except in reputation, strictly private property. No one but Old Mincheon had ever seen it or talked with it, but *he* was, in popular parlance, "cheek by jowl with the sperrit."

The ghost had exercised a malign influence upon the existence of Old Mincheon's granddaughter. Little Sylvia Mincheon was never quite sure whether her grandfather's familiar or his chariot was most responsible for her sorrows, for it was in driving out in the latter that she had generally received the commands of the former. The two were in her fancy so inseparable that she had lain awake many a night imagining the uncouth vehicle transformed into an uncanny shape, which boldly entered her grandfather's room, and there in the darkness expressed objectionable sentiments and issued disagreeable orders.

Sylvia was the only child of Old Mincheon's only son. This son had been an officer in a regiment of the line. He had served in India, married there, and died. Dying, he had bequeathed to his father a little daughter and a store of Indian bric-à-brac in gold and in ivory. So Sylvia, aged three, had come with her English nurse, and her trunks stuffed full of rare silks and muslins and shawls, to grow up in a small provincial town in the exclusive society of an old man and a ghost.

To the credit of her sweet temper and innocent mind be it said,

THE BETROTHAL.

"HERE HE FOUND HIS COMPANION AND MR. MINCHEON."

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she never questioned the existence of the ghost, or asserted her will in opposition. Unfortunately the ghost had definite opinions on the education of women, and had expressed itself clearly from the beginning.

"Women," it had said, "have no definite tendencies except toward frivolity. The end of their education is to modify these tendencies, which history teaches us can never be eradicated." The desolate conviction with which the ghost, as reported, uttered this fundamental truth had sunk into Sylvia's soul, and led her to model her character on that of her governess, whose rigid ideas and gloomy deportment presented as nearly as possible the desirable antipodes of frivolity. She faithfully read the books which the ghost selected, wore the clothes it considered most appropriate, and was even willing to marry the man it chose for her husband—a man three times her age, but always referred to by the ghost as "Young Blight."

It was the last day of Sylvia's seventeenth year when the Mincheon turn-out had been dubbed by a flippant sportsman "Curious"—an important day for the girl in more ways than one. That morning her governess had been dismissed, and had gone to another household, there to continue her mission of checking girlish levity by an edifying exhibition of gloom. That afternoon Sylvia had been informed that the next day, at four o'clock, she would be formally betrothed to Young Blight.

At the appointed hour she put her hand trustfully in Blight's, and repeated after her grandfather: "I, Sylvia Mincheon, promise to marry you, Timothy Blight, three months from to-day."

As the words fell from her lips she felt the hold of Blight's sinewy hand tighten. She looked up into his face, and an expression of surprise, quickly followed by fear, filled her eyes. She was experiencing the first emotion of her life—one of dislike for the gaunt figure and yellow bristly face of "Young Blight," accompanied by an impulse to cry out, "No, no!" Restraining this impulse, she jerked her hand from her betrothed, and in spite of a sharp reproof from her grandfather, ran out of the room. She flew straight to the kitchen, the domain of the nurse who had brought her from India, and who had managed to make herself indispensable to the Mincheon establishment.

"Martha, a glass of water, please," she cried, sinking into a chair, and looking at Martha beseechingly.

Martha responded to the expression instantly. She caught the girl in her arms and kissed her, and exclaimed, "It's a cruel shame—a cruel shame, my darlin'."

Sylvia clung to Martha's neck. "Is it, Martha? Are you sure it is a cruel shame?" Then, without waiting for confirmation, she picked up a hat and shawl lying on a chair and ran out into the garden. She felt and saw nothing clearly. A whole world of doubt had suddenly been opened, and the child stood dazed at the threshold. Mechanically she went to the gate, and climbed up to her seat in the chariot in waiting.

Presently Mr. Mincheon and Mr. Blight came down the garden walk together, the older leaning on the arm of the younger. Nature had cast the two men in the same mould—a mould in which the length was in extravagant proportion to the breadth. Blight offered Mincheon the fine flattery of affecting his style. Mr. Mincheon wore tight black trousers, a bottle-green frock-coat ornamented with military braid, a high black stock, and white beaver hat with a peculiarly long and furry nap. Mr. Blight's dress was an imitation, exaggerated even to the nap of his hat, which seemed to Sylvia to flutter in the breeze like the ruffled feathers of the geese waddling at will in the gutters of the town. Mr. Mincheon waved a black-rimmed eyeglass in his right hand; Mr. Blight's left toyed with a gold-rimmed glass. When Mr. Mincheon smiled he showed one row of painfully false teeth; when Mr. Blight smiled he unblushingly displayed two.

To-day they were both smiling and multiplying their wrinkles in the expression of pleasure. No reference was made to Sylvia's rather abrupt termination to the ceremony of betrothal. Mr. Mincheon mounted the chariot and took the reins. To Sylvia's relief, Mr. Blight did not offer to shake hands with her. Lifting his hat, he made an angular bow from the waist, and said, "Good-by."

Mr. Mincheon, volubly quoting the ghost, drove rapidly toward the ferry, with the evident intention of proceeding to the opposite side of the river. Sylvia, with her hat pulled over her eyes, gave herself up to contemplating the change which had come over her, and to keeping back the tears dangerously near the surface.

She was wholly unconscious of what was going on about her until the boat touched the farther shore, and the advance of the chariot was stopped for a moment by the interlocking of its wheels with that of another vehicle. She looked up then, and saw two men in a light wagon backing out of their way. One she recognized, but the other was a stranger, of a different class, and, as Sylvia saw at once, of distinguished appearance. This stranger, unconcerned by the difficulties which were testing his companion's skill in managing horses, was leaning forward looking at Sylvia, and as her eyes met his he exclaimed, "Poor little thing!"

Hope leaped up in Sylvia's heart, and color dyed her face, for she felt instinctively that the sympathetic words specially applied to her. At that moment the backing was successfully accomplished, and the Mincheon progress being no longer impeded, the chariot moved on ahead. Sylvia dared not look back. She hoped the wagon would pass them, and that she would have another look at the stranger who she fancied had come by miracle to her assistance. This hope was doomed to disappointment. No wagon passed, and, listening intently for the sound of wheels, she became convinced that they were alone on the road. Mr. Mincheon coughed three extra dry coughs to arrest Sylvia's attention, which he felt was not entirely at his disposal.

"For, as the ghost most pertinently observed, Sylvia—" he began.

Sylvia suddenly clasped his arm, and lifted a face to him the like of which for passionate anguish he had never seen in all his cut-and-dried life, and cried,

"Oh, grandpapa! grandpapa! *must* I marry Mr. Blight?"

One instant of awful silence; then Mr. Mincheon shook Sylvia from his arm as if her touch was contamination, and carefully dusted his sleeve with his handkerchief. The reins fell loose over the dash-board. Mr. Mincheon stuck his eyeglass in his eye, folded his arms, and craned his long neck round above the edge of his stock until he faced Sylvia crouching back in her seat.

"*Must* you marry Mr. Blight?"

His voice expressed about as much comprehension of the meaning of the words as if he was uttering a Chinese salutation, learned by rote, and warranted suitable for all occasions.

"Yes, grandpapa—must I? must I? Is there no way out of it?"

From her vehemence a dim perception of her idea appeared to dawn in Old Mincheon's brain, expressed in a cruel tightening of his close-shaven lips.

"Pray, Sylvia, if you do not marry Mr. Blight, may I ask whom you will marry?"

This application of the Socratic method stunned Sylvia. She had only thought of getting rid of Mr. Blight, and she felt that if marrying another man was a necessary alternative, her case was indeed desperate.

"I don't know—I don't know, I'm sure."

The helplessness of this reply had the effect of exploding Old Mincheon's imposing calmness. He lifted the whip, which had hitherto been a purely ornamental appendage to the chariot, and whirled it in the air. He recklessly lashed the horse, which, unaccustomed to such usage, dashed along the road at a rate threatening destruction.

"And may I ask, Sylvia," he gasped, "the interpretation of the phrase, 'no way out of it'? I have never heard the ghost, whose English, as you know, is at once spirited and elegant—"

The reference to the ghost roused Sylvia to hysterical interruption:

"I know, grandpapa. But the ghost got me into it—that is—I mean— Oh, take care! The road round there is impassable. Don't turn!—don't!"

The warning came too late. Mr. Mincheon, excited by this defiant criticism of supernatural authority, applied his whip savagely, and the horse took control of affairs. A swerve round a sharp corner, a swaying to and fro on the narrow path between the woods and a steep bank, then Old Mincheon and Sylvia, horse and chariot, were all rolling over down toward a deep, rapid stream.

Sylvia's next sensation was one of faintness and heavy oppression on the eyelids. She was feebly conscious that something unusual had happened. When she opened her eyes and saw the pine-trees above her head, and a man unlike her grandfather kneeling beside her, she remembered. She scrambled to her feet and clung for support to a tree. Her hair had fallen, and hung about her torn rose-colored gown. She was the most grotesque and dirty figure imaginable.

"Who are you? And what are you doing? And what does it mean?"

"My name is Frank Aldridge. I am at present only looking at you—a pleasant and harmless occupation. It means that you are going to faint again. Look out!"

He put his arm round her, and held water to her lips.

She averted her head.

"Why did you not let me die? Now—now I *must* marry Mr. Blight."

Here, as Aldridge had foretold, she fainted again. He dashed what water remained in his drinking-cup over her face. This, his only known and available restorative for a fainting woman, failed, and he, scared out of his normal self-confidence, picked her up and ran with her in his arms to his carriage at the turn of the road. Here he found his companion and Mr. Mincheon. Mr. Mincheon presented a most undignified spectacle. He was bare-headed, covered with dust, and weeping copiously. He held in his arms a piece of what had once been a chariot, but was now a lot of fragments which no skill could ever join together again.

In a few words Aldridge arranged that his companion should mount guard over the old man, who refused to leave his precarious perch on the bank, whilst he drove the young lady to the nearest house.

Aldridge, following his natural bent, coolly took the best of the bargain. In the twenty-four hours which he had spent in the provincial town he had acquired considerable information. When he had audaciously expressed his sympathy for Sylvia on the ferry-boat he was intimately acquainted with her history, from her foreign birth down to the proposed marriage with Mr. Blight.

Now he unquestionably enjoyed the situation. He was young enough to find a vivid, romantic interest in the adventure, which was heightened by the girl's evident preference for death to marriage with Mr. Blight.

As they drove rapidly from the scene of the accident he bent his head over her pale face, and a faint flush heralding returning consciousness, he whispered,

"It is a cruel shame."

The magic sentence to Sylvia. She half opened her eyes and said, faintly:

"That is what Martha says. Take me home to Martha."

Since she had revived, Aldridge was not unwilling to prolong the drive.

"Martha is a sensible person. I shall be glad to take you to her if you can stand the drive."

"Yes. Take me home. I am confused, I think."

"No matter what you think. Keep perfectly still. I will take you home." Sylvia drew a long breath of satisfaction, and did as directed.

Aldridge knew where the Mincheons lived and how to get there as well as if he had been brought up next door. He had to explain a great deal to inquisitive people on the ferry-boat, and half of them went back to see Old Mincheon weeping over his chariot.

Arrived at the house, he lifted Sylvia to the ground and carried her to an arbor, where he met Martha running to find out what had happened.

He placed Sylvia in a rustic chair, and said:

"The horse ran away. Mr. Mincheon is not hurt, but Miss Mincheon is considerably shaken. Take her into the house, and I will find a doctor."

Martha, very red in the face, and twisting her apron through her fingers, exclaimed, "And the chariot?"

"Confound the chariot! The old rattletrap is smashed into a thousand pieces."

If he had said that Mr. Mincheon had been smashed into a thousand pieces, neither Sylvia nor Martha could have shown more genuine horror. They stared at him; they locked their arms round each other in mute defense against the impious stranger; they cried, together, "Oh, what will the ghost say?"

As Aldridge afterward said, this exhibition "floored" him. It was absurd enough to think of the old man's hugging a spoke of a wheel, but that was serious in comparison with the hysterical behavior of the women. Sylvia, in a fit of despair such as he had never seen in real life, flung her arms round Martha's neck and buried her face. Martha boohooed prodigiously. Aldridge had a happy thought. He took some coins from his pocket, and Martha, hearing the pleasant, unaccustomed chink, looked at him through her tears. An insinuating smile lighted his face, and he held out his hand, in which there was a gleam of silver.

"I say, Martha, you are a sensible woman. Take care of your mistress, and I will look after Mr. Mincheon and the trap." Martha's tears and sobs stopped like a reversed engine. "And look here, Martha, it *is* a cruel shame."

Martha treated him to one keenly intelligent glance, and led Sylvia away. Watching them fairly into the house, Aldridge started off for the doctor. His mind was clouded, and continued so for several hours. Late at night, after Mr. Mincheon had been carried home by sheer superiority of physical force, and Aldridge sat smoking a pipe in the starlight, his ideas began to flow in a familiar channel, and he saw that his duty to a healthy appetite for general information was to remain on the spot, and prove the depths of provincial eccentricity. He sent a dispatch to his friends stating that he would not join them for several days, reserving his reasons with characteristic indifference for what other people might expect.

The next day was a miserable one for Sylvia Mincheon. She staid in her room until Mr. Blight had made a morning call, and she had watched him from her window stalk up the street to his office—his office, where even Sylvia wondered what he did to amuse himself. Her grandfather staid in bed severely, and was heard declaiming fiery passages from Burke and Pitt—a sign that he was at sword's point with all the world.

In the afternoon Sylvia plucked up heart to dress herself and go down-stairs. Aldridge called, and Martha ushered him unannounced into the parlor. Sylvia was curled up in a large leather arm-chair, and did not see him till he was beside her. Then she rose, and blushed vividly and bowed coldly. Aldridge had come prepared for all things unusual; so, unabashed by her coldness, which he at once attributed to diffidence, he inquired kindly for her health and that of her grandfather. Sylvia answered him politely, and then, not having asked him to sit down, said,

"I must beg you to excuse me," and moved to the door. It was not for this that Aldridge had postponed his salmon-fishing. He acted promptly.

"You are not going to leave me?"

"I must. I have never received any gentleman alone in my life—but Mr. Blight. Grandpapa would never forgive me. But he will never forgive me now, anyway."

Tears choked her voice and filled her eyes, and she stood still half-way to the door. Aldridge deftly turned her own words to his advantage.

"Then you might as well stay with me: no more harm can be done. I am not like Mr. Blight; but try me."

He had followed her up, and was looking at her with an expression calculated to win. He was a master of expression. Sylvia rested her hand on the back of a high chair, and smiled through her tears.

"No, you are not at all like Mr. Blight. You are much younger, and rather better-looking."

So warped was Aldridge by experience with worldlings that he at once suspected audacious coquetry. But the critical candor of her gaze soon dissipated that idea, and made him a trifle ashamed of himself. So long as he could keep her there he did not care much what she said. He made an extraordinary demand.

"Tell me some more about Mr. Blight."

Sylvia continued her comparison. It was very easy to talk to him over the top of the high chair. Her grandfather would never forgive her, anyway, and there was a pleasure in giving voice to her secret sentiments about Mr. Blight.

"He is taller than you; but then he is all length, like a poplar-tree, and he quivers, too, in the wind. You don't quiver in the wind, do you?"

"Not an eyelash."

"That's nice." Here Sylvia nodded her head approvingly several times. "Then, you see, being, like grandpapa, an officer in the militia, he always wears undress uniform. I have thought that the long tight coat made him look even a little more like a poplar-tree than nature intended. I don't know how you would look in that uniform, I am sure."

"Oh, like a guy. But, believe me, [illegible] are not my strong point."

"Perhaps not," she assented, repeating the confidential nod. "You are not as handsome as some of the men who have dined with grandpapa on state occasions."

Aldridge caught at a new subject. "What do you mean by state occasions?"

"When grandpapa dines the Governor and suite. I am to go to the balls and dinners at Government House next winter, after I marry Mr. Blight. Oh, how could you?—why did you not let me die?"

She threw back her head and looked at him as she had looked at her grandfather the day before. Her appeal had a different effect. Aldridge leaned over the chair from the other side and answered back from his heart:

"I'm not such a brute as that, you know. I will get you out of it some way."

"Will you? Can you? How?"

Before he could frame a suitable answer to this direct acceptance of a vague assertion, Martha announced, in a loud voice, "Mr. Blight."

Sylvia darted to the door, and when Mr. Blight entered, Aldridge was negligently leaning on the chair, with his hat in his hand, and the casual air of a visitor about to take his leave.

"This is Mr. Aldridge, Mr. Blight," said Sylvia, with visible trepidation—"the gentleman who was so kind to us yesterday."

The men bowed to each other, and Aldridge bowed himself out, hearing Sylvia, in her fright at being left alone with Mr. Blight, exclaim, "Grandpapa wishes to see you, and, if you please, you are to go upstairs at once."

For three days Aldridge tried hard to see Sylvia again, but every device, fair and strategic, failed. On the fourth day he waylaid Martha returning from market. She was bursting with news.

"Miss Sylvia is to be married at once."

"The devil!" said Aldridge. "What do you mean by at once?"

"A week or thereabouts."

"I thought you meant to-day. Several things may happen in a week. What does Miss Sylvia say?"

"Nothing but that it is all your fault. She is very bitter about you. I have never heard her go on so."

"That is a good sign. What is the reason of this sudden decision?"

"The ghost, sir. The ghost has said that the smashing of the chariot foreboded some dreadful harm to the family, and so Miss Sylvia had better be married at once. And I must say that Mr. Blight is on the side of the ghost very strong." Aldridge walked in silence beside Martha to the gate. Here there was another transfer of coin from his hand to hers.

"Martha, the ghost must change its mind."

"*If* that could be!" *she said, doubtfully.*

"It must be. And I must see your mistress to-day. What time can you manage that?"

Martha looked thoughtful.

"At eight this evening. That old Blight will have gone, and Miss Sylvia will be alone in the arbor. Get her out of it if you can. God bless you!"

A few minutes after eight that evening Aldridge came quietly up the garden path, and turned into the arbor. Sylvia was there, sitting with her hands clasped round her knees, a pathetic and desolate figure. On seeing Aldridge she stood up and poured out a torrent of childish displeasure. He waited till she had exhausted herself; then he took hold of her wrists and held her.

"You do me great injustice. If I had known about Mr. Blight I should have sent you spinning into the stream. I should never have been so unkind as to scramble after you and pick you up. You believe me?"

Sylvia trembled. The force of the man overwhelmed her, and besides, he was presenting a new side of the question. He went on rapidly:

"And since I have known, I have been so anxious to help you. You remember I said I would. Instead of trusting me, you have shunned me. I believe you hate me. At least I have not deserved that."

This presentation of the argument of injured virtue overcame Sylvia's last scruple.

"No, no!" she cried. "Forgive me, if you can. But I am so miserable, so desperate. Is there no way out of it?"

"Let us sit down here and talk it over," said Aldridge, delighted with his success.

It was the first time in her dreary life that sympathy had ever been offered to her. She was not troubled by any conventional reserve. Here was some one who pitied her and would help her. Some one who, in spite of her bad behavior, would forgive her and listen to her. She laid bare her heart to him.

"I am alone in the world. I have been afraid of grandpapa and my governess, and most of all of the ghost, always. I have never been happy, neither have I been unhappy until the last week. I think I have not understood life, its meanings and possibilities, before, and it is terrible to begin with helpless misery. All my reading with my governess has taught me nothing. I have never thought that I had in me any of the feelings and passions which impelled people to deeds of heroism or to crime. You see, from the first the ghost has planned things for me, and I have had no notion of personal responsibility. Now I am no longer blind. I began to see and to feel when Mr. Blight took my hand and I promised to marry him. I looked at myself that day for

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the first time, and I felt that I ought to have a voice in the arrangement of my own future. I cried out to grandpapa to help me, and you know how he has answered. Oh, I am such a poor little thing! I am as ignorant as a baby of the world, and of men and women. I could not run away from here; I should not know where to run, or how, or what to do, beyond this garden. No, there is nothing for me but Mr. Blight or the river. I shall choose the river, unless you can help me. If you can, if you will, I will do anything in the world for you."

Sylvia was looking up at him, her wild eyes playing havoc with his susceptibilities. The tones of her pained, high-strung voice vibrated in his heart. The abandon of her plea for protection stirred strong and generous emotions. He was young; he had known only the sunny side of life, and he now felt himself in the enviable position of a hero of a genuine romance. The first qualification of the hero is to be in love with the heroine. He was in love with her. He had been in love with her from the first, and that was his true reason for lingering in this stupid town.

"I will help you," he exclaimed, "and you must trust me implicitly, and not look at the river."

Sylvia's face expressed her confidence.

"You are not afraid of me?"

"No."

"You put yourself in my hands wholly?"

"Yes."

Sylvia had risen, and was backing out of the arbor. Aldridge felt the necessity of explaining what he meant to do for her, and why he meant to do it, of showing her that he proposed to substitute himself for Mr. Blight. As she was, he knew, unprepared for this simple plan, fresh obstacles might arise if he attempted an explanation in words. Besides, time pressed, and he must woo hastily.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her. For a moment Sylvia clung to him; for a moment she looked at him so shyly and sweetly that nobody could have blamed him for repeating the experiment. But while he thought he would, she drew herself away and fled to the house. With suspicious promptness Martha appeared in the arbor.

Sylvia flung herself on her bed in a flutter of agitation. She was not afraid of her new happiness; she sprang forward to it out of the darkness of solitude and fear. Now she thoroughly understood her heroes and her criminals. All that could make life beautiful or bitter had come to her—poor little Sylvia Mincheon!

A shrill cry broke the stillness of the night. Sylvia started up and ran to the door. There she stood, listening, wondering, trembling. Another cry, fainter than the first, but full of terror, came up the stairs. With an answering exclamation she ran through the hall, down the broad stairway, to her grandfather's room. Martha was there, with a lighted candle in her hand. Mr. Mincheon sat up in bed, twisting the sheets in his fingers, moaning and shaking extravagantly. Sylvia ran to the bedside.

"What is it, grandpapa? Are you ill? What can we do? Martha, do something quick."

"Bad dreams, darlin'; bad dreams. A glass of sherry, sir?"

Martha advanced with the wine. Mr. Mincheon's eyes were singularly small and colorless, but on this occasion they distended with indignation.

"Stand back, woman! Bad dreams, indeed!" He waved Martha off with a majestic motion, and turned his attention to Sylvia. "Sylvia, begone!" He pushed her violently from the bed, and took to groaning and twisting the sheets with renewed vigor.

"The ghost," he murmured—"the ghost," and looked at Sylvia, who had retreated to the window.

Sylvia fired up. These words banished her alarm at her grandfather's condition, and her desire to know the cause.

"Who cares for the ghost? I don't. I won't marry Mr. Blight. I won't! I won't! You nasty, wicked old thing! I don't care a snap of my finger for you. There! there!"

She snapped her fingers in the air, leaving it doubtful whether the opprobrious epithets were addressed to the ghost or to her grandfather. Mr. Mincheon's faculties were momentarily stunned by this outburst, but recovering himself, he seemed about to spring out of bed and annihilate his impious granddaughter. Martha saved her by pushing her out of the window to the veranda, saying, "Go to bed, darlin'. I'll manage him."

Sylvia hastened round to the kitchen, and turning to shut the door, a wonderfully bright light flashed in her eyes, revealing for a second the face and figure of Mr. Frank Aldridge. If Sylvia's brain had not already been turned topsy-turvy, she might have connected this apparition with her grandfather's fright. As it was, she simply groped her way back to her room, and hung out of the window, peering after her vanished lover, from whom a myriad of ghosts and grandfathers could not separate her.

She fell asleep at last, challenging all her enemies to come on and do their worst.

The next day was far advanced when Martha woke Miss Sylvia, and bade her dress at once and go down to her grandfather, who was expecting her.

At this summons Sylvia's recklessness of last night hardened into defiance. As she crossed the lower hall in the sunlight, Martha, who was not given to analyzing expression, was startled by the fierce determination of her face. Mr. Mincheon had risen and made his somewhat elaborate toilet. He sat by the window in an easy-chair, but rigidly erect. Sylvia stood still in the middle of the room. It was her custom to stand in her grandfather's presence until invited to sit down. This morning that courtesy was not extended.

The old man was icy in his demeanor; the girl self-possessed. His tone was oracular. If Sylvia should have an idea of disputing what he might say, he meant to show her the uselessness of that at once.

"Sylvia, as you are aware, I had last night an unusually exciting interview with the ghost. There was a difference of opinion, and I was slightly disturbed—very slightly. My voice, rising in the heat of discussion, alarmed Martha and you. You recall the incident?"

Sylvia at that moment vividly recalled his shrieks and his exhibition of abject fear, but she merely bowed her head. "You, Sylvia, were the subject of discussion. Are you prepared to receive instructions concerning your immediate future?"

A faint color tinged Sylvia's cheeks. She clasped her hands, and spoke out all her defiance. "I will listen to all you have to say, grandpapa, but I won't be tyrannized over by anybody living, much less by a ghost. I won't live in ignorant solitude any longer. I won't marry Mr. Blight."

"Well done! That's plucky! I like that!"

This voice was not Mr. Mincheon's, nor Mr. Blight's. Sylvia turned, and saw Aldridge standing in a corner. Instinctively she took a few steps toward him, stretching out her hands; then abruptly stopped, overcome by a pitiful confusion. Aldridge met her more than half-way.

"Sylvia, you are not to marry Mr. Blight; you are to marry me. If you will, you may. The ghost himself has said it."

Sylvia shrank back from him, a picture of delighted surprise. Aldridge whispered something to her not intended for Mr. Mincheon's ears. She ran across the room, and flung herself at her grandfather's feet.

"Forgive me. I will do as you desire. The ghost is right."

Said old Mincheon, grandly: "If you will mention an instance when the ghost has been wrong, you will oblige me. Young man, your manners and credentials being satisfactory, I give this girl into your hands, and from her recent exhibitions, I should say you will have your hands full. Sylvia, leave the room, and don't come near me again until I send for you."

Sylvia slipped out of the window in a twinkling.

When Aldridge joined her in the garden, she asked him a grave question: "Is there a Mincheon ghost? Has there ever been a Mincheon ghost? Everything is slipping away from me. I can only believe in you. Tell me the truth."

Aldridge's eyes sparkled with fun as he answered: "If you cry 'Wolf' long enough, the wolf comes at last, and gobbles you up as a punishment for irreverence. Mr. Mincheon feels this morning that he has had a narrow escape from the jaws of the wolf. Mr. Blight is the loser thereby, and I am the winner. Poor Blight! I wonder how the two old boys will arrange things!"

Sylvia was not to be baffled in this way. "But you were the wolf. You know you were. And Martha knows it too. I taxed her with the fraud just now, and she could not deny it."

Aldridge laughed outright. "You must learn to accept results, Sylvia, and ask no questions about the means."

Sylvia looked thoughtfully at the ground, then saucily at her lover. "Since grandpapa has deceived me so long and so cleverly, I know what men are, and—you had better look out. My eyes can open very wide."

Long afterward, when Sylvia's eyes had opened very wide, Aldridge remarked to a confidential friend:

"For making a man a contradictory, slightly skeptical, altogether delightful wife, there is nothing like early faith in a family ghost."

ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.

CHINESE THEATRES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A most refreshing sensation awaits the tourist to the Pacific coast at the Chinese theatres in San Francisco. These establishments are two in number, and as the Chinese are assiduous theatre-goers, the houses are crowded every night. The performance begins at seven and lasts till one or two o'clock in the morning; but even a performance of this length is only a section of a play, which goes on night after night for a week or two. The stage is a mere platform; there are no foot-lights, the only illumination being that from two small gasaliers. There are no curtains, no scenery, flies, or wings; no proscenium, or properties other than a table, two chairs, fans, and weapons. The scene is indicated in the primitive way by displaying a board on which is written "forest," "room," and so on. This is put in front of the actors, and the imagination of the spectators does the rest. The Joss and household gods are, as in every Chinese dwelling, in the background. The rear wall separates the stage from the actors' dressing-room and the kitchen, and a circular window covered with netting enables the manager to watch the performance, and enables the audience to see the manager at supper.

Behind the space occupied by the actors is the orchestra—a dismal fiddle, a flageolet, a tambourine, a bass drum, banjos, and gongs. The gong-player is the director of the music; the one-stringed fiddle is held like a violoncello, and is a most painful instrument. There are frequent lapses into song in a Chinese play, but the airs are wild and formless, and the orchestral accompaniment quite independent of the singer. There may be worse noises than a Chinese duet, but not many. The actors are everything by turns, or rather at once—poets, acrobats, singers, musicians; there is no such thing as a specialty. The costumes are gorgeous. Rich gold embroidery, heavy silks and velvets, costly feathers and jewelry, form an important feature of the display. The plays are mostly historic, and, as already stated, last for days. Chinese acting has no dignity, no repose, no beauty, and the plays are weak and without situation, while the plots are of almost childish simplicity.

It is not commonly known, however, that there is a national patronage of the drama in China, as in France and Germany, and that actors receive generous salaries, ranging from $1000 to $4000—sums equal to at least three times those amounts here. In China the female rôles are still played by boys, and an actor who plays the leading female part will receive about $3500. He certainly earns it, as he has to shuffle about in the ungraceful fashion of Chinese women, talk in falsetto, and sing in high soprano with an effort that must make his throat sore.

Very often the drama is cut into two parts, and a light comedy played between. This is always of the most realistic character, depicting every-day life among the lower classes. It is reported that the grossest indecencies are represented in some of these plays. The acrobats or tumblers make their entrance *en masse* at about eleven o'clock, and the whole stage is filled with all the members of the troupe. Their feats are wonderful. The great battle scene, an indispensable requisite in a Chinese theatre, then takes place, and a terrific display comes of banging, hammering, screaming, twanging, and tooting. The braggart is made up terribly—his face is as white as paper, his hair and beard black and shaggy, his eyebrows are at least an inch wide, and a gorgeous robe covers his figure. He growls, stamps, swaggers, and brandishes his axe, till another figure enters, the embodiment of cruelty and cunning. Haughty challenges are given; the leaders proceed to behead their adversaries' troops, the loss of a head being denoted by bending the neck and retiring from the stage. New armies come on as fast as the old ones are decapitated, and all the time the noise is deafening. The nasal sing-song and high pitch of the "Cousins of the Moon" will certainly leave untouched the Caucasian ear, but the Mongolian is delighted, and the audience very demonstrative in their approval. This does not hinder them from eating sweetmeats, smoking, and drinking saki, which waiters carry around among the audience. The audience all wear their hats, as it is regarded as a great breach of etiquette for any one not to do so in public. The price of admission at the San Francisco theatre is fifty cents, but it is needless to say that this is only collected from Americans, the Chinamen most likely paying only ten cents.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The yachting season promises to be unusually interesting. On this side of the ocean several handsome boats, built both for pleasure and speed, will be in readiness for the opening of the season. Some of the yachts that have made good records in former years—notably the *Mischief*, *Gracie*, and *Hildegarde*—are being put in extra trim in anticipation of a season of lively sport. News comes from English waters that a new sixty-eight-ton cutter named the *Marjorie* has been built for the gentleman who sent the racing craft *Madge* to this country, and that the new cutter may be sent to these waters to compete for the *America* cup. It is said that she carries sails larger than were ever before carried by a yacht of her tonnage. From the brief description at hand the *Marjorie* seems to be what American yachtsmen call a racing machine. If she is to sail for the *America* cup, American yachtsmen may reasonably claim time in which to build a similar machine to compete with her. There is room for difference of opinion as to whether a vessel of her description may issue a challenge to race for the *America* cup. If it should appear that she ought to be barred out, for reasons similar to those which would exclude a catamaran, yachtsmen on this side of the ocean will have to decide whether it is worth their while to build a craft to compete with her for a new trophy.

A very uncomfortable feeling of insecurity has been produced in parts of Brooklyn by the operations of a burglar who seems to have acquired the art of entering houses and carrying off silver-ware without making the least noise. The police conjecture that he has some way of muffling his feet so as to make his footsteps noiseless, while superstitious persons are not quite sure that his depredations are accomplished without unnatural aid. He seems to go from house to house by way of the rear yards, and though he has entered scores of dwellings, no one has ever heard him coming, working, or going.

The following story of the Southern floods comes rather late, but perhaps it has been held back in the hope of being able to make it complete: "After the wheat came up on a Kentucky farm a sleet storm covered the field with ice. Before this melted a flood swept over, and the ice, rising to the surface of the water, pulled every blade of wheat out of the ground and carried it away." It is to be hoped that the man on whose ploughed ground the ice settled will not fail to report the number of bushels the transplanted wheat yielded to the acre.

The Marquis of Lorne, passing between a double file of Niagara hackmen recently, raised his hat the entire distance. This, somebody explains, was the homage which nobility pays to wealth.

A dissenter from the doctrine of the Rev. Mr. Jasper that "de sun do move" has arisen in Richmond, Virginia. "Shuah," he says, "everybody knows de sun doan move. Dat's nonsense. De skies turns aroun' every day."

One of the lawyers in the Star Route trials finished his review of the testimony concerning the Eugene and Bridge City route, known as the "gum-boot" mail line, by reading the appended lines, which, he said, were composed by Assistant District-Attorney Moore:

"The mail was small—
Scarce any at all;
A letter or two and a paper
Went over this route
In the leg of a boot—
The horse on a five-mile caper."

It is told of an American millionaire who bought him a castle on the Rhine that one cold day his daughter found him warming his hands at a fire which he had kindled in a suit of plate armor.

"Oh, papa, what have you been doing?" she cried.

"The feller that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy; but I've made the old thing heat up at last."

Now it is denied that John Brown, the Queen's gillie, kept a diary. Probably he merely began keeping a diary at the beginning of each year, as other mortals do.

It is claimed that a tall tree has been discovered in Victoria, Australia, that far surpasses any of the great trees of California. It is a variety of the eucalyptus-tree, and it is claimed that it is 430 feet tall, and measures sixty feet around the trunk at a considerable distance above the roots.

As an instance of the great advance which sometimes takes place in the value of a book in a comparatively short period, it is recalled that the "Albani Missal" was bought in Rome by an Englishman in 1838 for $100, was sold shortly afterward for $3500, and is valued now at $50,000.

A short time ago the steam-ship *Catalonia* brought twelve hundred Irish immigrants to Boston, most of whom were sent at the expense of the British government. They are without money, and a large proportion of them will have to be taken care of for a while at least by the taxpayers. Meanwhile, the only people who are forbidden to immigrate to the United States are those who live under a government that has never tried to lessen its pauper population by sending paupers to America, and who have always succeeded in taking care of themselves when they came here. It is probable that there will be more paupers among the twelve hundred Irish who were sent over in the *Catalonia* than there are among all the Chinamen in the United States.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

It has been proposed that a Statue of Washington Irving be placed in Battery Park. Perhaps the "L" Road might take an interest in it.

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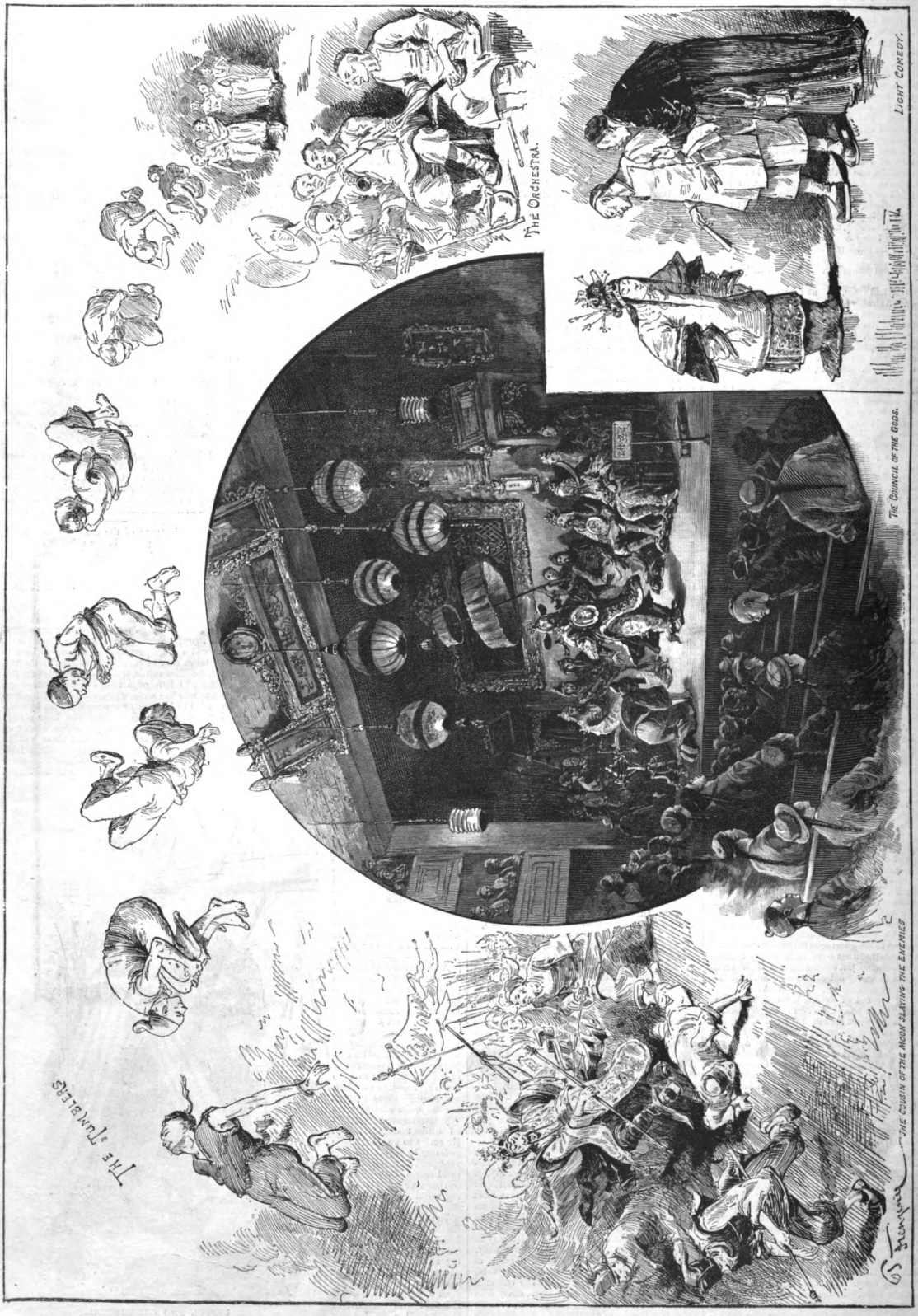

THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES IN CHINA-TOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 296.]

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SKETCHES AT THE KIRMESS.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 300.]

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"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

All as yet had seemed like a dream to Arthura, the sail, the landing, the long, long journey westward, then the arrival at the fair city, enthroned so statelily on the Loire. It was morning when the train crawled slowly along the quays bristling with masts, and close under the shadow of the venerable cathedral, into the station. The sun was flashing on town and river, gilding the ancient palaces of merchant princes, burnishing dome and cupola, lending Venetian warmth and sumptuousness to the scene. And over all such a sky! Flawless, dazzling, southern blue. Were there never any clouds in France? asked the wondering Arthura.

She awoke to the reality of things when she found herself in Madame Henri's little parlor alone with Valerian—hostess and little daughter out marketing, the class-rooms closed on account of Easter holiday, half an hour certainly, perhaps an hour, all their own, before déjeuner.

"At last!" he said, and, perhaps pardonably, gathered her for a moment to his lips, his heart, his knee. "At last!"

But it was for a moment only.

The next Arthura was standing beside his chair, not in the least ready to cry of joy now, but herself every inch, raillery as well as love looking out of her eyes, a thousand things besides sentiment on her lips.

"What will become of us?" she asked, roguishly. "We are ruined. We are undone."

Quite pardonably, it must be admitted, Valerian would fain have had one kiss more, only the third after six months' waiting, he pleaded. But Arthura laughingly changed the subject.

"We are ruined," she repeated, looking artlessly, foolishly blissful over the prospect.

"Yes," he replied, shaking his head with a woe-begone look. "My poor little girl! ruin is just the word. Nothing could have turned out so deplorably for both of us as this business. It is, in fact, suicidal."

"I am as good as married already, for I have a family to support," began Arthura, with eyes brimful of hope and joy.

"And I have no prospects. I must stay with my cousin," said Valerian, looking equally radiant.

"I have my dear father's debts to pay." And for a moment Arthura's face clouded over. The next she was sparkling as before.

"I shall perhaps be my own master, and able to marry you, when I am sixty. Will you wait for me so long, my poor Arthura?"

Arthura laughed gayly.

"Shall I have done all that I must do by that time? Thirty years! thirty years! You would be sixty, I fifty-three. It seems a long time, yet with the children to educate and place out, not a day too much. It would be safer to say forty." And again she laughed merrily. "Would you love me for forty years?" she asked, and bending down as she stood behind his chair, he unconsciously of the act, she just touched his brown curls with her lips.

"No, I can not promise. You are the clever at devices. Find some means of solving the problem."

"Oh, let us not think of the future to-day!" she cried, passionately. "Let us run about the woods and gather wild flowers like children. The problem can wait."

"For forty years? Well, give me one kiss, and I will promise anything you please."

"Not to marry Stephana, then?" she asked, full of vivaciousness. "For that is what they have set their minds on, my poor boy—I mean Miss Hermitage and Mr. Constantine. Stephana is to marry you, and you are to become a grand personage."

"Nonsense!" he said, sharply and reproachfully. "Who could have put such an idea into your head?"

"Well, Stephana would not have you; that I am sure of," was the saucy reply.

"You do not know that either," Valerian said, distracted by Arthura's spirit and beauty, in almost a love-like frenzy at the notion that she loved him, was to belong to him, yet at the same time a little ruffled at her outspokenness and want of appreciation. And a second time the temptation was too great. She was more than bewitching, but she had hurt his vanity; a second time he took her lover-like in his arms as he put the question. "Tell me, was it but a mock quarrel, like the rest, for Miss Hermitage's diversion, or did you mean it? You once called me dull!"

"What people do in play they are apt to do in earnest. Let me tell you what is on my mind, for once, for all," she said, sitting beside him, at first neither sad nor merry, in every-day sober-colored mood. "My own Valerian," she began, "you must know how hard it has been to keep up this deception so long. When I first went to Miss Hermitage's I thought nothing could be easier than to pretend to dislike you, loving you all the while. And, besides, it was my bread and the poor childrens'." She dashed away a tear or two; then went on. "It was my father's honor. I could not refuse. But I have felt a dozen times as if I must go and tell Miss Hermitage all."

"You will not—promise me you will not?" asked Valerian, greatly disturbed.

"I have no right to betray you. Be easy," she said, raising her tear-wet face to his, kissing him as if he were a child, a weak thing dependent on her. "But if you will not release me from the bond, let me go." Again she turned to him, this time with passionate pleading—with love unutterable looking out of her pure eyes. "We should be able to see each other now and then. We could write to each other. I am sure we should both be much happier."

"Well," Valerian said, very kindly, even tenderly, "we will turn the matter over in our minds. We will talk about it."

"I can not quarrel with you any more. The pretense of disliking you became unbearable sometimes," Arthura continued. "I really felt as if it must be true, or as if it would come true."

"And so you really meant it when you called me dull?"

"I dare say I did. I felt vicious enough to say anything sometimes."

"It does great credit to us that everybody has been so completely taken in," laughed Valerian.

"No; it is just that I feel ashamed of," Arthura said, rising to her feet, a fine glow of indignation on her cheeks. "There must be nobility enough in Miss Hermitage to pardon us, if we go to her and reveal all."

"Never! never! You little know my cousin. You do not know her at all," cried Valerian. "Such a step would be ruin, sheer ruin for us both, my poor Arthura; and listen, my love, my wife that is to be. There can, of course, be no secrets between us. Sit down for a minute on my knee whilst I tell you something."

For a moment such a look of pain and forlornness came into her lover's face that Arthura could refuse him nothing. There were actually tears of mortification in his eyes.

"Listen, my little girl, my only friend," he whispered, as for a moment they sat thus cheek to cheek and hand in hand. "This poor Valerian you love so dearly has nothing, not even a name, to give you. I must keep down high spirit. I must be Miss Hermitage's bond-servant as long as she lives, since it is she who picked me out of the gutter."

Arthura, all gentleness, listened now, sitting close beside him, looking up at him with mute yet sweetest consolation.

"Is it any wonder that I show what may look like a craven spirit? But for Christina I should have shared the fate of thousands of forlorn wretches born into vagabondage, living witnesses of secret sin." He was absolutely in tears, this ready, volatile, light-hearted Valerian, as, still leaning his cheek to hers, he blurted out the rest. "You, my love, my wife to be, my one close friend, must know all. I am called by the name of my kinsfolk, but I am one of them on sufferance only. Is it not monstrous, shameful, that such things should be? But you will love me none the worse?"

For answer, the passionate girl put her arms proudly, protectively, about him. "What are you, what can you ever be to me, but Valerian?" she said. "It need not prevent us from being happy."

"And if we have patience and tact, we may be happy ere we think," Valerian said. "But I must not go against Christina's wishes."

"And if she bids you do it, you will have to marry Stephana?" Arthura said, playfully.

"Leave Stephana alone," he replied, with a touch of irritation. "Stephana is generous enough for that. She little thinks that a little penniless girl bewitched me past cure long ago." He was recovering his spirits.

"Do you really think we shall be happy some day?" she asked. "Can things come right for us as they do in story-books?"

"It will not be my fault if they go wrong. But you must be guided by me in everything. Promise."

"That is vaguely said. Put in plain words what I am to promise you," said the happy girl, delighted to see her Valerian himself once more.

"Then promise me two things: you will stay with Christina as long as I wish it; and you will never, never breathe a word of our engagement to any living soul."

"We shall see," Arthura answered. "We shall reflect. What if Miss Hermitage should some day grow tired of me? I could not stay then."

"She will never grow tired of you whilst you amuse her, and you can continue to do that."

"Who knows? I amuse Miss Hermitage now without taking any trouble about it. Why it should be so I do not conceive. The least thing I say makes her smile. She must have lived all her life with people who only said Yes and No. I never say Yes and No, and that amuses her, I suppose."

"You must never begin to say Yes and No, then. Understand, my Arthura, if my cousin chose, she may make your fortune as well as mine. We are both in her hands completely;" and Valerian's face assumed its every-day, worldly look. "We must act our respective parts more discreetly, more circumspectly, than ever."

"Let Miss Hermitage make your fortune, and let me run away, then. One will suffice for us both," pleaded Arthura. "Were I no longer present, there need be no acting at all."

Valerian's brow grew dark.

"There is the bell, and I promised to answer it. It is Madeleine and her mother back from market," she cried, jumping from her seat with a sense of relief.

True enough, it was their hostesses laden with marketings, flowers for grace, and a brilliant display for delectation. There were strawberries of the four seasons, crimson of crimsons; bananas barred with black and gold like a bumble-bee, the zebra'd banana, as some French writer aptly calls it; asparagus, wands of ivory tipped with pink; the tropical mad-apple, deepest shelly purple; the prickly artichoke, delicate sea-green, smooth as if carved out of marble for the crowning of a column. And there was butter, yellow as gold from the rich pasturage of Brittany, and ray-fish fresh from the Loire; galettes crisp and brown, fried a quarter of an hour ago by light-fingered itinerant pastry-cooks; bread of that glossy romantic brown never tasted out of France—and indeed what was there not for epicures?

The servant had been sent home for her holiday, so hosts and guests set to work—Madame Henri to make the omelette and cook the fish; Valerian to act the butler, which he did to perfection; the two girls to lay the cloth. What a merry breakfast it was! How the wine seemed to sparkle! How the least little thing invited mirth! There was only one drawback. In the midst of a lively conversation Madame Henri suddenly recollected the thousand francs spent on her daughter's English education. "Speak English," she cried, in a shrill voice. "Speak English, I say."

"But, maman, you will not understand."

"What does that matter? Speak English, I repeat."

So the rest of the talk was carried on in English, Madame Henri dumb, but delighted. What was Madeleine thinking of, forsooth? Two English guests, whose talk at meals was worth a dozen lessons at five francs apiece, did not drop from the clouds every day. And opportunities of putting money in our pockets must never be wasted, thought the Frenchwoman.

What would you have? If her heart was in her pocket, how many others are similarly located! Some people's hearts, alas! are in their palates, not a few feminine ones in their looking-glasses, a considerable number are not to be found anywhere, and few, very few, we may be sure, are in their right place.

Madame Henri was not to be blamed for seizing upon any small worldly advantage that came in her way. Had Shakspeare himself been sitting at her table, she would have foregone the pleasure of listening to *him* for the sake of her daughter's English. We are what circumstances make us, and people who live by their wits must not be Quixotic, but look to actualities.

CHAPTER XII.

The month of May!—the month of Marie! Valerian and Arthura had touched French soil just as pious maidens were heaping fresh flowers on the altars in honor of the Virgin, and now it was May indeed.

And what a May! June seemed to have come in her sister's place. The air was fragrant with magnolias in full bloom; camellias, red and white, made a blaze of splendor in the public gardens; people sunned themselves at their doors all day long.

Almost Southern voluptuousness comes with the summer to this imperial capital of Western France, so proudly confronting river and ocean. The city itself offers many enticements. There are the tropic alleys of the common pleasure-ground; the stately quays, where wave flags from the wide world; and, high above, terraced walks, whence you may survey the whole scene—city and cathedral; fair open country; and, studded with many an emerald islet, the superb, the swift-flowing, the unbridled Loire, benefactor to-day, devastator to-morrow, majestic, beautiful ever.

But when had town birds music for lovers' ears? Arthura and Valerian were off every morning, like liberated school-children, and nothing more was seen of them till the six o'clock dinner. They would take the little steamer and go down the Erdre—the silvery, sleepy Erdre—thridding sedgy banks, now bright with iris and daffodil, and holms green as emerald, and low hills and coppice woods alive with song. Or they would use the little boats plying on the Loire, and alight at the first landing-place that invited, now to wander amid islanded apple orchards and quiet homesteads, now to climb the steep river-bank, and from some high point watch the ships hastening toward the sea.

Then, again, was the diligence. Without asking their destination, they would take their seats by the drivers, sure to come to some happy place, flowery meadows, little bits of woods still left to the birds and the squirrels, and bending rivers with weirs making tiny cascades.

But what pleased them best was just to take the common, unpoetic city omnibuses, and being drift in the suburbs, and shift for themselves. For this hoary, venerable city, like knotted and gnarled oak lightly covered with virgin ivy of purest green, or some other beautiful parasite, was rich in borrowed youth and rustic grace. No great surprises here, no natural wonders, but Nature in her sweetest, most gracious, most captivating mood. Other French cities possess far greater claims to suburban picturesqueness and grandeur, none such winning entourage of quiet caressing beauty. The happy lovers would then quit the diligence where it stopped at the octroi, and plunge, no matter where, so long as it was country, and not town.

And just outside the dusty high-roads, just beyond sound of railway whistle, they would find little Eden-like solitudes of verdure and floweriness, sun-lit velvety spaces between thicket and thicket, close-shut garths abloom with flower of apple and plum, a thousand lovely hiding-places for too happy hearts.

The charm of these little gold-green glades was the captivating way in which one led to another. It was like stepping from chamber to chamber in an enchanted palace. Cool, silent, delicious, rich in sunshine and umbrageous shadow, all were alike. Yet each seemed fairer than the last. These little open spaces, indeed, were but clearings of what had once been forest, carelessly left because there was land enough and to spare. As the pair threaded the green ways or sunned themselves, resting on the soft, warm, bloomy moss, farm-yard sounds would reach them from the homesteads nestled near—cackling of hens and quacking of ducks, cheery song of blue-bloused cowherd or contented bleating of goats. No stiles, no gates, no ha-ha hedges. Lovers keeping holiday may trespass unmolested in France.

Then the wild flowers! Sometimes Arthura would leave Valerian to smoke his cigar, dream his day-dream, or watch the crimson-tufted hoopoe and the yellow oriole—melancholy birds!—under the hedge, and alone wade ankle-deep in flowers through the unmown meadows. In moist pastures by the river the air was sweet with the rock cistus and the grape hyacinth, whilst the open sunny reaches showed the deep purple columbine and the ox-eyed daisy. How warm and lustrous gleamed the grasses in the sun! No exotics fairer or half so ethereal as these tasselled blossoms all silver or gold. Here and there the sorrel flower glowed coral pink as a child's ear. But the glory of the world just then was the mellow grass awaiting the mower's scythe. Who can describe it? Wave upon wave of feathery gold, the crowning glory of day and subdued splendor of night, sun and moon in one!

The evenings were no less blissful to the lovers, but hardly their own in company of the school-mistress and her fifteen-year-old daughter.

They would visit the crowded churches, warm and laden with breaths of flowers, and listen to the music in honor of the Catholics' Marie. It was such music as Arthura had never yet listened to—faultless, passionate, poetic.

Not only the human voice, but the very musical instruments seemed to throb with love, awe, and pious feeling; whilst throughout the vast aisles, fragrant with fresh flowers, all was rapt silence. No sounds but the melodic strains as they rose and fell, now filling the building, now dying away faint as an echo.

More in keeping with common minds was the military music in the public gardens; and thither they went, also for the sake of sociability and wandering between thickets of camellias and azalea, or beneath the fragrant small-leaved magnolia, now in full white and purple bloom. The stirring trumpet, the shrill clarion, the bugle, the drum, the swift gay measures, all seemed to echo love and joy.

Such distractions but lent wings to the uncounted hours. It seemed only yesterday they had come. To-morrow they must go. Arthura, bravest of the brave, turned pale at the thought which seemed to have burst upon her quite suddenly.

They were loitering in the quiet alleys of the garden, already so dear and familiar, when it occurred to her that it must be for the last time.

To-morrow they should be up betimes; the day after to-morrow no more dreams, no more love, no more confidences.

"I must say one thing," she said, passionately earnest and vehement. "I could bear to be separated from you. I should not mind that, for I know you will never, never change, my Valerian. But do not force me any longer to live the life that is a lie. Let me go, or let us tell the truth."

"My dearest child," he replied—it was precisely the reply she dreaded—"have a little more patience. Things will also be much easier for you. There is your holiday to come. I am going to take my cousin to London, perhaps to Paris."

"She will want me to go too," said Arthura, dismally. Nothing had power to depress her but Valerian's manner of looking at certain things.

"But how much easier is it to forget what we have on our minds when we are perpetually moving from place to place! You will have no time to trouble yourself with sophistries."

Arthura shook her head.

"I promise you one thing," she said, proudly. "I will keep silence as to our engagement. But I do not promise to stay with Miss Hermitage."

"My dear Arthura, we serve people much better by being politic than by all the Quixotism in the world. Our private matters concern not Christina at all. But she is really dependent on your company. It would be the greatest possible affliction to lose you. And if you are necessary to her, she is a thousandfold more necessary to you." He smiled upon her with lover-like pride and fondness as he added: "You have no accomplishments, my poor Arthura. You are a paragon, but of what? Not of book-learning certainly, and not in the matter of the arts either. Stay, then, with Christina, who enriches you just because you are what nature made you." There was deep, unanswerable worldly wisdom here.

Arthura thought of Steppie and the children, and sorrowfully held her peace.

"How happy we were when I first made your acquaintance at Margate!" she said at last. "Do you remember pulling Benjamine out of the water, and leaving your card next day? Then Benjamine running after you in the street to thank you, and the walks we took together! We shall never have so good a time again. And when you came one day with the good news that your rich relation would take me on trial, I could have kissed the very ground you walked upon. You were the veriest Providence to us!"

She was quietly weeping under her veil, but he added, cheerily,

"And now you look upon me almost as an enemy for having fallen in love with you."

"You must understand me," Arthura said, proudly, dashing away her tears. "All the burdens that seemed so heavy before—my father's debts, the children's maintenance—these are nothing compared to the weight on my mind now. We both owe everything to Miss Hermitage. It breaks my heart to deceive her."

"Foolish child!" said Valerian, bending low and whispering in her ear. "It is only a sport, a play. In a year or two, when our circumstances have a little mended, we will come to France again, and on a different errand. You know on what! It will be in my cousin's own interest to forgive us then."

With these vague, lover-like consolations he cheered her drooping spirits, and Arthura, kid-

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ing that her words made no impression, changed the subject.

It was a new and bitter experience to her that even love could not make two people understand each other in all things. And what is love worth, indeed, if it fails to unveil heart to heart?

Nevertheless the home journey was made pleasantly, even gayly. Valerian was a perfect lover. Arthura could but let herself be made happy, after foolish lover's fashion, and there was no failing of her courage when once more the sun arose on a common day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S HOUSE.

DURING the last two years extensive alterations and additions have been going on at Nos. 14 and 15 Gramercy Park, New York city, the residence of ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden. These improvements are not yet finished, and probably will not be until next spring. Meanwhile the Governor has been occupying his country house, Greystone, in the vicinity of Yonkers, on the North River, though coming down to the city at irregular intervals, for a few hours, to superintend the progress of the work, or to keep appointments with friends.

No. 15 Gramercy Park has acquired a national celebrity by reason of the events that took place there during a memorable Presidential campaign, and the visitor who has not entered it since that time will find few changes, except in the dining-room, which is now entirely transformed. But the Governor has added to it the adjoining house, No. 14 Gramercy Park, has torn down the front walls of both houses, and in their place has put a freely adapted Gothic façade of Belleville and Carlyle stones, adorned with many trophies of the sculptor's art, and provided with two entrances, a general one and a library one. Among these sculptured trophies are medallion heads of Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, Franklin, and Columbus, cut out of Belleville stone, near one of the two double-story bay-windows; high-relief heads of the four seasons in the brackets of the principal portico; and a low-relief head of Michael Angelo on the key-stone of the arch of the secondary entrance. These works of art were modelled in this city, and are of no ordinary merit.

We enter by the principal entrance, at No. 15 Gramercy Park, and after stepping into the main hall, find everything as formerly, with a single exception—the stained glass of the inner vestibule doors, where Mr. John Lafarge has produced some simple, beautiful, and very sane results. A large mirror at the left of these doors and a small one at the right make the effect fourfold: while looking into them you see four double doors with stained-glass decorations. But the black walnut staircase and door trimmings, the white marble floor, say sixteen feet wide and forty-five feet long, and the rear hall, with its butler's pantry and its kitchen stairs, are unchanged. Nor in the drawing-room and the old library, into which the main hall opens by double doors, do we see any alterations. These apartments have sedulously preserved their identity. The austere simplicity of the drawing-room—austere as modern drawing-rooms go—with its painted walls of a neutral monochrome, its conventionally frescoed ceiling, its large but unobtrusive brass chandelier, its two book-cases filled chiefly with massive volumes like Brydell's *Shakspeare Illustrations*, the *Houghton Gallery*, and *Les Noces de Raphael*, that stand three feet high behind glass doors, its black walnut furniture covered with garnet plush, is unrelieved by oil-paintings, or bric-à-brac, or knickknacks, although special mention is due to the graceful statue of Flora in white marble, her extended left hand holding a rose-bud, her right hand pressing her breast with a bunch of the same flowers, her attitude as if she had just alighted from above, while a brisk wind is blowing behind her the ends of the gauzy drapery that covers but scarcely conceals her very pretty figure; and also to the marble bust of the Governor himself, which stands opposite, diagonally across the room. As for the old library behind the drawing-room, its black walnut furniture with dark green plush, and in some instances with light green rep, its oaken book-cases ten feet high, almost entirely hiding the wall spaces, its large oblong writing-table, also of oak, covered with green baize, on which the many ink-spots speak of much usage, and with pamphlets and foolscap MS., are by no means extraordinary. A bust of Cicero on one side of the room looks across the table upon a bust of Molière; and in one of the book-cases appear the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, full sets of the *Banker's Magazine* and of Hunt's *Merchants' Magazine*, Bohn's Classical Library complete, Scott's novels, poems, etc., in perhaps eighty 12mo volumes, Burns, Akenside, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Collins, Churchill, Swift, and Thomson side by side, with Bryant, Rogers, Michael Angelo, Tennyson, Shakspeare, Pope, Bacon, and Johnson below. Another book-case is devoted chiefly to history—to Alison, Freeman, Palgrave, Hallam, Smollett, Lecky, Hume, Grote, Gibbon, and Bunsen; to Froude, Milman, Niebuhr, Rawlinson, Rollin, and Curtius; and still another, to the *New York Statutes at Large*, and various law-books, the Governor's law library proper, one of the largest and best in the country, being in his down-town office. The surroundings of these interesting volumes are the reverse of showy: a frescoed ceiling above, a worn tapestry carpet below, and four walls tinted a pale green.

But this library opens into a thirty-thousand-dollar dining-room. And the remarkable thing about the costly apartment is the quietude of its beauty: decoration that allures and charms, appealing neither to the sense of wonder nor to the love of noise. The general tone of this very artistic banqueting chamber is that of satin-wood, although the wainscoting to a height of four feet is of black walnut, as are also the two sideboards against the eastern wall, together with the furniture. Above the wainscoting the wall spaces are filled with a series of panels of carved satin-wood placed side by side and extending entirely around the room, each about five feet high by two and a half feet wide; above these panels is a plain belt of satin-wood, from which protrude many gas jets; above the belt a diapered frieze of satin-wood, say two feet wide; above the frieze a band of blue tiles, four inches wide, connecting with the satin-wood and blue tiles of the ceiling.

After resting itself on the mellow ivory tone of the satin-wood, the eye is attracted first of all by the wood-carving of the juxtaposed panels, which the architect has treated as good pictures that deserve places on "the line." Pictures indeed they may be called, since their subjects of birds, leaves, and flowers manifest true pictorial feeling, and are treated in all the stages from the grave of realism to the gay of impressionism, yet always presenting some aspect that shows the artist to have been intent in reproducing the processes of Nature rather than her forms. Here, in one panel, appears a serpent coiled about a bird, amidst a thick abundance of leaves, berries, and flowers, while two birds near one corner and three birds near another corner watch the fate of their comrade. Several matters of technique are to be noticed. The first matter is the roughness of the ground on which these animals, leaves, berries, and flowers are cut. Suppose the ground were plain and flat; in that case the animals, leaves, berries, and flowers would seem to be stuck on, whether they really were so or not, and the pictorial effect of the carving as a whole be lost. The second is the gilding of the ground, so as to heighten the effect of the tone of the satin-wood. This gilding appears also in the diapered frieze and in the carvings of the ceiling, and its color value is precisely that of a warmer old ivory. The third is the solidity and security of the carvings, owing to the fact that the artist has refrained from under-cutting them. No ordinary heat will crack, warp, or chip these works of art. The fourth is the lowness of the relief, which gives to their appeal a pleasing air of modesty and mystery.

The visitor, indeed, is sure to feel the mural modesty and mystery of this thirty-thousand-dollar dining-room; and when he turns his eye toward the ceiling, which is divided transversely by four beams of satin-wood, and then into octagonal panels of blue encaustic tiles eight inches square framed in satin-wood, the modesty and mystery are found there too. The abundant light from the large mullion-window and the large bay-window on the south side causes the surface of the tiles to shimmer and change enchantingly from a blue that is almost sapphire to a blue that is almost gray, and the old ivory tone of the satin-wood is heightened again by the application of gilt to the grounds of the carvings. In a large central panel of satin-wood, from which the chandelier depends directly over the oblong dining-table, the carvings are of fruit, and somewhat bold, since too distant to be closely scanned; but when designing the mural panels it was justly thought by the architect, Mr. Calvert Vaux, that birds, leaves, flowers, and a *quasi* atmosphere would be less tiresome, because more nearly pictorial, than conventional still-life. Seated at the Governor's hospitable board, the guest receives from these naturalistic and picturesque mural carvings a constant invitation; the mystery of their meaning is equalled only by the modesty of their appeal, and not the least of the messages they convey is the impossibility of easily exhausting their significance.

The Governor's new library at No. 14 Gramercy Park connects by sliding doors with the dining-room and with the old library. Its dimensions are unusual, the length being about one hundred and twenty-five feet, and the breadth about twenty feet for two-thirds of the length and forty feet for the remaining third. The space which in an ordinary city house is given to the drawing-room, the library, and the dining-room has been reserved for a library, and when the decorations are finished, the Governor will receive his friends in one of the largest, most beautiful, and best-equipped private libraries in the United States. All the wood-work will be of white oak adorned with exquisite carvings, and from the ceiling, also of white oak, will shine an array of sea-green tiles. Each book-case will be high enough to almost touch the ceiling. The extraordinary size of this room is in keeping with the vast number of law-books destined to be brought into it, and its commanding importance in the general interior scheme of the edifice is believed by the Governor's friends to be not out of sympathy with the fact of his sound training and solid acquisitions as a student of law, political economy, and finance.

On the second floor, above the drawing-room, is the Governor's bedroom, a sumptuously beautiful apartment, its doors, trimmings, mantel, and wainscoting of solid satin-wood, carved and panelled, its walls hung in a delicately hued woollen fabric of chintz-like design, and its ceiling painted to show a net-work of light lines. The use of different kinds of satin-wood, both plain and grained, adds variety to the general brilliancy of the effect; and the adornment of the bevelled angle of the door-frames with a line of carving extending up from the floor, over the door, and down to the floor again produces an effect not less novel than pleasing. The bay-window of this front room is generously provided with registers for heating; and electric bell knobs are seen in various convenient places, both here and elsewhere. Four or five other bedrooms on the same floor are finished in light hard woods, their walls and ceilings most lavishly and elaborately ornamented with frescoes in warm colors. The Governor's house is at once a palace and a home.

THE DOG SHOW.

THE thousand dogs assembled in Madison Square Garden comprise the canine aristocracy of the country—the *Mayflower* dogs, the F.F.V.'s in birth and breeding, dogs with names and pedigrees and blue blood. It would be hard to gather in America a finer collection of dogs of all sorts than the 961 adults and 200 puppies on exhibition in the dog show. "The Seventh Annual Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club" is a name entirely too long for busy New-Yorkers to twist their tongues over, and the annual exhibition has come by common consent to be known as the Dog Show, or sometimes as the New York Dog Show, to distinguish it from the similar but smaller dog conventions held annually in several Western cities and in Pittsburgh. To be the winner of a prize in the dog show is to settle at once a dog's standing in his own community, and to put him socially head and shoulders above all his companions. A result of the six competitive exhibitions already given in Madison Square Garden is that half the good dogs in the country are said to have taken the first prize in the dog show. Nearly every town and little village has had its crack dog exhibited, and when any one of these has had the good fortune to receive as much as a ribbon or a bronze medal, he soon becomes known locally as the winner of the great prize. There is nowhere else in this country that a dog's good points are subjected to such formidable competition, nor that victory gives half as much glory.

Most of the incoming trains have brought one or more dogs for the great show in the last few days. Many of the exhibitors have had hundreds and even thousands of miles to come; and these are very often among the best dogs that are brought from such a distance, for owners will not go to the trouble and expense of bringing inferior dogs from beyond the Rocky Mountains. They came early, dogs with a long journey before them, their owners desiring to give them a chance to rest and recover what might be called their animal spirits before exhibiting them. Thus one great dog from the far West has been resting in New York for three weeks, feeding on the best of dog luxuries, picking up the flesh he lost in a railroad trip from Wyoming. Most of the dogs from over the ocean have been here for some time; no exhibitor would put a dog in such a competition immediately after the fatigue and sickness of a sea-voyage—for some dogs do get seasick, and come out of a long ocean trip looking thin and pale. There are dogs here from Canada and Nova Scotia, and from England, Ireland, and Scotland, as well as from most of the States of the Union. The most aristocratic dog, perhaps, is the champion deer-hound Hero, from Queen VICTORIA'S kennels. He bears a title, reducing his value at $20,000, and keeps a bright watch over himself to see that none of the Irish setters or terriers put a charge of dynamite under his kennel.

There has been little reason in former years for calling this exhibition a bench show, for none of the dogs have been shown on benches. This year, however, the managers have made a reason for the name by putting all the mastiffs and other large dogs on exposed benches, where their points can be studied, and their perfections or imperfections easily seen. There are the usual number of kennels, in which are comfortably housed the smaller dogs, many of them spending the four days lying on handsome Turkish rugs, their houses beautifully decorated, and all their surroundings in the highest style of art. They are well cared for, regularly fed, and the petting and fondling the good-natured ones receive are without bounds. The best dog disposition, though, is likely to be soured by the oppressive attentions of a few thousand strangers; and it is a safe rule in visiting the dog show to treat every animal with the respect due to a human being, and not shake hands with him without a proper introduction. Experience has demonstrated that the very large dogs are nearly always good-natured, while little fellows are often sullen and snappy, but there are some notable exceptions to this rule. Nearly all the mastiffs are kind and neighborly; so are the St. Bernards; the setters are gentle and affectionate, the greyhounds seem to care very little whether they are noticed or not, and the bull-dogs are, as usual, best let alone.

One of the most entertaining parts of the exhibition is to see the crowds gathered in front of dogs with fabulous sums named as their price. A. H. MOORE'S Irish setter Berkley, for instance, is labelled $15,000; so is JOHN S. MCINTOSH'S Biz, and Mr. MCINTOSH'S Lady Clare is valued at $10,000. At the first of the dog shows a fine specimen labelled $50,000 attracted more attention than all the other dogs in the show. The public had not then learned, and indeed it is not yet well understood, that these figures are merely prohibitive prices. No dog is worth anything like so much money. But a rule of the club requires each dog exhibited to have a valuation put upon him at which price he will be sold. Many owners would not part with their pet dogs for any sum, so they secure themselves by putting impossible prices upon them. Visitors to the show who see a dog labelled $20,000 must not imagine that the dog is worth that much money; the tag is only another way of saying that the dog is not for sale. There is some reason for fast horses going up into these tremendous prices, because they can be made to produce great sums on the turf, but dogs can not, and purchasers who would pay $1000 or even $500 for the finest dogs are extremely rare. The Mr. MOORE just mentioned exhibits a beautiful setter, Leicester, which is marked at $10,000; the bull-dog Blister is labelled $5000; Mr. BARLOW, of New York, values his two Leonbergs, MAX and TIKLA, at $5000 each; the Queen's deer-hound is marked $20,000; and the German mastiff Strolch, said to have been bred by Prince KARL of Prussia, is labelled "Priceless." These marks merely show that the dogs are not for sale.

The exhibition on the whole this year is better than any of its six predecessors. The standard has been markedly improved by the increase of entrance fee to $3. This has shut out the many comparatively worthless animals that were to be seen in former exhibitions, and their places have been filled by dogs of standing, as may be seen by the list of names, as well as by the increased number of entries, which have reached nearly 1100 this year, including the puppies, against a total of 1041 last year. One hundred and fifty-eight of these are included among the "large dogs" that are exhibited on open benches. Among the more famous entries are thirteen fine English pointers exhibited, but not for competition, by the Westminster Kennel Club. These include Bang Bang, Stunner, Restless, and Rose, all well-known animals. Among the champion English setters are Plantagenet and Prince, both owned in this city, and Thunderer, from Philadelphia. Among the pointers are Don, Knickerbocker, Bravo, and Dick. Irish setters are particularly well represented by Berkley, Biz, and Lady Clare. There are a number of very fine mastiffs, among them Colonel TAYLOR'S Gurth, an immense specimen, and Mr. JAMES SMIETON'S Zulu, from Cranford, New Jersey. The Chesapeake Bay dogs, a peculiar breed trained for reed-bird hunting, have for the first time a department of their own, in which there are seven entries.

Some of the best dogs in the leading classes are shown in our illustration on the first page. Although many of them look too shapely and graceful almost to be representations of real dogs, they are all actual portraits, engraved from photographs in the possession of their owners. The exhibition lasts only four days, May 8, 9, 10, and 11, but before it closes its visitors will be numbered by hundreds of thousands, for the love of dogs is all but universal.

THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL GROUNDS.

THE grounds of the Chicago Ball Club, indisputably the finest in the world in respect of seating accommodations and conveniences, are located on what is known as the Lake Front property, the title to which is in the city of Chicago. The inclosure begins at Randolph Street on the north, and extends along the east line of Michigan Avenue southward to a point about midway between Washington and Madison streets. On the east are the tracks and switch yards of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, which has for several years past made a standing offer of $800,000 (not one-half its value) for the property; but as the city has been enjoined either from selling the tract or from permitting its use for permanent buildings, the ball club has continued to enjoy the rare privilege of grounds situated within a two minutes' walk of State Street, the chief retail thoroughfare of Chicago. Partly on account of the convenient location of the grounds, but more by reason of the exceptional management of the Chicago ball team, and its success in winning the National League championship for three successive seasons, beginning with 1881, the game of base-ball is extremely popular in Chicago, and the average attendance at League championship games is considerably greater there than in any other city in the United States. During the season of 1882 the attendance at the forty-five League games played in Chicago was upward of 130,000, or an average of 3000 persons to a game. With this fine patronage, made up in good part of the better classes of the community, the Chicago Club is amply able to maintain its costly team of players, and to equip its grounds and fixtures in a manner that by comparison with the usual style of base-ball appurtenances might be termed palatial. At an outlay of $10,000 since the close of the playing season of 1882 the Chicago Club, under the direction of President SPALDING, has completely remodelled its seating arrangements. Every exposed surface is painted, so as to admit of thorough cleansing from dust, the item of paint alone amounting to $1800. The grand stand seats 2000 people, and the uncovered seats will accommodate 6000 more, so that with the standing room the total capacity is fully 10,000, and this without invading the playing-field. A fence six feet high encircles the field in front of all the seats, which are elevated so as to command the best view of the play. Overlooking the main entrance is a handsomely ornamented pagoda, built for a band stand, and to be occupied by the First Cavalry Band throughout the season. Surmounting the grand stand is a row of eighteen private boxes, cozily draped with curtains to keep out wind and sun, and furnished with comfortable arm-chairs. By the use of the telephone and gong President SPALDING can conduct all the preliminary details of the game without leaving his private box. Besides club officers and players, the services of forty-one persons are required at each game to attend to the grounds and seating arrangements, viz., seven ushers, six policemen, four ticket-sellers, four gate-keepers, three field-men, three cushion-renters, six refreshment boys, and eight musicians. Aside from players' salaries, ground rent, and including advertising, the cost per game on the Chicago grounds is $200; add to this the salaries of players, rent of grounds, travelling and hotel expenses, and $10,000 expended this year on improvements, and the total outlay for the season is $60,000, so that the Chicago Club must average $525 for each of the ninety-six League championship games to be played during 1883. But the patronage attracted by the famous champion team both at home and in other cities may be depended upon to make good this large sum, and possibly leave something besides for stockholders. The fact that so large an outlay can be safely made tells its own story of the popularity of base-ball.

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RAIN OR SHINE?

WHILE MR. REINHART was engaged in gathering material for his illustrations to the article on "English Farmers" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE he made several character sketches on a larger scale, one of which we present on this page. It is a picture of an English farmer anxiously consulting the barometer; and by his attitude and the expression of his face we may conjecture that the instrument is giving an unfavorable report. If he is a reader of the London weather reports he is presumably abusing the "*Herald* Weather Bureau" for sending another of its "blarsted storms" across the Atlantic by cable.

MILITARY DRILL AT MOBILE.

THERE are few social customs in the South that strike the visitor more forcibly or create a deeper interest than that of the strong military spirit apparently pervading all classes. Travel as one may through all sections, from the Border States through and around the most southerly sea-port cities, it will be found everywhere. Among a people whose instinctive love of music is universally acknowledged the expectation of hearing much melody is not disappointed, for song is heard on every side, and from the plantation negro who joins his fellow-workers afield in plantation melodies, and whose marvellous power of whistling rivals even the sweet sibilant notes of the cardinal-redbird, bobolink, or mocking-bird, to the lovely ballad sung by the cultivated voice of some beautiful city belle, they all seem to have selected those songs through which there runs a tinge of the military.

Take also the Southerner as he rides. Could anything be finer? Meet him alone on a back-country road, or on the broad paved avenues of New Orleans, he is always the accomplished horseman. His attitude may at times appear careless; it is a graceful carelessness; it is never slovenly, but is always military. In Mobile I often found it a pleasant means of rest after a day's work to saunter along those brightly lighted streets listening to the joyous hum of human voices; but more especially delightful did I find the long vistas of Government Street, where the silvery moonlight filtered through the thick leafy arcade of overhanging branches, and lay like streamlets across the roadway. It was here I caught glimpses of that lovely Southern home life of which I had heard so much.

While returning from one of these rambles I met three handsomely uniformed young men about to enter the door of what I knew to be a theatre. Knowing there was to be a drill of some kind that night, I stopped one, and handing him my card, asked if a stranger would be allowed to witness their entertainment. With the utmost cordiality they assented, and informed me that the annual competition for the black plume was to take place.

The scene of the contest was a beautiful one. The large theatre floor had been cleared of seats, and the audience filled the galleries, the stage, and lined the walls four or five deep around the room.

CONSULTING THE BAROMETER.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

The proceedings opened with an inspection of the troops by the colonel of the regiment, and a preliminary drill gone through with, and during this I had an opportunity to see the excellent state of perfection the company had been brought to. It was "forward," "double-quick," "wheel," "by fours," "charge," "load," "fire," "kneel," then "charge," etc., etc., followed by a succession of rapid manœuvres too numerous to mention, and utterly bewildering to the average observer, but presenting a spectacle of movement, brilliancy, and precision most splendid.

The event of the evening is the competitive drill. It is "fall in" again, and with several of the most vigilant officers (some of them veterans) on the watch to detect mistakes, the contest begins. The officer drilling them stands before them with a light rattan cane in hand, and while the others watch, he gives his orders in clear, crisp tones, every syllable of which can be heard all over the room. Presently a man makes a mistake; it is a slight one, the turn of a wrist, the misplacing of a finger, unnoticed by me; but the audience saw it as quickly as those lynx-eyed officers. A gesture by one of them, and the luckless youth with flushed face takes a backward step and leaves the ranks. Shouts of laughter follow him, for he is the first one out. The contest goes on, and as one by one the failing ones drop out, murmurs of pity or shouts of laughter from the audience follow.

And now the interest grows keener. So many have dropped out and joined the "majority" that the once-solid ranks are reduced to two. Tired and distressed they look, but stalwart and defiant still. They appear every inch the soldier—the flower of their company. The drill-master pours out his orders quicker and faster; he turns and twists them in every way, but can not break these two young fellows down; his voice rises a trifle and quickens with excitement. The audience lean forward and await with bated breath. They watch keenly every movement, and murmurs of pity and admiration pass among the ladies, while wagers are offered and taken here and there in suppressed tones by the men. How long will it last? Apparently these two are perfect; but presently there is a storm of applause, and one stands alone—the victor. The colonel steps forward, presents him with the handsome medal, places the rich black plume in his cap, proclaims him the victor, and he is carried away amid a crowd of rejoicing friends. Presently the band bursts forth in a waltz, and in place of the clash of arms and tramp of charging men, beautiful women change the scene to one of fairy-land as they float by in the circling dance.

PHILIP B. THOMPSON, JUN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.

As one reaches the distant corner, and turns to look up at the brilliantly lighted building bathed in moonlight, one recognizes that same military strain floating through the music, and together with the footfalls of the dancers, now merged by distance into regular beats, it takes but small effort of imagination to change the scene to one as of a marching army. So strongly has this spirit of military rivalry taken hold of the people that military competitions are held in various localities. Prizes exceeding $8000 are offered this year at Nashville, $4000 to go to the best-drilled company. The spirit for these competitions is extending, for already I am told that some of our own hardy Northern boys are drilling, and on their way to the scene of martial but peaceful competition.

Any one visiting the levee at Mobile will almost any night witness the scene a sketch of which I send you. Here the companies are drilled in various manœuvres requiring larger space than their armory affords; here also they get accustomed to drilling before a crowd of on-lookers. The moving bodies of men, the flaming torches, far-reaching rays of powerful lamps through which the companies pass, now brilliantly lighted, now in deep or half shadow, the loud commands, clouds of dust, and dark background of shifting crowd, lofty shipping, and star-lit sky, make it a scene very warlike and picturesque.

J. O. DAVIDSON.

PHILIP B. THOMPSON, JUN.

AS a general rule, the man who takes the law into his own hands and kills another for some real or imaginary injury, thus constituting himself judge, jury, and executioner, invokes all the machinery of the law in his own defense, and claims for himself the means of vindication which he had denied his victim. Mr. PHILIP B. THOMPSON, Jun., the Kentucky Congressman, who killed Mr. WALTER H. DAVIS a few days ago, on hear-say report, without giving the latter the chance to say a word for himself, will have the assistance of the ablest lawyers in the country in trying to prove that he was justified in the act. In reality, although Mr. THOMPSON has been indicted for murder, it will be the murdered man who will be tried; and even the Kentucky papers, which at first applauded the killing, are beginning to perceive that justice would have been better satisfied had Mr. DAVIS been heard before he was summarily slain.

THE KIRMESS.

IN the "sixties" of our century New-Yorkers went to see *Faust* and other operas which involved German customs with no more definite idea of their meaning than was produced by the meagre paint and scenic effect of the Fourteenth Street Opera-house of that date.

There was a scene called the "Kirmess," but we question if any large proportion of the audience understood the term. Kirmess in its real significance means a "fair" for peasants and people, patronized by the "upper ten," regarded as a festival, with traditional forms and usages, and has existed since the classical period of the world. The ancient Greeks held fairs to celebrate a holiday as well as to indulge in the traffic of slaves, and it is supposed that the Romans in their *fora* had something of a similar character. But in France and Germany the idea of a fair was perfected. As early as the ninth century we hear of fairs under the rule of *le bon Roi* DAGOBERT, a monarch who justified the feelings of his people by approving of their desire for public amusements. In Germany at about the same time fairs were popular, and the Kirmess began its sway some centuries ago.

The Kirmess unites the facilities for sales with amusements which, properly speaking, belong to a fair, but its special characteristics are music and dancing, and the annual revival of certain old customs.

For some time past the idea of a Kirmess in New York has been developing, and on the evening of Saturday, April 28, a brilliant entertainment was given at DELMONICO'S. The object was a laudable one, the proceeds being given to the Hospital for Cancer and Skin Diseases. Tickets were sold at one dollar each, and the attendance was enormous, the only drawback being that the crowd was entirely too great for the rooms. In the attempt to pass from one room to another, about ten o'clock, there was a dead-lock, and a panic might have ensued, had not the entire company been bent on preserving order. Three ladies fainted, and one had her arm dislocated.

The ball-room was beautifully decorated with evergreens and roses, and Dutch mottoes printed on orange-colored cloth were hung at intervals among the flowers, producing a fine effect.

The dances, which had been long in preparation by Professor CARL MARWIG, began about nine o'clock, in the ball-room, where a space had been reserved for them. Twenty-two couples took part, and although no names were given, we may mention that the dancers were leading ladies and gentlemen of New York society. The opening figure was the "Dutch Quadrille," the couples entering from a side room arm in arm executing certain preliminary steps with remarkable spirit and grace. The costumes were such as are worn in Holland to-day, and in some instances were relics of old Knickerbocker life in New York, notably in one case where the cap

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EXULTATION.

and ornaments had belonged to the wearer's family over two hundred years, the lace was peculiarly fine, and the gold almost Florentine in quality. The second dance introduced the picturesque Tyrolean costume, the costumes of the gentlemen showing great taste and an accurate knowledge of the details of the dress. The dancers entered to a horn accompaniment, and then followed the national Tyrolean dance to the music of the zither. These dances were repeated after eleven o'clock, when the crowd had somewhat diminished. Other attractions were offered in the anterooms, where a floral bazar and gypsy fortune-teller and Dutch "erdbeer-entrank en waffels" entertained a crowd during the course of the afternoon and evening. Enormous sums were paid for the flowers, two hundred dollars being offered in return for a single rose, and one hundred dollars for a boutonnière.

As it is proposed to make the Kirmess an annual festival, this occasion has a special significance, and a suggestion for the future is that the juvenile part of the entertainment take place one day in advance of the evening fair. On this occasion the children's ball was given in the afternoon, and though very successful, volved a great deal of care and fatigue for those who had to p ticipate in the later festivities.

HOW CANADA OBTAINED ITS NAME.

THE origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Sp iards visited that country previous to the French, and made p tial searches for gold and silver, and finding none, they often s

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among themselves, "A can nada" (there is nothing there). The Indians, who watched closely, learned the sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards the French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labor was lost by tarrying in that country, and frequently repeated to them the Spanish sentence "A can nada." The French supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and called it Canada.

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DR. JOS. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."—[*Adv.*]

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DANGER FROM DRUGS.

THE recent startling exposure in regard to a general system of drug-adulterations practised not only by the compounders of patent medicines, but by prescription druggists, has, as might be supposed, caused wide-spread alarm and anxiety among a very large class of persons who are suffering from acute or chronic ailments.

The flower Safety is often plucked from the nettle Danger, and it may be so in this case. Crude drugs, whether pure or adulterated, when taken into the human body, work more or less disorder in its delicate organisms. The general abandonment of these hurtful substances, whether from a rational conviction of their injurious effects, or from fear of getting poisoned through wicked adulterations, will be a great gain for the public.

"But what are we to do?" comes from the sick and suffering on all sides, especially from those afflicted with chronic diseases which are steadily growing worse. "The let-alone system will not cure us. We are sick and without help, must continue to grow worse, and in the end die."

The answer to this half-despairing question, if it were indeed the true one, would be hailed with gladness by thousands and tens of thousands who have lost faith in drugs, and well-nigh in physicians. A new and better treatment of disease—a true and rational treatment—must be one that does not assault, shock, or weaken the depressed, over-sensitive, and exhausted vital organs, but help and encourage them to renewed action. It must infuse life into the nervous centres, restore to all the wonderful and delicate machinery, which has been obstructed by disease, a steadier and more orderly movement, and so slowly but surely set the patient on the road to health.

"Is there such a treatment?" hundreds who read this will eagerly inquire. We answer that there is, as thousands who have used it can and do testify in the most positive manner. A shadow of doubt comes over your face. You know how wickedly the sick are deceived and plundered by those who make gain of their sufferings. If you can fairly examine and weigh evidence carefully, the largest opportunity to decide for yourself as to the value of this treatment will be afforded.

Under this new treatment, which is by inhalation, there is no weakening of the tone of the stomach by drugs, and no violent assaults upon any nerve or fibre in the body, *but a gentle and subtly penetrating influence, reaching to the very centre of all the life-forces, and restoring them to healthier action.* The natural result is that, when a patient recovers he is in a far better condition to resist the causes which produce disease than the patient who has had the life-forces weakened through drug medication.

As a restorer of vital force, it can be largely shown from the results obtained during the past twelve years, that *it is the most efficient agent yet discovered by the medical profession. Its use by overworked business and professional men, and by all who suffer from nervous exhaustion and low vitality, would save many hundreds of lives every year, and give to thousands more the ability to work without the weariness, exhaustion, and peril which now attend their labors.*

The treatment to which we refer is that known as the Compound Oxygen Treatment. It is dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, who will furnish any persons who write to them with such documentary evidence, and reports of cases and cures, as will enable them to judge for themselves as to its value as a curative agent. As they make no charge for consultation, it will cost nothing to get from them a medical opinion in any special case which may be submitted to them, personally or by letter.

Below are presented a few cases, out of many hundreds which are on record, showing the remarkable action of this treatment, which is always in the line of natural forces, and in harmony with well-known physiological laws. They are taken from the January number of *Health and Life*, a quarterly record of cases and cures under the New Compound Oxygen Treatment. This journal has been published for over three years, and presents the most wonderful record of cures in chronic and desperate cases that the world has ever seen. Any questions as to the genuineness of these reports will be answered by evidence of so direct and positive a character that even the most sceptical will be convinced.

The first report we offer for consideration is that made by a well-known member of the legal profession in New York City, who, in speaking of his condition in October, 1882, when he began the new treatment, says: "My case seemed quite desperate when I consulted you. Utter nervous prostration and extreme physical debility was my condition. A weak and inactive stomach and imperfect assimilation of food had brought me to this. * * * I could not go to my law office, or give any attention to my business. * * * You told me that I might not be conscious of any benefit from it for a week or two, or even longer. *But within two or three days I began to improve, growing stronger* day by day, *until in the course of a month I had back almost my normal strength and could resume my law practice*, so that by guarding against overwork I find myself equal to the ordinary demands of my profession. And still I can do more and more *and am continuing to feel better.* My stomach works well and feels well. My digestion seems to be easy and natural." Writing again, December 14th, he says: "*The general tone of my system has gained immensely even in the short time since I wrote you last.* I feel like myself again, and am full of strength and courage for a renewal of the battle of life, *which only a few months since seemed to me to be ended.*"

The next report is that made by a physician in New York State, who, finding his daughter in a rapid decline, and being unable to arrest the disease, tried Compound Oxygen as a last resort. The results are given in the following extract from one of his letters: "Your Home Treatment was duly received, and my daughter immediately commenced its use, stopping all other treatment. *The results are marvellous indeed.* She says that *she feels nearly well*, except that she has some cough yet. You will see by reference to my former letter that she had a very bad train of Symptoms. *Two physicians whom I called to see her pronounced it a case of Tuberculosis, and gave it as their opinion that she would not recover.* She had had a cough for a year; was very hoarse; had severe pain in right side; chill for last two months, with night sweats, emaciation, weakness, loss of appetite, and nervousness; could not sleep at night; pulse a hundred and over at times; respiration about twenty-five to thirty-four. She began to improve in about one week from the time she commenced the Oxygen Treatment, and has continued to improve up to the present time. *All the bad symptoms I have enumerated have passed off.* She gained six pounds in weight in four weeks."

In the case of a lady residing in Wellsville, Mo., whose friends had, to use her own words, "all given up that I was going with consumption as fast as I could," the following report, after six weeks' use of the Treatment, is given: "I have been using Oxygen for six weeks, and am now able to ride to town, six miles, do my shopping, and back again, get dinner for my family, and work at light housework all the remainder of the day without stopping to rest. Sleep seven or eight hours soundly; no night sweats, no distressing sick-headaches as I used to have. My friends had all given up that I was going with consumption as fast as I could, but, instead, I am looking better than for years, and I think it is through God's mercy and his blessing and your Oxygen that has brought me health and happiness."

A neuralgic patient writes: "After suffering from Neuralgia in the face for some weeks, with no relief from medicine, and growing daily weaker, I sent for the Oxygen, *which rapidly removed the trouble. In three weeks it was gone*, and I am now feeling better than for some time past, and am still gaining."

But space will not permit further extracts from this number of *Health and Life*, which contains favorable reports from nearly a hundred patients, many of them even more surprising than those given above. If you are interested enough to wish to see other reports of cases and cures, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen for a copy of *Health and Life*, also for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and they will be mailed to your address.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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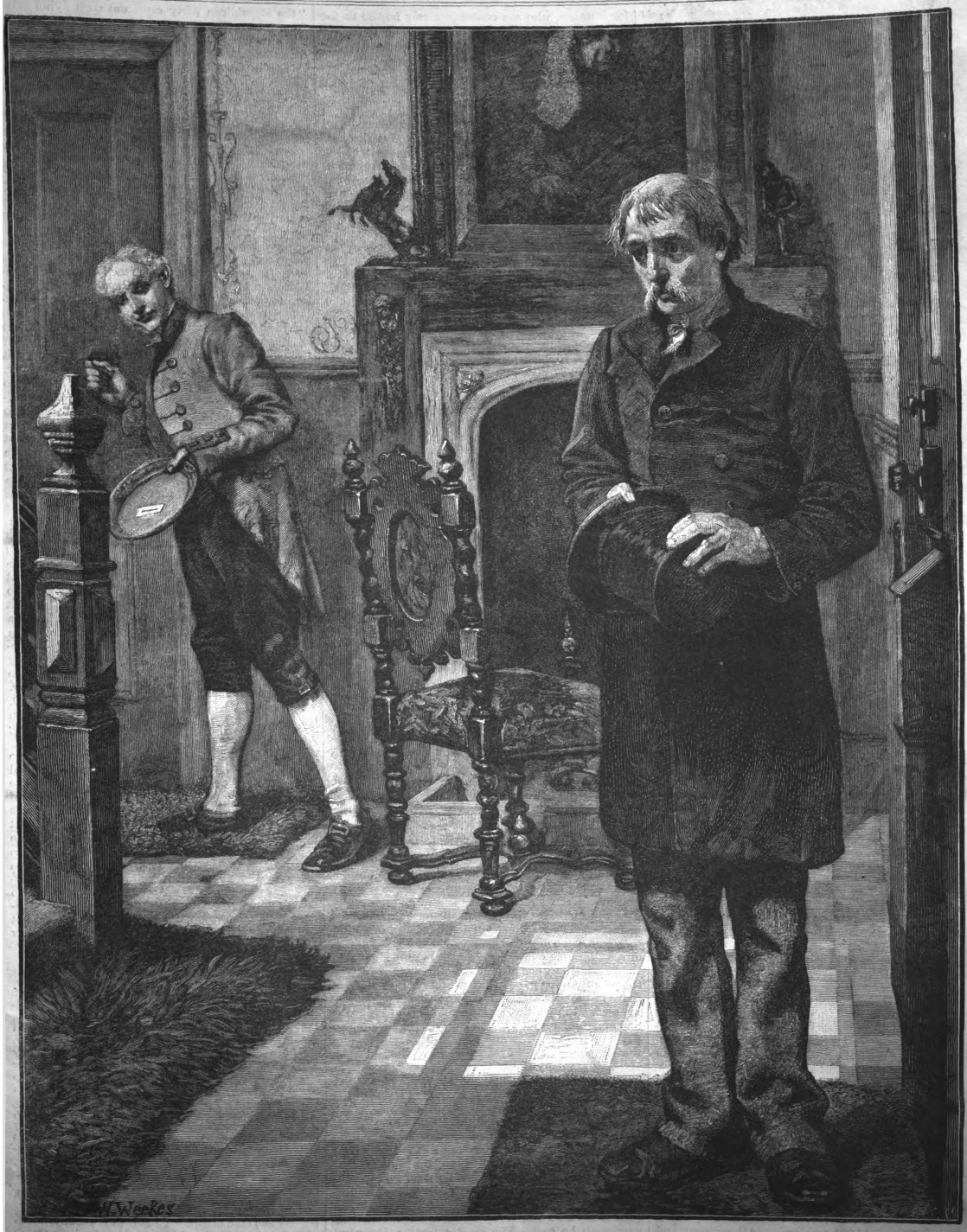

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $200; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

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THE CIVIL SERVICE RULES.

THE rules of the Civil Service Commission, which, after prolonged explanation and deliberation in the cabinet, have been approved and adopted by the President, mark an important and beneficent step of progress in methods of administration. The event is very significant and encouraging because it is evidence of the disposition and ability of the country to deal wisely with administrative evils and abuses as they arise. It is one of the vindications of a free popular system that it corrects its own excesses. The mischiefs which it is proposed to reform are not necessary parts of our system of parties and governments, as is sometimes asserted; they are excrescences which must be removed before they impair fatally the essential vigor of that system. It is to this perception, plainly expressed at the last election, after public attention had been thoroughly aroused both by discussion and by all the circumstances of the assassination of GARFIELD, that the passage of the reform bill was due. The new rules, therefore, appear under entirely different circumstances from those that attended the rules of 1872. Those were approved and adopted by President GRANT wholly in advance of public opinion, and of course without the public sympathy and support which are indispensable to the success of such a reform. The public was apathetic, Congress was contemptuous, politicians were scornful, and the President soon abandoned the endeavor. But the effort, although fruitless of immediate practical results, was most useful in awakening public attention, in showing the reason and the necessity of reform, in furnishing facts and information of every kind, and in answering the theoretical objections of ignorance and prejudice and demagogic cant; and under the administration of President HAYES the perfect practicability and immense advantage of the reformed system were conclusively demonstrated in the New York Custom-house upon the basis of the rules of 1872.

Under happier auspices the new scheme, which embodies the same fundamental principles, is now introduced. It is drawn with great skill and sagacity, and is a simple and comprehensive working scheme for the whole reform bill. This thoroughness is doubtless due to the presence upon the commission of Mr. EATON, who prepared the original draft of the bill, and who is entirely familiar with its purport and its details. The rules provide for admission to the service and for promotion by open competition and probation, the probation being the test of that practical efficiency which nothing but actual trial can determine. They prescribe also the general subjects of examination and the general method of grading, together with the details of application, records, and general care and conduct of examinations. The selection for appointment is to be made in each case under the rules from among the four highest names in order upon the eligible list, and in presenting the names sex will be disregarded unless the appointing officer shall otherwise determine. The scheme wisely applies at the outset only to the departments at Washington, to twenty-three Post-offices and eleven Custom-houses, and it includes about 10,000 employés. All political and religious discrimination is forbidden, as well as official coercion of political action and political assessments. The whole scheme is admirable, and its scope and effectiveness will be best perceived by those who have devoted most attention to the subject.

The rules, although drawn by the Commission, are the President's rules. They derive all their validity from his approval and adoption. Their publication by him is the announcement to the country that it is in this way that he proposes to enforce the reform bill. The result depends, therefore, upon his good faith. If it is understood in the various offices concerned that the President honestly desires to enforce the reformed method, the examining boards, composed of local officers, will act accordingly. There are undoubtedly important officers in the New York Custom-house, for instance, who are contemptuously hostile to the reformed system. If they consulted only their own feelings they would unquestionably obstruct and discredit it in every way possible. But if they know that the President is really in earnest, and that the Commission holds the details of enforcement under strict scrutiny, they will hardly dare to indulge a hostility which may imperil themselves. The President's position, therefore, is of the highest importance, and it seems to be clear that he desires to give the new system fair play. Although some incidents of his administration have certainly shown indifference to the spirit and principles of the reform bill, it will not be denied that in the exercise of his great power of appointment President ARTHUR has generally seemed to consult the public welfare rather than the mere interests of a party. The proof of this lies in the fact that his administration is regarded as a failure by the Stalwart or spoils Republicans, who complain that he looks more to the public than to party advantage. That in this course he is a wiser politician than those of his associates who deplore it, the event will show. The policy which some of his party counsellors have favored would have destroyed the Republican party. Its continued prosperity depends upon the conviction that there is no need of a change of party control of the government to assure such an administration as the country desires.

TAMMANY IN THE MARKET.

THE plain and decisive message of remonstrance sent by Governor CLEVELAND to the Senate has exasperated Tammany Hall because it tells the simple truth about the league which bears that name. Last year the various wings and "halls" of the Democratic party made a bargain for the election, and in accordance with it Tammany nominated Mr. EDSON for Mayor. He was elected, but, as an intelligent and self-respecting man, he has naturally broken, in his scheme of a new city charter, with the knot of mercenary politicians known as Tammany. Mr. CLEVELAND was nominated for Governor in a Democratic Convention to which Tammany was admitted. He was elected, but he also, as an honorable citizen, has refused to trade with Tammany, and he is consequently denounced by it. It is obviously impossible for those citizens who have some interest in the public welfare, and who require some decency in politics, to act with Tammany.

Tammany Hall is the name of a large and well-disciplined body of political strikers. They have no other rule of action than "the make." They are composed of the more ignorant camp-followers of the Democratic party, but their business is to trade with any party or political organization, and to secure as much plunder as possible. Their association with any party is proof that the party managers have assented to their terms. Their breach with any party shows only that they have not been paid enough. The importance of such a band of political adventurers and guerrillas arises wholly from their numbers. In a city like New York it is not difficult, by appealing to ties of a common race and a common faith and a common hope of gain, to recruit a large body of ignorant voters who will act as a unit and implicitly obey orders. This body, as was shown in 1879, will be increased by all who have a grievance of any kind to wreak upon the party to which the adventurers are for the time opposed, so that it may readily hold the political balance of power in the State, and give the victory to the party which will offer it the largest share of plunder. Such a body is a most demoralizing element in politics, and a great deal of the disgust and indignation which have weakened the Republican party in New York is due to the bargains made by the Republican machine in the city with Tammany Hall. Tammany Republicans are no better than Tammany Democrats; and the powerful alliance of such traders bearing decent party names is one of the chief perils of the political situation.

It is evident that Tammany is again in the market. It has been unable to control the Governor and the Mayor, and it will make mischief with the Democratic party unless it can be hired to return upon stringent terms adequately secured. Next year brings a general election, in which the vote of New York will be most important, if not decisive. It is not extravagant to say that Tammany Hall can decide how that vote shall be cast. The most sanguine Democrat would not anticipate the success of his party were Tammany Hall in open opposition, as in the late election of 1879. In the present political situation, therefore, while no question of general policy is strong enough in the public mind to reconstruct parties, the election of 1884 is largely at the mercy of this utterly venal squad. It is one of the most significant signs of the lull which precedes great political changes.

MR. CONKLING'S VIEW.

MR. CONKLING, in a late speech which has produced a good deal of amusement, predicts the success of the Democratic party next year, and by implication ascribes Republican defeat to Republican repudiation of him and his counsels. "Two years ago," he says, "the Republican party came out with flying colors from the greatest battle it had ever fought; weighted down and struggling against heavy odds, it triumphed, and flew its banner in every State from sea to sea. To-day in almost every State from sea to sea it lies prostrate." He adds in effect that the defeat of his plans at Chicago in 1880 set the country back ten years. Mr. CONKLING speaks with the natural asperity of a man who knows that he will figure in our political history solely as the baffled leader of a conspiracy against the sound traditions of the government and the convictions of the country, and as a Senator guilty of an inconceivably childish folly. But that is not a reason that his misrepresentations should not be exposed.

During the second administration of General GRANT the influence of Mr. CONKLING and his friends was supreme. The result was so great and general a public alarm and indignation that the Republican party was saved from destruction in the reaction only by a nomination in 1876 which implied Republican determination to pursue a different policy. As it was, the election was decided only by a majority of one vote awarded by the Electoral Commission, Mr. CONKLING as Senator aiding the Democrats by absenting himself from his seat. The Republican administration that followed was so clean, upright, and able that Mr. CONKLING'S ostentatiously contemptuous hostility to it was ludicrously futile; and the action of the Chicago Convention of 1880, in which he attempted to drive the party to return to the era which had been condemned, and to return by the overthrow of a most cherished and wise tradition, showed so plainly the total prostration of the *régime* which Mr. CONKLING represented, and the thorough emancipation of the party from its control, that Republican success was signal and decisive. The result of the election of last autumn, and especially the overwhelming and unprecedented anti-Republican majority in New York, was due to the Republican apprehension that the methods and politics associated with Mr. CONKLING were resuming control of the party. It was a warning that Republican cohesion and success were impossible so long as counsels which had discredited and almost ruined the party were tolerated in its control. In a word, the decline of Republican ascendency dates from Mr. CONKLING'S supremacy; the party re-invigoration in 1880, to the conviction that that supremacy was wholly overthrown; the party reverse in 1882, to the apprehension that it might be restored. Had Mr. CONKLING'S third-term conspiracy succeeded in 1880, it would have set the country back much more than ten years, for it would have led to an overwhelming Democratic restoration.

Mr. CONKLING knows instinctively the true source of his humiliation and defeat. It is the general and just conviction that Republican misfortunes are due to degrading and corrupting political methods, of which he is the accepted representative. In his speech, therefore, he could not refrain from a fling at administrative reform. "When these statesmen," he said, "shall turn away from that great issue—the finding out of what boy or what girl shall have a place in the government employ." This is inexpressibly comical as proceeding from a statesman who withdrew from statesmanship altogether and abandoned his country to her fate because he could not control the appointment of the Collector of New York.

CHARITY AND COMMON-SENSE.

THE report presented at the second annual meeting of the Charity Organization Society in New York forcibly illustrated the shrewd remark of the Rev. Dr. H. C. POTTER, that to allow alms-giving to be controlled by sentimental emotion is to promote poverty, suffering, and crime. Dr. POTTER told the story of a man who had lived for many years upon alms given to him in consequence of a letter written many years ago by Dr. POTTER'S father, then Bishop of Pennsylvania. "That letter," he said, "proved the ruin of an honest man."

This society, of which we have spoken more than once, is one of the most energetic and efficient agencies of charity in the city, and none deserves more generous support. It makes immediate and thorough inquiry by means of experienced persons, and enables relief to be promptly given, either by relief societies or by individuals, where it is really necessary, while it discovers and exposes the endless tricks of knavery to trade upon the show of suffering and the generous desire to relieve it. With all the unquestionable poverty and even destitution that exist in the city, the extent of cunning fraud under guise of begging is very much greater than is suspected. This imposition is so well known

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to those who have most carefully investigated the subject that it is not surprising to find that they regard indiscriminate, sentimental, and ignorant alms-giving in the street, or upon mere representation, whatever may be the plea or the apparent necessity, as a grave offense against social order and morality, of which, with all that is now known, no intelligent citizen should be guilty.

Of course he is not to satisfy himself with a mere refusal and the rebuke of a probable impostor. He is to do two things: first to give money, not to the beggar, but to the society to enable it to ascertain whether and how aid should be afforded; and second, to give such aid either personally or through some relief society known to him. When intelligent and public-spirited citizens are giving time and thought and money and labor to deal wisely with the great problem of charity, the least that the rest of us can do is to support their good work and heed their wise suggestions.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE AND THE ANNEX.

In response to the petition asking that the educational advantages of Columbia College in certain defined ways should be opened to women, the special committee of the trustees selected to consider the subject have prepared a plan which has been submitted to the board for consideration. They decide that as the college is unable to furnish rooms for separate instruction, it is useless to consider how many of the faculty would volunteer to teach or how they should be paid, because the students would be so widely dispersed. They think that at present the education of women should be carried on in schools of their own, and when such schools, of the proper character and grade, have been provided by private liberality in the city, a way will doubtless be found to connect them with the system of the college, and to secure the attendance of the college professors.

In the mean time the committee propose a collegiate course of study, covering four years, to which entrance and other examinations shall be very thorough and strict, to be conducted by officers of the college, by whom also certificates of proficiency and successful completion of the course shall be awarded. The happy execution of the plan would lead, as the committee believe, to the endowment of a department for women, such as is now known as an annex. This is substantially the relation of Girton College to Cambridge University in England.

The practical argument for the common collegiate instruction of men and women in certain branches is the immense saving of force and material which is gained by avoiding a duplication of buildings and apparatus and time. If, for instance, Æschylus is to be read or a mathematical problem to be demonstrated to forty students, there is obviously enormous waste in requiring that the forty shall be divided into two classes, and the same work done twice and in different places. But this consideration involves, of course, the method which Columbia does not favor, and the present proposition shows a gratifying disposition to respond, so far as consistent with the conservative traditions of the college, to the progressive demand of the time.

WESTWARD HO!

While the series of our centennial celebrations comes to an end for the present at Newburgh on the 18th of October, when, under national and State auspices, the disbanding of the Revolutionary army will be duly commemorated in the oration by Mr. Evarts and with imposing ceremonies, there will be a tercentenary in New Mexico this summer. The three-hundredth anniversary of the Spanish occupation of Santa Fe, the oldest town in the United States, will begin on the 2d of July and continue for several weeks.

The city now known as Santa Fe was a Pueblo town, the existence of which was first reported by a Spanish explorer in July, 1583, and the neighborhood he asserted to contain forty thousand people. This is a misty story, but it seems to be clear that an Indian town was seen here three hundred years ago, which was even then of a certain antiquity. And as it is supposed that the town must have been more than twenty years old, the Spanish settlement upon its site called Santa Fe is blended with the Indian town, and priority is claimed for it over St. Augustine, which was founded in 1565.

In any case,

"Here in old time the hand of man hath been,"

and the people of New Mexico have resolved to devote a month to commemorative pageants, feasts, games, and historical addresses, among the three civilizations which still survive side by side—the old Indian, the Spanish, and the modern American. The summer climate of New Mexico is declared to be "glorious." The celebration will fall in the vacation season. It will be singularly novel and fascinating. The railroads will probably give reduced fares. Why should not Wordsworth's question be that of the summer?

"What! are you stepping westward?"

THE FRANKLIN COLLECTION.

It is long since the State Department has received so valuable an addition as that of the manuscripts and documents known as the Franklin Collection. For many years Mr. Henry Stevens, in London, has been industriously accumulating all the papers of Dr. Franklin that he could find, and his success has been extraordinary. Among the documents is the original petition sent by the Continental Congress to the King in 1774. This is of great historical value, and, as a correspondent of the *Tribune* points out, it completes the series of four documents of the highest importance, the other three being the originals of the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution. These are all in the possession of the State Department.

There are also the autograph of works of Franklin, the letter-book and record of the American legation in Paris during the Revolution, and a large and most valuable mass of correspondence. There are 2938 manuscripts in the collection, of which only 628 have been printed. There are also books, and the best collection of the Poor Richard Almanacs.

There has been always a mystery about the Franklin papers, the common scandal being that the British Government bribed William Temple Franklin to suppress them. The *Tribune* correspondent reports Mr. Henry Stevens's views of the whole matter. He does not believe the bribery, but he thinks Temple Franklin to have been a very incompetent editor and owner of such treasures, which, after an imperfect publication, he locked up in a safe, and died without again opening. From whom Mr. Stevens obtained them he does not say, but promises to tell hereafter. The *Tribune's* account of the collection is excellent, but it would be interesting to have a complete and detailed memoir of the whole subject.

THE "KEIM INCIDENT."

The withdrawal of Mr. Keim, and the immediate appointment of Mr. Charles Lyman to be Chief Examiner under the Civil Service Commission, is a fortunate solution of the difficulty. Mr. Lyman is admirably qualified for the position. He has been long in the public service, he is well known as a warm and intelligent friend of the reformed system, and he is practically familiar with its methods. The action of the President in the matter has been most honorable. It is understood that it was he who felt most strongly and pointed out most plainly the necessity of intrusting the work at the beginning only to its known friends. The incident is another illustration of his evident good faith in regard to the reform.

THE STATE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The prompt approval of the State reform bill by the Governor, and his nomination of Messrs. Andrew D. White, Augustus Schoonmaker, and Henry A. Richmond as Commissioners, showed an earnestness of purpose which is the assurance of cordial Executive co-operation. We feared that the necessary absorption of President White in his duties at Cornell University might compel him to decline the new duties, which at first must be engrossing. This would be unfortunate because of the singular fitness of Mr. White for the position and his great interest in the subject.

Mr. Richmond is one of the stanchest and most intelligent friends of reform, to which he has given energetic aid in many ways; and while Mr. Schoonmaker's views upon the question are unknown to us, his character and ability are the security of efficient service in a position which he would not accept were he unfriendly to the object for which it was created. The bill, *mutatis mutandis*, is the reform bill which passed Congress, applied especially to the State, with the addition of two sections, containing the substance of a separate bill introduced early in the session by Mr. Miller, which require of the Commission a general investigation into the civil service of counties and cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants as regards method of appointment, removal, terms of service, duties, compensation and number of clerks, with the purpose of ascertaining what reforms may be desirable.

The general bill is permissive, but not mandatory, upon cities of more than fifty thousand inhabitants. In this it begins with limitations like the national bill, which, as we state elsewhere, applies at first to ten thousand offices only, and not to the whole service. The bill, however, honestly administered, provides an adequate beginning for practical reform, and the gentlemen who compose the Commission will unquestionably hew to the line.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman declares that for a long time he has believed that Parliamentary oaths and affirmations should be got rid of altogether. "The promise, whether in the shape of oath or affirmation, made by members on taking their seats, seems to answer no good purpose, while it is always possible that it may be a snare to the conscience. I should extend this remark to all oaths or affirmations taken on admission to office, or the like; that is, to all promises to act in some way not very well defined, for some time not very well defined, for the term of one's life, or as long as one holds a particular office. Oaths or affirmations of this vague kind have nothing in common with the oath or affirmation taken in a court of justice, where some kind of solemnity does seem needful to distinguish the solemn statement of a witness from ordinary talk."

—Mr. Irving, the actor and manager, is to produce in the Lyceum Theatre, London, all the plays that are to be performed by his company during their approaching visit to this country. These plays are *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Bells*, *The Lyons Mail*, *Hamlet*, *Charles I.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Louis XI.*, *Eugene Aram*, and *The Belle's Stratagem*.

—In Monaco, the well-known resort of gamblers, there has been erected a little English church, which, according to its chaplain, the Rev. William Wight, M.A., is acting as a check upon those who "wish to be free of all moral restraints." The Bishop of Gibraltar, on the contrary, expresses the fear that, by making Monaco more attractive, it will increase the prosperity of the gambling hells.

—Canoeists will find Mr. Alden's *Cruise of the Canoe Club*, published by Harper & Brothers, a complete manual of canoeing. The art of sailing and of paddling canoes on lakes and among rapids, the various methods of rigging canoes, of making canoe-tents, and of fitting steering gear—in short, the whole theory and practice of canoeing—are set forth in this little book in the guise of a story. It is true that the story is written for boys, but the great facts of canoeing are not affected by the age of canoeists.

—The Duke of Edinburgh has been the victim of an impostor, to whom he gave seventy-five dollars in charity, but who turned out to be the widow of a warden of a convict prison in Australia instead of the niece of an Australian Governor. She had received also fifty dollars from Mrs. Gladstone. She is now serving a sentence of imprisonment with hard labor for six months.

—Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Things have indeed reached a pitch when a grave writer in the *North American Review* can speak of the persons who compose the great trading corporations as 'the dangerous classes,' whose action threatens to bring about a social convulsion. We are free, no doubt, from any such peril in England, for in this country the freedom of individual enterprise and combination has never been allowed to reach the proportions of unbridled license. But even we can not afford to forget that the price of respect for public interests is unceasing vigilance with regard to them. That was the political maxim most strongly brought home to the individualist philosopher Mr. Herbert Spencer by his visit to the land of the most unlimited freedom of enterprise, and in the interests of free enterprise itself the truth should never be forgotten."

—Lord Lorne (says the London *Daily Telegraph*) has done his work well in the Dominion, and there is fair reason to presume that the qualities he has displayed would enable him to rule India with credit to himself and advantage to the empire. Moreover, it would be fortunate in many ways were a daughter of Queen Victoria to visit the East and preside over Government House.

—Mr. Froude describes Lady Ashburton as "a gifted and brilliant woman, who cared nothing for the frivolous occupations of fashion," and who sought out "every man who had raised himself into notice by genuine intellectual worth." Carlyle speaks of her as "the most queen-like woman I had ever known or seen. The honor of her constant regard had for ten years back been among my proudest and most valued possessions."

—Mr. Thomas S. Perry's admirable work, entitled *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, published by Harper & Brothers, has attracted great attention abroad. An eminent German scholar writes regarding it, in a private letter: "I have read the greater part of it, and have derived from the perusal no less instruction than enjoyment. Without flattery I may say that the book, both in design and execution, is worthy of the highest praise, and that the profound scholarship and incisive and sound critical judgment which it displays excite my warm admiration."

—Immortality is assured to Jane Welsh Carlyle (writes one of her countrymen) as the heroic wife of her husband, but for whom his task could not have been accomplished. But she will live for her own sake as one of the brightest of English letter-writers.

—Was it not a part of Lord Beaconsfield's speciality, asks an acute observer, that the leading features of his character were far more powerfully impressed on those who studied him from afar than on his friends—that the near view of him confused the spectator?

—A new word is needed as the name of the murderous users or advocates of dynamite. One journal has coined the term "dynamitards"; another speaks of the "dynamiteurs."

—The vicar of Selby, England, has written a letter explaining that by the word "betters" the Church Catechism means, and should mean, "those who by birth, office, rank, power, yes, and riches—a very effective form of power—are in a better (that is, a superior) position to our own," thus adopting the doctrine of the old doggerel:

"God bless the squire
And all his rich relations,
And teach us poor people
To keep our proper stations."

—In one of Hawthorne's recently published books occurs the sentence: "Selfishness is one of the qualities apt to inspire love," which the *Spectator* takes as a text, and preaches three wide columns on. "Love," it remarks, "is not given for love half as often as it is given for musical tones and soft touches and sweetly urged claims. Affection tends to fix itself, not upon those from whom we receive gifts, but upon those who receive gifts from us. A very young baby is the most absolutely and frankly selfish of mortals. It insists upon every desire being gratified. And yet the person who suffers the most from these demands, the mother, is the person who loves the most."

—One of the most popular works of the kind ever published is Bishop Warren's *Recreations in Astronomy* (Harper & Brothers), which presents the subject on which it treats in a manner which makes scientific truths clear and interesting even to unscientific readers. Nearly ten thousand copies of the work have been disposed of within the last three months.

—The traveller in Ceylon notices that almost every native he meets warns him of the dreadful character of the other natives. Dr. Ernst Haeckel, while journeying there, was told by his native servant that the inhabitants of a certain village, where polyandry was practiced, were naturally very bad, because they "have always had a number of fathers, and as they inherit all the bad qualities of so many fathers, it is only natural that they should grow from worse to worse." "This new theory of inheritance," says the doctor, "startled me; it has hitherto been lacking in the ninth chapter of my *Natural History of Creation*, and its originality must make it interesting to every sincere Darwinist."

—Lord Wolseley, on receiving the honor of the presentation in a gold casket of an address from the Corporation of the City of London, put in a word in behalf of the non-commissioned officers and privates, "who, as a rule, share more largely in the hard knocks of war than in its subsequent honors."

—Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, formerly of St. Louis, has purchased the New York *World*, and Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, who has been connected with that paper for twenty years, retires from the field of journalism. The new proprietor is a gentleman of large journalistic experience, and possesses the requisite qualifications for making a bright and enterprising newspaper.

—The Governor of Baibert, in Armenia, is a sort of civilized Turk. He declares that his people are following European methods in their courts of justice, their schools, and their protection of civil liberty, and that in one respect they have the advantage over Europeans, for every Turkish peasant, however poor, is the owner of his land so long as he pays the moderate land tax, being not a serf like the Irishman, and, if poor, being so only according to the European standard of comfort.

—"I maintain my opinion," writes a foreign correspondent, "that of all modes of progression—and I have tried many, from an elephant to a Cairo jackass—that of camel-back is the most detestable."

—The London cabmen find an advocate in an editor of a newspaper in that city: "It is obvious to all persons having any knowledge of the subject that if the cabmen were only to receive their bare 6*d.* per mile, not only would they fail to make any profit, but they could not pay for the hire of their vehicles. When persons pay a cabman his bare legal fare, they are often riding at his expense, for they are paying him a less amount than he has to pay the owners. A person who hires a cabman and drives a yard or two under two miles, and pays a shilling, is within his legal right, but he is acting neither justly nor generously." Why not change the law, then?

—Fish wives and lasses of Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Germany, and Holland, arrayed in their distinctive costumes, are a principal feature of the great International Fisheries Exhibition opened in London on the 12th inst.

—"In India," writes a lady correspondent, "we all rise early, and have our comfortable *chotahazree*, or little breakfast, about six o'clock. After that a mother of a family can always secure a quiet time, while the children go out for their morning walk, till breakfast at nine o'clock. Then comes the housekeeping. I have always kept a well-supplied store-closet, and have given out daily according to what I order and write down for luncheon, dinner, and breakfast next day. The fashion is for the cook to buy every day in the bazar a small quantity of each article that the lady writes down in her book, and the price, often after much disputing, is entered against it. Visiting hours are from twelve to two; but as morning rides, luncheons, tennis parties, and dinner parties bring us all together, our visits are really matters of ceremony, and the 'going round calling' a thing to be got over, and congratulated on when accomplished."

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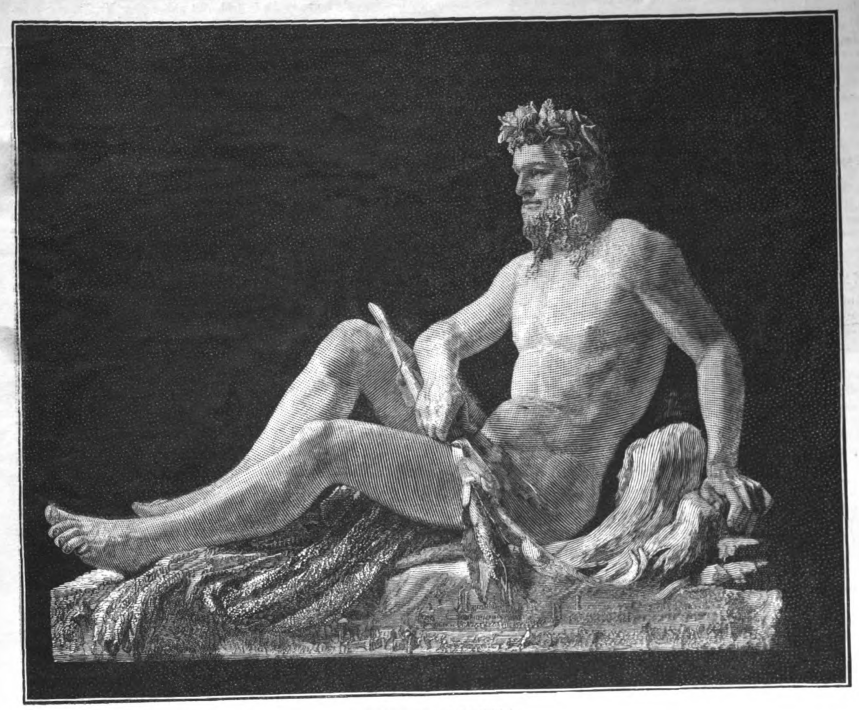


MEADE'S "MISSISSIPPI."

MR. MEADE'S STATUE.

A COLOSSAL statue of unveined Carrara marble, intended to personify the Mississippi River, is being chiselled in the studio of Mr. LARKIN G. MEADE, Jun., at Florence, on an order from MR. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, of this city, who has projected the work in honor of his father, the late Mr. FITZ SHEPARD, for forty years a resident of New York. In treatment, says the Roman *News*, the statue is not unlike the Nile group in Rome; and it is reported that the artist has endeavored to work into the features a close resemblance to the elder SHEPARD without sacrificing any of the artistic effect. The river-god, his head adorned with a wreath of tobacco and cotton, appears in a sitting posture, leaning against some rocks, while beneath him are bass-relief representations of Mississippi River steamboats, of the crocodile, the sugar-cane, and the negro. The figure is seventeen feet in length, the pedestal twelve feet long, and the weight of the marble about forty tons. MR. SHEPARD proposes to present the work to the city of New York, where it will be "a symbol of a greater stream than that on the banks of which we live, and a reminder of the tribute which the mightiest valley of the New World has paid to the commerce of the metropolis."

CONSCRIPTION IN PARIS.

EVERY year during the month of February the streets of Paris are enlivened by scenes like that depicted in our illustration on this page. The artist has sketched a party of young men who have just returned from the "drawing." They have had their numbers furnished them by one of the many "industrials" who tout around the Hôtel de Ville, and having fixed their tickets in their hats, have taken a cab, with the intention of expressing their joy or grief, as the case may be, by making as much noise as possible. The public and the police tolerate their extravagance with good nature, remarking that they may not be quite so jolly a year hence.

The conscript begins his military service in October or November after the drawing. Under former regulations he was allowed, if able to do so, to pay a substitute, but under the present system he is compelled to serve; but so great is the disinclination of the youths of the *bourgeois* and middle classes to the life of the soldier that all who can command sufficient influence contrive to be sent to serve their time in the auxiliary services as clerks, commissariat officials, etc. In his recent work on the war between France and Germany Marshal BAZAINE complains bitterly of the decay of military feeling in his own country, to which he attributed the disasters of that war. He says:

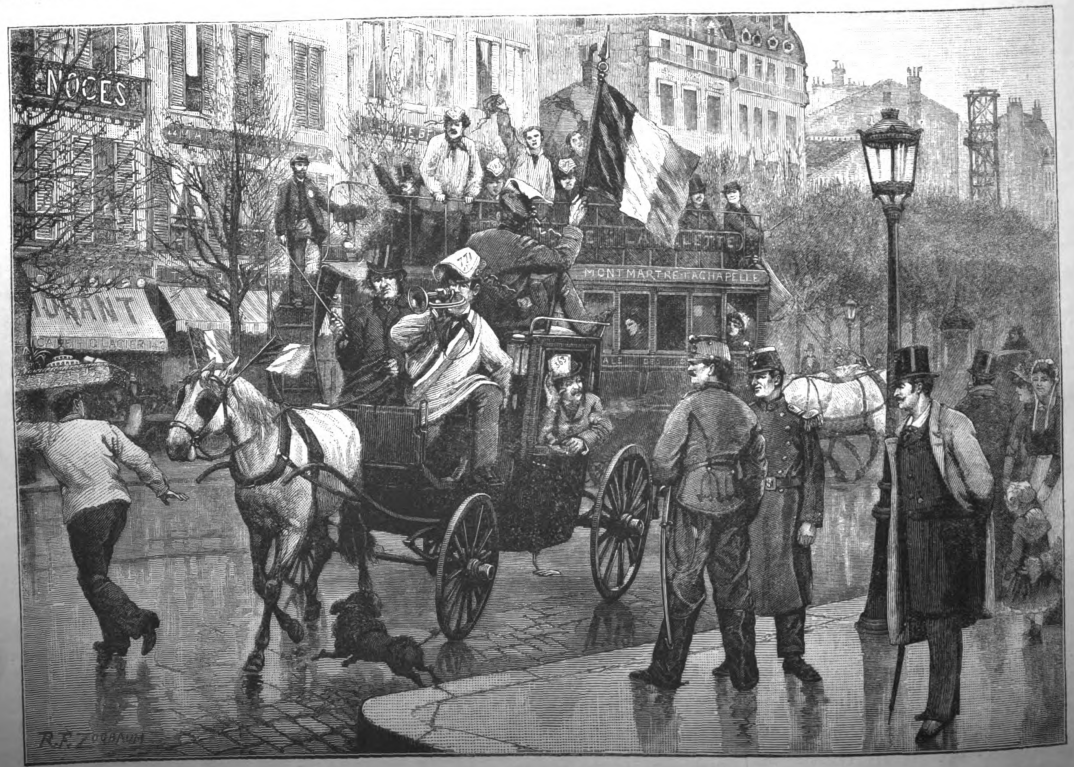
"The depreciation of the military spirit was due to the fact that the intelligent mass of the nation which found means of evading the service placed it far below any learned profession, or even any trade. Soldiering was put down as *un état de paresse*, and honest *bourgeois* have been heard expressing their sympathy with the army by this significant phrase, '*Nous les payons pour qu'ils aillent se faire tuer.*' Thus many youths belonging to good *bourgeois* families were eager to find employment as clerks in the offices of the headquarters staff at Metz, to keep them away from the ranks and the risks of shot and shell. Among the young men so employed was M. STE. MARE-GIRARDIN, Jun., who on his return to France received the Legion of Honor as a reward for his war services. The soldiers used to call these prudent young gentlemen *employés aux légumes*. They nominally were mobiles."

The compulsory system of military service works less injury to France in the way of driving young men from the country than it does in Germany, Frenchmen having an almost unconquerable aversion to leaving their native land; but undoubtedly it induces many to expatriate themselves who would otherwise remain useful citizens at home.

CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES.

CYPRUS has yielded a rich harvest to archæologists of late. The mass of antiquities unearthed by General DI CESNOLA—which England let slip, to the advantage of our New York public—was an earnest of the treasures awaiting further laborers in the same field, and within the last year two distinct series of excavations have been carried on by England, producing valuable fruit. While MR. GEORGE HAKE was busy for the South Kensington Museum, Herr MAX RICHTER was at work privately for Mr. NEWTON, of the British Museum, with great success. Many of the latter explorer's discoveries are of the highest interest, as may be seen by our engravings of the most important objects unearthed, reproduced from photographs furnished by Herr RICHTER, who also supplies particulars of his labors.

Though, as her asserted birth-place, primarily devoted to the worship of Venus, the island in classical times seems to have paid considerable devotion to Artemis, judging from Herr RICHTER'S discoveries at the temple of the moon goddess at Achna, in the district of Famagusta. There he unearthed a vast quantity of



CONSCRIPTION IN PARIS.

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1 (*and the surrounding busts and figures unmarked*). The Goddess Artemis. 2. The first Mosaic Picture discovered in Cyprus. 3. Mosaic Pavement found at Salamis. 4. Exedra or Recreation Hall of a Bath belonging to a Greco-Roman Gymnasium at Salamis. 5. General view of the Bath. 6. Ancient Chapel of St. Barnabas. 7. General view of the Excavations at Salamis. 8. Monastery of St. Barnabas. 9. Perfume Vessels representing Hecate, from the Temple of Artemis at Achna. 10. Curiosities from the Temple of Artemis: *a*. Stone Perfume Vessel; *b*. Archaic Lamp; *c*. Pine-Tree sacred to Atys; *d*. Vessels dedicated to Atys. 11. Bronze Mirror of Minerva with the Gorgon's Head.

THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS IN CYPRUS.

busts and figures of Artemis in stone and pottery, curiously illustrating the influence of the different styles of Art, and the gradual development from the early archaic type to the purer forms of Greek culture. This development may be plainly traced in the varied representations of Artemis bordering our page of engravings. Asiatic influence predominates in the earliest works, notably in the rude heads at the foot of the page, which strongly suggest Buddhist deities. A few rare vestiges of Phœnician taste are visible in several of the somewhat mummy-like forms at the side, while the graceful full-length figure of Fig. 1 belongs to the true Greek school. At first this figure was believed to represent Aphrodite Urania, but further research has proved its identity with Artemis, numerous similar heads having been found. Artemis appears also with the lyre, or, as in the headless statue to the left, accompanied by her dog; and many of the larger figures hold birds or lambs. The singular high head-dress, or "modius," crowning the majority of the busts, comes from Asia Minor, and is borrowed from the goddess Cybele. Besides the representations of Artemis herself, numerous rough idols, painted bright yellow, were found in the temple—evidently relics of the old Brauronian festivals in honor of Diana. These festivals took place every five years in the Attic city of Brauron, where girls from five to ten years of age were consecrated to the goddess, and invariably wore saffron-hued garments. Moreover, the children's playthings were dedicated in the sanctuary.

But these relics of Artemisian worship, interesting as they are, are hardly so important in an archæological sense as the curious perfume vessels of Fig. 9, which represent Hecate Trimorphos, and are the first of the kind ever found. As goddess of the three kingdoms—earth, sky, and water—Hecate or Proserpine was usually

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represented, in archaic fashion, with three heads or three figures; but the second vessel of the group, unfortunately imperfect, shows the divinity in her fourfold character, as guardian of the four elements—heaven, earth, air, and water. Even now the Cypriotes use similar vessels for charms against the evil-eye, which they consider can be averted by Hecate's influence, though the deity herself is no longer carved on the vessel. By calling Hecate Luna, the ancients often confounded her with the true moon goddess Diana, and this belief accounts for the presence of these emblems in the temple of Artemis. The curiosities depicted in Fig. 10, and found on the same spot, are no less precious; and one in particular, the fragment of the sacred pine-tree of Atys, marked *c*, has also never been found before, although frequently mentioned by classical writers. After Cybele in a rage had turned the Phrygian shepherd into a pine, the tree became the symbol of the unlucky lover, and an emblem of purity, so that young girls were accustomed to bring vessels like those represented at *d*, and dedicate them at the foot of the holy Atys trees in Artemis's sanctuary. The early form of the lamp *b* points to the great antiquity of the temple, while another kind of perfume vessel is illustrated at *a*.

Achna, however, was not the only site explored, for at Salamis Herr RICHTER was lucky enough to unearth the first large building of the Greco-Roman period known in Cyprus—a bath belonging to a gymnasium, and in excellent preservation. On excavating the remains he further found in the exedra, or recreation hall—shown in Fig. 4—the first mosaic picture discovered in the island. This mosaic is believed to represent Orpheus charming the animals with his lute, but the painting somewhat resembles the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out, considering that Orpheus himself is missing. However, the animals are tolerably perfect, as may be seen by Fig. 2, a portion of the surrounding pavement being depicted in Fig. 3. Apparently the pavement was broken in very early days, and was then covered with a layer of common material. Coins of the Emperors MICHAEL and ARCADIUS were dug up in the bath, besides two Byzantine lead seals, and the beautiful bronze mirror, Fig. 11, bearing in relief Athene with the Gorgon's head, surrounded by her favorite olive garland.

During these last researches Herr RICHTER staid at the old monastery of St. Barnabas, in the plain where the ancient city of Salamis formerly stood. Built in the early Byzantine style, the monastery is full of interest alike from an architectural and historical point of view, for beneath the neighboring chapel of St. Barnabas is a tomb where, according to Church tradition, the body of the Cyprian saint was found after many years. Owing to this discovery the Cyprian Church was granted independence, and to this day the Archbishop of Cyprus signs his name with red ink, and bears an imperial eagle on his seal, and an imperial globe and cross on his crosier.

THE REAL DANGER.

THE use which has latterly been made of dynamite by European revolutionists has in some cases led to the rash conclusion that the invention of dynamite has brought a new peril upon society. It is not the existence of dynamite which imperils the life of the CZAR and throws all England into panic. Powerful explosives have for many years been within the reach of desperate men. The bombs of Orsini, loaded with fulminate of mercury, were as easily made and as dangerous as the nitro-glycerine bombs which slew Alexander II. The danger which threatens European governments to-day lies not in the mere fact that dynamite can be easily made, but in the existence of a class of revolutionists who are ready to use it as an instrument of assassination.

What the revolutionists of the last generation sought has to a large extent been gained. They were, as a class, men of intelligence, culture, and principle. When the King of Naples had banished or imprisoned every educated man in his dominions he felt safe, and Louis Napoleon kept his grasp on France by driving the intelligence and culture of the country into exile. In Italy the liberals were led by men like Manin, D'Azeglio, and Cavour, and in France Lamartine, Cavaignac, and Ledru-Rollin made the revolution of 1848. The French anarchist element was then small enough to be utterly crushed with the defeat of the June insurrection, and the extreme Italian radicals, led by Mazzini, had little, if any, share in the glorious work of making Italy a nation. Liberty in France and liberty and independence in Italy were won by men who would have shrunk with horror from the proposal to assassinate their opponents. Orsini, who was a typical fanatic, was the one revolutionist of any prominence who approved of assassination as a political weapon, and he found no imitators among liberals of his own generation.

At the present day the aims of the men of 1848 have all been accomplished. Hungary has her free Parliament, Germany is united, France is a republic, and Italy is free and independent. The European revolutionary party is now very different in aim and composition from what it was thirty years ago. It is composed of the ignorant and the reckless, and its purpose is communistic and anarchical. It demands the abolition of law and religion, the substitution of anarchy for order. Assassination is a weapon that one might naturally expect such a party to adopt. Men who proclaim themselves the enemies of God, and who seek to destroy every trace of His government on earth, have no moral standard by which they can condemn assassination. Wretches like Most and Hartmann, and the "Number One" of the Irish conspiracy, are the true leaders of the revolutionary party of to-day. They find dynamite ready to hand, and they use it. Had they lived thirty years ago, they would have used some other explosive with equal alacrity and effect.

So long as the anarchists constitute a class of the community they will find means of blowing up rulers and government officers, no matter what laws may be passed to prevent the sale of dynamite. Society must realize that it is brought face to face in deadly conflict with a class of men of whom the last generation knew nothing. It is in the character of these men, and not in the ease with which they can buy dynamite, that the danger lies, and it is this fact which the English press seems so far to have ignored.

AN AUBURN TRESS.

I FELL half-way in love with her at first sight, she was so entirely and refreshingly different from all the other girls I had ever met, and I had met quite a number, having, although sisterless, seven cousins of the fairer sex, each of whom was constantly discovering some "charming" friend or friends to whom "Cousin Tom" really *must* be introduced. But by only two or three of these charmers had "Cousin Tom" been enslaved, and then his chains were of the lightest, and had broken easily after a very short captivity. And so my five-and-twentieth birthday found me still heart-whole, and being heart-whole, with no despotic she to decide for me, wondering where I should spend my summer vacation. It was to be a longer one than usual, for Uncle John, in whose publishing house I was employed, had kindly placed the whole month of August at my disposal, in return, as he was pleased to say, for my close attention to business since the beginning of the year. I didn't want to go to one of the fashionable resorts, for I was not (although my cousins had done all they could toward making me one) a fashionable man. And then, again—which was perhaps a more important reason—I couldn't afford it.

"I wish I knew of some pleasant farm-house," said I to my office chum, Lon Fordyce, "where there would be no other boarders taken; where the nearest neighbor lived at least a mile away; where there were plenty of old trees about; where a fellow might swing in a hammock from 'morn till dewy eve' if he chose, and read and smoke and dream the time away to his heart's content; and where new, unskimmed milk, fresh eggs, crisp vegetables, ripe fruit, and tender chickens were realities, not myths. But where, oh! where can such Arcadian bliss be found? I've read of it in stories and newspaper advertisements, but I never knew anybody who had met it or anything like it—in their search for summer board and lodging, I mean. Quite the contrary has been my own experience; in fact, disgustingly the contrary."

All the time I had been speaking, Mouse had been listening attentively (Mouse was a twelve-year-old boy belonging to our department, his real name being Roderick; but that had been almost entirely forgotten since Lon and I rechristened him; and the new title had been conferred upon him on account of his noiseless way of moving around, his small, bright, dark eyes, and his general, as we thought, mousy appearance), and as I finished I turned suddenly upon him and asked:

"What are you standing there for, Mouse? Have you nothing to do?"

"Plenty, sir," he answered; "but I was a-thinkin' our folks might take you. They've got a nice farm, and big trees, and new chickens, and eggs, and fruit, and vegetables, and cow's milk, and everything you said you wanted 'cept an accordion, and I guess they could get that."

"An accordion!" repeated I, in great astonishment. "What in the world do you mean?"

"Accordion bliss," whispered Lon, and we both burst out laughing; but Mouse kept his ground, and regarded me gravely until I began talking again.

"Your folks?" said I, and it struck me that I had never thought of the quiet little chap in connection with folks before. "Why, don't your folks live in the city?"

"No, sir. They live at Nutwood. I stay here with Aunt Hannah, 'cause I'm to be a business man. Tim—he's nine—he's to be a farmer. And there isn't any house 'cept the Larrups' shanty for more'n a mile. And I've told 'em how good you are to me, and I'm 'most sure they'd let you come and stay as long as you wanted to. And there's ducks."

"Do you know, Lon, this sounds very promising?" said I.

"May be as deceptive as the advertisements, for all that," said Lon. "Not intentionally so, of course, but Mouse being a boy, and the farm-house the home of his childhood—"

"Nothing easier than for me to find out all about it," interrupted I. "I'll take a run down there to-morrow" (which happened to be Saturday) "afternoon. And, Mouse, if you like, you may go with me."

"Thank you, sir," said Mouse, his bright eyes sparkling with pleasure; and then he silently disappeared, while Lon and I fell to work as though our very lives depended upon getting a certain amount done in a certain length of time.

The next afternoon found Mouse and myself on board of an express train speeding away to Nutwood. It was after five o'clock when we arrived at the small station, for I had not been able to start as early as I had intended, and nearly six when we came in sight of a large old-fashioned peak-roofed barn, just beyond which stood a low, broad, comfortable-looking farm-house.

"That's our house and our barn; and there's Phil feedin' the chickens," said Mouse, in the sprightliest tones I had ever heard from him; and turning to glance at the youth "Phil" who was feeding the chickens, I saw the prettiest girl I had ever seen, standing in the wide doorway of the barn. On her head she wore a bewitching mob-cap made of dotted cambric, beneath the frill of which an intensely auburn wavy bang fell almost to her auburn eyebrows. Her dress was made of the same material as the cap, the sleeves being rolled up nearly to the shoulders, displaying a pair of beautifully rounded arms, and she held the corners of a large white apron in one hand, while from it she dispensed the supper of the fowls with the other. "By Jove!" thought I, "it was worth the journey from New York to see this lovely, truly rural picture alone." And then I said in an inquiring manner to Mouse, "Phil?"

"Yes, sir, Philippa. She's my only sister."

And Philippa, seeing us at this moment, did not utter a shriek and fly, as many a damsel I wot of would have done, but flung the remainder of the corn from her apron, and came smilingly toward us, walking with an easy grace that told plainly that she had never undergone the martyrdom of tight, high-heeled shoes.

"This is Mr. Lovejoy, Phil," said Roderick. "Come to see if mother 'll take him to board for a month."

"You are very welcome," said she, at the same time offering me a small brown hand to which some of the corn flour still clung, and looking at me with a pair of clear hazel eyes. "Roderick has often told us of your kindness to him."

And no sooner had she ceased speaking than I began to think that I had found the very place of all in which to spend my vacation, and I was sure of it after I had seen her father and mother—he an honest, out-spoken, cheery-faced old fellow, and she an attractive, still young-looking woman, with eyes exactly like those she had bestowed upon her daughter—and the neat, prettily furnished room they offered me, facing the grand old wood filled with nut trees that gave the place its name, and looking out at the side on a jolly little brook on whose sparkling waters some brilliantly plumaged ducks were proudly sailing. They wouldn't hear of my returning to the city that night, as I had proposed to do, but insisted upon my remaining until Monday morning.

"It won't discommode us in the least," said Mrs. Dayton.

"And by that time you will be better able to tell whether you like the place or not," added her husband.

"Like the place!" I made up my mind about that before I slept that night. It was heavenly, after the dust and noise and crowding and jostling of the city. And as for the eggs and milk, and chicken fried in cream, and light and airy muffins that we had for supper, they were heavenly too. "Phil cooked the chicken and made the muffins," whispered Roderick, who had, as I soon discovered—a fact that raised him greatly in my estimation—a most intense admiration for his only sister.

Sunday passed like a delightful dream, and early Monday morning I left, with a promise to return the following Wednesday, that being the day on which my leave of absence was to begin.

"Well, how did you like Nutwood?" asked Lon, as soon as we met.

"It's a very quiet, pretty place," said I.

"And the Mouse's description wasn't as highly colored as the advertisements?" he continued.

"It wasn't highly colored in the least," I replied. "I found there all he promised and"—"much more," I was about to add, but checked myself.

"Then what do you say to speaking a word in my favor when you leave? I might spend one of my holiday weeks there, anyhow. The other I've got to spend with the old folks."

"Oh," said I, emphatically, "Nutwood would never do for *you*. You'd get the worst kind of blues there in no time. It's so exceedingly—well, dull, you'd call it. You want to be where there's some fun going on. As for me, give me a pipe and a book, and I'm all right, you know."

Wednesday saw me installed in the cozy room, with the wood on one side and the brook on the other, and a week or less from that day saw me as wholly in love with Philippa as ever was city youth with bonny country maid. She was such a dear, frank, bright, unaffected girl, with no faults that I could see—and I watched her closely—unless a strong tendency to superstition could be called one. That spilled salt must be immediately thrown over the left shoulder of the spiller, lest he or she should quarrel with his or her next neighbor; that no journey or important undertaking should be begun on a Friday; that an umbrella or parasol opened under a roof betokened a great disappointment; that a crow crossing your path boded ill news; that the finding of a four-leaved clover brought good luck: all these, with a hundred other things of like nature, did pretty Philippa believe with the whole of her honest heart. I used to laugh at her at first, but soon learned to humor the harmless weakness, and threw spilled salt over my shoulder, went down on hands and knees—being rather near-sighted—to search for four-leaved clovers, carefully avoided passing under a ladder, turned back if I met a crow, and all the rest of it. Well, I fell in love with her; but, much to my chagrin, she didn't fall in love with me. She liked me in a sisterly sort of way—that I could plainly see; but she never thought of me as a lover—that I could also too plainly see. She walked with me—Tim, the embryo farmer, generally accompanying us; listened to my readings from my favorite authors; let me help her feed the chickens; taught me how to make butter and pot-cheese; but not a step further had I got when the last day of August arrived, and my vacation came to an end.

"You will come to see us?" said Mrs. Dayton, when I was taking my leave.

"Yes, indeed, if you would like to have me," I replied.

"Come as often as you can; the oftener, the better we will be pleased."

But Philippa said never a word, though a friendly interest shone in her beautiful hazel eyes. However, remembering the old proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady," I did not allow her non-invitation to keep me from fulfilling my promise to her mother, and I fulfilled it so well that I went to Nutwood every Saturday afternoon, and remained until Monday, for three months longer. Then, winter setting in in earnest, I was obliged to bid the farm-house good-by, without having received from Philippa the slightest encouragement to tell the story that was always trembling on my lips.

December and part of January passed away, and I had heard nothing from Mouse's only sister, when, one day, looking up from my desk, I saw him standing beside me.

"I've got a note for you, sir," he said, "from Phil." My heart began to beat wildly. "It came in one she sent me, and she told me to put it into your own hands."

I could scarcely thank the little fellow, I was so surprised, and taking the note from him, I opened it quickly and read as follows:

"DEAR MR. LOVEJOY,—I send you a lock of my hair" (my heart fairly galloped), "and I would be ever so much obliged to you if you would take it to Signor Rialto, and ask him to burn it and tell my fortune from the ashes. I also inclose a card with date of my birth, etc. He told Melinda Wells's a in that way, and it's come true, and she is to marry the very one he described, on the 1st of March. You are to be asked to the wedding. She is the girl that went blackberrying with us once and you said looked like an Esquimau. I wouldn't trouble you, but Roderick is too young to trust with such an errand, and you are the only gentleman friend I have in New York. And the reason I don't send directly to him by mail is that it will be so much more wonderful if he reads anything true from the lock of hair not knowing from whence or from whom it comes.

"Yours truly, PHILIPPA DAYTON."

"P.S.—*Be sure to come to the wedding.*"

"What nonsense!" said I to myself (my heart having gone back to its usual trot), as soon as I had finished reading it, and for an instant I felt like throwing the whole thing out of the window. But only for an instant. Then I opened the inclosed envelope, took out the long shining auburn tress, looked at it with admiring eyes, came near kissing it, folded it up again, and put it carefully away in my vest pocket. And while putting it carefully away in my vest pocket an idea came to me like a flash, which, justifying myself with the thought that "all's fair in love and war," I began to carry out as soon as Lon came sauntering in from his lunch. "Lon," said I, "do you think yourself capable of writing out a full and true description of the undersigned?"

"What the deuce do you mean?" was his rather irrelevant reply.

"Just what I say," said I. "Alonzo Fordyce, can you, and will you, write out, nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice, a full and true description of your unworthy friend Tom Lovejoy?"

"Certainly, if you are in earnest, and I begin to see you are. And it isn't to be at all flattered?"

"Not at all. Lean a little to mercy's side, of course, but do the work so that your conscience can never reproach you for it."

"Well, here goes," and seizing pen and paper, Lon began.

"That won't do," said I, looking over his shoulder.

"What won't do?" asked he.

"Why, 'Tom Lovejoy.' No name must be mentioned. Begin thus: 'He is about five-and-twenty.'"

"All serene," said Lon, taking another sheet of paper, and alternately scribbling and looking at me for about ten minutes, at the end of which time he handed me the description.

"He is five-and-twenty; tall and somewhat slender; with dark blue eyes; black hair, inclining to curl; straight nose; rather large mouth, partly hidden by mustache; chin slightly projecting; mole near left eyebrow; small hands, of which he takes the greatest care; bright smile; is fond of poetry, the country, and good things to eat; hasty in temper, but soon over it; hates to work, but too honorable to shirk; kind to animals and children; of retiring disposition; and altogether a very good fellow."

"How will that do?" asked Lon.

"It's a little too—"

"No, it isn't," he interrupted; "not a bit 'too.' And I sha'n't alter a word of it."

That settled it, for *I* couldn't alter it without betraying myself; so I had Lon inclose it in three envelopes, on each of which he, under my direction, drew some mysterious hieroglyphics, and sealing it with a large red seal, I dispatched it to Philippa with a little note:

"DEAR MISS DAYTON,—I send you the fortune evoked from your auburn tress. I hope it may prove a satisfactory one. I will be at the wedding if possible. With love to your father and mother and Tim,

"I am yours, most faithfully,
"TOM LOVEJOY."

And, true to my word, I assisted at Melinda Wells's wedding on the 1st of March. It took place early in the afternoon, and after it was over, Philippa and I walked home together along the banks of the yet scarcely awakened little brook. And as we drew near the farm-house, she suddenly turned to me and said—the wind blowing her fluffy ringlets all about her pretty face, and reddening her cheeks and chin:

"I must thank you for the trouble you took with that lock of hair. I dare say it seemed to you a very foolish thing to do, but he did tell so true about Melinda that I thought—I thought—"

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And she paused, and looked shyly at me in a way very unusual to her.

"And didn't he tell you true too?" I asked, with great calmness.

"No-o-o—because—that is, he described a person as my—my—who has for a long time been somebody else's."

"How do you know this?"

"Oh, Roderick said—I mean—" And in her confusion she actually burst out crying, and her tears told me the happiest story I had ever been told in my life.

I clasped her in my arms. "Roderick said what, my darling?" I demanded, as she struggled to free herself.

"That you were engaged to a lovely young girl," she sobbed, "who often came to your office, and that she went to England last summer, and so you came here because you couldn't bear to go to any nicer place without her."

"Philippa, that lovely young girl is my cousin, the youngest daughter of my uncle John, and she went to England on her wedding trip last summer. And there is no 'nicer place' in all the world than this for me, and if a certain dearest of girls, Philippa Dayton by name, will promise to be my wife, I shall spend all the holidays of my life here."

"Then it's all right," said Philippa, clasping her hands and smiling through her tears. "*He described you* EXACTLY."

And I never had the heart to undeceive her.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

SOME OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

I HAVE been back to my home again,
To the place where I was born.
I have heard the wind from the stormy main
Go rustling through the corn;
I have seen the purple hills once more;
I have stood on the rocky coast
Where the waves storm inland to the shore;
But the thing that touched me most

Was a little leather strap that kept
Some school-books, tattered and torn.
I sighed, I smiled, I could have wept,
When I came on them one morn;
For I thought of the merry little lad,
In the mornings sweet and cool,
If weather was good or weather bad,
Going whistling off to school.

My fingers undid the strap again,
And I thought how my hand has changed,
And half in loving, and half in pain,
Backward my memory ranged.
There was the grammar I knew so well—
I didn't remember a rule;
And the old blue speller—I used to spell
Better than any in school;

And the wonderful geography
I've read on the green hill-side,
When I told myself I'd surely see
All lands in the world so wide,
From the Indian homes in the far, far West
To the mystical Cathay.
I have seen them all. But Home is best
When the evening shades fall gray.

And there was the old arithmetic,
All tattered and stained with tears.
I and Jamie and little Dick
Were together in by-gone years.
Jamie has gone to the better land;
And I get, now and again,
A letter in Dick's bold, ready hand
From some great Western plain.

There wasn't a book, and scarce a page,
That hadn't some memory
Of days that seemed like a golden age,
Of friends I shall no more see.
And so I picked up the books again
And buckled the strap once more,
And brought them over the tossing main:
Come, children, and look them o'er.

And there they lay on a little stand,
Not far from the Holy Book;
And his boys and girls with loving care
O'er grammar and speller look.
He said, "They speak to me, children dear,
Of a past without annoy;
And the Book of Books in promise clear
Of a future full of joy."

"PSCHUTT."

A DELUGE of newly coined and fashionable slang (says the Paris correspondent of London *Truth*) has come suddenly upon us. That expressive word "chic," which fitted so much that is Parisian, is in danger of being swept away by the horrible "pschutt." This term is of German origin, and was, the rumor runs, put in circulation by the Princess LISE TROUBETSKOY. She had it from BISMARCK, who jestingly laid a wager that if she introduced it into *le high-life de Paris* it would at once be accepted as current lingual coin. He did this to give an example of the levity of mondaine society there. The Princess, on arriving from Berlin, told an infatuated dandy, bearing an old name, and engaged in squandering a large fortune, how she had read in the German papers that he was *très pschutt*. He at once asked her the meaning of the term. "Why, a mirror of fashion—nothing more nor less."

So the fine gentleman went round the *petits salons* which are open at the end of winter, declaring that such a picture, such a beauty, such an equipage, such a toilet, was awfully "pschutt." Fashionable moths and butterflies converse only about what is "pschutt." We associated "chic" with cleverness and some taste. "Pschutt" is a flower of brains softened by dissipation. The word already has got to mean that there can be nothing pschuttish without plenty of money, and that one can in making a guy of one's self at great expense be *tout à fait pschutt*. It's very "pschutt" to have one's coat of arms emblazoned or embroidered on the back of white Swedish gloves.

The dandy who is "pschutt" wears square-toed shoes, very much cut down at the instep, and thin black silk stockings. His street paletot is short in the waist and long in the skirts; angles are rounded off the collar. His trousers are tight and short, with large pocket flaps, and his hands are ungloved, but *très soignées* and glittering with rings. DUMAS *fils* predicted in our time the advent of *l'homme-femme*. That prophecy is accomplished. It is "pschutt" to wear in the evening a white waistcoat buttoned with a jewel that accords with the field of one's coat of arms. The word "pschutt" breaks out like a zymotic eruption in the Vanity Fair columns of the Boulevard gazettes. Tailors, jewellers, milliners, and tradespeople who live upon the vanity of the wealthy have got it on the tips of their tongues. The characteristics of this new species of the "Dude" are well portrayed by Mr. GRAY-PARKER on page 319.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

WELLS AND WELL-WATER.

WELLS are of two kinds—surface wells and Artesian wells—and there is an essential difference between them, as the accompanying diagram, Fig. 1, will show.

Fig. 1 (FROM GALTON).

A surface well, however deep, is one which gathers the waters from the soil adjacent to it. An Artesian well is one which pierces through impervious strata into water-bearing rocks below it, and consequently yields a supply of water which has percolated for great distances underground, as from the summits of distant ranges. The water of Artesian wells is generally abundant and exceedingly pure, at least as regards any surface pollution. Some of the best water in London is supplied by Artesian wells which are sunk through the impervious clay stratum, and gather the pure filtered waters of the chalk stratum below, and which have fallen in rain upon the Malvern chalk hills which surround the London basin.

The rain-fall upon pervious strata sinks into the ground; that upon impervious strata passes off into streams and rivers. But when the rain-fall, having percolated through a loose formation, as chalk, reaches a deeper layer which is impervious, as clay, then it accumulates in subterranean reservoirs, escaping at the lowest points as distant springs, but only accessible from above by the deep boring of the Artesian well. This is in general the source of the purest water that can be obtained for use.

Surface wells may yield as pure water as the Artesian, but the presumption is to the contrary, for they are exposed to many sources of contamination, which vary with their situation. In the city, surface wells are almost always rendered foul by the percolation of impure matters from the neighboring ground, and even in the country surface wells are fouled in many ways. The most frequent and fatal cause of pollution is the nearness of the well to the cess-pool, especially when the latter is situated upon the higher ground.

But even upon level ground the same contamination may take place. The under-ground currents of water do not flow level; they fall, or even rise, according to the strata, more or less permeable, between or through which they flow, and which confine them above and below. A well which is ordinarily pure may be polluted by a rise in the level of this under-ground water, as shown in Fig. 2. Here the well, as long as it is supplied

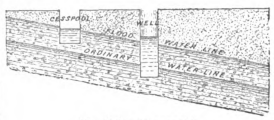

Fig. 2 (FROM GALTON).

from the ordinary water line, remains pure. But rainy weather, which raises the under-ground current to the flood-water line, raises it also to the level of the cess-pool, and conveys the infectious matter directly to the well.

Shallow wells are very liable, again, to contamination from impure substances, animal or vegetable, in the adjacent soil; and this danger is increased by the common practice of permitting the water that is spilled at the curb to find its way directly back into the well. The ground should be sloped away from the curb, and paved

Fig. 3 (FROM GALTON).

or puddled so as to drain away any overflowing water to a safe distance. In surface wells generally the drainage of the neighboring soil should be cut off from the well by casing it with cement, as shown in Fig. 3.

"In deep surface wells," says Captain Galton, "differences have been observed in the purity of well water, as the water was taken from the surface by dipping, or pumped from the bottom of the well. In one case, where the depth of water was over fifty feet, the surface water was found to be more contaminated with organic impurities than that from the bottom, as if a layer of lighter water from the surface drainage floated on the spring water below. In another case the solids per gallon amounted to 66.23 grains in the bottom water and to 3 grains only in the surface water." During the Crimean war the Turks, according to the same author, got filtered surface water by this device: "To select a site near their camp where the surface was clean, and dig a hole and place in it a barrel, in the bottom of which holes had been bored, so that water from the deepest part of the hole should alone come into the barrel. If they wanted filtration, they got a smaller barrel, and bored holes in the sides; they then placed the smaller barrel in the larger one, ramming sand in below and all round, and thus forming an upward filter of sand through which the water passed." No people understood better than the Romans the importance of having sufficient water at hand, whether in city or country, at home or on a military expedition. The supply of ancient Rome was about three hundred gallons per head per day—the most abundant supply on record. The modern Romans have kept up but a part of this supply, yet they are more generously provided with water than any other modern city I know of. Whenever, in old times, a Roman camp was found, there you were sure to find abundant water also. Dr. Corfield notes an example of this in England. "A friend of mine," he says, "took me up to see a Roman camp at the top of a sandstone hill. It puzzled us to think how the Romans ever got water at the top of that porous hill. We were, however, strolling about, when suddenly I saw half a dozen rushes, and that was quite enough to show that there was water. A pocket of clay was there which prevented the water from going down farther, and no doubt there was a well at that spot to supply the camp."

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ACCORDING to accounts, the ragged little suit which Sarah Bernhardt wore when her talent was first discovered has a market value $21,000 in excess of that of the guitar which Rachel used when she sang for bread in the streets of Paris. Lord Ward offered Madame Bernhardt 125,000 francs for the suit, and the Marquis of Hereford offered Rachel two diamonds worth 20,000 francs for the guitar. Madame Bernhardt said she didn't want to sell the dress, and Rachel said, "Not for all the jewels in the crown of Queen Victoria."

A choice patch of desert may become a very valuable piece of land to own if the industry of ostrich raising continues to grow. It is said that loose pebbly sand is necessary to the health of the birds. About a hundred and twenty ostriches are on a farm near Cairo, Egypt, the greater part of which is desert, and are thriving far better than if they were surrounded by the disadvantages of an oasis.

A statistician estimates that at the beginning of the Christian era the mined gold of the world was worth four hundred and twenty-seven million dollars, that it had diminished to the value of fifty-seven million at the time America was discovered, and that the value of the gold now in use is six thousand million dollars.

Six Chinese manufacturers of shoes in San Francisco have gone into bankruptcy of late, and there have been several other failures of Chinese houses. The prejudice against the heathen from Cathay is not lessened, however, by any evidences that his Americanization is progressing.

A mysterious disease has attacked the fir-trees in Maine, and threatens to greatly impair the producing capacity of the spruce-gum orchards. It is hoped that the young ladies' seminaries will survive the blow.

Ah Quack, of San Francisco, is not a medical practitioner, but a dealer in cigars.

The light-house lamps which consume the most oil require each nearly three gallons a night, and the light is equal to that of four hundred candles.

It is now stated that the Keely motor will be started on the Fourth of July. The Fourth is becoming a much-abused day.

The trestle-work railway bridge in course of construction across Lake Pontchartrain will be twenty-one miles in length. It is claimed that it will be the longest bridge of its kind in the United States. The trestle-work on which the elevated trains in this city run would be a good deal longer than the Louisiana structure if the several divisions were in a continuous line.

Relics of George Washington, bought several years ago by the government, and stored in a dark room in the Patent-office, have been recently placed on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution. They comprise the robe in which Washington was christened, and the easy-chair in which he sat a few minutes before his death.

At a banquet given by him in London to Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Mr. John Pender, M.P., the English "telegraph king," said that in the course of his recent visit to America the car in which he was travelling was stopped by the waving of a small white flag, and a telegraphic message was handed to him. It contained the news of the British victory at Tel-el-Kebir. He replied immediately, congratulating Sir Garnet Wolseley, and he was afterward told by the British commandant that he received the answer before sunset of the same day.

An English burglar recently told how he came into possession of the key of a safe which contained a fortune. "Nothing easier," he said. "We knew who carried the key and what it was like; so me and my pals we gets into the same carriage with your manager when he's going home by rail. One of us has a bag which he can't open. Has any man got a key? Your manager produces a bunch, and my pal he has wax in his palm, and takes a likeness of the key of the safe while seeming to open his bag."

In a block of ice artificially frozen recently in Mobile were a fish weighing twenty pounds, a bottle of dry champagne, and an assortment of choice flowers. The block was to be shipped to a gentleman in this city, who was to "display this specimen of Southern fish and flowers at a magnificent dinner to be given by a social club in New York."

There is a story to the effect that a company of men, all of whom are six feet tall or taller, have founded a town in Montana, called Giantville. Lots will be sold to no one under six feet in height. The wives must be at least five feet and eight inches in stature. It is suspected that the aim of the founders is to ultimately monopolize the industry of supplying museums and circus side-shows with giants.

A young man from Ohio recently applied to a Congressman from that State for an appointment in the Railway Mail Service, and the Congressman went to an official of the Post-office Department, who told him that the prospect was not very good, since vacancies do not occur very often, and there were nearly six thousand applications on file from Ohio alone for places in the mail service.

"And what do those positions pay, that they should be in such demand?" the Congressman asked.

"Eight hundred dollars a year to begin with," was the reply.

A Boston paper seems to find pleasure in the statement that it "was very characteristic of the literary coterie in New York that no one could be found at the Nineteenth Century Club, convened to hear Dr. Holmes's paper upon 'Emerson as a Poet,' who could confess to having read Emerson enough to talk about him." It is characteristic of persons of literary tastes in New York that they do not volunteer their opinions at length with so slight encouragement as that which suffices to put on tap the literary wisdom of certain Boston coteries.

The people of Vera Cruz have been visited by an epidemic of catarrh, which is attributed by the ignorant to the building of railroads thereabouts by Yankees. Railroads are educators in a certain sense, and educated persons are subject to hay fever. It is probably hay fever and not catarrh that ails the Mexicans.

A romance of the wilds of Florida is told by a Boston paper. Two years ago, the story has it, a newspaper correspondent attempted to explore the jungle in which is a pit called "De Debil's Tar Kiln," from which sulphurous vapors rise. Everybody in the neighborhood counted him as good as lost, except a pretty Tallahassee girl. When he returned, in a very bad plight, and in danger of losing his life because of his having inhaled the poisonous gases, the negroes were all afraid of him, for they believed that no one could come back from the place without the permission of "de ole bad man." The Tallahassee girl cared for him till he was able to start for his home in the North, and a few weeks ago he went back to Florida on the errand which properly rounds out the romance.

A Missouri farmer whose house was insured against damage by fire or lightning has sued the insurance company to recover the amount of the policy, his dwelling having been destroyed by a recent cyclone. It is held in his behalf that the destructive force in the cyclone was produced by electricity in the atmosphere. Professor Tice has testified that electricity is the prime cause of tornadoes, and that the wind is one of the results of that cause. He claimed that some clouds are so heavily charged with electricity that houses are lifted from the ground toward them. The other side is inclined to make merry over the farmer's claim and the theories of his expert witnesses.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* endeavors to forecast the immediate results of the beginning of work by the Civil Service Commission. He writes that theirs will be the most delicate task that any three men in Washington will have to do. No sooner will they begin operations, he says, than an organized raid will be made upon them. "The managing politicians on both sides," he further writes, "are so thoroughly imbued with the idea that theirs is the inherent right to provide for their friends that they are not slow to urge on the contemptuous expressions for the Commission's work." Some six thousand five hundred clerks in Washington will be affected by the new law, which goes into effect in less than three months. The same writer says: "If intelligently supported, the new law will secure those changes which public feeling has in a measure effected, and make permanent the drift toward better things which has been insensibly growing up for a few years past."

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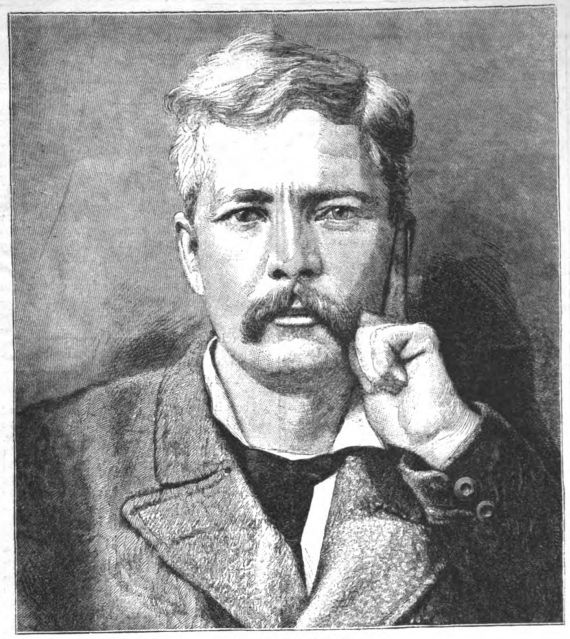
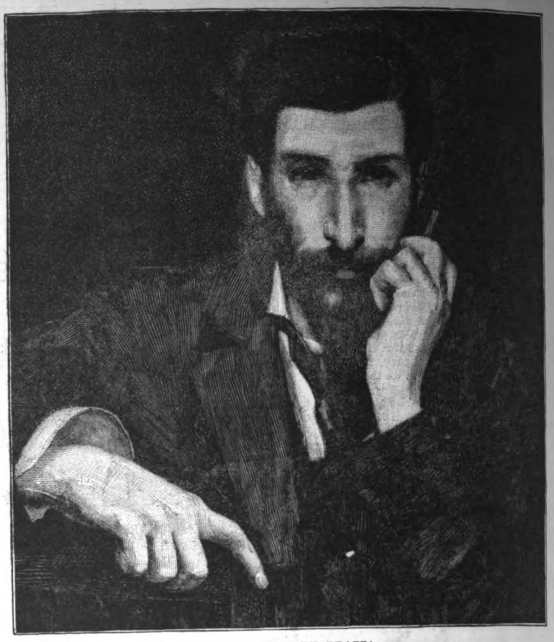
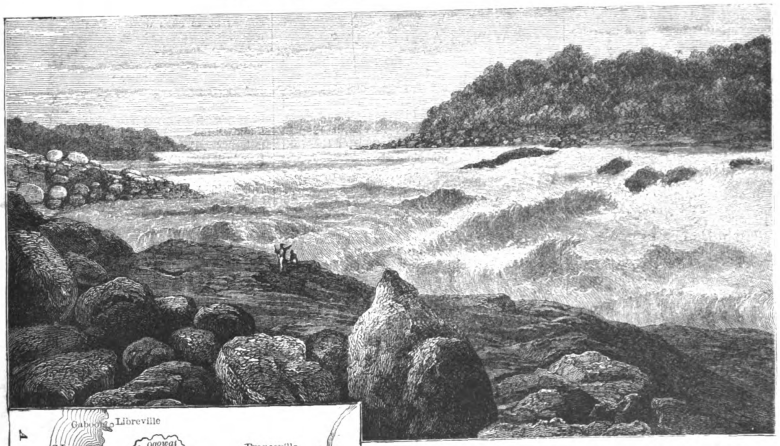


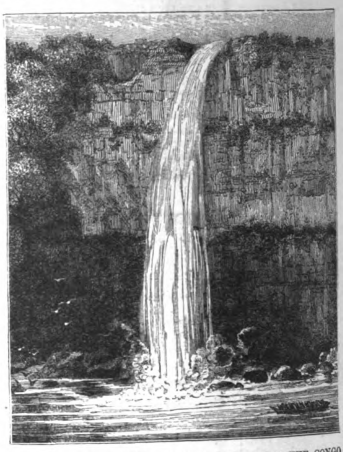
HENRY M. STANLEY.



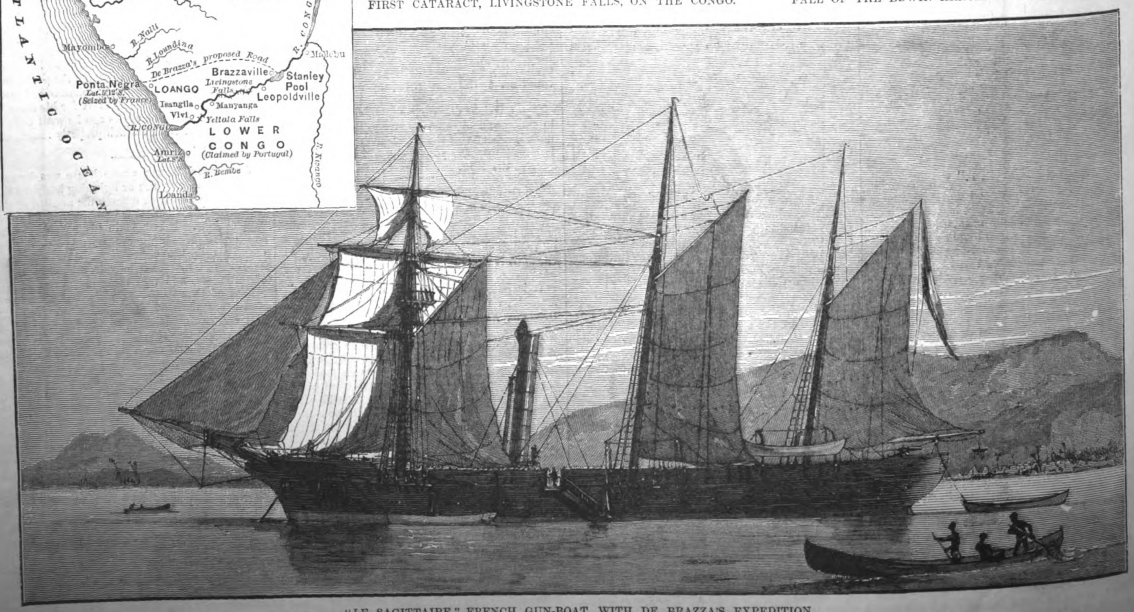
SAVORGNAN DE BRAZZA.



FIRST CATARACT, LIVINGSTONE FALLS, ON THE CONGO.



FALL OF THE EDWIN ARNOLD RIVER INTO THE CONGO.



"LE SAGITTAIRE," FRENCH GUN-BOAT, WITH DE BRAZZA'S EXPEDITION.

THE WAR ON THE CONGO.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

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THE SHEPHERD—WIND AND RAIN ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 314.]

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THE SUSSEX SHEPHERD.

On page 313 we present another of Mr. Reinhart's admirable sketches in Sussex, England, the picture of a shepherd leading his flock homeward over the Downs through a storm of wind and rain. "The lot of the shepherd," says the writer of the article on "English Farmers," in Harper's Magazine for last April, "is more severe than that of other laborers, inasmuch as he is out every day in the year, Sundays included. When the winds blow on the Downs, the shepherd makes a screen of his coat by hanging it on furze bushes or on the sheep wattles. This is his shelter for the day when the southwest rainstorms come up from the Channel. It is not very lonesome on the Downs, because the shepherds can see each other (unless a fog comes up), and often can talk to each other. On a nice day in winter it is pretty lively on the Downs. That being the hunting season, there are hundreds of people about there then, and 'lots of ladies' on horseback."

"DISARMED!"*

By Miss Betham-Edwards,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvesters; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

But can the sun ever be said to shine on a common day? Just as the heavens are thronged with dark stars, globe upon globe, that wander unperceived amid their shining compeers, so human events are in part hidden from observation. We see and take account of what is conspicuous and self-evident; little do we dream of all that is going on around us, under our very eyes even, perhaps far more momentous to ourselves personally, but unrecognized and unrecorded for the time being as if they were not.

No sooner were the shutters opened and the blinds raised in Miss Hermitage's house than all was bustle and commotion. A thousand things had to be done, a dozen plans matured; May to be spent in Paris, June in London, the hot months on the banks of the Thames or in the Highlands, then back again by November to the kindly south coast.

"But mind, Valerian, not to the same house," Miss Hermitage said. "A house, like a husband, should always be taken on trial. It is wonderful how perfect houses and people seem when they do not belong to us, when we can get rid of them at a moment's notice. The very notion of not being able to get rid of a thing makes it odious. So no houses except on short leases."

Arthura found it easy to be light-hearted amid the distractions of a general packing up. But what if she could have heard a certain conversation going on just then between her lover and Mr. Constantine? The old man had called to take leave of his cousin, and catching Valerian by the button, carried him off to his lodgings.

"Give me five minutes, or a quarter of an hour at most, my dear Valerian," he said, comfortably settling down for a leisurely talk. "You are rich in time, a millionaire, indeed, but I am a pauper, my few wretched coins, counted out every day, fast dwindling."

"An hour if you please, sir," Valerian said, in his airiest, pleasantest manner. Busy as he was all day, he always found time to be pleasant.

"You are a very agreeable person; you ought to succeed, as the phrase goes," began Mr. Constantine, perusing the other's physiognomy with uncommon attention. "But now tell me, my good Valerian—I am interested in you, as I am bound to be, of course—tell me your own notion of success. What do you mean to do with yourself? What have you thought of as a career? For of course you must not spend the best part of your life in simply making yourself agreeable."

Valerian laughed his little hard, worldly laugh. "I ought to plume myself in being able to do that," he said, sarcastically. "It is at least a livelihood."

"You have caught the family trick of jesting with serious things, I see. But listen to me. If, as I take it, you have good parts, and if, as I am willing to believe, you have feelings to match, then, my dear Valerian, you need not rest satisfied with being a finished nobody."

Valerian laughed once more.

"It is not every nobody who can be finished, so I pay you a compliment after all. But now just think how much better you might do. As far as possibilities go, you are the luckiest person in the world."

"Possibilities can hardly be regarded as a career either," Valerian made light and biting answer.

"Ah! you are far from divining my purport. What, then, is not within your reach if Stephana consents to marry you? All things are possible where a generous woman is concerned."

Valerian sat still, flushed, dazed, unable to open his lips.

"We are alone. I am an old man, and her kinsman as well as yours. I may speak openly to you," continued Mr. Constantine. "And I tell you I dare aver that Stephana would marry you, out of pure generosity, maybe, but of a kind not to be spurned."

Valerian remained dumb.

"The fact is, my dear Valerian, Stephana is noble to a degree that may be called Quixotic. The very reason that might prevent another woman from giving you her hand would induce Stephana to proffer hers. You must understand me."

Still Valerian's pale lips found no words.

"Stephana would of her own accord and in her own person atone to you for the wrong done you by one also of our kith and kin. But before going any further let me remind you of an important point. This sweet, lovely Stephana has a propensity which may have escaped your notice. She is always on the lookout for people's 'souls.' If you have not a soul, I fear she will have nothing to say to you."

"What is a soul?" asked Valerian, half in jest, half serious.

"You may well ask what," said the old man. "But Stephana knows. Stephana is not to be deceived. Now I am quite sure she is prepared to marry you. But I am equally sure of another thing: you must satisfy her exactions on moral and spiritual points. I am in earnest, Valerian. This noble creature has nothing in common with certain others of our name, but name. The world for her is no mere fair, no raree-show got up for sensual gratification, but a serious place—a place in which our business is to do, and not look vacantly on. As the steward of Stephana's fortunes, your work would lie in wholly new lines."

"Pardon me, I ask with all respect," Valerian said, still unmanned, and even agitated, "but will you tell me if Stephana has authorized you to speak to me on this subject?"

"She has," replied Mr. Constantine. "One word more, however, about this said business of the soul. It is the most weighty, after all, for everything hangs on it. Stephana's fortune and future are wedded to the public good. Would you be ready to aid and uphold her? to sympathize with her philanthropic schemes, and not to rail at them? You must know, my good Valerian, that doing good, as the phrase goes, is a serious matter nowadays. The Holy Elizabeths and Vincent de Pauls are out of date, outlandish as the clothes they wore, obsolete as the speech they used. What alone can help the world now is a magnanimous public spirit, a new and more righteous law, not baskets of broken bread for the poor and spitals for the old."

He looked inquisitorially at his companion, and added, laughing lightly: "You know something of my career—no irreproachable one in the matter of domestic relations, no exemplary one in matters of finance. But mark me, Valerian, from first to last I have steadfastly kept my post in the vanguard of progressive opinion, and Liberalism, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. I was a spendthrift at your age, a sad wild fellow too, but I have helped to amend more than one bad law, to frame more than one just one. The world owes more to me, the sinner, than to many a congregation of saints."

"That may well be, sir," Valerian said, laughing.

"Hearken, my dear Valerian. Let not the belief in what I call twopenny-halfpenny morality be your stumbling-block. Mind, I am not jeering at the bread-and-butter virtues. A man is bound to possess them, just as he is bound to have his linen washed and his beard trimmed; he is a reprobate without. But never think that you will save your soul (another phrase for fulfilling your duty) by being what is called an indulgent husband, a kind father, and so forth. Pshaw! The epitaphs make me sick, for, I ask you now, is it any credit to a man to be kind to his own wife, good to his own children? Were he otherwise he must stand lower than the brutes; but write what eulogies you please on the tomb of him who has befriended the abandoned wife and the widow, who has fathered the orphan, adopted the friendless."

"The fact is," Valerian made answer, "so little virtue has hitherto shone in the world that we have had to make the most of it."

"Aptly said. Now note for a moment the abjectness of human ideals, when we glorify what we are pleased to call maternal devotion. Why, the she-animals will give up their lives for their young. Is a woman to be praised for what is no virtue among the brutes? And this same beautiful maternal devotion, forsooth! Do you suppose there was none of it among the fair-haired Southerners who, with babes at their own breasts, could see black sucklings daily torn away from their mothers? Were the Roman matrons devoid of maternal devotion, think you, while they could amuse themselves with torturing their slaves? The fact is, we are still in an age of rudimentary virtue. The higher is yet to be acquired, and then an epitaph will have some meaning."

Again his eyes wandered to Valerian.

"I really do not know if I am merely hearkened to out of pure amiability and politeness, or if you are of this way of thinking."

"To tell you the plain truth," Valerian answered, promptly, "I have been so much occupied in amusing Christina that I have had no time to think of other things."

"Poor Christina! Who will amuse her in another world, I wonder? But the inclination, my dear fellow—what about the inclination?"

"I will not play the hypocrite, sir. I have administered the funds intrusted to me by my cousin for charitable purposes to the best of my abilities, and there the matter has ended. It is little of heart or conscience that I have put into the business."

"That is candidly spoken. But now, supposing Stephana marries you, are you prepared to put heart and conscience, not into giving away money—charity, so called—but into the larger, wider interests of life? Between ourselves, Stephana has set her mind on seeing you in Parliament."

Valerian started and again flushed.

"You may well be surprised. But it is not impossible. If I live it is not impossible, that is to say. You know that I was many years in Parliament myself. Had I had a son, a nephew, a grandson, a great-nephew, handy last year on the occasion of the election, the thing would have been accomplished. Such an opportunity may occur again."

"You are very kind," Valerian said, utterly discomfited and embarrassed.

"There you are, swearing by the twopenny-halfpenny virtues, the bread-and-butter moralities, again. Do not think so meanly of Stephana and myself as to suppose that we should put a weighty responsibility upon your shoulders out of mere kindness, a wish to be agreeable. No, Valerian, I speak once for all plainly to you. Take in my meaning. We want an exponent, a mouthpiece. We want an heir of our convictions. For if I can not leave you an obolus (I shall have just one left to pay the dark ferryman's fare), I can at least bequeath you something not to be bought with money. You would come before the world as the inheritor of my political and social opinions."

"I am most deeply beholden to you—to Stephana no less," began Valerian, falteringly. "But—"

"But you are taken by surprise. You want to be left to yourself awhile. We quite understand that," replied Mr. Constantine, kindly. "Nor can Stephana be pressed either. She begged me to add that. You must say nothing to her till she herself opens the subject."

Valerian breathed more freely.

"Should I write to her?" he asked.

"By no means. I was only to clear the way, as it were, for future negotiations," said Mr. Constantine. "Say nothing, do nothing, till she first gives a sign."

"And when will that be, sir?" asked Valerian, still pale and anxious.

"Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps a year hence. Who can answer for a woman?" laughed Mr. Constantine.

"We are not likely to meet just yet," Valerian said, with sudden alacrity. "I am to carry off our cousin to Paris to-morrow."

"To Paris! And what on earth has Christina to do in Paris? Buy new ball dresses and new bonnets to carry with her to Persephone's kingdom? Has she thought of the small amount of luggage permitted us on that journey? But never mind. Give her my love, Valerian—my best love. She has just sent me a dozen of Madeira."

"And what are you going to do, sir?"

"What should an octogenarian do but sit in the sun, and get a neighbor to listen to his babblings? Good-by, my dear fellow. Bring Christina and her new bonnets safe back from Paris."

What could Valerian do but feel ready to curse alike his good and evil fortune? The evil, indeed, seemed more bearable than the good just then. To endure poverty, insignificance, nay, ignominy, by Arthura's side would be easy; but to give up Arthura's love for the cold splendor of Stephana's friendship was impossible. He would write to her at once, thank her for her magnanimity, and reveal the truth.

There was nothing else, indeed, to do. Stephana should receive a letter explaining everything that very day. Having come to a conclusion without immediately acting upon it, Valerian's mind, as often happens, now went through a series of indecisions that finally landed him on one of a directly opposite nature.

To write to Stephana was the only straightforward, manly, inevitable course. So said Valerian at the outset, yet, because he did not forthwith sit down to do it, one sophistry after another made itself heard on the other side. He must write warily. Stephana must not know of the trap into which Christina had fallen. Such a disclosure would prove fatal to Arthura's prospects as well as his own. Some other justificatory plea must be put forward. But what plea? A hint of concealed romance, a vague indication of the reality? No; suspicion would naturally fall on Arthura, and by little and little the whole truth would ooze out. To wait, to temporize, to trust to happy chance, seemed at first the easiest and soon the only expedient, even practicable, course.

And, after all, there was no question of love on Stephana's side. That he knew right well. Stephana's nature was high-minded, large-hearted generosity—nothing more. When she might fairly be intrusted with his story she would very likely feel a sense of relief, and profess herself quite ready to do all for Arthura's lover that she had proposed to do for a husband. And finally, reasoned Valerian, nothing was to be gained and all hazarded by precipitation. He had fallen into the common mistake of measuring others by his own standard, failing to take into account that he had here to do, not with the world, but with a noble woman. How should he know that truth was to Stephana as the very air she breathed, the mere suspicion of falsehood or make-believe being poison to her?

Gradually, therefore, he decided to put away present perplexities with the comfortable thought of compromise. He should win Stephana over to his cause by tact and persuasion, and thus obtain at last all the advantages she had proffered, without sacrificing Arthura. He should become Arthura's husband and Stephana's heir.

Nor did it seem incumbent upon him to unbosom himself to Arthura. Why disturb her mind and make her unhappy by the thought that she was standing between him and his fortunes? Time enough to tell the flattering tale when she should be his wife, and would listen playfully and proudly. And there was another re-assuring thought: Stephana might very likely change her mind altogether. Valerian finally ended his cogitation by willing one thing and wishing another. Arthura must, should be his wife. None the less Stephana should give him a brilliant position in the world.

CHAPTER XV.

Little time indeed had the lovers for confidential talk either in Paris or London. Just as the choicest cates are to be had for money, so what is called agreeable society becomes a matter of the purse. We are perhaps the very best company in the world, but the wise and the witty, our compeers, are bribed by the rich inviter, and we sit down to our Barmecide's feast alone. Alexander visited the son of Sinope in his tub, it is true; but then the fame of Diogenes was greater than that of Alexander. Few of us but would dine off the cynic's portion of beans once in our lives if we were sure to be talked of ever after. For the most part the Diogeneses are forgotten, and well for those who have wit that the dull never find it out! Were the man of intellectual parts and spirit appreciated by the mob, he would be more pestered than a Prime Minister.

Miss Hermitage's comfortable hôtel on the Champs Elysées was filled from morning till night with well-dressed, gay, and pleasant visitants. Everybody was seeing everything, and of course had something to say. It were hard indeed had they not, considering that amusement was the business of life. For what Miss Hermitage was doing so deliberately and with such desperate resolve the rest were doing as a matter of course. Why moralize? Is not half the world occupied in amusing the other half? Is it not in the natural order of things that we should lazily enjoy whilst others toil and moil? If it ought not to be so, then why is it so? Let the moralist answer.

"I do think Paris quite perfection," Miss Hermitage said. "No dingy little streets; no rags and poverty at every corner. All spick and span, brand-new, and handsome. And what a comfort that the woe-begone-looking people keep out of sight!"

Herein was she not following the example of her neighbors also? Let the stark face of misery hide itself, let want not make moan in our hearing, do we not all say? What have we to do with pain and sorrow not our own? Away with them! Let us turn the corner and look in another direction. Yet methinks we can not always shut out these unsightly phantoms that cross us in the common paths. Who has not seen, without being able to forget, some tear-stained, anguish-stricken face in the crowd, some wan spectre, hardly man or woman any longer for the wastings of some hunger or disease? Who has not encountered at some time or other a pair of human eyes from which looked out an awful, an utterable despair? We jostle elbows and pass by, but the look haunts us for days, and will not vanish altogether. Did some angel of pity meet these unhappy ones ere it was too late, or did the gulf of misery swallow them up? We shall never know.

"Mind, Valerian," Miss Hermitage would often say to her steward, "no niggardliness to the poor. There are more sham beggars than true ones, I have no doubt. That is not your concern. In relieving all I relieve my conscience."

This easy-going philanthropy, as she called it, settled uncomfortable self-questionings; but whilst Valerian was bidden to lavish money on the suffering and the needy, he was also enjoined to keep them out of her sight.

"It is all very well for poor people to sympathize with one another," she said. "They have nothing else but good wishes to give. Why should I allow my feelings to be harrowed up when I can give a guinea instead? It is much more to the purpose than floods of tears, I am sure."

What, therefore, with bringing light-hearted, prosperous guests to Miss Hermitage's threshold and keeping the dismal away, Valerian and Arthura had not a fraction of time left for love-making. Even our most trustworthy friends, those who are as the apple of our eye, will sometimes fall ill, grow low-spirited, marry, or die—all social sins of the first magnitude in Miss Hermitage's eyes. People must be ailing at times, certainly; must have troubles; must pair off; must make an end. But they were bound to perform these duties amusingly, or at least agreeably, and with due regard to the feelings of others.

"Poor dear Constantine," she said, regretfully, on the eve of quitting Paris. "I am sorry, after all, that we did not bring him. He would have greatly enjoyed himself. But at his age who can tell what may happen? and with the best intentions in the world he might have died in the house. No. We must all think of ourselves in this world. Life is too short to think of other people."

If the mazy whirl of Paris and London were acceptable, no less so the cool retreat on the banks of the Thames whither Miss Hermitage resorted for rustic pleasures.

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head" it was, from which Valerian was bound to keep away tediousness. Miss Hermitage had a passion for animals, but it fared the same with them as with human beings. The slow, pensive dog must not be tolerated. The cat less given to purring than it ought had no place on her window-sill. Even the cocks and hens must be knowing, and the pig must have *esprit*. She had rather a fancy for plain homely farm-yard creatures; they reminded her of her childhood. But good parts she would have at any price in both man and beast; and as wit and spirit may be hired, if not bought, what could Valerian do but go to the proper market? Nevertheless, he must be accredited with the inventiveness of Scheherezade or Haroun-al-Raschid's court jester. His position, indeed, was much like theirs, and it is wonderful to reflect how most people's wits would be sharpened under the same circumstances. Death by the sword or belaboring with a bag of stones unless you begin to be entertaining this very minute!

Is there a dolt who would not straightway sparkle like rare Ben Jonson himself under the threat? And perhaps some of us would run the risk of the penalty for the sake of being thus translated. To wake up and find one's self famous were a faint emotion compared with that of waking up and finding one's self a wit after having been a dunderhead for years.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

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It is easy to be light-hearted in summer-time; even an unquiet conscience may be lulled to sleep by rose-laden breezes and the soft stirring of green leaves above our bare heads, and Arthura caught the spirit of her patroness's Castle of Indolence. Valerian managed things so beautifully that there was no need to quarrel with him any more. Miss Hermitage had entertainment enough without. And so long as they were not forced to quarrel, Arthura could do without love-making. Valerian dared not be more than courteous; he even feigned little flirtations with one or two of the pretty girls who looked as if they had walked out of Watteau's picture on to Miss Hermitage's lawn But once perhaps in a week the lovers would find time for a word.

"I have got a fortnight's holiday for you; you are to go home next week," said Valerian one day when the pair were absolutely alone, Miss Hermitage and Colette drowsing, as was their wont after lunch, the servants amusing themselves with hay-making in sight of the house, hardly a creature within.

Arthura's eyes brimmed over with tears of joy. A whole fortnight, and so soon! It seemed too good to be true.

"If you take your step-mother and the children to Margate, may I run down to see you?" asked the radiant lover.

Beauty is doubly beautiful in summer-time, when dress is worn for grace, and not for a defense against the cold.

Arthura's was no shy, artless loveliness, looking its best in innocent white muslin and blue waist ribbon. She must be sumptuous even in summer-time, and her fine eyes and rich complexion were never seen to better advantage than now. The color and texture of her dress, wine-red, soft, with creamy ground, had metamorphosed her into a gorgeous flower. If the girl's eyes became moist with joy, Valerian's beamed with lover-like pride and admiration.

"You beautiful thing!" he said, standing back to gaze on the picture. "You animated Gladiola! Where do you get these astounding dresses from? Yesterday your gown was the color of a peony, to-day silky white dashed with purple!"

"It pleases Miss Hermitage to see me fine as a peacock," Arthura answered, carelessly. "And I have a passion for gorgeous colors myself. They put me in spirits, like military music."

"Well, you shall never be out of spirits," laughed Valerian. "There are plenty of beautiful gowns now to be had for money. Although," he added, quite intoxicated by the dazzling apparition before him, "you would look just as well in a brown holland pinafore over bombazine, which is what you will have to wear when we are married."

"Dear Valerian," she said, her sportive mood vanished, all the pure, fond, girlish devotion of her heart for once on her lips and in her eyes, "do you love me? Will you love me always?"

The woman's question answered in the man's way. "Always? As if it could be otherwise than always!" and he raised a fold of the superb gown to his lips and kissed it passionately. Arthura, holding him off at arms'-length by the hands, looked into his eyes as if to read his very soul.

"Are men ever constant?" she asked, half in sport, half in earnest.

"Wait and see, Santa Thomasina," was the confident answer.

It was a rare moment for both. They seemed once more in France, free to love, free to dream blissful dreams, to be happy. There was such a rapturousness in the air, rose-scented air wafting crimson velvety petals upon the lovers as they stood by the open window, such a burden of love in the songs of the little lazy birds, such deep unspoken contentment in the hum of the bees and murmur of insects.

And the voiceless flower world? Was there no joy, no sympathy there as one glowing rose-leaf after another nestled to Arthura's bosom, like little Loves seeking a home? It seemed as if it might be so to the lovers, neither wiser nor more foolish in their bliss than any other pair.

Anyhow an hour of love with all its fair promises was vouchsafed to this sweet trusting Arthura. Had ever any woman more?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WAR ON THE CONGO.

Two of a trade, saith the proverb, can never agree. When the two are explorers, and explorers of the same region, discord is inevitable. The main social and literary use of exploring a country is that you may thereafter tell any stories about it which occur to you as interesting and plausible without being challenged. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him." And so when Mr. STANLEY and M. DE BRAZZA gave dinners last year for the purpose of disparaging each other's exploits in exploration, it did not seem that there was much more at stake than their professional jealousies and vanities.

M. DE BRAZZA, according to the account of Mr STANLEY, which seems to have been borne out by the facts, is a lively commercial traveller, of Portuguese or some other variety of "Dago" extraction, who devoted himself to discovering—under the auspices of a Belgian company, which in turn was under some sort of half-avowed French protectorate—countries which Mr. STANLEY had already thoroughly discovered, and through which Mr. STANLEY's backers were constructing practicable roads and waterways. More than that, M. DE BRAZZA returned, bringing what he declared to be commercial concessions of an exclusive kind from potentates of all shades from amber to umber, who had already given the like concessions to Mr. STANLEY, and who, still according to Mr. STANLEY, would have refused to receive M. DE BRAZZA at all, even if they had refrained from eating him, but for the admiration and respect for the white man in general wrought in their dusky bosoms by the walk and conversation of the American explorer.

There were here, evidently enough, all the materials of a personal quarrel which would have satisfied even Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and it can not be said that the opportunities afforded Mr. STANLEY and M. DE BRAZZA for reciprocal defamation were not eagerly embraced when they returned from the scene of their labors to the scene of their triumphs. But it is now seen that there is something much more serious in the aspect of affairs on the Congo than a personal quarrel of explorers. Since the beginning explorations have been prosecuted and colonies established with one view—that of the extension of trade. The merchant, indeed, is often himself the explorer. The Arab traders were the pioneers of African exploration. And when the explorer is an adventurer or a missionary, the trader follows closely in his wake. The struggle for the west coast of Africa is simply a struggle for the West African market. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the busiest time in colonization which the world has ever seen, following as it did the addition of a new world to the world then extant, the motives of acquisition were strictly commercial. And the object of the fateful voyage of COLUMBUS himself was what would now be called the cheapening of freights in the Indian trade. The race that ensued between England, Holland, France, and Spain no doubt did more to diffuse civilization than any other series of events that ever happened. But there is one very marked difference between the extension of trade in the seventeenth century and the extension of trade in the nineteenth. It was to bring "peltries" to England and spices to Holland and gold and silver to Spain that the old voyages were undertaken. These things were "bought," when the natives were not despoiled of them, for mere gewgaws and trinkets which did not represent a hundredth part of the labor the products of which were exchanged for them. In our time the main impulse to commercial rivalry is the necessity, growing yearly more imperative, of finding new markets for European products which the improvement of the means and processes of manufacture keeps always at the perilous edge of "overproduction." This necessity is the key to the foreign policy of all European nations, and especially of Great Britain. Of course the "natives" of Africa or of any other continent can only pay with what they have; but it remains true that while the object of extending commerce was in old times to obtain superfluities, it is now for trade that is vitally necessary, and this fact makes national rivalry, even if it is more peaceful, keener than it used to be, and more in the nature of a "struggle" for life.

The West African trade is therefore an object of great and growing importance. It will be seen by one of the sketch maps that the actual communications of Europe with the west coast are carried on by three lines of steamers, two English and one Portuguese. The direct British trade with the Portuguese possessions amounted in 1881 to £229,177 exports and £136,257 imports, the former chiefly coal, cotton goods, and arms and ammunition, the latter chiefly peanuts, coffee, and ivory. The British steamers, however, of which there are about thirty engaged in the West African trade, derive much of their profits from doing a coasting business along the African continent, touching as they do at thirty or forty places. There are really no European possessions near the mouth of the Congo except those of Portugal, and the trade of other nations is hampered by very oppressive tariff restrictions. Portugal, however, is scarcely enterprising or powerful enough to assert against England her claims to the trade of the interior, which is in the way to be opened along the route made practicable by STANLEY.

On what the French "claims" are founded, except on the weakness of Portugal, it is difficult to make out; but strength has never, since the famous case of Wolf *v.* Lamb, lacked "claims" upon desirable objects possessed by weakness. DE BRAZZA's rediscoveries of STANLEY's discoveries can scarcely be pleaded, nor even the "concessions" which DE BRAZZA pretends to have from native chiefs who had already given to STANLEY whatever they had to "concede." That is to say, these things can scarcely be pleaded against England. Against Portugal, and still more against the native kings themselves, any pretext will do that is backed by force enough. In this latter essential, however, M. DE BRAZZA, who is for all practical purposes the French government, appears to be weak also. Ponta Negra, where M. DE BRAZZA landed in April, is well clear of the Portuguese possessions, and there is no immediate danger of a quarrel between his expedition and the Portuguese authorities. But M. DE BRAZZA has "annexed," in the name of France, African territory having a coast-line of three hundred miles, and to make good his claim to it he has two companies of French troops, one from Algeria and one from Senegal, and both therefore acclimatized. Meanwhile Mr. STANLEY has been for three or four months on the Congo, superintending his works, and without doubt "organizing African public opinion" against DE BRAZZA's expedition. The organization of African opinion seems to be the issue of arms and ammunition. The London press, while disclaiming for England any intention of taking part in a war, hints that British sympathy with the oppressed—that noble quality so touchingly exemplified in Ireland, Afghanistan, Zululand, and the Transvaal—will not permit the oppressed to lose any chances for lack of "Winchester rifles." The *St. James's Gazette* throws out this intimation in one column, while in the next it gives an interesting account of "British Trade with West Africa." Altogether, what with STANLEY, Winchester rifles, British sympathy with the oppressed, and "British trade with West Africa," it does seem that in undertaking to subduc a territory of three hundred miles frontage, by an unknown depth, to the obedience of the French republic, with a force of three hundred men, M. DE BRAZZA has undertaken one of the maddest projects ever conceived.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A Case of Shamming.—Soothsaying extraordinary.—An Objection to Signing Things.—A New Use for Photography.—Having it out.—The entrapped Curate.

OF all the queer forms of shamming, I have never known the equal of that adopted by a lady (presumably a married one) in the neighborhood of Canterbury. It is her fancy to obtain admission at various workhouses upon the plea of being in an interesting condition, and the case an urgent one. Nurses sit up with her all night, doctors hold themselves in readiness, and she receives every attention. In the morning she is discovered to have nothing the matter with her, and with many apologies for her mistake she trots away, to carry out the same performance elsewhere. It is only under such exceptional circumstances, as she is probably well aware, that she can be sure of getting so much attention. The pauper who congratulated himself upon "riding in his carriage at last" had to die first before the compliment could be paid him; but this lady has found out for herself a much better way.

An individual has been taken up for damaging the private dwelling-house of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Police—a "high-handed outrage in Utica" indeed. Of course he was thought to be insane, but the doctor who examined him could only discover that "he had been in a state of pauperism for some time, and was probably laboring under delusion." But, to judge by the conduct of the lady above mentioned, you may be in a state of pauperism, yet only be the cause of delusions to other people. Indeed, if science had not thus pronounced it, I should have doubted that being ever so poor for ever so long was identical with lunacy. Some of the cleverest folks I know have never (by their own account) had a shilling to spend except the one with which their parents "cut them off" in their will. I wonder, by-the-bye, whether that proverbial shilling is ever really received; and if so, is the legacy duty first deducted?

A poor woman of Wolverhampton has been consulting a soothsayer as to the redressing of certain wrongs. The person applied to at once informed her—nor did he need to be a conjurer to do it—that the individual she most disliked in the world was her mother-in-law. "Negotiations were then entered into" over a pack of cards, by which it was agreed that this domestic enemy should be "paralyzed." There is a vulgar phrase, expressing at once greed and enmity, "I would punch his head for twopence," but for "paralyzing" the charge was naturally higher: the soothsayer demanded two and sixpence for it. The woman herself, too, had to provide the ingredients for the "charm"; one of them, "some of her husband's hair," could probably be easily enough secured—she had only to get up a quarrel and "go for" a handful of it; but the other, "dragon's blood," seems, in the absence of dragons, to have presented a difficulty. In the end the whole scheme broke down, and the soothsayer, unable to "paralyze" the arm of the law, has fallen into the hands of the police. But what a state of intelligence and education this incident betrays as regards Wolverhampton!

It is well known that some people have an insuperable objection to signing their wills. So long as that ceremony is postponed they imagine that Fate will never be so inconsiderate as to hurry them from this state of existence with pecuniary affairs "unsettled." There are even a few persons—who have had, perhaps, some unfortunate experience of lawyers—who can never be got to sign *anything*. A lady of this sort is now, with her daughter, in Liverpool workhouse. She has a thousand pounds in Chancery, and ready money in the Preston Bank, but can't get any of it out, because she knows better, she says, than to put her name to anything. "RAW HASTE" may be "half-sister to Delay," but, on the other hand, prudence of this kind may almost be said to verge on obstinacy. I especially pity the daughter, who but for the extreme caution of this old lady's character might be "moving in the best circles" of Liverpool, or, at all events, of Birkenhead. I wonder what the real paupers think of her?

There is a famous story told of a gentleman who, while his photograph was being taken, made such horrible faces as to suggest convulsions. "If I take you like that, sir," said the artist, "no human being will recognize you." "That is exactly what I want," replied the customer. "I desire to send a portrait of that very kind to Jemima Anne. As I am I can never escape her, but as the victim of a railway accident which has distorted every feature, it is possible that she will break off the engagement." A young man at Hammersmith has been applying this anecdote to his own purposes—he too had suffered (in imagination) from a similar catastrophe—but used it, not to break off with his fiancée, but to get money out of her. She found him on his sofa, with bandaged arms and legs; an individual was with him who had come on behalf of the railway company to arrange the compensation for damages, and who agreed to give him £50 next week. "In the mean time, my darling," moaned the victim, "perhaps you will lend me your money" (she was a house-maid, and had £40 in the savings'-bank) "till Saturday, that I may complete the purchase of the little home that is awaiting us." Under these false pretenses she did so. The next day she met him in the street, perfectly well, and instead of congratulating him on his miraculous recovery, she, very properly, gave him into custody.

Some people have no sense of the proprieties. A man died in the London Hospital a short time since, and his wife declined to furnish the funds for his interment. On learning, however, that his sister had done so, she was exceedingly annoyed, and went "with a few friends" to the funeral, with the intention of "having it out with her." Nor did she falter in her purpose. Taking advantage of the leisure afforded by the reading of the burial service in the chapel, she pulled her sister-in-law's bonnet off, and following up her advantage when they got without-doors, knocked her down once or twice upon the grave. "The interment, however," says the report, "was subsequently carried out without interruption." One is glad to hear of that, of course; but if in the cemetery in question—that of the Tower Hamlets—such scenes are not unusual, it must certainly add a terror to the melancholy position of chief mourner in that locality.

The story of "the entrapped curate," who had vowed himself to a life of celibacy, and of the young lady who persuaded him to kiss her, and got an instantaneous photograph taken of the incident, is not a very new one. If that, however, were sufficient reason for keeping it out of the newspapers, what should we have left to read? My objection to its present circulation is founded on much more solid grounds. There was not the least reason why the young lady should have made those scientific arrangements under her own roof for the execution of the dozen impressions (cabinet size) which she offered at £20 apiece to the young divine. They might have been executed anywhere. A photograph of the curate and one of herself would have been all that was necessary. As in the composition of the celebrated article on Chinese Metaphysics, the artist would have only had to "combine his information." Does any one suppose that in the well-known "instantaneous photograph" of the stoat and the rabbit those animals were actually taken in pursuit and flight?

R. KEMBLE, of London.

CINNAMON CULTURE IN CEYLON.

CINNAMON, which we value so highly at the present time as an important spice, claims an antiquity accorded perhaps to but few other products of the same class, for cinnamon was in very early days used, as it is now, as a flavoring agent. In the Mosaic writings, as well as in several other books of the Bible, cinnamon is frequently mentioned, often in conjunction with cassia, and later on, in the writings of THEOPHRASTUS, HERODOTUS, DIOSCORIDES, PLINY, and others, references to this spice occur. From what has been said by early writers, there can be no doubt but that cinnamon was held in high repute, and was counted amongst the most costly of aromatic substances.

Regarding the countries producing cinnamon in the early ages, we find no record that it was ever obtained from Ceylon, the country where it is now most extensively cultivated. Sir EMMERSON TENNENT says, "In the pages of no author, European or Asiatic, from the earliest ages to the close of the nineteenth century, is there the remotest allusion to cinnamon as an indigenous production, or even as an article of commerce, in Ceylon."

When and how cinnamon was first collected in that island appears to be entirely unknown, though it is supposed the Chinese were intimately concerned in its discovery. The earliest records of cinnamon as a Ceylon product date from the thirteenth century. Colonel YULE, the learned author of the *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, attributes the first mention of cinnamon in Ceylon to an Arab, KAZWINI by name, about A.D. 1275, and next by JOHN OF MONTECORVINO, a missionary friar, who visited India about 1292 or 1293. In a letter contained in the Medicean Library in Florence this missionary describes the cinnamon-tree as of "medium bulk, and in trunk, bark, and foliage like a laurel, and that great store of its bark is carried forth from the island, which is near by Malabar."

"In 1536," says the learned author of the *Pharmacographia*, "cinnamon was cut from trees growing wild in the forests in the interior of Ceylon, the bark being exacted as tribute from the Singhalese kings by the Portuguese. A peculiar caste called Chalias, who are said to have emigrated from India to Ceylon in the thirteenth century, and who in after-times became cinnamon peelers, delivered the bark to the Portuguese. The cruel oppression of these Chalias was not mitigated by the Dutch, who from the year 1656 were virtually masters of the whole sea-board, and conceded the cinnamon trade to their East India Company as a profitable monopoly, which the company exercised with the greatest severity.

"About 1770 DE KOKE conceived the happy idea, in opposition to the universal prejudice in favor of wild-growing cinnamon, of attempting the cultivation of the tree. This project was carried out under Governors FALCK and VAN DER GRAFF with extraordinary success, so that the Dutch were able, independently of the kingdom of Kandy, to furnish about 400,000 pounds of cinnamon annually, thereby supplying the entire European demand. In fact, they completely ruled the trade, and would even burn the cinnamon in Holland lest its unusual abundance should reduce the price."

So determined were the Dutch to retain the monopoly in the produce of cinnamon that the plants were limited to a certain number, and all above that number destroyed, besides which large quantities of cinnamon, after having been prepared for market, were frequently thrown into the sea or burned. It is recorded that on the 10th of June, 1760, an enormous quantity of cinnamon was wantonly destroyed near the Admiralty at Amsterdam. It was "valued at eight millions of livres, and an equal quantity was

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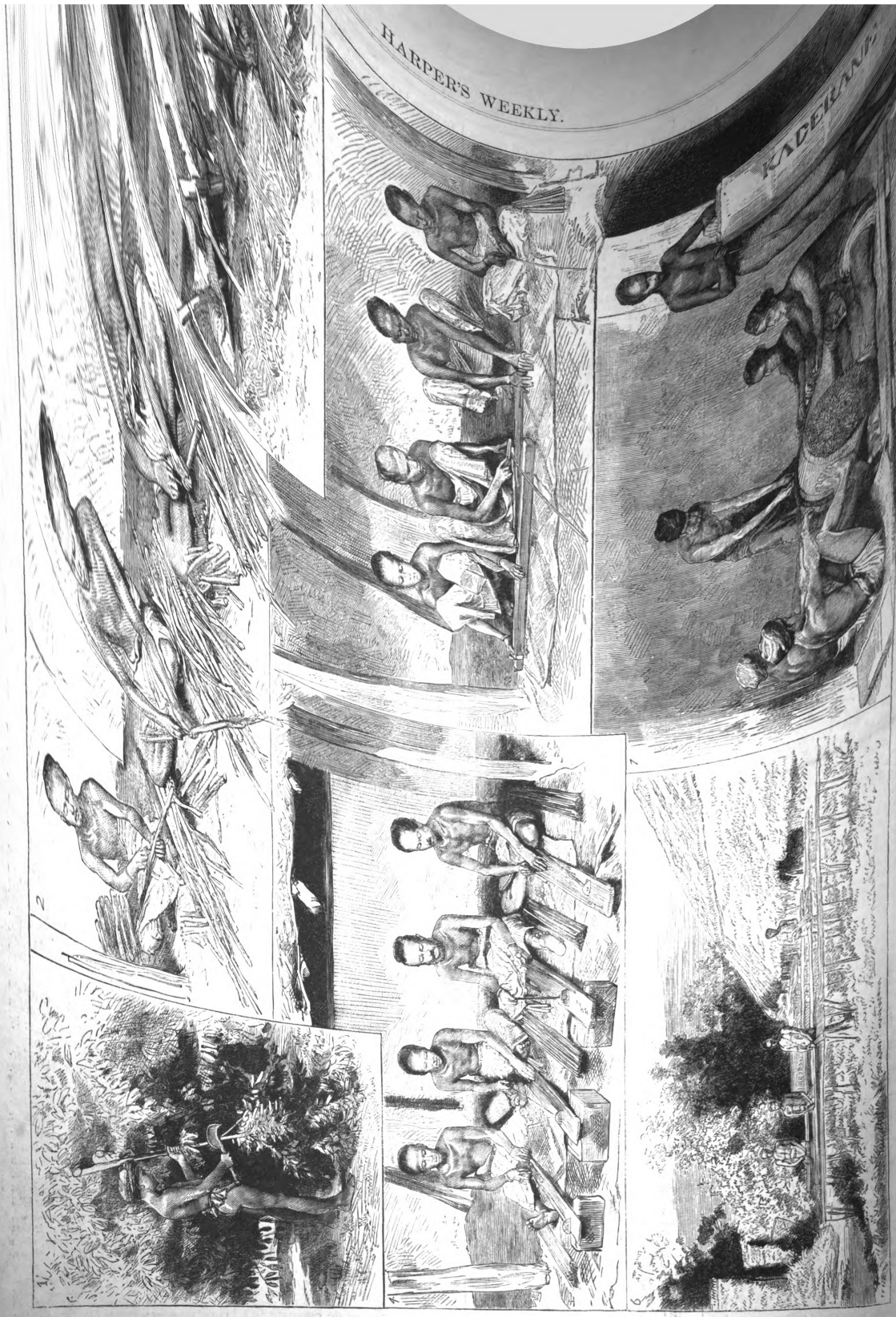

burned on the ensuing day. The air was perfumed with this incense; the essential oils, freed from their confinement, distilled over, mixing in one spicy stream, which flowed at the feet of the spectators, but no person was suffered to collect any of this, nor on pain of heavy punishment to rescue the smallest quantity of the spice from the wasting element."

When Ceylon came into the hands of the English in 1796 the cinnamon trade became a monopoly of the English East India Company, and it was not till 1833 that this monopoly was finally abolished, and the cinnamon trade passed into the hands of merchants and private cultivators.

The cinnamon-tree, which is very variable in form and size, is known to botanists as *Cinnamomum zeylanicum*. It is very generally distributed in the Ceylon forests up to an elevation of from three to seven thousand feet. The best quality of bark is obtained from a particular variety, or cultivated form, bearing large irregular leaves. The barks, however, of all the forms are very similar in appearance, and have the same characteristic odor, so that it is sometimes impossible to distinguish the best trees from appearance alone. It is not uncommon, indeed, for the cinnamon peelers when collecting bark from uncultivated plants to taste a small portion before commencing operations, and to pass over some trees as unfit for their purpose.

The cinnamon plants are pruned to prevent their becoming trees, so that several shoots spring up, four or five of which are allowed to grow for a year or two. At this period the grayish-green bark begins to change color, and to assume a brownish tint. When they arrive at the proper state of maturity, at which time they are usually from six to ten feet high, and from half an inch to two inches thick, they are cut down with a long sickle-shaped knife known as a *catty*, as shown in Fig. 1. The leaves are then stripped off, and irregularities in the bark slightly trimmed off, the trimmings being sold as cinnamon chips. The bark is next cut through at distances of about a foot, and cut down also longitudinally; it is then very easily removed by inserting a peculiar knife, called a *mama*, between the bark and the wood. After removal the pieces of bark are carefully put one into another and tied together in bundles. In this state they are left for twenty-four hours or longer, a kind of fermentation taking place which helps the removal of the outer bark. To effect this each piece of the bark is separately placed on a stick of wood convex on one side (Fig. 3), and by carefully scraping with a knife the outer and middle layers are removed. At the expiration of a few hours the smaller quills are placed within the larger, and the bark curling round forms a sort of solid stick, generally about forty inches long. These sticks are kept for a day in the shade to dry, and then placed on wicker trays for final drying in the sun, as shown in Fig. 6, and when thoroughly dried are made into bundles, each weighing about thirty pounds (Fig. 7).

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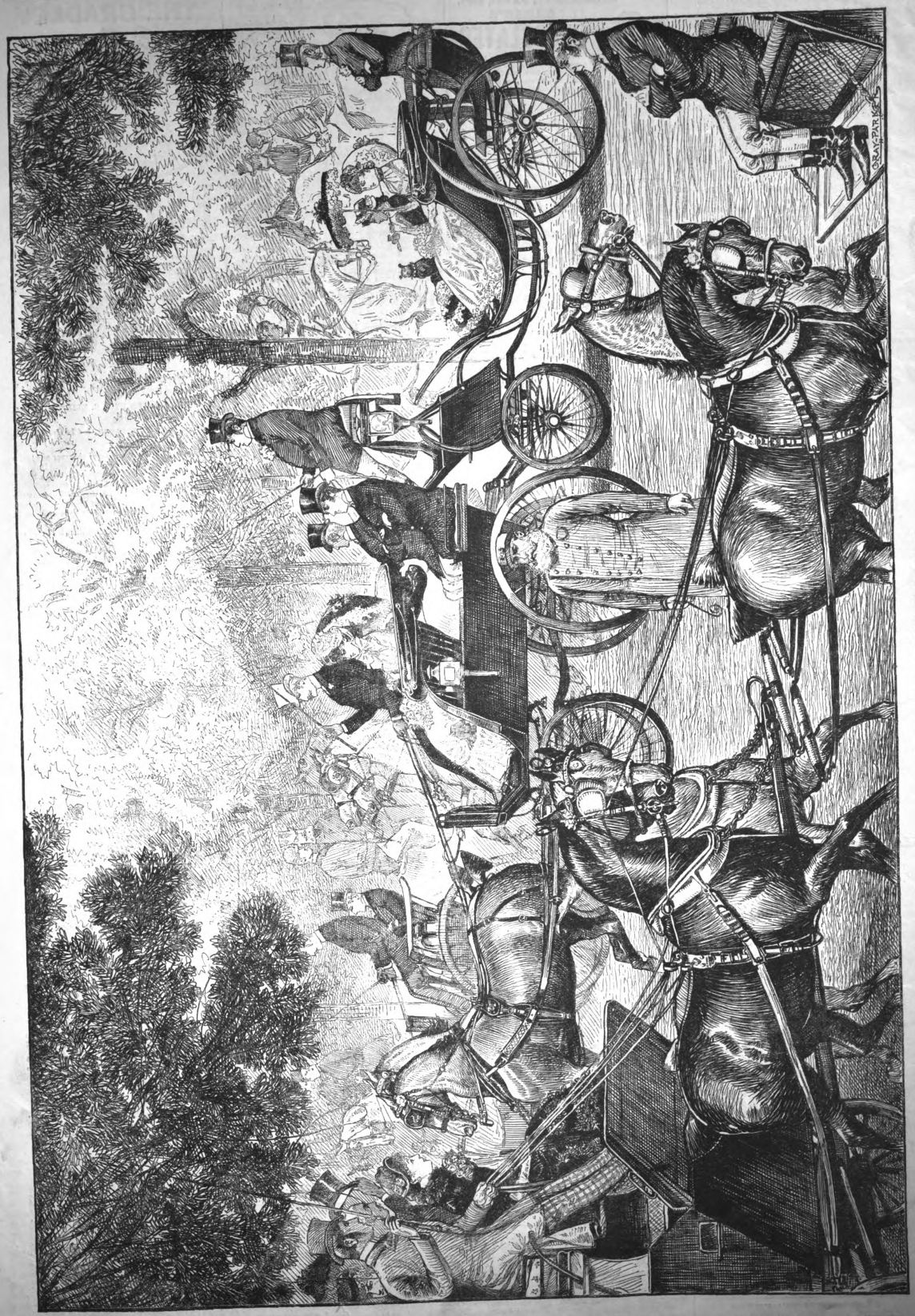

THE DRIVE—CENTRAL PARK—FOUR O'CLOCK.

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AMONG THE MONGOLS.

The Mongol of to-day is in many respects a separate man, timid, yet given to long, lonely journeys over pathless deserts; habitually abstemious, yet a drunkard; a controversialist, yet superstitious; a thief by instinct, yet law-abiding; rough, brutal, and cruel—using torture, for example, to extort evidence—yet in one respect gentler than any European. Nothing can induce him to hurt an animal, however low in the scale of creation. "Nowhere," says a recent traveller, "will you find less cruelty than in Mongolia. Not only do their cattle and flocks receive expressions of sympathy in suffering, and such alleviation of pain as their owner knows how to give, but even the meanest creatures (insects and reptiles included) are treated with consideration. Crows perch themselves on the top of loaded camels, and deliberately steal before the very eyes of the vociferating owners; hawks swoop down in the market-place at Urga, and snatch eatables from the hands of the unwary, who simply accuse the thief of patricide, and pass on. My bald-headed camel-driver was nearly driven to distraction one evening by a cloud of mosquitoes which kept hovering over and alighting on his shining pate. During the night there came a touch of frost, and when we rose in the morning not an insect was on the wing. Looking at them as they clung benumbed to the sides of the tent, he remarked, 'The mosquitoes are frozen!' and then added, in a tone of sincere sympathy, the Mongol phrase expressive of pity, '*Hoarhe! hoarhe!*' There was no sarcasm or hypocrisy about it." This tenderness is the more strange because the Mongols in their few cities or standing camps let beggars die of cold and exposure, though they never display the complete callousness of Chinese. The Chinese government in Lama Miao, the great entrepôt, punishes highway robbery with violence by a sentence of death from starvation; and our traveller saw this sentence carried out, the man being placed in a cage in the street, with his head outside, so that he might see the eating-shops, and die slowly of hunger and thirst. He was four days dying there in public. The Chinese citizens found this interesting, and strolled up every evening, laughing and jesting, to see the unhappy wretch suffer.

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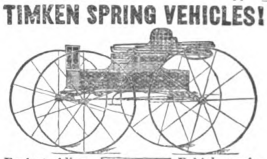

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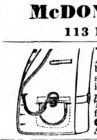

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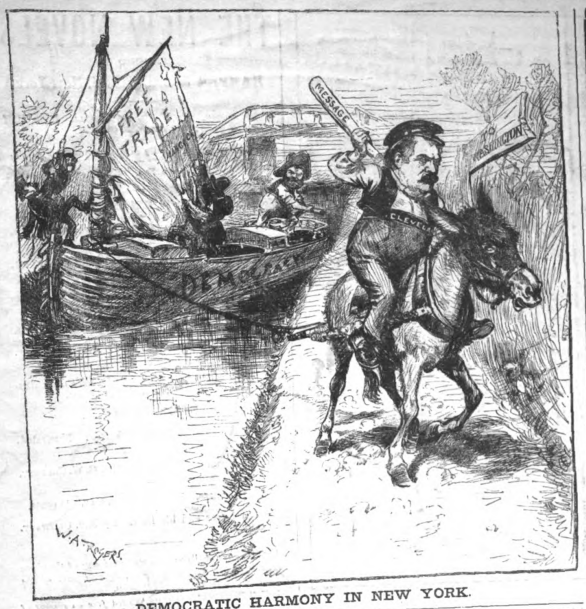

DEMOCRATIC HARMONY IN NEW YORK.

REPORT OF THE EMINENT CHEMIST, DR. H. A. MOTT, ON POROUS PLASTERS.

No. 61 Broadway, Room 56,
New York, *May* 7, 1883.

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Gentlemen: I have the honor to submit the following report, as a result of my investigation of the comparative merit of the Allcock's Porous Plaster, and a plaster which has recently been advertised as superior to Allcock's. It is true that this advertised plaster contains ingredients foreign to the Allcock's Porous Plaster, as *substitutes* for the essential constituents which experience has shown to be necessary for a perfect plaster.

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I have had occasion to use the Allcock's Porous Plaster and the advertised plaster referred to, and it is my opinion that the Allcock's Porous Plaster is far superior in its action to the latter, and from a chemical and physical standpoint is all that could be desired. Respectfully,

Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph.D., F.C.S., &c.,
Professor of Chemistry in the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women; Member of the American, Berlin, and Paris Chemical Society; Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, Member of the Society of Public Analysis, &c., &c.

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VOL. XXVII.—No. 1379. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1883.

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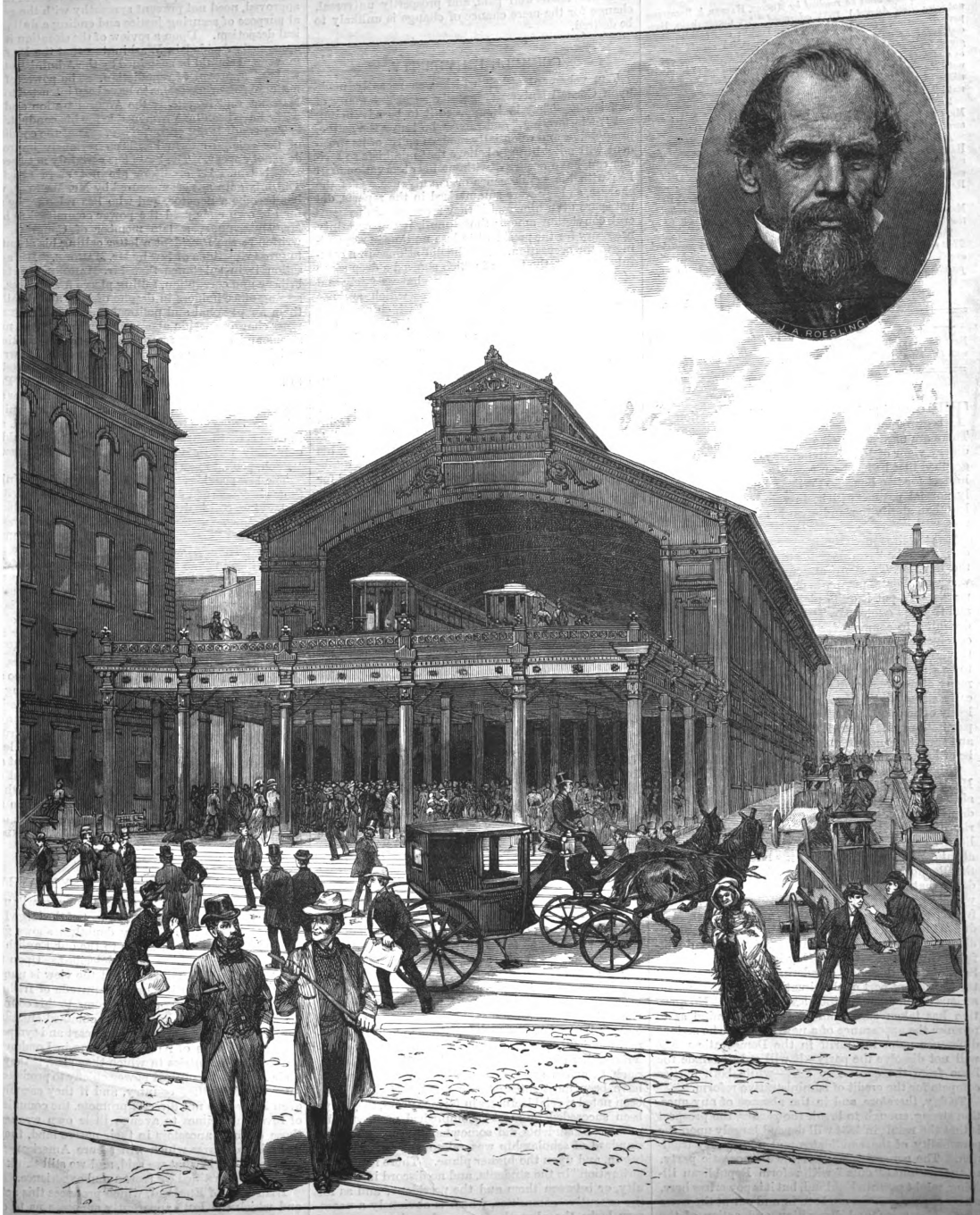

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE—NEW YORK ENTRANCE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY GUBELMAN.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

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☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT, *presenting a* DOUBLE-PAGE VIEW *of the* NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PROSPECTS.

THE campaign for the Presidential nomination has begun upon the Democratic side with great ardor. There are most suggestive assurances of the extraordinary vigor of Mr. HENDRICKS's health, and it is telegraphed that he has been recently able to stand upon his feet for two hours. Perhaps, however, that merely normal posture will be in vain, and that nothing less than ability to stand upon his head for five minutes will answer. Mr. MCDONALD, also of Indiana, whose "claims" are wholly unknown to the public, is declared to be "running" for the nomination. Then the Rev. Mr. TALMAGE announced that Mr. TILDEN was a candidate, upon which the New York *Sun* remarks, "To put it quite plainly, Mr. TALMAGE lies," and the *Sun* quotes Mr. TILDEN's letter and telegram declining to compete for the nomination in 1880 as conclusive evidence of his absolute retirement in 1884. Governor CLEVELAND, of New York, has been thought to be a new man of great promise for the contest; but many of the Democratic papers in the State unequivocally assert that he has insulted his party and needlessly quarrelled with Tammany. Pending all these palpitations, Mr. JOHN KELLY goes to Massachusetts and sees Governor BUTLER, and his visit is believed to be of immense significance.

Other names are mentioned—General HANCOCK, Mr. PENDLETON, Mr. BAYARD—but with a perfunctory air, as if they were cited rather to cast a glamour of dignity and respectability over the party than seriously to urge them as candidates. Upon the Republican side, however, there is very little speculation about candidates. Mr. CONKLING has announced that the Republicans will be defeated, and there is no doubt that he would be glad to see a defeat, which he would ascribe to his own indifference, as he and his friends amusingly assumed GARFIELD's election to be due to their zeal. General GRANT will hardly be a candidate. The candidacy of Mr. BLAINE is very doubtful. General LOGAN probably has hopes, and other Senators are doubtless pondering the subject. But the significant part of the situation is that there is no serious discussion of principles or politics. No question has taken such hold of the public mind as to promise the appearance of a new party. The serious difference upon the tariff in the Democratic ranks will not dissolve the party—it will only exclude the issue from the contest in 1884—while both parties compete for the credit of administrative reform.

To-day, therefore, and in the absence of any question strong enough to break the parties, the prospect is that the result in 1884 will depend largely upon the personality of the candidates and upon party tradition. The general issue that the Democratic party, as the national "outs," will reform Republican illdoing, might serve in England, but it is powerless here, where the two parties are both in and out at the same time. The spirit and disposition and action of the Democratic party are not matters of conjecture. It is in power in many States, and the country can see there precisely what kind of reform and economy and good government are to be expected if it should control the national government. The theory that if one party does not suit the other will serve, fails altogether when both parties are actively governing and under review at the same time. Assuming Republican short-comings to any reasonable degree, what is to be gained by transforming the late Democratic New York Legislature at Albany into the national Congress at Washington? This is the consideration which will govern the great multitude of voters in 1884. Both parties will hold their general strength. The result will depend upon the number of voters who, between two parties of what seem to them negative claims, think that the time has come to try the chance of change. But if the country should be busy and tranquil when the election comes, if enterprise be active, labor well paid, and prosperity universal, change for the mere chance of change is unlikely to be desired.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE vehement attack which was recently made upon Cornell University greatly surprised many of its friends. They had supposed it to be advancing, not "deteriorating," and those who know the active, progressive, and essentially modern spirit of its president will not willingly believe that mischiefs so serious can have occurred without his observation, still less with his acquiescence or connivance. Yet the charges, as they were summarized in the reports, did not spare even him, and if they represented any general conviction among the alumni, it was certainly necessary for the president to lose no time in responding to the accusation. This he did at once in a careful statement, the tone of which showed a deep sense of injustice, but which meets the charges fairly and candidly. Impressions or opinions which are not susceptible of precise definition, and which count for much in an arraignment of the kind, of course can not be answered, but they can be shown to be unfounded in the specific allegations which are urged. Surely if any one has a right to speak for Cornell University it is President WHITE. Such an institution was the dream of his youth. He was Mr. CORNELL'S most intimate counsellor and invaluable friend. He has devoted a large part of his active life, his trained abilities, his special knowledge, his wide acquaintance with men, his long experience in teaching, his enthusiasm and faith, his private resources, to establishing and developing the university. It is hard for him not to resent warmly an imputation that he has neglected and injured it.

The charges are brought by a trustee in a meeting of alumni and others. The president says that at the last Commencement, when he had opportunity to make the charges and to invoke the action of the board to obtain redress, if redress were needful, without provoking a public scandal, the trustee was silent. Within six weeks there would be the annual Commencement meeting, when he could take the same course. But he would not wait. He appeals to the public before saying a word to the board. He arraigns the trustees as careless and incompetent. The president cites the enormous gifts to the university for buildings, apparatus, books, support of professors, etc., amounting to more than two millions and a half of dollars, and nearly every dollar was given by trustees or the families of trustees. Their time, their thoughts, their fortunes, have been freely bestowed. They have differed and debated among themselves. But president and trustees are harmonious, bound together by mutual respect if not by personal attachment, and they are steadily working together.

As to the professors, who, it is charged, are paid penurious salaries, the president says that some receive $3000, and the great body receive $2750. It is not a large salary, but, however inadequate, it is, he says, equal to $3500 at Yale, which is the regular salary there. The resident faculty is steadily improving, "and was never so good as now." When a vacancy occurs the university is untrammelled by sectarian views, and selects the best man, of whatever denomination, who can be found in the country. Not one professor has left, as is stated, because of the low salary. In the two cases most frequently mentioned, an assistant professor of mathematics left to take a full professorship at Harvard, and a professor of Latin at Cornell went to take the professorship of Latin at Yale. Both returned to their alma mater, and Cornell was justly proud, for it was a tribute to the excellence of her choice and the standing of her professors. Such transfers are common, and the vacant places have been most satisfactorily filled. If there have been noted special lecturers in former years, they have been succeeded by most accomplished men. If the number of students did somewhat decline when the standard of scholarship was raised, the recovery has begun, and upon the higher plane. There is no "deterioration" in the students, and no discord in the faculty, or between them and the president; and as for the executive committee, which is obviously a necessary body, the alumni are more largely represented upon it than any other part of the constituent body. We can give but an impression of the detailed and careful reply of the president. But every alumnus and friend of Cornell, who will readily own that its management, like that of every such institution, should be sharply scrutinized, will certainly do its officers the justice of hearing before they condemn.

MAHONE.

WHEN Mr. MAHONE became prominent in Virginia politics it was as the leader of a movement to break up the Bourbon Democratic ascendency which postponed the payment of the State debt, and which refused justice to the colored voters. The movement favored also a scheme of "re-adjustment" of the debt which was obviously but a form of repudiation. But there were many honest Republicans who thought that this part of the programme, while it could not be approved, need not prevent sympathy with the general purpose of securing justice and ending a dull political despotism. Upon a review of the situation it was apparently decided in Washington that the MAHONE movement should be sustained by the Administration, without approval of repudiation. The power of the national patronage seems to have been intrusted to Mr. MAHONE, and inevitably the Administration and the party have been held responsible for his conduct.

The result is not encouraging. That the condition of the colored citizen has been seriously improved does not appear. The State has certainly not become Republican. Its creditors are not more satisfied. The only gain has been secured by Mr. MAHONE, who has become a Senator, and who has relentlessly and for his own ends used the power committed to him. Mr. DEZENDORF, a late member of Congress, has written to the President a letter calling his attention to gross violations of law by Mr. MAHONE. His accusation is in substance that Mr. MAHONE resorts to bribery and corruption, selling places for services, assessing office-holders in despite of law, and detailing them for personal and political objects. Mr. DEZENDORF charges specific abuses in the Navy-yard, monstrous and causeless removals, scandals of all kinds, and demoralization of the colored voters. He writes also to Mr. EATON, of the Civil Service Commission, to Secretaries FOLGER and CHANDLER, and to Postmaster-General GRESHAM, pointing out the abuses and the violations of law of which Mr. MAHONE is guilty. His statements are too explicit to be disregarded, and in the present temper of the public mind it would be extremely unwise to resort to the simple answer, "Pooh, pooh, to you!"

The law provides that if any Senator of the United States is concerned directly or indirectly in soliciting or levying political assessments he shall be liable to trial for misdemeanor, and to fine and imprisonment. Let Mr. DEZENDORF see that the proper officers enforce the law. He may be sure that public opinion would sustain him in such action if based upon adequate evidence. It must be clear to the Administration also that support of Mr. MAHONE and his practices must be a very great injury to the Republican party. It is the accumulation of dishonest and doubtful details of administration which can not be explained away that endangers parties. The BELKNAP scandal, the Whiskey Ring revelations, had explainers and defenders, but the country naturally accepts such things as too significant signs. The passage of the law regulating the civil service, the appointment of the Commission, the excellent rules, honest examinations, will not avail the Republican party if it is seen that the spirit of the law is evaded, that gross violations of its letter are tolerated, and that its observance is reluctant and perfunctory. The President has shown the best disposition in all that he has done in connection with the Commission and the rules. But his disposition and purpose regarding the whole service can be seen only by his attitude toward such abuses as Mr. DEZENDORF reports.

IRISHMEN AND AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

THE *Evening Post* misapprehends our remarks upon the late Irish Convention. The fact of the large Irish immigration to this country doubtless shows great suffering at home, and is due to the old English oppression which we have often described. Upon that point we should not differ. But the view is unquestionably sound that if a great multitude of Irishmen or of any other foreign people come to this country, for whatever reason, and having obtained citizenship here, remain even more alien in heart and sympathy than the colonies of American idlers in London and Paris to the countries in which they stay, if they use their American political power chiefly to promote the interest of another country, and if they encourage, even if they do not directly promote, the commission of revolting crimes to avenge their own wrongs or those of their ancestors in their native land, they do not take a course which will secure American sympathy. That is what we said, and we still think it to be a saying justified by reason and experience.

Irish hate of England, which produces this action, and which the *Post* apparently supposes us to overlook, is the one conspicuous fact in the Irish situation. That hate is not surprising. However unjustified by the recent conduct of England, it is a national tradition which is now unchangeable, and whether

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it should not be accepted as a fact requiring and justifying the separation of the countries is a fair question. But that does not affect the truth that the attempt to use American citizenship to gratify Irish hate is not the way to command American favor. It is, on the contrary, the way to repel it. If Irishmen or their friends believe that the course which the Irish have pursued in this country has excited American sympathy for Ireland, they are profoundly mistaken. It has prevented a clear knowledge of the facts or careful inquiry into the situation, by arousing feelings of hostility, which are incompatible with fair inquiry. Certainly an open declaration of delight in the Phœnix Park murders and of approval of Dynamite methods would not have been even politic, and a shuffling, evasive, indirect approval is only a little less impolitic.

"Preaching" is not the method by which one people hating another is apt to settle its differences. American sympathy, as we said, would attend any statement of Irish wrongs to-day, however strongly drawn, and any declaration of a policy of absolute independence or of local government, provided such objects were to be sought by honorable methods. But it is undeniable that respect for the essential honesty of such declarations would be enhanced if those who professed so absorbing a regard for Ireland refrained from obtaining citizenship in another country. For citizenship involves moral obligations which are inconsistent with primary and supreme devotion to the interests of another land.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.

THERE are, and there always will be, constant appeals to the public generosity for worthy objects. Many of these—probably most of them—will be of what is called a sentimental kind, as, for instance, all memorials and monuments of historic events and of famous men, but they are not for that reason less meritorious. The proposed memorial to LONGFELLOW is of this kind.

The association adopted the plan of the Cobden Memorial Association, in England, of receiving only a small sum from each contributor to insure a national movement. But the important fact was overlooked that the Cobden Association was the centre of a large system of clubs. Through them it reached at once thousands of persons, and the sum was raised at once. There are, however, no LONGFELLOW clubs, and to leave to voluntary individual action the trouble of sending a dollar was a mistake. The association have therefore decided to supplement this plan by inviting larger subscriptions, and Mr. OSGOOD, the authorized agent, announces that $21,000 of the $50,000 desired are now substantially provided. The memorial proposed consists of a plot of ground in front of the poet's house, which his children have given for the purpose, which is to be simply laid out as a public resort, and upon which a statue or other fitting monument will be erected.

If the tribute be national, it is because LONGFELLOW was the beloved household singer of the whole country, more universally known than any of our poets, and enjoying by the character of his poetry a peculiar personal relation to all his readers. It is for this reason that the association appeals with confidence to all his countrymen who have been cheered, consoled, and strengthened by his song. Checks should be made payable to the Longfellow Memorial Association, and may be sent to Mr. EDWARD S. OSGOOD, at the office of JOHN WILEY & SONS, 15 Astor Place, New York.

FAMILIAR TACTICS.

IN the desperate effort to discredit the law providing for reforming the abuses of official patronage it was asserted that Mr. CHARLES LYMAN, the Examiner-in-chief, had been disgracefully dismissed from the volunteer army twenty years ago. Mr. LYMAN at once stated the facts, which summarily disposed of one of the meanest of calumnies. Secretary STANTON dismissed Lieutenant LYMAN for a wholly unintentional and honorable error, which was also unimportant. The order of dismissal was subsequently revoked, and Mr. LYMAN was honorably discharged for honorable and meritorious service.

This attack is an illustration of the kind of hostility to which the vigorous enforcement of the new law will be exposed. The cliques of professional politicians which would retain for their own henchmen and parasites the chance of entrance into the public service bitterly hate a system which throws it open to all the people, and gives the honest and intelligent young man without the backing of a boss the chance which the heelers and rounders now monopolize.

A GROSS OUTRAGE.

THE daily papers have most properly called attention to the outrageous wrong done to RICHARD LEWIS, an Englishman, who recently arrived at this port, and was arrested upon shipboard for forgery by authority of a cable message from the chief constable of Manchester, in England. After an imprisonment of eight days he was released, upon receipt of a message from the English authorities that he was not the man whose extradition was desired.

The incident is most disgraceful to all concerned, and for so gross an outrage as this somebody should be held personally liable in the most exemplary damages. No man should be arrested without some *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and such summary seizure and imprisonment should certainly not be tolerated.

"SPANISH VISTAS."

WHOEVER glances only at the profuse and beautiful illustrations of Mr. LATHROP'S book, which are drawn by Mr. REINHART, will catch at once glimpses of the picturesque, romantic, indolent, squalid, brilliant, melodious, half-Orientally barbaric life and scene which we call Spain. And as the reader then begins to follow the text he will find that he has the singular good fortune of wandering in that land with two artists, one of the pen and the other of the pencil, who allow nothing characteristic or interesting to escape their quick eyes and alert minds.

The essential picturesqueness of the work begins with the first pages, upon which the impression of the actual scene as a familiar theatrical spectacle happily takes the reader into the vein of the book. This impression is natural to every imaginative American upon his first contact with Southern Europe. It is spectacle and poem and romance, and he gets from it a pleasure which is inconceivable to the native. Mr. LATHROP is so sensitive an observer, his mind is so shrewd and intelligent, and his literary hand so responsive, that it would not be easy to mention a book upon Spain which is more truly pictorial. It is the high praise of his book that the reader turns the last page with the sense of "having been there."

The touches of Mr. REINHART are very felicitous; and the admirable printing of his designs, reproducing both the force and the delicacy of the drawing, place the book among the finest of illustrated works, and in the best sense. There is a tinkle of guitars and mule bells and convent chimes, a feeling of rich and beautiful architecture, of sloth and decay, of a stagnant but interesting and half-fascinating civilization all through the book, which makes it, as CHARLES LAMB would have said, a bit of "very Spain."

TAMMANY AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

IF there is a man in the city peculiarly fitted by training, experience, character, and ability for the presidency of the Board of Health, it is Professor CHARLES F. CHANDLER. It was but natural, therefore, that his nomination should be rejected by the Board of Aldermen, and that the rejection should be accomplished by the Tammany Democrat-Republican conspiracy. This conspiracy of traders of both political parties aims at the prevention of good government by filling all important offices by mercenary dicker, and resolute opposition to it is the most pressing political duty of all good citizens.

Three thousand of such citizens petitioned the Board of Aldermen to reconsider the rejection. But the Board returned the petition to the Mayor, stating that they had no use for it. Of course they had not, for it did not propose to pay them anything for doing their duty.

Until a new nomination is made Professor CHANDLER will hold over. The Mayor has it in his power, therefore, to retain him either by declining to make any other nomination, or by nominating men of similar character and qualification, and therefore distasteful to the Tammany Ring. We observe that the "County Democracy" are ready to break with Tammany. But they knew its character when they made a bargain with it last autumn as well as they do now.

PARNELL AND DAVITT UPON THE PHŒNIX PARK MURDERS.

NOW that BRADY and CURLEY have been hung for the murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and of Mr. BURKE, and that a priest in this country has declared that the mother of BRADY is a heroine "whose name will live with that of the mother of the MACCABEES and the GRACCHI," it is well to remember what the real Irish leaders at this crisis, by far the most powerful Irish leaders since O'CONNELL, said of the crime for which BRADY and CURLEY have suffered.

Immediately after the murder, which seemed at once to blight the reviving hopes of Ireland, Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DAVITT and Mr. DILLON issued an address to the Irish people, in which they said:

"We feel that no act has been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles for social and political rights of the past fifty years that has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and that until the murderers of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE are brought to justice that stain will sully our country's name."

The Irish in America might well have remembered these words when they assembled to sustain the policy of Mr. DAVITT, and to declare their fidelity to Mr. PARNELL. Those leaders did not pander to that spirit, necessarily fatal to Irish hopes, which, because Ireland has greatly suffered, fears to condemn Irish crime; and nothing in their careers is more honorable or has won for them truer respect than their frank and unequivocal expressions of abhorrence of the assassination.

PERSONAL.

THE conductors of the Fourth Avenue line of street cars receive instructions from the superintendent of the road to "work off" as many "coppers" and "nickels" as they can when giving change to the passengers. It is a solemn part of their duty to "turn in" as few "coppers" and "nickels" as possible, the railroad company not liking to be burdened with any coin more troublesome than silver or gold.

—As a song and chorus for Decoration-day Messrs. W. A. POND & Co. have published "OUR ARMY of the Dead," from WILL CARLETON'S *Farm Ballads*, with music by A. GEIBEL.

—We take pleasure in announcing that Mrs. FRÉDÉRIC DE COPPET, of this city, has endowed free scholarships in the New York College of Music, No. 163 East Seventieth Street, for two young ladies who have good voices, but are without the means necessary to cultivate them. Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN is chairman of the Board of Supervisors of the institution, and Mr. LOUIS ALEXANDER is Director.

—The Rev. Dr. BEVAN, formerly pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, made a speech recently in London in favor of disestablishing the English Church. He referred to the example of this country as showing that disestablishment is not injurious to a Church. "In the Territory of Utah, however," he said, "there is still a quasi-established Church; Mormonism lives, and sends its greeting across the water to its sister establishment in England." The reverend doctor's modest little joke was received with "laughter."

—Says Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA: "Successful novelists seem to be almost as popular as jockeys nowadays. It was not always so. I remember at a Greenwich dinner in 1861, when the *Cornhill Magazine* was in the spring of its triumphant success, Mr. THACKERAY said that were he to die just then the *Times* might bestow on him, say, twenty-five lines of obituary notice. But had we a THACKERAY among us nowadays, the leading journal might be expected to honor his memory at his decease with an article of at least two columns and a half."

—"What do the impressionists endeavor to put on their canvases? Their principle," says a late writer, "is that what the eye perceives is simply a colored surface, and this colored surface is what the painter should try to get upon his canvas as roughly and sketchily as possible. It does not rebut the advanced impressionist to tell him that figures painted by persons who are neither draughtsmen nor anatomists are apt to be either shapeless monsters or flabby, rickety creatures like boneless sardines. This disdain for accurate delineation is coupled with wild eccentricity as to color, and a coarse method of painting, very different from the tender suggestiveness of COROT, or the broad, bright effects of CONSTABLE."

—The fortnight's performances at the Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon in honor of SHAKSPEARE'S birthday closed on the 28th of April, and each one of them was a success. The series began with *The Merchant of Venice*, and was continued on the 23d of April, SHAKSPEARE'S birthday, with *King Lear*, the house being crowded in every part by an enthusiastic audience. The other Shakspearean plays were *Macbeth* and the first part of *King Henry the Fourth*; and the rest of the programme was filled by *Richelieu*, the *Lady of Lyons*, and the *Honeymoon*. On Sunday, the 22d of April, the Rev. FRANK SMITH preached in the parish church, to a large audience, on the genius of SHAKSPEARE.

—The enterprising librarian of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, has informed the readers at that institution that if they will tell him what special subject they are studying he will let them know without delay whenever any work bearing on that subject has been added to the library.

—Professor MAX MÜLLER writes to the editor of the Calcutta *Liberal* that there must be a Sanskrit translation of "God save the Queen." For if those who know Sanskrit, and who are still the guides of the people, are to sing from their very hearts "God save the Queen," in what vernacular can they sing it, save "in their sacred, their beautiful, and their easily intelligible Sanskrit"?

—Responding to the toast, "The Liberalism of the Future," Mr. JOHN MORLEY said a few days ago that during the last ten years a new sentiment and a new opinion had been surging into the House of Commons, namely, that the noble, the professional, and the official classes should no longer have an exclusive voice. He believed that, as a result, public affairs would be better conducted, because they would feel the influence of those who were closer to the vital facts of social life.

—A French critic observes that "Madame DE STAEL'S power was enthusiasm; George Sand's was passion; George Eliot's was sympathy"; but each statement is only fragmentary, and any one of the three proper names could with perfect propriety be used in the nominative clause of either of the sentences.

—Of George Eliot's personal appearance her latest biographer writes: "Her long, pale face, with its strongly marked features, was less rugged in the mature prime of life than in youth, the inner meanings of her nature having worked themselves more and more to the surface, the mouth, with its benignant suavity of expression, especially softening the too prominent under lip and massive jaw. Her abundant hair, untinged with gray, whose smooth bands made a kind of frame to the face, was covered by a lace or muslin cap, with lappets of rich point or Valenciennes lace fastened under the chin. Her gray-blue eyes, under noticeable eyelashes, expressed the same acute sensitiveness as her long, thin, beautifully shaped hands. She had a pleasant laugh and smile, her voice being low, distinct, and intensely sympathetic in quality; it was contralto in singing, but she seldom sang or played before more than one or two friends. Though her conversation was perfectly easy, each sentence was as finished, as perfectly formed, as the style of her published works." This last sentence must doubtless be taken with allowance. A woman whose casual talk was in the style of the *Impressions of Theophrastus Such* would have been an unspeakable bore.

—It now appears, from the memoir of a Frenchwoman, Madame JUNOT, whose mother was from childhood a friend of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S mother, that even when a boy the great soldier was quick to manifest resentment toward girls who displeased him, just as in later years he let the blows of his anger fall upon his wife, upon Madame DE STAEL, upon Madame RÉCAMIER, and history does not know upon how many other women.

—"The two greatest masters of English eloquence" are, according to the London *News*, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. "Mr. GLADSTONE continues to be as ready, vigorous, full of resource, and eloquent as ever. Nor in Mr. BRIGHT'S case does it seem that age has brought any decay to his faculty of eloquence. Orator as he is, in some qualities the greatest English orator of his day, he never appears to have had any joy in speaking, or even any inclination or impulse to speak, except when it was actually necessary that he should plead a cause. The country is proud of the two men, and proud especially of the work which they have done together."

—In his address as presiding officer of the recent meeting of the Royal Literary Fund—an English charity for the benefit of disabled authors—Lord WOLSELEY told his hearers that many years ago, after the war in China, he had published a book himself. "I believe," he added, "that I am not overstating the case in saying that the book was by general and universal consent pronounced to be the dullest book of the season, and when subsequently I had an interview with the publisher I found that the financial result of the undertaking was no less a failure. Under these circumstances I can not but feel that there is perhaps a certain appropriateness in my being here to-night."

—Mr. E. BURNE-JONES has sent to the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition an oil-painting entitled "Fortune," which represents the goddess standing by the side of a large wheel of golden bronze. "She wears an air of indifference which approaches weariness, and she keeps the wheel in slow and regular motion by the light yet steady pressure of her left hand, while her right hand holds a mass of drapery, which, descending from her shoulders, is girt at her waist, and flows voluminously to her feet. The passionless figure is finely proportioned, her beauty is sculpturesque, and her face has the sadness of MICHAEL ANGELO'S 'Night,'" says the critic of the *Athenæum*. But how does he know that she keeps the wheel in "slow and regular motion"?

—A well-known English literary lady writes thus pleasantly of E. A. ABBEY'S picture in the present Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, London: "That charming and popular artist, E. A. ABBEY, a new member of the Institute, makes, we believe, his first appearance as a colorist to the London public in these galleries. 'The Widower,' a low-toned picture, is full of sentiment, tender color, and refined drawing. A man who looks dazed with sorrow stands in a quaint, homely room, while a girl brushes his coat. Near these two figures is seated a dejected-looking little boy. The widower's enormous white hat is almost covered with black crape. As one stands gazing, the story of the picture tells itself with a tender pathos that seems to be as much a gift with this young painter as his faculty for interpreting humor and the beauty of out-door life. He has also two figures full of grace and freshness in a pleasant drawing by ALFRED PARSONS beside the silver Thames."

Apropos of Mr. ABBEY'S success in the Institute we may mention that the London *Pictorial World* has purchased a new water-color picture of his, entitled "Responsibility," which will be engraved for the summer number of that paper.

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MR. CHARLES LYMAN, CHIEF EXAMINER CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 323.]

THE HON. WILLIAM S. WOODS, UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE, INDIANA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWER.

THE HON. WILLIAM S. WOODS.

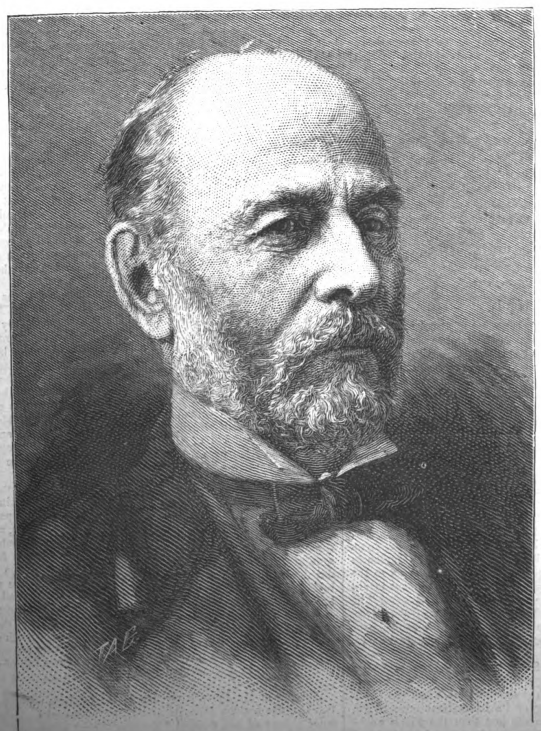
THIS well-known jurist, who has been appointed United States District Judge in Indiana, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Judge GRESHAM to be Postmaster-General, was born in Tennessee. He was educated at Wabash College, Indiana, and immediately after graduation began the study of law. On being admitted to the bar he settled at Goshen, Indiana, and soon established a high reputation, and was recognized as one of the leaders of the bar in that State. He was elected Circuit Judge, and served with such ability and success that three years ago he was chosen one of the justices of the Supreme Court, of which he was Chief Justice at the time of his recent appointment.

Judge WOODS is about forty-five years of age. He is a man of high character, fine culture, and great learning. His decisions as a judge have always commanded respect for their clearness and ability.

GENERAL GRANT'S MOTHER.

MRS. JESSE R. GRANT, the mother of General GRANT, died at her residence in Jersey City on the 11th inst. She was a native of Pennsylvania, and was born in November, 1798, on her father's farm in Montgomery County. In her youth her family removed to Ohio. She was married in June, 1821, to JESSE R. GRANT. Their first child was the boy who was destined to become the foremost general of his country.

MRS. GRANT was of Scotch origin, a woman of uniform gentleness and amiability, and yet of firm character. After her husband's death in 1874 she resided with her son-in-law, MR. ABEL R. CORBIN, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, until his death in 1879, when she removed with her widowed daughter to Jersey City. Her death calls to mind a letter which her son wrote to her forty-four years ago, when he was a West Point cadet, expressing a hope that has been wonderfully fulfilled. "Your kind words of admonition," he wrote, "are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work! Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and I trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me."



THE LATE AMASA STONE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. F. RYDER.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

THE LATE MRS. JESSE R. GRANT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. LANDY.

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lish system teaches only the elements of knowledge; the higher branches of instruction have not yet been thrown open to all; but the remarkable change that has passed over the country in the course of ten years, and which has driven nearly all its children into the schools, is singularly instructive. It shows how readily a little energy may educate a nation. Several of our large and prosperous States are in a condition resembling that of England twelve years ago. Georgia, Texas, Mississippi, and nearly the whole section south of the Ohio are shown by the recent census to require a stringent educational law. There are few school-houses, and little progress. They want *something* of the energy shown by the educators of Europe. A few years of resolute labor would make Georgia as intelligent as England, and cover the fertile fields of Texas with an educated population.

France, we are told by M. Monod, has been equally fortunate during the past year. The educational work accomplished there is said to be "magnificent." M. Ferry, the head of the department, has given himself to the great labor of reforming the system of public instruction. The whole Republican party, animated by a noble zeal for education, has sustained him. "Republicans have felt," says M. Monod, "that it is by education that they can best make the whole of France Republican." A compulsory education law has been passed that has brought nearly the whole school population into the schools. Money is spent liberally by the government on school-houses and apparatus. The salaries of the teachers are advancing. Religious instruction is given out of the schools. M. Ferry has even given a new impulse to secondary education; and France may yet lead all the European nations in its system of public instruction. It may be the first to create a governing class of highly cultivated men and women, the first to discover the singular power of an educated community. But as yet the French schools aim chiefly at elementary teaching. The nation must first be rescued from barbarous ignorance. Its young men and women may next be led on to the highest branches of knowledge, and noble thoughts and generous purposes become the ruling traits of the new generations. Thus the educational year of these two ancient nations has been a prosperous one. They have laid the foundations for a period of mental advance. They have resolutely assailed the sources of ignorance. They have met an opposition from the conservative ranks apparently overwhelming. In France, the ultramontane clergy and its followers, in England, the extreme Tories and Churchmen, have incessantly assailed the public schools. "They are godless," they exclaim, "immoral, republican." But an unprecedented majority of the people of both countries have pronounced in favor of education. On that point there is no longer any doubt. The people everywhere are on the side of knowledge. It is the encouraging trait of modern politics. The lesson is one that we may well study. Our own educational career is not so prosperous as it should be. We have yet millions to educate. Three millions of our children have no school to go to. We have to provide first for this pressing evil. But still more must we at last provide the highest education for all our people, must cultivate a governing class full of generous thoughts and honest impulses, an intelligent community, a people equal and united. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ONE OF THE JOYS OF LIVING.

One of the joys of living, one of the gladdest things,
It is to see the sun come out and flood the earth with gold,
After the weary raining the spring so often brings,
With skies of gray, and meadows dank, and dreary days and cold;

For then the cheery crocus its pretty buds unfolds,
And shows its bloom in purple dyed and gayest yellow too,
And with a fragrant welcome the hyacinth beholds
Beside it shyly blossoming the scilla brightly blue.

Then smile the sweet-breathed jonquil and jaunty daffodil,
And waves the crown-imperial its leaves of glossy green,
As pushing upward, upward, it never stops until
It wears the richest diadem in garden ever seen.

Then soft the grasses whisper, "Soon, daisies, you may grow,"
And from the boughs of maple-trees burst tender sprays of red,
And down the hills the rippling rills with pleasant murmurs flow,
And life springs up anew where late was left the winter's dead.

Ay! after the weary raining that spring so often brings,
With skies of gray, and meadows dank, and dreary days and cold,
'Tis one of the joys of living, one of the gladdest things,
To see the sun come out again and flood the earth with gold.

MARGARET ETTINGE.

SPARROWS IN SPRING.

JUDGING from the sparrows, spring has returned. They have already commenced their annual house-hunting among the little tenements placed for their convenience in the trees of the public squares and avenues, and here and there a more sanguine couple than the rest have actually begun to furnish house. Birds may be seen hopping about with little feathers in their beaks, and long threads may be noticed straggling out of the doors of the houses. They sit, too, on the platforms with a possessive air that is quite unmistakable. "This house is let," they seem to say.

It is a proud fact that I am somewhat of an authority on the sparrow. I have studied it in four continents, and am therefore justified in arrogance on this momentous topic. Have I not seen the little rascal following British armies in Asia and Africa, taking possession of villages and towns before even the commander-in-chief had formally declared them occupied? In the Afghan war they presumptuously accompanied, even sometimes outflying, the British commissariat wagons, and on the historic levels of Candahar they perched on the general's flag-staff within five minutes of its erection. In the Zulu campaign they preceded the troops from camp to camp, asserting the rights of conquerors before even Gatlings and bayonets dared to do so, and shaming the timidity of Lord Chelmsford's advance. In America, from the Eastern States they are advancing to the Pacific, and from the Western to the Atlantic. But as yet they have only got a part of the way—the Eastern birds as far as Canada, and the Western as far as Truckee. But eventually, of course, they will meet, these two advancing streams of emigrants—somewhere probably about Cheyenne—and will thus possess themselves of the whole continent.

As in Australia so in America, too much has been made of the small impostor. He has been imported in a paroxysm of Old-World enthusiasm as a grub-eater, and what has the villain "sparrow" done for you after all? He has driven all your own pretty American caterpillar-eating birds away, and has done nothing in return except loaf about your stables and exploit the roadways. You have put little houses up for him in all your trees. Yet he has done absolutely nothing toward eating your caterpillars. Walk down Washington Square in July, and see if I am not right. The sidewalk is horrible with squashed worms of a hairy kind. Look at the trees now in spring, and see the cocoons of your future tormentors hanging down from the boughs. Why does not that sparrow eat them? Why? Because he is too well fed already.

I have little patience with the scamp. Others have spoken rapturously of him; I can not.

In fairy-tale how does the sparrow stand? He gave sound advice to his sons of an exasperating fatherly kind. What then? Did his sons come to a good end? He harbored a most diabolical hatred against a certain carter, which ended in the ruin of *the man* and of his whole household.

In Holy Writ he is, apparently, a bird of some importance, for he is repeatedly mentioned. But, alas! these are only "accidents of translation"; for "the sparrow" means only something that is as nearly as possible valueless. All the sanctity, therefore, that has gathered round this particular bird is misplaced, for, after all, the word means nothing more than the most worthless thing that could be thought of. "Are not *six* sparrows sold for a farthing?" In Rabbinical tradition the name stands as a synonym for "littleness." But he has commended himself to public esteem by his familiarity, and also by a certain prepossession in his favor on account of vague theories as to his "domesticity." Sparrows are certainly of a conjugal kind. Some, indeed, are uxorious even to Mohammedanism:

"The sparrow, meanest of the feathered race,
His fit companion finds in every place,
With whom he pecks the grain that suits him best,
Flits here and there, and late returns to rest;
And whom if chance the falcon makes to prey,
Or hedger with his belt-armed arrow slay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves:
New love he seeks, a new delight receives."

But into the great duty of nest-building they plunge with a zest which is wonderful to see, and such is their enthusiasm in research and collection that if they saw a chance of taking the fur off a cat's back they would make an attempt to get it. A flock of wool rolling idly over and over along the pathway will fetch down a sparrow from his perch, where scattered crumbs would fail to tempt him, and over a fluffy feather rival builders will fight with the utmost energy. Horse-hair, Berlin wool, or rags excite the little couples to very daring enterprises, and a ragged door-mat or littered hay will nerve them to feats of high emprise that their hearts at any other time than spring would quail from.

"The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
The scattered grain, and, thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared,
As oft return—a pert, voracious kind."

But they have a great end in view: nothing else, in short, than filling up a certain water pipe with rubbish, so that eventually there may be a sufficiently solid surface for the hen-bird to lay her speckled eggs upon. It does not matter to the attached pair that the pipe is open at the other end, and that a careful house-maid sweeps up daily all the fragments of cloth and straw and string which they have been laboriously dropping down into the insatiable tube. Perhaps, though, they *do* know it, and only pretend to be ignorant of the fact, so that they may have the excuse to go on building and courting.

"Uxorious ingrate, bird obscene,
Begone; with flagging wings sit down
On some old penthouse near the town,
The brewer's stables; peck thy grain,
And wash it down with puddled rain,
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb wall."

At any rate, it is beyond doubt that if the sparrow's domestic arrangements are finished early, and his family hatched and reared before those of his neighbors, the self-denying bird thinks nothing—a mere trifle at most—of beginning it all over again, just to keep his friends in countenance, as it were. A succession of nests and nestlings will thus make the small bird happy from spring to autumn; and observing how hearty that happiness is, no one can grudge the sparrow its excess of family responsibilities. Yet, however late it may protract the conclusion of its home arrangements, the sparrow does not begin them until it is sure that spring has come.

PHIL ROBINSON.

THE LATE AMASA STONE.

ON page 324 we give the portrait of the late AMASA STONE, of Cleveland, Ohio, who took his own life, in a temporary aberration of mind, on the 11th inst. Ill health, combined with large pecuniary losses, had greatly depressed his spirits of late, and he had suffered much from insomnia. Mr. STONE, besides being a prominent railroad contractor, was largely interested in business enterprises. He was a gentleman of high and honorable character, a wise benefactor of the poor, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

It is estimated that Mr. STONE has left a fortune of about $10,000,000, and that his recent losses have not affected his property to any noticeable extent. Mr. STONE leaves a widow and two daughters, one of them the wife of Colonel JOHN HAY.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE Governor of Martinique invited the wives of the prominent negroes of the island to his last official ball, and has announced that he will hereafter make no social distinction between the colored and the white people. During the later years of French rule in Hayti colored men and women were usually present at the official receptions, but in the other French West Indian colonies they have always been practically banished from the presence of the local Governors. Governor Allégre's reasons for extending the hospitalities of his mansion to the colored people are not made known. Perhaps he is actuated solely by the absence of reasons why they should be excluded. In Hayti the negroes have the upper hand socially and politically, and those who are partly of white blood are in extreme disfavor just now, the revolutionist party being composed almost wholly of mulattoes.

An English paper says that the wife of a laborer was found recently hanging by the neck from the branch of a tree near her residence, and although the facts brought forward at the inquest pointed clearly to self-destruction, the jury expressed the opinion that her death resulted from inflammation of the bowels and rheumatism in the knees. This verdict does not compare favorably with that made by a Western jury in our own land—"Blode up by a biler"—which, although wanting in literary finish, had the merits of brevity, directness, and harmony with the facts.

It is said that the first use of postage stamps in the United States was in 1845, when Postmaster E. A. Mitchell, of New Haven, procured printed stamps, which he used for two years, until the first postage stamps were issued by the government. His idea was borrowed from England, where stamps had been in use for some time.

Disappointment is expressed in England because the famous Scotland Yard detectives have been outdone by the Birmingham police in the matter of dynamite discoveries. The Irish informers have, however, been more serviceable than even the Birmingham detectives.

An Eastern rajah has ordered to be built for him a musical contrivance which will be even better suited to the requirements of Oriental indolence than the easy-playing barrel-organ would be. It is nothing less than a musical couch, that will begin to make music when he reclines upon it. The wood-work is to be of rose-wood, heavily plated with embossed and engraved silver, and the mattress is to be covered with embroidered blue damask. His Highness left to the maker of this unique piece of furniture the selection of the airs which are to soothe him to sleep. They are to be taken from the works of Gounod.

The recent burning of the little village of Vallorbes, in Switzerland, was an event of considerable moment to one of the great industries of the earth. The watchmakers' files produced in Vallorbes are as celebrated in their way as the cutlery of Sheffield. The workshops were not burned, but until new dwellings are provided for the men the work can not be resumed.

Some one with a thirst for facts and figures has computed that if Madame Patti returns to the United States next season and sings for five thousand dollars a night, she will receive when singing in *Lucia* four dollars and forty-four cents for each breath while on the stage, four dollars and sixteen cents for each word, and one dollar and seventy-five cents for each note. He estimates that the opera requires her to be on the stage sixty-two minutes, and that she will draw eighteen breaths a minute, and claims to have ascertained that she will have to sing twelve hundred words and twenty-eight hundred notes.

"Summer-resort English" is a term applied in Boston to the language in which the current descriptions of sea-side and mountain hotels are written.

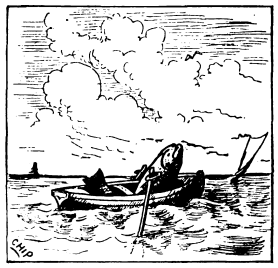
Soap-bubble parties are a new "social craze" in the West. The lady blowing the biggest bubble wins a prize. The exercise is beneficial to the lungs, though it is not to be commended with that of acting as chief bugler at a cadet school for deaf-mutes.

The season opens well in respect to making quick passages across the Atlantic. A few days ago the famous *Alaska* finished a westward passage in better time than she or any other vessel had ever made before. More recently the new steam-ship *Normandie*, which was expected to be a fast boat, fully justified expectations by finishing a voyage from Havre in, it is believed, the quickest time of which there is any record. Previously to setting out she made a trial trip of nine hundred miles, in the course of which she attained a speed of seventeen and one-fourth knots an hour.

The name of the post-office of Nope, in Dukes County, Massachusetts, was not regarded by those receiving their mail there as sufficiently pleasing to the ear; so they had it changed to Squibnocket, and are happy.

A student from the Indian Territory is in the graduating class at Roanoke College, and is to deliver his Commencement oration in the Choctaw tongue. Even the faculty won't know when to applaud.

In the first trial of her sailing qualities with another craft the handsome schooner yacht *Grayling* met with a mishap which will be regarded as an unlucky omen by superstitious sailors, and as nearly all sailors are superstitious, the mishap may prove to be a serious obstacle to the performance of the good work that was expected of her. The "twister" in which she was caught and capsized the other day in the lower bay was no ordinary squall, however, since the *Montauk* escaped a similar mishap by letting all sheets go by the run, and the *Gracie* had even a narrower escape. It was believed that the *Grayling* would come to the front as one of the best schooner yachts of her size afloat. Her failure to do so does not necessarily follow from her unfortunate experience at the outset of her career.



SHAD-ROW.

The new rule in respect to yachts from other waters—that they must come on their own bottoms—may obviate the arising of perplexing questions as to the privileges of English racing machines in competitions for prizes on this side of the ocean. It is not regarded as probable that the new cutter *Marjorie* will come to this country under sail, since she is not designed for that sort of service, and if she comes on the deck of a steamer she will need rather more room than can be conveniently found for her, besides being debarred from all contests except those in which the rule may be waived by our proverbially generous yachtsmen.

A curious siphon is used in Dubuque, Iowa, for carrying sand from the river-bed to the low lots near the bank which are to be filled in. The siphon carries two-thirds water and one-third sand, and is pronounced a very successful device.

The Hartford *Times* draws a harrowing picture of a scene on the sidewalk in front of some dry-goods stores in that city on a recent Saturday afternoon. Here it is in outline: Eight baby carriages drawn up in line, and no mothers or nurses near them. One of the babies screaming in the gutter almost under the feet of a horse, which was sniffing at it. Another buried beneath a great black dog that was devouring its cracker crumbs. Another, almost in apoplexy, trying to recover its lost bottle, and the five others nearly frightened to death by the attentions of passing strangers. The mothers were in the stores shopping, of course.

In a recent letter to a distinguished Parsee in India, Sir George Birdwood expresses the opinion that the repulsion between the English and natives in that country is the result chiefly of the caste system of the Hindoos. He recalls the fact that when a native was made a judge in Calcutta not long ago, and was invited by the native pleaders to a dinner in honor of the event, he was not permitted to sit in the same room with his hosts, because he was of a lower division of the Brahminical caste than they, and although a judge of the Calcutta High Court, he had to sit outside with Brahmins of a lower order. The fact that when a Hindoo has shaken hands with a European he must immediately wash the hand of its assumed pollution is mentioned as another reason for the lack of cordiality, and the natives' unmanly treatment of women is set forth as still another obstacle in the way of good-fellowship. Sir George says in the course of his letter that the repulsion is but for a time, while the attraction between the two races is forever, and adds: "We belong to the same stock, and in returning to India, after long wanderings from our common home in Central Asia, we but return to a country peopled by men of our own Aryan blood. But meanwhile we have developed in a distant island of the Atlantic a highly specialized race and culture, and you, Hindoos, and Hindooized Parsees and Mussulmans, as independently formed and strongly marked a race and culture of your own; while the isolation in which the race of Brahminical Hindoos has been produced in India has not been due to the Himalayas, as some argue, but has been artificially created by the Code of Manu. There is the rub."

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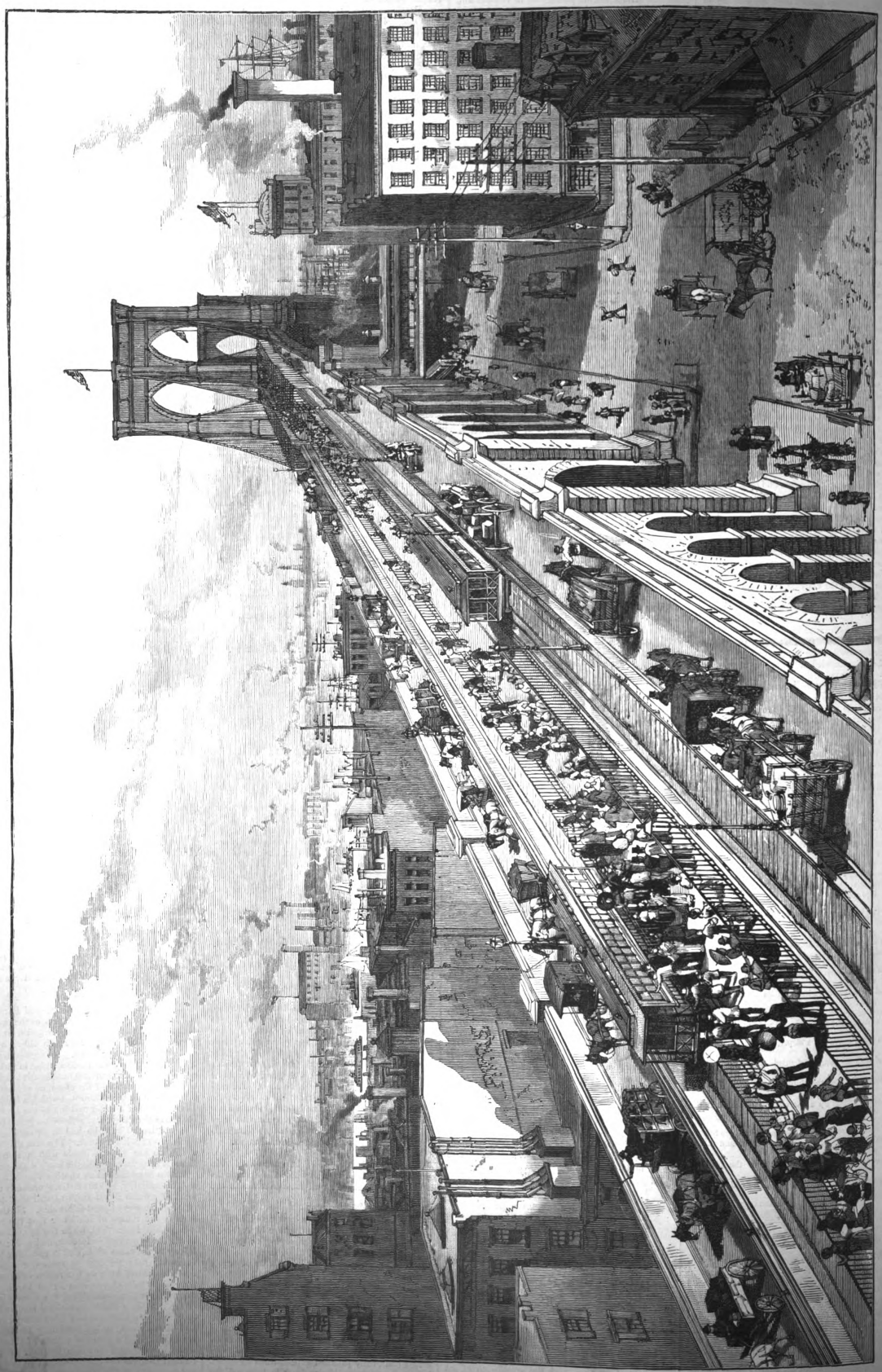

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.—THE APPROACH ON THE NEW YORK SIDE.—[See Page 326.]

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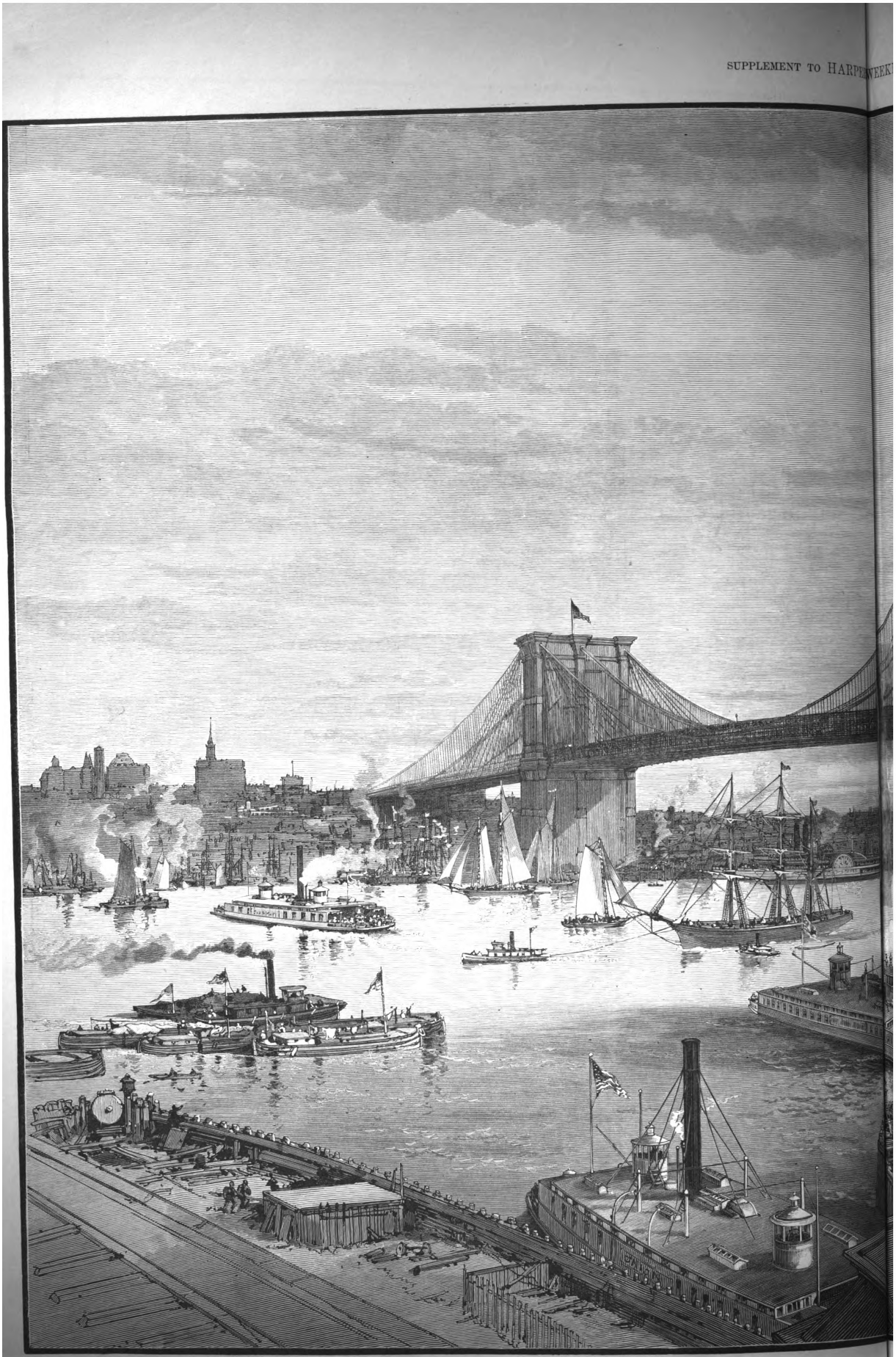

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, FROM THE BROOKLYN SIDE.—

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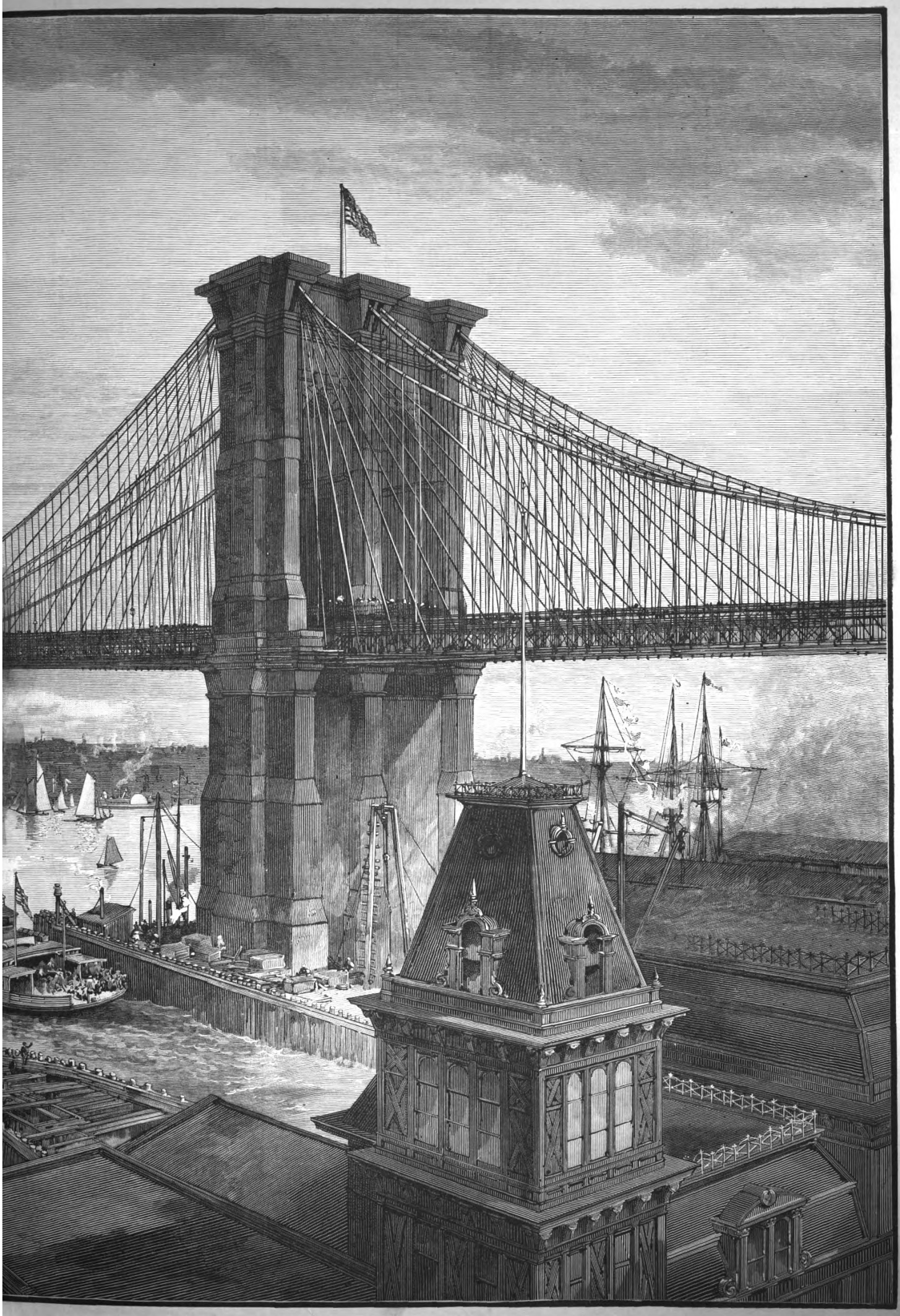

BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUBELMAN.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

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every word, every syllable, a sentence to his hopes! But hear to the end he must.

"You may not perhaps realize," resumed Stephana, "why the fact of Valerian becoming my heir and Christina's should transform him into a power for good or evil. Think of the moral lever that a vast fortune must ever be, and never so much so as in these days. I can not put this tremendous engine into his hands and abandon him. He must be twofold my own creation. First, I set him among the lords of the earth; next, to give him a lordly soul. The heir of my worldly splendor must also be the inheritor of my aspirations."

"That Valerian will never be," retorted the listener, bitterly.

"You have yet more to hear; I shall convince you before I have done," Stephana said, using a deeper persuasiveness and a more insinuating force. "For what are these subtle powers with which my friends accredit me? The plain meaning of such words is that I can in a very unusual degree fascinate people, bend them to a purpose in direct opposition to their own; but never to personal ends, mind. No element of my own individuality can enter into these influences. Swayed by a secret force stronger than any feeling, whether of love or joy, pity or sorrow, I move blindly, and am indeed blind as to the portion in store for myself. I can work no evil, only good, to any human being. Over my own destiny I have no power."

"But think for a moment, my own friend, this Valerian—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Stephana, eagerly. "It is an earthen vessel. No flame of the spirit burns divinely through. I feel, I acknowledge it. Yet I must go on; if my own peace is to be sacrificed, I must obey. And reflect," she cried, a fine blush overspreading her pale features, and a tremor of reined-in enthusiasm swaying her voice; "will it not be a matchless piece of retribution, a superb ending to a sordid family story? The accumulated hoardings of generations, the spoils of worldling upon worldling, turned to noble uses in the hands of the outcast, the family honor vindicated by the disowned! Yes," she added, for a moment letting her hand rest on his, letting him feel the tears he could not see, "you who are my friend indeed, to whom I can thus unveil my inmost thoughts, you can not, you dare not, bid me draw back. The inner voice, the unspoken mandate, who may disobey?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

After that confidence the friends still saw each other almost daily; for what so often brings like to like as common service for the higher good? London was now empty, as the phrase goes. August had come, and a sulphurous pall wrapped palace and Mansard, garden and river. Not a zephyr breathed freshly from any quarter of heaven, not a flower in blow but drooped under a pallid sun. Summer was there, but summer without sweetness, no verdurous space, no garden fragrance, no dewy shadows. Instead, languor and heaviness, gloom and disease, where joy and deliciousness should be.

Joy and deliciousness were showered down abundantly on the fair face of the earth just then, but not on the city of four millions. Excessive heat and drought had induced one of those epidemics which occur from time to time as if to shake the comfortable faith in human adequacy. Skill and science seemed set at naught, and the dreaded disease that at first was "as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" assumed by degrees stupendous and awful proportions, till it brooded, a doom and a portent, over the wide world of London. Now at first sight it would seem madness for two people to stay on calmly in a panic-stricken, pestilent place, when they might have betaken themselves any moment to Edens of freshness and repose. Men and women must die. What business had they with these obscure victims of a scourge that had mercy in it, since it decimated the helpless, the starving, and the needy? But Stephana and her friend thought otherwise; and whilst frightened parents were hurrying away their children, after the manner of hens at the appearance of a hawk, whilst idlers and pleasure-seekers were trying to drive away ennui in more attractive resorts, and the more sensitive were shutting their eyes as best they could to the disagreeableness of the world generally, Stephana and her friend staid on.

They were, indeed, indispensable to each other; and had not the very opportunity come for which Markham craved? Here, above all, was a crisis when the power he possessed and on which he prided himself could be put to really sublime uses. For the conscientious physician and the priest, do what they will, can not always infuse that courage into human hearts which is the best guarantee against impending evil. Soldiers tell us that the ball finds out the craven on the battle-field, and certain it is that the stout-hearted will often walk unscathed through deadliest infection.

Whilst Stephana, then, had hired a noble old suburban mansion, embowered in greenery, and turned it into a convalescent home for the sick, the blind story-teller was doing his best to keep up the spirits of those who were well. What may not a word do? and the stimulus of his melodic and bright calm eloquence came as a substitute for bracing sea-breezes, farm-yard sights and sounds, and all the beauty and freshness of the world that is not London. The sea, the moor, the country, were but names to most of his hearers, but all could laugh and weep at the stories he told them, now bringing fairy-land before wan little Smithfield children, now lifting the faint in spirit by some moving episode, now holding bereaved ones spell-bound by weird, romantic improvisation. Narrative, parable, allegory, dialogue, one and all he used by turns, with themes as various, and words ever new. Yet wherein lay the glamours? Was it the glow of feeling, the rapture of fancy, that enthralled his listeners, or the mere mechanical part of the performance—exquisite training of voice, choice phraseology, inimitable elocution? All yet none of these. The poor, pinched, toiling souls who listened to him were enchanted simply because it was the first time they had heard a story in their lives. The veil was lifted from the ideal world. A blind man had revealed to them the existence of things unseen, the duality of human life!

"Ah," he said, one evening, when alone with Stephana, after an unusually hard day, "we shall never live such hours as these any more. I am yours and you are mine by virtue of the mortal woes that have brought us together, but when the sun shines out from the clouds you will disappear, perhaps never to cross my path again."

"Have no fear on that score," Stephana said, with gentle consolation in her voice. "You are bound to cross my path whenever I have need of you. My wand will never be broken."

He shook his head. "You can not, like the loving god, be immortal one day and common clay the next. This marriage must drag you down, whether you will or no."

"Why should we talk of it?" cried Stephana, impatiently. "Why must men and women perpetually have love and marriage on their lips, as if the supreme end and purpose of existence were to love, to marry, and to die? You, at least, stand on higher ground, and take in wider horizons."

"Pardon me—a thousand times I ask your pardon," he said. "I will never, never breathe the subject again, if you promise me one little thing."

"A promise? What human being ever kept a promise? And why give it only to break?"

"No, you would not break it. Listen, then, my own friend, and accord the request or no. That is as you please. The name of Valerian in conjunction with yours shall never pass my lips again. Well, it is a small thing I ask. If—if"—he hesitated, painfully, and at last stammered out the words—"if your magnanimous project, from any unforeseen cause, is never carried out, should you reject Valerian, should you feel the need of a trusty friend—as a friend only I venture to petition—summon me to your side by a wish."

"Why by anything so unsubstantial?" smiled Stephana. "Is there not paper and ink, a letter-carrier to boot? I will write to you with my proper hands."

"No, these are common means, and oft-times treacherous too! You could hardly write the thought of your mind, and it is the secret wish of your inmost heart I would have. No more nor less."

"And how could I be sure that it would reach you?" asked Stephana, still inclined to raillery. "The winds of heaven might blow it in another direction. Forgive me, dear friend: I am so sad at heart that I must be merry. These harrowing scenes I go through day after day, the ache of misery ever before me! Oh! ask me nothing today; only be kind to me, only help me with silent comfort. I must marry Valerian, but it is you I would fain have with me always."

Was not such a confession enough to satisfy any lover? Markham flushed from cheek to brow, but said no word more. The deep, unspoken sadness of Stephana's soul had penetrated his own. He felt at last lifted, and for a brief moment, to those serene spheres in which she lived and moved and had her being. He also must brace himself up to an act of supreme renunciation. For him also the best part of life was to give, asking no reward.

Stephana needed kindness indeed, and collectedness on her friend's part also, for she was weary in brain and body. A strange sight was that devoted pair, she so brave yet tender, he helpless, yet so strong, as day after day they set out on their errand of mercy. Stephana would inspect one fever-stricken court after another, to see that there was no orphan unhoused, no dead awaiting its last resting-place, no sick to be carried away. And whilst she made her rounds the blind man would find an audience, half a dozen children it might be, or two or three sad-hearted mothers with babes at their breast, or old men past work, past thieving, past beggary even: no matter whom, every one was as ready to listen as he to speak. These hollow-eyed, yellow-faced people had no religion. What religion could take hold of natures starved, deadened, materialized by misery? But if they knew nothing of Christ and redemption, they could understand the gospel of magnanimous human kindness. They were aware of that shining thing we call goodness, and it warmed them and almost gladdened them, if, indeed, misery can be ever glad.

Nor did Markham's serviceableness end here. In Stephana's mansion, filled now from cellar to attic with guests of the humbler sort, he found plenty of occupation. The poor valetudinarians lounging under the trees, or looking out for the first time in their lives on green lawns set with standard roses, sadly needed amusement, and there was the blind story-teller with his well-stored memory ever ready. Story after story they now heard for the first time. *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver*, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Boccaccio, were laid under contribution, to say nothing of Prince Camaralzaman and his sixty brothers, Penelope's web, and last but first, the champion of the windmills and knight of Dulcinea del Toboso. Wonderful to think how dull the world can be that possesses all these! So August and September passed, and with October ended their ordeal. Stephana and her companion came through it unscathed, so often will it happen that mere valiancy keepeth alive. They had been as soldiers on a battle-field in the thick of the fight, but a thousand bullets had passed them by.

"This is to be no long parting?" Markham asked, after a long confabulation on the eve of separation.

"True friends are never parted," Stephana answered, reproachfully. "We shall often hear from each other; we shall bear each other in mind."

She smiled, adding, with a mixture of playfulness and solemnity: "I have not forgotten your request. Whenever I need you there shall be neither sign nor letter. You will bend obsequious to my will."

"Can I do otherwise?" he said, raising her hand to his lips. "And as soon as I have fulfilled the mission you have just intrusted to me, I may surely seek you unasked and unbidden?"

"Most surely," Stephana made reply. "I shall look for you with impatience. The matter confided to you is one I have most at heart."

"After Valerian."

"After Christina and Valerian. I go to them now on a double quest, a twofold behest. How strange is life!"

"Strange and sad, yet sweet," he said. "At least it would be so were there no Valerian."

"Think no more of him, my friend. Be happy. Be my best helper."

Thus they parted, not lovers, certes, but how much more than friends!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RACE MEETING AT ROCKAWAY.

There was an auspicious inauguration of the season for out-door sports in and about the city on Saturday, May 12. Athletic games, contests of speed by bicyclists, rowing races, contests of skill at lawn tennis, base-ball, and lacrosse, rifle-shooting at Creedmoor, and trotting at the various tracks or "on the road," were among the out-door recreations that the great world of society patronized, participated in, and enjoyed. But to that world accustomed for months past to find its entertainment in palatial residences on Murray Hill, at Delmonico's, or at the Academy of Music, and which will soon seek Newport, Saratoga, the White Mountains, or the Adirondacks, the chief event was the opening of the racing season by the Rockaway Hunt Club at its preserves at Bayswater, Far Rockaway. Nearly a thousand people were in the party from this city which witnessed the races, in which, with one exception, their acquaintances of social circles were the riders. The day was auspicious, the locality picturesque. Meadows, hills, and the trees, not dense enough to be called forests even by the possessor of a vivid imagination, were resplendent in their spring dress of green. The blue sky gave a quiet background. There was sufficient color in this lovely country scene, with its picturesque farm-houses and its grazing cattle, surprised in their afternoon meal by the sudden invasion from the city. The color was supplied by groups of ladies elaborately dressed in costumes in which the art of the modiste vainly tried to rival the beauties of nature's endowment, in the gaudily painted four-in-hand coaches, and in the riders wearing collectively all the colors that made Joseph's coat famous in the days when the world was young.

It was no common race meeting that at Rockaway. There were many present who are frequently seen at the great racing events at Saratoga, Jerome Park, or Monmouth Beach. But this meeting had more of the character of a racing day at Newport. There were a few falls, but neither horses nor riders were injured, though the riding was more daring—reckless, perhaps—than that of professional jockeys. There was no track save that laid out by nature and the country highway builder. Rail fences served in part as hurdles. The course was over meadows and up and down gently sloping hills, and on a bottom that needed both nerve and skill to successfully guide a horse over it. The races with their falls, the refusal of several horses to leap the hurdles, the keen determination shown by each rider to win, and the sharp brushes at the finish made them both exciting and interesting. The strong-limbed polo ponies, the ungainly farmers' punts, and the graceful, high-spirited hunters seemed to enjoy the sport as thoroughly as did their respective satin-waisted, shirt-sleeved and home-spun-trousered, and pink-coated riders. The latter, resplendent in their pink coats, high hats, white knee-breeches, and buff-topped patent-leathers, were favorites with the ladies. The erst-while much-abused gentlemen riders, spurred on by the smiles of fair women, rode so well as to prove that "blood will tell" in riding across country as it has in riding to battle. This despite the fact that Mr. Edwards Spencer couldn't make Tommy Tucker leap his hurdle. This incident, however, was fun for outsiders, though awkward for Mr. Spencer, and furnished as much amusement as any incident, unless it was that of the farmers' race, where Puck threw the plebeian rider, veritably "landing him a winner," as sporting-men delight in commonly saying a jockey does his horse. The winners of the races in which gentlemen riders participated were: hunters' half-mile flat race, George Work's Mercury; polo ponies' race, Stanley Mortimer's Incognita; the pink-coat race, George Work's Bombast; the half-bred qualified hunters' race, George Work's Fleurette; the qualified hunters' race, Stanley Huntley's Hobson's Choice.

Field-sports so fairly inaugurated will occupy attention until cold weather sets in. The gymnasium and riding-schools, the racquet-courts and fencing-rooms, have closed their doors, and their habitués have deserted them for the green fields, the shady drives, and the more or less placid waters, for exercise and recreation. The field-sports of to-day are under the management of gentlemen. The class heretofore injuriously identified with sports have been relegated to the field of brutality occupied by prize-fighters, dog-fighters, and chicken-fighters. It is no longer a reason for exclusion from society of even the gentlest that a lady is an attendant upon or a patroness of the sports of the field. She may even participate in some. This fact has done much—very much—to elevate the character of all out-door amusements. The athletic clubs, with their membership including many of the best of our young men, have done more, for the example set here has been followed throughout the country. A proficiency in field-sports is considered a credit to a young man. That such a state of affairs has come to exist that people of the gentler classes have made these recreations their own in a measure, is fortunate indeed for coming generations. A bit more of the Hercules than the Adonis in young men, of the Diana than the Venus in young women, wedding the best elements of the two in each case, every social economist will acknowledge to be desirable.

Attention to athletic sports has almost become a portion of the necessary training of every college or seminary student. Walking clubs, canoe clubs, bicycle, boating, lawn tennis, archery, hunting, fishing, and gun clubs, and sportsmen's associations, the latter frequently owning large preserves for hunting or fishing, or both, count their active members in the best society of all the social centres of the country. Ladies are often members of such of these as make sports in which they can participate a specialty. Where such is not the case the ladies have their own equestrian, pedestrian, lawn-tennis, archery, boating, and croquet clubs. The inroads upon health from late hours and loss of rest resultant upon attention to society's demands are offset in a great measure by these health-restoring recreations. Better far than any medicine are they when not indulged in to excess. Better fitted for life's duties and society's exactions she who finds pleasure in such recreation returns to her home than she who monotonously wears away the summer days in an ultra-fashionable summer resort. That mandate of society which permits a woman to wear and use a wide-soled, broad-heeled walking shoe, and permits her to take needed exercise, is one that will long be remembered with gratitude by such as have found participation in out-of-door recreations to be a cure for lassitude, a relief from ennui.

C. T. Bronson.

KELLY'S "PAUL REVERE."

Lord Rosebery, while passing a season here some years ago, was very partial to his horse and Central Park. On more than one occasion, while rounding a point with him in the bridle-path at full run, we observed some one, only partially concealed in the then scant shrubbery, watching us or our horses with eager interest. Finding him there one day as I rode alone, I took the liberty to demand what he was about. I found him to be a shy and modest young artist, who was trying to model a horse in motion—a new proposition entirely in his department of art. But I am sure every one who has seen his statuette of Sheridan's ride will say confidently that the bold undertaking proved successful as it was original. This young man, hiding there in the shrubbery all summer by the bridle-path in order to correctly catch the motion of a horse in full gallop, has now done a new piece of work. And it is new in every sense—new in conception, new in art.

Observe the complete story here in the first place. Revere has just landed. The cable is tightened about the post. We know that the hastily abandoned boat swings in the river at the feet of the eager and impetuous Paul, a foot is in the stirrup, his lifted face is thrown back over his shoulder, wild with excitement and the work before him. He sees the light! His soul is in his eyes, his gathered brows, his patriotic and fervid face. The one foot is lifted, and yet the other, so full of force and spring, scarcely is on the earth. Then he clutches the mane—the mane, mind you, not the rein, as a slow and school-taught rider would, but his hand is drowned in the flowing mane; he is literally a part of the horse. The heat and the excitement of the time have fused them together, as a Comanche is made a part of his horse in battle, as every real, natural rider is in any time of tremendous trial.

And consider this horse: his nostrils too are extended and in the air; his very feet are in the air with the intensity of the action that is in him; his heart is so much in the work before him that you can see every muscle waiting the will of the master. And this giving of some honor and action to this noblest animal appeals strongly to me, and makes me full of gratitude toward the man who has done this; for if not quite born on the back of a horse, I was certainly reared there, and I know how entirely true he is, how worthy. But the sculptor has either despised the horse thus far, or despaired of giving him real action. We all praise the colossal bronze which supports Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline, and the guide-books gravely tell us to observe the delicate tracing of the veins on the horse's nose. But the horse, and all other horses, as to that, from this one ancient and ugly figure at Rome down to Kelly's statuette of Sheridan's ride, are very wooden things.

The poet, however, has been more just to the horse. Lord Byron has done more than all sculptors of the Old World to describe him well in these eight words:

"The speed of thought was in his limbs."

But it is in the Book of Job where you find justice done most entirely to this best and noblest friend of man. And looking at this Paul Revere ideal, I can well imagine that Kelly had these lines in his heart as he shaped and fashioned his clay, for the roar of war was in the air and in the ears of rider and horse: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." Joaquin Miller.

New York, *May*, 1883.

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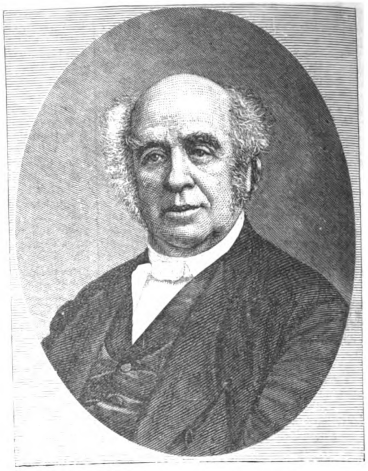
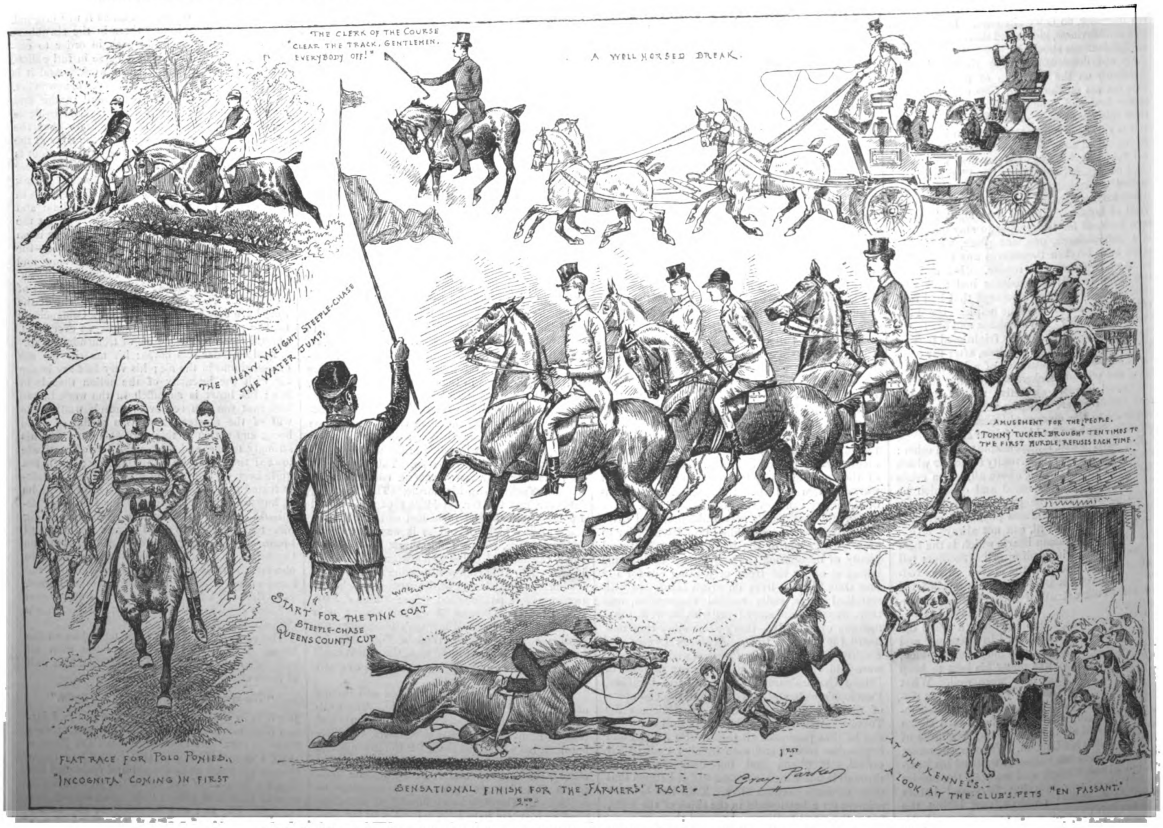
DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF PAUL REVERE.—By James E. Kelly.—[See Page 331.]



THE LATE BISHOP PECK.

The Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D.D., LL.D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose death occurred at Syracuse, New York, on May 17, was one of a famous ministerial family. His brother, the Rev. Dr. George Peck, now deceased, was one of the leaders of the Methodist host in the stormy period extending from 1844 to 1852; other brothers also were Methodist ministers. Dr. Peck was born in Middlefield, Otsego County, New York, April 4, 1811. His paternal and his maternal grandfathers were both Revolutionary soldiers. His education was received at Cazenovia Seminary, where his brother, the Rev. George Peck, was principal. In 1832 he joined the Oneida Conference, and served as pastor till 1837, when he was appointed principal of Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary; in 1841 he became principal of the Troy Conference Seminary, at Poultney, Vermont. In 1844 the General Conference was held which brought the slavery controversy to a crisis, and was followed by the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church into a Northern and a Southern body. During the debates in this Conference Dr. Jesse Peck distinguished himself by a speech of unusual brilliance and power, which brought him to the front rank of Methodist ministers. From 1848 to 1852 he was President of Dickinson College. In 1854 he was made Secretary and editor of the Tract Society, to fill the unexpired term of the Rev. Abel Stevens, then in Europe. In 1856 he returned to the pastorate, and was stationed in New York city, and San Francisco, Sacramento, and Santa Clara, California. Upon his return to the Eastern States Dr. Peck was stationed at Peekskill, Albany, and Syracuse. In this last city he became one of the founders of the Syracuse University. In 1872 he was elected Bishop.



THE RACE MEETING AT ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by C. Gray-Parker.—[See Page 331.]

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1. Securing a "Take." 2. Getting within Range. 3. O mirabile visu! 4. The coup de grâce. 5. Sunfish enjoying a Siesta. 6. Homeward bound.

SUNFISH-SHOOTING.

SUNFISH-SHOOTING OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

THE sunfish is, as regards its general appearance, truly a "caution" to the fish tribe. One of its most frequent haunts is off the wild and rocky coasts of the west of Ireland. Its length varies from five to nearly seven feet from the nose to the tail, if indeed such an apology for a caudal appendage may be called a tail. It is from three to four and a half feet in depth, from seven to nine feet in girth, and its extreme thickness varies from one and a half to two feet. When full-grown these fish attain to an enormous weight, specimens having been killed which were estimated to weigh over a ton. The sunfish make their appearance on the west coast of Ireland as soon as the warm weather begins. They are gregarious for the greater part of the season, moving about in "schools" in numbers varying from five to ten; but as the autumn draws on they are more frequently to be met with singly.

On a warm day, when the sea is calm, these fish may be observed lazily gliding through the water, with their great dorsal fins projecting from the surface. Or they may as frequently be seen basking on the surface with sea-gulls perching on their backs, and pecking at the parasites which they find upon the huge monsters.

When struck with a bullet just at the butt of the dorsal fin the movements of this great fish are truly wonderful. At one moment he will turn round and round, churning the water into masses of foam. Bullet after bullet is then fired into the fish, the shots being easily obtained, since the fish usually remains at the surface if the first shot between the fin and backbone has been successful.

In the case before us the fish, after receiving the fifth shot, disappeared bodily, leaving a large space of water white with foam and flecked with blood. Yet only for a minute. Not many yards in front of the boat our piscine friend, *O mirabile visu!* suddenly burst up from the water and rose four or five feet into the air, and then striking the water with its expansive side caused a tremendous report.

After receiving eight shots the fish finally succumbed, and while one of the boat's crew held up the defunct brute with a gaff, another fastened a rope to one of its fins, and then the prize was towed to shore. Yet the fish is comparatively valueless, for, notwithstanding its great size, very little oil is obtained from its liver, the average quantity being about four gallons. As a sport it takes a prominent place among its votaries, and, moreover, little skill is required, for if one can prove his ability to hit a fair-sized hay-cock at the distance of ten yards, he may make pretty certain of hitting the ugly sunfish, if he be not overcome by excitement.

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GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

No horse need die of colic if DR. TOBIAS'S Venetian Liniment is on hand when first taken. A single dose revives an overheated horse, and puts new life into him. It quickly cures Galls, Sprains, Old Sores, Scratches, Sore Throats, etc. The Derby Condition Powders are used by the best horsemen in the country. They are no cheap articles, but the best ingredients that can be purchased, and perfectly innocent; 25 cents per box.

They cure Distemper, Loss of Appetite, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-Bound, give a Fine Coat, and Cleanse the Urine; 25 cents per box. The Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle, the Horse 90 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray St.

One thousand certificates from prominent horsemen can be seen at the depot.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,

THE Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the Hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

SWEET BREATH.—Offensive Breath made sweet as a rose. Purifies the stomach. Try Dr. Jas. X. Knight's Stomach Powder. By mail—Price 50 cents; large size $1. Address P.O. Box 1585, N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

THOUSANDS of people testify to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—[*Adv.*]

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Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Dorchester, Mass.

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CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

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RHENISH COLOGNE.

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FISH,

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BLACK GRENADINES,

In Velvet, Ecosse, Armure, and Hernani.

The plain Grenadines, in all-silk and silk-and-wool, are warranted not to slip or change color.

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CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS:—

TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium of a beautiful set of Plated Silver Knives and Forks, for simply giving The Frank Siddalls Soap *a thorough trial.*

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:—is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will *TRY* new ways that are *endorsed by leading newspapers:—*
A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker or a Grain Binder:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their papers for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was NOT A HUMBUG. *Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*

SO DONT BE A CLAM

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—It is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be dépended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag: use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing *utensils* used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with *sores of any kind* when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible: the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin: the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: it absorbs always the moisture from the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes: it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*;) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No Intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake: *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle

THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCRUB A ONE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OFF, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold; Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SOALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A DREAM MATERIALIZED.

HALE'S HONEY.

ONE of the best and most reliable remedies for Throat and Lung affections is found in the old-established and well-known remedy, **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.** This is especially the case in families where there are young children, as a dose administered upon the first symptoms of Croup will not only speedily give relief to the little sufferer, but, by causing free expectoration, prevent the formation of the false membrane, which is at once the terror of physicians and the despair of parents. This remedy should always be kept in the house, as it may sometimes save the lives of little ones, when no physician is within call. Ask your Druggist for Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar (full name), *and take no substitute.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

FISHERMEN!

TWINE and NETTING

MANUFACTURED BY THE

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO.

WM. J. HOOPER & SON,

No. 6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for price-list, naming county and state. Please mention this paper.

LOW, SON, & HAYDON'S

Flower de Luce

The Howard Tooth Brushes

HAVE

SECURELY FASTENED BRISTLES

AND CAN BE FOUND WITH ALL DRUGGISTS.

ALL BEARING THIS TRADE MARK. P&A ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

MANUFACTURED BY

THE PLUME & ATWOOD MF'G CO.

WATERBURY, CONN.

THE BEST THE DUEBER WATCH CASE

CONGRESS WATER.

Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, native and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys. None genuine on draught.

SYPHER & CO.

ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING FROM EUROPE

Antique Silver, Furniture, Clocks, Bronzes, and Articles of Vertu.

739 & 741 BROADWAY.

GENTLEMEN'S

BOSTON GARTER.

An exceedingly useful invention, without which no gentleman's dress is complete, especially during the Summer months, when low shoes are worn, and when it is indispensable to one's comfort and neat appearance to have the stocking fit *smoothly* about the ankle and the slack of the drawers kept confined at the knee, all of which the Boston Garter accomplishes.

For Sale by all the leading Gents' Furnishing Houses, or Sample will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

Cotton, 25 cents per pair; Silk, 75 cents per pair.

Mention this paper. Address

GEORGE FROST & CO.,

287 *Devonshire Street, Boston.*

ROEBLING'S

WIRE ROPE

The John A. Roebling Son's Co.,

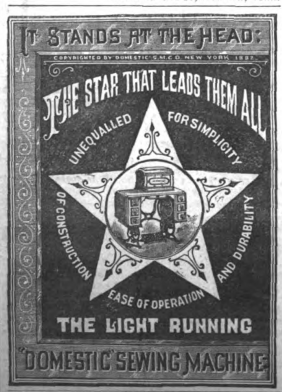
117 & 119 Liberty Street.

WORKS, TRENTON, N. J.

Print Your Own Cards, &c. Press $3

Large sizes for circulars, &c., $8 to $90. For pleasure, money-making, young or old. Everything easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.



"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills conquered my headache."—Rev. C. T. Heiner, Leelie, O.

LOWELL

The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton and Body Brussels at every repeat of the pattern.

GEORGE C. RICHARDSON & Co., Agents, 178 Devonshire St., Boston, and 115 Worth St., New York.

FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY LOWELL CARPETS HAVE BEEN ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE

BEST

The grade has never been lowered, and the company unhesitatingly challenge comparison with the production of any manufacturer in the world.

Sold by all

FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

The Lowell Ingrains are wound upon a hollow stick, which the U. S. Supreme Court decided to be a valid trade mark. The public are thereby thoroughly protected against deception.

CARPETS

NEW PRICES! $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.

PURE BRISTLES.

FLESH BRUSH $ 3.00

Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale and use of our renowned

Dr. Scott's Electric Brushes

At $3, and in response to a very general inquiry for **cheaper goods** possessing the same therapeutic quality, we have placed on the market a full line of these beautiful and invaluable remedies, retailing at **$1 00, $1 50, $2 00, $2 50,** and **$3 00.**

Each Hair Brush has the same elegant design peculiar to our well-known $3 00 one, and contains the **same electro-magnetic power**—the difference being only in the size. Each is handsomely boxed, accompanied by a silver-plated compass, by which its power can always be tested.

In the above cut the top Brush represents the $1 00 one, and next to the bottom is the $3 00 one, with the other sizes between. The $3 00 one is about 9½ inches long. These new popular prices enable all to purchase these wonderful Brushes, which, notwithstanding their being **Dr. Scott's Electric,** will compare in value with any ordinary Brushes on the market. We make only one-priced Flesh Brushes.

THEY WILL POSITIVELY CURE

Nervous Headache in 5 minutes!!
Bilious Headache in 5 minutes!!
Neuralgia in 5 minutes!!
Falling Hair and Baldness!!
Dandruff and Diseases of the Scalp!!

Promptly Arrest Premature Grayness!!
Make the Hair Grow Long and Glossy!!
Immediately Soothe the Weary Brain!!

From the Venerable President of the New York Life Ins. Co.

I suffered every morning for years from headache; your brush relieves them at once. I heartily recommend it. MORRIS FRANKLIN.

From the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Wife suffered for years from headache; your brush cures them at once; it has also cured several friends. I use it to remove dandruff; it works like a charm. My wife was getting bald; it stopped the falling hair and made a new growth.

GEO. THORNBURGH, Little Rock, Ark.

From the Mayor of Saratoga.

It always cures my headaches within a few minutes. A beautiful Hair Brush, well worth the price aside from its curative qualities. JAS. R. CHAPMAN.

Every mail brings similar letters from all parts of the country.

SENT, POSTPAID, ON TRIAL.

We will send either kind, postpaid, on receipt of the price, with 20c. added for packing and registration. The price will be returned if not just as represented. Remit by draft, P.O. money order, or currency, payable to Geo. A. Scott, 842 Broadway, New York; or ask your druggist for them. These are not wire brushes. Mention this paper. **Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets—new prices, $1 00, $1 50, $2 00, and $3 00,** on above terms. **Agents Wanted.**

The Flesh Brush cures Rheumatism, and nearly all pains and aches. Dr. Scott's Electropathic Adjustable Belt, price $3.00.

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THE MODEL SETTLEMENT

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Southern California

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HEALTH, CLIMATE, AND CHOICE FRUITS.

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To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

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PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, &c.

THE CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN.

A GOLD PEN and RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury for persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

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JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

AMERICAN STAR SOFT CAPSULES THE BEST. Also, Star Empty Capsules. All Druggists.

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BOOK FOR SELF-INSTRUCTION & PENS.

Mailed for $1.50 by Stationers, or

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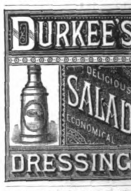

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The most Delicious and the most Popular Mayonaise for all kinds of Salads, Raw Tomatoes, Cabbage, Cold Meats, Fish, &c., ever offered for sale.

ALL GROCERS SELL IT.

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45 Govt. and 40-60 Grain Cartridges.

VERY STRONG, PERFECTLY SAFE.

THE BEST RIFLE in the world for Large Game. Shooting more accurate, Model more beautiful, Manipulation easier, Finish finer, than that of any other rifle. MARLIN FIRE-ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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Send Stamp for Catalogue.

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80 & 82 William Street, New York.

LAWN TENNIS.

EARL & WILSON'S PATENT "SHORT BAND" COLLARS AND "BEAD EDGE" CUFFS ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1380.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883.

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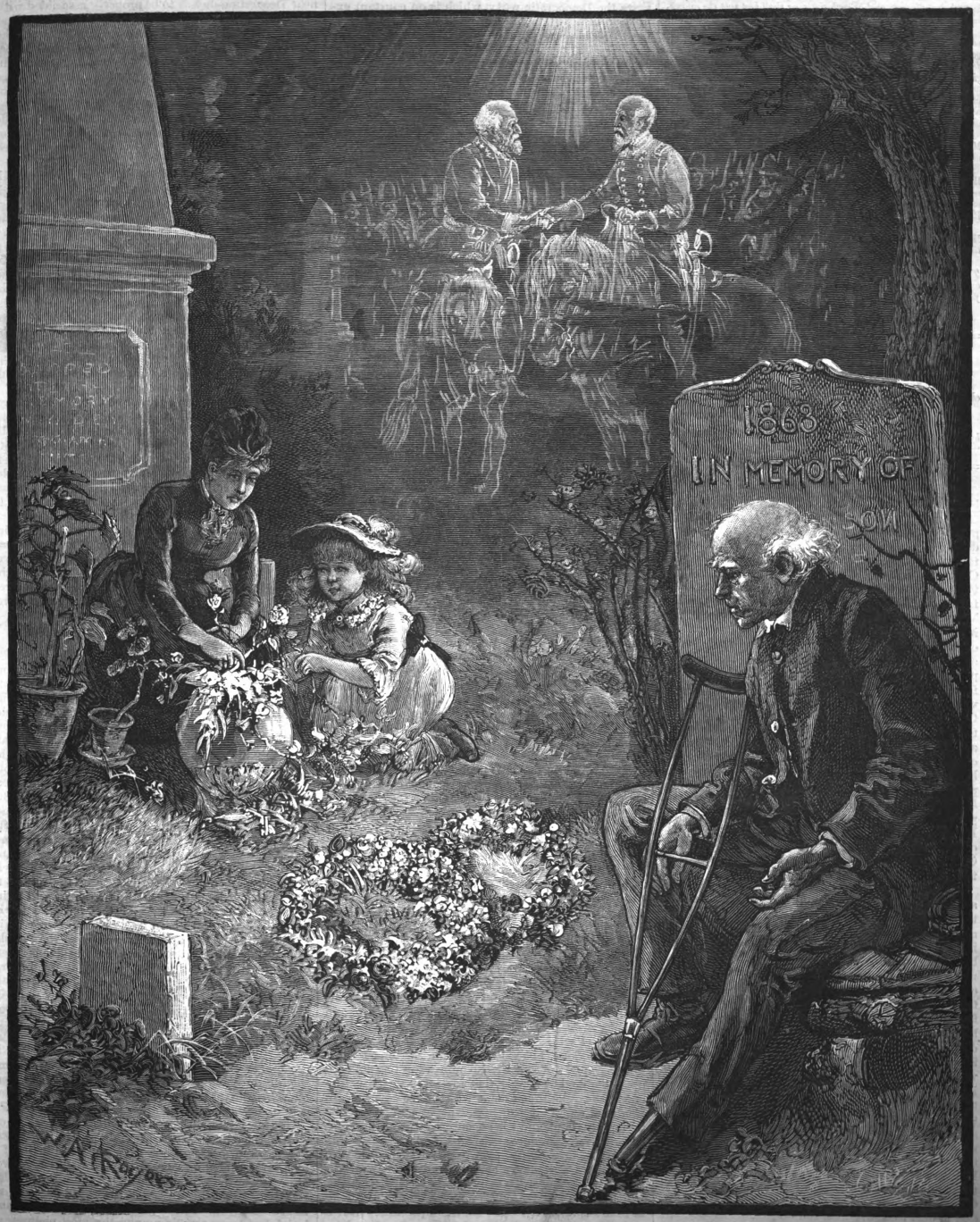

DECORATION-DAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. F. EATON.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 342.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW ILLUSTRATED SERIAL.

The next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will present the opening chapters of a new and beautifully illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

"THIRLBY HALL,"

by W. E. NORRIS, *author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.*

THE FIRST GUN.

THE action of the late Democratic Convention in Kentucky is very significant. It is "the first gun" of the campaign of 1884, and it foretells undoubtedly the general character of the contest. Kentucky is the State of Senator BECK, of Representative CARLISLE, and of Editor WATTERSON. Mr. BECK is the free-trade leader in the Senate. Mr. CARLISLE the free-trade candidate for Speaker of the House, and Mr. WATTERSON the conductor of the most uncompromising free-trade Democratic journal in the country. All of them are accepted leaders of the Democratic party, and in the Convention Mr. WATTERSON made an appeal for a positive free-trade declaration in the platform, and he understands as well as any man the value of the first gun. But all was in vain. The Convention refused to make the declaration, and contented itself with the usual platform platitudes, which are intended to mean anything or nothing. The conclusion is that the distinguished gentlemen whom we have mentioned do not even represent the Democratic position of their own State upon the question, and that free trade will not be a practical issue in the campaign. This view is confirmed by the action of the Republican Convention, which made a similar noncommittal platform. The action of the Kentucky Conventions confirms what we have already said, that it is not easy to adjust old parties to new issues.

The meaning of the phrase that parties grow and are not made is simply this, that men will adhere to their old parties, from habit and pride and tradition and association, until a new question appears which interests them so strongly as to make them willing to break all old party ties. That such ties have been much relaxed for some years is well known, and the extraordinary election of last year showed how ready the public mind was for the formation of a new party, if there were any question which was generally felt to be of transcendent importance. The fact that no new organization has arisen upon the free-trade question is conclusive proof that that question has not yet advanced so far as to be of primary importance in the public mind. It shows that free-traders in the two parties still prefer to remain with their old parties rather than to combine in a new party. The action of Congress demonstrated that it was administrative reform rather than revenue reform which was believed to be imperatively demanded. The free-trade view, indeed, had very few cordial supporters in either House, and the conduct of the discussion in the party press since Congress adjourned has revealed no positive disposition to deal radically with the subject.

It is fair, therefore, to assume that the National Conventions will treat the question as vaguely as the Kentucky Conventions have treated it. In that case the Democratic party will decide to contest the election, not upon any policy or principle, but simply upon its general character. The voter, whatever view he may hold of revenue reform, of civil service reform, of a financial policy, of a foreign policy, or of any other subject, will be called upon simply to say with which party, upon the whole, he would prefer to trust the control of the government until some real question reconstructs parties. It is hardly possible that in such a situation the country would prefer the Democratic party, and resort to change for the mere sake of change. The Kentucky Democratic action is the announcement that Democratic reliance is to be placed upon the general cry of Republican corruption and extravagance. But when it comes to a mere comparative claim of this kind, it is a most child-like and bland assumption that the country supposes the Democratic party, which is on constant exhibition in the State and city of New York, for example, to be less corrupt and extravagant than the Republican. If the election of 1884 is to be a simple contest of party character, tradition, association, and achievement, as the signs of the times now indicate, Democratic anticipation can hardly be very sanguine. But it is not the kind of canvass which is good for the country.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE Irish question, like that of slavery in this country thirty years ago, will challenge attention until it is settled, and it is evident that there can be no proper settlement which is not radical. It is one of the most difficult problems ever offered to statesmanship, and the difficulty is incalculably increased by the conduct of those who speak and act for Ireland. Indeed, the character of Irish agitation is one of the most striking and painful illustrations of the consequences of the long English misrule, as the evil nature of slavery can be seen in the condition of emancipated slaves. To measure the Irish situation it is only necessary to consider the remedy which is proposed by the most intelligent Irishmen. That remedy is, in a word, home rule. By this is meant, as such Irishmen constantly explain, the application to Ireland of the divided State and national system of the United States. Ireland is to remain a part of the British Empire, as New York is a part of the Union. But an Irish Parliament is to legislate for local Irish affairs, like the Legislature of New York for the State.

This being the proposition, let any man read the little work just issued in the "Franklin Square Library," *An Outline of Irish History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* It is written by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, a son, we believe, of the historian of *Our Own Times*, who has inherited his father's moderate and generous spirit, and who has written of a burning subject in a very temperate tone. He is an Irishman, and he tells the story of Ireland from the legendary epoch to the Phœnix Park murders, and although most briefly and concisely told, the tale is neither dry nor bare. The book depicts the Ireland to which home rule in the American sense is to be applied. It is a country which has been always torn with alien or domestic war. Its land has been incessantly confiscated. The country has been the victim of the most inhuman legislation and of the most cruel violence. Naturally enough its population is squalid, ignorant, degraded, without the habit or the tradition or the conception of the methods of free popular government, and its most vigorous and intelligent part is exiled in foreign lands, not contemplating return.

Now what does any reasonable Irishman suppose would be the result if the British government should declare that it would accord any measure of relief that Irishmen could agree to demand? The American States that shook off British rule were self-governing, separate British colonies of intelligent, industrious, and thrifty Englishmen and their descendants. But if the British Parliament should say to Ireland to-morrow, "Organize yourself into an independent state of the empire, with a legislature for local affairs," has any Irishman any conceivable idea of what should or could be done? How many of the Irish party in Parliament, how many of the "patriots" that swagger in foreign lands, would hasten to return to their native land, or, if they did so, would bring anything but anarchy and chaos with them? How many of the best of the Irish citizens who still remain at home would not fly their country when it was delivered to itself? The conclusion is not that nothing should be done, not that home rule in some form is not desirable, not that British oppression has not been unspeakable, but simply that in the actual situation of Ireland relief must come with the co-operation of England, and that the incessant blatant denunciation of England, and the encouragement of infamous crimes against innocent persons, and the assassination of friendly Englishmen are as deadly wrongs to Ireland as CROMWELL'S bloody hand or the ruthless penal laws. Mr. MCCARTHY says that it is useless to ask the Irish leaders for a plan of home rule so long as home rule itself is scouted as impossible. But a plain and feasible scheme of home rule offered by Irish leaders would be in itself the most powerful argument for it, and would at once win for the Irish agitation a general approval in every civilized country, while extenuation of horrible crime and incitement to further crime merely excite universal disgust and abhorrence. Let Mr. PARNELL suggest such a scheme. To treat a Liberal English Ministry of today, which has proved by its acts its desire to remedy the Irish situation, as if it were the government of HENRY VII., or WILLIAM III., or CHARLES II., is a folly so egregious that it greatly enhances the enormous difficulty of the situation.

DECORATION-DAY.

THE reception of the Fifth Regiment of Northern Virginia in the Confederate army by the Twenty-eighth New York Volunteer Infantry in the Union army, at Niagara Falls on the 22d of May was so near Decoration-day as to be properly associated with it, and to illustrate the kindly spirit in which that day will be observed. It has been evident from the first celebration of Decoration-day that it would become at last a day of united remembrance, commemorating the Union and not the war. It was at once obvious that there was no lingering vindictiveness of feeling, and that in the hearty acceptance on all sides of the decision for which the appeal to arms was made it was not the cause, but the valor and devotion of the soldiers upon the side that did not succeed, which would be hereafter recognized.

The especial event of the military gathering at Niagara Falls was the restoration by the Virginia regiment to the New York regiment of its battle-flag, which was captured at Cedar Mountain. This is said to be an unprecedented event, but, however that may be, it is a most characteristic and suggestive incident. It is a triumph of generous patriotism and manliness, and all that was said upon the occasion was frank and hearty, revealing the union of hearts as well as of hands, which is now the strength and glory of the republic. In the national cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, we see also that the graves of the Confederates are to be decorated, and Judge FINCH'S tender and beautiful song of "The Blue and the Gray" has come to express a universal national sentiment.

There are no signs of decline of interest in the day, and the spirit of mutual good-will which is now displayed removes the only objection that could ever be urged to such a commemoration—that it tended to foster sectional feeling, and to prolong the bitterness that always follows civil war. The tone of the celebration has been without exception humane and patriotic, and no more generous and friendly words to former opponents were ever spoken than have been heard from all sides on Decoration-day. But the incident at Niagara Falls, the return of the battle-flag by its captors, is the most beautiful and significant yet associated with the day, and it puts to utter shame the expectation that the lost cause would become a sacred tradition and cult, like the hope of a STUART restoration with the old English Jacobites.

THE BRIDGE.

THE last number of the WEEKLY was a Bridge number, and with the article in the May number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE it may well be kept as a pictorial memento of the great event which has just been celebrated. A festival so unique New York has seldom seen, and it was observed with fitting republican state and simplicity. It is impossible not to contrast the scene and the occasion with the contemporaneous magnificent imperial pageant at Moscow. Both were ceremonies, and of a singularly impressive kind. But one signalizes the act by which an autocrat assumes the insignia of hereditary absolute power over ninety millions of human beings, while the other commemorates the closer and peaceful union of two vast municipal communities in the presence of a citizen freely elected to be the Chief Magistrate of the nation to which they belong, and who in two years will relinquish the constitutional power that he holds to the hands that will have been freely chosen to receive it.

But, without such accidental contrasts, the completion and opening to traffic of a great bridge is an exceedingly interesting event, because of the historic association with bridges and of their imaginative suggestiveness. This topic was well touched by Rev. Mr. CHADWICK in Brooklyn in a discourse preached upon the Sunday before the opening. The bridges of Rome and Florence, of Paris and London, the bridge that HORATIUS held, the Milvian bridge of CONSTANTINE, the bridge of Lodi, the Jewellers' bridge, are among the innumerable bridges of fame, as if fate chose them for romantic and memorable exploits. The symbolism of bridges does not less arrest the poet. The bridge of Mirza, in ADDISON'S vision, the bridge on which the singer stood at midnight in LONGFELLOW'S poem, are familiar illustrations. In itself a structure so airy and graceful, like the Trinità over the Arno, or massive and lofty, like our High Bridge and the far-stretching lines of the aqueduct upon the Roman Campagna, a bridge is the most pleasing and fruitful of texts, as it is among the most picturesque of objects.

It was becoming that the opening of the bridge to the public should be celebrated with all possible and

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proper circumstance, and the celebration was admirably designed. In the procession that attended the President and the Governors and the distinguished personages of all kinds, as they passed, amid the roar of cannon and with pealing music, over the magnificent pathway hung in air, henceforth the main artery of the intercourse of two of the great cities of the world, perhaps some musing and honored guest looked down upon the river massed with boats and at the teeming and rejoicing population upon the shores, and recalled the foggy summer morning, one hundred and seven years ago, when WASHINGTON stealthily withdrew his handful of troops over the river from the little village of Brooklyn to the little town of New York; or still farther backward, in the misty morning of humorous legend, did he behold, first civilized mariners of those now crowded waters below him, Oloffe the Dreamer with Ten Breeches and their doughty comrades pushing along toward Hell Gate? It was a proud and memorable spectacle that was seen on the bridge and from the bridge on Thursday, the 24th of May, 1883; but strangely different scenes will greet the eye of many a future loiterer across the bridge as he surveys all that it commands, and recalls the swift and marvellous history of the scene.

"SEZ GENERAL B., SEZ HE."

GENERAL BUTLER'S recent interview may be regarded as his Presidential platform, and it shows how much bolder and more sagacious he is than any of the Democratic aspirants who have yet spoken. His position upon the two questions of reform is characteristic. He would have the tariff tax limited in amount to a sum necessary and adequate for revenue, and this tax he would so adjust as to protect American labor and encourage American enterprise. The General, in fact, must have seen the little joker on the race-course. He would have a tariff for revenue which should also protect. But this plan diverges from the strict "revenue only" principle of so levying the tariff tax that the whole proceeds will be paid into the Treasury, a result which is to be accomplished by disregarding protection altogether. The General's plan is adroit and ingenious: now you see it, now you don't. But he wisely avoids illustrations and details; and since he poses as a protectionist he could be hardly accepted as a free-trader, and upon a mere difference of the method of protection his party could make no real fight.

But upon the other reform, that of the civil service, his words are unequivocal:

"I contend that the use of Federal patronage [and presumptively State patronage] to reward personal friends or party favorites and punish personal or political enemies in payment for rendering partisan or personal service, or in punishment for failure or refusal to render such service, is one of the most debauching influences of the period. It robs the people of that efficient and honest service which is their due because they pay for it, corrupts politics and statesmanship alike in all their spheres of action, from the ward-room of the caucus to the chamber of the Senate and the Council-room of the cabinet. It is a standing menace to the personal independence of the hundred thousand citizens in Federal employ, and unless speedily stopped will undermine our institutions, and sap the very foundations of popular government. . . .

"Fitness, not favor, should be the passport to the public service. There should be no removals of public employés during their term of service except for cause, and no assessments on their salaries, paid to them by the whole people, should be levied for the perpetuation of the party in power. What we need and must have is a system of civil service consistent and harmonious with the nature of American government, established and protected by law, that, like government itself, it may be the agent of law and not of men, to the end that it may be kept free of all corrupting dependence upon political favor and patronage. Personally I favor the principles of the PENDLETON bill in regard to appointments in the civil service, and the WILLIS bill in regard to assessments of Federal office-holders."

It is a day of good omen when one of the shrewdest and boldest politicians in the United States, who is popularly supposed to be wholly unincumbered with political principle, believes that it will help him to a Presidential nomination to declare himself unreservedly a civil service reformer. How warmly his party supports the same principles may be seen in the Democratic reconstruction of the municipal service in Boston. But however impossible it may be to hear without a smile these perfectly correct sentiments proceeding from General BUTLER, the significance of his declaration is unmistakable.

REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK.

THE sub-committee to report a plan of Republican reorganization in the city has submitted a scheme based upon that of Mr. GEORGE BLISS which we have already mentioned. It provides for an annual enrollment of Republicans, and that only such enrolled persons shall vote at the Republican primaries. The enrollment is to be made by five enrolling officers in each district, to be selected by the Committee of Eighteen, which has the whole matter in charge. Two of the officers are to be adherents of the present organization, or Stalwarts; two not adherents, or Half-breeds, and one a non-resident of the district. The conditions of enrollment are, support of the Republican ticket at the last Presidential election, or, if not then of voting age, intention to do so hereafter, and a pledge not to take part in the caucuses or primaries of any other party during the year. The lists are to be open to inspection and challenge, and when completed the enrolled Republicans in every district are to elect, under the general superintendence of the Committee of Eighteen, a Republican County Committee, to be re-elected every year, and to supersede the present Central Committee. The existing Republican associations upon the final completion of the enrollment are to be abolished, and are recommended to continue as Republican clubs.

This is an excellent plan, because it gives all Republicans an equal chance, and deprives them of the right of complaining that they are not allowed a voice in the preliminary deliberations and action of the party. The provision that we regret is the oath not to take part in the caucuses and primaries of any other party during the year. The reason alleged for requiring this pledge is not adequate, because the pledge would not exclude a Democratic repeater, who would take his chance of being discovered, while it will certainly exclude many good Republicans, who, without any intention or disposition to change their party association within the year, will yet not pledge themselves not to change. Nothing seems to be gained by the pledge, and something important may be lost. It furnishes an excuse for refusal to enroll which should not have been furnished.

The objection of the machine men to the proposed plan is that it provides no penalty for men who become members of the party organization and then refuse to support its candidates. But, not to say that if a man enrolls himself as a Republican it is because he intends to support the candidates, unless they are personally objectionable, or are nominated by objectionable methods, what penalty can be inflicted except to drop the offender's name from the list? But this is precisely the thing which is to be reformed, namely, requiring a pledge to support regular nominations. As it is upon that rock that the party has locally split, it is rather absurd to propose to reunite it upon that foundation. The new plan, with the exception that we have mentioned, is good, but it must be carried out in its own spirit. The Committee of Eighteen was appointed by Mr. O'BRIEN. It is satisfactory to the Stalwarts, and it has the entire initiative. But if it appoints the enrolling officers fairly, each side will be adequately represented, and the familiar reasons for complaint will be in great part removed.

MR. JAY AND THE STATE REFORM COMMISSION.

THE appointment of Mr. JOHN JAY in place of President WHITE upon the Civil Service Commission of New York is an earnest of the good faith of Governor CLEVELAND, and is most satisfactory to the friends of reform. Mr. JAY'S personal character and ability, his public experience, and his hearty interest in the reform, with the practical details of which he is familiar, naturally designate him as peculiarly fitted for the service which he has consented to undertake.

If the Commission shall now be as fortunate in the selection of a Chief Examiner as in that of its own members, the friends of reform throughout the country will have great reason for congratulation that the State of New York, in which the evils and demoralizations of the spoils system were first fully developed, should be the first State to take practical steps for the correction of the abuses of that system by confiding the official execution of a law of reform to a commission of its most intelligent and sincere friends.

PERSONAL.

THE competitive models for the PAUL REVERE statue are still on exhibition in the gallery of the Boston Art Club. Mr. J. E. KELLY'S design, which we engraved last week, attracts more attention than any other, and is easily the most noteworthy. The committee in charge of the erection of the monument have indefinitely extended the time of the competition, and are ready to receive additional models from any source.

—Several memorial windows in honor of the late Dean STANLEY will be placed in Westminster Abbey. "One of them," says the London *Times* of May 11, "has been subscribed for exclusively by friends in the United States. The money has been raised there in an exceedingly short space of time, and the sum would have been far larger had it been thought right to tax our transatlantic kinsmen for so eminently national a work. The American window will have a suitable inscription, as well as some significant insertion in the glass itself. It may be mentioned that the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, one of Dean STANLEY'S best friends in America, called by chance at the Deanery shortly before the meeting of the executive committee, and was invited by the Prince of Wales to be present."

—The Archbishop of Canterbury speaks of his present office as "unsought for and unwished for" by himself. He has been "walking in a dream" ever since it came to him.

—ROSA BONHEUR'S latest public exhibition of animal paintings contains pictures with the following interesting titles: "An Old Monarch," "A Humble Servant," "A Norman Sire," "A Noble Charger," "A Wounded Eagle," "A Wild-Cat," "A Ram in a Stable," "A Badger," and "A Young Prince."

—"The average man sees little that has not been pointed out to him," observes a recent essayist. "He will keep a dog from puppyhood to death and never know that he has under his eye a creature as original as nine-tenths of his human neighbors, and a good deal more interesting."

—Mr. FROUDE declares that in his early boyhood he never heard, either in church or out of it, a single word about orthodoxy. Religion was considered "too sacred to be argued about," and was therefore, in his judgment, in "a condition of moral health."

—Mr. W. ROBINSON, an advocate of cremation, believes that the cemetery of the future will be a national garden in the best sense, safe from violation as the Via Sacra, and having the added charms of pure air, trees, grass, and flowers. The urns will be received within temples or mausoleums, which shall fringe the garden proper, leaving open green lawns planted with groves and gardens, which would be the home of all beautiful green things. A desirable adjunct, he thinks, would be a winter garden, in which burial ceremonies could be held in wild and wintry weather.

—"Had it not been for busy and bustling GEORGE HENRY LEWES," writes an admirer of George Eliot, "the world would most likely have been without such precious possessions as *Adam Bede*, *Romola*, and *The Mill on the Floss*. Not that George Eliot was without a very large amount of mere industry and application, but as regards energy, 'thought widens, but lames,' as GOETHE says, and the wealth of unused potentialities—the waste of force—is as striking in the intellectual as in the physical world." The forthcoming *Life of George Eliot*, by her second husband, Mr. CROSS, is nearly finished.

—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has been investigating the sense of color among some of the lower animals. He finds that that lowly animal the water-flea is able to distinguish yellow and green light, and is fonder of either than of white light.

—From the London *Athenæum*: "Mr. ALBERT BIERSTADT, the painter of landscape panoramas, to whom was attributed the increased impost on works of art entering the United States, has denied taking any steps to bring this about, and declares that he took an energetic part in the reverse sense."

—Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Conservatives, in despair of securing either a programme for the present or a faith for the future, have fallen back upon the worship of the memory of Lord BEACONSFIELD. It is easy to sympathize with their anxiety to hide the difficulties of leadership to-day by glorifying the statesman who led them yesterday, but it is only the function of a friendly critic to tell them that they are making a mistake. We do not deny that they might find a source of much-needed strength in the worship of the memory of their lost leader, but it must be sought, not in the tinsel policies of Lord BEACONSFIELD, but in the social sympathies of the author of *Sybil*." Precisely what is meant by referring to the dead Premier as a "lost" leader?

—The opening of the British Museum and the National Gallery from seven to ten o'clock three nights every week is in a line with the needs of the public, and with the action already pursued by the authorities of the Bodleian Library, the Brussels Royal Library, and the Paris National Library, and seriously contemplated, if not resolved upon, by the trustees of the Astor Library.

—M. DE LESSEPS is called upon to bestir himself with regard to the present condition of the Suez Canal, which is now little better than a stagnant sewer, having long been used as a receptacle for the drainage of the stations on its banks. The passengers and crews of vessels detained in the canal are sufferers in consequence from diarrhœa and dysentery. But what shall be said of the average suburban village hereabouts, which is a miscellaneous collection of cottages and cess-pools?

—The Royal College of Music in England is congratulated upon having accomplished a principal object of its existence in discovering and rewarding latent musical talent in out-of-the-way places. Among its prize pupils last year were a girl who works in a mill, the daughter of a brickmaker, and the sons of a blacksmith and a farm-laborer.

—Mr. G. A. SALA speaks of himself as "an impenitent Radical of thirty years' standing."

—The influence of art, says a late reviewer, still reaches very little beyond the well-to-do class, and it is principally to the extraordinary increase of well-to-do people in the last fifty years that its empire is due. "Popular, in the sense in which literature is fast becoming popular, the arts of painting and sculpture are not and do not as yet promise to be. It is music, if anything, which gives promise of attaining to this universal dominion."

—The Buddhist Mongols are a class of men who do their praying by machinery, but the machinery is not "mighty, majestic, unutterably harmonious," like the big wheel that OSCAR WILDE saw at the Chicago Water-Works. Their praying wheel is a small and simple thing, with a handle which a man easily holds as he walks about. It contains a large number of printed prayers, and whenever it revolves the prayers revolve—in other words, are repeated. Sometimes the wheel is placed over the fire of the hearth, and turned around by the upward current of hot air. Sometimes you see it in a temple, so fixed that the pilgrim can take hold of its handle and give it a turn, as a laundry-maid does with the handle of a mangling machine.

—Professor CHANDLER'S connection with the Board of Health has ceased, and so has Professor TYNDALL'S connection with the London Board of Trade and the Light-house Board. In each case the difficulty seems to have been the insufferable intermeddling of smaller men than they. It is more than a pity for a city to lose the professional services of such scientists.

—The entering wedge of American interviewing, so far as the conservative journals of London are concerned, seems to be found in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 9, which prints nearly a column of matter about Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, the eminent musician of that city, in the shape of an extract from the Boston *Herald*, whose London correspondent wrote it. Sir JULIUS lives only a few minutes' walk from the editorial rooms of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is only fair to add, however, that the latter journal assures its readers that it carefully stripped the extract about Sir JULIUS of "many highly flavored personalities."

—Our Southern exchanges note the successful lecturing tour of the celebrated "Blind Preacher," the Rev. WILLIAM H. MILBURN. At Wilmington, North Carolina, a few days ago, "the stormiest night of the season" did not deter a large number from hearing "Dr. MILBURN'S very able and splendid lecture on AARON BURR." The eloquent doctor is preaching as well, and one of his sermons is described as "an almost perfect specimen of narrative and description."

—Every traveller in China is looked upon as a missionary, and treated accordingly.

—At a crowded meeting in Mr. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle the loudest and longest cheers were given in favor of the Affirmation Bill in the House of Commons. "This typical assembly of Nonconformists," writes a spectator, "were universally and deeply interested in the project for the abolition of the compulsory oath."

—Minister LOWELL, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is an unfailing sayer of good things.

—There is a proverb in Madagascar which says, "If a person will neither milk the cow nor hold the calf, but only lick the cream, he is not dealing fairly."

—From a recent speech by JOHN BRIGHT: "The late Bishop of Winchester [Bishop WILBERFORCE] was a man with whom I had often pleasant conversation upon public questions, and I met him occasionally at dinner, and he was always extremely friendly to me, although in some things we were quite apart. He told me that with regard to the Crimean war his opinion agreed with mine. He thought it unnecessary and unjust, and greatly to be lamented. I suggested to him whether it might not be good for him and for the country if he would take some opportunity in his place in the House of Lords of addressing to the House and to the government and to the nation a speech upon that question corresponding with the views that he had then explained to me. Well, he looked serious—and I have no doubt he felt the question to be a very serious one—and he said that he had taken that matter into his deliberation, and he had not been able to convince himself that taking that course would be productive of more good than it would of harm, and therefore that he had remained silent."

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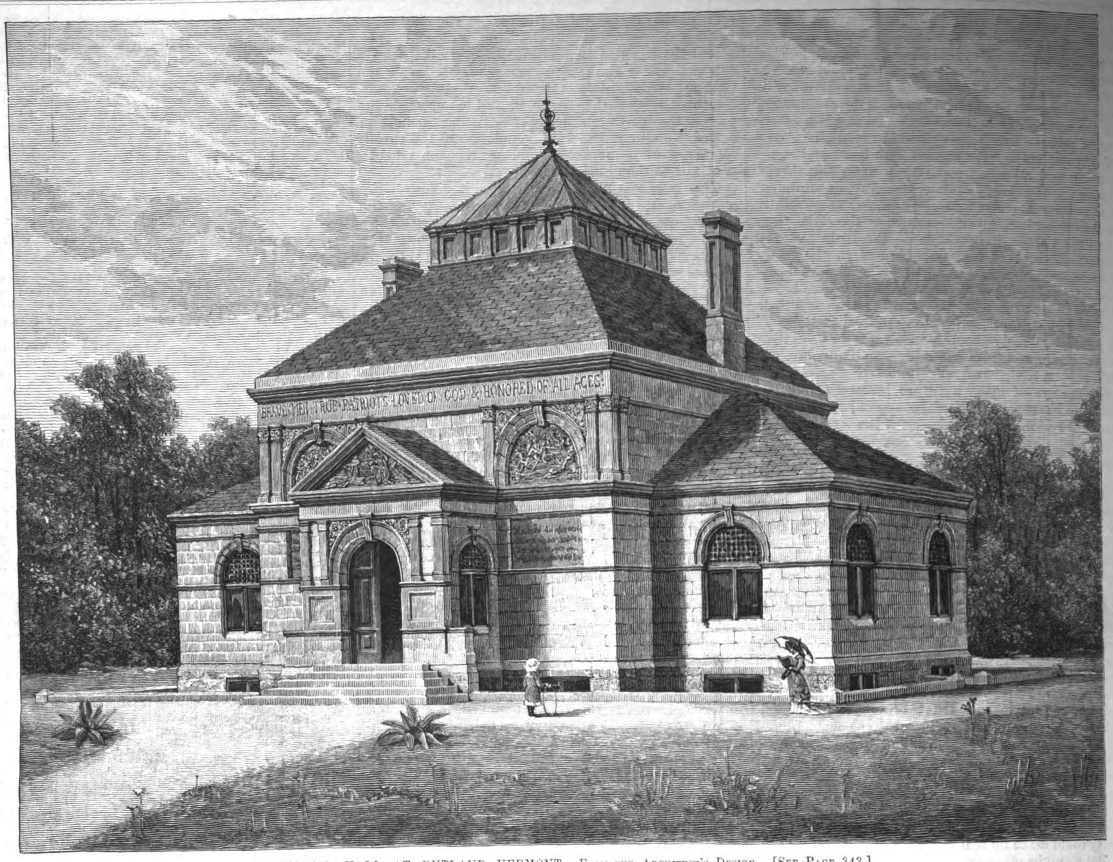
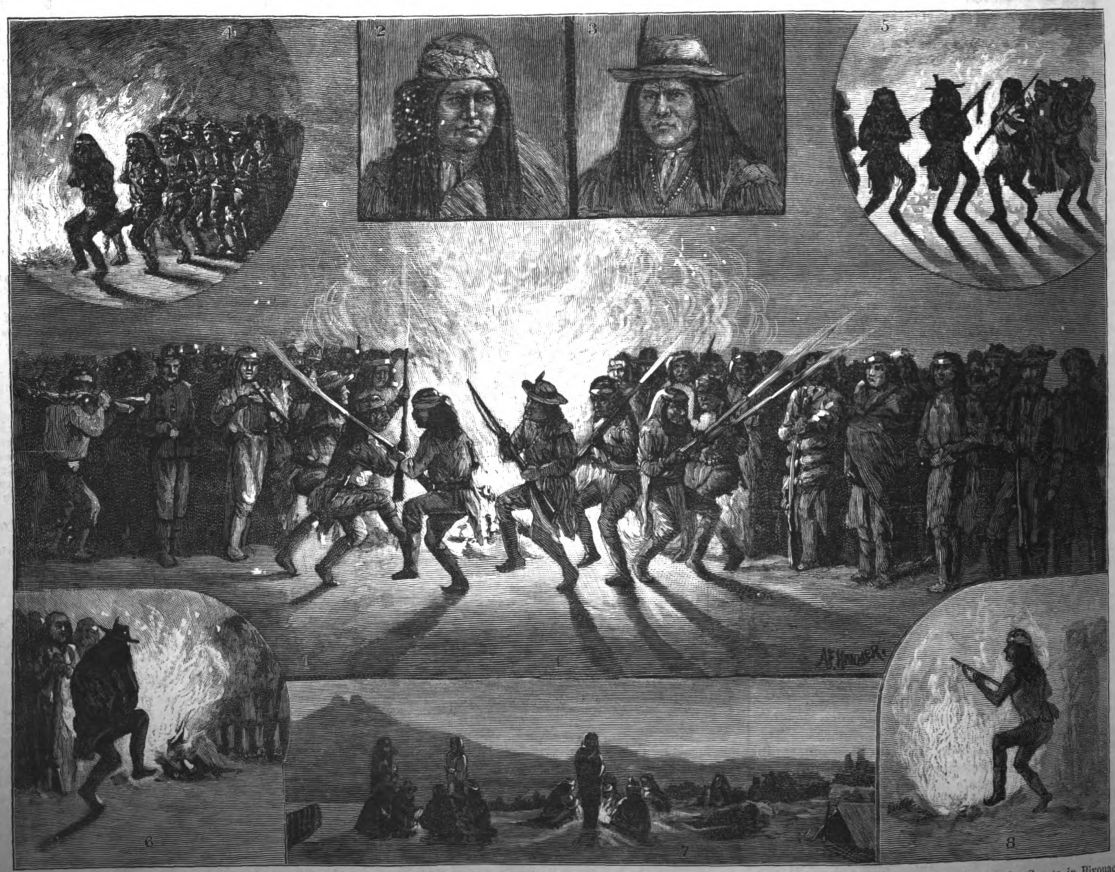


MEMORIAL HALL AT RUTLAND, VERMONT.—From the Architect's Design.—[See Page 343.]



1. Dance at its height. 2. "Pahnatishu," Chiricahua Captive. 3. "Alchisay," General Crook's favorite Scout. 4, 5, 6, and 8. Evolutions of the War-Dance. 7. Apache Scouts in Bivouac.

WAR DANCE OF GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE SCOUTS.—From a Sketch by A. F. Harmer.—[See Page 343.]

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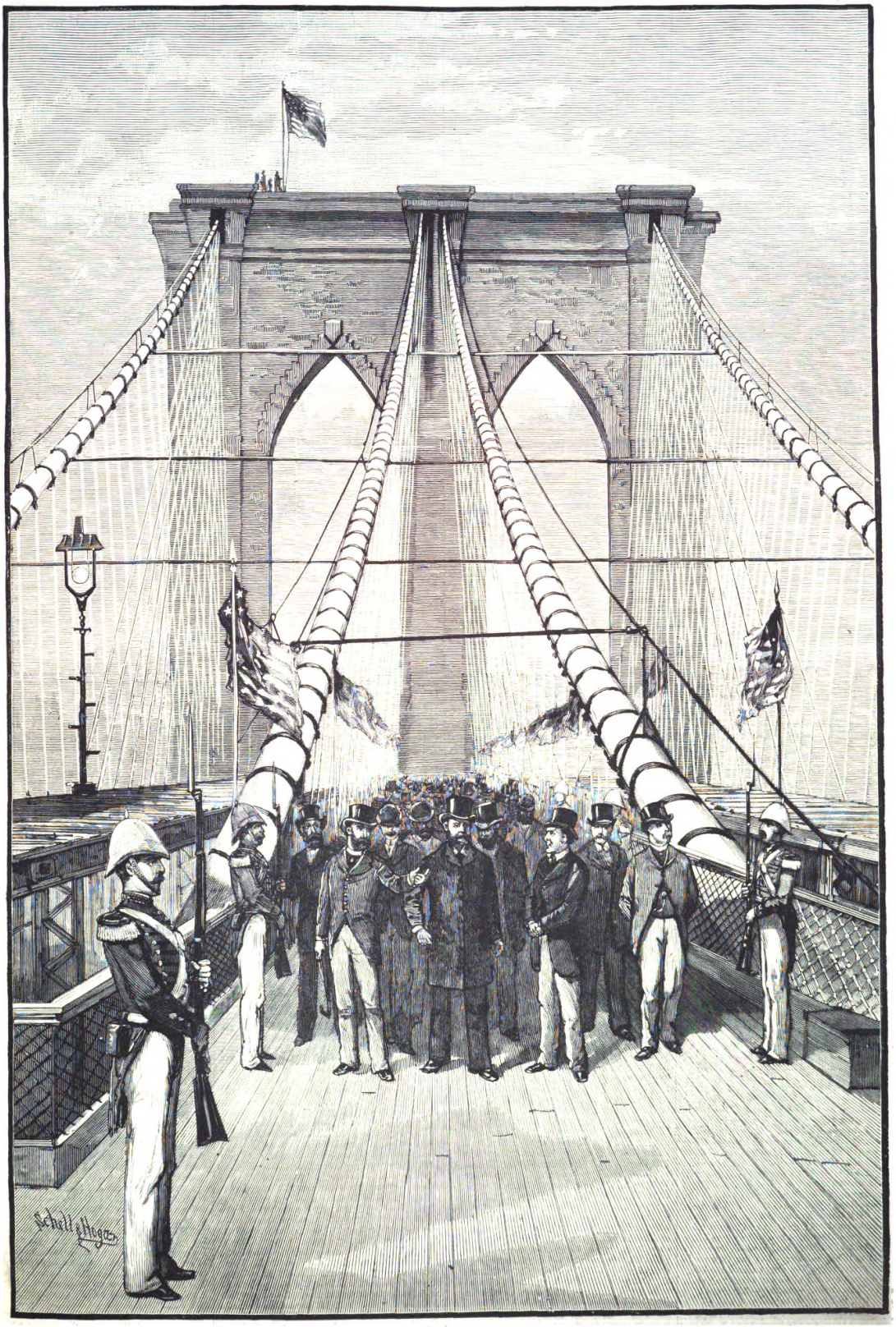

THE GREAT BRIDGE—PRESIDENT ARTHUR AND HIS PARTY CROSSING THE SUSPENDED HIGHWAY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 343.]

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DECORATION-DAY.

I WALKED the streets at midnight,
But my thoughts were far away,
For my leaf of life, now withered,
Was green again with May.

The snows of twenty winters
Had vanished from my brow,
And I (ah me!) looked forward,
As I look backward now.

Why should I not look forward?
I knew my soul was strong;
I knew there was within me
The might there is in Song.

My heart was light and friendly;
I loved my fellow-men,
And I loved—how much!—my comrades,
For I had comrades then.

Where are those dear old fellows?
Ah! whither have they flown?
I asked myself at midnight,
As I walked the streets alone.

There was Fitz, the Irish singer,
And Fred, the tender heart,
And Harry, who lived for Woman,
And Tom, who lived for Art.

Poor Fitz's song is over,
And the heart of Fred is still:
One went down at Yorktown,
The other at Malvern Hill.

Wrapt in the blue they fought in,
They buried them where they lay;
And elsewhere Tom and Harry,
Who wore, poor lads! the gray.

As I walked the streets at midnight,
And remembered the awful years
That snatched my comrades from me,
My eyes were filled with tears.

I thought of bloody battles,
Where thousands such as they
Had met and killed each other
For wearing the blue and gray;

Of happy homes that were darkened,
Of hearths that were desolate,
Of tender hearts that were broken,
Of love that was turned to hate.

I pitied the wretched living;
I think I did the dead;
I know I sighed for Harry,
And dropped a tear for Fred.

"Poor boys!" I said. But pondering
What was, and might have been
(What I am in the sere leaf,
And they were in the green),

I pitied my dead no longer;
I did not dare to. No.
They went when they were summoned—
Before, they could not go.

When we know what Life and Death are,
We shall then know which is best;
Meanwhile we live and labor:
Their labor done, they rest.

The earth lies heavy on them,
But they do not complain;
They do not miss the sunshine,
They do not feel the rain.

If they are ever conscious,
In that long sleep of theirs,
It is when, past the winter,
We feel the first spring airs.

When the birds from tropic countries
Come back again to ours,
And where of late were snow-drifts,
The grass is thick with flowers—

Such flowers as will to-morrow
Be scattered where they lie,
The blue and gray together,
Beneath the same sweet sky;

No stain upon their manhood,
No memory of the Past,
Except the common valor
That made us One at last!

R. H. STODDARD.

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY," "HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE," "DR. JACOB," "THE SYLVESTERS; OR, THE OUTCASTS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

BY the time ripe walnuts were falling from the trees in farm-house orchards, and over the brown fallow starlings held solemn conclave before flying south, Valerian's winter campaign was made out. One sunny sea-side rendezvous of winter idlers does as well as another for the purpose of mere pastime and epicurean pleasure in life, so he had brought his mistress to the same bright town nestled under the southern English hills. Miss Hermitage pronounced the house perfect, and the site bewitching, which it was indeed. Valerian's choice fell this time on a modest mansion perched on a right royal hill; grounds and garden must be of course insignificant in a place where every square inch of building land is worth its weight in gold to the speculators. But the view made up for everything. You might search the kingdom through and not find a more engaging prospect or heart-stirring panorama—fair green hills to the left, to the right, behind you, with all the signs of life and movement, church spires, garden-embowered villas, sloping meadows on which the cattle grazed even in winter, and below the many-sailed, sparkling sea. All this and much more was to be seen from the house itself, whilst the very sense of altitude gave exhilaration. Were only a common prosaic world below, the tenant of these breezy heights must all the same have felt a strange charm in being thus lifted above it, and enabled to contemplate his fellow-creatures, mere pigmies, as they hurried about the day's business. But the scene was very gracious. The happy configuration of the soil, dimpled hills of tenderest green, joining hands with stern sweeps of gorse-clad moor, is heightened by contrast with the sea—perpetual repose wedded to perpetual unrest. Yet the sea has ofttimes a southern calm and suavity, and even on winter days bears on its tranquil bosom many a silvery sailed shallop that rests at anchor "idly as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Nor is life wholly ordinary and unpicturesque in this sweet place. You may still see in its ancient harbor sea-faring men brown as Bedouins, and, like them, not translated into vulgarity by means of broadcloth and the chimney-pot. Wonderful indeed is their gear both on Sundays and working-days; for Sundays, provided the wind is not fair, new smocks dyed with the Indian catechu till they are bright as virgin copper, for plying their craft "all doth suffer a sea-change." There are to be seen slouched hats, trews, and petticoat—I know not by what other name to call them—of oil-skin, shiny and green as fishes' scales, with big Roundhead boots well seasoned by salt-water, the whole making up a formidable appearance, as of men bent on dire encounter with the elements. When there is no wind at all you may see one metamorphosis more. This time the fishermen wear tight-fitting garments of dark blue, having, with their fancifully shaped shrimping nets, an airy poetic appearance, although full of cold reality is the shrimper's life in winter. For these surroundings Miss Hermitage cared little, nor did she at all concern herself with Valerian's plans. She felt certain of being amused, and that sufficed. Just at present, however, she was enjoying a temporary lull, a pleasing interlude, devoid of surprise, but full of expectation. The curtain would soon be drawn. Meantime it was agreeable to sit awhile in subdued light, reining in one's powers of enjoyment. Stephana's arrival was the first event, and Miss Hermitage welcomed her warmly. "I do not understand you any more than if you had dropped from the planet Jupiter," she said, the first time they found themselves alone. "But I confess you divert me mightily. You are so unexpected in everything."

Stephana smiled one of those reproving little smiles of which Miss Hermitage was so far from divining the import. "And now I am going to be more unexpected than ever, Cousin Christina. I have something to tell you. I am going to marry Valerian."

"Valerian!—a man without a penny, without any position in the world, without— You are joking," replied Miss Hermitage. "And I am sure you never led any one to suppose that you would ever marry again," she added, in an aggrieved tone. "What can have put such a thing into your head?" Stephana was silent. Could she ever make her cousin understand? The task seemed so arduous she knew not how to begin. "At least if you make the mistake of marrying a second time, do it to your own advantage," Miss Hermitage continued. "You are young, rich, handsome. You might marry any one."

Still Stephana held her peace, but Miss Hermitage could not misread the look of quiet decision on her face.

"And Valerian's marriage would be the greatest possible misfortune to me," she said. "Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, I have thought of all these things. But I can not do otherwise. I must act up to my conscience."

"Really, Stephana, I am driven to think that you are going out of your mind."

"Is conscientious behavior so very rare, then?" laughed Stephana, bitterly. "But hear me out, Christina. I am bound to explain my motives to you. I will first say that two years ago, when we were at Naples together, Valerian led me to believe that only his deplorable position hindered him from coming forward. How could he, indeed? The thing was not possible."

"Well, what has happened to make it so? I have told you all along that I should never make Valerian my heir. A fair provision he will have, and the rest goes to charity," retorted Miss Hermitage. "If you marry Valerian, you will do it with your eyes open."

"But it is just because Valerian is so unfortunate that I have determined to do all that in me lies to make reparation," Stephana went on, quietly and resignedly, her mind made up to force an explanation upon her cousin, no matter at what cost to both. "Do you not see," she added, with almost painful emphasis, "how we are beholden to him by very reason of the wrongs he has endured?"

"I leave him a thousand a year. A man must be an idiot to grumble when thus provided for. I do think, my dear Stephana, Valerian's wrongs, as you call them, are for the most part imaginary. We have adopted him into the family; the facts of his birth concern nobody."

"At least they concern himself," Stephana made reply, again with extreme bitterness underlying her sweet voice; "and because they are shameful they concern all the world." She glowed with passionate indignation as she went on: "Has it never occurred to you that it is just the sins of which Valerian is the victim that make our modern civilization a mockery and society hideous? For my part, I never meet a work-house child but I blush for the depravity of my fellows. And note the law of retribution! We bring these unhappy beings without conscience into the world, and without conscience they turn upon us, vindicating themselves by violence and crime. What but chance hindered Valerian from being one of these abandoned ones?"

Miss Hermitage looked annoyed, even disturbed, yet unconvinced. "All this may be true," she said, evidently wishing to narrow the discussion to a point; "but I fail to see what they have to do with your proposal to marry him."

"Everything," answered Stephana, quietly. Then with a fine blush of enthusiasm she said: "I am rich, and he has nothing. In making over to him my wealth I give him the means of combating these social evils. He, the victim of shame and sin, shall stand up to plead the cause of others similarly ill-used, the apostle of a higher code of morality."

Miss Hermitage made sarcastic retort, though she had seemed to wince whilst listening.

"Throw your money into the sea if you like, my dear Stephana. It is your own, and none can say you nay. But, depend on it, as long as the world stands there will be vice and virtue. It is a law of nature."

The glow faded from Stephana's face, and the tremor of fine feeling no longer thrilled her voice, as she replied, in her turn biting and sarcastic: "So I dare say the Pacific islanders thought when they made meals of their captives. And we are not so far ahead of them as we think."

"Well, we are not cannibals, thank Heaven! But reflect for a moment. You would be very unhappy with Valerian; you two are not in the least suited to each other. Let him be. Let everything be. It would be so much better both for your health and spirits."

Stephana sat still, silent yet remonstrant. Miss Hermitage continued, with positively a caressingness in her hard voice: "I should be really sorry to see you make another mistake—I should indeed. These handsome notions of doing good never come to anything, my dear. We must just eat our bread and butter from day to day, and leave the world as we find it."

"Has Valerian's fate never troubled you, then, Christina?" asked Stephana, looking with indescribable pathos into her cousin's eyes.

"You see that I have provided for him; I could not do less," was the quick, irritated answer. "But now do let me hear what you have been doing in London all this time, and the place reeking with fever. I trust you have made your will. The life of a rash, impulsive person like yourself is not worth an hour's purchase."

Thus the conversation ended. Had Stephana succeeded in making her motives plain? Was Christina any nearer her inmost thoughts and most painful convictions? She could not tell. She only knew that her cousin could never be brought to return to the topic, and almost seemed, by such avoidance, to shun her company.

CHAPTER XX.

VALERIAN needed all his much praised tact, collectedness, and discrimination to extricate himself from his strange position. Arthura, his betrothed, his only love, in the house; Stephana, his would-be benefactress, close by, and alike the love of the one and the magnanimity of the other to be held a dead secret, locked up in his own breast as if indeed they were not. For if Arthura must not know of Stephana's benign intentions, still less must Stephana suspect Arthura's girlish passion. He had kept silence. The time was gone by for any gentle unravelment of the threads. Come what would, they must now be rudely cut asunder; perhaps to-morrow, perhaps next year; no matter when, so long as it was not too late.

Thus he reasoned, and certainly such a decision was convenient, if hardly high-minded or wise. Nothing could have been more uncomfortable to all three than an explanation just then. Arthura must straightway forfeit her really handsome position. Stephana's generous schemes would be nipped in the bud, and his own worldly prospects suffer shipwreck. Miss Hermitage would never forgive the deception, never, never, never, repeated Valerian to himself, condoning one crooked line of conduct by another. And having once persuaded himself that it was inevitable, that he was thus acting because to act otherwise was impossible, he finally took refuge, as most of us do under similar circumstances, in a kind of fatality. Unlucky chances were playing with him. He was the sport of misadventure. He must for the time being just let the Fates do with him as they would. For the time being, reasoned Valerian. He had not the remotest idea of playing traitor to his better nature. He loved Arthura more dearly than ever, and would not suffer himself to drift into infidelity to her. When the crisis came he should give up everything for her sake; but meantime there was no crisis. He could enjoy the suavity of Stephana's friendship in the sweet consciousness of Arthura's love. And last but not least he was not breaking with his best friend, his cousin Christina. To give her up, indeed, just now when she so urgently needed his services, would be the acme of human ingratitude. To have deceived her in the first instance and to go on deceiving her now was not only a duty, but a piece of downright kindness, Valerian finally said to himself, one sophistry, like one tortuous act, being implicitly bound up with another.

And indeed all went very smoothly, Arthura helping him with her proud reserve, Stephana no less so with her quiet, almost sisterly kindness. Kinder no woman could be to any man, but it was the kindness that has no sentiment in it—the kindness a lover would have resented. Those steady sympathetic glances, those affectionate signs of interest, that friendly serviceableness, might mean anything but love. No wonder that Arthura was disarmed. It needed no woman's insight, nor man's either, to see that as far as Valerian was concerned Stephana was absolutely insensible to deeper feeling. She might like him, and that cordially. But she saw him come and go with perfect composure. She was the same whether he was absent or sitting by her side. Flattering, however, as might be this outward calm and fancied security to Valerian, Stephana wanted to touch firmer ground. Life to her meant no mere living from hand to mouth, no patch-work of good intentions and vague purposes, still less a raree-show got up for pastime and clapping of the hands. She must live consistently, having definite objects before her ever, and forcing all minor circumstance and endeavor to one central thought. So having come to the conclusion that Valerian's future was matter of first concernment, she could not let day after day slip idly by. Nor was opportunity wanting. They were often thrown together; it rested with herself whether or no they should be alone. She had only to command an interview. She preferred to seize upon chance, and one day when Valerian called, little prepared for such an invitation, she bade him stay.

"Take a chair," she said, quite collectedly, almost coldly; "I have something to say to you."

Now Valerian had been quite thrown off his guard by Stephana's cousinly, nay, sisterly behavior for weeks past, and almost driven to believe that such blissful uncertainty might last forever. There was no reason why Stephana should speak out to-day any more than yesterday, and that day twelvemonth any more than to-morrow. When, therefore, quite suddenly and unlooked-for came such a behest, he felt too much taken by surprise to frame any resolution at all. And again the beguiling sophism came to his aid. He was the sport of circumstance. Chance must do with him as it would. At first Stephana's confidences were very re-assuring. Valerian listened, growing easier in mind and more courageous every moment.

"Valerian," she began, "I wish you would tell me in all frankness whether you have any sympathy with those causes for which our cousin Constantine has battled so stoutly? Do they as much as interest you?"

"To be perfectly sincere," he said, speaking readily, and without any more secret misgiving, "I have always regarded myself as a nobody, to whom nothing was of any concern, except, indeed, the matter of meat, drink, and the wherewithal to be clothed."

They both smiled after friendliest fashion. Such straightforwardness pleased Stephana, and seemed a guarantee of higher qualities.

"Have you never wished to use such powers as you possess on a wider, more ambitious scale? You are variously gifted. You should make a figure in the world."

Valerian laughed sarcastically. "Some men might do so certainly, and under the same conditions. I am afraid that I lack magnanimity. What right has society to expect anything of me? I say to myself, and go my ways unconcerned."

"But hardly content, I am sure," Stephana said, the underlying bitterness of Valerian's speech interesting, touching her. It was the first time that they had ever verged upon a confidence. She wanted to probe this nature hitherto deemed by her—who could say how unjustly?—unimpressionable even to shallowness.

"Content is not perhaps the word, but another that may shock you more—indifferent. Had I not long ago schooled myself into indifference, life must have been intolerable to me. Most men similarly placed would have recourse to the same philosophy."

Stephana glanced at her cousin's agreeable physiognomy, no traces of silent anguish on the smooth brow, no signs of inner conflict in the steadily beaming eye. All was careless, sunny, youthful, yet how often may outward aspect betray rather than reveal the hidden soul? None could tell what Valerian might have suffered in secret. Very kindly and insinuatingly she took up the thread.

"I should have felt much for you, but I mistook your light-heartedness for insensibility. If, as you say, then, your present life were intolerable but for such indifference, why not change it? I own I have blamed your passiveness."

"Ambitiousness may be acquired," Valerian said, determined not to pose—at any rate and at all hazards to appear no other than he was in Stephana's eyes. "It would be hard indeed if I could not do better than I am doing now."

"Perhaps better for yourself and your worldly prospects," Stephana made answer, with appreciable disapproval in her voice. "I was hardly thinking of personal objects."

"Hear me," cried Valerian, giving way to a sudden burst of genuine feeling. "I have never for a moment dreamed of being satisfied with myself. But there was gratitude binding me to Christina, and she will have this kind of service, and no other. It is hardly my fault if I am a perpetual master of drawing-room ceremonies."

"Poor Valerian!" said Stephana, smiling, once more all sympathetic concern and benevolence. The herculean tasks that fell to his hands daily struck her as new facts of good augury. "The skill and energy you put into your present career might really accomplish great things," she went on, thoughtfully, "if you would only be guided."

Then turning round and looking him straight in the face, without a faltering of the sweet voice, a tinge of carnation in the pale cheek, she said, quite naturally and calmly:

"Will you give me a conscience in exchange for my wealth? Long ago, when we were in Rome, you hinted of your wishes to me, and spoke of the differences in our position as a barrier between us. I see the matter in another light. The sacrifice is to be all on your side. I have nothing but unearned worldly fortune to bestow, but *you*—"

She gazed at him steadfastly, and added, with a more subtle insinuation in her voice: "What are you not bidden to give up? Ease, acquired habits of life, and perhaps romance? You must

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have dreamed, like other men, of winning some woman's love, if not mine, for I can only give you friendship. No deeper feeling: I have said it. If, then, a single conviction causes you to hesitate, be true to it. Be what you will, only true to yourself."

Thrilled by this noble appeal, Valerian yet listened, unable to open his lips, and such outward impassibility might well deceive a less unsuspecting looker-on than Stephana. For she was far as could be from imputing crookedness or cowardice to this matter-of-fact, commonplace, yet well-meaning and much-suffering Valerian. It seemed to her only natural that having at one time, hopelessly as he thought, aspired to her hand, he should be somewhat overcome by the sudden realization of his wishes. Silence on his part could mean no more nor less than excessive surprise, not without a touch of gratitude. And nothing he could say was so becoming and convenient as silence. His thanks she did not want, his love-making she could not have. They could, must be, only the best possible friends.

And Valerian seemed but to put her thoughts into words when at last he got out, hesitatingly enough, "You are my best friend in the wide world!" He paused, glanced round him nervously, as if he feared that even in Stephana's boudoir might lurk eavesdroppers, then added, "How can I ever thank you?"

Was he on the verge of a confidence? Had Stephana's singleness of purpose infected him? He hardly knew; he only felt conscious of a vague feeling akin to remorse, and of a fluttering impulse to tell her all. Had she been a common woman he would have done so. Stephana's very noble-mindedness awed while it disturbed him. He felt that already he was deserving of her scorn, and her generosity he was unable to measure.

"It will be my turn to thank if you do all, nay, the half of what I would fain impose on you," she replied, smiling graciously. "Think well before you accept me as your task-mistress."

Then she held out her beautiful hand with such an air of queenly condescension and yet womanly affectionateness that he could not choose but raise it to his lips.

So their interview ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMORIAL HALL IN RUTLAND.

Few towns have had a more satisfactory experience of the truth of the proverb that "in patient waiting there is no loss" than Rutland, the picturesque and prosperous "Marble City" of the Green Mountain State. Excelled by no town in Vermont in the number and quality of the men she gave to the war, outnumbered by no other town in the graves of her honored dead, which are strewn with flowers on Decoration-day, she has until now taken no practical step to erect anything to their memory. Several years after the close of the war a mixed civil and military committee was named to prepare plans for a suitable soldiers' monument, a handsome prize was widely advertised for the best design, and from over a hundred offered the committee adopted one possessing great merit, estimated to cost, in Vermont marble, ten thousand dollars. They were never quite satisfied that a mere monumental form was the best one for the memorial to take, and pending the discussion the panic occurred, the hard times followed, and it was thought more prudent to defer the report of the committee till more favorable times. In the ten years that have passed the subject has never ceased to occupy the minds of some members of the committee, who have worked out a plan for a more useful as well as a more beautiful form for the memorial to take than the ordinary soldiers' monument—a form in which it should tell its story more eloquently and have a greater daily living use and influence in the community than any monument simply.

From this study the beautiful building which we illustrate on page 340 has taken form, combining at once a temple to patriotic self-sacrifice, a stately and beautiful home for a public library, and an art gallery. The five marble companies of Vermont comprising the Producers' Marble Company generously offered to contribute the entire amount of marble required, and to extend the facilities of their works for the carving and cutting of the same. With an enthusiasm and fervor recalling the impassioned meetings of the war times, the town, rich and poor competing, with hardly a dissenting voice, adopted the designs, and voted the appropriation of $25,000 asked for. The material to be used is the choicest dark blue marble, with sawed surface above the basement, finished with a deep red slate roof. The total cost will be about fifty thousand dollars.

Having a twofold character and purpose, the building fronts both ways. One front, the military, is wholly given up to telling the story in marble of the heroism of the dead, and the achievements of their arms in the war of the rebellion. The other, the literary, intending to teach to every passer-by the importance of good books in the diffusion of knowledge, and that the great advantages we enjoy impose upon us grave responsibilities as citizens of a republic whose permanency depends upon civic virtue and popular intelligence. On either side of the vestibule on each front are arched panels fourteen feet high, divided horizontally by a heavy moulded course through the centre. In the upper halves are to be placed bass-reliefs—those of the military front of battle scenes—one introducing the artillery and infantry arms in action, and the other the cavalry; underneath these in the lower halves will be carved inscriptions, tributes to the memory of the dead, as well as expressing the popular impulse which has given birth to the building.

In the pediment above the vestibule will be placed a bass-relief representing Columbia sitting a sorrowing mourner beside the bier of her dead sons. Across the frieze at a height of thirty feet from the ground will run this inscription: "Brave men: true patriots—loved of God and honored of all ages."

The scholastic front will have the same architectural character, but its ornamentation will be purely literary. The panel on the right will contain a bass-relief representing the re-awakening of the intellectual life after the Dark Ages, the beginning of our era, the subject chosen being an adaptation of the familiar picture of Friar Bacon, in cord and gown, in his grated cell, surrounded with the rude appliances of scientific research—retorts and crucibles, vellum manuscripts and parchment scrolls—half scientist, half magician. The subject of the other bass-relief will be wholly scientific. As the building will be as absolutely indestructible as marble and iron and the absence of wood can make it, a century hence it may prove a curious and instructive milestone down the pathway of the ages since Friar Bacon's day, and throw us back into the middle distance, should the twentieth century equal in fertility our own. Across the frieze, balancing the other, runs this inscription: "From good Books cometh Education, from popular Education true and abiding Liberty." In the interior a basement story, twelve feet high, well lighted and ventilated, affords room for twenty thousand volumes of the circulating library, together with working and waiting rooms.

The Memorial Hall will occupy the centre of the building, flanked by two wings, the one containing a thoroughly equipped study, the other a military museum or war-relic room. Around its walls to the height of six feet will run cases for the more valuable books of a reference library, to be used exclusively within the building. Above these cases the wall spaces will be prepared for the reception of military portraits, battle scenes, or other works of art which may be presented to it. The floor will be laid in a rich design of marble tile converging to the centre, to the distinguishing feature of this building, which makes it *more complete* as a memorial or monument than anything hitherto erected. This will be a pile of a military character, part altar, part trophy, upon which to place a record-book, which takes the place of the usual lettered tablet, only giving the name, company, regiment, date of death, and action in which each soldier fell. This book will be as imperishable as the stoutest vellum with metal binding can make it, and in it in indelible ink, *giving to each dead soldier a full page*, will be engrossed a short but full record of his service.

The last half of the book will contain a complete roster of all the men Rutland gave to the war, giving a third or a fourth of a page to each, with less of detail than to those killed in action.

THE OPENING OF THE BRIDGE.

SINCE the completion of the Croton Aqueduct, now forty years ago, there has been no dedication of a public work to the public uses so impressive and so important as the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. To find another parallel we must go back twenty years further, to the opening of the Erie Canal. This was perhaps the most important event of the three, since the opening of the canal undoubtedly determined the metropolitan rank of the city which is now connected by the bridge with the greatest suburb of any city in the world, itself the third in rank among the cities of the United States.

The canal has been all but superseded as a channel of commerce, and desperate remedies have been invoked to prevent it from lapsing into the obsoleteness and oblivion of a dry and useless moat. The aqueduct, which its builders confidently expected to supply the needs of the city for many generations, has become inadequate during the lifetime of its engineer, and needs to be supplemented by another and ampler conduit. How long will it be before the great bridge that has just been dedicated is surpassed by another and another yet more capacious and more daring?

We can hardly avoid asking ourselves this question, so rapid and impetuous has been the progress of New York during the sixty years that have elapsed since the opening of the Erie Canal, even while we are congratulating each other upon the monumental achievement which seems so much like a triumphant finality. But the bridge, as a work of engineering, is so distinct an advance upon anything that has been done before in the same direction, and its influence will be so important upon the relations of the communities which it unites, that it is worthy of the great pageant with which it was opened to the public, and of the exultant oratory in which its completion was celebrated by Mr. HEWITT and Dr. STORRS. The completion of such a work justifies the most gorgeous rites which the simplicity of our civic organization can command. The official presence of the President, of the Governor of the State, of the dignitaries of the army and navy, and of a squadron of saluting men-of-war, in addition to whatever of pomp and circumstance could be given to the occasion by the militia, were all required by the intrinsic importance of the event they were to celebrate. The design of the bridge itself shows that as communities we have lost the power of conceiving poetically works and events of practical utility. If we had not, the visible union of New York and Brooklyn with links of steel would have demanded the most splendid ceremonial we could have devised. It is not likely that the "inauguration" of the bridge will ever attract a historical painter as a subject. And yet the union by a visible tie of the first and the third of American cities is intrinsically as noble a theme for art as the maritime power of Venice, the fantastic symbol of which, in the procession of the *Bucentaur*, generations of painters have delighted to celebrate.

There is always some mixture of tragedy in the memories of a great work that has been continued for many years. The bridge is not, like the Pyramids, a monument of the hopeless toil of thousands of men under the scourge of a sordid tyranny. The humblest laborer who helped to lay its foundations under the tide can walk its roadway as much its owner as any other. But the ancient superstition, which Professor TYLER has traced to its source, that a man must be buried under the pier of a bridge that the bridge may stand, has been illustrated more than once. The victims of the "caisson disease" have left their lives under these massive towers. The most illustrious of the sacrifices is that of the great engineer who designed the work, the crowning achievement of his laborious life. But scarcely less pathetic is the fortune of his son and successor, who was only permitted to participate in the ceremonies which celebrated the completion of the bridge as a distant spectator, instead of being the hero of the hour, and receiving in person the honors and gratulations he had earned. He has had only the view from Pisgah of the goal that has been reached after twelve weary years. The bridge is likely to outlast all traditions of the men who built it. But one of the most enduring of these traditions is likely to be the touching story of the successive masters of the work, the ROEBLINGS, father and son.

"DAD'S GIRL."

Oh, the world is full o' fathers, an' full o' babies too;
An' there's mothers, dear, a plenty, though ne'er a one for you;
An' there's homes whar lots o' money makes livin' fine an' grand,
An' there's folks, too, as can choose from the best on sea or land.
It ain't much money, darlin', as stuffs *my* pockets out,
An' all the land I own you could roll a stone about.
But this little cot holds somethin' not every home may see;
It's *holdin'* daddy's girl, dear, an' that's enough for me.

Oh, my girl she is so bonny, so winsome, an' so fair,
With the sun forever dancin' an' glintin' through her hair;
An' her lips like two red cherries, an' the mother's eyes so blue,
With the look that was her mother's forever shinin' through;
Sure I'm thinkin', baby darlin', all the babies ever known
Can't beat her the mother left me to love and tend alone;
An' of only she war in it—the wife who loved me so—
I wouldn't swap my home for the grandest one I know.

Ay! you're daddy's girl, my baby! he wants no other love
Till the good God bids him leave ye an' meet the wife above:
So we'll jest pull on together, my little 'un, an' see
How glad with love and sunshine our humble home may be.
True, from early dawn till evenin' there's work enough to do;
But a light heart makes light labor—that's easy puttin' through.
An' dad's dear girl is waitin' with her kisses soft an' sweet,
When the long day's work is over, an' she an' dad may meet.

THE COACHING CLUB.

"I CAN'T for the life of me see what sport there is in driving a coach."

The speaker was an elderly man who stood at the edge of the throng in front of the Hotel Brunswick, when the New York Coaching Club started on its annual parade.

"When I was a boy—and a young one at that," he continued—"I lived up in Connecticut. That was before the days of railroads. I well remember the line of mail-coaches that then ran between New York and Boston. They used to pass through our village, and were like those coaches for all the world. Not quite so smart, perhaps, but very like 'em. Their arrival at the old tavern was a great event. More like work than play coaching is, though. It's time wasted. There can't be any sport in coaching." The old philosopher wagged his head wisely, and wandered on down Fifth Avenue to the Square.

No sport in coaching? Don't tell a coachman or one who has driven a coach that. He won't believe you, and may think you're crazy. Let the old gentleman quoted, or any who believes with him, mount the box of a handsome and heavy coach to which four spirited horses are attached. Let him crack his long whip over the heads of the leaders, if he can, to the music of the post-horn, as evoked by FOWNES or some other "crack" guard. With the first plunge of the horses he will find that he has something besides boy's play on hand. He will find too, that, expert driver as he may have been, smart horses as he may have driven, he has in the finely bred horses in front of him something besides the hack team of a lumbering mail-coach to handle. Give the horses their heads, and there comes at once a rush of young blood that astonishes the sluggish fluid in his veins, and sets it coursing at unwonted speed. He braces himself more sturdily against the stanch foot-rest; he settles more squarely on his seat. As the leaders plunge forward, and the pole horses settle down to their work, and all seem to take a firmer hold on the bits, there comes along the lines a sort of electric thrill, and unconsciously he takes a firmer hold. Fingers tingle, muscles harden, respirations are deeper and fuller. Age says good-by for the nonce, and youth resumes once more its sway. The eye watches critically to detect every caprice of the blooded animals, restless in harness, and every nerve is at a high tension. A bit of paper blows across the road, and near the leaders. They swerve from their course, and as steady a hand is needed as is necessary at the helm when a sudden gust strikes the sails of the trim yacht, and makes every plank and every yard of rigging groan and almost beg to snap asunder. No sport? Let him try and crack the whip as accurately as does that pet of society, that favorite of the clubs, driving the coach ahead of him, so that the silken lash just touches the netted covering over the ear of a leader—touches it as lightly as *does the fly* cast by the expert fisherman just touch the water in the centre of that pool where the king of the trout stream lies warily. He'll find as much genuine pleasure in holding the ribbons then as does the fisherman in holding the line when the trout makes his lightning-like snap at the tempting fly. And the former must be as expert in a way as the latter to keep the respective game—may both be called—in hand. A ten-mile drive over Westchester County or Long Island roads will find the old man or the amateur coachman possessor of a healthfully tired body, a gourmand's appetite, and, if it be evening when the drive is concluded, a disposition for a fragrant after-dinner cigar and a sound night's rest. He will no more say there's no sport in coaching.

Coaching has come to be one of the most popular of sports among those who can afford it. It is not only healthful and invigorating, but a means of sociability beside which many of its rivals among sports—even yachting, with its (to ladies) ever possible dangers—can not be compared. There is a sense of safety while rolling over mother earth—no treachery there from winds or tides. That sense of security gives zest to the social spirit. The invigorating air, the beauties of the landscape, the countless "WASHINGTON'S head-quarters" on every side, and the pictures of country life and country grotesque, are never-failing themes for wit or sentiment, suggestions for poetry or story. To be sure, the coaching enthusiast can not control the weather. Showers will come. But there are seats inside for the ladies. Your true coachman rather enjoys than regrets such an interruption. His great-coat, with prodigious buttons, always provided for such an emergency, is sufficient protection for him, and a race for a place of shelter, when thunder and lightning accompanies the storm and frightens the horses a bit, is a source of additional exhilaration to him; and a successful race under such circumstances forms a fruitful topic of conversation for many days to come.

To the average man or woman the annual Coaching Club parade is an event of the season. And well it may be. Sleek, high-spirited horses, mated or cross-mated, carefully groomed, handsomely harnessed; clean bulky-bodied coaches in white, cream, yellow, claret, or red, with running gear usually of some strongly contrasting color; guards well dressed, conscious of their importance, lusty of lung, and more or less noisy as to post-horn; gallants, each with *boutonnière* in his coat lapel, dressed and kidded in accord with fashion's latest dictates; ladies resplendent in costumes of the gayest and umbrellas of the brightest colors, vying with those of the flowers in their corsage bouquets, yet always in harmony—that is the picture, and some of its characteristics our artist has reproduced elsewhere. Who will say it is not a bright one, especially when color brings out the effects that can but ill be told in black and white as HARPER'S WEEKLY must tell it? A dozen coaches—a dozen pictures of life and beauty—whirling through the Park when spring has given life to the brown and barren lawn and trees of winter. Rushing horses, merry laughter, smiling faces, happy hearts. Such was the parade of the Coaching Club, and each participant in the day's sport felt under personal obligation to Colonel DELANCEY KANE for introducing the sport to Manhattan-Islanders. Colonel JAY, Colonel KIP, FREDERIC BRONSON, Consul-General T. A. HAVEMEYER, and Consul HUGO FRITSCH, of the Austrian government, G. R. FEARING, J. V. PARKER, J. R. ROOSEVELT, F. A. SCHERMERHORN, F. K. STURGIS, AUGUST BELMONT, Colonel ISAAC H. REED, FAIRMAN ROGERS, and others well known in social and business circles, own and drive their coaches, and find health and pleasure in the recreation. No sport in coaching? Why, then, its devotees among those whose means enable them to gratify every desire for pleasure?

C. T. BRONSON.

AN INDIAN DANCE.

ON page 340 we give an illustration of the war-dance celebrated by General CROOK'S Apache scouts at Willcox, Arizona Territory, the night before starting on the present expedition against the hostiles. The sketch was made on the spot by Mr. HARMER, an artist who is devoting himself assiduously to the delineation of Indian life and character.

THE WHEELMEN'S MEET.

ON page 348 we present an illustration of the third annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen, one of the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings of the kind that has ever taken place in this country. Our picture shows a column of wheelmen on the Riverside Drive. The procession, led by the "pace-makers," followed by Commander BECKWITH and his escort, consisted of four divisions, as follows: The first, under command of Mr. FRED. G. BOURNE, was composed of clubs whose entire membership are League men; the second, under command of Captain WILL. R. PITMAN, contained several clubs only a part of whose members belong to the League; the third, under command of Mr. GEORGE R. BIDWELL, consisted of non-League clubs; and the fourth, under command of Mr. S. T. CLARK, of unattached riders. The meet was in every way a success.

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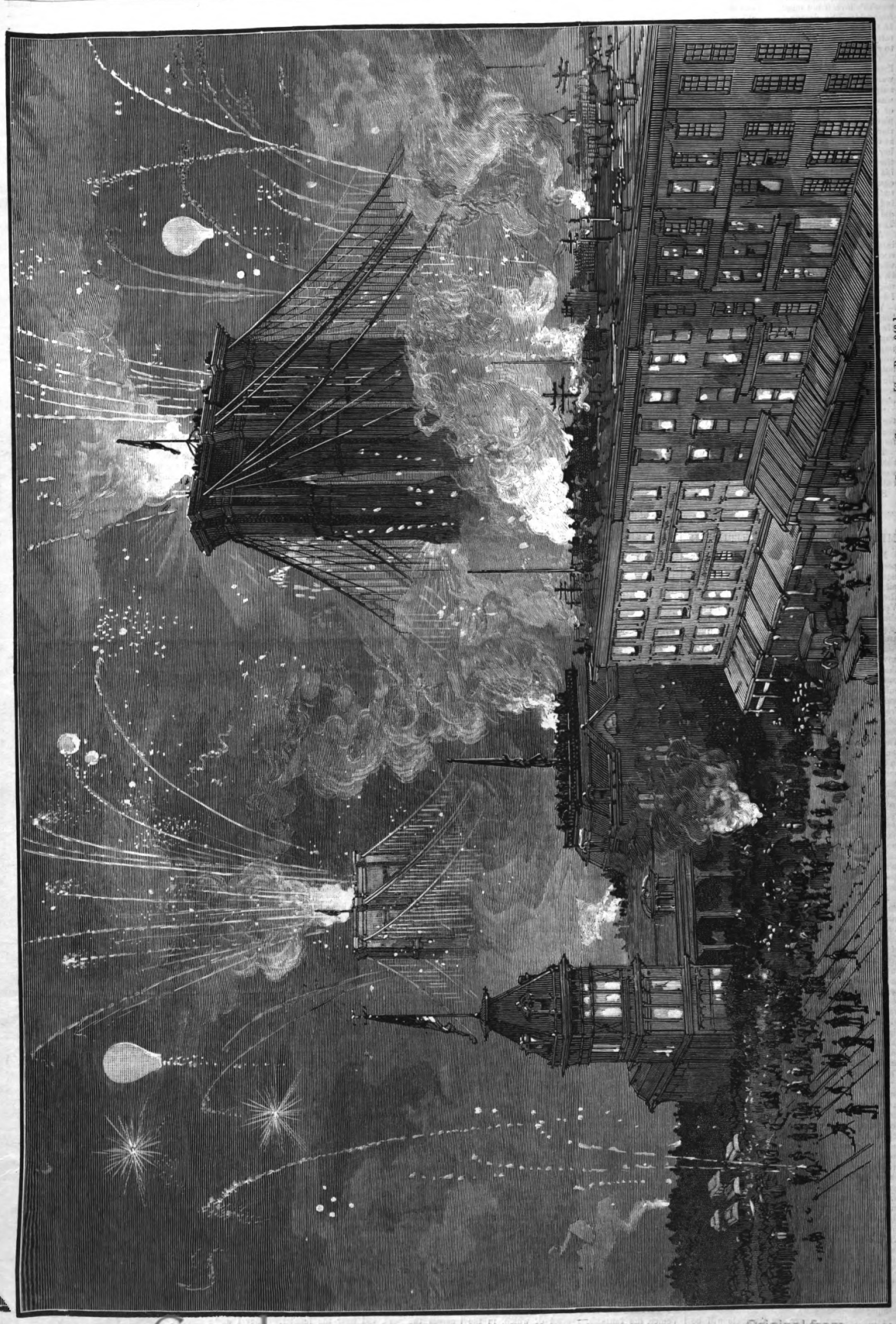

THE GREAT BRIDGE—FIRE-WORKS AND ILLUMINATION, FROM THE BROOKLYN SIDE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 343.]

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OPENING OF THE COACHING SEASON.—DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

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A RECOGNITION.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.
Author of "Mr. Isaacs."

JOHN CURWEN was never seasick. He had perhaps outgrown such weakness, for he was forty years old at the very least, and his gray hair made him look older. At all events, he had not missed a meal during the four or five days since the steamer had left New York. He did not look very healthy, like an Englishman, nor very dyspeptic, like some Americans. His hair was gray, his face rather pale, and his manner quiet. He was of middle height, neither stout nor thin, neither very broad nor very narrow. He dressed very quietly, read a great deal, and said he belonged to the legal profession. Altogether he was an unobtrusive and business-like passenger, who gave no trouble, and took none.

For four or five days he rose regularly, answered the regular summons to table, walked a mile or two on deck, read for several hours, smoked an evening cigar, and went to bed between nine and ten, apparently perfectly contented, or perfectly indifferent.

One morning he paused in his walk and leaned back against the bulwarks facing the deck, just as a steward was helping a lady, who seemed very weak, to reach her deck chair near the door of the companion. The weather was warm, but the lady was thickly veiled and wrapped in some soft voluminous garments that hid her figure completely; but her hands were ungloved as they gripped the arms of the chair in the act of seating herself. They were hands that had been beautiful once, and were still remarkable—long, slender hands, with delicate fingers turning back at the last joint, like those of some pianists; as the lady sank back wearily into the chair they folded themselves loosely on her lap. The steward arranged her pillows and her shawls not unskillfully. She motioned her thanks, and he withdrew. John Curwen stood looking at her, still leaning against the bulwark. In a few minutes he resumed his walk on the deck, passing and repassing the sick lady, and each time he came near to her he slackened his pace and looked intently at those hands of hers, that were unlike those of other women, and seemed to tell a tale. He tried to stifle what must have been his curiosity, and he sat for some time reading far away from her, but it was no use. The leaves of his book stuck together in the breeze, and the letters danced before his eyes, till he discovered that after half an hour's effort he had not read a word. The passengers came and went, and settled themselves to enjoy the balmy June day, each one in his or her own fashion; and John Curwen watched them idly, as though they were so many lay figures. At last a band of children, making merry over their recovery from seasickness, ran against him in their play, and roused him from his reverie. He rose and walked leisurely forward toward the companion.

The lady was still sitting there, her face still veiled, and her hands still bare. He stopped by her side and looked once more at the white fingers. Then he took off his hat, and stood holding it while he spoke.

"Madam," he said, "I must beg to be forgiven for my indiscretion. Are you or were you Miss Amy Anston, of New York, or am I mistaken? Pray forgive me—I will explain."

"That was my maiden name, sir," she answered, quietly. "May I ask how or when you have known me?"

"I am John Curwen."

"John—Curwen," she repeated, slowly, but rather as though she was completely surprised than as needing any effort of memory to recall the man to the name. Her hand quickly loosened the veil that hid her features, and they were face to face, looking earnestly into each other's eyes.

She was a woman who had probably been pretty in her youth, but who was rather plain in middle age. She was thin, and had a refined air; but the jaw was too long and the nose too small for the face; her eyes were blue and faded, and somewhat insignificant. She might be forty, or she might be more, scarcely less. At present she was very pale from sickness, and the anxious, half-fearful look of astonishment that came over her features made the nervous lines that time and care had traced painfully distinct.

"Is it really you?" she asked at last.

"Yes, it is really I. I am John Curwen." He sat down beside her, still looking into her face; and gradually, as he looked, there came into her eyes a little burning light, a faint color rose in her pale cheeks, and she turned away from him.

"After all these years," she murmured, and sighed.

"After all these years," he repeated, solemnly. "How did you know me, John—Mr. Curwen, I mean?" There was something pathetic in the blush, as she caught herself pronouncing the man's Christian name. What could it matter, at her age?

"I knew you by your hands, Mrs. Hartley," he replied, smiling rather sadly.

"And you know I am married? Of course—that is natural."

"Natural? Yes, I suppose so," said John, and was silent. For some minutes he watched her, as though trying to realize the extent of the changes he saw in her face.

"Are you sorry we have met now?" he asked at last, in a subdued voice.

"Sorry? Oh no! I am not sorry," she answered, and paused as though to choose her words. "Mr. Curwen," she continued, presently, "I have always—that is, I have very often wished I could ask you a question—"

"Yes?" he said, interrogatively, as she hesitated. She turned her face toward him, and spoke quickly.

"Why did you not come to meet me in Brick Lane, as you promised, twenty years ago? Do you look astonished? Do you not remember—"

There was a tinge of irony in her tone. John Curwen seemed to have lost the faculty of speech. He sat stupidly staring at her, unable to articulate a word.

"Do you mean to say," she said, with trembling voice, "that you do not remember?"

"Is it possible that you went to the place and did not see me, and that I did not see you?" John asked, a vague horror beginning to creep over him. She looked incredulous.

"I waited for you so long," she said. "You might have come, even if you meant to break it off."

"But I did. I was there. I waited all the afternoon."

"Mr. Curwen," she answered, coldly, "it is not worth while for you to—to invent anything now. It is too late."

John's face became very white, and he trembled for a moment.

"Mrs. Hartley, I solemnly protest to you that I kept the engagement, and waited for you many hours. You never came, and I was obliged to leave New York that evening, as I had told you. I wrote to you from the South many times, until I saw in the papers the notice of your marriage with Mr. Hartley."

"But I was there too. How could I have missed you? There was not a soul in the road, and I was all alone." Mrs. Hartley was visibly in great excitement of mind, and her fingers twisted themselves tightly, so that the small blue veins stood out.

"Alone?" cried John, in great and genuine astonishment. "Alone, did you say? Why, Brick Lane is always crowded with people—it is quite a business thoroughfare! You must have gone somewhere else."

"Somewhere else?" she repeated, blankly. "I can not tell. The name was written on a board at the corner of a vacant lot. There were only one or two houses—"

"Good God! there must have been two Brick Lanes!" John Curwen buried his face in his hands, and Mrs. Hartley leaned back, whiter than death, and stared vacantly at the blue sea-line. Suddenly John looked up.

"And you never got my letters?"

"Never," answered she, in a weary, far-off voice. "They told me you had gone away, and had written to my father saying that in consideration of his violent opposition you renounced all pretensions to the marriage."

"What a lie!" said John, fiercely.

"Was it really untrue? Did you really write to me? Did you really still want to marry me?" Her voice was low and almost passionate.

"Indeed, indeed I did," was all he could say. There was no mistaking his look and tone: he was speaking the truth.

"Then it was all a dreadful mistake," she sighed, and once more rested her tired head among the pillows. She was so weak with sickness that the terrible shock had a tenfold force.

John Curwen sat by her side in deepest distress. He would have taken her hand in his had he dared, and he would have tried to comfort her. But he did not yet know what was in her heart, and he feared lest anything he might say or do should displease her.

He had been very much in love with her twenty years ago, and now he knew that he loved her still—this faded pretty woman, with her sweet sad face and beautiful hands. She was the same still to him; all the cruel years could not make her less lovely in his eyes than she had been when he had last seen her, not dreaming he should not see her again, marry her, and have her for his own always. He did not take any credit to himself for being faithful to the memory of his first love. Of course, as he said to himself when he thought of the matter, she had treated him very strangely and unkindly; but perhaps it was for the best. At all events, he was never afterward known to show any inclination to marry any one else, and his family and acquaintances had grown used to seeing him single. He sometimes wondered whether he would have been happier had he married Amy Anston all those years ago, and his heart said "yes," though his colder judgment said "no." But it never struck him that if he were to meet her again he would love her as he used to do, and he did not know that it was this love, deep down in his rather prosaic existence, that kept him from other women. And now, after living a great slice of his life without seeing her, and hardly hearing of her, he had suddenly met with her, and had a chance of testing what he felt. And more than this, the veil was dropped, and he saw clearly that his life's happiness had been wrecked on a vulgar mistake about a piece of meeting, and the beating of his blood told him all he had lost. It is no wonder he was distressed.

"Mrs. Hartley," he said at last, very gently, as fearing to disturb her, "are you alone on board? I saw the steward helping you on deck."

"Yes; my husband could not leave his business. I have no children."

"Then at least I can be of some slight service to you," he said, and perhaps his face betrayed his pleasure.

"You are so kind. I have been so dreadfully seasick. This is the very first time I have been on deck. Is it not fortunate that we should have met?" she added, with a pitiful attempt at cheerfulness. But John did not answer immediately. He looked away.

"What is the use of trying?" he said after a while, as though speaking to himself.

"Trying what?" asked Mrs. Hartley, watching him.

"Well—I did not mean to say it—but what is the use of our trying to be cheerful and to talk like other people? It is very dreadful. But then, of course, you do not look at it quite as I do. You are married."

"Yes," she answered, still trying hard to speak cheerfully, "I am married, and so it is different."

"Ah me!" said John, "I wish I were married too, and—"

"Do not say that," interrupted poor Mrs. Hartley. "Do not say that—you do not know what you say."

John looked at her half fiercely, trying to read her thoughts.

"Are you happy, Mrs. Hartley?" he asked.

"Are you?" she returned.

"No; I am not a happy man. I am utterly miserable now. But tell me about yourself." His voice became gentle, and his face softened wonderfully as he moved nearer to her.

"What is there to tell?" said she. "Of course you want to know why I married? Yes. I am sure I do not know. Why do girls marry when they do not love? A great many of them do, and it is very wrong—so wrong that I hate to think of it. You see, I thought you had given up trying for me, and had gone away in disgust; and instead, it was all a cruel mistake." Her voice faltered, and they were both silent.

The stream of life moved by them down the deck and back again. All the papas and mammas, and the sunny daughters and the foolish sons, and the tribe of the little ones who would be pretty and foolish when their grown-up brothers and sisters were gray and wise—all the horde of passengers flitted past, and never even glanced at these two rather insignificant people seated side by side at the companion. Who should guess that the wreck of two lives could be so decent a thing?

But John Curwen was not a weak man, and he made a great effort to efface the sad impression of this meeting. He knew well enough that the case was hopeless. He could never marry her now. But it was something so unexpectedly happy to be with her, and to know that, after all, she had not thrown him over, that the pleasure got the better of the sorrow before the hour came when Mrs. Hartley went back to her state-room. She too felt the soothing influence, and recovering quickly from her temporary sickness, she breathed in the sweet warm sea air, and listened peacefully to the voice she had once loved so well. Little by little she found in the middle-aged man the traits she had delighted to admire in the boy who was to have been her husband. His quiet face warmed after twenty years to its old expression, and the tones of his voice melted back to youth's melody of cadence; his colorless eyes gathered the light into them, and all his sober nature was young again.

Whereunto shall true love be likened? Being human and of this world, there is yet nothing in the world to which it is germane, and so the scoffers have scoffed in all ages and times, saying there is no true love at all, and if there be any, show it to us that we may know it, and have all the good things you say it gives. And how shall they be answered? These are they also who say there is no soul, neither any life in a man save what he takes in the form of food. Man, they say, was not only a monkey in the beginning, but is also a monkey now of the higher shaved kind; and there is truly nothing in their speech to preclude a belief in his possible and present return to that simpler and more primitive state of monkeydom, which was bounded on the one side by instinct, and on the other by violence; on the one hand by natural selection, and on the other by cocoa-nuts. If they say that an astute discrimination in choosing the best kind of females is scientific true love, how shall they be answered? Verily they need no answer, for they shall perish in their own devices, and that will be answer enough.

When John Curwen was alone that evening, smoking his last cigar, and peering over the side of the ship at the white foam that broke from the wounded bosom of the sea, he found that he had a great many things to think of. It is not a light thing to see a life-long doubt suddenly explained away into a clear truth. It is a very grievous thing to feel that for twenty years one has wronged a woman while loving her; to retrace and live over the hours of sharp agony and dulling pain, and to know at the last that she has suffered too, and that it has all been a mistake. John Curwen found himself searching for each bitter thing he had ever said in his heart about her unkindness, and trying to take it all back and have it unsaid. And ever as he pondered her sad face came close to him in the dark, up from the deep sea, reproachfully and fondly, as he had seen it that day resting on the cushions of the deck chair. And if his thoughts strayed for a moment to some other channel, he came back each time with a fresh start of surprise to the realization of the new truth he had learned.

Accustomed as he was by his profession to doubt and to question, he asked himself if this were only a passing sentiment, resulting from the sudden revival of old influences, or whether, if Amy Hartley were now free again, he would really wish to marry her after all those intervening years. And when he had asked the question he was almost ashamed of it, for it seemed so absurd and so superfluous. It was perfectly true—he had never once dreamed it possible to marry any other woman. If she were really free— But then his heart sank again like a stone in his breast, and he stared down at the rushing water, and wished it would open and swallow up his grief. And then he laughed a little bitter scoff at his own folly, and went to bed.

Mrs. Hartley was tired with the effort of her first day on deck, but she was cured of her seasickness. She took a book, and made up her mind to read a little before going to sleep. But she thought the author, who was nevertheless a very good novelist, the dullest rambler and threader of phrases that ever spoiled paper. He seemed to her sharpened comprehension to be in a deplorable state of ignorance regarding human nature in general and love in particular, and before half an hour had passed she was reading her own life between his lines.

What a life! She had been very unhappy without being able exactly to define wherein the unhappiness lay. Hartley was a good man enough, as men go, and she had not anything to complain of in particular. Her friends said she was discontented, and that her variable temper was the result of ill health; and indeed she had diverted her more than once to be something of an invalid. It gave her a sort of respite, a sense of impression that she might possibly die and be free at last. She had no real interest in life to rivet her attention or to rouse her energies, and the small social duties that her husband required of her became wearisome before they were half performed. She had aspirations of an undeveloped kind after something she vaguely described as "higher," but they took the form of a little religion, a little charity, and a good deal of sensitiveness to anything she thought at all vulgar. She had travelled, and she read a good deal, and perhaps she might have talked well if she had found the right persons with whom to converse, but she never seemed to be fortunate in her friends, and she was put down among the vast crowd of average women in society, whom intelligent people call upon once a year because their husbands are "able" men, but who are avoided by conversationalists, dandies, and amateur society geniuses, because they can neither listen, flirt, nor flatter as well as the professional woman of the world.

Her husband treated her well. He was perhaps rather fond of bestowing upon her small marks of his affection in public, and she thought he was coarse-grained, and desired the reputation of loving his wife. But he always treated her well, gave her money in reasonable abundance, indulged her whims when it was convenient, and went to his club when it was not. Once or twice he had shown a decided tendency to be jealous, and she had felt very much injured, as, indeed, she might, poor thing! for she was the last person in the world to bestow a thought on the uninteresting men of business whom her husband brought to the house. On the whole, she knew very well that Hartley was a good husband to her, and that most of her friends would have been very glad to have him instead of their own.

But she was unhappy, for all that, and her unhappiness was as incurable as the mistake she had made was past remedy. She knew that. But it had never been so clear as it was to-day; she had not been so sure of what she had missed until fate had at last brought John Curwen back to her, and thus defined the contrast between what was and what might have been.

Of course it was only a memory. The Mr. Curwen who had introduced himself was not an individual so gifted as to rouse a sudden tempest of passion in the bosom of the first woman he was pleased to address, however charming he might have been in his early youth. The seed thrust into the earth out of the light of the sun in the autumn lies chilled and frozen in the ground, cursing the angularities of its subterranean apartment. Then comes the spring and the sun again—a very different looking sun, in all probability, in his first dubious shining, and one that the seed would not so much regret leaving. But he is the sun all the same, and the seed knows him, and can not help growing if it would. That is very like the human heart.

Mrs. Hartley said to herself that it was only a memory, and must be treated as such, and forthwith the memory became a very present reality, and she thought of nothing but of her next meeting with John Curwen. All the gray, nervous, tiresome time was suddenly separated from the life before them and the life after them; and as the devil folded up poor Peter Schlemihl's shadow and packed it in his carpet-bag, so the genius of love rolled together those shadowy years of married solitude and dropped them stealthily over the ship's side into the sea, and the sea swallowed them up. Not but what conscience came and whispered certain exceedingly trite and unpleasant truths, with which we are all very familiar—conscience did its duty in that desultory and perfunctory manner which characterizes unprofitable servants. Conscience rarely has enough exercise to grow burly and aggressive. Besides, thought Mrs. Hartley, arguing backward, it is only a memory, and there is no harm in memories. Did not somebody write a book called the *Pleasures of Memory*? Yes, memory has great pleasures, thought she, and she went to sleep. Go you and do likewise, unless you would listen to a sad story.

Early the next morning John Curwen was on deck surveying the weather with an annoyed expression on his face that was new to him. He had been dreaming all night of a pleasant day spent together in the open air talking over old times. It would be so easy, now that the ice was broken. And behold, the weather was insufferably foggy and damp, the sun was nowhere visible, and the ship seemed to be sliding through greased cotton-wool. Still John hoped that after breakfast the fog would lift, and that it would be fine enough to sit on deck. Poor fellow, he had promised himself so much pleasure in taking the steward's place, in arranging Mrs. Hartley's chair and pillows, just where she would get the most warmth and the least glare of the sun. He was probably doomed to disappointment, and though he was not easily annoyed by anything, he ground his teeth and swore a little.

There was little chance that she would come to breakfast, for she had really been very seasick, and could hardly be expected to recover at a moment's notice. Nevertheless John waited till every one was seated in the great saloon, and then leisurely made a tour of inspection round the tables, in the faint hope of finding her. She had not come, however, and he reluctantly took

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his place, and went through the usual ordeal of a ship's breakfast.

But Mrs. Hartley woke in the morning with a supply of good conscience accumulated during the night. She had no intention of depriving herself of the pleasure of seeing John Curwen. Ah, no, how could she? It was so very sweet a thing to meet the old love again, and to know from his own lips that he had been faithful to her. She was sure he was not married, for he had said something about it; and if he had not married, it had been for her sake. Besides, what could it matter? It was only for the few remaining days of the voyage, and then she would never see him again. But she would certainly not show any haste to be with him that day. He would think she could not exist without him. Well, not exactly that, for John was not that sort of man. Nevertheless she would take a little longer in dressing than she would have done if there had been no John Curwen.

She looked into the mirror as she arranged her hair, and the half-light of the state-room helped her to be happy. Truly she was more able to bear the daylight this morning than she had been for many a long year. Seasickness is a passing ill with most people, and she had been fortunate in the manner of her cure. She looked pretty enough when she had twined a ribbon in her hair and adjusted the lace about her throat. But still she lingered awhile, and looked into the mirror, and took a book and read a little, and then looked again, for there was not light enough to read, the day being foggy, but she could see herself in the glass.

How glad she was that she had been seasick all the time, and had no acquaintances on board, saving the old lady with whom she meant to travel in Europe, and who never left her state-room during sea-voyages! She was such a tiresome old lady too! But her husband did not wish her to be altogether alone. They would meet in Liverpool, and meanwhile, now that she was well, she could go and inquire how the old lady was doing. Of course she would not be admitted, for the old lady was very hideous when she was not well, and belonged to a very high and glorious tribe of Knickerbockers, so that she had a reputation for stateliness to maintain. So the old lady would perhaps never know anything about John Curwen's meeting with Mrs. Hartley; not that it ought to be concealed, but the old lady had a vilely tenacious memory, and would doubtless remember the story of twenty years ago with lamentable accuracy of detail.

So it came to pass that between her toilet and her reflections it was twelve o'clock before Amy emerged from the sanctity of her state-room, and was immediately confronted with John Curwen. He had ascertained the position of her quarters, and was doggedly keeping watch. Mrs. Hartley blushed with pleasure at seeing him, and looked prettier than ever.

"How well you look! I am so very glad!" were the first words he spoke, and if he had planned the speech for hours it could not have been more wisely framed.

"Yes," said she, "I am much better. How do you do? Let us go on deck and breathe." John was in raptures. She looked like her old self *once more*, and he was human enough to attribute the change in some measure to her pleasure in his company.

"I am afraid it will be bad for you," he said, "it is so foggy."

"Is it? Well, we can go out for a little, just to breathe the air, and then—we can *come* in again," she added. She was going to say, "and then we can talk," but she thought it would be too much encouragement for the first day. However, she reflected that it was really the second day, after all. The end of it was that after half an hour they were comfortably ensconced on a transom in a corner of one of the saloons. John was talking very earnestly, and Mrs. Hartley was listening with downcast eyes and heightened color. One or two people passed them, and having noticed John's solitary habits during the voyage, looked twice at his companion, and went on. There was nothing about either of them that was in the least striking to the ordinary observer. Mrs. Hartley had certainly been pretty, and today she looked bright and well preserved: anybody would have said that.

"Do you know," said John, looking at her as she turned her eyes from him, "that you hurt me very much by saying such things?"

"I do not know what I can have said to hurt you," said she; and it was clear enough from the tone that she would not have hurt him for worlds.

"No," said John, thoughtfully, "I do not believe you meant it. You never knew me to tell a lie in the old days. Do you think I would *tell* one now? I suppose it is hard to believe that any man could lead the life I have led. It has been a very sober and quiet life, very professional and staid. But I have sometimes noticed in my clients how an idea has got hold of them very young, and has held them all their lives, and has brought them to queer results in the end. Excuse me if I am talking about myself, but to talk about myself is to talk about you."

"What is that you were saying about an idea lasting *so long*?" she asked, without noticing the latter part of his speech.

"Only this: I think that when a man suffers what I suffered in his early manhood, he is likely either to be a very oddly quiet person, or to go to the dogs altogether. Now ever since I got over the first shock I have always had an idea that some day we should meet, as we have met, almost by accident."

"But you might have met me hundreds of times if you had wished it," she objected.

"Yes, but not as we have met now. Just think, here we are, quite alone among these hundreds and hundreds of people. And we can say all we have to say without the least chance of interruption. If I had met you in society, we should never have had a moment's peace, and if I had come to see you, you would have been pouring tea, or ringing the bell for the servant every three minutes. I know just how it is, though I do not go out much."

"And now, instead, I have nothing to do but to listen to you, Mr. Curwen?"

"Exactly. No tea and no servants. I have always thought we should meet in some such way, and the idea has kept me straight. It made me feel that *I should some day* have to account to you for my life. And now after twenty years I am able to do it. In twenty years, Mrs. Hartley, I have never for one moment thought of uniting myself with any woman since I lost the woman I loved. It is a clean record, though I do not want any credit for it. How could a man who had loved you ever think of loving any one else?"

"Mr. Curwen, you really ought not to talk like that," said Mrs. Hartley.

"Why *not*? It was *ever* so long ago, and of course now that you are married I can not possibly make love to you." It was a simple speech, but it had the merit of the extremest novelty. Even good-hearted Amy Hartley knew that, and she looked kindly at him.

"You are so honest," she said. "I am sure I should like you." John looked surprised.

"You liked me once; I hope you do like me still," he answered; "and that there is no could, would, or should about it. But please—please do not talk as you did a little while ago, and say you think I ever loved any one else. I have had chances, you know," he continued, demurely—"*plenty of them*. It is not as though I were a hunchback, or an idiot, or poor. I am successful, as they call it, and I might have married very well. Do not laugh. I do not want *any credit* for not having married; I never thought of it. But I want you to do me the justice to believe that I have always loved you faithfully, as I love you now, with all my heart. You see I am not making love to you at all: it is a mere statement on oath."

"I am not sure," said Mrs. Hartley, with an attempt at a laugh. "If you say so I suppose I must believe you, and of course it would be no *manner of use, you know*. But I will do you justice, as you call it, and believe the other things you say, which are so much easier to believe." She leaned back, and her eyes grew dreamy.

"Try and believe it all," said John. There was a pause.

"After all," said Mrs. Hartley, dubiously, after a few moments' silence, "there is no reason why we should not always be very good friends."

"Oh no, there is no reason," he answered. "I think we can." In his honest heart he jumped at the idea of a beautiful, innocent friendship.

"That is," continued Mrs. Hartley, "if you will not talk any more as you have been talking today."

"Oh!" ejaculated John. "Why?"

"Because friendships of that kind are apt to turn out unexpectedly."

"Do you think so?" he asked. "It seems to me there is nothing else left for us but friendship. After all, when you think of all we have suffered, that is a great deal."

Amy Hartley's pretty face faded gradually, and seemed to lose its prettiness, growing weary and plain again. She was not disappointed at John Curwen's matter-of-fact views of the future, contrasting as they did with his ardent words of love. She was too honest herself to look upon any other arrangement as possible, but it seemed hard to accept it. It seemed a terrible thing to look forward to the kind of acquaintance that friendship meant to her as the only possible relation between herself and the man she loved. The past had been painful enough in a dull, numb sort of way; but to plan a future in which she should be constantly meeting John Curwen just as she met a *dozen* other people who called themselves her friends was inexpressibly horrible. The color faded from her cheeks and the care marks all came out. John saw the change, and understood.

"How dreary life is!" said poor Mrs. Hartley, half aloud.

"Dreary is not strong enough to express it," said John. "I think many people, in our place, would say it was tragic. And yet I suppose there is nothing for it," he continued, soliloquizing aloud. "We must live through it somehow, and perhaps there will be something better hereafter. There must be some compensation for suffering so much. If one could only guess at what the next world will be like!"

"It would not much matter, so long as it was not like this," murmured Mrs. Hartley. "A very little difference would make it seem like heaven."

"The difference of *one* life," said John, almost in a whisper.

"Hush!" said she, and the color came back to her face.

"Amy"—he paused, half frightened at the sound of the old name. There was no answer. "Amy, if you were free now, would you marry me?"

There was a certain dignity in her as she answered him:

"Yes, Mr. Curwen, if I were free I would marry you." But John lost his head. His eyes flashed, and his pale face borrowed a faint color from hers.

"Oh, Amy, I do love you so!" he said, close to her ear. His voice sounded very differently now. It was no longer the matter-of-fact declaration of a quarter of an hour before. It was genuine love-making, and his hand, obedient to his voice, stole softly to her hands—only for a moment—then she started away from him.

"Oh, no! no! no!" she cried. "You must not—it is very, very wrong. I do not love you—no, I do not. I only could, if—" But the remainder of her speech was drowned in the noise of many rushing feet and crying voices overhead upon the deck.

The sound was so extraordinary and so loud that John *sprang from his seat*, certain that something was amiss. Mrs. Hartley instinctively stretched out her hand to hold him back.

"Do not leave me!" she cried; but before the words were out of her mouth John was thrown heavily back into his seat, and the whole great vessel lunged and shivered and reeled again beneath a tremendous blow. The ship resounded with the deafening shrieks of women and the hoarse cries of men. From every side people rushed from their cabins, from the saloons and passages, in frantic panic to reach the deck. Falling over each other in their haste, they passed John and Mrs. Hartley like a herd of frightened beasts, tearing each other in the struggle to be first, *trampling* each other under foot, uttering those strange sounds of fear and frenzy, never heard save in times of desperate and sudden death. At the same time a deep and ghastly sound, in horrid bass to the shrill human treble, welled and gurgled beneath it all; a gulping, heavy gurgle, as though some huge monster were *struggling to swallow up the world*.

John put his arms round Amy Hartley, and would have lifted her and carried her away with the stream of people. But she clung desperately to the cushions and the carved work of the seat.

"We have struck something," John cried to her through the din, "and perhaps we are sinking." Her face was dead-white, and there was a strange look in her eyes.

"I will not go," she said, in a tone that he rather understood than heard. Still he struggled to take her away, and still more fiercely she resisted. The people had all passed them, and they were alone with that deep roar of rushing water close to them.

"I will not go," she repeated. "Save yourself. Leave me." And she strove with all her strength to shake him from her.

"So be it!" said John, under his breath. "But I will not leave you now or ever." He fell back into his seat, his arms still around her, and his face still close to hers. "If it must be, dear, I will stay with you to the end." Then he was silent.

The ship moved strangely in her death-agony. One end seemed to plunge downward, slowly at first, and then more quickly, and the masses of water *in her surged with tremendous* force between the decks. Overcome with the extremity of the danger, John made one last desperate effort to drag Mrs. Hartley from the seat to which she clung. But it was too late. It had all happened in a moment. The ship was at an angle that made walking impossible, and John saw that there was no hope. The few seconds' delay caused by her mad resolution had put all chance of escape beyond reach.

In that awful moment the two lovers clung to each other in the terror of expectation. The woman had suffered most, and was the more ready to die.

"We shall be drowned together," said Amy, quite calmly. Her courage fired the sinking life in the man's breast. He wound his arms close about her, closer and closer, and his white lips were upon hers in the last sweet kiss. She did not push him away or *struggle any more*.

"Oh, Amy," he cried, forgetting everything in the joy of that close meeting, "Amy, Amy, how I love you! *Love me too, just for this one* moment. Make this dying together the sweetest thing in all our lives." His voice was wrought into an agony of *passion and love and* tenderness. Still she did not answer; she could not say it. But the color came for the last time to her poor faded cheek, and *her arms* were about him. She would be happy now; the gray time was over—no more weariness nor sadness of life-long parting. Still she pleaded, graced in the complete forgetfulness of death. "Ah, dear, you need not blush to tell me you love me now. See! we have only an instant more *to live*. Say it only once, beloved—only this last little once."

Then she drew him closer still, and kissed him. "I love you, John; I have loved you always—God knows how I have loved you always. I have no tears left now, only happiness. I love you now and forever."

"Forever, darling," cried John Curwen; and with a huge whirling force, like a hundred millraces let loose, the heavy water broke into the cabin, and drowned them, still kissing each the other's lips.

Breast to breast, heart to heart, hand to hand, they went down to their death in the deep, to be at peace *forever*. It was quick and merciful and happy; for the report from the colliding ship said the vessel had sunk in five minutes from the time of striking.

The green ocean washes evenly over *them* by day and night, and by weeks and months and years, and we pray that their two souls that had so bravely struggled through the dismal tasks of life may be united in one common essence of love, to be together forever. They need no other heaven than each other's love.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A PHILADELPHIA daily paper explains that a "newspaper man" is one who has been writing editorials for eighteen or twenty years, and a "journalist" is one who has been a police reporter for about two weeks. A man who had grown gray in editorial work in this city was asked why he had himself put down in the directory as a printer. "Because there are so —— many editors," he replied.

An avant-coureur of the tornado which recently visited Kansas City is described thus: "The air suddenly grew cold. It is impossible to describe the weird and unnatural chill, save that it was icy, and lasted for some moments. Just then a gigantic cone-shaped cloud, the point toward the earth, appeared in the northwest. Those who noted the time saw that it was exactly 4.30. The cloud rushed into view so quickly that it was impossible to tell whether it was born of a conflict of the elements before the eye or came from some point beyond. Moving with inconceivable rapidity, and bounding like a ball, sometimes hundreds of feet above the earth and sometimes trailing upon it, the monster passed over Wyandotte, and paused at the bar opposite the mouth of the Kaw, where it sucked up tons of sand, completely changing its color from dark blue to a *deep dun*, then it zigzagged upward, bounded into mid-air, and disappeared."

Now that the great bridge is opened to the public, much will be heard of the inexplicable sensations of persons who will declare that when they looked down into the river they felt themselves *almost irresistibly impelled* to hurl themselves from the lofty span. The location of the promenade in the centre of the structure, and the presence of a numerous guard, will afford them an excuse for not acting thus rashly, and they will live to tell of the strange impulse. The writer of these lines walked across the slatted foot-bridge that was slung from the tops of the towers two hundred feet above the water, and, honor bright, he felt himself irresistibly impelled to hang on to the guide-wires and make his way across very cautiously. He can truthfully add that once, while looking down through a mile and a half of "thin air" from the basket of a balloon, a *similar impulse to not* throw himself out possessed him.

What could be more farcical than the close of a violent speech made by an Irishman at a meeting in this city, a few Sundays ago, against opening the East River Bridge on Queen Victoria's birthday? Snapping his fingers and making a gesture which told that he would offer no further resistance, he cried, "Let the farce go on!"

A ROOSTER GUERRE (RUSE DE GUERRE).

This season's May snow-storms will furnish material for the discourses of the future Oldest Inhabitant.

Foundations are in course of preparation for a fifteen-story apartment-house in the upper part of this city. The building is not to cover a large area, and there are no tall structures adjoining. It would seem to be beyond the possibilities of architecture to make the building look like anything but a sort of inhabitable shaft. The street on which it is to be built is some eighty feet above the sea-level, so the dwellers in the fifteenth story will be sure to get all the advantages which a sightly location offers. In the court to be surrounded by the large apartment-houses at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, now partly built, fifteen tiers of windows may be counted. The level of the court is one story lower than the sidewalk, so that it is fair to count only fourteen stories. The construction of the houses is such that there will be fewer stories on the sides fronting the streets than on those upon the court, and the appearance of great height will thus be avoided in a considerable degree. Apartment-houses with ten stories *in the rear* are becoming quite common in New York. They are made as nearly fire-proof as possible, and are provided with passenger elevators, and the upper stories are usually among the first to find tenants.

The opening of the season at Coney Island is different now from what it was in the days when it consisted chiefly of the advent of a brace of three-card monte men in green goggles on a Sunday morning in June.

Many suggestions have been made in print as to the best popular name for the great bridge. The structure has been called the Brooklyn bridge oftener than by any other name, but since that city is to enjoy the greater share of whatever material benefits may arise from its use, Brooklyn will suffer no hardship if the name of the city is not given by popular voice to the structure. The *Sun* announces, without deeming it worth while to set forth the undeniably weighty reason, that the structure should be called the Roebling bridge. A very serious objection to this name is the fact that very few native Americans could pronounce it properly. In view of the fact that the bridge is the only one that spans the East River and is in a fair way to remain the only one for many years, why not call it the East River bridge? Nearly every great bridge in the world has in the course of years come into possession of a name in place of a designation, thus, London Bridge, Victoria Bridge, Suspension Bridge, Harlem Bridge. These names are more distinctive and far more euphonious than would be the London bridge or the Harlem River bridge. Perhaps in time the East River bridge would come to be known as East Bridge—not a bad name by any means, and short enough to suit a time-saving community.

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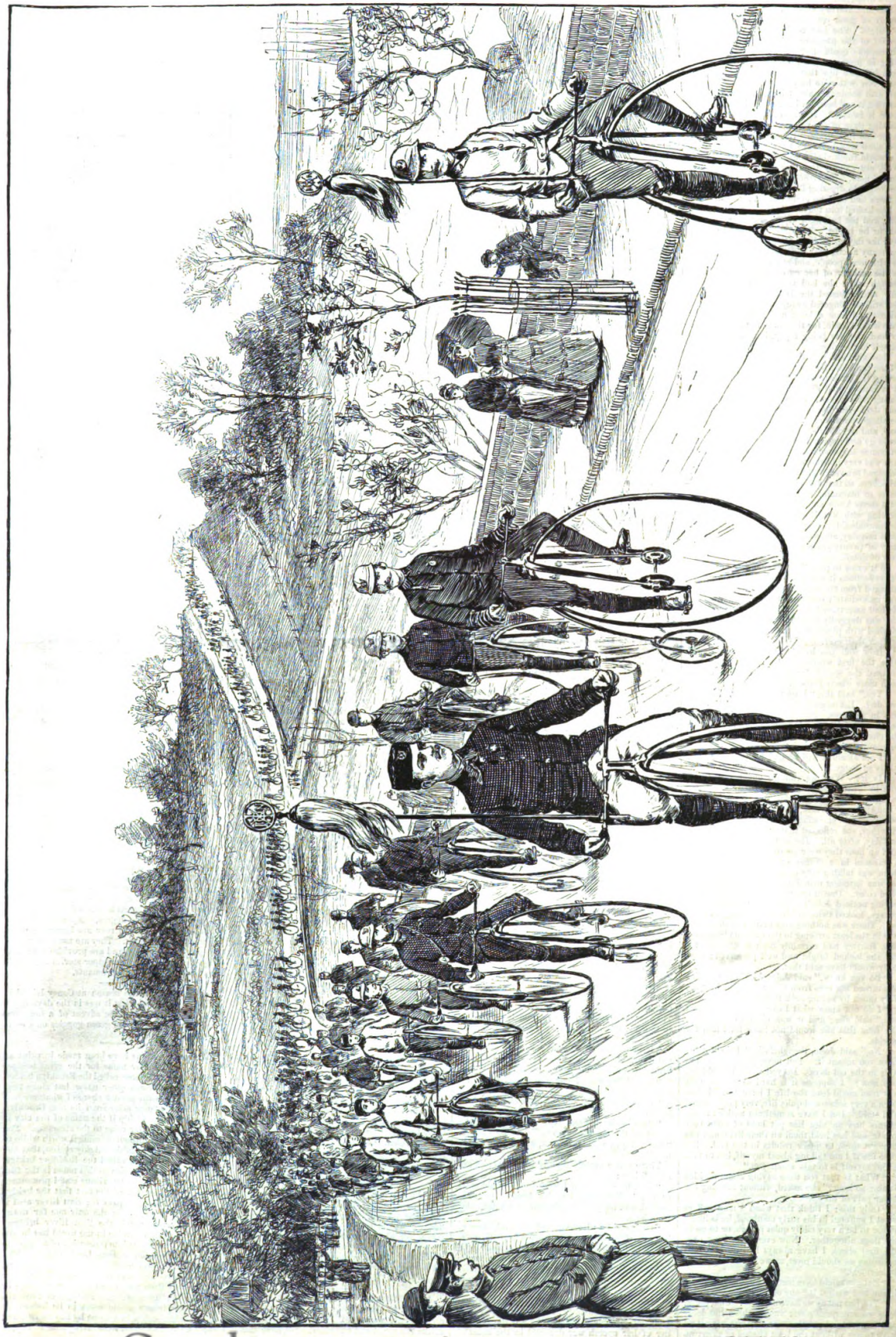

THIRD ANNUAL MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN—THE PARADE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.—DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.—[SEE PAGE 343.]

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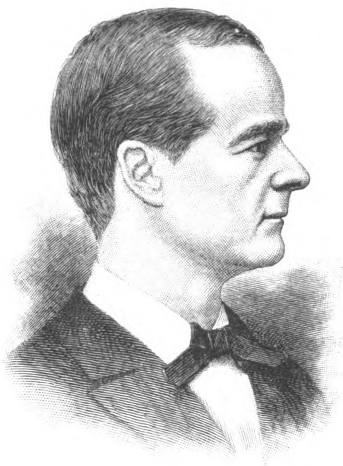
CHARLES R. MILLER.—Photographed by Sarony.



ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.—Photographed by Copelin.

THREE JOURNALISTS.

The retirement of Mr. John Foord from the position of editor-in-chief of the New York *Times* brought before the public a young journalist whose name had been but little known outside the craft. By brother journalists Mr. Charles R. Miller was most highly rated as a brilliant writer, a man of sound judgment, keen political insight, and unusual executive capacity; and when he was selected to succeed Mr. Foord, all who knew him predicted for him a brilliant career as manager of one of the foremost newspapers of the country. If we may judge by what he has accomplished during the short time he has occupied his present position, the predictions of his friends were not extravagant.

Mr. Albert Pulitzer and Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the former the founder and editor of the *Morning Journal*, in this city, the latter the new proprietor and editor of the *World*, were widely known as successful journalists before their New York enterprises were undertaken. The *Journal* attained popularity with surprising rapidity, achieving a circulation of more than 50,000 copies daily within six months after the issue of its first number; and under the management of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer the *World*, after many vicissitudes of fortune, appears to have entered upon a new career of substantial prosperity.

KENTUCKY POLITICS.

The recent three days' Convention of the Democrats at Louisville, Kentucky, resulted in the choice of the following ticket for State officers: for Governor, J. Proctor Knott, of Marion; for Lieutenant-Governor, J. R. Hindman, of Adair; for Attorney-General, P. W. Hardin, of Mercer; for Treasurer, James W. Tate, of Franklin; for Auditor, Fayette Hewitt, of Hardin; for Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. Desha Pickett, of Fayette; for Register of the Land Office, J. C. Cecil, of Pike.

The Hon. Mr. Knott, the nominee for Governor, was born near Lebanon, Kentucky, in 1830. After studying law he removed to Missouri in 1850, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. He was elected to the House of Representatives of Missouri in 1857, and resigned in August, 1859. The same month he was appointed Attorney-General of Missouri; was unanimously nominated for the same position by the Democratic Convention, and elected in August, 1862. In 1863 he returned to Kentucky, and commenced the practice of law in his native town. He was elected a member of the Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses, but declined a nomination for the Forty-eighth. Among those who contested the nomination with Mr. Knott were General Simon B. Buckner, Thomas L. Jones, Charles D. Jacob, and M. H. Owsley. Mr. Jacob was withdrawn after the first ballot, followed by Mr. Owsley and General Buckner, and finally by Mr. Jones. The nomination was then made unanimous.

DR. HATFIELD.

The Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D.D., Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly which recently convened at Saratoga, was born in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in 1807. He graduated at Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1829, and studied theology at the Andover Seminary, Massachusetts. His career as pastor of various churches in New Jersey and New York city was a most active and fruitful one. In 1863 he retired from pastoral work, owing to the failure of his health, and since that time has devoted his energies to other departments of clerical labor. He was active in securing the endowment of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and is the author of several books.

THE HON. PROCTOR KNOTT.—Photographed by C. M. Bell.

THE REV. E. F. HATFIELD, D.D.—Photographed by W. H. Baker.

JOSEPH PULITZER.—Photographed by Sarony.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

The President of the Irish National League of America is a gentleman about thirty-five years of age, and a native of Maine. He was an active abolitionist, and an earnest advocate of negro suffrage. Until 1872 he was a Republican, when, being a strong friend of Greeley, he supported the Liberal movement, and has since been a Democrat. He studied law with Algernon S. Sullivan, of New York, and has been for a number of years in successful practice in Chicago.

OLD CLOCKS.

The domestic clocks divide themselves into two classes, those which go by weights, and those of which the motive power is a coiled spring, which was not applied till about 1500; and these spring clocks form the class of chamber and table clocks. The weight clocks, which the dealers are apt to call fifteenth-century clocks, are, in fact, the work of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But there is something remarkable about them. They are peculiarly English; they are all made of brass, and precisely similar in form and design; and they seem to have been cast upon the world suddenly and early in the sixteenth century, and to have lasted unchanged for nearly two centuries.

All clock-makers at that time seem to have adopted the same pattern, and to have preserved it without any variation, and with similarity of form, mechanism, and ornament, as though they had worked to a regulation pattern. I can not help fancying that there may have been a large manufactory or brass foundry, in London or some other place, where the frames and bells were all cast, from which the clock-makers in London and all over the country were supplied with the various parts of clocks, which they fitted together, as they are from Clerkenwell and, I think, Coventry, at the present day; for it is difficult to understand how every country clock-maker should have cast, turned, and made his own brass frames and dials precisely similar to those of all the other clock-makers in London and all the provincial towns. And I am strongly disposed to think that the manufacture of clocks and clock-work was at that time—early in the sixteenth century—established at Clerkenwell, and that the country clock-makers were supplied from there; and thus Clerkenwell has continued to be the great manufactory for clocks to the present time.

This idea is, I think, somewhat borne out by the fact of the exact resemblance of so many of the perforated brass ornamental plates, above the dials and sides of these clocks, to conceal the bells, which form a cupola at the top. One common pattern has two dolphins with intertwined tails, another has a small square-shaped escutcheon in the centre, whilst a third has only pierced scroll-work. The front plate is often engraved, the side-pieces being plain. Some clocks have the name of the maker, the name of the town, and the date engraved on the front, and some on the dial.

ALBERT PULITZER.—Photographed by Sarony.

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3d. In 38 of the 41 cases only one treatment (2 months) was used, and in no case more than two.

4th. Many of the cases reported relieved or helped would undoubtedly have been *cured* by further treatment, but financial reasons prevented. A number are still under *treatment*.

5th. This statement of results is accurate to our personal knowledge.

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We copy the above from *The Whispers of Peace*, published by Rev. S. H. Platt, A. M., at Southampton, N. Y. Mr. Platt has been using Compound Oxygen for some four years, and during that time has tested it in forty-one cases, the results of which he has voluntarily given to the public in his paper. Mr. Platt is well known among the Methodists, to which denomination he belongs, as a truth-loving and conscientious man. No question can therefore lie against the fairness of his report. The Compound Oxygen Treatment can be obtained only from Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia. Their treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this remarkable therapeutic agent, and containing a large record of the surprising cures which have been made during the last thirteen years, will be mailed free to any one who will write for it.

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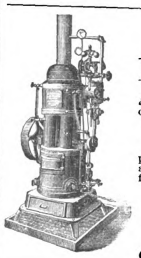

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JOHN KELLY, M.D., HAS HIS IDEAS OF HOW THE N. Y. BOARD OF HEALTH SHOULD BE MANAGED.

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"Dr. Benson's Skin Cure cured my Eczema of the scalp." Jno. A. Andrews, Att'y at Law, Ashton, Ill.

AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART HONORED.
[By Telegraph to the Tribune.]

Boston, May 10.—Edward King telegraphs as follows to *The Journal* under date of London, May 10: "American industrial art has secured a great triumph in the appointment just made of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York, as special jewellers and gold and silver smiths to the Queen of England, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, and the Kings of Belgium, Italy, Portugal, and Greece." — *N. Y. Tribune, May* 11, 1883.

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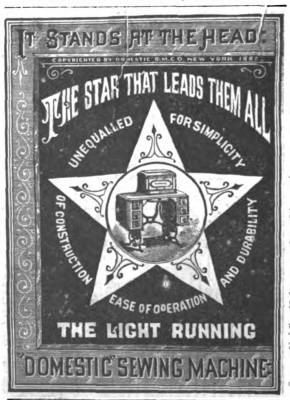

"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my sick headache. W. W. Hubbard, Manchester, N. H.

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FROM THE OLD WORLD.
From the great London (Eng.) Times.

Among the many specifics introduced to the public for the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, derangements of various kinds, and as a general family medicine, none have met with such genuine appreciation as Hop Bitters. Introduced to this country but a comparatively short time since, to meet the great demand for a pure, safe, and perfect family medicine, they have rapidly increased in favor, until they are, without question, the most popular and valuable medicine known. Its world-wide renown is not due to the advertising it has received; it is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It discharges its curative powers without any of the evil effects of other bitters or medicine, being perfectly safe and harmless for the most frail woman, smallest child, and weakest invalid to use. Few are the homes indeed where the great discovery has not already been hailed as a deliverer and welcomed as a friend. It does what others affect to do. Composed of simple materials, it is a marvel of delicate and successful combination. Nothing is wanting. Every ingredient goes straight to the mark at which it is aimed, and never fails. Pleasant to the palate, agreeable to the stomach, and thoroughly effective as a cure, it has won for itself the confidence of all.—*Times*, London, Eng.

A Few Unsolicited Letters from Thousands Received.

FEB. 9, 1883.
I have tried experiments on myself and others with Hop Bitters, and can easily recommend them as a pleasant and efficacious medicine. I have found them specially useful in cases of *congestion* of the kidneys, as well as in *bilious derangements.*
REV. J. MILNER, M.A.,
Rector to the Duke of Edinburgh.

U. S. Consulate, MANCHESTER, ENG., NOV. 8, 1882.
Gentlemen,—Since writing you of the great benefit I had derived from taking "Hop Bitters," I gave a friend a bottle, who had been suffering much from dyspepsia and sluggish liver, and the change was marvellous; he appeared another being altogether. He had tried several other remedies without any benefit. I could name over a dozen other miraculous cures.
ARTHUR C. HALL, Consular Clerk.

LONDON, ENG., SEPT. 1, 1882.
I am pleased to testify to the good effects of your "Hop Bitters." Have been suffering a long time with severe pain in the left side and across the loins, and, having tried a number of so-called remedies without any benefit, I am glad to acknowledge the great relief I have obtained from your medicine.
CHARLES WATSON.

COLCHESTER, ENG., Aug. 18, 1882.
Gentlemen,—I was troubled with a very bad form of indigestion for a long time, and tried many things in vain until I got some "Hop Bitters," and my taking was quite cured, and remain so till this time. It is now three months ago since I was bad. F. BELL.

From Ould Ireland.
Hop Bitters Co.: DUBLIN, NOV. 22, 1882.
Gentlemen,—You may be interested to learn that one of the most eminent Judges on the Irish bench is customer of mine) highly approves of your Hop Bitters, having received great benefit from their use.
T. T. HOLMES, Chemist.

ALEXANDRA PALACE,
LONDON, ENG., April 18, 1882.
I find Hop Bitters a most wonderful medical combination—healthful, blood-purifying, and strengthening. I can, from analysis as well as from medical knowledge, highly recommend them as a valuable family medicine.
BARBARA WALLACE GOTHARD, Supt.

SHEFFIELD, ENG., June 7, 1882.
Sir,—Having suffered from extreme nervous debility *for four years*, and having tried all kinds of medicine and change of scene and air without deriving any benefit whatever, I was persuaded by a friend to try Hop Bitters, and the effect, I am happy to say, was truly marvellous. Under these circumstances, I feel it my duty to give this testimonial for the benefit of others, as I may say I am now entirely well; therefore I can justly and with confidence give personal testimony to any one wishing to call upon me.
Yours truly, HENRY HALL.

NORWICH, ENG., June 20, 1882.
To the Hop Bitters Co.:
Gentlemen,—Having suffered for many years from biliousness, accompanied with sickness and dreadful headache (being greatly fatigued with overwork and long hours at business), I lost all energy, strength, and appetite. I was advised by a friend in whom I had seen such beneficial effects to try Hop Bitters, and a few bottles have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever. I have also recommended it to other friends, and am pleased to add with the like result. Every claim you make for it I can fully endorse, and recommend it as an incomparable tonic.
Yours faithfully, S. W. FITT.

From Germany.
KATZENBACHHOF, GERMANY, Aug. 28, 1881.
Hop Bitters Co.:
Dear Sirs,—I have taken your most precious essence, Hop Bitters—and I can already, after so short a time, assure you that I feel much better than I have felt for months.
I have had, during the course of four years, three times an inflammation of the kidneys. The last, in January, 1880, was the worst; and I took a lot of medicine to cure the same. In consequence of which my stomach got terribly weakened. I suffered from enormous pains, had to bear great torments when taking nourishment, had sleepless nights, but none of the medicine was of the least use to me. Now, in consequence of taking Hop Bitters, these pains and inconveniences have entirely left me, I have a good night's rest, and am sufficiently strengthened for work, while I always had to lay down during the day, and this almost every hour. I shall think it my duty to recommend the Bitters to all who suffer, for I am sure I cannot thank the Lord enough that I came across your preparation, and I hope He will maintain you a long time to come for the welfare of suffering mankind.
Yours very truly,
PAULINE HAUSSLER, Gebr. nosler.

From Portugal and Spain.
Gentlemen,—Though not in the habit of praising patent medicines, which for the most part are not only useless but injurious, I have constantly used Hop Bitters for the past four years in cases of indigestion, debility, feebleness of constitution, and in all diseases caused by poor or bad ventilation, want of air and exercise, overwork, and want of appetite, with the most perfect success.
I am the first who introduced your Hop Bitters in Portugal and Spain, where they are now used very extensively. Yours very truly,
BARON DEFONTE BELL,
Professor de Chemie et de Pharmacie, Coimbra University, Coimbra, Portugal.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1381.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

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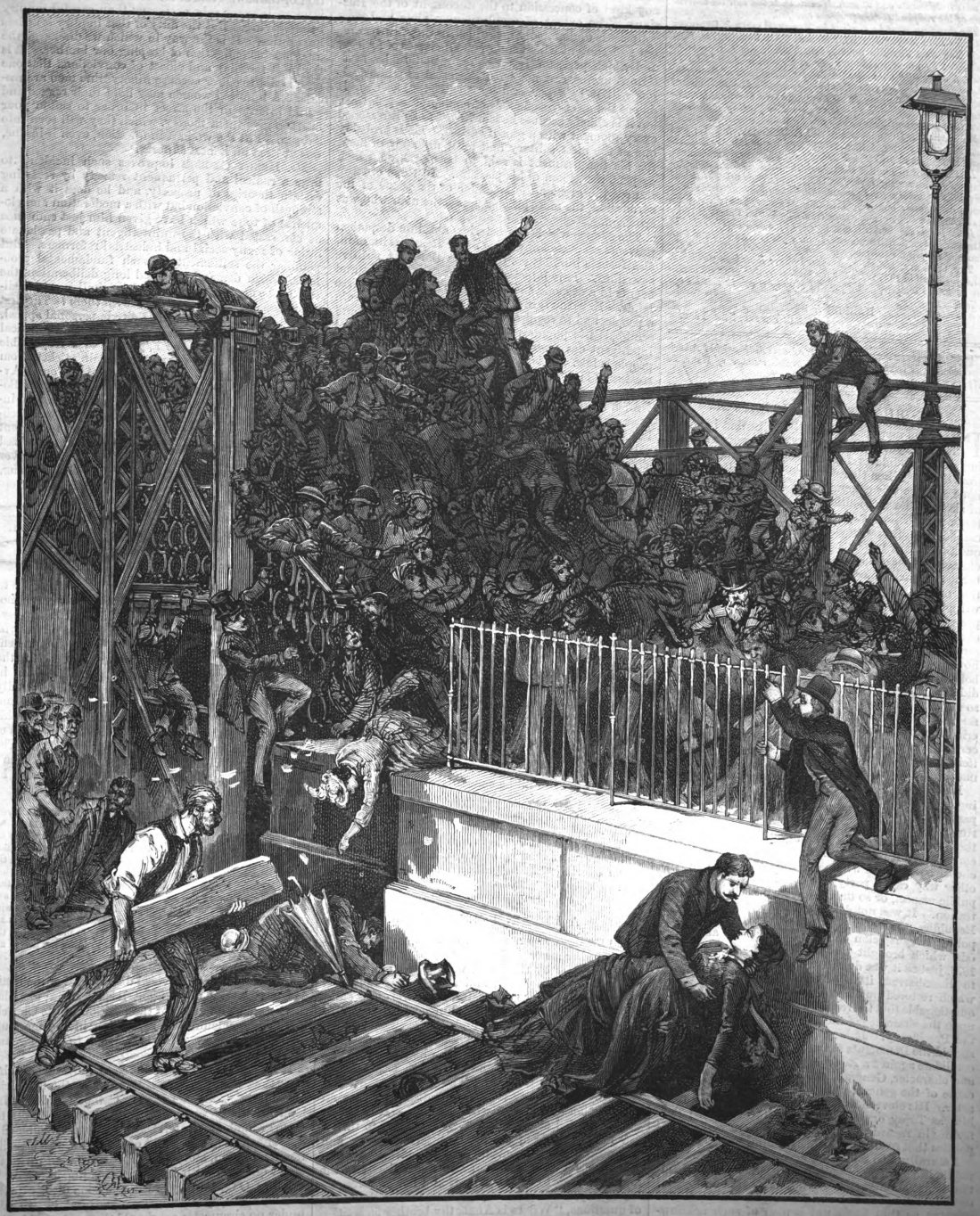

THE TRAGEDY ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, MAY 30.—DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM AND W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 355.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
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☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT, *with portraits of some distinguished American scholars, is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

CANDIDATES AND CHARACTER.

IN an era of mere personal politics like that in which the country now finds itself, the necessity of selecting good candidates for office is naturally greater than ever. When there is some great and absorbing issue such as this generation has seen, the extension of slavery, the prosecution of a war, the reconstruction of the Union, the chief popular qualification of candidates is that they shall be sound upon the great question. But when there is no great question, the character of the candidate becomes of vital importance, because at such times, when the main consideration is that of comparative confidence in parties, the parties will be judged largely by those whom they select to represent them. This is not unfair, because, freedom of choice being assumed, the selection of inferior representatives certifies inability in the party. This shows how extremely important, in a mere party view, is both the selection and the method of selection of candidates. Nobody doubts that the nomination of a man so reputable as Mr. CLEVELAND was of the utmost service to the Democratic party last autumn. Considering the Republican apathy, indeed, even if the Democratic party had selected one of its ordinary politicians he might have been elected, but the astounding majority at the election would have been wanting.

It is wise to bear this situation in mind when making or considering selections for every position. The party which can point to honest and capable and fitting men in office may well point with pride, because they are the evidence of party sagacity. They are the earnest that, if the party be trusted with power, it will choose agents who will command confidence. In no other way can a party commend itself so closely to public respect, or so firmly intrench itself in administration. It was not desire of change, nor mistrust of Republican principles, nor hostility to Republican policy, but suspicion of Republican agents and methods, which brought the party into extreme peril in 1876, just as it was demonstration of the party ability to disembarrass itself of such agents and methods which restored public confidence in 1880. It is unquestionable that the result in 1884 will depend largely upon the character of the men who are nominated for the Presidency. It is safe to say, for instance, that should the Democrats select General BUTLER for their candidate against a Republican of unassailable ability and character, General BUTLER would be defeated because of the general want of confidence in his character. His cleverness is conceded. *Puck's* picture of him as Topsy exactly represents the general public feeling in regard to him, and in an era of personal politics that feeling would defeat him.

Naturally men who have been long conspicuous in public life have made both friends and enemies. But that is not an answer to the objection that a proposed candidate has made a certain impression upon the country, or that he is not a man of such acknowledged qualities as in the public estimation to fit him for a designated position. The universal satisfaction with which an obviously proper appointment, like that of Mr. Justice GRAY, for instance, is received, and the favor which it instantly wins for the appointing power, show the immense advantage to a party of good judgment in selecting candidates. Next year both parties will be put to the severest test of this kind in nominating a President, and there was never a time when it was more necessary to put the best men forward, for it will be the year in which the ablest, the best-known, and the most unsullied candidate will be the most available.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

THE Czar of Russia has placed the imperial crown upon his own head amid an unequalled splendor of pageantry, and doubtless amid general disappointment that in his manifesto there is no intimation of any kind of concession to the discontent of the Russians. The extent of revolutionary plots and conspiracies is undoubtedly magnified, as they always are, but a discontent which embraces all classes of society, and which persistently seeks assassination by mysterious means, can not be disregarded as whimsical, nor will it be suppressed by severity. The Czar is one of the most conspicuous of contemporary figures, but it is chiefly because he is believed to be threatened every moment with a ghastly death. He is probably one of the most solitary and most unhappy of men, for his temperament is said to be of a kind which deepens the gloom of his position. In these circumstances the greater the splendor of the scene of the coronation, the more pitiable seems the man who was crowned.

The silence which characterizes absolute despotism prevents accurate knowledge of the Russian situation, and forbids implicit confidence in the most positive assertions. It is impossible to measure motives and events in a despotic country by the experience of free lands. Extreme tyranny and oppression at last ruin a people, and to require of an ignorant, degraded, and semi-barbaric population the prudence, sagacity, and intelligent devotion and fidelity which mark a free people is idle. This is the root of the difficulty in the treatment both of Ireland and of Russia. To present each of those countries with the constitution of the United States would not solve the problem. The late Czar emancipated the serfs, and was hailed as a great human benefactor, but that did not save him from assassination as if he had been a monster of oppression. He may have trembled at his own boldness, and may have recoiled from his own act. But to murder him as if he had been a NERO or a CALIGULA was to confound all standards of conduct.

The tragedy of the Czar's position is that he stands really alone. To yield to the popular demand is to alienate the nobility, and to do nothing is to feed the popular discontent. To grant a constitution, or to summon a free constituent assembly, and to make the press free, is to change the very nature of the empire, and to seem to himself to betray his highest honor—fidelity to his blood and his sovereign responsibility. Yet to do less than this would be not to satisfy the demand to which he would yield. Nihilism is a challenge to the empire. But that the concessions required by the Nihilist party could be made, even with the hearty sympathy of the Czar, without a tremendous convulsion, is very doubtful. Certainly none but a very great man, acting not in compliance with an external demand, but upon his own strong convictions, could popularize the Russian government. And no truly great statesman would ever believe that the government of a vast ignorant, degraded, and barbarous multitude could be suddenly popularized by an imperial rescript, or by the belief of an emperor that a self-governing republic is better than an absolute empire. Nevertheless, a beginning in Russia must be made, and it is the want of an announcement that a beginning would be made which has cast a certain gloom over the late magnificent ceremonial at Moscow.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

A FEW days ago a woman of thirty, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading a young child of two or three years by the hand, walked to the end of a pier on the East River, and after a few moments threw the infant into the water, flung the other child after him, and then instantly plunged into the water herself. It was in the day, and all three were rescued half drowned. As soon as possible the woman was questioned, and answered that she had no home, no food, no work, no hope, and that death seemed to be the only relief possible. Such a tragedy in the great, busy, prosperous city is not to be dismissed with an exclamation either of pity or of horror. It is not an unprecedented event. It is only necessary to turn a few rods aside from the most glittering streets and the finest houses to come upon another world of want and suffering and struggle; and the incident of the mother trying to drown herself and her children instinctively recalls to every generous mind the oldest of questions, "Where is ABEL, thy brother?"

The progress of civilization merely emphasizes more strongly the fact that we can not satisfy ourselves by returning CAIN'S answer to the question. No reasonable and conscientious New-Yorker, for instance, could read in his morning paper the story that we have repeated without an uncomfortable feeling of responsibility, and a certain unwillingness to enjoy comfort and luxury while others starve, without even a word or an effort to do something. The doctrine of everybody for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, and the survival of the fittest, in the sense that sympathy and assistance are superfluous and vain, is the doctrine of the devil. The theory that he who will not work must starve is sound enough, perhaps. But the corollary that his wife and children must be permitted to starve also is again merely a doctrine of the devil. There is undoubtedly, as we have often stated, immense fraud in beggary. Alms given in the street are in almost every instance a premium offered to poverty and drunkenness. An enormous proportion of the stories told at the door are lies, and nothing is more imperatively necessary than careful inquiry before giving. But the duty of that inquiry is no less imperative. It is the way in which we discharge the unavoidable obligation of keeping our brother. It is the most familiar and oldest of convictions that one man is not to suffer because ninety-nine men are rascals. A hundred women may hold their ragged and pallid infants in the street in order to soften your heart to give them money, which they will turn into a dram. But the woman in question, even if insane, was at least an honest sufferer.

Mr. HENRY GEORGE improves such incidents to urge a radical and permanent remedy by recasting certain theories of property, and he does it with a strength of conviction but with a moderation and eloquence of tone which have given him just eminence as contrasted with the unintelligent and passionate ardor of many social and industrial reformers. But pending the settlement of such fundamental problems, which demand time and long deliberation, the care of the mother and her children challenge immediate action. What are we to do with them? The first thing to do is not to neglect a single personal appeal, and to answer it in the only possible and practical manner by referring the applicant to a responsible inquirer. This can be done by obtaining tickets from the Society for the Relief of the Poor, at 79 Fourth Avenue, or by applying to the Charity Organization Society, at the same place. If you make personal inquiry, even with the best of intentions, you will probably be deceived. The one thing to do to prevent the recurrence of so terrible a disgrace to a civilized community as that of the mother's desperate endeavor is, not to say "How horrible!" but to do something, and that something is to improve the very next opportunity for inquiry and for relief if needed. Meanwhile you can also reflect upon what steps may be necessary practically to make Christendom Christian.

THE POPE AND THE LAND LEAGUE.

THERE is no doubt that the circular of the Pope to the Irish bishops disapproving the PARNELL testimonial fund is an important event in the controversy. Whatever may be said of it, no intelligent person will suppose that it was issued under any misapprehension. The Irish prelate who is most favorable to the present movement, Archbishop CROKE, has been in Rome, and he has, of course, made the most friendly representations of the League and its methods and purposes. But he returns to Ireland and urges his countrymen to submit to the Vatican. The words of the Pope are most emphatic and significant. The chief duty of the clergy, he says, is to calm men's minds. Referring to instructions previously sent, he adds:

"It is certainly not forbidden to collect for the relief of distress in Ireland; but at the same time the aforesaid apostolic mandates absolutely condemn such collections as are raised in order to inflame popular passions, and to be used as a means for leading men into rebellion against the laws. Above all things they, the clergy, must hold themselves aloof from such subscriptions when it is plain that hatred and dissensions are aroused by them, that distinguished persons are loaded with insults, that never in any way are censures pronounced against the crimes and murders with which wicked men stain themselves, and especially when it is asserted that the measure of true patriotism is in proportion to the amount of money given or refused—so as to bring the people under the pressure of intimidation."

This is the most unequivocal disapproval of the methods pursued by the present Irish leaders; and that there may be no doubt of the position of the Church, the Pope condemns all revolution in the most unqualified manner. "It is wicked to further any cause, however just, by illegal means."

It may surprise many persons to know that this has been the general papal position during the later Irish agitations. The chief Roman Catholic leader in Ireland for many years, O'CONNELL, took precisely the same ground, and he fell because he strictly adhered to it. His doctrine, like that of GRATTAN, was constitutional agitation, and when the Government raised the direct question with him by forbidding the monster meeting, O'CONNELL yielded, and soon died. Yet before his death, by insisting upon the same doctrine, that under no circumstances should the welfare of Ireland be sought by force of arms, he forced the secession of Young Ireland from the Repeal movement. The Church did not favor the Fenians, who were revolu-

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tionists. Even at the time of the great insurrection in 1641-2 the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy, while approving the war against the English Parliament which had decreed the extirpation of their religion in Ireland, declared in the strongest terms their detestation of the crimes of the insurrection, and excommunicated all Catholics who should be guilty of such atrocities.

The circular of the Pope, therefore, is in strict accordance with the policy of the Church. It holds that as the PARNELL movement is addressed to the passions, and tends to illegal and criminal acts, the testimonial fund can not be approved, nor can any ecclesiastic be allowed to take part in recommending or promoting it. As the League depends upon the support of the Roman Catholic population, this practical censure of the movement by the Vatican will necessarily affect it deeply. If the advice of Mr. MCCARTHY and of Mr. EGAN should be followed, and the fund should be made up by popular subscription despite the prohibition of the Pope, it will show how profoundly the religious loyalty of Ireland has been shaken, and how tenacious is the hold of the present movement upon the country. The fact of the publication of the circular is the evidence of the strong hostility of the Church to the methods of the Land League agitation, which is apparently the most universal and deeply rooted of any popular Irish movement since that for Repeal.

REFORM IN NEW YORK.

THE New York Civil Service Commission having appointed Mr. JOHN JAY Chairman, an act which will be universally approved, has selected Mr. SILAS W. BURT as its Chief Examiner, and in so doing has secured the best man in the State for the position, and has given a signal proof, not of its good faith, of which no evidence was necessary, but of its practical sagacity. Mr. BURT, the late Naval Officer, was nominated by the President for the same position upon the national Commission, but under the singular circumstances of the nomination—as was shown at the time—it was impossible for him to accept. It is most fortunate, however, that Mr. BURT'S peculiar fitness for the position and his invaluable experience in the reformed system are not to be lost.

In the hands of such a Commission as the Governor has appointed, which will be heartily sustained by him, the law will not be found feeble nor ineffective. Those who supposed that a Democratic Governor and a Democratic majority of the board would make it a mere blind for party purposes will be undeceived. The board is composed of Messrs. JAY, SCHOONMAKER, and RICHMOND, with Mr. BURT as Chief Examiner. Mr. JAY, Mr. BURT, and Mr. RICHMOND are perfectly well known to those who have been most active in the reform for the past two years as among its chief friends and champions. Mr. SCHOONMAKER honorably co-operates with them, and the Governor is in full sympathy with the work. To every friend of reform in the country it is a matter of just pride that the reformed system within a State should be first applied, and under the most encouraging auspices, in New York, where the mischiefs of the old system have been most flagrant.

THE DISASTER ON THE BRIDGE.

THE sad catastrophe upon the Brooklyn Bridge on Decoration-day will become a painful tradition. The day of the opening was so fortunate and successful in every way that it is unfortunate that its associations must be darkened by the melancholy loss of life that followed. It is the more painful because it was evidently avoidable. Nothing, indeed, can stay a crowd in the frenzy of panic. But it was evident after the first day that a vast crowd, a blockade, and a panic were not only possible, but extremely probable, and this being apparent, it was an imperative duty to provide for it.

The conditions of the safe passage of a huge crowd across the bridge were as plain before the disaster as they are now. The two currents should be kept separate, and the police force should be adequate to keep them constantly moving, and to clear the approaches from loiterers. Peddlers and every kind of obstruction should be summarily moved on. This will be now probably done. But it is humiliating that it should have needed so terrible a spur.

Of course no such event can occur again without bringing the management under universal public indignation. Those who have to deal with crowds are bound to know that a crowd is easily panic-stricken, and that when panic-stricken it is uncontrollable. The problem of safe passage across the bridge is certainly not a difficult one, and the lamentable disaster is not only irreparable to the victims and their friends, but it is a disgrace to those who should have prevented it.

A POINT FOR THE PRESIDENT TO DECIDE.

AN interesting question arose during the visit of Mr. EATON, the Civil Service Commissioner, at the Customhouse. It was whether the applicants who had already passed the old examination successfully, and were already upon the eligible list, ought to pass another examination under the new regulations. According to the report, Mr. EATON, although recognizing the force of the argument in favor of the present eligible list, doubted whether the Commission could properly adopt the results of any examinations except those held under its own authority. He suggested that the President, by a simple order, could continue the present eligible list.

This course we hope will be taken. The list is composed of those who have passed substantially the examination which is now prescribed—an examination which was instituted for the same purpose, and which was conducted in the same manner and by much the same examiners. It was in fact, except in name, the same examination, and the success of the examinations of the last four years was one of the strongest arguments for the passage of the bill, which, in effect, merely confirms and extends them. There is no good reason that those who stand already upon the eligible list should not compete, by their standing marked upon that list, with those who pass under the new regulations. Should the Commission make such a recommendation, we see no reason to doubt that the President would approve it.

The members of the Commission have been at work diligently since their adjournment, and have completed the organization of the local boards from Portland to New Orleans. The only point not visited is San Francisco, where the details will be arranged at once. It was necessary to lose no time, for the bill provides that after six months from the passage of the act no appointment, within the range of places included, should be made except according to its provisions. The bill was approved on the 16th of January, and the six months consequently expire on the 16th of July.

OFFICIAL SARCASM.

MR. DEZENDORF having made complaints to the Secretary of the Navy respecting certain violations of law at the Navy-yard in Norfolk, the Secretary was at liberty to dismiss them as trivial, or as proceeding from a person known to him to be unworthy to be heeded, or to direct a prompt investigation and action, which last he did. But the Secretary was not at liberty to insult the complainant, which he also did. If the complaints were worthy of attention, as the Secretary admitted by at once entertaining them and ordering an inquiry, the motives of the complainant or his previous conduct were not before him, and sarcastic comments were impertinent and officially improper. It is not the clever Mr. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER who is writing, but the Secretary of the Navy; and the little gibes which Mr. CHANDLER the politician might choose to fling at another politician are unseemly when a high public officer is speaking for the whole country. There is also something of the bully in using an official position to satirize a private citizen who, by the confession of the Secretary's own action, has done only his duty.

If the Secretary had supposed the charges to be unfounded, the proper course was also the most crushing. To have told Mr. DEZENDORF that inquiry had been made into the truth of his charges, and that they were shown to be totally unfounded, would have disposed of him effectually. But to receive the complaint and insult the complainant is, under the circumstances, presumptive evidence that the Secretary believed the charges to be true, and was angry that they had been made.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY AND GOVERNOR BUTLER.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has decided to break a bad precedent, and will not confer the degree of LL.D. upon Governor BUTLER. The sole argument in favor of doing it was that is was the custom, and that the honor is offered to the office and not to the man. The reply to this is that the circumstances which have now arisen show the custom to have been unfortunate, and if it was to be renounced, there could have been no more fitting occasion.

But the conclusive argument in favor of the course adopted is that the governing body of the University ought not to bestow its highest honor in a way which tends to cheapen it and to belittle the institution. That the people of Massachusetts have elected General BUTLER to be the Governor of the State is no more reason that the University should make him an LL.D. than that Andover Seminary should make him a D.D. The State has thought him to be a fitting person for the Chief Magistracy. The University has not thought him to be a proper person for its highest honor. Neither authority is bound by the other, and each is responsible for its own action. The unfortunate custom could never have been broken without offense to the Governor, whoever he might be, at the time. But that is surely not a reason for persevering in the practice.

Governor BUTLER is reported to have said that the course of the University had helped him politically. But even if that were so, the political consideration is not germane, because the University is not a political body. The degree is not withheld because Governor BUTLER now calls himself a Democrat. It was conferred, we believe, upon Governor GASTON, who was a Democrat. General BUTLER'S reported remark, that withholding the degree was an insult to the people of the State offered by Harvard College because it could not dictate a Governor, is unlike his usual remarks, because it is simply silly. In the Board of Overseers the question was solely one of propriety. All the members equally distrust General BUTLER, and all of them respect his office. But a college degree is in its nature a personal and not an official honor. This is the point which the University has now decided.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. H. R. HAWEIS on the late J. R. GREEN: "I took Mr. GREEN to breakfast with FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE; we always called MAURICE the Prophet—and to us he was a prophet—ever sweet and gentle, and genial to young men. MAURICE afterward preached a characteristic sermon on the doubt of THOMAS, the point of which was to show that THOMAS was the type of the true believer. 'How like MAURICE!' said GREEN to me; 'always to MAURICE the last and least obvious lesson seems the first, if not the only one, to be learned.' I think GREEN was as completely fascinated by MAURICE'S strength of soul and large tenderness of nature as ever I was. I remember GREEN'S reading out some passages of SWINBURNE'S then new book of *Poems and Ballads*, and saying, 'This is the greatest master of poetical language since SHELLEY; but he can't think.'"

—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of May 15, speaks of "the innumerable company of MORANS" as "certainly the most artistic family since the days of the VAN HUYSUMS. . . . In the family of MORAN, *noblesse oblige*."

—The project of a second canal across the Isthmus of Suez is not a new one. Six years ago Sir GEORGE ELIOT foresaw the necessity of providing additional accommodation, and suggested to the Khedive the expediency of a canal between Alexandria and Suez, by way of Ismailia. The idea that M. DE LESSEPS enjoys the exclusive right of connecting Europe and Asia is now exploded. "He deserves all honor," observes one of his admirers, "but the commerce of the world can not pause for fear his self-love should be hurt."

—Although it is fashionable in England to found clubs for the improvement of mastiffs, bull-dogs, fox-terriers, collies, and St. Bernards, there are no clubs for the improvement of setters, retrievers, pointers, spaniels, and other dogs most useful in field-sports.

—Mr. RUSKIN has been lecturing at Oxford on Mr. BURNE-JONES and several other modern painters before crowded audiences, which consisted chiefly of members of the university. His judgment was flexible enough to enable him to say that in a man who, like Mr. BURNE-JONES, is given to personification and to myth, "a certain strangeness, or quaintness, or even violation of probability, is not only excusable, but desirable, in the representation of what is neither body nor spirit, nor animal nor vegetable, but only an idea." Mr. BURNE-JONES, too, "has a sense of color perfect in its way, but he is essentially a chiaro-oscurist, rather than a colorist."

—Some discussion has been aroused in Paris because HACHETTE & Co., who have a monopoly of the railway book-stalls in France, have refused to sell GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S novel *Une Vie*, on the score of its undue "realism." To ZOLA'S works, however, no such objection is made; but their sale is interdicted on various railway lines in this country.

—Is it proper for a vicar and his wife to dine in the vestry? This great question has been exercising the intellects of "a committee of parishioners," who wrote to the Bishop of Winchester about it, and received the reply: "Though I think the vestry is not the right place for dinners, I do not think I could desire Mr. KNIGHT [the vicar complained of] to take a lodging for the sake of getting refreshment on a Sunday. If Mr. and Mrs. KNIGHT had to remain in the vestry between the services, I should not think there was much desecration of the house of God in the eating of a sandwich, etc."

—Baron NORDENSKJÖLD has sent to the great Fisheries Exhibition in London a case containing two figures representing a couple of Chukches—a race of the northeast of Asia—engaged in angling. Crouching down over a hole in the ice, the woman tries to attract the fish by uttering a peculiar cry; and as soon as she perceives a fish she casts her line into the hole. The figures are life-size, and dressed in suits of reindeer-skin and seal-skin, bordered with dog-skin, which were brought home in the *Vega*. The face of the woman is tattooed, and her black hair hangs down over her forehead.

—The Volunteer Fireman was proverbially strong in language. A New-Yorker now living in Providence, Rhode Island, having received from a merchant of this city a copy of the *Story of the Old Volunteer Fire Department of New York City* (published by the HARPERS), wrote a little letter of acknowledgment in French, which ended as follows: "C'est un bien joli cadeau, et j'en aurai bien soin. Ce sera pour moi un souvenir précieux de notre amitié qui date dès la première jeunesse."

—Mr. HENRY C. GIBSON'S private collection of oil-paintings in Philadelphia—one of the most notable in the country—is hung not in a single gallery, but in a series of juxtaposed rooms which he calls cabinets. He regards these works of art not as curiosities to be inspected, but as every-day companions whose society is agreeable; and there is scarcely an apartment on the first floor of his house where they are not to be found. The effect of hanging fine pictures in this manner is singularly cozy and pleasant.

—Mr. GLADSTONE attended service at the Hawarden Church on Sunday, May 13, and, as usual, read the lessons for the day. For more than two months three special constables have been guarding Hawarden Castle, each of them provided with six-chambered revolvers and several rounds of ammunition, and instructed not to lose sight of the Premier when he is walking in the grounds.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD is not yet done with Biblical criticism, in spite of his late protestations to the contrary. In the *Nineteenth Century* he becomes exceedingly conservative while discussing the prophecy of ISAIAH: "All meddling with the letter itself of the text is in my opinion undesirable. The case is one where the feeling that liberty is taken with the text does more damage than any amendment of the text can do good. It is better, I think, to get out of the existing text what meaning can be got out of it than to create the sense of insecurity which comes when the reader perceives the text to be treated with license. We are so constituted by nature that our enjoyment of a text greatly depends upon our having a sense of security."

—Dr. SAVAGE, in the *Journal of Mental Science*, considers the hereditary aspects of insanity: "One would say to a person asking whether she might marry, 'If you have strong insane inheritance, and if you have had already one attack occurring at about twenty, more especially if there has been a tendency to hysterics or other emotional disturbance, you will marry at very great risk of breaking down after childbirth, and your future partner must be fully warned of this fact;' whereas, if the insanity has been more accidental (if I may use the term), more the result of some other physical cause, the chances of recurrence are less. I am afraid, however, none of us are in a position to say what cases will or will not recur."

—If it were only possible (writes a late essayist) to convince our teachers of singing of the possibility of teaching pupils to sing artistically without the aid of anatomical knowledge, it would really be a valuable thing for our future vocalists. I have heard very young children use the Legato mode as naturally as breathing. From boys and girls as they play in the streets, or as they call out to one another, there can be heard the most perfect examples of pure sound, brought forth with a correctness and sustained with a steadiness of vibration which many a vocalist might envy. Indeed, there is not a sound uttered by any animal, whether bird or beast, or by the sea, or any other part of this great world, but the vocalist can learn something from it which will be of advantage to him when using his own voice in the expression of thought and feeling.

—A well-known capitalist of this city recalls a toast which forty years ago made an impression upon his youthful mind. A lady of Watertown, Massachusetts, whose surname was FOWL, was a guest of a well-known citizen of Newtown (now Newton) in the same State. After dinner, on one occasion, a guest arose and proposed the following bumper: "To the fair of Newtown, and the FOWL of Watertown."

—Amid the prevailing darkness of our civil service one sees occasionally a rift in the clouds. Mr. CHARLES FORRESTER, assistant superintendent of the newspaper department in the New York post-office, has the unique distinction of having been connected with that institution for fifty-eight consecutive years, his appointment dating from 1825, under the Postmastership of General THEODOSUS BAILEY, when the post-office was situated in Garden Street (now Exchange Place), and was served by only six clerks and six carriers. To-day there are twelve hundred clerks. General BAILEY used to reside over the post-office, and four of his clerks boarded with him. Mr. FORRESTER'S father was an officer of the same institution for twenty-eight years, and Mr. FORRESTER'S son held a similar position at the time of his death. But the rift becomes less when we consider that ever since the days of President TYLER Mr. FORRESTER has been forced to pay an annual assessment to the politicians.

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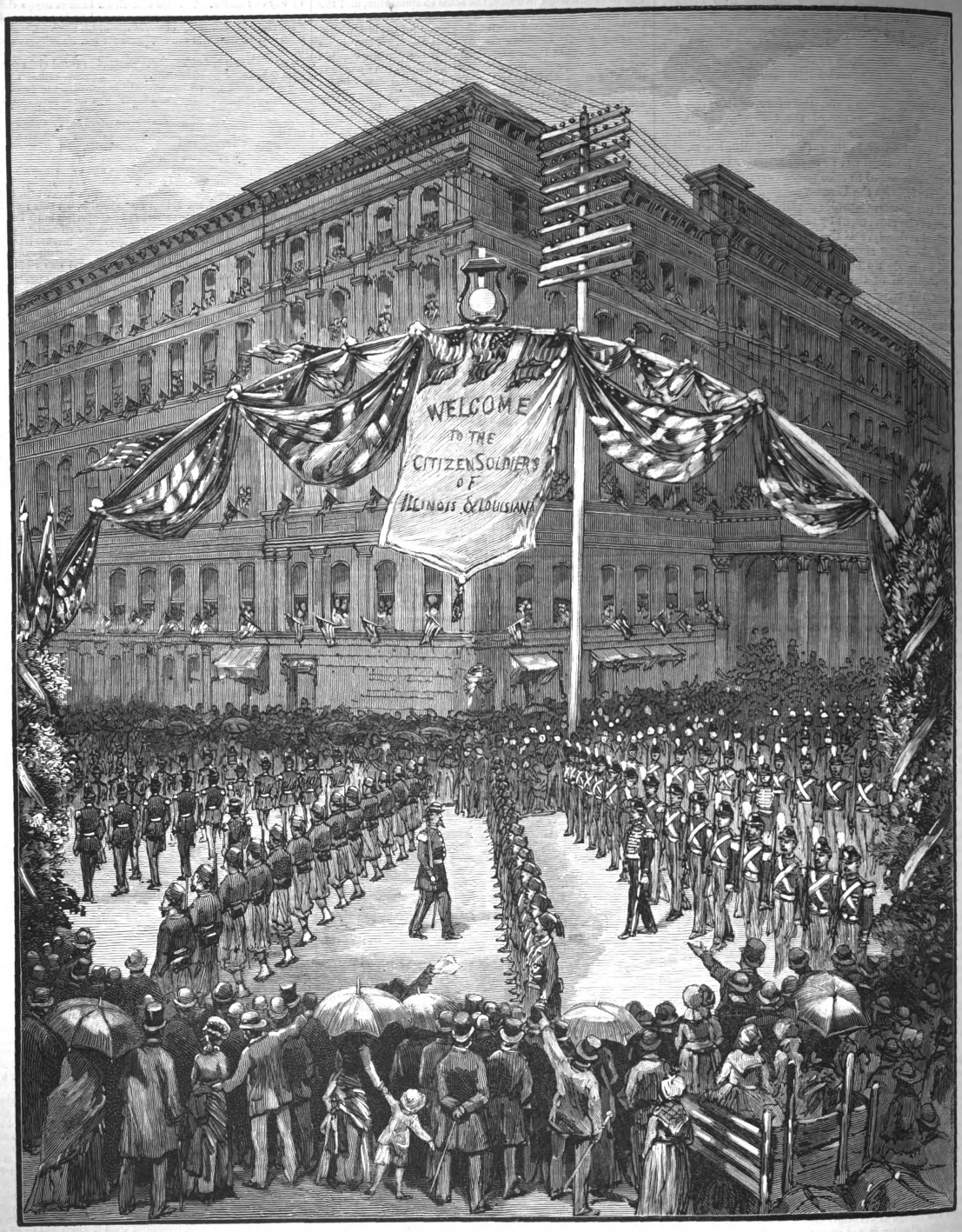

THE COMPETITIVE DRILL AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY HORACE BRADLEY.

THE NASHVILLE PAGEANT.

"MAN is a military animal" who "glories in gunpowder and loves parade." There is no spectacle so sure to attract eager attention, no display possessing so unfailing interest, as a military pageant. From the rural "muster," which very faintly suggests soldierly exercises, to elaborate and picturesque reviews of uniformed troops in large bodies, everything in the nature of a military display attracts and holds the eager interest of the people.

The splendid pageant which recently filled the city of Nashville, Tennessee, with people from all quarters of the country, however, was significant of something more and better than this. The competitive drill held recently in that city was planned and carried out in strict accordance with the governing principle of our republican system of military defense. Its purpose was to test and promote the efficiency of that citizen soldiery upon which chiefly the nation relies for defense against foreign foes or domestic violence. It signified an earnest purpose to make the voluntary militia organizations of the country efficient military schools for the proper and thorough training of citizen soldiers. It was a sort of examination instituted, as all examinations should be, for the purpose of stimulating thoroughness of educational work. The people of the South are even more strongly military in their tastes than men of our race usually are, and they attend an exhibition of this kind with no gaping curiosity, no purpose to indulge in ignorant admiration. They are keen critics of military drills and evolutions, and they went to Nashville as the people of a musical community attend a new opera, to judge the performance critically, to apportion praise and blame impartially, and to test the work done by exact standards. They knew how each detail should be managed, and were quick to detect errors or excellences in the smallest particulars. The newspapers of the city made much of the affair as a pageant of unusual splendor, but they were not content with such generalities. They analyzed the performance of each company, each platoon, and even each individual soldier. They criticised as conscientiously and as intelligently as an inspector at West Point might do when testing the work of the cadets. Their reviews of each day's display were critical analyses of unstinted severity. The praise they accorded was given willingly and heartily, but it had to be earned in every case.

In presenting illustrations of this pageant we can not too heartily commend the purpose with which it was organized, or the right spirit in which it was carried out. It has always been the policy of our country to rely upon militia organizations for defense in all emergencies, and under such a policy it becomes us to care for the efficiency of those organizations as earnestly as other nations cherish their standing armies. Practically the militia is the army in this country, and the earnestness shown by the people of the South in promoting its efficiency and duly recognizing its importance is worthy alike of praise and imitation. The attitude of the people in the South toward the citizen soldiery is that which the people of the whole country should maintain. They regard the militia organizations as real bodies of troops set to defend the country at need. They treat their work seriously, and never make the mistake of undervaluing their thoroughness in discipline and perfection in drill. They fully understand that the militia are not meant to play at soldiering, and that their function is a more important one than the mere making of a holiday show.

There is no ground for complaint of a want of earnestness on the part of the citizen troops in any part of the land, but the recognition given to them in the North is not always so hearty or so serious as it should be, and in this particular the people of Nashville have set a wholesome example.

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"They are quite happy together."

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPUS ACTUM.

When I think of the early years of my life I think of a wide green landscape, fertile, well timbered, and swept always by fresh breezes from the German Ocean. I see great sheets of calm water reddened by the glow of sunset, and flights of wild fowl in a black line against the sky, and the wherries, with their enormous brown sails, moving slowly along the dikes, and having, from a short distance, the appearance of sailing on dry land. I see an old red brick house, too, with gables and twisted chimneys, standing in the midst of a perfectly level park. Round about it are shrubberies and a few flower beds and an old-fashioned walled fruit garden, while behind it there rises a slight—a very slight—eminence, which is called "the Hill," and from the summit whereof (forty or fifty feet above the level of the sea, perhaps) many miles of land and water can be discovered stretching away to meet the horizon. There is a sense of space and vigor and freedom connected with this country which goes far toward atoning for its flatness, and is in some sort a substitute for beauty. So, at least, polite strangers were wont to affirm; but to my eyes it was always a beautiful country, and could stand very well upon its own merits, without need of any excuses or equivalents whatever.

A certain number of years ago—sometimes it seems a great many, sometimes only a few—a little boy used to trot about that part of East Norfolk in a state of constant and serene satisfaction with himself and his surroundings. He was, I think, what most people would consider a rather nice-looking little boy; and as he was allowed to do almost exactly as he pleased, and got very nearly everything that he wanted, it is not surprising that he should have been also a good-humored and jolly little boy. I can see him plainly now as he plods hither and thither on his sturdy little legs among the woods and fields. Sometimes he is alone; but more often he is accompanied by an elderly gentleman, with a slight stoop and a kind, handsome face, who does not say a great deal himself, but who listens with much courtesy to his companion's unceasing flow of conversation, and who only puts forward his own opinions from time to time with a proper degree of deference. These two are the best of friends, one of them being a great talker and the other an admirable listener; and whether they go their daily rounds on foot, or whether the old gentleman is mounted on a big-boned bay horse and the boy on a diminutive Shetland pony, they are quite happy together, and want no third person to enliven their solitude.

Third persons come, however, from time to time. There is another boy, George Warren, from Hailsham, and there is the Rector with his fishing-rod, and old Sir Digby Welby, who rides over to talk politics and agriculture. These come and go; but for the greater part of the long days the old man and the boy have no society but their own, and are content therewith.

A few years later the little boy has become a big boy, and is more satisfied with himself than ever. His round jacket has been replaced by a shooting coat; his legs are incased in leather gaiters, and his feet in stout boots; he is out on the Broads after duck, happy in the possession of a brand-new gun all of his own. With legitimate pride he eyes this weapon of destruction, while the punt in which he balances himself somewhat unsteadily is advancing among the tall reeds and rushes of the shore. All of a sudden the duck rise in a compact mass above the tops of the waving reeds. Bang!—right into the middle of them. Now, then, Dido, old girl, pick up the slain! Off goes Dido; off goes the impetuous youth after her, plunging deep into water and mud. How many killed? What! none? Well, well—better luck next time. The sportsman returns a little less quickly than he went; and there is old Jim Bunce, in his confounded old velveteens, sitting calmly in the punt, reloading with the aid of that forgotten implement called a ramrod; and Jim Bunce widens his already wide mouth, and says, "Lord! Mr. Chawls, who'd ha' thought it, now!" when he hears the confession that has to be made, though perhaps he is not quite so surprised as his words would seem to imply. No matter, Jim Bunce—a day will come.

The day does come—many days. Days in the stubble and among the turnips; days in the coverts that lie about Thirlby Hall. The boy is now a young man, who can shoot as well as another; and if there are not a great many pheasants to be shot, there are not a great many people to shoot them, while of partridges there are enough to satisfy anybody. Ah, dear old days! jolly old life! dear old country! Is it memory or time that has played such strange pranks with you?

I revisited those once familiar scenes the other day, after a long, long interval of absence—"a vast o' years," as old Jim Bunce would have said. It is not a beautiful country. I won't allow that it is ugly, but beautiful it certainly is not; and as I stood under the lee of Thirlby Church, looking out upon it all with sorrowful eyes, a furious east wind came tearing round the angles of the old building, and chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. I am sure the wind never blew like that when I was young. As for the landscape—well, I was prepared for a certain degree of disappointment; for how could I expect that the reality should answer to my dim recollections when it is only by a vigorous effort that I can identify myself, the Charles Maxwell of A.D. 1883, with the slim young gentleman whose portrait in crayons hangs, or used to hang, in the library at Thirlby Hall? I say I was prepared for change; but what I was not prepared for was to find that the entire neighborhood had shrunk to something less than a fourth of its original size. That Thirlby Broad! And Hickling Broad, and Horsey Mere, can those comparatively insignificant sheets of water be the vast inland seas upon which I used to sail by the hour together, and which my callow imagination likened to Lakes Erie, Michigan, and Superior? The villages, too, how they have huddled themselves together, and how sadly the woods have diminished in area! Even the Hall itself—but this is too painful. I turn my back upon the view, and look up at the gray, weather-beaten church tower above me, with its iron cage at the top, which we used to call the lantern, and which served in ancient days as a light-house to ships out at sea. It is a tower of very respectable height; but, alas! it is no longer to be compared, without palpable absurdity, to the Tower of Babel. And within the building things are not any better. Thirlby Church is a large church, as all the churches are in those parts, but it is not so large as York Minster—not nearly so large. I have difficulty in recognizing it. The sea-green east window, against which I used to watch the flying shadows of the rooks during church-time, is gone; so is the old three-decker; so are the high square pews. Renovation and restoration have resulted in stained glass and Minton tiles, and a reredos, and a marble pulpit, and rows of carved oak benches. These are improvements, no doubt; but I am sure I don't know what the old Rector would have thought of it all.

The old Rector and his old-fashioned ways have been forgotten for a long time, I should imagine. I saw his grave outside, among the graves of many others whom I saw last as hale, hearty men. Under the chancel, in the family vault, sleeps the best friend I ever had. Perhaps it was rather a mistake to begin with the parish church when I stole away, without saying a word to anybody, to renew acquaintance with my old home.

As I pass out through the grave-yard I come upon the last resting-place of another old friend:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
JAMES BUNCE,

Born 3d August, 1780. *Died 10th December*, 1862.
For upward of fifty years Keeper and Water-Bailiff to
BERNARD LE MARCHANT, OF THIRLBY HALL, ESQ.

A worthy man within this grave doth lie,
A faithful servant and a sportsman true;
Ne'er failed with fish his master to supply,
Preserved his partridges and pheasants too.
Now in the heav'nly quires above he sings,
Removed from guns and rods and all such things.

Likewise of SUSANNAH, Wife of the Above.

Likewise of his Sons JAMES and WILLUM, Drowned at Sea.

This Here Stone
Was put up by his third son, Daniel Bunce,
Carpenter and Shipwright of Great Yarmouth.

There is some internal evidence of "this here stone" having been literally put up by the aforesaid Daniel—put up, that is, by his own hands; and indeed, if he inherits his father's qualities, he is not the man to call in professional aid over so small a matter as the cutting of a tombstone, or even the composing of a suitable epitaph to adorn the same. Old Jim Bunce used to be fond of saying of himself that he was a Jack-of-all-trades. He would sometimes add modestly that he was master of none; but this, I take it, he said only to secure the harmless satisfaction of being contradicted. If ever any one knew his own large value, as a person of many shifts and large experience, Jim Bunce did, and he was only a gamekeeper because his taste inclined him toward field-sports, not because he doubted his capacity to fill any other station in the world that he might select. I well remember how he would insist upon painting his own garden fence, mending his own roof and windows, and making his own nets. I remember also that he always received the full market value of such odd jobs from my uncle, who would justly remark that it would be most unfair to take advantage of Bunce's economy. It would not surprise me to hear that Daniel Bunce, carpenter and shipwright, of Great Yarmouth, had got the price of that grave-stone out of the trustees.

And so Jim Bunce has left his velveteens, his rod, and gun, and "all such things," and is singing in heavenly quires, is he? It may be so; but I must be allowed to reserve my opinion. I fancy that if Bunce has kept his consciousness and his identity at all, he is not content with the employment so confidently ascribed to him by his son. Daniel, to be sure, may reply that he knows quite as much about the matter as I do. How, indeed, can we say what change may come over the spirit of a man after death, when we are daily

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witnesses of the vicissitudes to which it is subject while still imprisoned in the flesh? Of all the hard laws which govern us poor mortals, and mould us without the smallest respect for the sacredness of our free-will, the law of change is the saddest and most puzzling. It is not that a man develops into a better edition of his former self, that his intelligence widens, and his knowledge and experience increase, but that he becomes another man altogether. One thinks of the ambitions, the passions, the struggles, of twenty, thirty, forty years ago, asking one's self, with a sort of stupid wonder, Was it really *I* who did and suffered all these things? One can't look back faithfully and minutely into the past without humiliation, without a sense of infidelity and powerlessness. I speak, of course, of myself, and judge humanity at large by myself (which is, I imagine, the common method); but as it is the story of my own life that I am about to write, perhaps a little preliminary egotism may be forgiven me.

I suppose that my childhood was as happy a one as could possibly be. I don't think that the fact of my being an orphan afflicted me for a single moment. My parents died when I was far too young to understand my loss, and my uncle Bernard was father, mother, and friend, all in one to me. I have a portrait of him—a mere pencil sketch of his profile, dashed off one afternoon by George Warren, who had a happy knack of catching likenesses—which I am glad to say that I have preserved ever since, and which recalls him to my mind far more vividly than the full-length oil-painting by Sir Francis Grant. My drawing represents a handsome, refined-looking man, slightly bald, whose age might be anything between forty and sixty. The forehead is broad and rather high, the nose aquiline, the upper lip short, and the chin round and well moulded. There is a suspicion of a smile about the mouth and the eye, which last is half closed, and has a faint crow's-foot at the corner. A very deep line runs from the nostril to the corner of the mouth. Knowing all that I do now, I can see that it is a sad face; though it never struck me as sad in those days, there being, in my opinion, no reason at all why it should be so. I was aware, of course, that Uncle Bernard was a widower; but it did not occur to me as possible that he could be still grieving for my aunt—a person whom I had never seen, and who was as dead as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Afterward I heard that the subject of his wife's death was one which not even his most intimate friends ventured to mention to him, and that he had had other heavy sorrows besides this, which also—though for different reasons—could not be spoken of in his presence. For the rest, my dear old man was far too unselfish and too philosophical to obtrude his troubles upon those who could not enter into them, or, for that matter, upon those who could. I call him "old" out of habit, and because in the days of my puppyhood he naturally appeared to me to be quite an old man, but he was not in reality much beyond middle age at that time, and his mother was still alive, and even very much alive.

Of that lady we saw nothing, and heard very little. She had contracted a second marriage before my birth, and lived far away in the north of Scotland with her husband, a certain Mr. Farquhar. Thither my uncle used to betake himself once in every year upon a filial visit, and as he always looked tired and harassed on his return, I was led to form a poor opinion of my great-aunt, who never came to Thirlby.

Thirlby, in truth, was a house where guests were few. Not that my uncle was inhospitable; but it so happened that there were scarcely half a dozen people in the world whom he was expected to ask to stay with him. We were singularly devoid of near relations, he and I. He was only my uncle by marriage, his wife having been my mother's sister, and my own people must have been as much astonished as delighted when he proposed to adopt me. I believe they made rather a favor of acceding to his wish; but I am bound to say that, having brought themselves to do so, they allowed him entire liberty of action with regard to my education and destiny, and if he had thought fit to employ me in a coal mine, or send me to sea as a cabin-boy, I very much doubt whether they would have felt themselves justified in interfering in the matter. But he did nothing of that kind. He treated me in all respects like his own son—only I think that our companionship was somewhat closer than that which subsists between most fathers and sons; and so we lived together in the old house, which to one of us, at all events, never seemed empty or lonely, and it was very seldom that a visitor interrupted our prolonged *tête-à-tête*.

As for ladies, scarcely one did we see from January to December, and really it is wonderful how well we got on without them. Mr. Dennison, the Rector, was a widower; Lady Welby was an invalid; Mrs. Warren, of Hailsham, was understood to have every moment of her time occupied in ministering to the wants of a boundless family, and in endeavoring to reconcile these with the capacities of a far from boundless income. Other ladies there were, living, some five, some seven, some ten miles away from us; but our intercourse with them was confined to a few formal calls in the course of the year. My uncle was too conscientious a man to say "Not at home" when he was at home, or even to slip quietly out-of-doors as soon as a carriage was seen approaching across the great level park. Therefore he received these ladies, as often as they came, with gentleness and dignity; but he did not encourage any advances courtesy; but he did not encourage any advances toward intimacy on their part. I believe that, long before, some of them had caused him great annoyance by asserting that it was a duty that he owed to society to provide his house with a new mistress, and by throwing eligible persons in his way; the result of which was that he took up an attitude of distrust and self-defense before them which the lapse of years had not availed to modify. As for me, no sooner did I detect a green or yellow chariot swinging slowly up the avenue than I bolted away as fast as my legs could carry me. I did not like female society in those days. Whether we were ultimately the better or the worse for being thus deprived of what neither of us missed I will not pretend to say—a little of both, perhaps.

From time to time my uncle's brother, the General, would run down to Thirlby for a few days; and those were merry days for the whole establishment. I am afraid the servants liked the General a little better than they did my uncle. He was not more open-handed, for no one could very well have been that, but he was certainly jollier. Tall, erect, good-looking, and carrying his five-and-forty years with a certain youthful jauntiness, he was a man with whom the world had always gone well, and whom the world accordingly loved. No doubt it was to his own merits that he owed his C.B. and his attainment of the rank of Major-General at so early an age; still it is not every meritorious officer who has a chance of distinguishing himself, and insomuch as General Le Marchant had had many such chances, he may be said to have been used well by the world. It was therefore as natural that everybody should like him as that he should be good-humored, jovial, and full of jokes, which, if not intrinsically excellent, were made so by the manner of their delivery. Cooper, the butler, ordinarily a somewhat saturnine personage, would stand behind my uncle's chair, grinning from ear to ear, while that capital story was being narrated about the troop-sergeant-major's horse which was cast by mistake and purchased by the Bishop of Cirencester, who afterward exhibited it proudly to the colonel of the regiment. The narrator chuckled so prodigiously over it himself that his audience could not choose but be infected by his hilarity. As for Jim Bunce, he declared that it did his heart good to go out for a day's shooting with a gentleman as took a real delight in his work. The truth is that my uncle, though a very fair shot, was no enthusiastic lover of sport, and would rather, any day, see his brother bring down a rocketer, or the Rector land a twenty-pound pike, than be at the pains of performing either of these feats himself. It was the General who gave me my first gun; it was the General who carried me off to London while I was yet of tender years, "to open my mind," as he said, and who took me to Madame Tussaud's and the Zoological Gardens, and—most glorious of all—to the play. Somehow, I can never quite bring myself to believe that the General is dead; though it seems natural enough that so many others should be.

The history of a man's life is like the history of a nation: looking back into it, one finds it marked out into certain clearly defined epochs. An event, great or small, takes place here and there, and makes a full stop, after which a fresh period has to be opened. One does not always recognize the full stop at the moment of its occurrence, but when so much that preceded and followed it has been swept out of the ken of memory, it stands forth with sufficient distinctness. The first period of my life ended where the first period of most boys' lives ends—on the day when I was sent to school. Full well do I remember that sad and solemn occasion. My uncle and I drove the whole distance, the establishment for which I was bound being only some thirty miles away from Thirlby, and I recollect that we were both extremely self-possessed and *nonchalant* in our manner, only toward the end of the journey conversation would flag a little in spite of all our efforts. And then the schoolmaster came out, all geniality and affability, to shake hands with us, and some part of my uncle went away. I feel an inward sinking even now when I think of that terrible moment. But the school-master, still genial (for, indeed, it was the first day of term, and parents were arriving at every moment), patted me on the shoulder encouragingly, and said: "Now, my little fellow, you must not pull a long face. And here is Warren, an old friend of yours, and a big boy, who will take care that nobody eats you up."

Dear old George Warren! I dare say he saved me a licking or two during those first few days, though I do not remember that I was in much danger of being eaten up then or afterward by any one, unless it were by the school-master himself, from whose fierce indignation no boy, however big, could have shielded me. George was four years older than I; but in spite of this great disparity of age we had been friends at home, and in spite of it we remained friends, not only throughout our school-days, but long after our school-days were at an end. I attribute this partly to George's native modesty, and partly to the circumstance that during the greater part of our boyhood we met only in the holidays. Had we been at Eton together we could hardly, I think, have continued to associate upon terms of equality; but Mr. Warren, who was a poor man, with many children, entered his son at a less expensive and famous public school than Eton, and my removal thither in due course of time gave me a certain prestige in my intercourse with George, of which I fear that I was only too ready to take advantage.

But great as was the change from that dreary little private school to Eton, and important as it seemed at the time, it does not now strike me as marking the commencement of a fresh period in my career. To reach a genuine full stop I have to advance several years, to the time when I was nearly eighteen, and the afternoon on which Maud Dennison returned to her father's house.

Maud Dennison and I had been companions as children, and had climbed trees together, and together had caught many a perch and bream in the Broads. She was at that time, as I often remarked to George Warren, "almost as good as a boy"; and the Rector was more than once heard to say, with a sigh, that he wished it had pleased Providence to create her of the other sex. Much as he loved his little girl, it came to him, no doubt, as a relief when his sister, Mrs. Saville, a lady of some wealth and position in society, who had girls of her own, proposed to take Maud, and keep her with her cousins until her education should be completed. The offer was, at any rate, accepted. Maud and I parted—not without tears upon both sides—and forgot one another with the celerity natural to our age. I suppose it was found more convenient that the Rector should run up occasionally to London or to his sister's place in Surrey than that his daughter should spend her holidays at Thirlby, for to Thirlby she came no more; and the chances are that Norfolk would never have been gladdened by the sight of her again but for the sudden demise of the Rector's housekeeper. This melancholy event deprived poor Mr. Dennison of his right hand, and almost of his head into the bargain. He had a right hand of his own equal to any man's for the tying of flies, and he had a head upon his shoulders which was tolerably well stocked with brains; but as regarded the details of every-day life he was as helpless as an infant. To order his dinner was a task altogether beyond him; nor could he find his sermons, his memoranda, his surplice, his boots, or his hat, without assistance. Hence he spent some weeks of hopeless misery and bewilderment, and committed blunders in the discharge of his duties which were talked about all over the parish, before it occurred to him that he had a daughter who had attained, or nearly attained, years of discretion. Long afterward Mrs. Saville described to me how she was sitting in her drawing-room in Portman Square one morning, when the Rector rushed in, excited and dishevelled, to say that he was very sorry to upset existing arrangements, but that unless he was allowed to take Maud home, he believed, upon his honor and conscience, that he should be driven into marrying the house-maid. "What was I to do?" Mrs. Saville asked. "I had fully intended to keep the dear child until she married well—as she would have been quite certain to do within a few years—but, knowing what a simpleton my poor brother was, and how easy it would be for any unscrupulous woman to lead him into making a fool of himself, I simply dared not raise objections. I was sorry for Maud; but I felt that there was no help for it, and that she must go."

So the Rector—who, by-the-way, was anything but a simpleton—carried off his daughter from the pomps and vanities of the metropolis; and thus it came to pass that, as I was walking homeward one evening, I was struck dumb with amazement by encountering at the corner of a lane a young lady of the most surpassing beauty and elegance. I have already mentioned that feminine charms were wholly unknown to me during the early years of my life; and although at this time I had a pretty high opinion of myself—being in the Eton Eight, and being possessed of advantages of face and figure of which I was fully conscious—I was apt to be bashful when ladies looked at me, and I felt myself growing red under the calm scrutiny of this one.

I don't know that I can describe her. In fact, I am quite sure that I can not, though some attempt at description is doubtless necessary. She was slim, and of something less than middle height; she had a low, broad forehead, and an abundance of brown hair above it; but what struck you first of all in looking at her was her eyes. These were shaded by remarkably long lashes, and were of that soft gray color which has no suspicion of blue or green in it, and which is, to my mind, the most beautiful of all the hues which human eyes can possess. With such eyes as that, it really could not signify at all what her nose and mouth might be like, and I don't think I noticed them at the time. Subsequent familiarity with all the features of this lady's face enables me to state that the former was short and straight, and that the latter was rather too large for the then received ideas of beauty. It would not, I believe, be considered so nowadays. She deliberately took stock of my person, and then extended her hand to me with a smile, saying: "I think you must be Charley Maxwell. I am Maud Dennison, if you remember such a person."

I made a clutch at my hat with my left hand, and held out my right, not to take hers, but to show that circumstances made it impossible for me to do so. I said, "Oh, how do you do, Miss Dennison?" (I did not venture to call her Maud, though she had addressed me as Charley.) "I'm afraid I can't shake hands. The fact is, I've been mending the bottom of the old punt, and I've got myself into an awful muddy mess, as you see."

If I am to confess the truth, I was not a little vexed that she should have discovered me in such an unbecoming plight, and was uncomfortably aware that my coat and trousers were the oldest in my possession. However, she laid her little hand in mine without any hesitation, remarking quietly that the mud would wash off; and as she did so I became aware that, for the first time in my life, I had fallen in love.

Sudden, no doubt; but not so very much more sudden, perhaps, than that kind of thing generally is. My admiration was so great that I should certainly have given some sort of verbal expression to it had not my shyness been even greater. But presently she caused all my shyness, and I fear a large part of my admiration also, to evaporate by observing, "You are very much grown."

"As far as that goes, so are you, you know," I returned, rather tartly. In truth, if she had searched for a month she could hardly have discovered a form of criticism more calculated to annoy me.

"Oh yes," she said; "I have grown a great deal, of course—in fact, I am grown up now. You are not quite that yet."

"I'm seven months older than you are, at all events," I retorted.

"Still," said she, "that does not make you grown up. You are a boy, whereas I am a young woman. I am sure you must see that yourself."

I replied that I didn't see it at all.

"Ah, I think you do, or you would not have called me 'Miss Dennison' just now. But I won't quarrel over it," she added, after a slight pause.

I explained to her that she was under a misapprehension. One was obliged to be a little careful, because some people became so easily stuck up after living in London that there was no knowing whether the slightest familiarity might not offend them. I had only addressed her as Miss Dennison out of politeness.

"Or because you had forgotten my Christian name," she suggested. "Have you forgotten teaching me to climb trees, I wonder? And don't you remember our fishing expeditions, and the day when I was frightened out of my wits by catching a huge eel? You wouldn't take it off the hook for me, and I had to drag it along the ground for ever so far at the end of my line, till I met George Warren, who relieved me of the monster. Don't be cross and disagreeable, Charley, or I shall think that it is you who have grown stuck up at Eton."

This was quite irresistible. My offended dignity was soothed, and I once more realized that I was desperately in love with this new and exquisite Maud Dennison—a fact as to which I had begun to entertain some doubts during the past few minutes.

"And have you come home for good?" I inquired.

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered. "My father has discovered at last that he wants me, and I hope he will always find me necessary now. We must try to become friends again, you and I, as we are to be such near neighbors."

No great effort was needed in order to arrive at this result. We walked on together, talking over old times and comparing notes, and I was not a little disgusted when the Rector came hurrying along the lane—the Rector was always in a hurry—and caught us up.

"So there you are, Maud!" he called out; "I've been looking for you all over the place. Come along, my dear child; we must get home as quickly as possible, or I shall have to go without any dinner.—Well, Charley, here's your old playmate back again, you see.—Did you tell Bunce about those rascally poachers? They don't belong to this parish, thank God!—Your old playmate back again. No time for play this evening, though. Maud has got her work cut out for her. My junior curate, I call her—my junior curate. Not but what she ought to take rank of poor Tomkinson, upon my word. Dear, good fellow, Tomkinson; but no head for business—no head whatever."

The Rector bustled on, talking as he went, and Maud paused to wish me good-night.

"Good-night, Maud. May I really call you Maud, then?" I asked, in my most insinuating manner.

She laughed, and looked full at me with her frank gray eyes. "What else should you call me?"

And then she was gone, and I took my way homeward, a changed and exultant creature. I will not make the absurd assertion that I did not sleep at all that night, but I do believe that I lay awake for quite an hour, thinking of Maud.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TENDER BACHELOR

It is not many people who can talk, as Percy Bramwell did at the time of which we are speaking, of four maiden aunts, in the best condition, and established at the same family mansion in the suburbs. Percy was never tired of talking of his aunts, their softening angles, their mellowing complexions, and their yearly improvement as spinsters. He even aired their perfections at the club, and made other members count up their aunts. And he ought to have been deeply considerate of them, as he freely admitted, for his aunts had given the real direction to his life, aside, of course, from that aim of all others in the life of a man of fashion—personal comfort.

While sipping a dainty cup of coffee in the freshest and pleasantest nook of the club parlor Bramwell would go back into the far past of his memory for anecdotes of his aunts. One had once been a trifle comely, and of her her nephew never wearied of telling pathetic stories. He would act out a little scene, for instance, wherein she had come to him and informed him, with a languishing air, that she had dropped her fan or handkerchief in the next room, and had nearly fainted with mortification because she had no attentive gallant to restore it to her. Then he would hasten to the room indicated, pick up the article, hand it to her with a flourish, and become imbued with the conviction that a law of nature had been violated in her remaining single.

Another choice bit of amusement was when Bramwell would tell about the aunt in Quaker gray and a tulle kerchief, who sometimes showed him a pale daguerreotype of a young person who was to have been hers, and whose terrestrial sojourn was unaccountably fulfilled in company with an entirely different individual. The tears which, on such occasions, were shed at Bramwell's elbow, he always asserted, were inexpressibly touching, and were never wiped from his susceptible memory.

His two remaining aunts were very plain in the face, and only knitted and cooked seed-cakes; but they excited his pity no less than their sisters, and he often as a boy, it is averred upon his own authority, contemplated the scarecrows over the corn patch with serious thoughts of inviting them to the house for the purpose of espousing his single relatives.

As for Bramwell's acquaintances, they were constantly coming up to him and telling him of engagements, real or invented, which greatly distressed him, and were said to keep him awake at night. Max Meyers had actually brought one evening to the club a delicate handkerchief, exa-

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ly recognized as one of Percy's ethereal articles. Meyers swore to having begged it of the monomaniac, because it had been wet with tears before his very eyes, solely on account of an unattractive damsel whose fate Percy had determined to mourn—for he could not love her.

"Is there any one in the club," asked Fred Durand at this, "who has the temerity of ill manners to tell Bramwell no one would have him if he offered himself?"

"But they would, you know," said Max. "He is a good fellow, and rich, and as refined as a piece of old ivory."

"He is a source of amusement, at any rate," yawned the "fat member," as James Foxby was called. "So don't let him get married yet a while."

One day, however, Bramwell came in and announced his own engagement at last. It was to a Miss Fanny Chiltenham. He did not seem much disconcerted that the club men present showed remarkable sobriety upon the occasion. Everybody looked down at the floor or up in the air, and remained unusually solemn.

"Isn't this a little sudden?" ventured Fred Durand, drawing down the corners of his mouth as he lounged back in an arm-chair.

"The circumstances are very peculiar," remarked Bramwell. "Swansee here is a cousin of Miss Chiltenham's, and may possibly know the unusual articles of the agreement. If so, I have no doubt he will bear me out in saying that I have not very much compromised my usual views upon the subject of engagements."

"Bramwell is right, of course," cried the gay member appealed to, and at the same time jumping up and coloring, and suddenly slipping out of the room, and then trying to smother a laugh in the vestibule, at the hall door.

"My good fellows," says Bramwell, gently, noticing their constrained silence, "you must not be depressed. I desire to invite you all to dinner at six, and you will find me the same man I have ever been. Come, don't look up other appointments, but join me in the best the club can offer, by means of its humble follower, Percy Bramwell, bachelor." With a wave of his hat, gloves, and cane in one slender hand, he departed, as he said, in order to give directions about some particular wines.

There was a great slapping of knees and tossing of small objects when Bramwell was out of the room, augmented by Swansee, who returned as soon as he found the coast was clear, and waltzed up and down the apartment, talking all the time.

"I would not have told you, you know," he said, reversing, twirling off, and coming back again, "if it had not been a scheme for curing the poor fellow of his craze. He really has been too much afraid of interesting young ladies to become interested in anybody himself. Of course there is no need of doing a kind action with a glum face, so we might as well laugh over it."

"Do stop twirling, my dear fellow," said fat Foxby, panting. "What with all this laughter and your untiring steps, I am all of a tremble. Well, here comes Dan Rostervelt; and I'll wager he don't know a word about it yet."

"About what?" chimed in Rostervelt, with a sigh. He was a dark, heavy man, who required much instruction before he could grasp situations.

"You must enter into a serious contract not to grumble at our frivolity," said Max Meyers, coming up.

"You're a parcel of children, and I can't forswear myself about that," growled Rostervelt. "I can't think why I entered such a juvenile club as this is, anyway."

Suffice it to say here that their communication was based upon Bramwell's desire to devote his tender care to every girl he became acquainted with, and yet his terror of being bound to any special young lady. We will transfer ourselves to the parlor of the Misses Swansee, whose two cousins, Miss Chiltenham and her brother, were visiting them from a neighboring town.

Fanny was a very pretty girl, with a great aptitude for many things, and the result of this cleverness in her case was an endless fund of spirits. She was as retiring and gentle as possible when she was in earnest, or when her feelings were touched; but at first she seemed to have little warmth of heart. Her brother Will was a year or so younger than herself, and not at all like her, being dark-haired and olive-skinned, while she was fairer, with light brown eyes.

The young people were in the parlor with the exception of Swansee, who really did have business to attend to every day, although he had not long been out of college. The three young ladies, it was evident, were trying to train Will in some rôle with which they had invested him.

"You see, you rogue of a cousin, you must be quite perfect, dejected and all that sort of thing, or Mr. Bramwell will find out the whole farce too soon. You are a model actor, of course, but if you laugh with your eyes or your nose you might as well do it with your whole face. Ernest says that Mr. Bramwell is no fool." The speaker was Bessie Swansee, Will's particular crony.

"I don't know about Mr. Bramwell's not being a fool," said Fanny, with a burst of merriment. "I never saw such a ridiculous proposal as he made me in my life, and I believe it is going to last me for a joke as long as I can remember." Upon this Fanny gave herself up to every imaginable expression of fun and frolic.

Will was made to pose lackadaisically, and roll his eyes, and sob, and glance from under his lashes, and smile fascinatingly over his shoulder, and mope in corners.

"Well, one thing is certain, and it is that I must learn not to laugh in my skirts and wig," announced Will. "They will make me go off at once if I don't get used to wearing them in a *bonâ fide* parlor."

"You can't have them till they come back from the dressmaker's, goose," said Milly Swansee, reprovingly. "I hope all our trouble in suiting your style will turn out successful. Of course I will tone down the light of the drawing-room on the eventful day of Mr. Bramwell's introduction to you."

"There he is, I think," whispered Bessie, going to the balustrade of the stairs and looking down into the hall. "I am sure I hear his measured tones asking for Miss Chiltenham. Fanny, why are you not flying down-stairs to meet Mr. Bramwell?"

"Dear me," said she in answer, "how frequently it comes round! Just reflect, this is the first visit since our engagement, and I am as calm as an icicle. And yet I don't like this part assigned me *quite* as much as I thought I should. I wonder how soon he will find out that we are all making fun of his hobby?"

When Fanny floated down-stairs to receive Bramwell she began long before it was necessary to hold out her hand for the distant shake which was all she thought of permitting in the way of greeting.

They exchanged a few words, during which he gave her a bouquet of roses, and remarked that he was glad to see her put them so entirely in the shade by her own loveliness.

"Are you quite, quite sure," said she all at once, and sitting down upon the edge of her chair as if ready to hurry away, "that you have not yet found I need the devotion of your life *less* than some other poor girl?"

"Oh, you are really too, too generous," murmured Percy, bowing. "You remind me most unflinchingly of the stipulations of my courtship; but do you not know that it is dreadfully soon for me to think of another claim than your own? Nevertheless, I thank you. Your consideration for the demands of my conscience is unparalleled."

"It was so fortunate," rejoined Fanny, slipping a little further upon her chair, since danger was not imminent from Mr. Bramwell's earnestness of feeling, "that we could understand each other so quickly about all this. It is hardly an engagement at all, you know, placed in this light."

"Yes, yes, an engagement, Miss Fanny," replied Bramwell, with great decision, so that Fanny almost dropped her heavy bouquet. "Do not let yourself become vague upon that point. But of course if any one were brought forward by Fate as more hopelessly intended for *me* than you are, I should have to consider her case. Women are a great responsibility. I have naturally but one heart to give in the end. The end is the thing; and I sometimes wonder how I am to get there. Meantime, here is a token of my regard and sincere preference, which I trust you will let me place upon your finger."

"I have not the slightest objection," cried Fanny, smiling dangerously deep, and holding out her graceful arm.

Bramwell held out his hand too, as if with as much contempt for sentiment as she, and dragged a rather large old-fashioned ring over her finger-tip.

"That is an Egyptian turquoise which I believe is seven thousand years old," he remarked, coughing.

"Are you interested in antiques, then?" asked Fanny, and thought as she spoke of the four aunts whom he so doted on, and of whom she had heard.

"I am interested in anything that is very old or unsophisticated," replied Percy. "You see, I am the descendant of many self-indulgent ancestors, and I am difficult to move to enthusiasms. The drama and the opera I can only accept as extremely old pastime; and as for the club, it is quite monotonously depressing. I don't know but that I find as much interest in the Obelisk as in a cigar, but it is tantalizing not to be able to smoke it after its date and quality are ascertained."

"You dance very well for a person of *so little* buoyancy," said Fanny, kindly. "As dancing changes frequently, I suppose you have not inherited a satiety of the steps your ancestors took down the centre in old times. I should not wonder, besides, if you did not do yourself justice in what you say, but were really a very pleasant companion, indeed."

"I certainly hope you will find me *so*," exclaimed Bramwell, abruptly, looking up from the top of his silver-headed cane.

"If you give me time—before making a change of sweethearts," responded Fanny, hesitating, but longing to go on with *more* impertinence. "The next time you call it may be all over with our engagement, because it all depends upon a third person."

"Ah, Miss Fanny, there it is again! Your clearness of mind fills me with enthusiasm, your love of your sex exalts my esteem for your peerless self. If by our next meeting," he added, rising, "I have been forced to contemplate the possibility of transferring my allegiance to another—one, no doubt, less fair—still I shall never be able to think of you without a warmer glow of the heart than I now feel for any one else. If the tenor of our days runs on in sunny unison, without the shadow of change, happy shall I be, as happy I am; happy now and forever."

"Mercy!" murmured Fanny, astonished.

Bowing low over his shining hat and cane, Percy withdrew. He left his *fiancée* with gleaming eyes, her nose buried in the bouquet of roses, and her feet trembling to convey her as soon as possible to the corner of a lounge, into which she flung herself for a long laugh.

Thereafter she went upstairs, and showed the rest the quaint old ring, but somehow she had got over laughing, and was as quiet as a mouse.

The young people all made up their minds that the next time Bramwell called they would have as much amusement as possible out of Fanny's engagement, especially as they intended so to arrange matters that the young man would break it then and there of his own free-will.

Will Chiltenham, whom Percy had never seen, by special forethought, was dressed in a handsome gown of far better fit and design than those he had been accustomed to wear at college, as pretty girl, in the dramatic performances of his society. His wig was so perfect that he was frightened when he looked into the pier-glass, and came very near throwing up the whole thing lest he should by any chance turn into a creature with long hair, he said.

"I used to be delighted with thorough costumes," he pouted, "but this is too complete altogether. Look here! I believe you girls nowadays can have your beauty all your own way, if you can do this for *me*."

"Don't be so proud," cried Bessie Swansee, "until you have won the turquoise off Fanny's finger."

The young lady in question went down to the drawing-room once more to entertain her betrothed, and she dropped him a rather humorous courtesy.

He stepped forward to meet her, and kissed her hand. Fanny did not like this piece of familiarity; but she was instantly engrossed by fancying that Bramwell looked quite funereal; and as she said the word in her own mind he pulled out a card with a deep black edge, and she noticed that he was in black from top to toe.

"What can have happened?" she said, starting.

"I did not dare to send up my present card, lest I should give you too great a shock," he explained. "But this wide band of black denotes a heavy bereavement. My aunts are dead."

Fanny became dizzy. At last she stammered: "You do startle me terribly. Dear me! did any one ever before have so many aunts all at once, and lose them so suddenly? But really I am very, very sorry. Oh, how can you bear it? Oh, I must run and tell the others."

"Not for worlds!" cried Bramwell, energetically, lifting his hand, which held the inseparable little cane, to stay her in her flight. "A great anxiety is off my mind. I no longer mourn their lonely existences. I assure you, my dear Fanny, that I will comport myself as cheerfully as I can. Do not spare any means of encouraging and enlivening me."

Now by this time Fanny was to have told Bramwell of the advent in the house of a very melancholy friend of hers, of whose circumstances she thought it her duty to inform him, since this young woman might prove to be the long-expected and long-dreaded object of his disinterested devotion.

But Will, who was to slip in at about this time, suddenly appeared, betrained and curled, without Fanny's having the least desire to carry out her former intentions. Will did not understand his sister's hesitating manner, and had to make the best of it. So he said,

"Oh, Fanny, you are actually too ashamed of your poor relative to introduce her to Mr. Bramwell!"

As Fanny knew that the only help now was to keep Percy in entire ignorance of the joke (or else he would set her down as heartless beyond retrieve, in view of those aunts), she came forward.

After introducing Percy, she told him that the young lady was a dear friend, Miss Maud Wilhelm, who had come to the city for *change of air*.

"Having had a sorrow," Fanny went on, and then quailed, and Miss Wilhelm proceeded with little reserve:

"Oh, I have only suffered like every one else with a wasted affection. I read 'Elaine,' and feel faint near violets. I shall soon die. How sweet that will be! Oh!"—the young lady had slid down upon an ottoman placed beside Bramwell—"do you think you and Fanny will ever know the sorrows of heart-ache? I am very sure that can never be, for I hear you have a truly chivalrous spirit, Mr. Bramwell. Oh, do tell me where you got it! Was it by reading *Don Quizote?* But, after all, I believe he was rather a failure. I do fancy-work. Happy people don't need to do it, but I need to; and, moreover, when I have embroidered a few dresses for myself, I really think I must set about earning my living. We can't all marry, you know. That is what I am told the papers are saying."

"It cuts me to hear you speak in this strain," said Percy. "How is it, Fanny, my dear, that at the very threshold of our engagement we meet such a pathetic example of my worst imaginings? Miss Wilhelm, look on us; see how perfectly content we are, and take courage for your own future." Percy stroked his mustache vigorously, and then took out his handkerchief, looked at it as if wondering whether or no he would weep into it, and put it back in his pocket.

"You mock me!" exclaimed Miss Wilhelm, with startling emphasis. "But do not let my miserable life-history interrupt the quiet flow of your spring-time days. Ah, Fanny, I congratulate you from my heart, broken as it is. I was betrothed with an opal, you with a turquoise. Does that make any difference?"

"Of course it does, Maud," cried Swansee, stepping into the room. "Next time take another stone, and the same man will answer just as well."

"Swansee!" remonstrated Bramwell, "you must remember that we are in the presence of suffering."

"I'll leave it to your care, if there is any care to be taken," cried Ernest. "You've always talked about some panacea for forlorn damsels. I've no doubt Fan will let you off if you hold her to her agreement."

"Mr. Bramwell is himself in poor spirits," put in Fanny, gently. "He has lost, Ernest"—but she was afraid they would all laugh if she called up the images of the four spinsters, so she floundered along. "His home is much altered—we must speak more considerately—don't you see Mr. Bramwell's mourning?"

"Dear no," said Ernest. "Bramwell hasn't got on mourning, child. But are any of your relations gone, old fellow? I know you have none very near."

"My aunts were very near, I have told you, my dear Swansee. And they are no more. All gone." Bramwell looked into his hat, and Will and Ernest had time to choke down their laughter a little.

"It sounds like a May moving," muttered the latter in the Sophomore's ear; and then Maud Wilhelm had to retire to a stained-glass window, or faint. "Bear up, Bramwell," added Swansee, aloud. "And here come the rest of the girls to help us put a better face on it."

"What a party we make when we are all together!" laughed Milly as she joined them, with Bessie at her side. "Don't think us intrusive, Mr. Bramwell; we wish to see a little of you, of course. Since we have Miss Wilhelm with us, too, we must try to be *more* sociable.—Maud, why are you away off there?"

"Maud is quite right to stay there," objected Fanny to Milly's motion; and she went over to where the stately figure stood, with its puffings of material and Pompadour ruff.

Milly and Bessie devoted themselves to the guest of honor. After a few minutes' chat Bessie said, as if involuntarily, "Poor Maud Wilhelm! how drearily she stands there!"

"I would give anything to see one of her old radiant smiles, wouldn't you, Milly," Ernest put in.

Maud put her hand round Fanny's waist as they conversed apart.

As for Bramwell, he began to fidget with his gloves, and soon got *up*.

"Oh, we must not drive you away," exclaimed Milly. "But we were going to beg you to stay to *lunch*. We young people are all alone to-day, and it is so hard for *us* to find ourselves free from concerts and everything; and how many of us are there? One, two, three—"

Maud was putting her hand on Fanny's shoulder now, and Bramwell strode *up* to her, and rapped her fiercely on the knuckles with his cane.

"I beg your *pardon*, sir," he blurted.

"What the mischief do you mean by banging at my knuckles?" demanded Will, in his wig and train, shouldering up to Bramwell, while Swansee gave merriment the reins.

"Because you're a rascally jackanapes, and I'll be obliged to you to come where I can flog you," replied Percy, in an even voice. "Don't dare to go near Miss Chiltenham." He slid his cane across Will's side as if it were a foil.

"Come, Will, you'd better give up your point and your wig at the same time," roared Swansee, *overpowered* by Chiltenham's contradictory appearance. "Somehow or other, Bramwell has come out of the big end to-day."

"Why, Mr. Bramwell, what does this mean?" interpolated Fanny, as frightened as amused. "How could you ever find out my brother so soon in the rôle of that forlorn young creature?"

"Rôle! rôle! rôle!" cried Bramwell, in a pet with everybody. "Do you suppose you young folks here are the only persons who take rôles? Don't I pretend to having and losing a set of aunts I *never saw in my life*, for the sake of hoaxing those ridiculous club fellows? And do you suppose, Swansee, that I can not be in earnest under a little rubbish of oddity, and that I can not tell a Sophomore when I see him, like this, in yards of silk and lace? Pshaw!"

"Oh *dear* me!" sobbed Fanny, coming up and holding out the *turquoise ring*; "how we have all offended you! But here is this; and it was only a joke, anyway, which I trust you will pardon."

Percy Bramwell looked from her to the ring, and back again. "Oh no," he said; "that's all settled."

Fanny was spell-bound.

"This is terrible!" gasped Milly.

"Indeed it is!" exclaimed Bessie.

Miss Wilhelm had skipped off some moments ago.

"Now, I'll tell you, Percy, that's not fair," said Swansee, getting up from his chair. "Take back the ring, you know."

"You really must," said Fanny, brokenly. "I'm dreadfully tired of this folly, and—"

"It is no folly to me, Miss Chiltenham," said Bramwell, trying not to laugh. "I did not ask your uncle's permission to pay you my addresses in any expectation of giving you up—if I won you. I am sorry if you so understood it."

"I did indeed," cried Fanny, beginning to get angry. "And, besides, I am interested in some one—"

"But you know very well you were expected to turn off *fiancée* after *fiancée*," expostulated Bessie, stepping up with sparkling eyes.

Bramwell raised both hands in mock despair at all their beseeching.

"But it is the facts of the moment that we are to deal with," he pleaded in his turn, glancing in a very different way from formerly at Fanny's perplexed face. "Just let me have a word with Miss Fanny, and I'll talk to you all afterward."

"I might as well die at once!" exclaimed his betrothed. And then she clasped her hands with a revulsion of feeling. "Oh no, I will jilt him!" she cried, in the utmost glee. "Mr. Bramwell, consider yourself jilted, instantly!"

"I don't know about that," announced Swansee, who had been in a brown study. "Don't let us go into anything else without due deliberation. But we will decide it all after lunch, and when Will has got out of his frills and tuckers, and can give advice to his sister. Come, Milly, order a royal repast and a loving-cup, and we will sit down amicably to table, while Bramwell tells us stories of his ancestors—twenty-four grandparents to a generation, and all that. By Jove, though, I don't feel sure that he's a truthful man!"

"You've been so open with *me!*" replied Bramwell, curling up the end of his mustache sarcastically.

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

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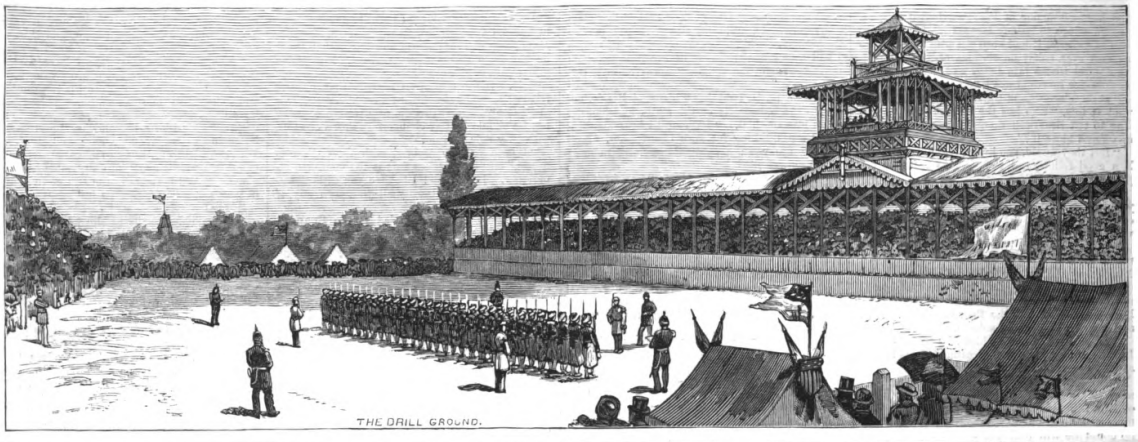
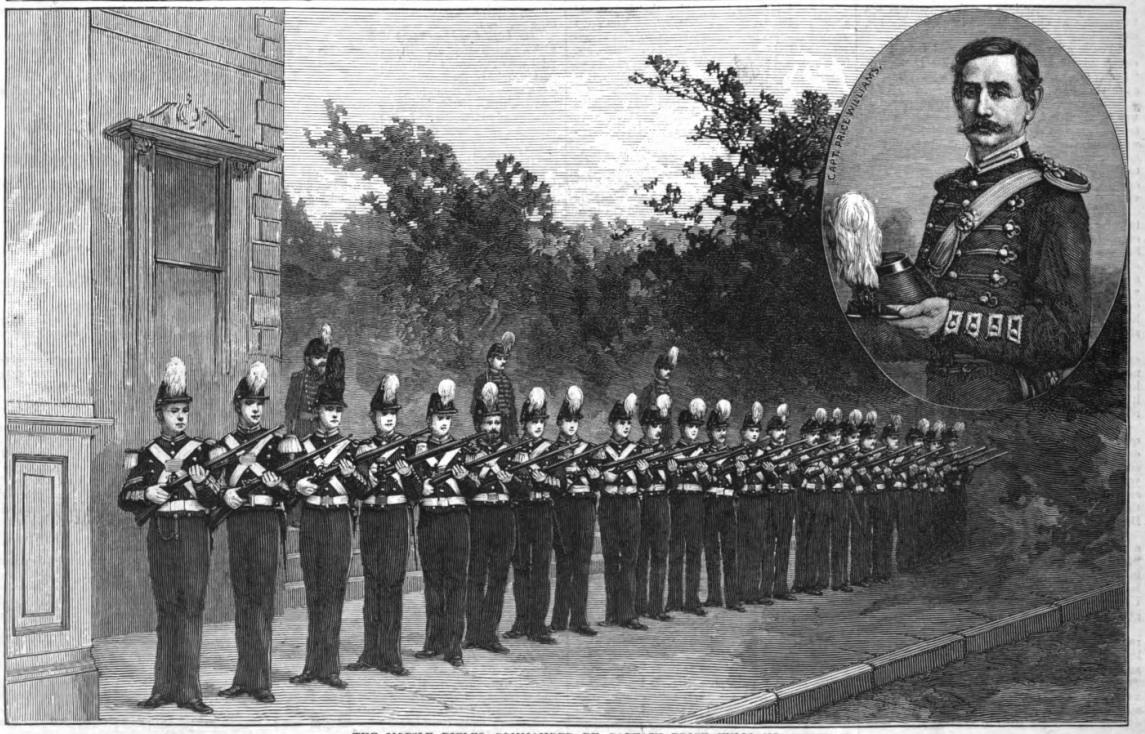


THE DRILL GROUND.

THE SHAM BATTLE.



THE MOBILE RIFLES, COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN PRICE WILLIAMS.

THE COMPETITIVE DRILL AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—From Sketches by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 356.]

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SOME AMERICAN PHILOLOGISTS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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PROGRESS OF GREEK PHILOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE Greeks were wont to extend the practice of the healing art beyond the diseased individual to the diseased body-politic. Among them it was no uncommon thing, when a state was fallen into any disorder, or weakness, or organic trouble, to call upon some philosopher to make the diagnosis of the disease and to prescribe the remedy. Thus of Plato especially we are told that his practice upon sick states was large and remunerative. And surely if there be any certainty in the processes and results of philosophy, it might well be in the power of a wise and well-trained intelligence, acting upon philosophic principles, to discover in a disordered state the seat and cause of its malady, and by the application of proper remedies to remove, or at least to palliate, its troubles.

Had some such man, a modern Plato, standing to the knowledge and thought of our time as Plato stood to the knowledge and thought of his, been called upon to make a diagnosis of the mental state of the American people in the first quarter of this century, and to prescribe for its ailments, he would have found his patient suffering from grave and repulsive disorders. And the wise physician's sense of the gravity of the case would have been deepened by seeing the sick man's utter unconsciousness of all disease, his fantastic self-complacency, his noisy pride in the very symptoms of his disease as the proofs of his robust and vigorous vitality. Such a physician, in studying the condition of his big and unruly patient, would have seen too many evils, indeed, and disorders too complicated, to admit of any brief or simple classification. But in the main the troubles of his patient, the American people, about 1825, might have been reduced by analysis to these three: In the first place, the physician would have seen that the action of the American mind, as compared with the contemporary mind of England, Germany, and France, was marked by exceeding feebleness and narrowness of movement. Thought was exercised on very few subjects, and outside of some practical problems there was in all the higher ranges of speculative thought either no action of the popular mind at all, or else action of the feeblest kind and within the narrowest limits. In the second place, our physician, in studying the American literature as the expression of the American mind, would have seen that this literature, apart from its deficiencies in matter and thought, was marked by the absence of artistic form, by a crudity and shapelessness that robbed it of artistic worth. Both in the poetry and in the prose of the time, whatever the intellectual vigor or the strength of feeling and conviction that were present, there was, with few exceptions, no feeling and no forming touch of genuine art. In the third place, our physician, in watching the phases of busy American life, would have seen that life deformed and discolored by the most violent intolerance of opinion on all the great questions that agitate, and must always agitate, human societies. To be orthodox in religion according to the narrow canons of an unintelligent provincial orthodoxy, to be orthodox in politics up to the point of accepting even the abuses of our own system as the best possible form of social organization, to be orthodox in conduct and behavior up to the point of eating, dressing, feeling, thinking, and living according to the standard of one's neighbors—this was the condition of living happy, or even safe, in an American community. Society seemed in grave peril of stifling all variety of excellence, and of settling down into one dead level of ugly and uncultured monotony. Foreign observers of us and our ways, however friendly they might be, began to fear lest under the pressure of this intolerant and illiberal majority rule the play of mind might be forever crushed, and the rise and growth of culture and art made impossible.

Before such a state of things, in the presence of this narrowness and ugliness and fierce intolerance of American life, what would have been the course to be taken by our imaginary physician, the treatment to be recommended, the prescription to be given? By what remedial means might he have sought to deal with the mental and moral disorders of his patient, to give breadth and range to his thinking, artistic form to his intellectual creation, generosity and tolerance and sweetness to his social life? Had such a physician been called in, his prescription for the American people, we think, his remedy for its worst ailments, would have been a course of study in Greek literature and a severe training in Greek philology. In the crisis of our national life, as in all the great crises of man's intellectual history, Hellenism, the power of the Greek spirit, was the power to be invoked in order to bring light into dark places, health into diseased and disordered civilization.

The prompting of nature, the craving of a few thoughtful men, did for us the very thing that such a wise critic of our disorders might have prescribed for our condition. An acute student of literature, Mr. Sharp, in his life of Dante Rossetti, has traced, indeed, the nineteenth-century renaissance of England to the mediæval revival in religion and in art that began about 1833. But in the United States our renaissance was due not to any revival of mediævalism, but to the revival of Greek studies and of Greek philology. The mental impulse that was needed came to the educated youth of our land from the fervid inspiration of a few widely scattered professors of Greek, from students of Greek philology, who had caught the breath of the great philological revival in Germany, and who transmitted the flash of those great ideas from their German teachers to their American pupils.

In this, as in all great movements of thought, the common feeling of the need to be supplied and of the danger to be averted led mere isolated workers, without combination and even without knowledge of one another's work, to press forward in the same spirit and toward the same goal. In the city of New York, Dr. Anthon, Professor of Greek at Columbia since 1820, himself a German by parentage, took the lead in bringing the ideas and results of the best German philology to bear upon American education. Both by his own teaching and by his many books, and especially by training his illustrious pupil Dr. Drisler, he did a work of far-reaching results in the spread of classical learning. In the University of Virginia, Dr. Harrison, Professor of Greek since 1830, turned with enthusiasm to the study of the German philology, and was perhaps the first of American teachers to penetrate into the full meaning of Bopp's great achievement, and to use the results of the comparative grammar for the exploration of the structure and syntax of the Greek and Latin. At Harvard, Dr. Felton prepared the way for the solid and sagacious Greek scholarship of Dr. Goodwin. At Yale, Dr. Woolsey and Dr. Hadley made their Greek school the centre of a Greek revival that swept over many States. In the West, at a somewhat later time, Dr. Boise built up a school of vigorous Hellenism in the University of Michigan; and in 1856 Dr. Gildersleeve, coming fresh from his Greek studies in Germany, began at the University of Virginia that lofty and acute method of Greek study which has given shape and direction to the philological movement in all Southern institutions.

Since the days when Dr. Anthon and Dr. Harrison began their fateful work of inoculating the crude American schools with the Greek learning and the philological method of Germany, more than half a century has passed. In these fifty years Greek culture in America has been slowly and steadily advancing. In Greek scholarship itself, as proved by the last edition of Liddell and Scott's great Lexicon, to which the labors of Drisler, Gildersleeve, and Goodwin have given its peculiar value, the best of our American scholars have shown a precision and perfection of method unsurpassed in the world. But outside of Greek scholarship itself, by the direct and the indirect action of Greek culture upon our educated classes, the influence of the Greek spirit upon the national thought, and upon the spirit and form of the national literature, has been distinct and vitalizing. Under that masterful influence the faults and weaknesses that marred the intellectual life and the social life of our people are fading out of sight. Instead of being narrow and feeble in mental action, the educated mind of America may now claim, in comparison with the French, German, or English mind, to be singularly wide and generous in its sweep of thought and in its range of discussion. Nay, against many phases of American literature the charge may be reasonably made that in their width of range they are becoming too cosmopolitan, and too thoroughly denationalized. And, again, in the structure of our best American literature, both in prose and in poetry, however much may still be lacking in the forces of creative genius, the striving after artistic perfection of literary form is carried to the pitch of an almost fastidious daintiness. Most important of all, as the noblest result of the Greek spirit upon our culture and civilization, in our social life the old intolerance of opinion has given way to a spirit of toleration in religion, politics, and customs that is unsurpassed on earth. In the same communities where fifty years ago life was made intolerable to all that had the bad luck to differ from their neighbors in any of their opinions or practices, the foreign observer may now find a broad and generous toleration that is often mistaken for laxity or indifference. Thus, in all directions, after fifty years of penetrative and widely spreading action, the Greek spirit emanating from the study of Greek literature is beginning not only to mould the intellectual life of the American people, but to give artistic form to its literature, and sweetness and liberality to its social feelings and its manners.

In this revival of Greek learning the Hellenists of America have been forced by the circumstances of their lives to follow a path of their own, and to give to our American scholarship a peculiar kind of excellence. These scholars, living apart from the great libraries and museums of the world, and knowing but at second-hand the manuscripts and art remains of Greece, have, of course, been able to do very little in archæology, in epigraphy, or in the higher criticism. These branches of Greek philology they have left to the more fortunately situated scholars of Europe. But this narrowing in their range on the one side of philology has led, by the concentration of their studies, to an unsurpassed excellence on the other. If the text of the ancient writers has been in the main fixed by the scholars of Europe, and especially of Germany, the scholars of America may claim to have gone as far as the farthest in fixing the meaning of these texts by the scientific system of interpretation, and in the classification of the facts of language by the logical analysis.

To know the Greek language means, at last, to know an almost infinite number of facts, and to impart a scientific knowledge of these facts means to invent a system of classification by which the knowledge of them may be most easily acquired and most easily retained. In this process of classifying the facts of the Greek language, the facts of inflection and word-use and syntax, the supremely practical mind of the American has achieved one of its chief triumphs. Here the American philology may fairly claim a certain degree of superiority over the philology of Germany itself. In the scientific classification of the facts the best American workmanship is as perfect in its Greek lexicography and its Greek grammar as in a sewing-machine or a patent reaper. The problem here is not so much to add new knowledge to knowledge already won as to present the sum of ascertained facts in the clearest possible light by the best possible system of arrangement and classification. From this point of view Dr. Goodwin's *Moods and Tenses* may be taken as representative of the best American workmanship. As such it has been accepted and welcomed even in Europe. In no other book, perhaps, are the complicated facts with which this book deals so clearly presented and so ably classified for the student's use as in this masterpiece of practical American philology.

And in one other domain of Greek philology the sharp analytic power of the American mind has been as nobly demonstrated as in the domain of the logical classification. The study of Greek syntax as remoulded by the philosophy of evolution becomes a historical science of the noblest type, and the historical discussion of the problems of syntax rises into view as the crowning glory of the philological method. The syntax presents itself no longer as an infinite mass of facts to be analyzed and grouped by the logical method, but as an organic growth in which the later forms of the sentence are to be explained from the earlier by the historical method. To follow the laws of this growth onward from the structure of the Homeric sentence to the fullness of the Demosthenean period, to show how the usage of the later has been developed from the usage of the earlier time, and how the exquisite perfection of the Attic prose has arisen by natural selection from the forms of the epic or of the lyric and dramatic poetry, this is the problem that now lies before the Greek philologian—a problem of transcendent interest and importance. And in the study of this problem it may be boldly claimed that the Greek philology of America has won its highest distinction, and that the method and results of Dr. Gildersleeve's historical analysis have done more than has been done anywhere else to make the solution of this problem possible.

THE NEW GREEK LEXICON.*

READERS of *Barchester Towers* will perhaps remember MR. Tom Staple, who, though universally known by a species of nomenclature so very undignified, was tutor of "St. Lazarus," Oxford, and maintained a very high dignity in that ancient university. To the mind of Mr. Staple a natural sanctity attached itself to Oxford and everything Oxonian, and the thought that any outsider should seek to share in matters belonging peculiarly, and as he believed exclusively, to his *alma mater*, was as gall and wormwood to his loyal soul. The easy profanity which had begun even in his day to discuss certain academical Eleusinian mysteries was to him, indeed, as bad as death. Mr. Staple, in short, had fallen on troublous times, yet managed in some sort to keep up his courage by the help of a certain pipe of old port which had been brought into the cellars of "St. Lazarus" in his own under-graduate days, and which was understood to constitute one of the chief attractions of that venerable college. At any rate, these prying outsiders, who had the hardihood to criticise the doings of deans and reverend heads of colleges, were native-born Englishmen. That "*those* Americans" should one day push their way within the sacred circle which separated Oxford from the outlying barbaric world, was a thought too monstrous to have suggested itself to the tutor of St. Lazarus even in his most pessimistic mood.

Alas for the Tom Staples and other unyielding Catos of a by-gone time! While these loyal tutors have been dozing over their port in the common-room, the deans and masters have held themselves alert. They have kept their eye upon Cambridge, whose classical examiners ten years ago recommended to candidates for honors the "Greek Moods and Tenses" of one of "*those* Americans," nor have they been unobservant of the strange sight, witnessed more recently on the Cam, of eager gownsmen thronging the lecture-room of a young American discoursing with brilliant learning on Greek art. Doubtless the Tom Staples chuckled over all this and enjoyed MR. Lowell's joke, at the Cantabs' expense, in regard to the importation of dead meat and a live professor, reminding each other that it has always been so from the days of Erasmus, who *learned* Greek at Oxford and *taught* it at Cambridge.

But not so the deans and other dignitaries.

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED tells us that, as far back as his time, in the mutual "chaff" between the rival universities, the Cantabs had to yield Oxford's boast as to her Latin and her "*Liddell and Scott*."

The Tom Staples may now, indeed, turn their faces to the wall and die, for, curiously enough, these are precisely the *penetralia* into which the Oxford dons, in the spirit of true scholars, have welcomed their transatlantic brethren with graceful acknowledgment and generous cordiality.

Two years ago the syndicate of the Clarendon Press placed the *imprimatur* of Oxford on a Latin lexicon compiled exclusively by two American scholars (DR. CHARLTON T. LEWIS and PROFESSOR CHARLES SHORT), which the foremost Oxford Latinist, PROFESSOR NETTLESHIP, cordially welcomed as "a real advance on any previous Latin-English dictionary"—a judgment which found even more emphatic utterance on the part of his illustrious colleague, PROFESSOR J. E. B. MAYOR, Regius Professor of Latin in the University of Cambridge.

And now, hard on this, comes a new edition of their famous "Liddell and Scott," which to a notable degree owes the reason of its being, as the French say, to the work of American scholars, whose labors have been gracefully and heartily acknowledged by the veteran English lexicographers.

As to this last, let us briefly consider what has been done.

Forty years have passed since the first edition of this great lexicon, "based on the German work of FRANCIS PASSOW," was issued. Among English-speaking scholars its success was marked and instant. It at once took the rank, which the indefatigable labors of the editors have steadily maintained, of being the best Greek-English Lexicon in existence. The fourth edition, published in 1855, omitted the name of PASSOW from its title-page, because, in the language of the editors, "additional materials had been incorporated from so many and various sources that no one name could fairly claim that position." In doing this they but followed the example of PASSOW himself, who, after a third edition, omitted the name of SCHNEIDER from *his* title-page. With still greater force did the argument apply to the fifth edition (1861), which owed heavy obligations to the great Paris Thesaurus (then nearing completion), as well as to the Greek-German Lexicon of ROST and PALM, and to other lexicographical sources.

In 1869 the sixth edition appeared, revised throughout, and, though brevity was studied, augmented by one-eighth in the number of its pages. This increase was largely due to the fact that for the first time the forms of the verb were treated with adequate thoroughness, the admirable work of DR. VEITCH (*Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective*) being laid under contribution to this end. Furthermore, the editors, recognizing the fact that the "new science" of Comparative Philology had made prodigious strides since the appearance of their first edition, determined to recast the whole of the etymological part of their work. For the first edition they had used the *Etymologische Forschungen* of POTT. This was now discarded, and the first edition of CURTIUS'S *Grundzüge der griechischen Etymologie* was substituted as the basis of their etymological labors.

To the curious Hellenist nothing accentuates more sharply the immense advance made among English scholars in the accurate study of Greek during the quarter of a century between 1843 and 1869 than a comparison between the first and sixth editions of this lexicon. That such advance was owing to closer study of German methods and results is clearly reflected in the labors of the Oxford lexicographers. Accepting from the first the truth of NIEBUHR'S proud dictum that "the road to Greece lies through Germany," they have continued with scholarly vigilance to adapt and incorporate into their work the results achieved by the great scholars of the Fatherland. Thus the sixth edition not only marked a distinct advance over its predecessors in verbal matter and correction, but made good its claim as the standard Greek lexicon for English-speaking people by presenting (unevenly, it is true, and not always satisfactorily) the results achieved in the ancillary sciences of lexicography—orthography, etymology, syntax, archæology, and mythology. In short, the whole cycle of philological study found a place in its pages, and despite unevenness of execution and a lack of consistency in minute matters, the work approached a degree of lexicographic completeness which did infinite credit to the painstaking care and industry of the editors.

Fourteen years have passed since the appearance of the sixth edition, and once more the veteran editors, animated by the same love of Greek learning, the same spirit of determined scholarship, offer to us a new edition of their great work —"the last," they say, simply, "we can hope to see published."

Of all that has been achieved during these years bearing directly and indirectly on lexicography, this is not the place to speak. Brief as has been the interval, there has arisen within the time a new school—"*junggrammatische Schule*," distinctively called—in comparative philology, which, led by VERNER, KARL BRUGMAN, COLLITZ, and JOHANNES SCHMIDT, threatens the overthrow of results reached by the "old school," as the *Jung-Grammatiker* are pleased to term GEORG CURTIUS and his disciples. CURTIUS himself has carried his *Grundzüge* to a fifth edition (1879), which now presents the final views of that great scholar. But apart from this, and not considering recent notable contributions made to Greek syntax, there has been in the time keen activity in every department of classical philology. MSS. have been discovered; codices, known imperfectly or at second-hand, have been carefully collated; texts, in consequence, have been put upon a surer basis, and disputed readings definitively settled; hundreds of words of doubtful origin have yielded up their etymological secret, while material of the highest import from every point of view has been rendered available by the publication of countless inscriptions previously unknown. It is scarcely too much to say that in this period of philological activity many famous Continental scholars have done the best work of their lifetime. In Germany, BERGK, TH. KOCK, WECKLEIN, FRITZSCHE, SUSEMIHL, F. BLASS, GUSTAV MEYER, and DELBRÜCK; in Holland, VAN HERWERDEN and the already illustrious COBET; in France (where of recent years there has been a veritable *renaissance* of Hellenism), GRAUX, EGGER, DE SAUSSURE, and HENRI WEIL—all these have achieved, in widely varying directions, results of the highest moment to classical philology, and of solid value to Greek lexicography.

That the editors of this seventh edition and their American coadjutors have kept fully abreast of these results is capable of easy verification by comparing it with the sixth edition, using, as we have done, a score of test words. We say "their American coadjutors," for those scholars who by reason of the scope and importance of their articles have alone been singled out for public acknowledgment are all Americans.

After stating that their own additions consist mainly of fuller references to the classical authors, and a free use of the *Indices* to the Berlin Aristotle and to the *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, the editors continue (in their preface): "We have gratefully to acknowledge the assistance rendered us by many scholars. More particularly must we mention the names of Pro-

* A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and ROBERT SCOTT, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Baillol College, Oxford. Seventh Edition. Revised and Augmented throughout, with the Co-operation of PROFESSOR DRISLER, of Columbia College, New York. 4to, sheep. New York: Harper and Brothers, Franklin Square. 1883.

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feasors Drisler, of New York; Goodwin, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Gildersleeve, of Baltimore. Professors Goodwin and Gildersleeve have rewritten several important articles, which their well-known grammatical learning makes peculiarly valuable; we may specify the articles on *ἄν, εἰ, ἐπεί, ἔστε, ἵνα, ὅπως, ὅτε, ὑπότε, οὐ, μή,* and *πρίν*: the former has also supplied some excellent additions to Attic law terms, such as *γραμματεύς, παραγραφή, σύνδικος, ὕβρις, ὑπωμοσία.* Professor Drisler has gone carefully over the whole book, and there is hardly a page which does not bear some trace of his accurate observation."

None but those whose lives are spent in the study of the classics and in familiar companionship with lexicons, can adequately measure how much is implied in an acknowledgment such as this.

So varied and important have been the contributions of DR. DRISLER, that his name now fitly finds a place on the title-page. A comparison between the last and present editions evidences, indeed, that these contributions cover the whole alphabet, and are of every kind that comes under the head of lexicography. Errors of quantity, of accentuation, of reference, of definition, have been corrected; important matter has been added to imperfect articles; in other articles essential alterations have been made to bring them in accord with the latest results of philological criticism; a wealth of new references attests the breadth of his reading; many words have received a notable extension of meaning, while to his vigilant learning we owe the insertion of many new words omitted in all previous editions of the lexicon. Let any scholar compare in the sixth and seventh editions, under the single letter A, in the first twelve pages, for instances of various kinds, the articles on *ἀ, ἀβρότης, ἄβρωτος, ἀγαθός* (in which we are glad to see that the identity of the word with German *gut*, English *good*, with *α* euphonic, based on Donaldson's *New Cratylus*, has been discarded, "for Greek *g* ought to be represented by Teutonic *k*"), *ἀγάπη, ἀγγεῖον, ἄγγος, ἀγορά*—all enlarged and improved by DR. DRISLER'S contributions—and he will readily form some idea of the obligations of the new edition to the patient learning of the Nestor of American scholars.

But the acknowledgment means, in addition, that the English editors, keenly alive to the syntactical deficiencies of previous editions, have in great measure recast that portion of their work, seeking to meet more nearly in that direction also the requirements of modern scholarship. A neglect of this would, indeed, have proved a fatal error. The sixth edition was most vulnerable in the articles which undertook to deal with the more delicate points of Greek syntax. The treatment was in many cases inadequate, and in many more erroneous, being based upon antiquated English authorities. Happily this deficiency has been remedied to a very great extent by confiding the most important syntactical articles to the two illustrious American scholars mentioned along with DR. DRISLER in the preface.

DR. GILDERSLEEVE has written the articles on *ἵστε, ἵνα, ὅπως, οὐ, μή, πρίν,* and, to a certain extent, the articles on *οὐ μή* and *μὴ οὐ.*

DR. GOODWIN, in addition to the articles on Attic law terms and kindred topics, has written the articles on *ἄν, εἰ, ἐπεί, ὅτε,* and *ὁπότε.*

To attempt a comparison between the syntactical treatment in the old and new editions would require a separate article appropriate only to the pages of a philological review. Suffice it to say that of these new articles many are marked by the keenest philological instinct, and, by some happy turn of expression, convey with epigrammatic terseness the results reached by the most patient investigation. Some of these discussions, indeed, compressed within the compass of one or two pages (*e.g.*, DR. GILDERSLEEVE'S *πρίν* and *μή*, and DR. GOODWIN'S *ἄν*), embody a treatment of delicate points of syntax more lucid and essentially more complete than can be found in any single book. It is to be regretted that in the discussions of *πρίν* and *μή* DR. GILDERSLEEVE'S modesty forbade him to refer to his masterly monographs on "*πρίν* in the Attic Orators" and the "Encroachments of *μή* on *οὐ* in Later Greek," which have appeared in the *American Journal of Philology.* The sixth edition found room for copious references to such antiquated authorities as *Jelf's Greek Grammar* and kindred works, and surely with advantage such space might have been devoted in the new edition to directing the critical student to the pages of the *Journal*, which now ranks, the world over, among the chief authorities in comparative philology.

To our mind the editors might also with advantage have utilized DR. GILDERSLEEVE'S syntactical investigations touching *ἕως* and *μέχρι*, both of which suggest in their present shape the Scriptural warning as to new wine and old bottles.

One other point, and we have done.

The editors tell us that they have been urged to incorporate all Proper Names in the lexicon, but that this would have "added so much to the bulk of a book already bulky enough that they were compelled to put aside the suggestion." In this, it seems to us, they have erred. By compression and a slight enlargement of the page (as compared with the sixth edition) the bulk of the volume has been reduced by ninety pages. Had the space thus saved been devoted to proper names, the ground in this respect might have been fairly well covered by observing a wise economy. Proper names are, after all, but common names, and to an etymologist the study of them is essential. No scholar expects or desires that under proper names should be found long historical or archæological disquisitions, which belong properly to dictionaries of biography and of antiquities. What every student really needs is simply a concise statement as to their etymology and variant forms, and a lexicon is the place in which he has a right to expect to find them. It must not be understood, however, that no proper names occur in the lexicon. On the contrary, many of them find a place, and some (*e.g.*, Ζεύς and Ἡρακλῆς) have long articles devoted to them. Still there has been no such consistent treatment of proper names as that which distinguishes *Harper's Latin Lexicon*, and the inconvenience still remains to the student of being driven to have in hand, when at work, two books of reference instead of one.

To say that mistakes still remain is to say that it is a lexicon. In a work of such magnitude it is inevitable that there should be errors in accentuation and citation, slips in grammar, and a few explanations of linguistic phenomena which would be "unto the Greeks foolishness." Such has been the history of all great lexicons, and it would be idle to hope that this should prove the sole example of lexicographic perfection. Especially must it be remembered that the field of etymology is still a happy hunting ground where the *Jung-Grammatiker* and the champions of the "old school" will for years to come take "potshots" at one another, to the perplexity of lexicographers and the despair of publishers who own stereotype plates.

Still, after all is said, the seventh edition of "Liddell and Scott" will be cordially welcomed by scholars as a noble and notable contribution to Greek learning, bearing throughout an impress of *Gründlichkeit* such as no Greek-English lexicon has ever before attained, and the editors may be congratulated on having so improved upon their former labors (to borrow the boast of worthy Master Thomas Cooper, prefixed to his *Thesaurus* printed nearly three centuries ago at Oxford), "*ut nihil pene desyderari possit.*"

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ADVENTURES IN THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS.—From Sketches by J. J. Reilly.—[See Page 365.]

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"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvesters; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

For the time being Stephana's projects were to be matter of family talk only, not a hint reaching any one outside the circle, excepting Colette.

"I never withheld anything from Colley," Miss Hermitage said to Stephana; "and she keeps my secrets, like my keys, from the rest of the house." Then she added, rather maliciously: "If once your wild schemes get abroad, there will be an end of all my enjoyment. Valerian's accomplishments as a flirt are worth any money to me, but when his fate is determined he will become quite uninteresting."

"Not to yourself, I hope?" answered Stephana.

"I am no hypocrite. I confess I think you had better leave him as he is. He is an admirable man of the world. 'Twill be a clumsy job to turn him into anything else."

Such sharp little speeches were all Miss Hermitage's comments on the subject, and Stephana willingly let it drop. Nothing happened from day to day to arouse Arthura's suspicion, even had she been on the watch. But no thought of a lapse, much less of deliberate treachery, on Valerian's part, ever crossed the girl's artless mind. She relied on him, on love—but another name for her Valerian—as implicitly as she trusted the loving creatures at home. Valerian could no more betray her or grow indifferent to her than Steppie and Walter, Benjamine and Baby. And was she not more to him even than to these?

No. Arthura's secret heaviness of soul and silent tears shed in the sanctuary of her chamber were not for Valerian. His tenderness, his pride, his chivalrous devotion, seemed sweet green resting-places in a turbulent world. What disquieted her was the daily and hourly necessity for concealment. Valerian would sit opposite to her at the dinner-table, would give her his arm on the terrace, yet she must not smile at him naturally, or utter a single sentiment in harmony with her thoughts. The raillery that had been so easy, the feigned disaccord of former days, the mock quarrelling, were now hateful, even impossible, to her. She could be outwardly cold and collected, she could no longer assume wounded self-love or coquettish indignation.

"Do, my dear, sweet girl, be more like yourself," Valerian would remonstrate. "I know the ordeal is a hard one, but think of me. Is my own task light?"

"I am sure you love me, Valerian. Do you not?" asked the proud girl, bringing her eyes on a level with his own as if to look him through and through.

"If you are sure of it, why put the question?" replied the lover, kissing the beautiful eyes. "But we have only a minute to ourselves. For my sake—your own Valerian's sake—summon up courage. Be bright, gay, unconcerned."

Arthura shook her head sadly.

"Where is your high spirit, your self-confidence? Think, my love, of the storm that would break on my head if once the truth leaked out."

"Oh, Valerian, we can not always play a part! Every day of double-dealing but makes matters worse for us. Let me tell Stephana. She would be our advocate."

"Promise me that you will breathe no word of this to Stephana," was Valerian's quick, irritated answer.

"I made you a promise for once and for all," the girl said, proudly. "Never fear that I shall break it. Only let me go."

"Will you force me into calling you unreasonable?" he said, and once more they were for a moment safe from observation. He kissed her eyes, not seeing the tears. Arthura never let him see her weep. He could not understand; he would only chide. And having found that he had no sympathy with these misgivings and self-questionings, she resolved henceforth to conceal them. Whenever by chance they afterward found themselves alone, she was composed, unremonstrant, self-centred, the fact of having to hide her feelings from her lover making her task doubly hard. Hitherto when by chance they were alone for five minutes his smile of encouragement would smooth away care for days to come. Forced back upon herself, shut out alike from ruth and counsel, no wonder her step lost its elasticity and her eye its lustre! Before her mistress and benefactor she still kept up a show of gayety, but it was the merest gloss and counterfeit only. The young heart was heavy, the high spirit drooped.

The sea consoled her. When a wild wind and a spurting rain kept the lazy world within, she would steal out-of-doors and hasten down to the shore. The sea has its moods, gracious, weird, winsome; none for an aching human heart like it fury. Arthura grew calm and brave listening to these thunderous breakers, wave after wave dashing against the sea-wall, or, like a column of white flame, leaping it and every other barrier. So lowering the heavens, so blurred the visible world, that there seemed nothing else for the eye to rest upon but the gleaming, glittering spray, white and shining in the universal gloom. On days less stormy, when the wind no longer thundered, but blew its bugle note clear and shrill as the kittiwake's cry, and the sun shone clear upon a turbulent green sea, there would be a matchless spectacle. For of every tenth wave—the Roman wave—as the pyramidal waters broke upon the shore, the sun made a lovely little rainbow. One after another might be seen; a dozen before the tide went down. And exquisite was it to see the flakes of foam driven hither and thither in company of the sea-birds—sprites seemed they, and as much alive as the birds—now sparkling for a moment on the brown sands, now vanishing over the house-tops, playing their part for a moment on the beauteous scene.

Then there were the quiet days of mist and pearliness, when all day long a brooding calm wrapped the devastation of yesterday, and these also were good for aching hearts. Again and again a mild sun would try to shine out, and at last, pensive yet lovely, illumined the far-off sea. No glory or warmth elsewhere, only in one direction, and for a brief span, a gentle radiance in one spot of the heavens, and a single track of light upon the dull sad ocean.

The sea, then, consoled Arthura as it has done many another, she knew not why. Is it a portent, a prophecy, we listen to?—rebuke or upholding, blessing or malison? We can not understand. We can only hearken and be hushed. Ineffable voice, matchless monitor, yestreen a psalmody, to-day a clarion blast, music, wonder, and mystery ever!

There was only one person as yet who divined that Arthura had a care. Stephana's quick perceptions were not to be deceived, and she tried to win the girl's confidence, to insinuate herself into her affections—no hard task under other circumstances. From the first Arthura had felt the subtle charm of Stephana's personal influence, and in the early days of their acquaintance had yielded to the seduction, but now she must do so no longer. From every fresh overture on Stephana's part she drew back more and more reticent and undemonstrative. At last Stephana determined to speak out. She was Arthura's senior, her superior also by virtue of position: she might well take the initiative. The pair happened to be alone one afternoon in Stephana's own house, Arthura having gone thither with a message from Miss Hermitage. The girl delivered it hurriedly, even brusquely; then made for the door.

"Nay, stay with me for a little while," Stephana said, taking her visitor's hand and leading her to an easy-chair. "It is seldom I see you alone now, and for days past I have had something on my mind to say to you."

Arthura, flushed, impatient, almost irritated, faltered out an excuse. She could not stay, she murmured. Another time she might be less hurried. Then, unable any longer to confront Stephana's mild yet inquisitorial gaze, she added, with a burst of girlish passion: "I am not happy? That is what you would say, I know."

Stephana made her sit down, and still holding her hand, looked at her anxiously.

"It is not hard to understand," blurted out Arthura, torn to pieces by inner conflict, wanting yet not daring to divulge all, resolved at any cost to herself that Valerian's secret should be kept. "I am alone here; every one is kind to me, but I am alone."

"And your heart is elsewhere; you have little brothers and sisters?" said Stephana, brimming over with sweet womanly kindness.

"I have a home," was the almost vindictive reply.

"You would, of course, be there; that is simple enough," Stephana said, gently, little dreaming how each benign word but made Arthura's case more desperate. The girl felt as if she must unburden herself, must take counsel of this angelically kind monitress. Why, oh, why had Valerian bound her to a promise so hard to keep? Once her sorrows wept out on Stephana's bosom, and she felt that she could go on fulfilling her daily tasks courageously.

"I must stay with Miss Hermitage," cried Arthura; "she is generous as a queen. The children depend upon me, and I have other claims."

"It is true my cousin is very handsome in all her dealings. It might be hard for you to find another avocation so well paid. Yet"—Stephana paused, and leaning forward, kissed the girl's cheek with an air of sweetest encouragement—"I have often thought how delightful it would be for me to have you in London if this intractable cousin would be cozened into parting with you. I am rich as well as she. You would be near your own people. You could help me in many ways."

"I dare not think of it," the girl said, throwing her arms round Stephana's neck, melted at last to tears that well-nigh betrayed her. "If I might only be near you always, and make a friend of you. But I must not, I dare not; I am bound by a promise."

Stephana at once thought of Miss Hermitage and her jealous fear of losing Arthura so far back as a year ago. She could not press the girl's confidences; she could only say little caressing words of cheer and encouragement.

"Let us hope that some day my cousin may get tired of you," she said, playfully. "And meantime I may surely be your friend."

Arthura smiled, a sad, unassenting smile. "No, she cried, with sudden passion, "you must not know, you can not understand. Let me go, Stephana. There is wizardry in your eyes. If I stay I shall yield to it, and break a solemn promise."

What could Stephana do but let her go? Not a single thought of Valerian crossed her mind. Arthura's secret, as she naturally supposed, referred to Miss Hermitage only.

CHAPTER XXII.

When we hire wit and esprit into our service we have surely as good a right to entertainment as to irreproachable dinners from the Cordon Bleu presiding over our kitchen. 'Tis all in the bond. We pay handsomely, and demand only our money's worth. So reasoned Miss Hermitage, who felt no less aggrieved the first time she found Arthura's conversation flavorless than if the chef had sent up roast quail without its orthodox envelope of freshly plucked vine leaf. The girl was bound to be gay, piquant, quick at repartee, ready with playful sallies. It was incumbent upon her to vanquish Valerian in sportive quarrel, to do a little sparring with any one else who might be present, above all to be the sprite, the mischievous elf, the Puck, of Miss Hermitage's dressing-room. Every night Arthura had assisted at her mistress's disrobing. "The best part of the day for me," Miss Hermitage would say, for Arthura's animal spirits and rich vein of fun were then at their height. She jested, she mimicked, she took her dearest gossip to task as if it were Steppie herself; she was diverting in a thousand different ways, and simply because she could not help it. Miss Hermitage amused her no less than she amused Miss Hermitage. This odd love of familiarity, this relish of satire, even when some foible of her own was the object, this predilection for youth and vivacity, were all new to the girl, and made the study of Miss Hermitage's character a perpetual enigma.

For some time Arthura had realized that fictitious gayety is but a poor substitute for spontaneous animal spirits, and only awaited opportunity to tell the truth, or at least a part of the truth. Was Miss Hermitage beginning to see through the veil? All doubts were soon set at rest.

"Arthura," said Miss Hermitage, coming into her room one day, with an irritated almost injured look, "I want you to go and stay with my cousin Constantine for a month—will you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," Arthura replied, she not showing reluctance, Miss Hermitage thought, rather relief. But soon followed an expression of dismay. What was such a sentence but covert dismissal, and what was dismissal but ruin? She discerned clearly enough that the visit to Mr. Constantine was only a pretext, and that when once she had quitted her protector's roof she should never be invited to return to it. Arthura was not slow in reading physiognomies, and today plainer than any words she read on Miss Hermitage's, "You no longer amuse me."

"That is settled, then. He is very lonely in London, and sadly needing a reader. Will you go to-day?"

Again Arthura assented, though a deep blush dyed her cheek. Valerian was away! She must go without a word of farewell.

"It is only a visit, so there is no occasion for packings up and good-byes," Miss Hermitage went on, in the same irritated manner. "Well, I will go and telegraph to Constantine, and meantime you can make your preparations."

Thus ended the interview, and Miss Hermitage so contrived matters that there were no other explanations or leave-takings. Even Colette had been sent on an errand that would detain her till after Arthura's departure. Valerian away, Stephana away! Such an opportunity might not soon occur again, and although Miss Hermitage always carried out her intentions, she preferred to do so without remark, much less remonstrance. Arthura was not especially wanted just now, and she had done Mr. Constantine a good turn. This was the only light she should throw on the subject. It was her own affair. No one had the slightest ground for making comments. Arthura, left to herself, sat for a few minutes like one in a dream. She was going, and going where? Into a world shut off from Valerian's, a world in which they could hold hardly more communication with each other than if they were in separate planets. She must never write to him, and never see him. If he wrote, indeed, it could only be by stealth and in strictest secrecy. She should learn nothing of his doings from day to day, and who could tell what else might happen still further to divide, perhaps to estrange?

Oh! this hateful crookedness! Had she only rebelled against it from the first! Then all might have been well, at least with Valerian and herself, and what mattered the rest? She could always earn enough to maintain the children, with the help of Steppie's tiny income. Anything, anything in the wide world but crookedness! thought Arthura, dashing away a few passionate tears before she put her gowns together. Hard as was the service exacted of her by Miss Hermitage, it was only herself she reproached now. And Valerian! on him also would inevitably fall a share of the retribution.

Meantime Miss Hermitage, chuckling over her move, thus communicated it to her one confidante in the world.

"Arthura was too good to last, as I feared. I have sent her away."

The timid little Frenchwoman looked up, too dismayed to speak.

"You goose, Colley! Nothing has happened, of course. The girl has been moody of late, and so I have dispatched her to Constantine. That is all."

Colette still looked the remonstrance she did not speak.

"Constantine has been begging me to let him have Arthura as reader for months to come. He will think I send her out of pure generosity. Is it not a prime joke? On my word, Colley, you look as if I had just uttered some abominable sentiment! I am only doing two people a good turn. It will never enter Constantine's head that I wanted to get rid of Arthura, and for the present I pay her salary all the same."

"Why should you want to get rid of her?" asked Colette.

"The fact is, she is moody. You know high spirits and depression are twins. It is only meek, purring creatures like yourself who are the same to-day, to-morrow, and forever."

"Some little home trouble was at the bottom of it, or the poor child may have had an occasional fit of toothache. We have all our ailments," urged Colette. She played the part of intercessor now as hopefully as if she had not undergone constant checking for fifty years.

"What a child you are! As if, at my time of life, I could afford to be depressed by other people's toothache! You are as innocent as if you had just walked out of Noah's ark. I repeat, I shall deal handsomely by the girl. She is on a visit to Constantine, and we shall see what we can do with her next."

"I was fond of that girl," sighed Colette.

"I confess she amused me," Miss Hermitage said, dryly. "But there was a change of late. Perhaps she has fallen in love. Strong

Colette looked unsuggestive.

"Valerian is not handsome, but women find him agreeable. She may have liked him at the last. But some day or other he is to marry Stephana—I am sure of it—so a love match for him is out of the question."

"Might not that be a love match?"

"My dear Colley, you are innocence itself. Now just watch the pair together, Stephana and Valerian. They are as indifferent to each other as it is possible for two people to be."

"Then they should not marry," replied Colette, romantic as in the days of her girlhood.

"That seems to me the very best possible reason for marrying," Miss Hermitage made cynical reply. "They will thus be saved from disappointment afterward."

"Oh, Christina, why may not men and women sometimes love each other with a perfect love, and marriage sometimes be happiness unalloyed?"

"Because no one has set the fashion, I suppose," retorted Miss Hermitage. "Except in novels. We get plenty of perfection there."

"That is why I adore them," Colette said, warmly; "I like to think of married folks living together in utter bliss, like John Halifax and Ursula."

"Twaddle-de-dee! But you're like the rest of 'em," Miss Hermitage made uncouth reply. "When will women write, not of what might, could, would, or should be, but of what is!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Hermitage was deceiving herself when she fondly imagined that Mr. Constantine would be taken in by her little device. Mr. Constantine had never been taken in by a woman during his life—a fact that speaks volumes for his perspicacity. As he conned the telegram announcing Arthura's arrival his face presented a curious study. It was as good as reading an old Greek epigram to watch it.

"Well, what's in the wind now?" he soliloquized, replacing his spectacles. "The old hussy can not be jealous of her pretty handmaid! But I'll be civil, of course. Why, she must have sent me a third dozen of Madeira this year. Heaven bless her! And as to the girl, I am delighted. The old harridan—Lord, have mercy on me!—can not have scratched her pretty eyes out, and these readers one gets through advertisements are all so ugly—so—so unpardonably ugly! How many have I had to see? A score, I am sure; and there were not the makings of a comely woman among them all, not a pair of eyes worth looking at, not a hand or foot worth mentioning, and the rest of a piece. Why do ugly women put in advertisements? The Times should forbid it, or at least keep a special column for them. Well, now for a note to the old heathen, God bless her!"

Accordingly Mr. Constantine sat down and penned the following note—a model of the lost art of calligraphy, not a t uncrossed, not an i without its dot, every letter formed as carefully as if written on parchment to last forever:

"Russell Square, Guy Fawkes Day, 18—.

"Kindest, best of Cousins,—Tottering on the verge of the grave, perhaps never more to enjoy your bounteous hospitality [that will bring me a hamper of game], I sit down with trembling fingers to thank you for the last sign of kindness I have any right to expect at your hands. [I should not be surprised if that brings me a fourth dozen of Madeira. Nothing makes people feel so amiable to you as the prospect of losing you forever.] For you, my dear Christina, are yet in store, as I fondly hope and believe, many years of health and benevolence. [That will please the old pagan, I know.] But the only news you can now expect to hear of me is that I have taken leave of the world, and all those I cling to so fondly, forever. We have had our little squabbles—what relatives have not? But this dear girl shall be, like the Indian boy from Titania to her Oberon, a token of final reconcilement. When I am beyond reach of benignities it will console you to think what a sacrifice you made in order to cheer my declining days. [Had she not wanted to get rid of Miss Pretty Eyes, I might have cried mine out to have her.] But no more. Generosity is ever its own reward, and I always said you had a heart of gold. ['Tis of flint, but no matter.] Heaven bless and reward you, my dear Christina, is the prayer of your affectionate cousin and devoted servant,

"Constantine-Gossip-Hermitage."

The letter sealed and sent off to the post, Mr. Constantine threw himself back in his arm-chair to rest after the exertion. After dozing a little, with a smile upon his face, he rang the bell.

"Are the Pretty Eyes come?" he asked of his housekeeper—starchness and primness itself, although accustomed to her master's humor.

"The—what, if you please, sir?"

"My good Bumstead, Miss Hermitage has sent me a reader from the country—a young lady, who, if she possesses no other qualification in the world, has beautiful eyes. I trust they will be a source of gratification to you."

"Rather of sackcloth and potsherds, sir," Mrs. Bumstead made reply. "What are eyes in woman but a bait for Satan?"

"Well, you shall gird yourself with sackcloth and sit in potsherds, whilst I look at Miss Arthura's eyes."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

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"Oh Lord, sir—at your age!"

"My dear woman, at my age one may do anything. But you will make this young lady comfortable, won't you?"

"One must do one's duty by the Rebeccas as well as the Leahs, sir."

"Aptly said, my good Bumstead. I hope, however, you do not really think the worse of yourself for being comely and well-favored. I am sure, now, if I had seen you—well, say thirty years ago, I should have kicked Bumstead down-stairs."

Mrs. Bumstead blushed, and became amiable in a moment. "Dear sir, how funny you are! Joking to the last! But I had better go and prepare for the young lady."

"By all means. Dear me! it will be dull for her, I fear—Russell Square in November, after the south and the sea."

"Humph, sir! Is a girl to be dancing jigs all day just because she came into the world with eyes twinkling like ship lights?"

"True! true! I wish I could dance a jig with her, nevertheless; and I am sure, Bumstead, though I speak hypothetically, you have a foot and ankle turned for the dance—haven't you, now?"

"Really, sir," Mrs. Bumstead simpered—"how you joke! And at your time of life too!"

"A joke is better than a curse, anyhow," Mr. Constantine replied. "And a neat foot and ankle in a woman is better than a virtuous mind."

"Oh, sir!" Mrs. Bumstead cried, and forthwith took her departure.

A couple of hours later emerged from the fog and the outer gloom a very apparition of sparkling youth and vivacity—Arthura's self, her old self. Not a cloud upon the frank brow, not a care in the bright eyes. To Arthura, indeed, this dreary, antiquated house in what was yet London two generations ago seemed no prison, but a sweet place of liberty. The chains had fallen; her spirit was no longer confined; she could breathe the air of unconstraint and reality.

"I am overjoyed to come," were her first words.

"Come, now," said the old man, "no indiscretion, but just an inkling of the truth. Were you tired of that—of my cousin, or was the old—she tired of you?"

Arthura spoke out for once and for all:

"I could not amuse her any longer, sir. That is the beginning and the end of the matter. But you want no amusing, I am sure," she added, perusing *him* with girlish candor and admiration.

"That is a very pretty compliment, although not so intended, I dare say. But, truth to tell, my dear young lady, I do want amusing. A man may replace his twentieth sweetheart. What can console him for the loss of his eyesight?"

"I will be eyes, ears, everything," answered Arthura, gayly.

"And a memory too, upon occasions, I'll warrant. Your business will be, however, to read to me. But I am strange and fantastical in my habits—a very owl, consorting with ghosts and darkness, and only alert when others drowse. Are you wedded to midnight sleep, my dear?"

"I dare say I could sleep as well at mid-day, sir."

"Then I trust that you will not be too much startled by my programme. The fact is, my reader's task begins at midnight, and ends—well, sometimes quickly enough, always before the crowing of the cock. Except at that ghostly hour, then, you are free. I have a secretary and man of business to help me with my correspondence for an hour or two in the forenoon. But 'tis only the sweet voice of woman that can send me to sleep when once I assume my night-cap."

"And may I do what I like all day?" asked Arthura, hardly believing in her good fortune.

"Precisely. A friend or two step in for a chat in the afternoon. I can not sit down to a formal dinner table; and although, when agreeable to you, I shall like your company occasionally in the evening, 'tis not in the bond. Do what you please in the daytime, except to practice music and singing over my head."

"I neither play nor sing," said Arthura, modestly.

"How I wish I had a thousand pounds to leave you in my will! A girl who has not driven her relations mad by perpetually strumming the Pathetic Sonata, who has not proved herself the Nemesis of her next-door neighbors by trying to sing— Give me your hand, my dear; I love you."

"Should not every girl know these things, sir?" asked Arthura.

"In a more commodious planet, my dear; not in this. We are all too near one another. But now repose yourself to-day and to-night, and to-morrow evening at twelve of the clock you shall be summoned."

"Indeed, sir—"

"To-morrow," Mr. Constantine said, waving his small white hand, "with the ghosts, the spectres, the wraiths, the phantoms, and all the nightly powers that be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

Some fourteen years ago Americans were seized with a craze for bestriding and riding two-wheeled vehicles called velocipedes. In every city, town, and village of the country riding-schools were established, and in them men and boys of all ages spent much of their spare time and money in learning to master the machine, which was a cross between a hobby-horse and the modern bicycle, and which is now irreverently but aptly termed a "bone-shaker." For this machine, crude and clumsy as it now appears, great things were prophesied, and its enthusiastic admirers could see no limit to its possibilities. It was to revolutionize the art of road-making, solve the problem of quick and cheap transportation for light packages, and furnish a novel and delightful method of pleasure travel. For two years the "bone-shaker" ran its triumphant course, and then it disappeared as suddenly as it had come, leaving its promises unfulfilled, and its very name a by-word for mockery. Discovered to be totally unfit for practical use, and its propulsion to be not only more arduous than walking, but absolutely injurious, it was relegated to oblivion, and, except as a toy for children, was seen no more.

So completely disenchanted were the former adherents of the "bone-shaker" that, when, ten years after its first appearance, their approval was solicited for a velocipede in modified form, called a "bicycle," they received it with scorn and derision, and declared that they had seen enough of such machines. Although the bicycle possesses no more points in common with the "bone-shaker" than a Kentucky thorough-bred horse does with a Mexican burro, an undiscriminating public at once pronounced it a boy's plaything, and a dangerous one at that, since its uncanny appearance on the public roads was calculated to frighten horses. Had not a few practical men with enough common-sense and acuteness to discern the excellent features of the bicycle, and foresee its possibilities, been found to champion it, the fate of the "bone-shaker" would have speedily overtaken it, and for some future generation would have been reserved the inexpressible pleasure and profit which those of us who have learned to tame him now derive from this modern Pegasus.

The first bicycle in America appeared in Boston in 1877, and in February of the following year twelve riders, or bicyclists, organized the Boston Bicycle Club, the first club of its kind in this country. During the same year several other bicycle clubs were formed in Boston and other cities, and in Boston was established the first American company for the manufacture of the machines. During the following year five New-Yorkers, only two of whom were riders, held the first meeting of the New York Bicycle Club, which has existed with fluctuating fortunes until to-day, and is now recognized as one of the foremost and strongest organizations of the kind in the country.

Until 1880, two years after the formation of the first bicycle club, no concerted action had been taken by bicyclists to enforce their rights, and protect themselves against the restrictions and impositions by which they were harassed on all sides. In some places the bicycle was allowed the free use of the public highways, while in others its appearance upon them was forbidden by law; and while some local authorities prohibited its use on sidewalks, but permitted it to occupy the streets, others restricted it to the sidewalks, and drove it from those highways occupied by vehicles drawn by horses. In cases where the bicycle came into collision with other interests, decisions were almost invariably rendered against it. In the public press it has always found some stanch supporters, but a greater number of bitter enemies, who have denounced it as a diabolical invention calculated to do a vast deal of harm, but no good, and who have influenced public opinion against it. In England a powerful association, uniting most of the bicycle clubs of the country, had successfully established and maintained the rights of the "wheel" against all opposition, and in 1880 the necessity for a similar organization in this country had become apparent.

The scheme of a national combination for mutual encouragement and protection first suggested itself to the New York Bicycle Club on account of the strenuous opposition with which their use of the wheel in the public streets was met in this city. Acting promptly upon a suggestion of their president, they issued a note of invitation to all the clubs then in existence to meet with them for consideration of the subject, and to devise measures for relief from persecution. This invitation met with a ready response from clubs in various parts of the country, but especially from New England, and on May 30, 1880, the first grand meet of American bicyclists was held in Newport, Rhode Island.

The 30th fell on Monday, and during the afternoon of the preceding day, while the outer world was drenched with a cold easterly rain-storm, a group of a dozen men already prominent as riders of the wheel assembled in an upper room of the Aquidneck House for consultation. Among this first gathering of its kind were Pratt and Hodges of the Boston club, Parsons and Pope of the Massachusetts, Munroe and Putnam of the New York, Longstreth of the Philadelphia, Clark of the Baltimore, Willoughby of the Saratoga, and Richmond of the Providence club. At this meeting, after much discussion, it was decided that the new organization should be known as the "League of American Wheelmen." "League," to distinguish it from all other clubs, associations, or companies; "American," to show that its interests were as wide-spread as the continent; "wheelmen," as being more euphonious than bicyclers or bicyclists, and the whole because its initials, L. A. W., represented the platform from which the League proposed to claim their rights. A constitution was drafted, and a ticket prepared with Pratt as President, Longstreth Vice-President, Munroe Commander, Parsons Corresponding Secretary, Clark Recording Secretary, Willoughby Treasurer, and a list of consuls to represent the interests of the several States or sections in which bicycles had already come into use. All the measures proposed by this caucus were unanimously adopted by the Convention held in the Newport skating rink the following morning, the ticket as prepared was elected, and the L. A. W. came into existence. In the parade or first annual meet of the League, which followed the convention, 156 riders were in line, and presented a novel and interesting spectacle to the good people of Newport as they wheeled up and down Bellevue Avenue.

The second annual meet of the L. A. W. was held in Boston on May 30, 1881. By this time it had attained a membership of about 1500, of whom 750 formed the procession that paraded through the broad avenues of the Back Bay District. The visiting wheelmen filled the two largest hotels in the city, from the pinnacles of which their banners floated proudly, and the entire area of the Boston Music Hall was required to seat them at their annual banquet.

The third meet of the League was held in Chicago on May 30, 1882; but owing to many unpropitious circumstances it did not prove so great a success as those which had preceded it, and less than 200 wheelmen participated in the parade.

The fourth annual meet of this now powerful organization was held in this city last week, on May 28, and by its complete success proved how thoroughly the League has been systematized and brought into first-class working order. Until now the avenues of Central Park, open to all other pleasure vehicles, have been closed to the bicycle, but they were thrown open to it on this occasion. To the music of the Seventh Regiment Band, with colors flying and burnished wheels glittering in the sunlight, 800 wheelmen, representing some fifty clubs, rode into the Park. Guided by the ringing notes of their cavalry bugles, and riding with the steadiness and precision of a body of well-drilled troops, they passed many thousands of admiring spectators, over roadways kept clear for them by the same police who had so often resisted their efforts to enter them.

Among these 800 riders were clergymen, lawyers, doctors, literary men, and representatives of every honorable profession and line of business. Some of them were gray-headed, and twenty-eight years was the average age of those who composed this novel, attractive, and orderly procession.

At the banquet in the evening, after the parade, letters were read from the President of the United States, Governors, Mayors, and other honorables, while addresses were made by men eminent in their professions and occupying prominent public positions, who, upon this occasion, were proud to be received as guests of the League of American Wheelmen.

The L. A. W. now numbers nearly 3000 members, and its influence is felt in every State and Territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On many of the roadways of the country its neat guide-boards, bearing the League symbol, a wheel inclosing three wings separating the letters L. A. W., have already appeared. In addition to the winged wheels, these sign-boards bear broad arrow-heads, which by their various degress of inclination convey to the initiated valuable information as to the direction and condition of the road they are to take. KIRK MUNROE.

THE PAYNE MONUMENT.

On Saturday of this week the remains of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE will be laid in their last resting-place under the fine monument erected by the liberality of Mr. CORCORAN in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C. The remains will be taken first to the Corcoran Art Gallery, and will be escorted from there to the cemetery by a funeral procession consisting of detachments of United States troops and the District militia, the President, members of the cabinet and of the diplomatic corps, judges of the United States courts, Senators and Representatives, the poet and the orator of the occasion, relatives of PAYNE and Mr. CORCORAN. At the cemetery there will be memorial services consisting of a poem by ROBERT S. CHILTON, an oration by LEIGH ROBINSON, selections of vocal and instrumental music, and religious exercises conducted by Bishop PINCKNEY and the Rev. Dr. LEONARD, of St. John's. The vocal music to be rendered by the Philharmonic Society will include "Home, Sweet Home," and the audience will unite in singing the last verses of that song.

The shaft of the monument is surrounded by a bust of the poet. On the sides to the right and left are the ornamental scrolls shown in our engraving in the circles at the foot of the monument.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE latest English "craze" is mule-riding. It will soon be taken up by the American dudes, unless the long-suffering beasts of burden decide that a line must be drawn somewhere.

There is living in Rockport, Maine, a man whose name spells the same backward as forward. It is Esrom Morse. He should take the surname Hannah for a middle name.

A will is on file in Virginia in which the testator makes the modest request that the executors bury him "in the plainest manner possible by the side of my dear wives—whichever may be the most convenient."

Instead of being disposed to avoid discovery and notoriety, the man who has been supposed to be Number One is quite the reverse. He recently sent for the newspaper reporters to tell them that he had nothing to say.

In Indiana a railway train which runs at the rate of only thirty-seven miles an hour is called the "Cyclone Express."

The Irish attack upon the Chinese in this city seems to have been a failure. If the Chinese had been guilty of the hideous offenses imputed to them, a sentiment would have been aroused which would have made it more uncomfortable for Chinamen here than it is on the Pacific coast. But, after as thorough inquiry as could be made through legal process, no evidence was found that the alleged horrors had taken place. The Chinamen greatly dread being brought into court, and those who have suffered arrest are not likely to seek any other vindication than that which goes with their discharge.

A story is told in a Texas paper of a merchant doing business in a town where the sale of everything intoxicating was prohibited by law, who made a large demand for his cocoa-nuts by emptying them of their milk and substituting whiskey. One day, the story goes, the minister of the place dropped into the store to buy a cocoa-nut. The merchant was in despair, and surprised the preacher by telling him that the cocoa-nuts were not fit to be sold to a good customer. Taking one of them up and shaking it, the minister said he was convinced that it must be sound, and would chance it, anyway. The merchant could do nothing more; so he took pay from the preacher at cocoa-nut rates, and fell to planning a story that would let him out of his trouble. While he was thus engaged a messenger came from the preacher with a note which ran thus: "Send me six more cocoa-nuts exactly like the one I purchased of you."

Already the season has produced several novelties in the base-ball line. A game has been played by electric light in the West. In Philadelphia a contest between a two-legged, one-armed nine and a two-armed, one-legged nine resulted in a victory for the former, who now claim the cripple championship of the world. A nine composed of colored women is nearly ready to enter the field. In this city a club has greatly increased its gate receipts by putting a famous pugilist on exhibition as pitcher. This idea might be carried farther. A nine made up of the wild Australian children as the battery, the transparent-headed baby as short stop, Zulus on the bases, and bearded women and living skeletons in the field, would go far toward satisfying even the strongest craving for novelty.

In the paper on "The Bridge as a Monument," in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 26, it was stated that the longest arch of masonry now standing is one of the span of 200 feet in Grosvenor Bridge at Chester. This is an error. The granite arch which carries the Washington aqueduct across "Cabin John Creek" is of 220 feet span.

An Irish priest who preached recently on the effect of a decision under the Land Act took for his text the words, "And the rent is made worse."

From a very brief abstract of a passage in Colonel Ingersoll's plea in behalf of the Star Route defendants it seems that he indulged in an occasional figure of speech. Thus he said of a witness that "epithets would glance from his reputation as bird-shot from the turret of a Monitor," that in comparison with his "cheek" brass was a liquid, and that it was pleasant "to smell the delightful perfume of a fact in the hell-broth of his perjury."

A Georgia farmer claims to have made a profit of a hundred dollars an acre this season on strawberries. There is reasonable ground, however, for the suspicion that a considerable part of the profit was made on the space between the bottom of the strawberry boxes and the lower edge of the sides thereof.

The credit of having first suggested the project of bridging the East River is claimed by many individuals and several newspapers. Those who were among the first to make known their claims now find themselves in the same unfortunate position as the man who tells the first hard-winter story in a gathering around the stove of a country grocery, and finds later on that in the nature of things there was absolutely no chance for the one who told his story first.

In Boston the barbarian practice of ringing bells when there is a fire still prevails. The other morning sixty blows each on seventy church and public bells told the disturbed residents of a little blaze that was in progress in a Brighton tenant-house.

Steps have been taken toward organizing in this city a yacht club the fleet of which shall be composed entirely of steam vessels. The organization is to be known as the American Yacht Club, and a charter has already been granted to it. About two hundred applications for membership have been received by the incorporators. There is talk of a steam-yacht regatta, to be held early in the fall. It is proposed to make regulations as to the pressure of steam that may be carried which will obviate the perils that would otherwise attend the contest. The steam-yachts owned in this country vary in size as greatly as do the sailing yachts. Mr. Bennett's *Namouna* and Mr. Gould's *Atalanta* are crafts that would not look very small alongside the magnificent line steam-ships that ply between New York and European ports. Mr. Belden's *Yosemite* is another large vessel. Some of the prettiest steam-yachts in these waters are those which are just large enough to be fashioned like the big ocean steamships, yet small enough to show that they are for pleasure and not for commerce. There are many little crafts which would be more appropriately called launches than yachts. The rules of the new club will doubtless determine where the line shall be drawn. There is no reason to fear that steam-yachting will ever take the place of yachting under sail. If the ownership of a steam vessel implies wealth, that of a sailing yacht implies leisure, which many of the rich even do not have. No true Corinthian would exchange his yacht for a steamer any more than he who loves coaching would house his drag and seek pleasure in a railway car.

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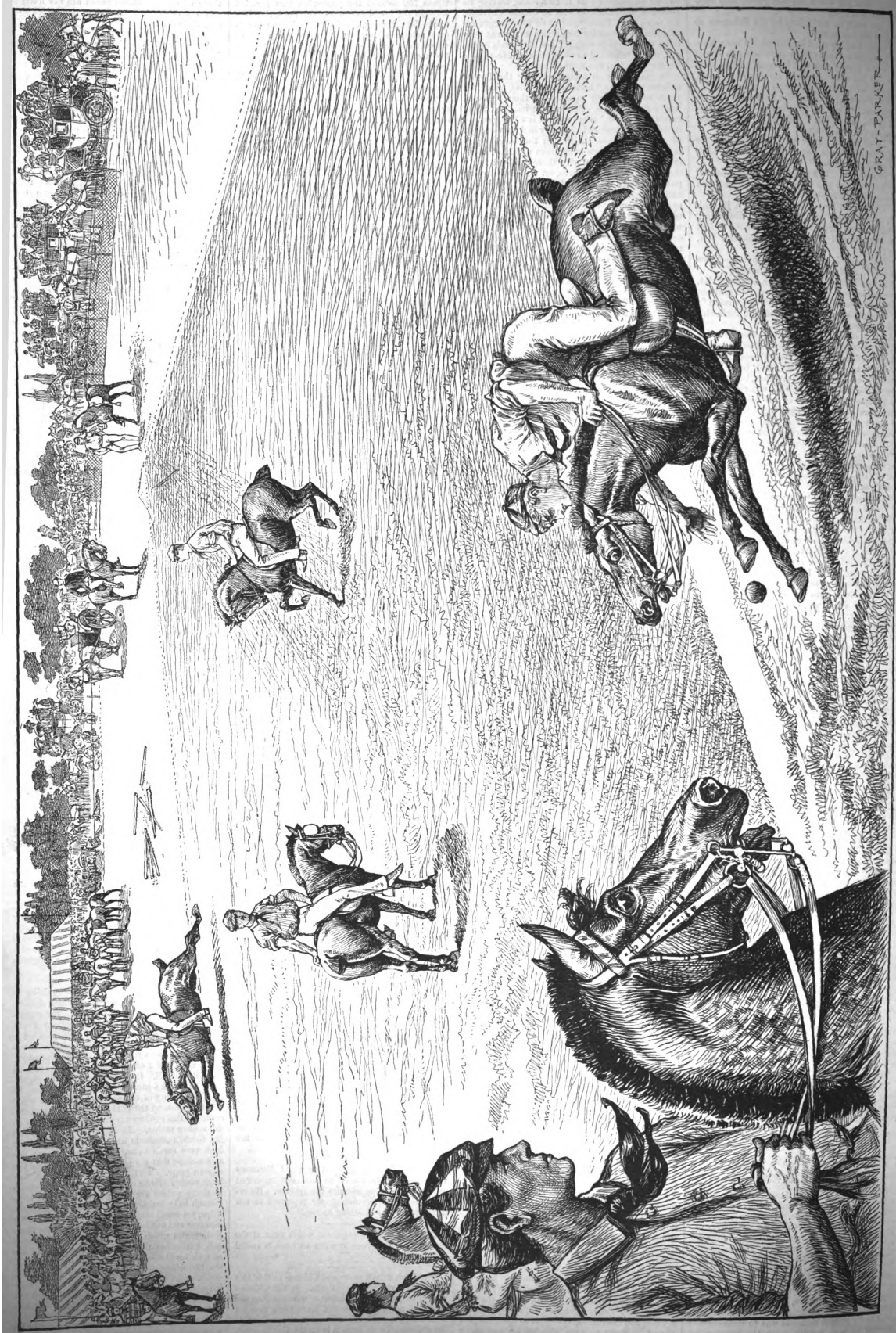

BASE-BALL OF THE FUTURE.

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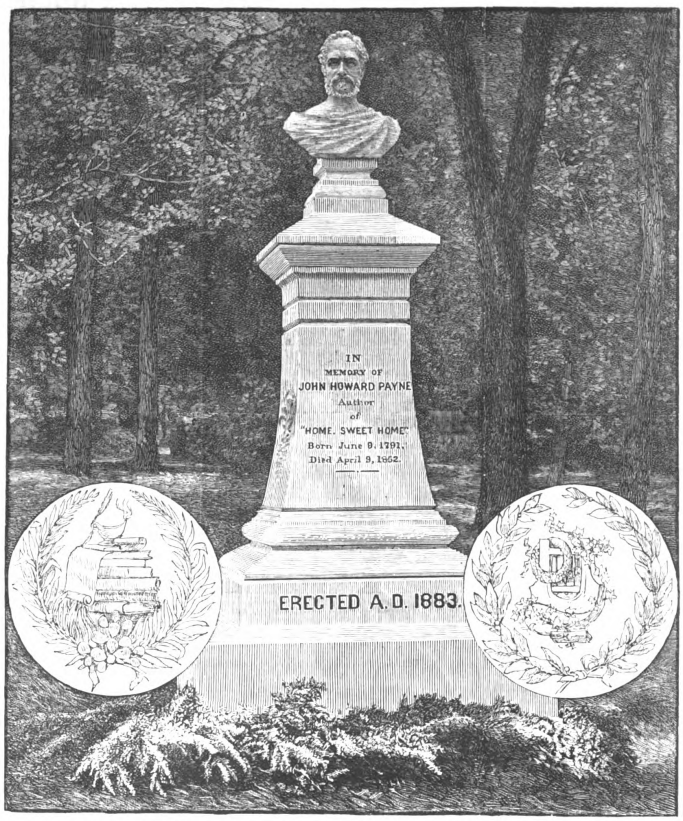
ABD-EL-KADER.

THE career of this distinguished soldier and honorable man seems at last ended, although since the year 1873 reports of his death have been circulated and denied several times. ABD-EL-KADER became famous by reason of the courage and success with which he defended his country against the inroads of the French, and his history was practically that of Algeria from the year 1832, when with an army of 10,000 men he marched to attack Oran, then occupied by the enemy, until the year 1847, when he surrendered to General LAMORICIÈRE, on condition of being allowed to withdraw to Alexandria or St. Jean d'Acre. This condition the French government immediately violated, bringing their august prisoner to France, and detaining him successively in a fort at Toulon, in the Château of Pau, and in the Château of Amboise, for five years, or until he was liberated by the third NAPOLEON, on the date of the proclamation of the Empire, December 2, 1852, ABD-EL-KADER having taken an oath on the Koran not to return to Algeria, but to reside at Broussa, in Asia Minor.

This oath, notwithstanding many and great temptations to the contrary, was faithfully kept. Not only so, but the Algerian chieftain went out of his way to manifest his loyalty to the spirit of it. The town of Broussa having been destroyed by an earthquake, he obtained permission to remove to Constantinople, and afterward to Damascus, where in 1860 he presented the singular spectacle of defending the Christians against the attacks of the murderous Turks, his generous and efficient public service being recognized by the award of the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. In 1870 he wrote to the Emperor NAPOLEON to offer himself as commander of the Algerian soldiers who had come to take part in France's struggle against Germany. The next year he made the same offer to the Government of the National Defense, and a few weeks afterward, having learned that his eldest son was trying to free some of the Arab tribes from French rule, he unhesitatingly disowned him, and pledged again his unswerving fidelity.

After his liberation ABD-EL-KADER was granted a pension of twenty thousand dollars a year. He visited the Paris Exposition in 1867, and was present at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. He lived very quietly at Damascus, with his three wives and eleven children, devoting himself chiefly to speculations in pearls and diamonds.

ABD-EL-KADER.



THE PAYNE MONUMENT IN OAK HILL CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

THE HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD.

THIS distinguished jurist, who died in Philadelphia on the morning of May 28, was born in that city July 7, 1810. He was a descendant of GEORGE SHARSWOOD who came from England and settled in New London, Connecticut, about the year 1665. After graduating with high honors from the University of Pennsylvania in 1828, he began the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1831.

His legal career was brilliant. In 1845 he was appointed and unanimously confirmed as Associate Judge of the Philadelphia District Court. On February 1, 1848, he was made President of the Court. By a constitutional amendment in 1850 the judiciary was made elective, and all judges in the State were compelled to go before the people for continuance of their tenure of office. Judge SHARSWOOD alone was unanimously nominated and elected by all the five political parties then in the field. That year he was made Professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania, and when the faculty was reorganized in 1852 he was put at the head of the Institute of Law, in which position he continued for sixteen years.

In 1867 Judge SHARSWOOD was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and took his place on the bench in January, 1868. In that position he was noted for his ability, fairness, and diligence. At the close of last year's term he resigned his seat, thus bringing to a close a continuous judicial service of nearly thirty-eight years.

THE LATE HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

THE ASSISTANT BISHOP OF VIRGINIA.

THE Rev. Dr. A. M. RANDOLPH, rector of Emanuel Episcopal Church, Baltimore, who was recently elected Assistant Bishop of Virginia, is a native of Winchester, in that State, where he was born in 1836. He is a son of ROBERT LEE RANDOLPH, of Fauquier County. His great-grandfather, ROBERT RANDOLPH, was a colonel in the Revolutionary war. EDMUND RANDOLPH, an ancestor, was the first President of the Continental Congress. Dr. RANDOLPH'S mother was MARY MAGILL, of Frederick County, and a granddaughter of Colonel JOHN MAGILL, who served in the war of the Revolution with General GEORGE WASHINGTON. He was graduated with honors at William and Mary College, where his ancestors for eight generations were educated. After a course at the Episcopal Theological Seminary near Alexandria, he was ordained to priest's orders. He served as chaplain in Stonewall JACKSON'S army. He was called to Christ Church, Alexandria, in 1866, and in the fall of 1867 to the rectorship of Emanuel Church, Baltimore, where he labored faithfully for over fifteen years.

IN THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS.

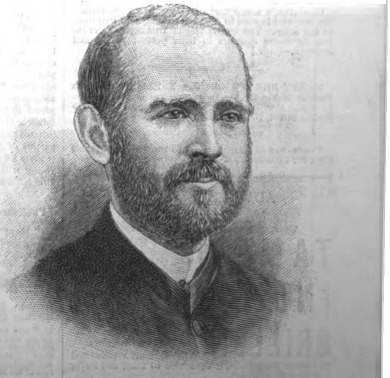
THAT portion of the San Juan country known as the Red Mountain district, situated in Southwestern Colorado, is at the present time creating considerable excitement, owing to the discovery of large bodies of rich mineral.

The district comprises an area of about forty square miles, lying between the San Juan and San Miguel ranges, and varies in altitude from 10,000 to 13,500 feet above sea-level. The character of ore predominating in the immediate vicinity of Red Mountain is an argentiferous galena, carrying gray copper and gold. It seems strange to relate that in a country where from six to twenty feet of snow fall during the winter a "trail"—a space large enough for an animal to pass through—could be kept open for the shipment of the precious metal; nevertheless it is true, and to-day it presents an active and lively scene. One train after another laden with minerals is to be seen descending the slope of the mountain; when unloaded, at the nearest point to the wagon road, they return again with provisions and lumber for building purposes.

The impetus given through the wonderful discoveries that are of daily occurrence has started five towns over a divide of 11,500 feet above sea-level, and as there are no wagon roads, everything has to be packed in on a burro (*Anglice*, ass) or mule train. It is an interesting sight to see the driver of a down train get his animals in position to allow the up train to pass him. Occasionally an animal becomes unmanageable, and the two trains become so mixed up that the greatest confusion prevails. The yelling of the drivers together with the braying of the burros makes the most hideous noise imaginable. Now and then a burro is crowded off the trail, and rolling over and over down the mountain, suddenly lands on his feet, staggers for a moment, looks around, then walks off as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened.

The greater part of the prospecting in this section was accomplished on snow-shoes, as it was late last fall before the value of territory was realized. Fully two thousand prospectors are at work, and before midsummer it is estimated at least ten thousand will endeavor to woo the giddy goddess. Capital is coming in from all parts of the country; and the immense quantity of goods consumed fully convinces the investigator that the San Juan will in the near future rank as the leading gold and silver producing region of the United States.

When a mining excitement is instigated by numerous discoveries of rich mineral, every foot of available ground is sometimes staked off almost as soon as its success is assured. Unexplored territory next attracts the attention of the prospector, who, eager to get in first and obtain the most desirable locations, sometimes takes desperate chances in reaching the goal of his aspirations. On reaching the greater altitudes, particularly in the spring of the year, through a wooded country, he encounters patches of snow, over which, with a heavily laden burro, it is almost impossible to pass. Once the animal breaks through the crust covering the snow, the hardships of prospecting begin to manifest themselves. Not only does the poor burro become discouraged, but the heart of the individual sinks within him. A few moments are consumed in hunting a packed trail, which is used to haul game to market. Then comes the trouble of shovelling



THE REV. A. M. RANDOLPH, D.D.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CUMMINS.

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for the burros in order to reach the game trail, which proves not only a tedious but difficult undertaking. No sooner is the trail reached than a violent storm breaks upon him with all the fury of a blizzard, and in a few moments the trail, which was perceptible for a long distance, is completely covered, and he is obliged to rely upon the blazed trees that serve to mark its course. Occasionally an obstinate animal will wander off into the snow, and after floundering around for a few moments—all the time receiving the caresses of an enraged prospector in his own peculiar way—is restored again, taking great care to follow the course designated by his master.

The summit, or divide, is now reached, 11,800 feet above sea-level. The rest of the journey is all down-hill, and the most hazardous. Here and there, hidden from view by the recently fallen snow, along the trail are patches of ice; should man or beast slip and fall when rounding a steep part of the mountain, he would be hurled down thousands of feet, and probably land where no human help could reach him. At this juncture the prospector takes his burro by the tail, which is termed, in miners' lingo, "tailing," and hangs on like grim death, carefully feeling his way along to the bottom or over the worst part, when a feeling of thankfulness comes over him, and he vows he will never undertake such a journey again, little dreaming how near death's door he had passed but a moment ago.

HONORS TO AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.

[*From Galignani's Messenger, May* 12, '83.]

Those interested in the progress of art applied to metal work in general and to silverware in particular, will be pleased to learn that the celebrated house of TIFFANY & Co., of New York, with a branch in Paris, have just been appointed Imperial and Royal Jewellers and Silversmiths to the following Sovereigns: Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of England, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia, His Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke Wladimir of Russia, His Imperial Highness the Emperor of Austria, His Majesty the King of Belgium, His Majesty the King of Italy, His Majesty the King of Greece, His Majesty the King of Portugal, and other distinguished potentates. The appreciation of these august personages is the surest guarantee not only of the excellency in make, but also of the truly artistic and refined taste displayed by TIFFANY & Co. in the forms and decoration of their silver.

The Hon. W. H. Hunt, the American Ambassador to Russia, in a letter, says: "Compliments such as these from such distinguished rulers of the most enlightened countries of Europe are of more than ordinary significance. They are the tributes of approved connoisseurs in art to merit. Indeed, they should be viewed as of interest to the American nation. Hitherto we have been reproached with being a people solidly devoted to the merely profitable industries of society, devoid of interest in the refining tastes of art. These recognitions of the pre-eminence of your skill and artistic merit and good taste in the device and manufacture of æsthetic works mark our national progress in that direction, and are a response and refutation of the charge often made against us of indifference or inability to compete successfully with the older countries in progress of refinement. It is simply true that our advanced position in these matters, as well as our reputation abroad, is greatly due to your enterprise and the beauty and originality of your productions."—[*Adv.*]

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A Novelette. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, Author of "Anne." Ill'd. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

A story so sweet and simple that it suggests an old-fashioned plaintive ballad. She has chosen the most picturesque materials that America affords. * * * There are no analytical, wearisome dissections of the emotions of the various characters, it belongs to no particular school, and to the casual reader will not be so full of interest as Miss Woolson's "Anne." But from a literary point of view it is more finished, and to a critic interested in striking peculiarities of character it will prove a valuable study.—*N. Y. World.*

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"I had Salt-Rheum for 19 years. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure cured me." F. P. Lavelle, Merced, Cal.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.:

I am 74 years old, have lived 34 years in Philadelphia, and well known among Germans. I have been troubled 12 years with a white swelling on my right foot, and getting worse every year, and very painful, and breaking out in hot weather. I consulted several doctors and they told me it was incurable, and I would have to take it with me in the grave. Some time ago I lost my appetite, was costive, had headache and fever, in fact, was very sick. I saw in the German *Democrat* that Hop Bitters was what I needed. I got a bottle, took it one week and was as well again as ever, and to my greatest surprise, right from the first, my swelling went down gradually, and I taking another bottle got entirely well of it. The wife of my neighbor had two such swellings on her legs, and three bottles cured her. I think this is a great triumph for your bitters. JOHN STOLL,

No. 4 Young's Alley, above Willow St.

STIPPSHILL, IND., Nov. 13, 1881.

Dear Sirs,—I have read so much about Hop Bitters, and always being afflicted with neuralgia, weakness, diseased stomach, never having much health, I tried a couple bottles; it has strengthened and helped me more than any medicine or doctor. I am now on my third bottle, and am thankful that it has helped me. I will advise all that are afflicted to give it a trial. LUCY VAIL.

Beat the World.

ROCKVILLE, CONN., March 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.:

I have been taking your Hop Bitters for several weeks, and they beat the world.

L. S. LEWIS, Lewis's Axle Machine.

LEETONIA, PA., April 13, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.:

I have not been well for three years, tried almost every kind of patent medicines, and no less than seven doctors, one of Elmira, N. Y.; none have done me any good. I finally tried your Hop Bitters, and found them just the thing. I have praised them so highly there is a great number here who use them with great benefit and satisfaction.

Very respectfully yours, R. HUNT.

Gentlemen,—The "Hop Bitters" meet with large sales and give general satisfaction; one case in particular you should know of. Mr. John E. Green, 728 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa., has been suffering from kidney affection, which superinduced *rheumatism*. He tried physicians and remedies in vain. He was obliged to take morphine to induce sleep, his trouble was so great. Reading your advertisement in the *Christian at Work*, he was prevailed upon by one of his daughters to try it. Three bottles effected a cure, and now he is an enthusiast for "Hop Bitters." He is one of the oldest residents in the locality named, and known as a gentleman of unusual probity. HENRY TOTTEN,

672 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE JELLOWAY MU. A. ASSOCIATION, JELLOWAY, O., March 18, '82.

Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co.:

I have been using your Hop Bitters, and find them what you recommend them to be for kidney disease (viz., superior to all others).

J. L. HILDEBRANDT.

Vertigo, Dizziness, and Blindness.

OFFICE UTICA MORNING HERALD, UTICA, Feb. 18, 1882.

I have been troubled with vertigo since last July, and have suffered greatly every night after any considerable exertion from dizziness and blindness. I tried two bottles of Hop Bitters, and since then have been entirely relieved.

Respectfully yours, J. J. FLANIGAN.

Hop Bitters Co.: June 15, 1881.

I have been suffering five years past with neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia, and kidney complaint, and I have doctored with fourteen different doctors, who did me no good. At last I tried Hop Bitters, and after using a few bottles I received a great benefit from them, and if I had used Hop Bitters regularly, I would have been well before. I know them to be the best medicine in the world for nervous diseases of all kinds.

JAMES COONTS,

Bechington, Barber County, W. Va.

Wicked for Clergymen.

I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or patent medicines, but when a really meritorious article, composed of valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them.

REV. B. R——, Washington, D. C.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman, Mexico, N. Y.

I had severe attacks of Gravel and Kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A distinguished lawyer and temperance orator of Wayne County, N. Y.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1382.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

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"THE KNEELING NUN."—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID NEAL.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

UNHAPPY "PROFESSIONALS."

IT is a significant fact that just in the degree that President ARTHUR'S course has been denounced by the professional politicians it has been acceptable to the country, and has produced a general feeling of confidence and respect for his administration. The professional or machine politicians in New York, for instance, complain that he does nothing for the party. They had anticipated a general turning out and putting in, and they are naturally amazed and despondent. Their expectation was certainly not unreasonable. They had seen Mr. CONKLING resign because Mr. ROBERTSON was made Collector, and they had seen Vice-President ARTHUR zealously espouse Mr. CONKLING'S quarrel, and hasten to Albany to secure his re-election as a rebuke to President GARFIELD. When the Vice-President succeeded to the Chief Magistracy, the machine, "hushed in grim repose," awaited its prey. There was doubtless a very general expectation that the new policy would be "thorough." But two years are nearly passed, and Mr. ROBERTSON is still Collector, and although the Naval Officer has been unfortunately removed, there has been no clean sweep or re-adjustment, but instead of it Mr. CONKLING'S "snivel service reform" has become law amid universal public approval, and the President is honestly sustaining it.

It is now further alleged, to the inexpressible dismay and disgust of the "professionals," that the President proposes to consolidate internal revenue districts. It is believed to be indisputable that ninety collectors could collect the tax as efficiently as one hundred and twenty-six, and that a proportional reduction could be made in the number of persons employed in the service. This would be a saving which is an essential part of reform in the civil service. The spoils system naturally multiplies useless places and increases the expense of the service, because it treats places as rewards for henchmen and "workers." Honest official investigations into the details of the various branches of the service constantly show the wasteful excess of places and emoluments. Directly and indirectly this will be corrected as the reform is enforced. While the law is carried out by the Commission, the spirit of the law and the public sentiment from which it springs will be observed in every reduction of the force that can be made with due regard to efficiency.

It is because the President seems in many ways to be mindful of this fact that an administration which began amid doubts and grave apprehensions has gradually obtained the regard and trust of the country. The President is a strong party man, and the interests of his party are dear to him. It must be pleasant for him, therefore, to know that at least his administration has not weakened the hold of his party upon public confidence. His course, indeed, has illustrated the truth of the notable saying of President HAYES, that he serves his party best who serves his country most. It is a truth which, however abstractly obvious, administrative officers find very hard to put into practice. But they who resolutely do it have their reward. While the professional politicians sneer, the good sense of the people applauds, and the President himself must see that precisely as fast and as far as he disregards the wishes of party hucksters he commends his administration to an honorable place in American history.

AN EPOCH IN TEMPERANCE REFORM.

THE late meetings in New York for the promotion of temperance are parts of a movement which is worth attention as a significant incident in the history of the temperance reform. It is a movement not designed primarily to favor total abstinence or moderation, nor to procure the passage of prohibitory laws or license laws, but to secure by all proper means the enforcement of all existing restrictive liquor laws. At the meetings to which we have alluded the enormous number of drinking shops in New York was pointed out, and the great excess above those allowed by law; and the necessity was eloquently shown of concentrating a sound and effective public opinion upon the proper enforcement of the lawful regulation of such places. In Chicago this matter has already been taken in hand, and last June a Citizens' Law and Order League of Massachusetts was organized, limited in membership to 150 persons, and consisting of some of the most eminent citizens of the State.

The influence of such a movement upon the part of such citizens as composed the meetings in New York, or the Law and Order League in Chicago or Massachusetts, is obvious. It is a good work in which the Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY has been an intrepid pioneer in New York. The great practical difficulty hitherto in the progress of the temperance reform has been that it excluded from co-operation all who were not willing to pledge themselves to total abstinence. This tendency has been so strong that the phrase "temperance man" has become synonymous with total abstinent, and those who were temperate, but not "abstainers," have been branded as the chief allies of intemperance, and mainly responsible for drunkenness and all consequent crimes. This course has naturally divided the real friends of temperance, and has favored the violation of restrictive laws. But there was still no reason why the action of all should not be united in the enforcement of restrictions which all wished to see enforced. This is the object of the present movement. It welcomes every friend of temperance in every degree, and proposes that the main question shall be, not the erection of a standard of temperance, but the enforcement of the law, whether it prohibits or licenses.

The most foolish of objections is that law can not make people virtuous. But virtue is not the question. The object of penal laws is to prevent crime by the fear of consequences. If a trader learns by experience that he loses more than he gains by selling liquor unlawfully, he will refrain. His abstention may not be virtue, but it is obedience to wise laws, and it promotes public order. The objection to liquor laws has usually been that in severity they outran public opinion, and were therefore violated with comparative impunity. But public opinion everywhere favors temperance, even if it does not favor prohibition. Let the law represent that opinion, therefore, and it will be enforced like other laws. It is a question for the tax-payers, and for good citizenship. The great mass of crime springs from drunkenness. The most feasible way to prevent drunkenness is to add to the moral appeal the enforcement of such regulations of liquor-selling as the law provides, and to improve the laws as experience suggests. The accounts of the good results of Law and Order Leagues in Chicago and elsewhere are most encouraging. They secure respect for the laws which forbid the sale of liquor to minors, and by that service alone they save many a man from ruin. All temperance men, whether abstainers or non-abstainers, are agreed that some kind of regulation of the sale of liquor as a beverage is indispensable. But such laws when disregarded demoralize public sentiment by fostering contempt for all laws. In any case, therefore, let the liquor laws be enforced or repealed. The new law in New York is not a stringent law. But if such restrictive provisions as it contains were resolutely observed, especially the Sunday clause, not only would good order be promoted, but the consciousness that an intelligent and determined body of citizens proposed to secure the vigorous execution of the law against all offenders would have the most wholesome effect in preventing its violation.

THE AQUEDUCT BILL.

IN approving the Aqueduct Bill, Governor CLEVELAND undoubtedly did what his sense of duty required. We regret his decision without impugning his motives. Some of the most earnest original opponents of the bill were found warmly urging the Governor to sign it at last, and he might well be perplexed. We should be very sorry to think that their view was that of the "prominent merchant" who, upon being interviewed after the signature of the bill, said that he supposed that the tribute extorted from the tax-payers by the chances of jobbery hidden in the act was no larger than must be always paid for necessary legislation. We have had "government by deal," and now it seems we are to have government by tribe. It is unfortunate that this was not as evident to the Governor as it is to the tax-payers of New York. It is undoubtedly a disagreeable truth for a Democratic Governor, but it is a truth nevertheless, that any bill involving great expenditure in the city and neighborhood of New York which proceeded from the Legislature was for that reason to be regarded with the utmost suspicion. The task of showing that it was not a huge job lay upon those who advocated the bill.

Of the necessity of a new water supply there is no question. It was unanimously alleged by the preliminary commission of inquiry, and an admirable bill was drawn which provided the commission under which it was to be executed. This body was to consist of three ex-officio members—the Mayor, Comptroller, and Commissioner of Public Works—and four citizens to be nominated by the Mayor and approved by the Governor. These citizens would have been the permanent majority to serve until the work was completed, and it was known that the Mayor intended to prevent jobbery by nominating proper men. This bill was set aside, and another substituted for it providing for the three ex-officio members, and for three instead of four citizens, who were mentioned by name. This bill, against the protest of a large and influential body of tax-payers and the remonstrance of the Mayor, was passed. Its purpose was visible on its face. It distributed the patronage of the work between the County Democracy, Tammany Hall, and the Republicans, by giving each of them a representative. Of the three ex-officio members the Commissioner of Public Works is the only one who could devote much time to the duty, and he, with the three political representatives, will constitute the majority. The meaning of all this is obvious. It facilitates the jobbery which the tax-payers earnestly wished to avoid.

Had the Governor vetoed the bill, it is true that the work would have been delayed until another Legislature could consider the subject. Not unnaturally he was unwilling to take the responsibility of delaying a work of the kind, which it was agreed is imperatively necessary. But this hesitation might have been overcome by two considerations: that those most immediately concerned were willing to take the risk, and that the opportunity for jobbery offered by the bill would delay the work very much more than waiting until next year for a better bill. The Governor, however, decided otherwise, and his generally honest and independent course entitles him to the most honorable interpretation of his decision. The result throws upon the opponents of the bill the responsibility of the most constant vigilance, and the most unhesitating exposure of the jobs which they believe the bill now favors.

HONORARY DEGREES.

THERE will probably be no incident of the College Commencement season so striking and exciting as the decision of the Harvard Overseers to withhold the degree of LL.D. from Governor BUTLER. But cool reflection, we are sure, will justify the action of the board. Such an honor is essentially personal, and although a custom was established of treating it, in the case of the Governor of the State, as an official due, it was a custom which could not be defended, because it inevitably tended to degrade the significance of the distinction. The incident will doubtless lead to a more searching consideration of the whole subject of honorary degrees, and it will enhance their value by promoting greater care in awarding them. Such degrees are naturally and by custom of two kinds. They are either a certificate of special scholarship, or they are a tribute to eminent public services when the character or reputation of the recipient does not make such an honor from such an institution ridiculous. The personal element can not and ought not to be eliminated from the consideration. There are instances known probably in the boards of control of every important college in the country of men conspicuously accomplished in special branches of scholarship to whom the degree has been refused because of personal considerations.

There is good reason in this course, for there would be the utmost moral confusion if men whose lives and characters justly merited the severest reprobation were for mere scholastic attainment made the recipients of the highest honors of the most reputable institutions. The confusion would not be less if men whose public career had destroyed confidence in their political honesty should receive similar honors from those who distrusted and denounced them most sincerely. It might easily become a premium upon rascality. For to insist upon the other view is to hold that if a man contrives by the most corrupt methods to secure a nomination and election, he is entitled to the condonation of receiving a signal honor. It is useless to call it merely formal. It is, indeed, in every case only a form. But it is in every case also the form in which honor is expressed in precisely the same way. The saintly scholar, the upright and beneficent statesman, and the corrupt politician would all receive the honor together, and with the same apparent significance.

Honor, indeed, may be shown to an office and not

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to its incumbent. But this is a truth which may be easily stretched too far. It is well to remember the terrible answer made to the devotee who said that a bad man might be a good pope. "When RODRIGO BORGIA goes to hell, what will become of Pope ALEXANDER VII.?" Because an office may be properly honored, it does not follow that every kind of honor may be properly offered. A man may honor the office of President by bowing to the incumbent; but it is not necessary in order to show honor to the office to ask the incumbent to dinner. No institution of learning, as such, in any State, is called upon to offer its highest honor to the Governor in recognition of the office that he holds, but only as a tribute to what it thinks to be his worthy holding of it. If the habit of honoring the office in the person of what the institution thinks an unworthy incumbent has arisen, it must sooner or later lose its self-respect and the respect of good men, or do what Harvard has done—destroy the precedent.

THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

THE Republicans of Ohio have nominated Judge FORAKER for Governor, a gentleman who is highly commended upon all sides, and who happily, in the lingo of Conventions, is a new and a clean man. His nomination, and the unequivocal declarations of the platform upon the State issue of the liquor question and the national issue of the tariff, will secure a distinct and intelligible expression of the Republican sentiment of Ohio upon those two points.

The liquor plank demands a reasonable legal regulation of the liquor traffic, and the tariff plank in terms repudiates the policy of a tariff for revenue only, and declares for protection. On the same day the Iowa Democrats declared for a tariff for revenue only. The Democratic party, however, will not, in our judgment, risk the national election upon that issue.

The Ohio Republican platform, although perfectly positive and emphatic upon the tariff and the liquor traffic, is evasive and vague upon the question of reform. It contents itself with saying that it "reiterates the declaration of previous Republican Conventions in favor of civil service reform, and welcomes every intelligent effort to make that measure practical." There is such an intelligent effort now making by the Republican Administration, but upon that practical effort the Convention was silent. This is unfortunate, because the time is not favorable for political cowardice. No unmeaning phrase in a platform will satisfy the Republican demand for reform. The most important work of the Convention, the nomination, seems to have been the best. The contest will be exciting and close, and the result will have an important bearing upon the election of next year.

MORE BRIDGES WANTED.

THE experience of the Brooklyn Bridge since its opening seems to justify the sententious remark of a young passenger upon the second day, "What is needed here is more bridges." It is with the bridge as with railways when they were first laid along routes upon which the scant travel seemed to make such a road ridiculous—it develops crowds of travellers. So the elevated railroads in the city are said not to injure the prosperity of the surface roads. The new bridge, indeed, does threaten the profits of the ferry. But none the less it will undoubtedly greatly increase the travel between the two cities.

The catastrophe of Decoration-day, therefore, can not be regarded as due to exceptional causes. It was the result of inadequate provision for the safe passage of a throng which may be always expected upon a holiday, while upon other days it will be larger than was anticipated. The pressure will be somewhat relieved by the cars, but how great the relief will be can not be foretold. An ample and efficient police and instant telephonic or telegraphic communication will undoubtedly be provided at once, and the skill which constructed the bridge will be able to decide whether and how the way for foot passengers can be enlarged.

The bridge will long be one of the chief spectacles of the city, which hundreds of thousands of strangers will annually flock to see, and it is very possible that it may really prove to be inadequate for its normal purpose of communication between the cities. In any case it is doubtful whether it could serve as a vital bond between different sections of the same political community, which is already the dream of many sagacious citizens on both sides of the river. The one thing which is indisputable is that the continuous throng across the bridge was wholly unanticipated, and that the practical ability of the trustees to deal immediately with an unexpected and vitally important situation is put to the severest test.

"GIRL GRADUATES."

THE trustees of Columbia College have arranged a four years' course of study for women, for which a strict preparatory examination will be required, and no girl under seventeen will be admitted. Those who pass the examination may study where and how they please, and will be examined by the college teachers as often as may be necessary. Upon a satisfactory examination at the end of the four years, or upon the completion of any prescribed course, the student will receive a certificate, which will be substantially the equivalent of a diploma granted to a graduate of the college.

What the distinguished citizens of New York who petitioned the trustees to facilitate the higher education of women have gained is this—and it is not an inconsiderable gain: the college sanctions a course of study little differing from its own; it places it under the care of its faculty, and it officially certifies its successful completion. What the college does not undertake is to open its own classrooms, lecture-rooms, and collections. The scheme is an "annex" without a local habitation. But it is possible that the habitation may be provided by the earnest friends of education, and meanwhile what is done is a step forward which undoubtedly makes other forward steps easier.

One immediate good result of the scheme is obvious. As there is no especial school provided for the pursuit of the prescribed studies, the schools for girls already existing will enlarge, and raise their courses of study so as to satisfy the new situation. The standard of the education of girls will be higher. Moreover, as the industrial opportunities of women are constantly multiplying, it will be found, as in England, that in certain employments a certificate of the kind proposed will immediately give its possessor the precedence over all competitors. Nothing but good can be anticipated from the action of the trustees, and if it is not all that some of the more ardent petitioners hoped, it is yet the beginning of good things.

A DILEMMA.

IT is now so plain that the Democrats will not contest next year's election as a free-trade party that the Louisville *Courier-Journal* must look with mingled feelings upon its late declaration that the election of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker "would be the dissolution of the Democratic party." It could be so only because the free-traders in the party might secede in case of his election. How many of them does the *Courier-Journal* suppose would take that course? Should Mr. RANDALL be elected Speaker of the Democratic House, should we see the *Courier-Journal* repudiating the House as betraying the party, and proceed to organize a new Democracy?

An Irish echo would reply to these questions, "Probably not." The *Journal* would pick its flint and try again. But it will hardly rally the old Democratic party as a free-trade party. The changes in industry in the Southern States are not favorable to the identification of that party with free trade, and no old party organization among whose members radical differences exist upon a vital policy can be made the party to represent that policy.

Mr. RANDALL'S election as Speaker would undoubtedly mean that the Democratic party is not ready to declare itself to be a free-trade party. It would signify that the Democrats believe that the country does not wish to depart seriously from the present Republican policy, and that it is disposed to give a fair trial to the tariff as revised by the Republicans. There would not be much cheer for the Democrats, therefore, in his election, because if the country approves the present policy, it is not likely to invite the Democrats to carry it out.

THE "MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY."

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB has become editor of the *Magazine of American History*, and entered upon her duties in May with an admirable number. Her series of papers upon "Wall Street in History" is exceedingly interesting, and the busiest broker in the street can find time to acquaint himself in it with the days when Wall Street was the lair of other bears and Broad Street a pasture for other bulls than those with which he is familiar.

Wall Street is not only the most noted but the most notable street in the country. Its association with historic events is close and constant, and Mrs. LAMB is probably the most accomplished student of the history of the city, her handsome and ample volumes showing both the research of the scholar and the picturesque literary skill of the author.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most famous of young American authors was talking recently about his motive for writing. He made no bones of it. "As I tell the publishers," he said, "the love of money is the root of all literature."

—There is a book-canvasser in this city who earned last year by commissions on his sales not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. He has done similarly well for several years, and has begun to spend the summer in finishing the construction of his beautiful house in the country, and the landscape gardening of its extensive grounds.

—That artists often fear being robbed by brother artists is well known to that honorable profession. Many of them, accordingly, are reluctant to show their sketches or designs, especially when a competition is on foot, lest the ideas should be stolen. "I broke my rule," said a New York painter recently, "and did show to a brother artist a competitive design for a public monument which I hope to get a commission for. After admiring the principal figure of the group, he remarked, naïvely, 'That's nicely done,' and then added, 'Hang it! there's no other way at all of doing it.' Now I know," observed the other, while relating the incident to a friend, "that there are twenty different ways in which I could have done it myself, and I am sure the fellow is going to steal my way."

—A French writer has been discussing the question whether a play should end cheerfully or despondingly—in other words, whether the audience should be sent away in good spirits or sad. He thinks that, so far as dollars and cents go, it is best to have the dénouement a pleasant one, for plays with a doleful fifth act "seldom run long." Perhaps it was for this reason that a French adapter of plays once made *Othello* terminate merrily.

—A monument to the heroic CAIROLI brothers, who perished in the struggle for Italian independence, has been erected on the Pincian Hill, Rome; but a more enduring one had already been raised to their mother in those lines of SWINBURNE'S song where she is called "four times blessed, at whose most holy breast four times a god-like soldier-saviour hung," the man of letters being more successful than the sculptor both in perpetuating the fame of the dead and in creating it.

—The persistence of the civic authorities of our suburban towns and villages in refusing to suppress the nuisance of dusty streets has never been explained. But the grocers and butchers of those charming resorts are now believed to be at the bottom of it, because there is no law against selling street dust as sugar, bananas, and leg of lamb.

—A simple and novel convenience may be seen attached to the front entrance to a house on Murray Hill. It consists of a small tin sign, placed just beneath the door-bell, and lettered as follows: "Gone to Europe; return in October."

—"The coronation of the Czar," remarks the *Spectator*, "was Asiatic in more than its accessories. If we were asked to state in a word the 'note' or central fact which differentiates Asia from Europe, we should answer, 'Immoderateness.' Nothing in Asia is sufficiently restricted. All things have in them a trace of immoderateness, as if gods and men had lost the sense of wise limitation. Forests in Asia cover kingdoms. Mountains occupy the area of large states. People are numbered, like the Chinese and the Indians, by their fractional relation to the whole human race. A cyclone desolates a province. A tidal wave sweeps away half a million of men. A famine slaughters out eleven millions. A wall bounds an empire. One sovereign is brother of the sun, another is God's Vicegerent, a third is incarnate deity. This characteristic of immoderateness is the dominant one in the Russian coronation."

—MR. G. BARNETT SMITH denies that Mr. SWINBURNE was the first writer "to remove EMILY BRONTE from out the shadow of her great sister's fame, and to put her in a place apart, fronting the sunlight." He declares that as long ago as 1873 he publicly asserted that, in certain respects, EMILY was the most extraordinary of the three sisters, and that in being the author of *Wuthering Heights* she enjoyed the distinction of having written a book which stands as completely alone in the language as does *Paradise Lost* or *Pilgrim's Progress*.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury was presiding at a recent public meeting in Lambeth Palace when the head master of Harrow School offered the following resolution: "That it is expedient that there be a central Church society, with the objects of promoting purity of life, and of preventing the degradation of women and children in accordance with the resolutions of the committee of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury." Of course the head master did not mean precisely what he said.

—A picturesque feature of New York life fifty years ago was the guard with a blunderbuss, who mounted the box of Uncle Sam's mail wagons as they were leaving the Post-office, and took his seat beside the driver, with all the sense of vast responsibility to be expected of his station. The blunderbuss was a weapon about four feet long, funnel-shaped at one end, where it was large enough to let a man's fist in, and fired by means of a flint-lock.

—The English people (according to one of their number) do not insist on the love of cakes and ale as in any degree a *sine qua non* of popularity, and it is a great mistake to imagine that a frank love of the common pleasures of life is essential to popularity. What the democracy does dislike is any sense of superciliousness; what it does love is largeness and strength of nature made visible and conspicuous to the people, genuine character strongly displayed—as in the case of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, for example. No prig can ever become popular.

—We do not quite understand Mrs. PATTISON, when, in her *Academy* review of the Royal Academy exhibition, she speaks of "the charming, Quakerish simplicities of Mr. BOUGHTON."

—A traveller in the frontiers of Southern China saw a delightful young savage of sixteen or eighteen, graceful as a fawn, and with an English face, and dressed in a turban, a short jacket, and a blue cotton petticoat. "Her smile was pleasantly bright and cheery; but her voice—that most excellent thing in woman—was better than all. She watched us carefully, and seemed highly amused. A few minutes, and this vision of beauty stepped on to a small bamboo raft, with her companion—another young woman—and paddled rapidly across the river. She had gone, but her voice was heard by us like some pure bell sounding its silver music from the hill-side. Truly, if there be many such, I should vastly prefer being a savage to a civilized Chinaman."

—The Young Women's Christian Association of London has twenty-four auxiliary societies in the United Kingdom, besides forty London branches, with a membership of more than five thousand. The London members recently presented their friend Lord SHAFTESBURY with a silver inkstand and pencil-case, in acknowledging which Lord SHAFTESBURY said that if democracy would allow, the gift should go down as an heirloom to his posterity.

—"The exceptional nature of the feeling which has kept, and probably will keep, Lord BEACONSFIELD'S memory green, may be traced," says the London *Times*, "to various causes, but all these may be summed up in the phrase that he impressed the popular imagination. Wrapped in a mysterious reticence—sometimes theatrically exaggerated, or broken only by flashes of rhetoric, but always when needed a panoply proof against hostile attack—Lord BEACONSFIELD inspired the belief that a part of his strength was held in reserve."

—From one of Mrs. CARLYLE'S letters: "When my husband is at work I hardly ever see his face from breakfast till dinner; and when it rains, as often even as when it does not rain, no living soul comes near me to speak one cheerful word; yet so long as I am in what the French call my 'room of reception' it never occurs to me to feel lonely. Send me to my bedroom for a day, to that great red bed in which I have transacted so many headaches, so many influenzas, and I feel as if I were already half buried."

—Several Russian prisoners have received severe sentences for alleged political crimes. A nobleman was condemned to loss of civil rights with hard labor in the mines for life; a student, the son of a priest, to fifteen years' hard labor in the mines; four tradesmen to ten years' penal servitude; and EUGENIE STEPANOWA, the daughter of a lieutenant-colonel, was banished for life to the farthest settlements of Siberia.

—Thirty-nine lady students attended medical lectures in Paris last year. Eleven of them were English, five American, and one Indian.

—Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, M.P., in a public speech recently reminded his hearers that it used to be observed that the English universities taught the upper classes to *spend* £1000 a year with dignity and intelligence, while the Scotch universities taught a man to *make* £1000 a year with dignity and intelligence.

—A recent traveller describes the Arabs of the desert as of a dark bronze shade, some almost approaching to black, but with nothing of the negro in their sharply cut features. Many of the guides are extremely handsome. With scant drapery about their loins, they march or ride, proud and erect, each man armed with a lance and shield or a long two-edged sword. The hair is worn in a most peculiar fashion, with a crown tuft on top of the head, and then left to fall on either side to the shoulders at the back.

—The late French novelist JULES SANDEAU lost his health some years ago on account of the untimely death of his son, a bright young naval officer. He used to sit listless for hours, staring vacantly at his son's uniform, which he always took with him when leaving Paris. "I cull wild flowers," he said, "from habit, but I no longer feel their beauty. It seems to me that I am bereft of perceptions and affections. I wish to live for my wife's sake, but if it were not for the loss of income which my death would entail, I should be glad to fall asleep forever beside my poor boy."

—The *Westminster Review* on Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S women: "Mr. HARDY'S way of regarding women is peculiar and difficult to define, not because it is not a perfectly defensible way, but because it is in a great degree new. His women are creatures always fascinating, made up of more or less untamed instincts for both love and admiration, who can never help some degree of response when the satisfaction of those instincts lies open to them. They are all ultimately that; but with what intelligence, what an innate grace, at once delicate and frank, these instincts are manifested, any one knows who has followed the history of Elfride Swancourt or Anne Garland. The charm of a woman for Mr. HARDY is chiefly physical, but it is a charm which can only be interpreted by a subtle observation. In his stand-point as regards art and the treatment of women there is occasionally what seems like an influence from THACKERAY; but if THACKERAY has the more range, eloquence, style, Mr. HARDY possesses without question a more delicate insight and a far finer sense of his art. He is never a Philistine, and he never proses."

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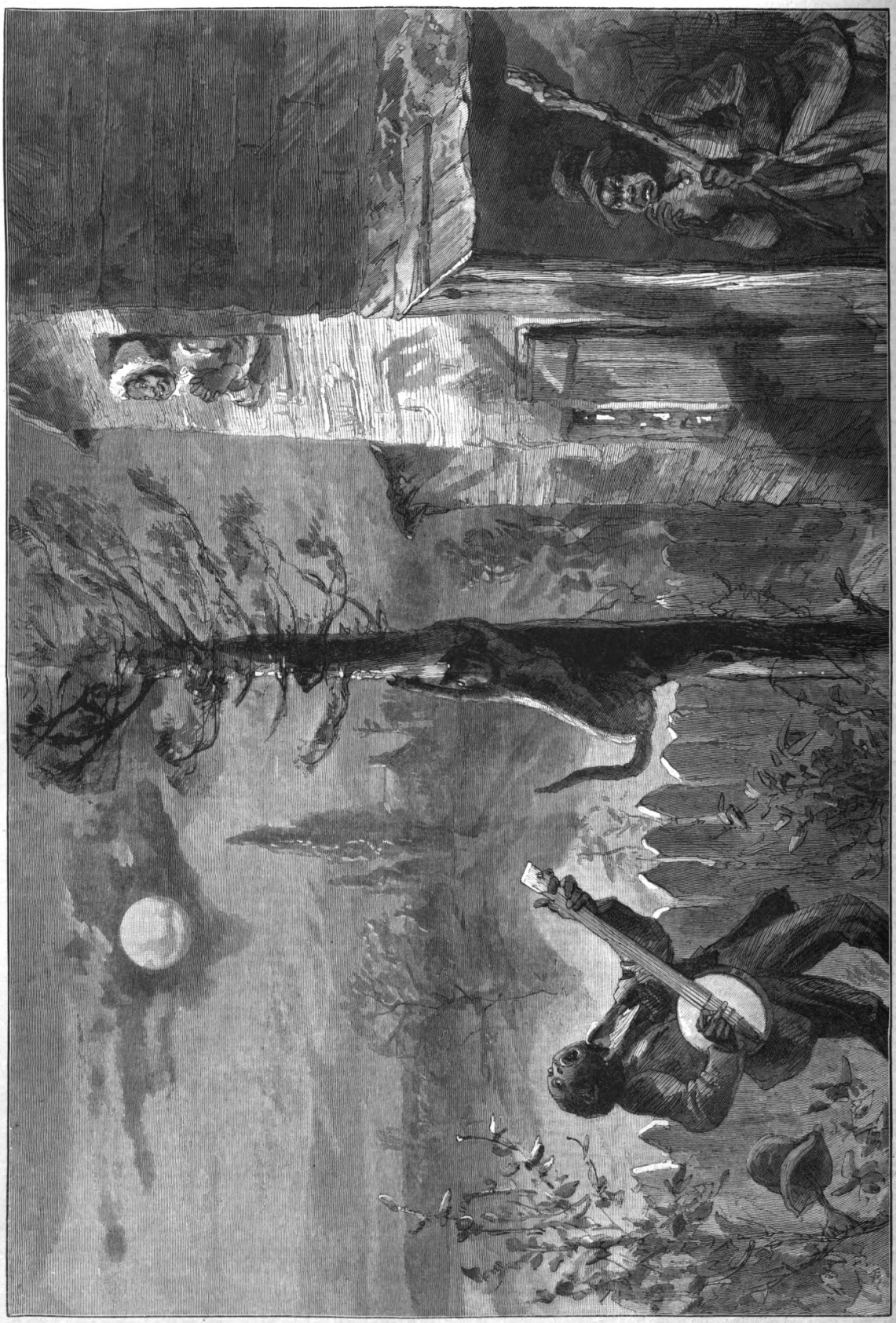

A BLACKVILLE SERENADE.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem, Page 374.]

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"Her gray eyes were gazing into vacancy."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

DUNCE IS INDISCREET.

THE dining-room at Thirlby was by far the most imposing room in the house. With its oak panelling, its family portraits, its antlers, and its high carved chimney-piece, for which a fashionable lady of the present day would be ready to give any amount of money, it was worthy to take rank with anything of its kind in the county, and we were justly proud of it. It was, however, a draughty room at the best of times, and a disagreeably vast one for two people to sit down to dinner in; therefore, when the weather was cold, and when we had nobody staying with us, my uncle and I used to dine together cozily in the library. A table was wheeled in while we were dressing, and when we came down there it was, ready laid, within comfortable distance of the fire; the claret stood in the fender, the coals and logs made a cheerful blaze, and Cooper, the butler, was waiting in all the dignity of office to remove the cover from the soup-tureen.

Cooper did not approve of this practice, which he considered a slovenly and unworthy one, and being an old servant, he made no secret of his disapproval; but he was brought to countenance it—as a purely temporary arrangement—when it was pointed out to him that my uncle, who always suffered a great deal from the cold, could not dine in the larger room without risk of injury to his health. "Dinner will be in the libery this evening, sir," Cooper would inform me day after day, with a perfectly grave face, "as Mr. Le Marchant is not feeling quite the thing." The repetition of this phrase eased his mind, and marked the protest which he felt bound to enter against any disturbance of established custom.

He went through the usual form on that spring afternoon which was made forever memorable to me by my encounter with Maud Dennison, and which was indeed as good an imitation of a winter afternoon as could be desired—spring being a season practically unknown in East Norfolk.

"Was the Rector here to-day, Cooper?" I inquired.

"He was, sir; and he left a bundle of manuscrip' and two right-hand gloves behind him."

"And—er—Miss Dennison?" I continued, asking the question for the mere satisfaction of mentioning her name.

"Miss Dennison was here likewise, sir. Should we send a lad down with the papers and gloves?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Or rather, no; I'll walk down with them myself after dinner."

It was, I believe, the great ambition of Cooper's life to acquire that impassive demeanor which characterizes the more fashionable members of his profession; and by unremitting diligence and study of the few good models who came in his way he had schooled himself into a very fair imitation of the *sil admirari* type of London butler; but nature will prove too strong for the best of us sometimes, and when he heard me express my intention of doing this very unusual thing, he so far forgot himself as to burst into a short laugh.

"I don't know why you should laugh, Cooper," I said. "I suppose you think I want to go down to the Rectory in order to see Miss Dennison."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the abashed Cooper.

"Well, you're perfectly right; that was my reason. Though, on second thoughts, I don't know that I will turn out in the cold to-night. Miss Dennison and I used to be like brother and sister, and of course I am anxious to have a talk with her. There's nothing to grin at in that."

"Nothing at all, sir."

"And you needn't take it into your head that I'm in love with every young lady whom I speak to."

"Oh dear no, sir," answered Cooper. "I hope you won't have no troubles of that kind for a many years to come. You're too young, sir, to think of such things yet, if you'll excuse my saying so. Time enough for that when you leave school, sir."

And with this observation—which, I need hardly say, offended me far more than his laugh had done—Cooper withdrew.

When I went down to the library I found my uncle turning over the leaves of an old book with an amused smile on his face. "The Rector has been up to London," he said; "and see what he has brought me back! The dear old fellow must have taken a great deal of trouble about it."

My uncle was a bit of a bibliomaniac, and his love for rare editions was well known to his friends. I examined the little pile of brown volumes that lay on the table at his elbow. There was a *Hudibras* among them, I remember, and a dilapidated *Fool of Quality*. "They look awfully old," I remarked. "I suppose they're worth a lot of money?"

"Well, no," answered my uncle, laughing outright. "To tell you the truth, they are worth very little in a pecuniary sense. But the value of a gift doesn't depend upon what it will fetch, you know; and the Rector, I suppose, thought as you do, that they were 'awfully old.' Don't let him suspect that they are anything but pearls of great price. By-the-way, he has brought something really rare back with him in the person of Miss Maud, who has developed into one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld."

"I know she has," said I, nodding. "I met her this afternoon down by the Broad."

"You did, did you? Charley, my boy, you must beware of Cupid's darts. Upon my word, when I saw her to-day, I felt sincerely thankful that you were still only a school-boy."

It was really too bad to be reminded of that humiliating fact twice within the course of half an hour. "I am in Upper Division, you know," I could not help saying.

"Yes; very true. Still, you have not left school yet."

"But why should you be thankful for that, Uncle Bernard?"

"When you are my age, and have sons of your own, you will know why," answered my uncle. And then we sat down to dinner and spoke no more of Maud Dennison.

That I thought of her all the time that we were talking about the lateness of the season, the disgraceful condition of the roads, and other similar topics of interest, was a matter of course; but I kept my thoughts to myself, and it was not until the dessert was upon the table that I remarked, in an off-hand manner, "I was thinking I would just stroll over to the Rectory presently. Mr. Dennison has left some things behind him, as usual."

It was quite true that the Rector, who was one of the most absent-minded men that ever lived, rarely paid us a visit without forgetting to take away something that he had brought with him, but I was uncomfortably conscious that never before had I proposed to restore his property to him in person. My uncle, however, neither laughed nor made any comment upon my announcement beyond the pardonable one that it was rather cold for evening walks. But by-and by he disconcerted me very much by saying, musingly,

"I suppose we may take it for granted that you will lose your heart to this pretty Miss Maud; but, after all, that will do nobody any harm."

"I don't know why anything of the sort should be taken for granted," returned I, rather annoyed that a matter of so much importance should be so lightly treated; "but if it did happen—"

"What if it did?"

"Why, *if it did, I think it might easily do me a great deal of harm.* That is, if she refused me."

"Oh," said my uncle, "I imagine that there is very little fear of that."

"What do you mean?" I asked, surprised and flattered by this confident expression of opinion.

"Well, you see, Charley, I take it that by the time that you are of an age and in a position to make proposals of marriage to any lady, Miss Dennison will be Mrs. Somebody Else and the mother of several children. Besides which, you will probably have fallen in love with many other people before then. I don't *mean to sneer* at your feelings or your strength of purpose, my dear fellow," added my uncle, hastily; "I am only assuming that you are like myself and everybody else. Which is an excusable assumption, you will allow."

I did not, of course, think that I resembled everybody else, but I let it be inferred that such might be the case, and my uncle went on to point out that young men who had to make their own way in the world were usually very fortunate if they could begin to contemplate matrimony about the age of thirty. That I was one of the class of young men alluded to had always been an understood thing. In the course of nature it seemed probable that I should some day be the owner of Thirlby, but my uncle had never said that he intended to make me his heir, nor had I any right to expect that he should do so. The General undoubtedly had a prior claim, and there was no reason at all why the General should not marry and have sons of his own. Nevertheless, I was generally treated as though I had been the heir, and my private impression was that I should only be expected to earn my own living until the day when I should be called upon to enter into my inheritance. It was my earnest and honest wish that that day might be very far distant. I was young enough to regard death as a remote contingency so far as those whom I loved were concerned; young enough also to trouble my head very little about the future or the choice of a profession; young enough, finally, to be over head and ears in love with Maud Dennison, and to be free from any harassing sense of the responsibilities attaching to that condition. What makes love's young dream so sweet is that it is so thoroughly and delightfully selfish.

After what my uncle had said, I thought I would not go down to the Rectory that evening, but I went on the following morning, and from then to the end of the holidays—only a poor three weeks, alas!—not a day passed without my spending several hours with Maud. We soon became close and intimate friends, but I did not know then, and do not know now, whether she suspected the existence of any warmer feeling than friendship on my part. She treated me like a younger brother, and with that I was fain to be

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1881.

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content. I was an innocent and inexperienced youth. There must have been a good deal of timidity mixed up with my boyish vanity, a considerable amount of awe and respect underlying the easy familiarity with which I was accustomed to approach my lovely neighbor. I remember thinking that I had done quite a bold and significant thing when I presented her with a fox-terrier pup, and it was not without blushing up to the roots of my hair that I ventured to ask her for a flower out of the Rectory garden on the last day before my return to Eton. She granted my request at once, laughing, and begging me to take my choice, and I chose a forget-me-not, which made her laugh the more. And I shouldn't wonder if I still had the same forget-me-not in a box of mine which contains certain objects of value. But, to tell the truth, I have not looked into that box for some little time. What should I find if I were to open it? Dust and ashes, nothing more; withered flowers, scraps of ribbon—I don't know what odds and ends of rubbish, which would say nothing to me.

During the period which I am endeavoring to recall (and over which I fear I may be lingering too long for the reader's patience) life was very fresh and glorious to me. It may be, and I have no doubt it is, an extremely fine thing to be Prime Minister, or Lord Chancellor, or Archbishop of Canterbury; but I think all reflective persons will agree with me that, for unalloyed gratification of personal ambition, to be Captain of the Boats is better. My last summer half at Eton would have been saddened by reason of my approaching resignation of that proud office if I had not been in rather a hurry to get on to Oxford, and become a man. My uncle, yielding to my entreaties, came down on the Fourth of June, and brought the Rector and Maud with him; and if they did not admire me in the fantastic nautical costume which tradition ordered us to wear on that occasion, they must have been less appreciative people than I took them for. We had a brilliant and delightful day. Indeed, I should be almost inclined to say that that Fourth of June was the happiest day of my whole life, only that one must really be a little cautious about what one commits to print, and there are persons living who might not take such a statement in good part.

When I arrived at Thirlby in the beginning of August, bearing my sheaves, in the shape of a large box full of leaving-books, with me, I was met at the station by George Warren, who had then been about two years at Oxford, and had acquired all the privileges and adjuncts of manhood, including a pair of whiskers. I never had any secrets from George, and I determined to let him know at once how irrevocably my affections were engaged, in order to prevent any possible complications from arising in the future. Certainly it would have been a tolerably cool piece of presumption on the part of poor old George to raise his eyes to the loveliest of her sex, but the extreme improbability that any one, however unworthy, could see Maud without falling in love with her had also to be taken into consideration, and so while we drove along the dusty roads and lanes I told my love tale as well as the brown mare, that was almost pulling my arms out of their sockets, would let me.

"Rather quick work, isn't it?" was George's comment, after I had come to the end of my narrative. George was a man of few words.

"That sort of thing always is," I answered.

"Is it? Well, I don't know, I'm sure."

"My dear fellow," I said, "if you had seen her, you would not be surprised—"

"Oh, but I have seen her," he interrupted, quietly.

"You have! Why in the world didn't you say so before? Well?"

"Well, she is certainly very pretty."

"I should rather think she was. Anybody could see that with half an eye. But she is a great deal more than pretty. Surely you must have found that out if you spoke to her at all."

"I thought her very pleasant."

"Very pretty!—very pleasant!" I repeated, impatiently. "You are the best fellow in the world, George; but you haven't a spark of romance or imagination in you."

"I suppose not."

"I told you about this, you know, because I was half afraid that you might fall in love with her yourself, and I thought it only fair to—to—"

"To warn me off. Thank you, Charley; that was very thoughtful of you," said George, who sometimes permitted himself a touch of gentle irony.

"But really I don't think it was necessary."

"No. You see, Charley, it is just as well for me that I happen to be unromantic and unimaginative, for I couldn't afford to fall in love with people just because they were pretty and pleasant. If I am lucky, I may be getting enough briefs by the time that I am five-and-forty to justify me in noticing the fact that there are women in the world; but for a great many years to come I shall have to ignore them—unless, indeed, some fascinating heiress should throw herself at my head."

The idea of such a piece of good fortune happening to homely old George was so funny that it sent me off into another fit of laughter, in which he joined quite good-humoredly. George Warren was the eldest of a very large family—of a family so large that his father was wholly unable to make distinctions between him and his younger brethren. It was believed that after Mr. Warren's death Hailsham would have to be sold, and that the amount of personal property to be divided among his children would be very modest. George had been originally destined for the Church, there being a family living which might have afforded a tolerably comfortable provision for him; but, after careful consideration, he had found that Art. XVII. was too hard a nut for him to crack; and so as soon as his University career should be completed he was to try what he could do for himself at the Bar, while the living was to be held in reserve for some younger and possibly less scrupulous member of the flock.

I can not explain the wonderful transformation which had come over all common and familiar persons and things with Maud Dennison's advent, nor could any one understand it who has not passed through a similar experience. As, however, nine people out of ten have a personal acquaintance with the phenomenon, this inability of mine is of no great consequence. Still, I can not allow every Jack to run away with the idea that his Jill is or was the equivalent of Maud Dennison. I am willing to admit that I might, at that early period of my career, have succumbed to the charms of an ordinary Jill; but, as it happened, such was not my fate.

Everybody acknowledged Maud's influence. She took our little world by storm, and, truth to tell, she ruled us somewhat imperiously. The men submitted at once, and liked it. I am not sure that the gentler sex liked it quite so well just at first; but they submitted all the same. Lady Welby drove over in state to the Rectory, meaning to be very kind and patronizing, and to take the poor motherless girl by the hand, and so forth; and Maud, who did not like being patronized, was so dreadfully polite that she reduced that rather weak-minded old lady to tears. She had another manner with the humbler parishioners; but it was not less effectual, and in the course of a few months she had not only brought about an unprecedented zeal for cleanliness in the village, but had actually persuaded at least half of the women to abandon their Dissenting chapels and return to the bosom of Mother Church, dragging their astonished husbands after them. I myself had a fastidious dislike to entering the dwellings of the poor, of which I was rather proud than ashamed; but it pleased me to see my ideal flitting, like an angel of light, from one shabby cottage to another.

"I suppose it is a real pleasure to you to go about like that, doing good?" I said to her, admiringly, one day.

"It is nothing of the sort," she answered, turning upon me in her quick way; "I utterly abhor it. The two things that I hate most in the world are bad smells and obstinate ignorance; but somebody must look after these people, and make them do what is for their good."

She had absolute confidence in her power to make them do anything that she pleased, and I am bound to say that her confidence was justified by results. To this day I can not understand how she managed to carry out the reforms that she did, without raising up for herself a host of bitter enemies. What proves her to have been no common person is that she made friends instead of foes. Even Mrs. Bunce, that stern Methody and ruthless disciplinarian, of whom the whole village stood in awe, and whom the great Bunce himself, despite his openly avowed contempt for all women-folk, secretly feared—even Mrs. Bunce, I say, softened into smiles at Maud's approach, and, "to please the young lady," consented to attend church for two or three Sundays, and give the Rector a trial. As far as I can remember, the Rector was weighed in the balance and found wanting; but that is neither here nor there.

In all these triumphs I took a pride and pleasure which were only tempered by the thought that the process of achieving them took up a good deal of time which might have been more agreeably employed. It is true that I saw Maud every day of my life; but it was not every day that she could or would come out riding, fishing, or sailing; hence arose disagreements which might have been called lovers' quarrels, only that, unhappily, the love was all upon one side. That she was no longer in ignorance of my entire devotion to her I was convinced; but she was pleased to treat me as a mere boy, and evidently did not take me seriously. This was discouraging, but I consoled myself with the reflection that there was plenty of time before me; and that, if I had not succeeded as yet in touching her heart, I had at least no rival to dispute the prize with me.

George Warren's behavior left nothing to be desired. His admiration for Miss Dennison was as great as it ought to have been, but not any greater. He worshipped her from a respectful distance, seldom spoke to her unless she first addressed him, and although he was our constant companion, generally contrived in a discreet manner to leave us practically alone. Considering how much annoyance he might have caused me by simply ignoring the fact that he was an occasional incumbrance, I could not but feel that this was very gentlemanly and considerate conduct on his part, and I hinted as much to Maud one afternoon when we were lazily reclining in a punt on Thirlby Broad, pretending to fish. George had, as usual, left us, upon the pretext of trying for pike. He had armed himself with a fly about the size of a tom-tit, and of resplendent colors—an insect which one would fain hope has no counterpart in nature, but in which he had a lively faith. To the best of my recollection no pike was ever induced to look at it; but my friend was nothing if not persevering.

"What a good fellow George is!" I said. "I often think he is the best fellow I know."

"He seems to be very good-natured," Maud remarked; "but he always was that."

"Yes; and he's better than good-natured: he's a man whom you can thoroughly depend upon, don't you know—always sure to be at hand when he's wanted, and out of the way when he isn't. That's the sort of man whom I like."

"I dare say you do," said Maud, laughing; "but I don't think he is a very good friend for you."

"Why not?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Well, I think he encourages you to be selfish, and encouragement in that direction is not what you require. You and Mr. Le Marchant have lived together like a couple of old bachelors, till you have got into the way of thinking that everybody and everything must give way to your convenience. It is extremely bad for you."

"Oh, come! You are not going to call Uncle Bernard selfish, I hope," said I.

"Perhaps he is not; I don't know him well enough to say. But I have no doubt about you."

"You are always finding fault with me," I sighed.

"I only do it for your good. Bunce, isn't it true that Mr. Charles is an uncommonly selfish young man?"

"Very like, miss," answered Bunce, who was seated at the other end of the punt, watching our floats, to which neither of us was paying any attention—"very like. They mostly is so. Come to that. So is young women."

"Bunce, what do you mean?"

"Not you, miss; exceptions there is to every rule. I was a-speakin' in a general way; and in a general way o' speakin' you won't find much thought for others, nor what I call sympathy, unless 'tis in here and there a man o' the world, sim'lar to myself. Though p'r'aps I didn't ought to say so."

Bunce was fond of describing himself as a man of the world; and, indeed, he had seen a good deal of the world, in a geographical sense, having enlisted when a lad, and having served his Queen and country in India, at the Cape, and elsewhere. He had brought back with him a large stock of varied information, and also, I am sorry to say, a sublime contempt for his native county, the inhabitants of which, he was wont to declare, had neither "eddication nor manners."

"You'll find Mr. Chawls improve as he grows older, miss," he continued, with perfect gravity. "There's a deal o' truth in what you say about livin' in a dead-and-alive place like this. 'Tain't good for a man—makes him what I call narrer in his views. Times I feel it creepin' on me myself."

"You don't say so, Bunce!"

"I do, indeed, miss. Though, with my missus and my large fam'ly, 'tisn't much chance that I get to be self-indulgent."

"Exactly so; you are obliged to consider other people. Now, if Mr. Charles will only have the sense, when he is old enough, to marry a nice managing woman like Mrs. Bunce, there will be hope for him."

Bunce grunted, and muttered something about a deal of experience being wanted to manage a managing woman; but I thought he had already monopolized rather too much of the conversation, and I now turned my back toward him, and leaning forward, with my elbows on my knees, began to describe to Maud the sort of person whom I should like to marry. Bunce was never any restraint upon the privacy of our intercourse. He commonly stationed himself at the opposite extremity of the punt, and heard no more of what we were saying than we intended him to hear. Maud listened to me with a slight smile upon her parted lips; but her gray eyes were gazing into vacancy, and I am afraid that her attention was not diverted from the current of her own thoughts by my delicate innuendoes.

"No household ought to be without a woman," she said presently. "I am sure you and Mr. Le Marchant would be a great deal happier if you had one at the Hall. By-the-bye, how is Mr. Farquhar?"

"Very bad," I answered. "My uncle thinks he won't get over it. He said this morning that unless there was better news to-morrow he should have to go down to Scotland."

"My father says," Maud went on, "that if Mr. Farquhar dies, perhaps Mrs. Farquhar will come and live at Thirlby. I do hope she will; it would be such a good thing for everybody."

I was about to express my dissent from this view, when Bunce anticipated me by giving a long growl, and shaking his head violently. "We don't want shea!" he said.

Bunce prided himself upon having shaken off what he called the "outlandish lingo" of his forefathers; but in moments of emotion he would occasionally lapse into broad Norfolk. "We don't want shea!" he repeated, emphatically.

We both looked at him in some surprise. "You don't like Mrs. Farquhar, Bunce, eh?" I asked, after a short pause.

"I do not, sir," he answered. "More than that, I can't abide her. Talk about a managing woman—O Lord! She come down here once, years ago—time when poor Squire was in the thick of all his sad trouble; and what with her textes and her sermons, she worrited him that way that I'd like to have took and wrung her old neck for her—if I may make so free for to speak my mind. I don't say," continued Bunce, meditatively, "but what there was room for argyment; but to cast it up to Squire that he was to blame for all as happened—why, 'twas what I call neither kindness nor truth. 'Your house is left unto you dissolute,' says she. 'And more shame to you,' thinks I, 'for sayin' so! Quotin' Scriptur' agin your own flesh and blood!—'tis sheer blasphemy!' No; we don't want to see that lady at Thirlby no more."

This outbreak astonished me not a little. Once and only once before had Bunce alluded to some mysterious trouble which had fallen upon the family; but I had not liked to question him about matters which my uncle had not chosen to reveal to me; nor, in all probability, should I have received an answer if I had done so. Maud, naturally, knew of no reason for being so scrupulous.

"What trouble are you talking about, Bunce?" she asked.

Bunce recovered himself at once. "Lor! dear me! if there ain't a bite!" he exclaimed. "Ah, he's off, and took the bait with him, too! That's where 'tis, you see; you can't talk and catch fish at the same time."

I think he was a good deal vexed with himself for having been betrayed into saying so much, for he relapsed into an obstinate silence, and was barely civil to Miss Dennison when he wished her good-evening.

"Is it true that Mrs. Farquhar is so disagreeable?" Maud asked me, presently.

"I don't know anything about her," I answered; "but it doesn't much signify, for I think I may say with some confidence that she won't come here at Thirlby. I dare say she wouldn't if she were asked, but she won't be asked."

"How can you tell? After all, she is Mr. Le Marchant's mother."

"Yes; but they have seen very little of one another for the last twenty years. The fact is, I don't think they hit it off particularly well. Anyhow, I agree with Bunce—we don't want her."

Maud was beginning, "I feel sure that she is a very nice old lady," but at this juncture George rejoined us, empty-handed but cheerful, and Mrs. Farquhar escaped further discussion.

When I reached home I found that my uncle had already started for Scotland. A telegram, it appeared, had arrived to say that Mr. Farquhar was dying, and he had just had time to pack his portmanteau and leave, in order to catch the night mail. In spite of what I had said to Maud, this news made me a little uncomfortable. I knew that my uncle's inclinations would be strongly against inviting a third person to share our peaceful and monotonous manner of existence; but I also knew that his own inclinations were the very last thing that would be likely to weigh with him, and I am sure that no one breathed more heartfelt aspirations that night for Mr. Farquhar's recovery than I did.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SERENADE.

[See Illustration on Page 372.]

TENOR (*beneath the window*):

Cum' shinin' out, me fairest lub,
De stars am in de sky;
But soon dey'll hide der wanquished heads,
Ef you jus' wink yo' eye.
De katydids am callin', lub,
Frum eb'ry willer-tree,
An' de katydidn'ts holler back—
Cum' out, me lub, an' see.

ALTO (*at the window*):

Oh! ain't it sweet to lissen at
Him singin' by de moon,
Wid crickets and grasshopperers
A-jinin' in de tune!
"Me fairest lub"—Oh, golly, now,
Dat's me!—Jane Ann Melin.
Be still, me heart, an' let me hear
Dem honey words agin.

BASS (*under the shed*):

Go on, young nigger, chirp away,
Yo' brackbird frum de Souf.
I's 'fraid dat soon yo'll sing a tune
De odder side yo' mouf.
Yo' wouldn't be so chipper, guess,
About "me fairest lub,"
Ef yo' knowed de ole man war aroun',
A-waitin' wid a club!

THE SECRET OF A LARCH-TREE.

A LADY, young, pretty, blonde, sparkled with diamonds as she danced, herself the magnet of all eyes, amidst the music, light, and revelry of the August night at Silver Spring. Diamonds twinkled in the fair hair, poised there as a butterfly; diamonds trembled like dew-drops about the snowy throat, and formed a blazing pendent medallion amidst the flowers of the satin corsage; diamonds flashed in the tiny ears and on each dimpled wrist.

"What a lucky fellow Delaunay was to secure such a prize!" said the masculine voice unanimously.

"I wonder she dares to carry such jewels about with her; it is very bad taste to wear them at a hotel hop," was the feminine verdict.

"Professor Horton, do you see the lady with the diamonds?" inquired the Colonel, with his soft, good-natured laugh.

"Yes, I see her. What then?" retorted the Professor, grimly.

"Oh, nothing at all, only the Silver Spring will be regarded as a fashionable resort, what with our new Bellevue Hotel and such guests. Next year we shall be able to hold up our heads with Saratoga and Newport, if we can add a race-course and club-house, sir." Here the Colonel rubbed his hands together with a gesture which has become traditional with the hotel proprietor of all ages.

"Silly women, decked with diamonds—clubs—race-courses!" echoed Professor Horton, contemptuously. "Our Silver Spring will be ruined by such follies, and all respectable habitués will quit the spot forever. I have been here every season for fifteen years, and—"

"Will come fifteen years more, I hope," interpolated the Colonel, adroitly. The fat landlord adjusted the collar which imprisoned his own rosy face, a countenance most suggestive of the oyster suppers of Silver Spring.

The face of Professor Horton was lean, sallow, and dolorous, on the contrary, and was clouded by the discontent of one who has a grievance to lay at the door of circumstance.

"Fiddlesticks!" he retorted, sharply. "I will engage the state apartments of Union Hall or the Ocean House sooner than return here. Mrs. Delaunay is the name, eh? Are the diamonds real?"

"Real! They are of the purest water, and cost seventy-five thousand dollars, I am told. She was an heiress, you know, and when she married last year, the accumulated interest of her minority was invested in these jewels." Such was the Colonel's glib explanation.

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"Who is her partner?" pursued the Professor.

"Oh, the French Marquis de Ratti. They say he followed Mrs. Delaunay here, after being all about in society at New York and Washington last winter."

"I do not believe in foreign noblemen," grumbled the Professor. "They prove to be valets and barbers more often than not."

Professor Horton's benevolent bulbous nose acquired a satirical aspect, his shrewd gray eyes twinkled behind a rim of his spectacles, while his humorous mouth twitched beneath the grizzled beard. He surveyed the animated scene much as a naturalist inspects an insect under a microscope. The Marquis de Ratti was not at all the typical Frenchman in appearance, although well dressed and easy in bearing. He was a large, powerfully built man of uncertain age, with cold light eyes and irregular massive features; his hands and feet were huge, muscular, and powerful, despite the sheathing of kid and leather.

"He looks more like a prize-fighter than a gentleman; but perhaps the prize-fighting element is the highest evidence of blood among the nobility," mused this republican spectator. "Humph! I should not care to meet *him* on a dark night. He might crack my skull like an egg-shell between finger and thumb. Oh, the customs of fashion! That young husband, leaning against the wall, permits the Marquis de Ratti to waltz with his wife, instead of knocking him down for his impudence."

At this moment a pretty girl appeared behind the Professor and the landlord, with round fair face and hair meekly brushed back from the temples, and ingenuous blue eyes. The pretty girl smoothed her neat apron and lowered her eyes demurely as she demanded, in the softest of voices, "If you please, sir, may I have my tea?"

"Mrs. Delaunay's English maid, Alice," explained the Colonel, when he had granted the request.

Why did Professor Horton follow the English maid, so young, so genteel and demure, with his eye? He could not tell. He saw her pause outside another window, where the Marquis de Ratti was taking the air, the dance being over, and it seemed to the observer that the two exchanged a glance, a smile, a swift signal, before the girl disappeared around the corner of the house.

"We only lack the gallantries of noblemen and ladies'-maids to complete the ruin of our Silver Spring," muttered this stern moralist, whose ideas were so very old-fashioned. He sought his own chamber gloomily, for in addition to perturbation of mind, owing to having his sylvan retreat invaded by the Philistines of fashion, he was *literally broken by bodily fatigue*. He had rambled many miles that day, botanizing in the valleys, and seeking geological specimens on adjacent hills. His shoes were dusty, his raiment brier-torn, his loose sack-coat freighted with the "rubbish" precious to the savant in the wide external pockets, while rheumatic twinges in knee and back reminded him that he was no longer young, thereby increasing his exasperation. Then to return to a hotel where all the world was dancing, and one woman was decked like an idol with seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. The Professor's cup of bitterness brimmed over at these reflections. The room was stiflingly hot, but he lighted his lamp, and forced himself to read an extract from Dr. Döllinger, while moths blundered about the flame, frying themselves to a condition of unpleasant crispness, and mosquitoes stung his temples. His watch marked midnight, and still the movement of the ball-room and the twang of musical instruments reached his ear, precluding the possibility of sleep.

"Squeak, squeak, fiddles! Boom away, bass-viols! Keep it up until morning, by all means. I wonder if that is the music of the future? *A-a-h!*" Here the listener clinched his teeth, with a truly diabolical expression of countenance, as the violins shuddered over his nervous system, snatched up his broad felt hat, and strode out-of-doors, actuated by the impulse of escape.

The night was sultry and oppressive. The Professor breathed a sigh of relief as he quitted the vicinity of the hotel, which sparkled with many lights through the trees like an ogre's eye. Darkness and the obscurity of shrubbery welcomed him abroad at this unusual hour. He strolled about the gravel paths, fanning himself with his hat, and paused beneath the projecting roof of the ornamented kiosque of the Silver Spring.

"There will be a thunder-storm before morning," soliloquized the Professor, replacing his hat.

All was deliciously still here, and far below, guarded by the encircling basin, bubbled the Silver Spring, cool and limpid, source of health, as the Professor firmly believed. Had not the nymph of the fountain spread her wings in startled flight in the disastrous change from rural tranquillity to a fashionable resort? The Professor leaned on the parapet, and peered into the crystal depths of the spring, musing in this vein. As he did so he perceived two persons advancing from opposite directions to meet a few yards distant from himself. They proved to be a man and a woman, and they scarcely paused before separating again with the same rapidity of movement as they had met.

"Wait for *me*," said the woman. "I shall have to manage, to get away at all."

"I will wait until morning," replied the man.

"She is sure to dance to the very last, you know," added the woman.

"Don't lose your head, that's all," admonished the man.

"I lose my head, indeed!" retorted the woman, whose voice and bearing were youthful.

The Professor moved slowly away, scarcely heeding these words wafted to his ear by a passing breeze. At an angle of the path was a rustic bench beneath a larch-tree, known as Professor Horton's favorite seat. Hither he directed his steps in an irritated mood, and sank down on it in sheer weariness. The scent of flowers reached him, while the foliage seemed to spread above him "fragrant robes of darkness." Grateful repose succeeded noise and light, lulling all his senses to soft oblivion: he fell asleep.

He was awakened by a terrific peal of thunder, and opened his eyes with a bewildered uncertainty as to surrounding objects. The trees swayed wildly in the rising wind; a few large drops of rain fell heavily among the leaves; lightning quivered on the horizon. Suddenly a female form bent over him, some small object was thrust into his hand, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"I am early. She had a headache. Quick! take them, or I shall be missed."

The thunder rolled, the trees swayed, the woman vanished. Professor Horton winked several times, and opened his mouth to speak, then closed his lips without sound. The object thus unexpectedly consigned to his care was a small leather bag, scarcely more than a tobacco pouch, and heavy. Mechanically he thrust it into one of the wide pockets of his loose coat. Hark! A heavy footstep crushed the gravel on the path to the right. The Professor rose to his own feet as if moved by a spring, his knees shook, his teeth chattered, a deadly fear smote him.

Fear of what evil? He did not know. To shrink to the left, gain the next clump of shrubbery, and conceal himself, was the work of a moment, and accomplished with the more ease that he knew every inch of ground from long familiarity. Had he not planted many of these trees, which now proved friends? The hiding-place gained was a larch surrounded by stiff little Japanese cedars, and forming a sort of labyrinth. Scarcely had the Professor glided into this shelter than a vivid sheet of lightning illuminated the whole country side. *He saw himself seated on the rustic bench beneath the larch-tree!* He could not believe the evidence of his own senses; the breath remained suspended on his lips. Had he been a devout Catholic he would have crossed himself, invoking the protection of a calendar of saints; a chill of superstitious dread certainly stagnated his blood. Was he to believe that his hour had come? There sat his own image on the rustic bench, the soft felt hat pulled down over the brow, the broad shoulders, the slouching nondescript attire: nothing was lacking to complete the resemblance. Was he still asleep, victim of nightmare, or had he gone mad? He pinched his flesh and rubbed his eyes violently. The figure under the larch-tree did not vanish. Swift realization of the truth dawned on the drowsy scholar. He was alone, at a distance from the now silent hotel, and he had in his pocket a bag which belonged to the other. What if this unknown had found him still on the bench? What if he emerged now, accosted the stranger, and gave him the bag?

"I should be murdered as surely as there is a Heaven above us," shuddered the man of letters, with a conviction for which he could give no reason.

At this juncture the wind freshened, and the rain fell in torrents, while the lightning became less frequent. Professor Horton quitted the larch-tree, reached the hotel with surprising agility, found a window of the recent ball-room unfastened, groped his way through that deserted apartment, and gained his own chamber. *The bag was gone.* He had lost it from the wide pocket, probably in his flight. His watch marked two o'clock. The Professor extinguished his candle, opened the shutters of the window, and seated himself with his eyes fixed on the eastern horizon. He was a prey to the most exciting emotions.

Professor Horton was the first votary of the Silver Spring abroad next morning. If he was feverish and haggard, with a slightly, even furtive aspect, the boy at the fountain did not notice the circumstance. Always an early riser, the Professor sipped a glass of the sparkling water, and then walked along the upper paths of the grounds. Cautiously he skirted the rustic seat beneath the larch-tree, and approached the larch. A short, dry laugh of triumph escaped the lips of the usually undemonstrative student. A leather bag, half pouch, lay, concealed by the long grass, beneath the spreading boughs. The larch-tree had kept its secret well. The bag remained where it had fallen from the Professor's wide pocket. He clutched it, returned to his room, and proceeded to investigate the contents. *The little bag held the Delaunay diamonds.* Necklace, bracelet, butterfly ornament—nothing was lacking in this precious heap swept hastily from cumbersome case and casket.

Five minutes later the rosy landlord was seized by the collar, dragged into his private office, and confronted by Professor Horton, whose agitation verged on sheer lunacy. The latter took from his pocket a little bag, and poured out the Delaunay diamonds, telling a wild and incoherent tale meanwhile about a larch-tree and midnight rambles.

"Nobody would believe it, you know," said the Colonel, coolly. The hotel proprietor is never surprised in this world.

"Take the trinkets, and restore them in your own way. Do not mention me in the transaction," retorted the Professor. He stooped and plunged his fingers once more into the rainbow of precious stones with a sort of intoxication; the starry rays of rose and blue dazzled, blinded him. "Beautiful and fatal gift to man!" he murmured, with parched lips.

The Colonel closed one eye, with the aspect of a sagacious bird.

Professor Horton sought his bed, and slept heavily until four o'clock in the afternoon. He was awakened by voices, and peered through the shutters of his window. A carriage waited to take the Delaunay party to the steamboat on the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Delaunay were already seated, while Alice, the maid, had paused to reply to the head waiter, after which she re-entered the hotel. At this moment Professor Horton's door was opened, and the Colonel entered with the bouncing swiftness of movement peculiar to fat men in haste. If the conduct of the Professor had been extraordinary in the morning when he had restored the jewels, that of the Colonel was not less so in the afternoon. He locked the door, made a warning gesture to the Professor, and stole on tiptoe to a second door at the extremity of the large room, where he lay down on the floor and applied eye and ear to the crack. Voices became audible in the adjoining chamber.

"I was there at one o'clock, and gave it you," said a woman.

"A lie! I waited all night, and you did not come," said a man.

"I gave it to a person under the tree, and he took it," gasped the woman.

"Fool! Then the game is up. Get yourself dismissed at Newport, and cut to New York. If I believed you were tricky, my girl, it would be the worse for you."

There was a sound of footsteps, and immediately afterward the Delaunay carriage rolled away.

The Colonel rose to his feet, chuckling at the success of his stratagem.

"Set a thief—ahem!—I mean a woman to catch a woman. My wife thought of having the English maid sent back in search of a missing bag, in order to give her a chance to communicate with her accomplice in the hotel, if she had one. The bag was dropped in the empty room next to you, for the purpose, and a man joined her there. Your story is amply corroborated, you see, by the few words exchanged."

"I believe the Marquis de Ratti is the accomplice, and no more a Frenchman than you are," exclaimed the Professor.

"So do I; but how to prove it?" rejoined the Colonel.

"You should have them arrested," urged the Professor.

"What is the charge? Your adventures of the night? The noble Marquis is caught whispering with a pretty girl? No, no; I gave back the diamonds to Mr. Delaunay—with a suitable explanation—and he has carried them away in a money-belt. We alone know the whole truth."

"And the larch-tree," added the Professor. "It was the noble larch-tree that kept the secret, my friend. Well, well, I hope you are pleased with the fashionable elements attracted to our Silver Spring. Doubtless the Marquis de Ratti and the demure English maid Alice belong to one of those bands of English thieves who are said to keep a map of country-seats with reference to the plate chest, and are now trying their fortune in America. How beautiful they were—those *diamonds!*"

The Marquis de Ratti departed by the nine-o'clock boat that same evening. His foreign accent was never more apparent than when he took leave of Silver Spring.

"THE KNEELING NUN."

THIS beautiful picture, by DAVID NEAL, an American long resident in Munich, was painted in 1881, and exhibited at Munich, Hamburg, and Berlin with marked success. Critics of the German press were eloquent in its praise. It was purchased in 1881 by an American gentleman for a private collection, and we believe it has not been exhibited in this country. The original study for the picture was later finished to the order of an American purchaser, and was briefly exhibited at the Century Club last spring.

Our illustration, which is from the large picture, represents a young and saintly "bride of heaven" at her devotions in an under-ground chapel of the tenth century. The subject was suggested to MR. NEAL by the ballad of UHLAND, in which he beautifully illustrates the vivifying powers of faith by a ray of light penetrating down into a crypt—"O Strahl des Lichts," etc. From the back of the altar before which the nun kneels the "gladsome light" falls upon her face and form with illumining effect, which the artist treated in a most skillful manner. It is real morning sunlight, but somewhat subdued by the sombre place into which it falls. The pose of the figure is perfectly in harmony with the spiritualized expression of the radiant upturned face. The rapt soul in her fervor hails the life-giving sunbeam as Heaven's messenger to her spirit. It brings no discontent with her imprisonment. No far-away flower breath stirs her heart, no remembered bird-song thrills back on her memory. She seems absorbed in a religious ecstasy. This is purely portrayed, without the slightest tendency to the weak sentimental; rather it is severely true.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"WHISKEY can't play ball," says a Philadelphia newspaper. Although the pertinence of the observation is not apparent at this distance, its truth can not be disputed, and the remark is noteworthy as being almost the only favorable thing which can be truthfully said about the liquid in question.

Journals along the Southern coast are congratulating the Secretary of the Navy on the fact that he felt not the slightest seasickness while riding across the East River Bridge.

Some specialist should turn his attention to ascertaining the degree in which the manifestations of alcoholism are affected by the sensational topic which happens to be uppermost in any given community. Since the occurrence of this season's cyclones in the West and Southwest the most remarkable stories are told by persons of those regions concerning the cyclones they claim to have seen in the air. An Illinois man reports that while standing on the top of a hill he saw "five distinct cyclones" in the west and south, "travelling in a northerly direction at a terrific rate of speed." They resembled "huge balls of cloud," and appeared at times to come to the ground, and then bound to a great height. When near the earth they were of a greenish color, and as they arose they became illuminated.

"No holsee in flontee!" screamed one of three Chinamen who entered a cable street car in Philadelphia, staring wildly ahead.

"No holsee backee!" yelled another, rushing toward the rear of the car.

"No sabee," remarked the third, seating himself and crossing his legs, "go like ev'lything, allee same."

It is estimated that at least a hundred times as many ladies from the United States visit the Old World as there are European ladies who visit this country.

The Emperor of Brazil is going to visit Europe again. It is recalled that in the course of his last visit to England he used to make appointments to inspect public institutions at five or six o'clock. The custodians supposed that he meant in the afternoon, but found to their great dismay that he meant five or six o'clock in the morning, and that he was always punctual.

On the evening of the East River Bridge opening two residents of Olive Bridge, in this State, went to the top of High Point, one of the Catskill peaks, to see whether anything of the fireworks would be visible at that distance. They obtained their bearings before darkness came on. They report that they were rewarded by seeing a number of the rockets, dimly, but still quite distinctly. High Point is some 4400 feet above tide-water, and about one hundred miles from New York.

Residents of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, are awakening to the fact that they have a historical relic of considerable interest in the midst of them. Surrounded by dilapidated tenements, and itself occupied as the domicile of a poor family, is the old Fort Duquesne block-house. Steps have been taken to open a public park around the relic.

"General Longstreet believes that the sixty-five thousand colored voters of Georgia are slowly gravitating toward the Democratic party." Gravitation and immigration are responsible for about all the increase that has come to the Democratic party in late years.

It is announced that Lieutenant Schwatka, the arctic explorer, has offered to join Commander Cheyne in his proposed trip to the north pole by balloon. Commander Cheyne recently visited this country for the purpose of awakening an interest in his scheme. He did not succeed so far as to obtain offers of pecuniary aid sufficient to materially assist him, and he took his departure. The setting out of the Nordenskjöld expedition for Greenland has incited Commander Cheyne to renewed exertions, and there seems to be a probability that his plan will be tested.

The little city of Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, is polyglot in respect to its newspapers. Besides its several Roumanian papers, there are four printed in French, two in German, and one each in Italian, Greek, Hungarian, and Bulgarian.

One of the results of a lawsuit recently tried in California is to give definiteness to the phrase "a right smart chance." A witness testified that he saw a right smart chance of hogs invading the plaintiff's field. The Court asked him to put this into figures, and he testified that in Arkansas and Missouri "a right smart chance" meant fourteen. The judge instructed the jury to consider the phrase equivalent to fourteen, and damages to the full amount claimed were awarded the plaintiff.

The final case to come before the Court of Claims under the provisions of the act of March, 1863, relative to seized and abandoned property in the Southern States, has been adjusted by that tribunal. The records of the court show that nearly all of the property taken possession of by government agents, to which this act applied, was cotton. Seventeen hundred and seventy-eight claims to parts of this property were filed, and the total amount claimed was $77,785,962. The government realized $31,722,466 from its sale, of which $6,551,000 went to pay the cost of selling and collecting. The amount paid to persons from whom property was taken was about thirteen million dollars, leaving a balance, after deducting other expenses, of between ten and eleven millions in the Treasury. This will remain the property of the United States.

JUDGE FORAKER.

THE Hon. JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is a native of that State. He was born near Rainsborough on the 5th of July, 1846. He entered the army when only sixteen years old, as a private in the Eighty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, having much difficulty in passing muster on account of his youth. He was rapidly promoted to the rank of Captain, and accompanied his regiment through the war, being most of the time with SHERMAN'S forces. For some time he was attached to General SLOCUM'S staff.

On the cessation of hostilities he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, but completed his studies at Cornell, where he graduated in 1869, and was soon afterward admitted to the bar at Cincinnati. In 1879 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court, but resigned last year because of temporary ill health.

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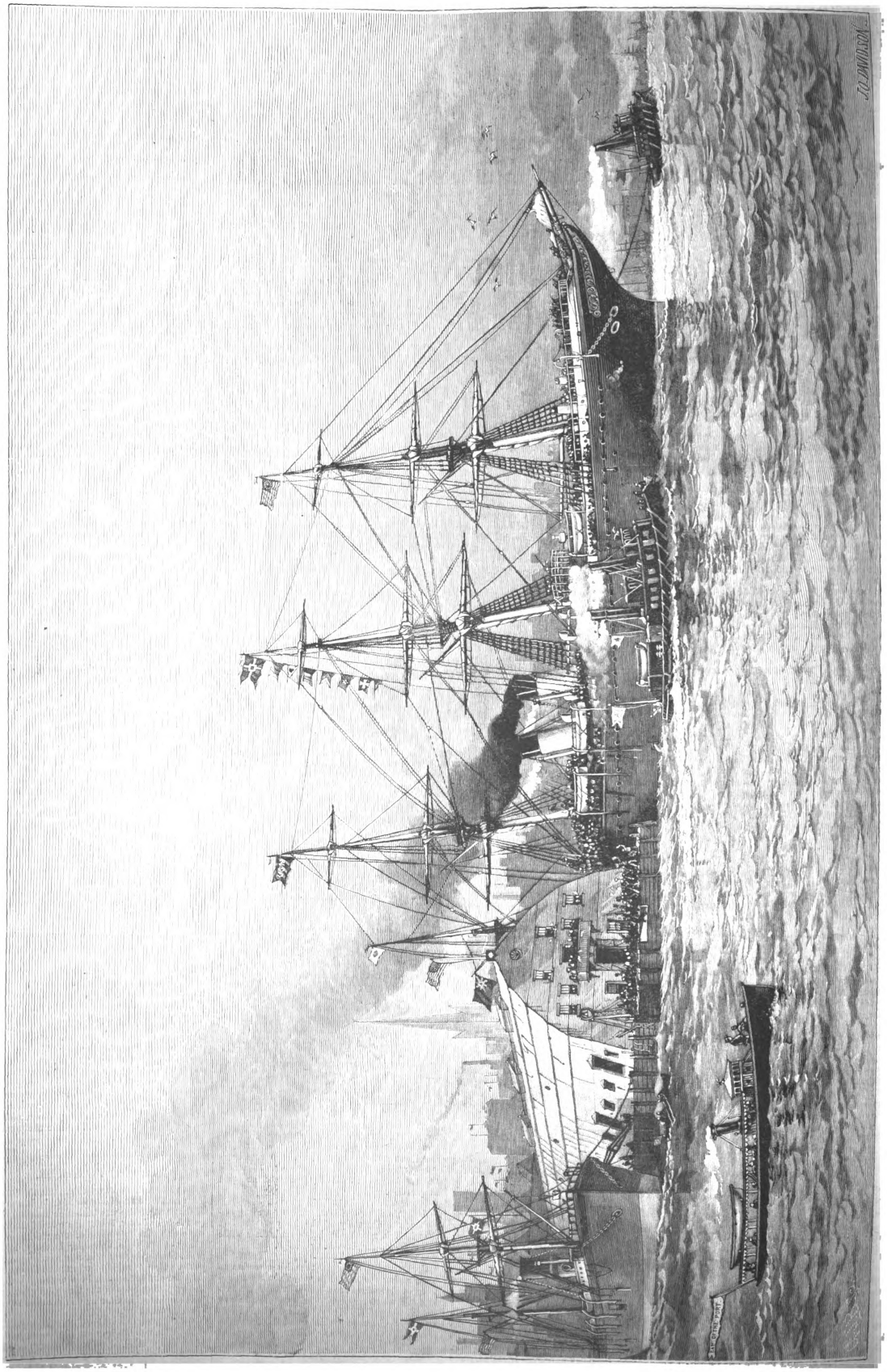

STEAMER DAY IN NEW YORK—THE GRAND SUMMER RUSH FOR EUROPE.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 379.]

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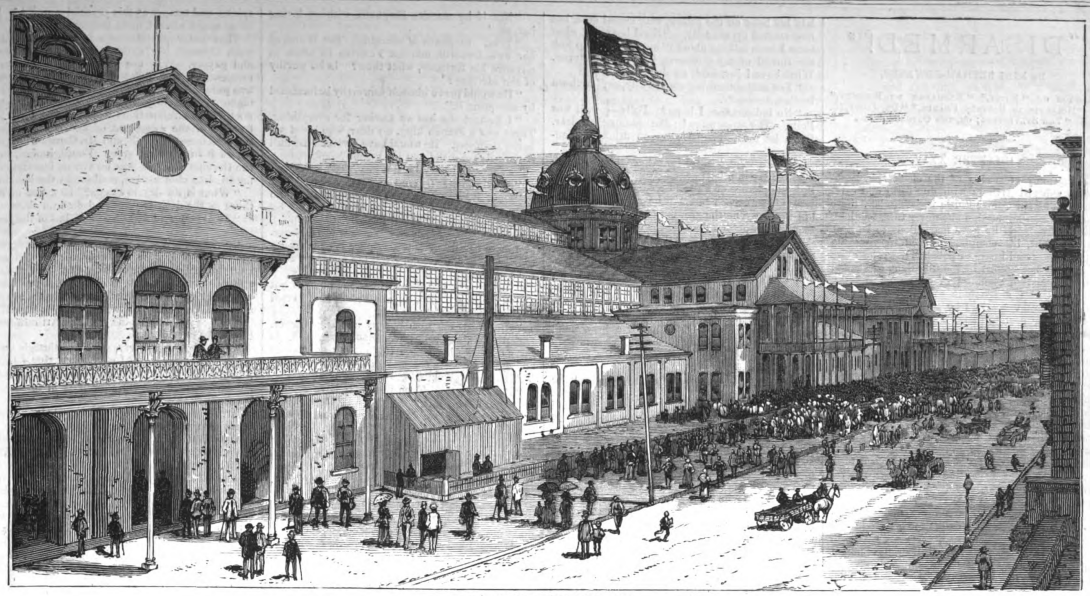

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

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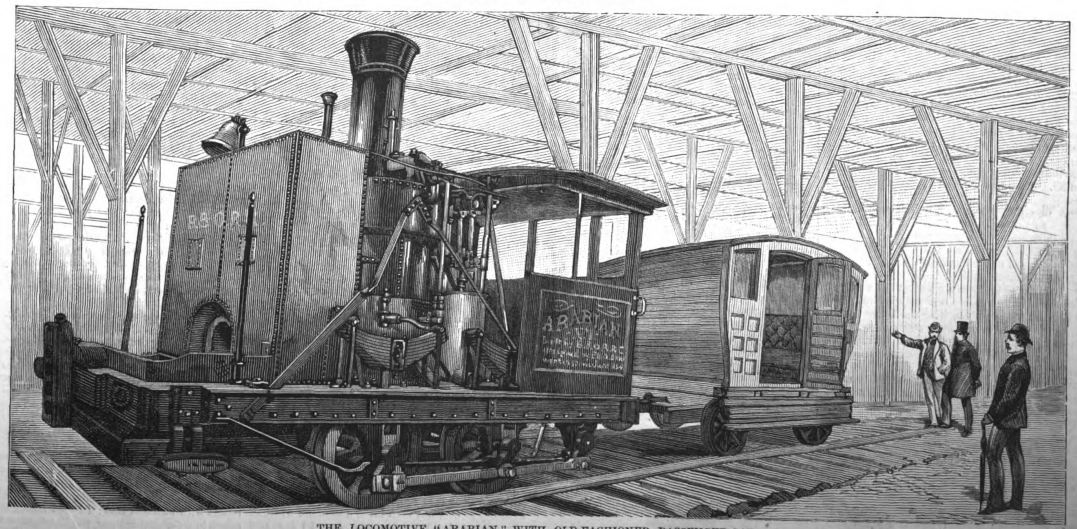

THE LOCOMOTIVE "ARABIAN," WITH OLD-FASHIONED PASSENGER-CAR.

THE RAILROAD EXHIBITION AT CHICAGO.—From Photographs by Copelin.—[See Page 379.]

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"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvesters; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Precisely at twelve of the clock Mrs. Bumstead ushered Arthura with due form and ceremony into Mr. Constantine's bed-chamber, there to receive an impression she never forgot as long as she lived. If he were marvellous to look at by daylight, his complexion then wearing the smoothness and lustre of polished ivory, how was the effect heightened by the dim light of shaded lamps and rich shadows of crimson bed-hangings? Under a spacious canopy lay Mr. Constantine, not vulgarized by the orthodox night-cap of our grandfathers, but having for head-gear a finely spun shawl or cufiah of Oriental silk, twisted round his head turban-wise, and showing gorgeous interweavings of scarlet and gold. His night-gown, if it is permitted to describe such a garment, was no less peculiar, having an outer covering of soft Persian silk, warm in color as the turban, whilst the lining was of finest linen, with elaborately embroidered wristbands and collar, and underneath this was yet another and a still finer and softer garment, worn for comfort, and not for grace. Thus beautifully apparelled, Mr. Constantine might well receive midnight visitors without scruple, and being accustomed to see one fair reader after another, offered no apology when Arthura made her appearance. Her own dress was too striking to be passed by without comment. She wore a loose gown of crimson satin, wadded after the fashion of the olden time—a gown so simple, so stately, and withal so matronly that whilst it added indescribably to her beauty, it also lent added years and gravity. This sumptuous woman was surely no mere girl of character and spirit, but a tragedy queen.

"Place yourself quite at your ease," said Mr. Constantine; "and—let me see—what can we have to-night? Read me the titles of the books before you, my dear."

Arthura read: "*Vathek; The Bride of Lammermoor; The Mysteries of Paris.*"

"Ah," sighed Mr. Constantine, "would there were a score such! I love a story, but I never can find one nowadays. Your writers have no imagination. Yet hath this age produced one novel. You must know it, my dear—the book writ by the parson's daughter?"

"*Jane Eyre?*"

"You have said it. Now I am no lover of parsons, but I am ready to forgive all the pig-headedness of the race, from Calvin downward, for the sake of that little witch's performance."

"Oh, why call her a witch, sir?"

"My dear, 'tis the finest compliment I can pay her. Who were the witches and wizards of the Dark Ages but the knowing ones, the inventors? The parsons burned 'em all, and if that little Yorkshire girl had written her book four hundred years ago, she would have gone to the stake with the rest. Her own father would have set fire to the fagots. The first woman who invented a gown was sewed up in it and drowned, depend on it, and the first man who baked a loaf of bread shut up in his oven and baked too. No wonder we are all so stupid, seeing that we are begotten of the ninnies and dunderheads who never invented anything. But the reading—well, let us have a chapter of the *Mysteries of Paris*, unless you know a good ghost story. Think."

Arthura thought. Yes, she knew one or two, she said.

"Close the book, then, my dear, and tell me the first. We must keep the other choice morsels for to-morrow. When you have done the story, you will find my imagination thoroughly alert; I shall then require only the marvels and horrors that are dear and familiar. These always soothe me to sleep."

Arthura could not resist a smile.

"You are amused at the nature of my soporific, my dear? Well, there is no accounting for tastes. Now for your story. Pile portent upon portent, mystery upon mystery. Be not afraid of making the hair to stand on end. Freeze the blood if you can. So begin."

Arthura told her story—a family ghost story—and Mr. Constantine expressed himself much gratified.

"A very pretty horror, my dear, and it does great credit to your house. A good ghost story is as aristocratic as a long pedigree. Now for the reading. You tell me you are no musician. Are you versed in the music of the nose?"

Arthura looked blank.

"Can you discern between a snort and a snore? We snort wide awake; we only snore when asleep. As soon as you hear the latter sound, turn down the lamp and steal softly away. But you must not mistake the prelude for the performance, the tuning of the instrument for the melody itself."

Arthura took up the book and began to read. And long she read, for Mr. Constantine seemed unusually alert, and even restless.

"The fact is, my dear," he said, "your voice is new to me. 'Twill do its work better to-morrow. And I can't help looking at your wonderful gown, fit for a female Prospero, a beautiful sorceress. Where did you get it, my Prospera?"

"Miss Hermitage gave it to me as a birthday present, sir," Arthura made meek reply.

"I wish I had a diamond star to give you. It wants a diamond star. I had one years ago. That little hussy Polly got it from me." He had lain his head on the pillow, with closed eyes, but now started up uneasily. "Good heavens! what have I been talking about?" he said. "I do lose the thread of my discourse, I know, sometimes. What have I just said, my dear?"

"You said something about Polly, sir," Arthura replied, demurely.

"No indiscretion, I hope? Polly—yes, it was Polly. The saucy minx! But continue, my dear. Don't let me talk. Give me to drink of mandragora."

Arthura went on, and for a long time Mr. Constantine lay in a half drowse, with a smile on his lips, the picture of a placid contentment. Every word did not reach him, but he caught the meaning brokenly, as the scents of a summer garden reach us through a door that is opened and shut. And at last the voice did its work; Mr. Constantine slept indeed, and Arthura left him, herself in need of no mandragora. The next day and the next were spent in the same way—a happy afternoon with Steppie and the children, and a midnight reading and colloquy with Mr. Constantine. Arthura soon found out that he liked to lead up to the reading by a little talk; and strange yet fascinating were Mr. Constantine's nocturnal discourses, the books on his shelves hardly more so.

"Observe," he said, on the third night, "the order and contents of my library—my midnight library. You will soon become acquainted with an odder one, I'll warrant. 'Tis the completest in the world. There you may find *Scipio's Dream*. That holds a foremost place. And the visit of Ulysses (they've changed his name since I went to school) to the phantoms of those who fought at Troy. And the Magic Doctor of the great Spaniard (his name escapes me). And the ghost-seer of the greater German. How names slip from me! Visionaries, illuminati, dreamers, necromancers—not a poet or prose man who has written of the unseen world but is here. I love them all. We have no better teachers."

"Do you believe, then, in ghosts, sir?" asked Arthura, innocently.

"You misunderstand me, my dear. The belief in ghosts has nothing to do with it. But think, now, who but those men and women lift the veil from the palpable and the familiar, which for the most part is gross and mean? A touch of the supernatural reminds us that we are part spirit, not all flesh. We should, must be, mysteries to ourselves, or life has no meaning. Well, take up what book you will. Wave your wand, my Prospera, and conduct me into the land of shadows."

"*Frankenstein* lies on the table, sir."

"Read that. 'Twas writ by the daughter of one seraphic spirit, the wife of another, herself a rare genius. And the world—that is, the parson's—would fain have burned 'em all three. But read, my dear, read."

And once more Mr. Constantine listened for an hour or so, with a placid smile upon his lips, fairly slumbering at last. By the fourth night Arthura had grown accustomed to her task, and found it pleasant enough. She herself loved a ghost story, and delighted Mr. Constantine with one or two, which, being family traditions, he now heard for the first time.

"On my word, you are a promising disciple. The other ladies, one and all, poor creatures, used to quake with fear when they came into my room, so Bumstead told me, and were afraid to creep upstairs alone afterward. *Scipio's Dream* and *The Vision of Mirza* they did not mind, *Frankenstein* drove them mad, and *The Ghost-Seer* lost me many readers. They would rather beg for bread than read such things at midnight, they declared. You are always in the humor. Well, what book lies open before you?"

"'Tis a volume in manuscript, sir, and the first page opens with 'Pompey's Vision.'"

"Ah! my manuscript volume. My posy! my phial of elixir! 'Tis a collection of choice fragments and pieces, my dear, that I have myself culled from authors of all countries, ancient and modern, and translated for the delectation of my old age. We will begin to-day at the beginning, and work our way gradually to the end. Stop, however: I had something to ask you. What might it be? Ah! I remember now." Mr. Constantine now raised his head from the pillow, and sitting up, put the following question: "Would you tell me exactly what you think of Valerian?"

CHAPTER XXV.

"I know really nothing of this young man," added Mr. Constantine. "You have lived under the same roof with him for upward of a year. You should be quick at reading character, unless I misread your own. Appraise him."

"Was ever a man read by a woman, sir?"

"On my word, a spirited reply. But something of Valerian's disposition and nature generally you must have learned. We find out if a human being is good or bad, amiable or sour, just as we can tell the color of his eyes or hair. I am particularly interested in Valerian just now, not on his own account, I confess, but on Stephana's."

Arthura, ever bravest of the brave, truest of the true, made quiet answer. She had heard nothing, she said.

"What manner of man is this Valerian?" continued Mr. Constantine. "Has he understanding—a heart?"

"None if he marries Stephana," Arthura said.

"And why?"

"Because he does not love her, sir, nor will she ever love him."

"I feel pretty certain of that too. But, my dear, wedlock need not presuppose love. People marry for position, for advancement, for a thousand motives besides love."

"The more's the pity."

"Ah! you are romantic, I see. Well, for Valerian. Is he amiable?"

"Not if he marries Stephana without loving her, sir."

"True. Stephana is adorable. But if she, of her own free-will, marries Valerian in order to advance his fortunes, what then? Is he worthy of the sacrifice?"

"He would prove himself unworthy beforehand by accepting it."

"I protest she has an answer for everything. There was a French king, my dear, who loved wit better than war. He would have divorced his dull Savoyard and made you his queen."

"That would have been a pity, sir."

"Why a pity? Have you no ambition?"

"Once his queen, sir, he would have had no more wit out of me."

Mr. Constantine laughed heartily.

"True again. 'Tis wonderful how use and custom stale us all. The philosopher is ever a bore to the wife of his bosom. But not one good word for Valerian?"

"As many as you please, provided he does not marry Stephana. She is a rare woman!" cried Arthura, passionately.

"And he is not rare by any means. Clever, nevertheless, versatile, accommodating, and, as far as I have been able to judge, kind-hearted and agreeable."

Arthura was dumb.

"Poor Valerian. Then you really have nothing to say on his behalf?"

"Everything if we do not couple his name with Stephana's," Arthura now said, warmly. "She is a noble, almost an unearthly being. There is nothing worldly about her. He has many excellent qualities, but he is ordinary flesh and blood."

"And in Stephana's veins flows the true ichor. Well, what more?"

"To place us beside giants dwarfs us even if we are full-sized," Arthura went on. "Valerian must not, dare not, marry Stephana. She would but appear more magnanimous, he more ordinary, by comparison. And Stephana could never influence him, never reach him from her high spheres. They would dwell aloof. It would be isolation for both."

"Just my own conclusion. My dear, the fact is (putting the Stephanas aside), there are only two kinds of women in the world, the woman who can flirt and the woman who can not. Ten generations of female legislators may evolve a third species, but 'tis yet in the germ. Now Valerian must marry among his equals, and leave the goddess alone. But away with realities. Into the calm gray world of phantoms where I feel more at home, my Prospera! How opens the page?"

"We have come to 'The Sensitive Plant,' sir."

"Ay, I know every line by heart; but no matter. Stephana reminds me of the lady who tended the flowers, and like her she should vanish mysteriously. Read, good Prospera."

Arthura read in spite of that sinking of the heart she had so valiantly concealed. She was shocked and disconcerted; but she said to herself: For the moment only. Do what they might, Valerian would, must remain true to her. Foolish fears! Unworthy trepidation! A dozen Stephanas could not alter the fact that he loved her, and was her own Valerian—no hero, she admitted, but good enough to love and be loved, heroic enough to be true. Nevertheless, Mr. Constantine's revelation haunted her. Valerian's loyalty was being put to the proof. The sweet security of yesterday was rudely disturbed. Not doubt, not misgiving, only uneasiness, crept in, where all before had been serene confidence and perfect understanding. What made her position most trying was the fact that she dared not write to her lover. One brief note had come from him, in which he said that he should contrive a visit to London soon for the purpose of seeing her. Barring its brevity, the love-letter was perfect, every word breathing confidence and chivalrous devotion. And she should see him soon. It was therefore childish, nay, unreasonable, to dwell upon the chimeras thus conjured up. Valerian marry Stephana, indeed! Stephana marry Valerian! Who that knew the pair could for a moment contemplate such a possibility? There was no lien between them, and Valerian's best and most genial qualities but seemed to separate him from her. He loved the world, and never showed to more advantage than when displaying his urbane character. Stephana loved all that was not the world, and evidently regarded Valerian's social power as so much energy misapplied. Stephana cared for none of the things in which Valerian excelled, whilst to Valerian Stephana's self was all unapproachableness and mystery. But why this battling with windmills? Valerian loved her. Valerian was true. Nothing more was said on the subject, and the days passed uneventfully. No Valerian, no falling off in lover-like little notes, no tidings of a nature either to allay or disquiet. They were preparing for a grand entertainment on New-Year's Day, Valerian wrote. Would she were there! He was more than busy; he was really harassed by all the details that had to be gone into, and no one to help him. "It was really unkind of my cousin to send you off just when you might have been so useful to me," wrote Valerian, his letters, to a line, a mirror of himself. "But it was a kind of freak I am ever prepared for. Who knows but that I may be cast adrift next? Though—forgive the scolding, dearest—you were not docile, you disobeyed my prayers and injunctions (I saw the dark looks, the impatience, the frowns, as well as Christina). Would it not have been better—a thousand times better—to remain, putting on a little gayety when required? We at least saw each other, spoke to each other—even once perhaps in a week whispered five words to each other. Now many things I fain would whisper I can not write, and 'tis all (can you deny it?) your fault. Well, I love you as dearly as ever any man loved a woman; so forgive me. If I did not love you, should I dare to let you see the real state of the case, which is that your own Valerian is sadly out of patience, spirits, and temper at this especial moment? I'll be an angel when I write to-morrow."

That letter put Arthura in spirits, and she went through her duties with sparkling grace and gayety. Why use the word duty? Every moment of her life under Mr. Constantine's roof was pure unalloyed pleasure, the daily visits made so buoyantly through snow and frost, the nocturnal confabulations with her sweet mistress. For the sweetness of age is better than the sweetness of youth, and Mr. Constantine possessed it in a rare degree. Youth, indeed, says the German proverb, has no virtue, but the rare nature, like choice wine, mellows in the keeping.

"What is the day, my dear?" he asked of Arthura as the dark December drew to a close.

"Two more, and we come to the last of the year, sir."

"So soon? Well, I'll bid the young scapegrace welcome, and not shed a tear for the old curmudgeon, though he has not used me badly. And a few days more or less, dark or fair, for me, then welcome the great democrat, the only true exponent of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—Death!"

"I hope you will not die yet, sir," Arthura said, cheerfully.

"I am not in a hurry, my dear, though quite ready to take my rest. I only regret that I leave the world so little better than what I found it."

"But you have done your part in making it better, they say, sir."

Mr. Constantine smiled. "True—true. I have worked manfully for man, woman, and beast. I can say that for myself. I have stood up for the right, and, what is more, for the weak. And mark my words, my dear. Dwell not too much on the exercise of kindness throughout your life, but seek rather to be just. Let austere, implacable, unswerving justice be your guide in small emergencies as well as great, not slipshod, purblind benevolence ever plucking at your sleeve. By justice only shall the world be mended. Well, your wand, my Prospera, your magic robe! I am aweary of the world and its meanings. Into the land of shadows, away, away!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Far and wide on New-Year's Eve flashed through the dusky heavens Miss Hermitage's festive windows. Her house stood on a hill, dominating three sister hills, valley within valley, town and sea, and a beautiful spectacle it thus made, blazing like a beacon-fire amid countless lesser lights. For no sooner was the brief winter twilight over than the lamp-lighter's enchanting business began. A will-o'-the-wisp here, a twinkling light as of a glow-worm there, now a cluster of little stars like the beads of a broken necklace, and, lo! on a sudden, as if by magic, from east to west the earth and broad span of heaven are set with fiery cressets. Not a space the size of the palm above or below without its lamp shining out of the Ethiop blackness of the night. On this marvellous panorama, however—glorious illumination that people would have flocked from all parts to see had it occurred once in a lifetime—neither hosts nor guests had time to dwell to-night. Miss Hermitage's opening entertainment was to be splendid. Nothing like it had ever been seen in these parts, people said. All as yet was mystery and alert looking forward, but on one point there could be no doubt—Miss Hermitage's promises to surpass herself would be made good. Valerian indeed promised these things for her, but was not Valerian Miss Hermitage, and Miss Hermitage Valerian? The truth, of course, soon leaked out. As bevy after bevy of fair guests alighted at the door, a sign, a whisper, a wave of the hand in a certain direction, indicated what was in store for them. The spacious entrance hall had been turned into a buffet and reception-room, but when the company on arriving broke up into little knots for tea and gossip, they caught suggestive glimpses from the wide doors of the salons as they were stealthily opened and shut. Now was seen flitting by an airy figure in white and silver, whose feet hardly touched the ground, unmistakable votary of the dance; now an equally unmistakable queen of melodrama, dressed in the fashion of the day. Sounds, too, reached the ears of the guests impossible to misunderstand—tuning up of musical instruments, according of violin and violin. No need for the master of ceremonies to read aloud the programme. The entertainment was to begin with a fairy masque and end with a play. And soon appeared Colette, bearing an armful of little flying sheets, disclosing what already everyone knew. Yes, a drawing-room ballet—irreproachable, of course, in the matter of accessories—was to lead the way to a charming little melodrama performed by competent actors. "A delightful bill of fare," was the general exclamation, although in so pleasant a meeting-place, and amid such good company, nothing in the way of professional amusement seemed necessary. It was the old story of Valerian painting the lily and gilding refined gold.

Miss Hermitage was in excellent spirits. It afforded her a world of comfort to find that she could do without Arthura, that, indeed, Valerian made up for everything. In her secret heart she half suspected Arthura of some sentimental feeling for Valerian. What could moodiness mean in a girl but falling in love? So she was well out of harm's way, and as for Stephana and Valerian, they might do as they pleased by-and-by. "How much happier people are without feelings," thought Miss Hermitage—"with only capacities for enjoyment! Now all the feeling in the world could not serve me in such stead as this faculty for enjoying myself—a faculty that does good all round without the cant of philanthropy. I fill my rooms with pleasant folk; I spend money like a queen in entertaining them, and like a queen I am made much of." That she was, indeed. The exposure of all eyes on this especial night was the

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

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little person in lemon-colored brocade, trimmed with rich modern lace. "None of your dingy, inodorous, dilapidated old point for me," was Miss Hermitage's dictum. "New wine in new bottles. To each generation its own finery." The gown she wore was really becoming to a spare little old lady with the compactest figure, still perfectly agile and upright, features hard but neat, hands and feet to match, beautifully arrayed in fine silk mittens and fancy stockings and little sandaled slippers after the fashion of fifty years ago.

With one hand resting on Valerian's arm, she now made the circuit of the hall, greeting her visitors as radiantly as any bride acting the part of hostess for the first time. Satisfied and even delighted with Valerian in his capacity of steward she had ever been, but to-night she glanced at him almost fondly—at any rate, more than approvingly. And none could have failed to notice as the pair thus lingered arm in arm the strong *family* likeness between them. Not only did the likeness exist in build, feature, and outward appearance generally, but in voice, expression, gesture. Worldling for worldling, idler for idler, optimist for optimist, were here, both animated with a cordial liking for life and humankind, both ready to take and leave things as they found them —a philosophy which certainly answers in so far as one's own internal peace is concerned. Such similarities, bodily and mental, we are accustomed to look for among kinsfolk, and perhaps no one would have noticed it now but for the curious link that bound Miss Hermitage and her protégé together. For if Valerian possessed absolutely nothing of worldly goods, Miss Hermitage was a pauper in those things with which nature had so royally endowed him. Hers was the wealth, but his the capacity for making wealth desirable. They depended on each other, her necessities being greater than his own.

"Where is Stephana?" asked Miss Hermitage, accustomed now to appeal to Valerian with regard to Stephana's movements.

Valerian's face clouded. "Stephana is not always to be depended on," he answered, briefly. "She made no promise to come, remember."

"Our frivolities shock her, I dare say," Miss Hermitage made good-humored reply. "I want her company nevertheless. She can be mighty agreeable."

The musicians now began to play, the doors of the reception-rooms were opened, and at a signal from Valerian the hundred and odd guests took their places. A few minutes more, and the curtain rose. One drawing-room ballet—mazy dance of sylphs, nymphs, and fairies keeping time to airiest music—is like another, and there was no speciality about this one except its grace and gayety. The very spirit of the dance seemed incarnate in these sportive fays and elfs, human creatures they could hardly be, whilst the measures were so gaysome that they set the heart beating quickly from mere pleasure. Nothing could be prettier, daintier, of its kind, and when the roundelay ended, and the dancers vanished quickly as they had come, there was a ring of applause. What would Valerian think of next?

What indeed?

Whilst Miss Hermitage was receiving the compliments of her guests, and they were speculating among themselves upon the next entertainment, Stephana stole in, unobserved except by Valerian. Beautiful exceedingly looked Stephana as she now made her way by groups of modish beauties, starry night flower amid the garish glomes of day! All her dress was of the cold yet subdued silveriness of moonlight, and like a cloud or a mist the silveriness seemed to wrap her round, lending mystery, something unearthly, eerie even, to features and form ever free from human ordinariness. Was she human, indeed? "A spirit and a woman too?" or all spirit of the kith and kin of seraph?—no compeer of those who toil and moil in the work-a-day world?

Valerian, feeling a spell of this kind, almost shrank from her cousinly advances. He wished nothing so much as to please her, but the nearer they approached each other in daily intercourse, the clearer he saw what a gulf divided them.

Hitherto Stephana had made no further allusion whatever to the future as it concerned Valerian and herself, but to-night she seemed to verge on confidences, in need of a confidential listener. In the midst of the general hubbub of voices they were alone, and she said, without leading up to the subject,

"You will smile when I tell you what really brought me here to-night."

"Not a love of pantomime or drawing-room comedy," Valerian answered, lightly.

"I like to see a beautiful dance and a pretty play well enough, but my errand to-night is not diversion."

"Have you been peering into your magic crystal? Come you as a wraith bidding me, or one of my neighbors, be ready to die in three days' time?" Valerian again made sportive answer, although a lurking uneasiness made itself heard in his voice.

"I came because I felt instinctively that I was wanted. You may laugh at my presentiments, as you call them," pursued Stephana. "They mean, after all, at least in this case, no more nor less than the sympathy that binds kinsfolk together. Christina is the nearest relative I have in the world. What wonder that I should be irresistibly drawn toward her in a moment of peril?"

Again Valerian smiled, although not quite naturally.

"I trust that your presence may ward it off, then. Our cousin was never in better health and spirits in her life. Look at her!"

Stephana glanced round, and true enough, gayest of the gay, almost sparkling in her overflow of good humor and geniality, was their hostess of seventy and odd summers. Age has its heyday as well as youth, and very likely Miss Hermitage had never appeared to better advantage than now with this cold brilliance of her eyes and faint flush on her thin cheek. The time of disillusions and checks was past. Flattery meant nothing, but hopes could no longer flatter, and she could at last take life and the world for what they were worth.

"Strange," mused Stephana, aloud, "I notice for the first time that Christina must have been handsome in her youth. For the first time, also, I see a remarkable likeness to yourself."

She turned her penetrating eyes toward Valerian, who shrank from their gaze.

"Have you never noticed it?" she added, looking at him curiously and speculatively.

"I am no physiognomist," Valerian said, carelessly, yet with some slight embarrassment.

Stephana saw it, and immediately changed the subject. A moment more and the curtain rose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STEAMER DAY.

IT has recently been pointed out with authoritative emphasis that good Americans do not go to Paris before they die unless they have first seen all the wonders of their own land. Niagara, Chicago, the Big Trees, the Mammoth Cave, the Yellowstone Park, and the Brooklyn Bridge must all have been visited by the conscientious tourist before he is entitled to look up the effete hotels and cathedrals of the Old World.

This is a most patriotic position, even if it is oftener taken by naturalized citizens, who have seen the folly of Europe in their childhood, than by native-born Americans. These latter share the universal human tendency to take the unknown for the magnificent, and hold the familiar fountains of Saratoga cheap in comparison with Vichy and Carlsbad, waters of Damascus. The trouble about this patriotic prescription is that comparatively few persons lie awake nights thinking what disposition of their holiday will best conduce to their own mental and moral improvement, and to the general welfare of the race. They basely go travelling for amusement or for rest, and they seem to find both in Europe. Rest at sea, barring the physical motion, is complete. Nobody can bother you with telegrams, although some misanthrope is reported to be experimenting with "paying out" a light wire, to the outer end of which the worried of mankind must hope that he will be affixed. Intellectual strain is somehow interdicted by the conditions of the voyage, so that fatuous persons who set out with the fond notion of getting up a subject between New York and Liverpool fish out their books for the first time, with a feeling of sheepish remorse, in a London hotel.

"No man," remarked the inexhaustible Dr. JOHNSON, "is a hypocrite in his pleasures." If people continue to go to Europe instead of taking to the hotels of Indiana and Idaho, it is at least to be inferred that, granting the baseness of their motives, they like it. And the steady increase in the efflux of tourists shows that they bring back favorable reports of some, at least, among the effete institutions. Greater steamers are built year by year, in which more attention is paid proportionally than ever before to the accommodation of cabin passengers. In fact, the differentiation of Atlantic steamers into passenger ships and freight ships, which has already begun, is likely to go on until there is a fleet of great steamers dedicated to the, use of the pleasure traveller of the summer season alone, and to abandon the sea in winter to less pretentious craft, which shall carry freight and bagmen. In fact, we are not far from this consummation already. The *City of Rome*, which has just re-appeared in and disappeared from New York, had not been seen before since the last season of summer travel, and which has accommodations for near a thousand cabin passengers, seems to be an approach to one of these ships of the future; and such swift monsters as the *Servia* and the *Alaska* have distinctly been evolved out of the demand of passengers, and especially of tourists, for comfort and for speed. Size is an indispensable factor both in comfort and in speed. The *Great Eastern* was a monster born out of due time, and far beyond the demand for "great carrying capacity" in freight to satisfy which she was built. But it seems that ship-builders and ship-owners will very shortly find their account in reproducing or exceeding the dimensions of "that sea-beast leviathan," "hugest of all that swim the ocean stream"; and the demand which the new leviathan will be launched to meet will not be of the serious traffic, but of the pleasure travel of the two continents. She will be made simply to meet the views of tourists who fancy that it is of immense importance to them to save a day, and to avoid a fit or two of seasickness in the passage between New York and Liverpool, and who can afford to pay for this fancy.

This fact of the continual increase of great steamers built more and more expressly for pleasure travel is as conclusive proof as a column of statistics could furnish of the increase of the travel itself. The great fleet of great steamers which leave for Europe with the regularity and almost with the frequency of express trains for Chicago are far more crowded than the smaller fleet of smaller steamers was ten years ago, and there is earlier and more eager competition for a choice of quarters on favorite vessels. The volume of travel to Europe increases every year by a considerable ratio,

"And something earlier every year
Our singing-birds take wing."

The hard-working business or professional man who can only snatch August from his avocations is settling to the belief that Europe is the best thing he can do with his time, even if half and more of his holiday must be spent at sea. But he ships his wife and daughters off very early in June, or even in May, when the winter season is over, and the summer season of the American watering-places has not yet begun. They have eight or nine days, which they would delight to shorten, in which to recruit themselves for a campaign that is to last until the coolness and the haze of late September shall make the cities of the sea-board habitable once more by those sensitive and highly civilized females of the species of the American business man, who for his own part regards an occasional evening at Coney Island as rather more than all the relaxation which a rational creature ought to want.

The existence of Jersey City used to be accounted for upon the hypothesis that it was a place where people went to see other people go to Europe. It is now deprived of even that melancholy function. Nearly all of the great lines now have their wharves in New York, and the exceptions are chiefly, if not altogether, to be found in Hoboken. The crowds of anxious friends are rather increased by this change, although they are for the most part friends who would not take the trouble to see the same persons take a train for San Francisco that they take to bid them a fond farewell on the less perilous voyage. It has been suggested that the voyagers might discharge their social duties before leaving by issuing cards for "steamer receptions," and cheering their peculiar friends with champagne furnished by the ship's steward, and constructively "in bond."

A RAILWAY EXPOSITION.

THE National Exposition of Railway Appliances now being held in Chicago is exciting an amount of general interest wholly unexpected by its projectors. Not only are railroad men in large numbers attending the exhibition—sometimes the entire force of from five to ten thousand employés of a great trunk road visiting it at the expense of the company employing them—but the outside public, whose only connection with railways is as travellers, crowd the buildings day and evening. This, however, is not surprising, when the character of the exhibition and the interests, so vast as to be almost inconceivable, that it represents, are considered. If we undertake to enumerate the hundreds of thousands of men in the employ of American railway companies, the unnumbered thousands engaged in the construction of railways and railway supplies or appliances, the millions who are directly benefited by these iron roads, and to estimate the untold wealth invested in them directly or indirectly, we find that our figures represent at least two-thirds of the population of the United States and one-half of its wealth. Fifty years ago what imagination could conceive the present greatness of this country? and to-day its condition without railroads is almost equally inconceivable. But for them the Mississippi would probably be the Western limit of Eastern civilization, and the vast stretch of prairie and mountain between it and California would still figure on the maps as "The Great American Desert." Of the countless ships now plunging our seaports not one in a hundred would visit them. Goods would be conveyed between markets by wagon trains or canal-boats, and passengers would travel by steamboats or stages. Immigrants would, of course, find their way to the country; but those who came would be as rivulets compared with the mighty tide of immigration now sweeping westward over the land, and filling its waste places with abounding life. Therefore, when it is remembered that the very life of the nation is dependent upon the successful maintenance of its railway system, it is not wonderful that an exhibition of the appliances of railways should attract so universal an interest.

This Chicago exhibition is the largest and most complete of its kind ever attempted. It is held in the Exposition Building, on the lake front of the city, and also occupies numerous other adjacent buildings that have been temporarily erected for its accommodation, the whole covering more than eleven acres of ground.

In the main building, illuminated at night by colored electric lights, is a bewildering array of iron and wood working machinery such as is used in the construction of railways and their rolling stock. Here is also displayed an infinity of smaller railway appliances—couplers, drawbars, station indicators, brakes, frogs, switches, etc. Beyond them are rare and exquisite woods such as are used in the luxurious finishing of palace-cars. Here are woods from Persia, Turkey, India, South America, and from every portion of the world from whence woods of finest grain and coloring, and susceptible of the highest polish, are obtainable.

In the galleries is a most interesting exhibition of railway inventions which are still in embryo, or have not yet succeeded in inspiring the confidence and attracting the capital necessary to their success. Here is also an electric railway, the first ever constructed in the West. It runs outside the galleries, entirely around the building, a distance of a third of a mile, and in its cozy little cars visitors are invited to take the trip at five cents apiece.

In the West Annex are the locomotives, standing each in a separate stall, burnished and glistening like the thorough-bred, highly groomed steeds to which they are likened. Every firm of locomotive builders in the country is represented, and every style of work turned out by them is exhibited, from little narrow-gauge passenger engines weighing but fifteen tons, to huge "Mastodons" of over ninety. While each of these is a perfect specimen of its kind, and well worthy a careful examination, the commendatory features of each are lost to view in the great number of exhibits and the general excellence of the whole; consequently only those which are remarkable for size or for novelty of construction attract unusual notice.

The locomotive attracting and retaining the largest share of public attention is a "Mastodon," built by the Cooke Locomotive Works of Paterson, New Jersey. It is the largest locomotive in the world, and with its tender weighs 93 tons. Its cylinders are 20 inches in diameter, with a 30-inch stroke; it has eight driving-wheels 5 feet 5 inches in diameter, with a four-wheeled truck forward. The boiler is 60 inches in diameter; tubes 2½ inches in diameter and 12 feet long. The tank has a capacity of 3000 gallons of water, and the tender carries 12,000 pounds of coal. The length over all of this monster is 64 feet. It was built for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and upon the closing of the exposition will continue its way to the scene of its future labors in Southern California.

Another locomotive which proves a centre of attraction to railroad men is that known as the SHAW locomotive. It has two cylinders on each side, instead of one. These are of 10½ inches in diameter, and have a 24-inch stroke. They work in combinations, there being two cross-heads, two piston-rods, and two connecting and parallel rods on each side. The locomotive has four 5 foot 9 inch driving-wheels, weighs, fully equipped, 60½ tons, and has on a trial trip drawn two cars at the rate of 76.6 miles an hour.

In the South Annex are the greatest attractions of the whole exposition—relics of the past, of the very earliest infancy of steam railways, now figuring in "the old curiosity shop." Here may be seen the first locomotive built by JOHN STEPHENSON; the old "Locomotion No. 1," built in 1825, and antedating the famous Rocket by four years; the boiler of the Stourbridge Lion, the first locomotive ever run in this country; the old Samson, built in 1839 in England, and imported to Nova Scotia for use between Pictou and the Albion coal mines, where it is still worked; and the grasshopper locomotive Arabian, the first successful venture in this line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was designed and built by Mr. PHINEAS DAVIS, in the company's shops, and went into service in June, 1834. It is still in active service at the Mount Claire yards, and is as useful as when first put on the rails. In all its long career it has met with but one accident, but this was sufficiently remarkable to be worthy of record. Of it the Washington *Republican* gives the following account:

"Before it"—the Arabian—"was finished Mr. DAVIS promised the workmen engaged in the shops, some three hundred, to take them and their families on the train drawn by the Arabian as far as it went, then to go to Washington, and have dinner at Brown's Hotel. The Washington branch was then open nearly to Bladensburg. The trip was made, WILLIAM DUFF being the engineer. Just west of Jessup's Cut, thirteen and a half miles this side of Baltimore, the Arabian ran off the track. Mr. DAVIS was sitting with Mr. DUFF when the accident occurred. The engine rolled on its side. Neither the engineer nor anybody else on the train was hurt in the least, but Mr. DAVIS; he was killed. There seemed to be a special fate in the matter. Nobody could ever tell why the Arabian ran off the track. There was no evidence ever shown, although the fullest investigation was made, that any cause existed to throw it off. As the BULLOCK press, which the first time it was put to work caught its inventor and printed him into its first impression, so the Arabian on its first trip killed its designer and maker."

The Arabian was run to Chicago by TOM GALLOWAY, who is over eighty years of age, and has been in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company for fifty years, or ever since 1833. He is the oldest locomotive engineer in this country, and probably in the world.

The Samson, from Nova Scotia, is also accompanied by a man who has devoted to it the service of a lifetime. He is the engineer who came to this country in charge of it, in 1838, and who has run it daily ever since, although at present he is nearly eighty years of age. The Samson is a standard-gauge "inverted direct action engine," with four-foot drivers. Her cylinders are perpendicular, and are at the back of the engine on each side of the engineer. The piston-rods shooting up and down act on the hind-wheels, which are connected with those in front of them. The furnace door is in front, and the tender with the fireman aboard runs ahead. A car that accompanies this primitive locomotive is also a curiosity, being one of the old-fashioned double-bellied coaches with the seats each accommodating two persons placed opposite each other, in each section the doors are at the sides, and an outside step runs the entire length of the coach.

The Stourbridge Lion, of which the boiler is shown in "the old curiosity shop," was the first locomotive ever brought to and run in this country. She was built in England in 1828 for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and on the 8th of August, 1829, was placed upon the tracks of the railway owned by that company, at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, and run fifteen miles, by Mr. HORATIO ALLEN. The engine weighed seven tons, which proved to be too great a weight for the road as it was then constructed, and after a few experimental trips was laid aside. Mr. ALLEN is still alive, and very proud of the honor of having driven the first locomotive in America.

One of the most prominent heroes and veterans of the exposition is Mr. DAVID MATTHEW, who was engineer of the DeWitt Clinton, the locomotive that drew the first excursion train, immortalized in silhouette, over the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, between Albany and Schenectady, on the 9th of August, 1831. This picture is erroneously called "The First Steam Train in America," for trains had been run in South Carolina six months before this date, and Mr. ALLEN'S trip from Honesdale had been made two years before. Mr. MATTHEW therefore only claims to have been engineer of the first locomotive run in the State of New York.

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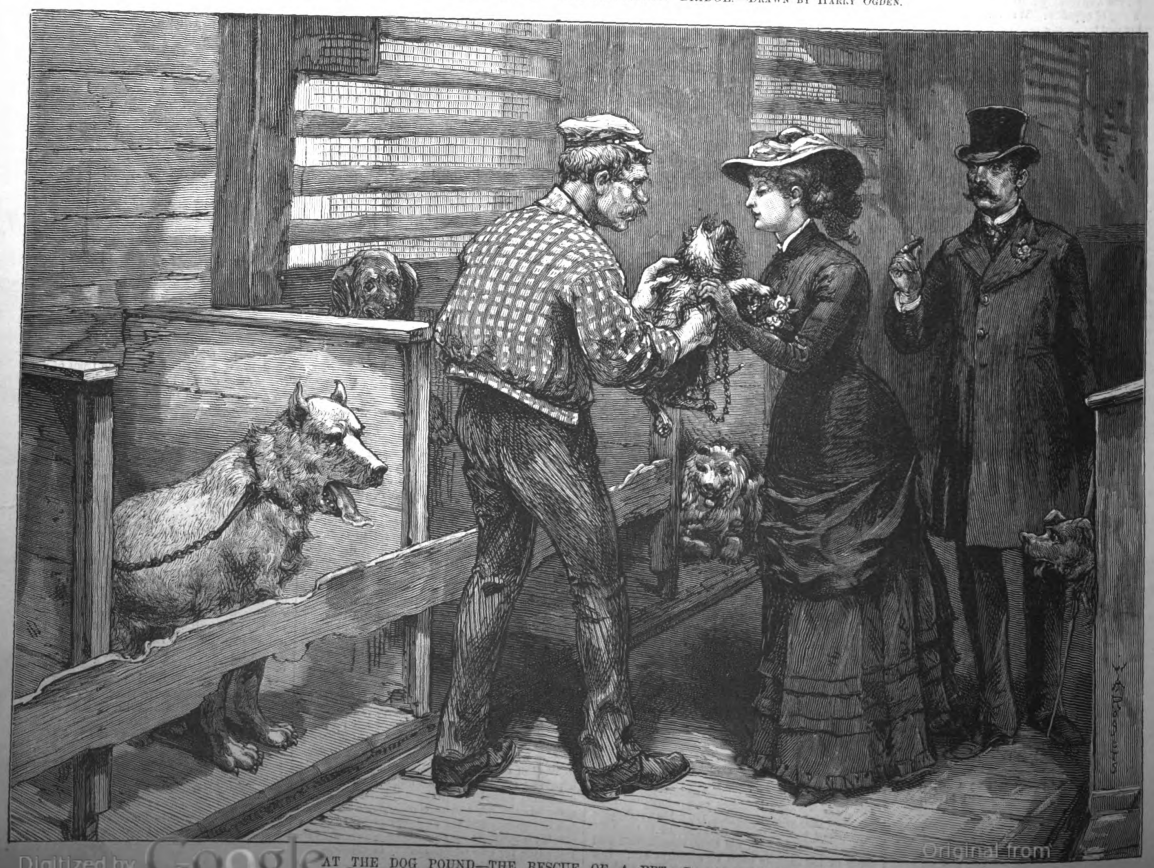
THE CARS AS THEY WILL BE ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—Drawn by Harry Ogden.



AT THE DOG POUND—THE RESCUE OF A PET.—Drawn by W. A Rogers.

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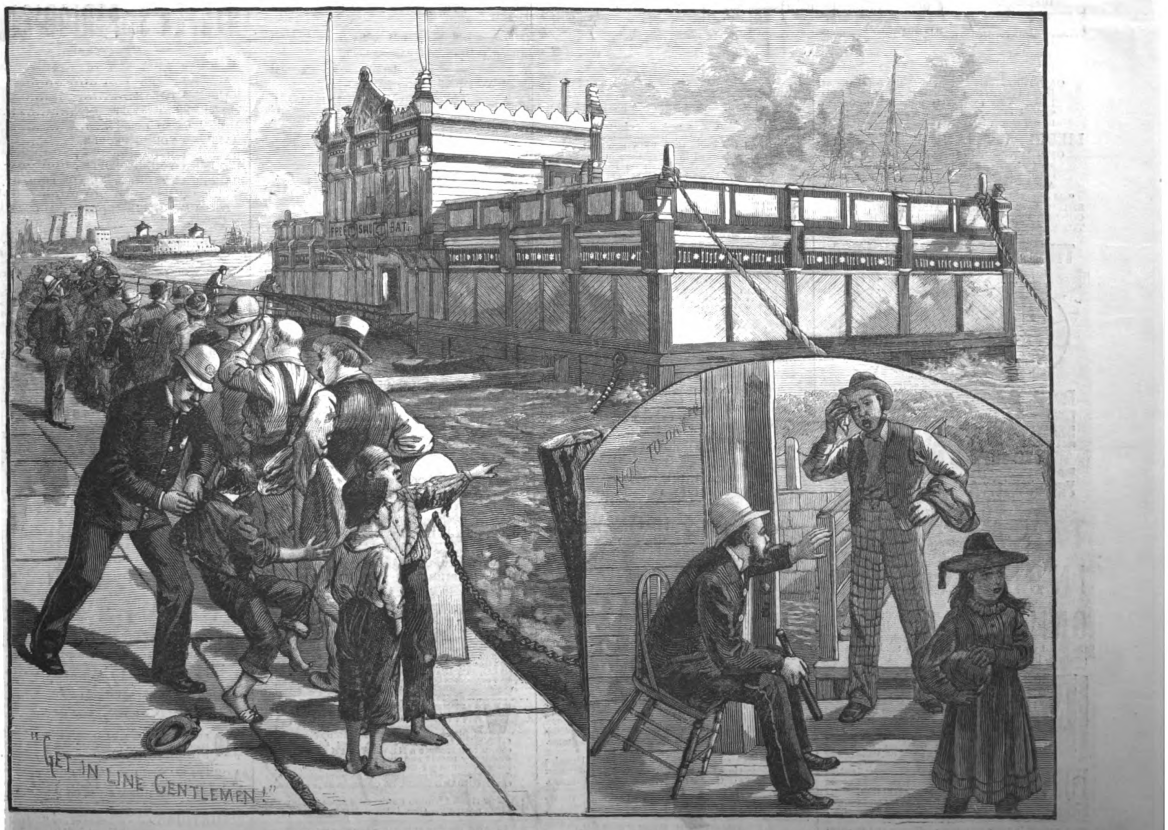
J. EDWARDS SIMMONS.—Photographed by Sarony.

THE HON. J. B. FORAKER.—Photographed by Howland.—[See Page 375.]

GRAND MASTER SIMMONS.

Mr. J. Edwards Simmons, who has been elected Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York for the ensuing year, is a native of Troy, New York, where he was born on the 9th of September, 1841. He graduated from Williams College in 1862, attended the Albany Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1863. After practicing law for two years, he abandoned his profession for trade. He subsequently came to this city, and became a banker and broker. In this business he made a fortune, and retired before the panic of 1873. Mr. Simmons is a member of the Stock Exchange, a director and trustee of several corporations and institutions, a Commissioner of Education, and on some of the most active committees in that body. His home is at No. 28 West Fifty-second Street, and he has a cottage on the shore of Lake George. He was made a Mason in Mount Zion Lodge, No. 311, of Troy, in 1864, and affiliated with Kane Lodge, No. 454, of this city, ten years afterward. In 1877 he was elected Master of that Lodge, and re-elected in 1878. He is a member of Jerusalem Chapter, No. 8, Royal Arch Masons, and of Cœur de Lion Commandery, No. 23, Knights Templar; of the latter he became Eminent Commander in 1881. Grand Master Joseph J. Couch appointed him District Deputy Grand Master of the Sixth Masonic District, and General Roome made him Grand Marshal. He represented the Grand Lodge of Missouri near the Grand Lodge of New York, but resigned in favor of Walter P. Montague, after he was elected Deputy Grand Master last year.



OPENING OF THE FREE BATHS IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Harry Ogden.

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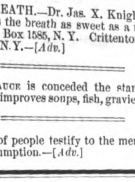

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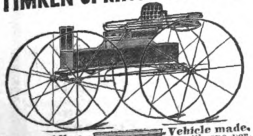

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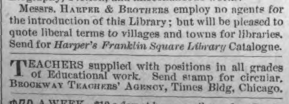

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to the Wives of Grocers has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be the handsomest and most valuable ever offered by a manufacturer to make the trade familiar with his name. The Case itself is a magnificent one, and the Silver Ware elegant, of beautiful pattern, and of the finest quality.

DONT BE A CLAM

CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:—Is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will *TRY* new ways that are *endorsed by leading newspapers:—*
A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker or a Grain Binder:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their papers for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was NOT A HUMBUG. *Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*

SO DONT BE A CLAM

TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium of a beautiful set of Plated Silver Knives and Forks, for simply giving The Frank Siddalls Soap *a thorough trial.*

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—*It is the* only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible: the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh: a trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the fine pleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake: *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle

THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water Without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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SWITCHMAN CHANDLER. "Bother the signals! Every man has the right to judge for himself how to run the road."

NEW PRICES! $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.

Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale and use of our renowned

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES

at $3, and in response to a very general inquiry for **cheaper goods** possessing the same therapeutic quality, we have placed on the market a full line of these beautiful and invaluable remedies, retailing at **$1 00, $1 50, $2 00, $2 50,** and **$3 00.**

Each Hair Brush has the same elegant design peculiar to our well-known $3 00 one, and contains the **same electro-magnetic power**—the difference being only in the size. Each is handsomely boxed, accompanied by a silver-plated compass, by which its power can always be tested.

The accompanying cut is a reduced fac-simile of each Brush as sent out.

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THEY WILL POSITIVELY CURE *Nervous Headache in 5 minutes!! Bilious Headache in 5 minutes!! Neuralgia in 5 minutes!! Falling Hair and Baldness!! Dandruff and Diseases of the Scalp!!*

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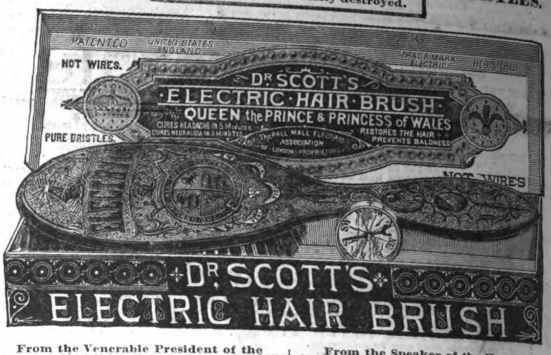

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1383.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

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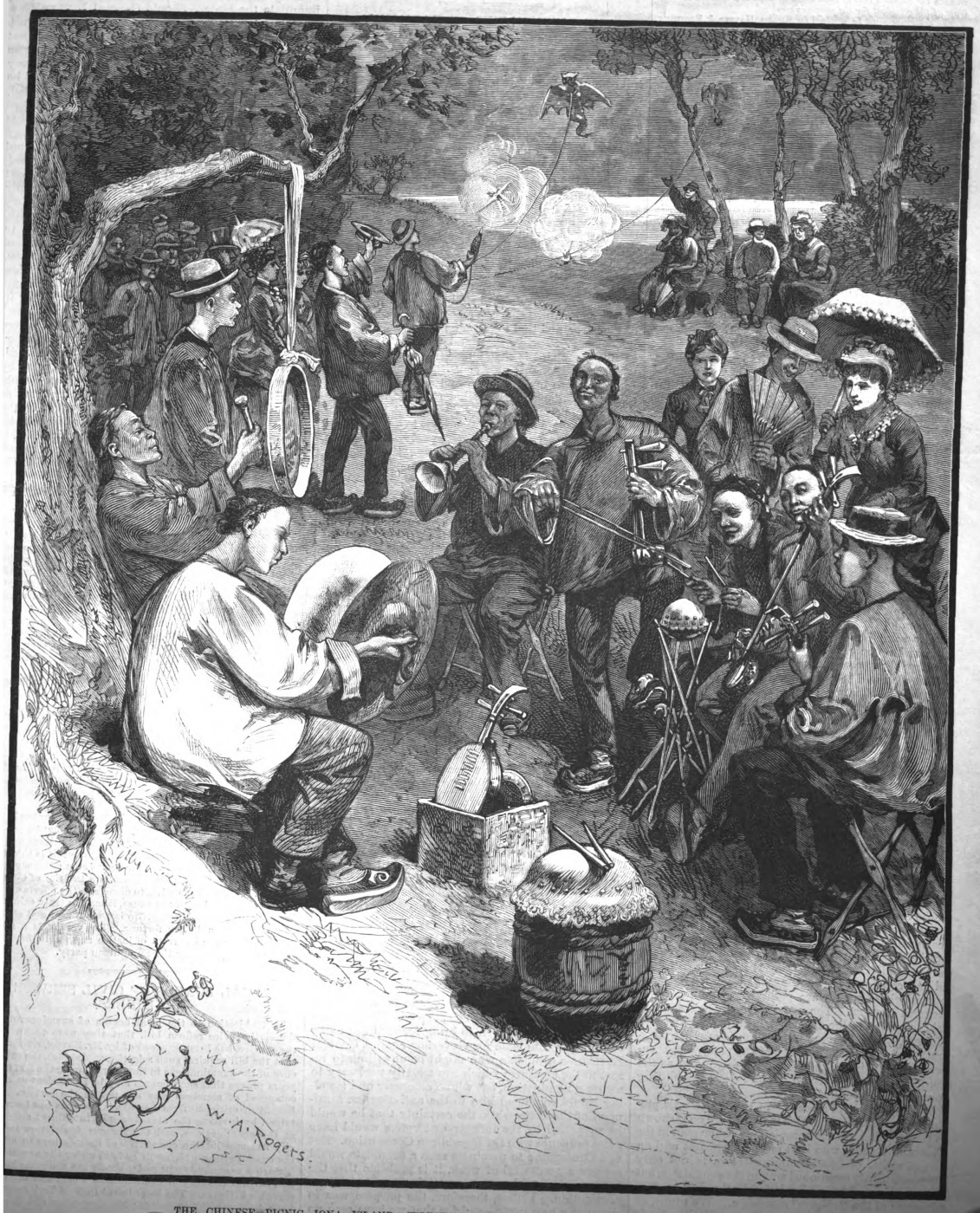

THE CHINESE PICNIC, IONA ISLAND—CELESTIAL MUSICIANS.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

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THE BATTLE OF CANDIDATES.

THE preliminary canvass for the Democratic Presidential nomination is proceeding vigorously. With equal vigor proceeds the discussion of the principles or policy which the party shall profess in its platform, and it is a very warm contest. The free-trade Democrats insist that the party shall declare unequivocally against protection. But not only does Kentucky, the State of the chief free-trade leaders, dodge the question, but the Democratic protectionists argue substantially that the free-trade Democrats are fools. A leading free-trade Democratic journal asserts that the election of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker will dissolve the Democratic party, and a Democratic protectionist paper insinuates plainly that a free-trade platform will defeat the party. The policy proposed by the Democratic protectionists is the careful avoidance of all "questions," and reliance upon the cry of Republican misgovernment and corruption. This is a plan not without cunning, for it enables the Democrats to conceal the startling fact that the Democratic party represents no principle or policy whatever, and no reform but "change," while it attacks the Republican party at every weak point of its record.

This plan will be probably adopted. It is a makeshift which better suits the Democratic situation than the promulgation of a great national policy and its lively debate before the country. New York is undoubtedly the seat of the strongest free-trade sentiment. Yet it is in New York that the strongest Democratic expressions are heard against a free-trade platform. Indeed, in the city of New York the ablest and most influential advocates of tariff reform are Republican journals, while the Democratic journals, with Queen ELIZABETH'S Chancellor, "smiling, put the question by." As we have said, the action of the Democratic Convention in Kentucky, where the most strenuous free-trade organ is published, and where the free-trade chiefs live, undoubtedly forecasts the action of the National Convention. But if this be so, the canvass of candidates has one most serious defect. If the favorite plan be, as we think, to offer the Democratic party to the country as a great agent of political purification and reform, however comical the proposition, the evidence that it is so must be sought in the candidate. Yet nobody is seriously mentioned as a candidate except the "old stagers," the war-horses whose names are perhaps too familiar, and General BUTLER. The most popular suggestion is said to be that of the old ticket, meaning TILDEN and HENDRICKS. The mere proposition is another illustration of the hopeless fatuity of the party. A Democratic campaign with the cipher dispatches as the gonfalon of reform would be the most side-splitting comedy in our political history.

The total want of sincerity in the Democratic preliminary performance which is now going on is shown in the fact that the one conspicuous public man in the Democratic party who is at once a Democrat and an honest seeker of honest administration is not only not prominently mentioned among the candidates, but is especially snubbed and rejected by the most earnest advocates of the "reform" campaign. We mean, of course, Governor CLEVELAND of New York. He is a Democrat whose acts we have not always approved, and who is undoubtedly a strong party man. But he is the one Democratic leader in high position who plainly aims at honest administration for the sake of the public and not of his party. He especially represents what the party is going to profess to desire, and that he should be practically repudiated as a candidate, because he has fought jobbery and corruption in his own party, is conclusive proof of the hollowness of the Democratic pretense. Senator BECK evidently knows that there is not much general confidence in the virtue of the Democratic party. But if that party means to contest the election upon the ground of superior virtue, it should stop talking about candidates who were leaders when it lost its virtue, and about the old ticket, which recalls one of the most unscrupulous of personal campaigns.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF HARMONY.

HARMONY has not yet been completely established in either party. The plan proposed by the Republican sub-committee has not yet been approved by the central committee, and it is by no means commended by all sides of the party. There is always this difficulty in treaties and compromises and accommodations, that something must be given up, and each of the high contracting parties is always apprehensive that it has yielded more than its share. In the proposed scheme of Republican reorganization in the city the Stalwarts surrender the district associations as permanent caucuses under their control, and also the pledges which necessarily kept them under their control by excluding vast numbers of self-respecting voters. The Half-Breeds surrender an entire release from pledges by agreeing to a pledge to take part in no other party caucuses during the year. The weight of the surrender is obviously from the Stalwarts. But this is only fair, because it was under the Stalwart "primacy" that overwhelming defeat befell the party.

It is complained that the associations were the life of the party, and that to abandon them is to drift into inefficiency. The constant and unanswerable reply to this complaint is that under the system founded upon associations, as now constituted, the party was beaten by two hundred thousand majority. To call such associations indispensable and the life of the party is ludicrous to the last degree. It is not proposed to disband the associations, but to deprive them of their monstrous and illicit power, and to enable the great body of Republicans to vote at the primaries if they wish to vote. If the central committee should reject the new scheme, or seriously modify it, a very important issue would at once appear in the State campaign. The question of reorganization would become vital, and the party would be very gravely imperiled. The Republicans of New York showed plainly at the last election that they no longer acknowledge the authority of the existing organization. This is not solely because of the personal character of some of its leaders, but because of its vicious system. To continue that system is to defeat the party.

We do not say that to adopt the new scheme is to insure success. Success is not to be foretold. But to adopt it is to remove the obstruction which experience has terribly demonstrated to be fatal to the party. It is not worth while to accuse and recriminate. If anybody thinks himself to be a better Republican than somebody else, let him think so in peace. If anybody is comforted by describing somebody else as a kicker, a dodger, a shirker, a scratcher, a jayhawker, a cassowary, a renegade, a traitor, a deputy Democrat, or a lizard upon a hill, by all means let him be so comforted. But meanwhile it is necessary to remember that if Republican success in New York be desirable, it can not be achieved by a discredited leadership and a distrusted organization. It may be that intelligent and respectable Republicans will not take the trouble to be enrolled. We should deeply regret such indifference, and we should do our part in pointing out its culpable folly. But let all men and brethren remember that the possibility of such indifference is no reason for adhering to a system which gave the State to the Democrats by two hundred thousand majority.

THE GENERAL'S LITTLE GAME.

SOME of the reported leaders of the independent movement in Massachusetts which was lately announced have disavowed connection with it, but they probably do not disapprove its purpose. That purpose we suppose to have been to bring forward the name of a proper candidate for Governor against General BUTLER—a candidate who might be unwilling to resort to the measures which are usually necessary to secure a nomination, but whose character and standing would commend him to the anti-BUTLER sentiment of the State, while the certainty that he would be supported by the independent voters would have great influence with the Republican Convention. But as a Convention to nominate such a candidate would require a great deal of work, it is probable that the same work would secure a satisfactory Republican nomination. Unless, therefore, the purpose was to organize a new party—and for that we have seen no scheme—the reported meeting may be taken as an emphatic expression of the feeling that the paramount political necessity in Massachusetts is the defeat of General BUTLER in the autumn.

But is it clear that, under the circumstances, General BUTLER will be a candidate? He is hoping for the Presidential nomination of his party, and he has an understanding with JOHN KELLY. Mr. KELLY has been to Boston, and General BUTLER is coming to New York to make the "long talk" at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July. In this situation the General must make no mistakes. Now he has thoroughly touched the pride and aroused the indignation of Massachusetts, by trying to show her up to the country as hypocritically inhuman. The rebutting evidence and the report of Mrs. Leonard upon the Tewksbury business show that his course has been signally unjust, and that it was taken purposely to humiliate the State. Should General BUTLER be a candidate for re-election there would be an immense vote, and the chances of his success would be at least extremely doubtful. He wisely announced before he outraged the feeling of the State that it was very uncertain whether he should run again. Should he venture, against the plain chances, and be defeated, his political career would end summarily. The General is a political gamester, and will he not think that there is a more promising game?

In view of his probable defeat, why should he not stand aside upon the plea that he has never intended to be a candidate, and see a Republican elected? He could then modestly point to himself as the only Democrat who, by his personal weight, can carry Massachusetts. His friends could whisper that, without Tammany, Democratic success is impossible in New York, and that Tammany is deeply impressed with the greatness and availability of General BUTLER, who could carry perhaps half New England and New York. Would this not be a more promising game than that which involves a tolerably sure defeat in Massachusetts and the end of the whole matter? There were many Republicans last year who were willing to see what BUTLER would do as Governor. They have now seen, and they are probably satisfied. It is not possible that he has won any Republicans by his course, and it is certain that thousands of Republicans who staid at home last year will not stay at home this year. The number of new voters in the State who know nothing of the history and character of Massachusetts, and who have no pride in them, is undoubtedly very large, but unless the State is radically changed, its Governor has not pursued the course which leads to re-election, and he will hardly tempt his fate.

THE STAR ROUTE VERDICT.

THE result of the Star Route trials can not be said to have surprised the country. There has been a vague feeling that there were sinister influences which would probably prevent a conviction, but nowhere a feeling that the accused persons were innocent. The result is unfortunate for the Administration, and for the national good name. There is no more doubt in the public mind that great frauds have been committed than there was seven or eight years ago of the Whiskey *Ring* swindles, and it is a public misfortune that when such offenses are so vast they seem to involve interests which make conviction almost impossible.

But it is not for the whole country only that the failure is unfortunate. The miscarriage of justice in the Whiskey Ring frauds was a very serious blow to the Republican party. The similar miscarriage in the Star Route swindles will be of no advantage to it. A noted Democratic politician was heard to say the other day after dinner: "We've got 'em! we've got 'em! By —— we have only got to say nothing and do nothing, and we have 'em sure!" *In vino veritas,* and it is worth while to see in this expression and in the tone of the Democratic press the probable line of the Democratic campaign.

It is useless to discuss the gossip from Washington in regard to the reasons of the verdict. But it is hardly probable that the case will be tried again. Two failures will be doubtless accepted as conclusive, and the result is that the government will have lost an enormous sum of money, and the country much of its confidence in a District of Columbia jury. Without meaning to disparage the efforts of any counsel connected with the cause, it may be truly said that Mr. MERRICK devoted himself to it with a zeal and ability which merited a better fortune. The verdict is a sorry conclusion for the interests of justice and public honesty, for the country and for the Republican party.

LOCAL BOARDS OF CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINERS.

THE objection to the local boards of examiners under the civil service reform bill, that they were taken from the service, has been disposed of by Mr. EATON, who states that the bill requires such selections. Besides, the experience of the examinations in New York during the last three years proves that such boards may be as efficient as those composed of members who are not in the service. The benefit of criticism from non-official persons has been obtained by inviting the attendance of intelligent outsiders at the examinations, and the Reform Association in this city has appointed a committee of its members to attend the examinations which will be held under the new law.

Such a committee will undoubtedly see the same honest and skillful conduct of examinations which has been observable hitherto. The local board in New York seems to have been carefully selected; Mr. COMSTOCK and General

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WILLIAMS were members of the late board, and are perfectly familiar with the details and methods of examination and rating, and their associates, we believe, are gentlemen who will carefully co-operate in the work of the board.

The success of the reformed system depends in practice, of course, upon the good faith of those to whom its execution is intrusted. A merely perfunctory and evasive observance of the law would but intrench more securely the abuses which it is designed to correct. The work of the board is not extra, but the law makes it a part of the official duty of the members. That this was the intention of Congress must be inferred from the refusal to allow them extra compensation for their services upon the board. The service is therefore to be accounted part of the regular duty of the members selected under the law, to be discharged like other duties under the usual conditions. Any other view would imply that Congress intended to exact of public agents extra work without extra pay. Under the auspices of the President, who has shown no unfriendly disposition, there is no doubt that the work will be most honorably and efficiently done by the local board in New York.

QUESTIONABLE IMMIGRATION.

THE British steam-ship *Belgravia* brought to New York last week seven hundred Irish immigrants who had been aided by the British government to reach this country, and as many more are upon the way, who will be followed indefinitely by others. A dispatch to the *Evening Post* says that only the useless poor are sent out to America by the government. Honest, intelligent, and industrious immigrants from all parts of the globe are always welcome, but this country should not be made the dumping ground of European crime, pauperism, and idleness.

Such things are no more welcome in America than in the countries which cast them upon our shores. There are laws which hold ship companies responsible for bringing criminals and paupers to this country, and they are laws which should be strictly enforced. Every ship which brings such passengers should be summarily compelled to carry them back again at its own charges.

It is a serious offense for one nation to throw its helpless or criminal population upon the care of another, and it should not be permitted. It is a peculiarly unhandsome act upon the part of Great Britain toward the United States, because she has colonies of her own to which she might send those for whose helplessness British legislation is largely responsible. Certainly reprisals in kind would amaze Englishmen. The whole subject is in an unsatisfactory condition, and Congress ought to investigate it fully, and secure the country against heavy burdens which do not belong to it.

PRESIDENT SHALER.

GENERAL SHALER has been appointed President of the Board of Health. It is an appointment which is most creditable to the Mayor, and it is satisfactory to Professor CHANDLER, the late efficient President, whose renomination the Aldermen refused to confirm. General SHALER is a well-known citizen, whose energy and ability have been tested and approved, and the public will naturally expect from him a vigorous and effective administration of the important duties of the Board. It is shameful, however, that the appointment of so fitting an officer should depend upon the approval of such a body as the Board of Aldermen of New York, and it is no wonder that every Mayor feels that under such conditions good municipal government is almost impossible.

THE NIAGARA FALLS COMMISSION.

THE Niagara Falls Commission, having elected Mr. DORSHEIMER president, has decided, upon motion of Mr. SHERMAN S. ROGERS, of Buffalo, that a certain tract of land described in the resolution shall be selected and located as essential to the restoration of the cataract to its natural condition, and that, pending the final decision upon the subject, the State Engineer and Surveyor be requested to prepare a map of the tract, with the highways, buildings, and other erections upon the land.

It will be remembered that the duty of the Commission is to consider what land should be taken for the purpose of removing the disfiguring obstructions about the cataract which are fast destroying its beauty and grandeur, and to estimate the probable cost. It will then submit its report, and the next Legislature will decide whether the work shall be executed in accordance with the suggestion of the Commission.

Meanwhile there is the great satisfaction of knowing that here is a noble public enterprise, in which every New-Yorker has a natural pride and interest, confided to gentlemen whose character is the guarantee that no kind of jobbery or unfair dealing is possible, and that every just interest will be honorably considered.

QUACKS AND HERETICS.

THE American Medical Association at its annual meeting in Cincinnati refused to consider the revision of the code. That is to say, it declined to review or amend the prohibition of free consultation. The old code contains a clause, as we have before stated, which was intended to stigmatize the homœopathic practice as irregular. This was adopted nearly forty years ago, and it was undoubtedly intended to "finish" homœopathy.

Meanwhile homœopathy has advanced greatly in popular favor. Many carefully trained physicians of the old school have passed into the ranks of the new, and whatever theoretical view a physician may hold of the practice known as homœopathic, it is that of many of the most accomplished physicians and of the most intelligent patients in the country. It is therefore simply a question of common-sense and expediency whether the fellowship of a medical society shall be refused to physicians who think that they can be serviceable in saving human life and in the relief of human suffering by conferring with other intelligent physicians.

This refusal seems foolish to the New York State Medical Society, which, as we lately stated, has been excited by a proposition to reverse its liberal action of last year, and restore the old prohibition. In reply to our recent remarks, a Western physician writes to ask whether honest physicians ought to recognize quacks. To such a question we reply that honest physicians ought to do whatever they think to be of use to save life or relieve suffering, and to that end they must be entirely independent. Nobody knows better than physicians how uncertain their own knowledge is, and how progressive is science. Quackery in medicine is a term very like heresy in theology. But it is always well to remember that both LUTHER and CALVIN were heretics, and that the dissenting Puritans hung the dissenting Quakers.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT WEST POINT.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S address at West Point was very pathetic, because while his tone was half jocose, and he told several good stories, it was plain enough that he knew that it was the last time he should speak officially as the head of the army to its youngest officers. But his heroic and picturesque personality will always be one of the cherished traditions of the army, as his great services will be always one of the patriotic traditions of the country. He is himself an admirable illustration of the folly of the half-jealous suspicion of West Point as an aristocratic nursery of "wasp-waisted wampires," of which he told so capital a story.

Of that kind of wampire were GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, THOMAS, MEADE, SEDGWICK, and how many more, whose names are national treasures. If, as General SHERMAN said, there was great danger that the West Point Academy would be abolished in 1840, there is no such apprehension in 1883. Undoubtedly, at certain times, there have been malign influences there, and some of its pupils turned the skill which they acquired there against the flag which has always flown over the school. But none the less the service of West-Pointers was incalculable in keeping that flag flying over the whole country.

When the time shall arrive for General SHERMAN to withdraw from the command of the army he will find that he can never withdraw from the grateful regard of his country, which will follow him into his retirement undiminished and forever renewed.

THE INTERNATIONAL DINNER IN PARIS.

AT the dinner in Paris to the International Commission of the Boston Exhibition the United States were admirably represented by Mr. MORTON, the Minister, and Mr. GEORGE WALKER, the Consul-General. In a few well-chosen words, spoken in his own language, Mr. MORTON described the character and importance of Boston, and stated officially that Congress had especially sanctioned the Exhibition, and had remitted the payment of duties upon all foreign articles sent to it. Mr. MORTON also briefly summarized the operation of the revised tariff upon French exports to the United States. It affected chiefly works of art, but he mentioned a strong movement to secure a modification of this clause, and he concluded that the revised tariff was, upon the whole, advantageous to France.

Mr. WALKER made a capital speech in French, citing Massachusetts and Boston as characteristic illustrations of the practical operation of American institutions, which the French Commissioners would naturally study. No government, they would find, can be more stable than a popular government. There is little fear of a revolution which could only overturn itself, or of a conspiracy against chiefs who are chosen by the conspirators. Yet proud and confident in his own method as the American is, he knows that many roads lead to Rome, and that in other ways than his national intelligence and liberty can be promoted.

Mr. WALKER gracefully finished a singularly graceful and appropriate speech by expressing a wish that the Boston exposition may be as brilliant, as instructive, and civilizing as those great French exhibitions which by their signal success have so greatly justified and stimulated the Boston enterprise.

PERSONAL.

AN accomplished lady of this city, the daughter of an old merchant, remembers hearing her father say that he was the first person to lend the late A. T. STEWART one hundred dollars, and that his confidence in Mr. STEWART'S judgment in business matters was perfect from the first. "STEWART used to come to my store," he would say, "pass along the rows of boxes full of dry-goods, and predict at once which lots would sell and which would not. I never knew him to make a mistake about it. He was then just beginning his career, but if he said that a certain line of goods would not sell they were sure to remain unsold. He was a born buyer."

—A surgeon in the United States army who prided himself on his linguistic capacity learned some useful Chinese phrases one day from a Celestial in San Francisco. The next morning, being called to attend a Chinese patient, he determined to air his newly acquired knowledge, and on approaching the bedside of the invalid, addressed him with what he supposed to be the Chinese equivalent of our Anglo-Saxon "Good-morning to you." He was somewhat surprised to find himself picked up by the male relatives of the sick man and handed unceremoniously in the street. His crafty instructor had taught him as a salutation one of the most insulting string of epithets conceivable.

—The American wood-engraver having received much recognition in England, and been pronounced the best of his kind in existence, has at length made a sensation at the Paris Salon, where this year there were more than four hundred wood-engravings of various nationalities on exhibition. A private letter from that city announces that Mr. ROBERT HOSKIN, of New York, who sent to the Salon a frame containing a dozen specimens of his excellent work, chief among which were the "Sunday Morning in Surrey" and the "Frozen Fountain," well known to the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has won a medal. We congratulate the artist on a personal success which is an honor to the art of his country.

—Mr. RUSKIN confesses that having himself been brought up almost exclusively in fairy-land, he is almost tempted to say that "no story should be told to children which is not untrue." At any rate, he is sure that no child will ever take so much delight in a real tale of history as in the story of the shipwreck of a walnut shell in a gutter; nor has any child ever made a pet of a mechanical mouse, or of a doll that walks by machinery; but "an ever-memorable little cousin used to pet the knob of my stick, and even made a night-gown for it, finally asking her mother, in timid and confidential whispers, whether she had better make any sleeves, because as Bibsy has no arms, perhaps she wouldn't like it." The writer of this paragraph, however, knows several bright boys who, after listening to a fairy story, immediately inquire if it is true, and when told that it is not true, invariably ask for a story that is true. Are the tastes of the present generation more realistic than those of the last, or is the instance just mentioned an exceptional one?

—GOETHE'S moral character having received a whitewashing from Professor J. S. BLACKIE, the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that GOETHE did not marry CHRISTIANE VULPIUS till some twenty years after her eldest child was born, and that his blackest fault was not his ill-regulated passion, but his very well regulated heartlessness. "He was one of the greatest of men of letters; he was also a very wise man; but to make him out a 'perfectly virtuous man,' to sweep away the evidence which shows him to have been anything but perfectly virtuous, is, we doubt, more than seven Scotch professors, furnished with seven mops, each consisting of a brand-new definition of virtue, can do in half a year or half a century."

—The legatees of the late AMASA STONE, of Cleveland, Ohio, have made themselves memorable. Having learned that one or two of the millionaire's relatives, to whom he had been very friendly, were overlooked in the will, they agreed to assess themselves generously to create a fund for them. This course does seem better than to allow your father's name to be dragged through the mire of a lawsuit in a surrogate's court.

—JEFF DAVIS is described as speaking slowly, and "with great deliberation and elegance of language." He gives the *s* sound a prolonged sibilant quality, which, however, is "soft and pleasant to the ear." His memory is excellent. "Soon after I had finished conversing with him," says the candid reporter, "he leaned his head down and went to sleep."

—The death of that honored New York merchant, Mr. NORMAN WHITE, will be widely regretted. Like the late Mr. WILLIAM E. DODGE, whose sister he married, Mr. WHITE was a philanthropist by nature, and a born manager of charitable enterprises. He had been the president of the New York Bible Society, and the vice-president of the American Bible Society and of the Union Theological Seminary, and he may be called the founder of the New York Sabbath Society. For several years he was the president of the Mercantile National Bank. His age was seventy-eight. Mr. WHITE represented a type of citizen that is fast disappearing.

—Referring to the recent efforts of some lawyers in this city to secure the discharge from an insane asylum of a rich inmate "whom a competent and impartial physician pronounced the most decided lunatic he had ever met," one of our esteemed contemporaries hopes that Judge CULLEN will not dismiss the case without finding out who employed the lawyers, and how much pay the latter are expecting to receive. "If it appears that they employed themselves, a judicial decision on the question whether it is professional for lawyers to beat up the dangerous wards of lunatic asylums in search of rich clients would be of general interest."

—The fame of Mr. IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S *Atlantis* (HARPER & BROTHERS, publishers) has extended to Spain, and one of the foremost of Spanish scholars is engaged in making a translation of this fascinating work for publication in that country. The book has passed through ten large editions in the United States, and has also had an extensive sale in England.

—Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the eminent physician, writes that the greatest harm of cigarette-smoking arises from inhaling the smoke directly into the lungs, where it comes into immediate contact with the circulation, and produces an effect felt by a sensitive person to the tips of the fingers. He recommends the use of a cigarette-holder, or mouth-piece, which opens transversely in the middle, disclosing a small cavity filled with cotton-wool. This wool, after six cigarettes have been smoked, becomes "saturated with a brown fluid like treacle, of powerfully offensive odor, and disagreeable beyond belief. The wool then requires to be changed, and in this manner the evil of smoking is very greatly diminished," becoming, indeed, less than in any other form of tobacco-smoking.

—Says the *Lancet:* "Dram-drinking is bad, and excessive tea-drinking is bad, but we think that medical men may say a word now and then against indiscriminate aperient-drinking. An aperient is not, as many think, a cure for every little malady that flesh is heir to, and to introduce an aperient as a feature of one's daily diet is not a step that should be lightly undertaken."

—Dr. GEORGE A. SCOTT, inventor of the electric brush, sailed recently for Europe, accompanied by his father. It is his intention to make an extensive tour.

—JOHN BROWN, the late servant of Queen VICTORIA, will receive from her Majesty the honor of at least four monuments, one of them a tablet in St. George's Chapel, another a shaft of granite at the head of his grave in Crathie, a third a brass plate in the mausoleum at Frogmore, where the Prince Consort lies buried, and a fourth a cairn on a mountain near Balmoral. How many other tributes of the Queen's affection will serve to keep the gillie's name in public remembrance it is impossible to predict.

—The grounding of the steam-ship *City of Rome* in the channel of New York Harbor has led to a fresh and more serious consideration of a great peril to the commerce of this port, and Mr. THOMAS HENDERSON, Jun., of the Anchor Line, tells a reporter that the cost of putting the channel in a proper condition would be less than the sum already expended in deepening the river Clyde.

—Mr. HENRY WATTERSON is impressed by "the magnificent scale" on which Governor TILDEN is reconstructing his house in Gramercy Park, a full description of which was given in a recent number of this journal. That the old library is still the same, "being held from the hand of despoiling splendor," is a token of the Governor's "affectionate remembrance of old times, old friends, and old books."

—JULES BRETON'S paternal heart must be greatly rejoiced over the professional success of his only child, the charming Madame DEMONT-BRETON, whose contribution to the present Salon is described in the *Academy* as "only a little less admirable than the work of M. JULES BRETON himself." The picture "represents the sandy and weed-strewn coast of some sunny and southern land, where a dark young mother sits on a hillock and handles a baby, while one or two other children, one of them with curious agility of figure and vivacity of dark brown eyes, sport, lolling naked in the breeze and the sunshine."

—During the last twenty years about two hundred new operas have been produced in Germany, only four or five of which, with the exception of WAGNER'S, have survived. Italy borrows half of her operas from Germany and France, and France, according to a leading German critic, is producing nothing worthy of being sung in Germany. But this is no reason why New-Yorkers should never hear anything new in the Academy of Music.

—Mlle. JULIE, a French model, is described as possessing a slight, slippy figure, a well-set little head on an unusually beautiful neck, gray eyes, blonde hair rather *à la Greuze*, and the little feet and dumpy fingers with the pointed tips and the small, long nails that are so common with the Parisian model. She has a taste for dress, and knows it and shows it.

—There is an old custom in Bavaria that outside of the limits of the city of Munich not more than four horses may draw a carriage; so when the Princess ISABELLA of Bavaria was married to the Duke of Genoa she contented herself with a carriage and four and two outriders. The bride wore a dress of white satin embroidered in silver, with a court mantle of the same material, and a crown of myrtle, instead of orange flowers.

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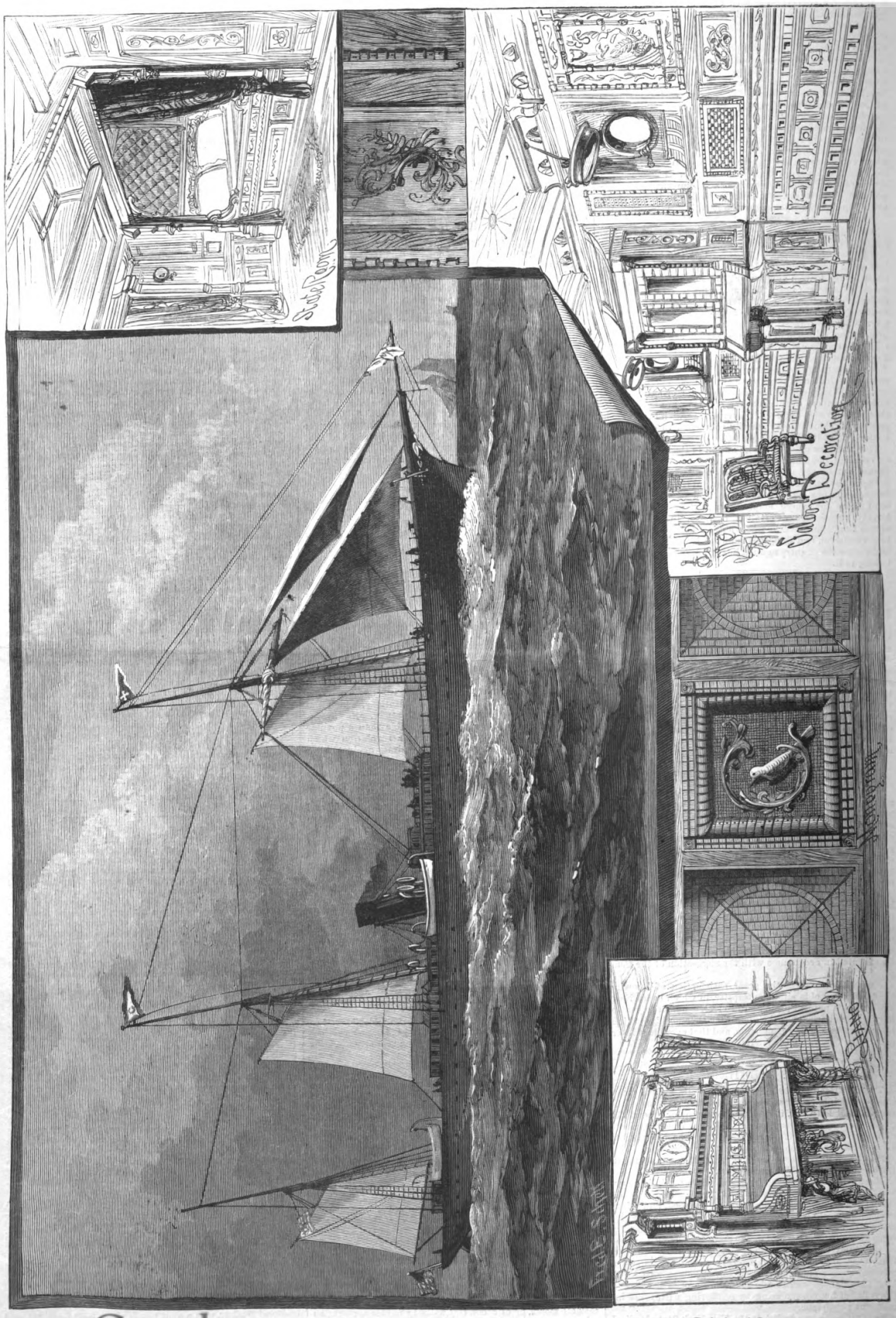

MR. JAY GOULD'S NEW YACHT, "THE ATALANTA."—Drawn by Fred. B. Schell.—[See Page 394.]

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"WITH ONE HAND HE WAS TIGHTLY GRASPING HIS FOREHEAD, WITH THE OTHER HIS KNEE."

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER I.

It was half past five o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of May. A dense white fog hung over the valley of the Swenn, and spread up the hills on either side.

But though nothing in the vale could be seen from higher ground, notes of differing kinds gave pretty clear indications that bustling phases of life had existence there. This audible presence and visual absence of an active scene was very peculiar. Nature had laid a white hand over the creatures ensconced within the vale, as a hand might be laid over a nest of chirping birds.

The noises that ascended through the pallid coverlet were perturbed lowings, mingled with human voices in sharps and flats, and the bark of a dog. These, followed by the slamming of a gate, explained as well as eyesight could have done, to any inhabitant of the district, that Dairyman Tucker's under-milker was driving the cows from the meads into the stalls. When a rougher accent joined in the vociferations of man and beast, that same inhabitant would have distinguished that Dairyman Tucker himself had come out to meet the cows, pail in hand, and white pinafore on; and when, moreover, some women's voices joined in the chorus, that the cows were stalled, and proceedings about to commence.

A comparative hush followed, the atmosphere being so stagnant that the milk could be heard buzzing into the pails, together with the words of the milkmaids and men whenever they spoke above gossiping tones.

"Don't ye bide about long upon the road, Margery. You can be back again by skimming-time."

The rough voice described as Dairyman Tucker's was the vehicle of this remark. Then the barton gate slammed again, and in two or three minutes a something became visible, rising out of the fog in that quarter.

First, the shape revealed itself as that of a woman. Next, the gait, which was the gait of one young and agile. Next, the colors

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and other details of her dress—a bright pink cotton frock, because winter was over; a small woollen shawl of shepherd's plaid, because summer was not come; a white handkerchief tied over her head-gear, because it was so foggy, so damp, and so early; and a straw bonnet and ribbons peeping from under the handkerchief, because it was likely to be a sunny May day.

Her face was of the hereditary type among families down in these parts: sweet in expression, perfect in hue, and somewhat irregular in feature. Her eyes were of a liquid brown. On her arm she carried a withy basket, in which lay several butter-rolls in a nest of wet cabbage leaves. She was, no doubt, the "Margery" of the voice, who had been told not to "bide about long upon the road."

She went on her way across the fields, not much perplexed by the fog, except when the track was so indefinite that it ceased to be a guide to the next stile. She carefully avoided treading on the innumerable earth-worms that lay in couples across the path till, startled even by her light tread, they withdrew suddenly into their holes. She kept clear of all trees. Why was that? There was no danger of lightning on such a morning as this. But though the roads were dry, the fog had gathered in the boughs, causing them to set up such a dripping as would go clean through the protecting handkerchief like bullets, and spoil the ribbons beneath. The beech and ash were particularly shunned, for they dripped more maliciously than any. It was an instance of woman's keen appreciativeness of nature's moods and peculiarities: a man crossing those fields might hardly have perceived that the trees dripped at all.

In less than an hour she had traversed a distance of four miles, and arrived at a latticed cottage in a secluded spot. An elderly woman, scarce awake, answered her knocking. Margery delivered up the butter, and said, "How is granny this morning? I can't stay to go up to her, but tell her I have returned what we owed her."

Her grandmother was no worse than usual; and receiving back the empty basket, the girl proceeded to carry out some intention which had not been included in her orders. Instead of returning to the light labors of skimming-time, she hastened on, her direction being toward a little neighboring town. Before, however, Margery had proceeded far, she met the postman, laden to the neck with letter-bags, of which he had not yet deposited one.

"Are the shops open yet, Samuel?" she said.

"Oh no," replied that stooping pedestrian, not waiting to stand upright. "They won't be open yet this hour, except the saddler and iron-monger and little tacker-haired machine-man for the farm folk. They downs their shutters at half past six, then the baker's at half past seven, then the draper's at eight."

"Oh, the draper's at eight." It was plain that Margery had wanted the draper's.

The postman turned up a side path, and the young girl, as though deciding within herself that if she could not go shopping at once she might as well get back for the skimming, retraced her steps. The public road home from the point to which she had arrived was easy of access, but devious. By far the nearest way was by getting over a fence adjoining, and crossing the private grounds of a picturesque old country house, whose chimneys were just visible through the trees. As the house had been shut up for many months, the girl decided to take the straight cut. She pushed her way through the laurel bushes, sheltering her bonnet with the shawl as an additional safeguard, scrambled over the wire boundary, went along through more shrubberies, and stood ready to emerge upon the open lawn. Before doing so she looked around in the wary manner of a poacher. It was not the first time that she had broken fence in her life, but somehow, and all of a sudden, she had felt herself too near womanhood to indulge in such practices with freedom. However, she moved forth, and the house front stared her in the face, unobscured by the fog because close at hand.

It was a building of the medium size, and unpretending, the façade being of stone, and of the Italian elevation made familiar by the works of Inigo Jones. There was a doorway to the lawn, standing at the head of a flight of steps. The shutters of the house were closed, and the blinds of the bedrooms drawn down. Her perception of the fact that no crusty care-taker could see her from the windows led her at once to slacken her pace, and stroll through the flower beds coolly. A house unblinded is a possible spy, and must be treated accordingly; a house with the shutters closed is an insensate heap of stone and mortar, to be faced with indifference.

On the other side of the house the greensward rose to an eminence, whereon stood one of those curious summer shelters that are sometimes erected on exposed points of view, called an all-the-year-round. In the present case it consisted of four walls radiating from a centre like the arms of a turnstile, with seats in each angle, so that whencesoever the wind came it was always possible to find a screened corner from which to observe the landscape.

The milkmaid's trackless course led her up the hill and past this erection. At ease as to being watched and scolded as an intruder, her mind flew to other matters, till at the moment when she was not a yard from the shelter, she heard a foot or feet scraping on the gravel behind it. Some one was in the all-the-year-round, apparently occupying the seat on the other side, as was proved when, on turning, she saw an elbow, a man's elbow, projecting over the edge.

Now the young woman did not much like the idea of going down the hill under the eyes of this person, which she would have to do if she went on, for as an intruder she was liable to be called back and questioned upon her business there. Accordingly she crept softly up and sat in the seat behind, intending to remain there until her companion should leave.

This he by no means seemed in a hurry to do. What could possibly have brought him there, what could detain him there, at six o'clock on a morning of dense mist when there was nothing to be seen or enjoyed, puzzled her not a little. But he remained quite still, and Margery grew impatient. She discerned the track of his feet in the dewy grass, forming a line from the house steps, which announced that he was an inhabitant and not a chance passer-by. At last she peeped round.

CHAPTER II.

A FINE-FRAMED dark-mustached gentleman, in dressing-gown and slippers, was sitting there in the fog without a hat on. With one hand he was tightly grasping his forehead, with the other his knee. The attitude bespoke with sufficient clearness a certain mental condition—anguish. He was quite a different being from any of the men to whom her eyes were accustomed. His hands and his face were white—to her view deadly white—and he heeded nothing outside his own existence. There he remained as motionless as the unwafted bushes around him; indeed, he scarcely seemed to breathe.

Having imprudently advanced thus far, Margery's wish was to get back again in the same unseen manner; but in moving her foot for the purpose it grated slightly on the gravel. He started up with an air of bewilderment, and slipped something into the pocket of his dressing-gown. The pair then stood looking blankly at each other.

"Who are you?" he at length asked, sternly, and with not altogether an English articulation. "What do you do here?"

Margery had already begun to be frightened at her own boldness in invading the lawn and pleasure-seat. The house had a master, and she had not known of it. "My name is Margaret Tucker, sir," she said, meekly. "My father is Dairyman Tucker. We live at Stickleford Dairy-house."

"What were you doing here at this hour of the morning?"

She told him, even to the fact that she had climbed over the fence.

"And what made you peep round at me?"

"I saw your elbow, sir; and I wondered what you were doing."

"And what was I doing?"

"Nothing. You had one hand on your forehead and the other on your knee. I do hope you be not ill, sir, or in deep trouble?"

"What difference would it make to you if I were ill or in trouble? You don't know me, and can not care for me."

She returned no answer, feeling that she might have taken a liberty in expressing sympathy. But looking furtively up at him, she discerned to her surprise that he seemed affected by her humane wish, simply as it had been expressed. She had scarcely conceived that such a tall dark man could know what gentle feelings were.

"Well, I am much obliged to you for caring how I am," said he, with a faint smile and an affected lightness of manner, which, even to her, only rendered more apparent the real gloom beneath. "I have not slept this past night. I suffer from sleeplessness. Probably you don't."

Margery laughed a little, and he glanced with interest at the comely picture she presented: her fresh face, brown hair, candid eyes, unpracticed manner, country dress, pink hands, empty wicker basket, and the handkerchief over her bonnet.

"Well," he said, after his scrutiny, "I need hardly have asked such a question of one who is Nature's own image....Ah, but, my good little friend," he added, recurring to his bitter tone and sitting wearily down, "you don't know what great clouds can hang over some people's lives, and what cowards some men are in face of them. To escape themselves they travel, take picturesque houses, and engage in country sports. But here it is so dreary, and the fog was horrible this morning."

"Why, this is only the pride of the morning!" said Margery, brightly. "By-and-by it will be a beautiful day."

She was going on her way forthwith, but he detained her—detained her with words, talking on every innocent little subject he could think of. The feint of this was so transparent that one thing was beyond question: he had an object in keeping her there more serious than his words would imply. It was as if he feared to be left alone.

While they still stood, the misty figure of the postman, whom Margery had left a quarter of an hour earlier to follow his sinuous course, crossed the grounds below them on his way to the house. First signifying to Margery by a wave of his hand that she was to step back out of sight in the hinder angle of the shelter, the gentleman beckoned to the postman to bring the bag to where he stood. The man, who recognized him, did so, and again resumed his journey.

The stranger unlocked the bag and threw it on the seat, having taken one letter from within. This he read attentively, and his countenance changed.

The effect was as if the sun had burst through the fog upon that face: it became clear, bright, almost radiant. The change was almost phantasmagorial; yet it was but a change that may take place in the commonest human being, provided his countenance be not too wooden, or his artifice have not grown to second nature. He turned to Margery, who was again edging off, and seizing her hand, appeared as though he were about to embrace her. Checking his impulse, he said, "My guardian angel—my good friend—you have saved me!"

"What from?" she ventured to ask.

"That you may never know!" he replied, solemnly.

She guessed that the letter he had just received had been the means of effecting this change for the better in his mood, but made no observation till he went on to say, "What did you tell me was your name, dear girl?"

She repeated her name.

"Margaret Tucker." He stopped, and pressed her hand. "Sit down for a moment—one moment," he said, pointing to the end of the seat, and taking the extremest further end for himself, not to discompose her. She sat down.

"It is to ask a question," he went on, "and there must be confidence between us. You have saved me from indescribable folly! What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"Father is very well off, and we don't want anything."

"But there must be some service I can render, some kindness I can bestow, some votive offering which I could make, and so imprint on your memory as long as you live that I am not an ungrateful man."

"Why should you be grateful to me, sir?"

He shook his head. "Some things are best left unspoken. Now think. What would you like to have best in the world?"

Margery made a pretense of reflecting—then fell to reflecting seriously; but the negative was ultimately as undisturbed as ever: she could not decide on anything she would like best in the world; it was too difficult, too sudden.

"Very well—don't hurry yourself. Think it over all day. I ride this afternoon. You live—where?"

"Stickleford Dairy-house."

"I will ride that way homeward this evening. Do you consider by eight o'clock what little article, what little treat, you would most like of any."

"I will, sir," said Margery, now warming up a little to the idea. "And where shall I meet you? Or will you call at the house, sir?"

"Ah—no. I should not wish the circumstances to be known out of which our acquaintance arose. It would be more proper—but no."

Margery, too, seemed rather anxious that he should not call. "I could come out, sir," she said. "My father is odd-tempered, and perhaps—"

It was ultimately agreed that she should look over a stile at the top of her father's garden, and that he should ride along a bridle-path without, to receive her answer. "Margery," said the gentleman in conclusion, "now that you have discovered me under peculiar conditions, are you going to reveal them, and make me an object for the gossip of the curious?"

"No, no, sir," she replied, earnestly; "why should I do that?"

"You will never tell?"

"Never, never will I tell what has happened here this morning."

"Neither to your father, nor to your friends, nor to any one?"

"To no one at all," she said, a little puzzled.

"It is sufficient," he answered. "You mean what you say, my dear maiden. Now you want to leave me. Good-by."

She descended the hill, walking with some awkwardness, for she felt the stranger's eyes were upon her, till the fog had enveloped her from his gaze. She took no notice now of the dripping from the trees; she was lost in thought on other things. How had she saved this handsome, melancholy, sleepless foreign gentleman who had had a trouble on his mind till the letter came? What had he been going to do? Margery did not know. Strange as the incident had been in itself, to her it had seemed stranger even than it was. Contrasting colors heighten each other by being juxtaposed; it is the same with contrasting lives.

Reaching the opposite side of the park, there appeared before her for the third time that little old man, the foot-post. As the turnpike-road ran, the postman's beat was twelve miles a day, six miles out from Anglebury, and six miles back at night; but what with zigzags, devious ways, offsets to country-seats, horseshoe curves to farms, looped courses and isosceles triangles to outlying hamlets, the ground actually covered by him was nearer one-and-twenty miles. Hence it was that Margery, who had come straight, was still abreast of him, despite her long pause.

The weighty sense that she was mixed up in a tremendous and tragical secret with an unknown, mysterious, and handsome stranger prevented her joining very readily in chat with the postman for some time. But a keen interest in her adventure caused her to respond at once when the bowed man of mails said: "You hit athwart the grounds of Mount Lodge, Miss Margery, or you wouldn't ha' met me here. Well, somebody hev took the old place at last."

In acknowledging her route Margery brought herself to ask who the new gentleman might be.

"Guide the girl's heart, what don't she know? And yet how should ye?—he's only just a-come. Well, primary, he's a fishing gentleman, come for the summer only. Then, more to the subject, 'a's a foreign noble that's lived in England so long as to be a kind of mule as to country; some of his letters call him Baron, some Squire, so that 'a must be born to something that didn't come by reason. But to return to the real compass of this matter, whether 'a's a rich man in my eye and a poor man in's own, or a rich man in his own and mine too, I can't interpret no more than Pharaoh. 'A was out this morning a-watching the fog. 'Postman,' 'a said, 'give me the bag,' quite easy like. Oh yes, 'a's a civil, genteel noble enough, that's true."

"Took the house for fishing, did he?"

"Well, that's what they say, and as it can't be for nothing else, I suppose it's true. But, in final, his health's not good, 'a b'lieve; and he's been living too rithe. The London smoke got into his keakhorn, till 'a couldn't eat. However, I shouldn't mind having the run of his kitchen."

"And what is his name?"

"Ah—there you have me! 'Tis a name no man's tongue can tell, or even woman's, except by pen and ink and good scholarship. It begins with X, and who, without the machinery of a clock in's inside, can speak that? But here 'tis—from his letters." The postman with his walking-stick wrote upon the ground:

"BARON VON [illegible]"

CHAPTER III.

THE day, as she had prognosticated, turned out fine; for weather-wisdom was imbibed along with their milksops by the children of Swenn Vale. The impending meeting moved Margery deeply, and she performed her daily duties in her father's house with mechanical unconsciousness.

Milking, skimming, cheese-making, were done. Her father was asleep in the settle, the milkmen and maids were gone home to their cottages, and the clock showed a quarter to eight. She dressed herself with care, went to the top of the garden, and looked over the stile. The view was eastward, and a great moon hung before her in a sky which had not a cloud. Nothing was moving except on the minutest scale, and she remained leaning over, the night-jar sounding his rattle from the bough of an isolated tree on the open hill-side.

Here Margery waited till the appointed time had passed by three-quarters of an hour; but no foreign baron came. She was full of an idea, and her heart sank with disappointment. And then at last the pacing of a horse became audible on the soft path without, leading up from the water-meads, simultaneously with which she beheld the form of the stranger drawing near. He was riding home.

The moonlight so flooded her face as to make her very conspicuous in the garden gap. "Ah, Margery!" he said, starting. "How came you here? But of course I remember—we were to meet. And it was to be at eight—*proh pudor!*—I have kept you waiting!"

"It doesn't matter, sir. I've thought of something."

"Thought of something?"

"Yes, sir. You said this morning that I was to think what I would like best in the world, and I have made up my mind."

"I did say so—to be sure I did," he replied, collecting his thoughts. "I remember to have had good reason for gratitude to you." He placed his hand to his brow, and in a minute alighted, and came up to her with the bridle in his hand. "I was to give you a treat or present, and you could not think of one. Now you have done so. Let me hear what it is, and I'll be as good as my word."

"To go to the Yeomanry Ball that's to be given this month."

"The Yeomanry Ball—Yeomanry Ball!" he murmured, as if, of all requests in the world, this was what he had least expected. "Where is what you call the Yeomanry Ball?"

"At Casterbridge."

"Have you ever been to it before?"

"No, sir."

"Or to any ball?"

"No."

"But did I not say a present?"

"Or a treat."

"Ah, yes, or a treat," he echoed, with the air of one who finds himself in a slight fix. "But with whom would you propose to go?"

"I don't know. I have not thought of that yet."

"You have no friend who could take you, even if I got you an invitation?"

Margery looked at the moon. "No one who can dance," she said, adding, with hesitation, "I was thinking that perhaps—"

"But, my dear Margery," he said, stopping her, as if he half divined what her simple dream of a cavalier had been, "it is very odd that you can think of nothing else than going to a Yeomanry Ball. Think again. You are sure there's nothing else?"

"Quite sure, sir," she decisively answered. At first nobody would have noticed in that pretty young face any sign of such decision; yet it was discoverable. The mouth, though soft, was firm in line; the eyebrows were distinct, and extended near to each other. "I have thought of it all day," she continued, sadly. "Still, sir, if you are sorry you offered me anything, I can let you off."

"Sorry? Certainly not, dear Margery," he said, rather nettled. "I'll show you that whatever hopes I have raised in your breast I am honorable enough to gratify. If it lies in my power," he added, with sudden firmness, "you *shall* go to the Yeomanry Ball. In what building is it to be held?"

"In the Assembly Rooms."

"And would you be likely to be recognized there? Do you know many people?"

"Not many, sir. None, I may say. I know nobody who goes to balls."

"Ah, well; you must go, since you wish it; and if there is no other way of getting over the difficulty of having nobody to take you, I'll take you myself. Would you like me to do so? I can dance."

"Oh, yes, sir; I know that, and I thought you might offer to do it. But would you bring me back again?"

"Of course I'll bring you back. But, by-the-bye, can you dance?"

"Yes—reels, and jigs, and country dances like the 'New-rigged Ship,' and 'Follow my Lover,' and 'Haste to the Wedding,' and the 'College Hornpipe,' and the 'Favorite Quickstep,' and Captain White's Dance."

"Not a bad list; but unluckily I fear they don't dance any of these now. But if you have the instinct, we may soon cure your ignorance. Let me see you dance a moment."

She glanced around, and saw nobody. "You will promise not to tell, sir?"

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"Can you ask it? Have you not some secret of mine?"

She stood out into the garden path, the stile being still between them, and seizing a side of her skirt with each hand, performed the movements which are even yet far from uncommon in the dances of the villagers of merry England. But her motions, though graceful, were not precisely those which appear in the figures of a modern ball-room.

"Well, my good friend, it is a very pretty sight," he said, warming up to the proceedings. "But you dance too well—you dance all over your person—and that's too thorough a way for the present day. I should say it was exactly how they danced in the time of the poet Chaucer; but as people don't dance like it now, we must consider. First I must inquire more about this ball, and then I must see you again."

"If it is a great trouble to you, sir, in—"

"Oh, no, no. I will think it over. So far so good."

The Baron mentioned an evening and an hour when he would be passing that way again; then mounted his horse and rode away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

One drawing-room play, just like one drawing-room audience, is much like another, and on the present occasion there seemed nothing exceptional in Valerian's choice to the bulk of Miss Hermitage's guests. They were merely called upon to smile, shed tears, and applaud, which is within the limits of ordinary capacity. A prettier piece had never been written, said everybody, and of course scenery and accessories were beyond praise, and actors and actresses alike fascinating. Valerian's stage-management was a guarantee so far. What a pity that every Miss Hermitage had not a Valerian! Then opulence would no longer be allied to dullness and luxury—but another name for ennui.

Thus much for the popular estimation of Valerian's little play, that like an April day opened in clouds and rain, but toward sunset showed a smiling blue sky.

The early scenes were indeed moving in the extreme, but the most obtuse speculator could discern that all things were to turn out happily in the end.

There were four present, however, to whom the play seemed to mean more than graceful melodrama or vaudeville, and from the first a physiognomist might have found their faces an interesting study. It was evident that to Miss Hermitage, Stephana, Colette, and Valerian these pastoral and pathetic situations suggested something subtle and problematic, something as far removed from the distraction and ordinary comprehensions of those around them as the inmost thoughts of one human being from another. They gazed, listened, became absorbed, with the air of those who are helping to unriddle the mystery of their own lives, to unravel some intricately woven knot of destiny that has hitherto defied all efforts.

Whilst Miss Hermitage and Stephana were spell-bound by the play, Valerian's interest remained divided. From time to time he glanced at Christina, watching every change in expression and every movement, taking care all the while that his scrutiny was not observed. So intently did he peruse her countenance at intervals that it was plain he sought there a comment on the play with which those of the crowd had nothing to do. She was his audience. For her, if for no other, the piece should mean more than an hour's tears and laughter, a new distraction added to so many.

Simple enough was the little drama which Miss Hermitage watched with apparent composure, yet wholly unusual eagerness, and in which Stephana, quietly also, but painfully intent, seemed to read a sibylline leaf, Valerian looking on, cold, vigilant, perturbed, but master of himself.

The story opened after the fashion of an idyl. An old farm-house in Kent; apple orchards and flower gardens round about; two pretty maidens, in the guise of our grandmothers, making hay in a pightel, or inclosed meadow. These are Molly, the rich farmer's daughter, and her bosom-friend and constant companion, Letty, a poor orphan. Soon the prattlings of the girls are disturbed by a rustic swain, whose head appears above the garden wall; and whilst ostensibly making love to the portionless Letty, we soon discover that in reality he is the accepted lover of the rich man's heiress. For Farmer Maple is wealthy, and his only child is to marry a rich man of his own choosing—so he says—or none at all. The girl, however, has a will of her own, and, aided and abetted by her confidante Letty, contrives to carry on courtship with the lover she has chosen for herself. It is as Letty's suitor young Briarley, himself an orphan and undowered of fortune, comes to the house. So far all is bland, sunny, playful; but when the stern old Maple appears the situation becomes grim and tragic. 'Tis the old, old story over again—a rigid father resolved to bend a daughter's will to his own, the one determined to be obeyed, the other as equally determined on disobedience. Then come girlish confabulations, hurried schemes of deliverance, plan after plan, device after device, the friendless, motherless Molly turning to Letty only in her supreme dilemma. And soon a daring plot is laid and carried out. Letty informs her patron that her own marriage with young Briarley is decided upon, and begs as a special favor that Molly may accompany her home—that is to say, to the home of her nearest relation—in order to act as bridemaid. "You are going to marry Molly to Farmer Grouse," she said, passionately, "and Jem is going to take me to Australia. Who knows if Molly and I shall ever meet again?"

The old man consents, first because he is extremely glad to be rid of Letty, whose influence over his daughter he resents, and most of all because Molly promises that on her return she will do anything he pleases. "Only give me this one holiday, father, this one little spell of liberty and happiness with Letty, and as long as I live to will ask no more of you," she entreats, not in tears and on her knees—she knows her father too well for that—but with playful caresses and insinuations. So the trio set off, and of course we all know on what errand.

It is Molly, the rich man's daughter, who is married to young Briarley in Letty's place—Molly who is ready to accompany him to Australia, to give up fortune, native country, paternal favor, for love's sake. And most audacious of the audacious, bravest of the brave, Letty returns alone to break the news. "What harm can Farmer Maple do *me*?" she said, scoffingly; "I'm less woman who is not his wife or his daughter?"

Of course the tempest was awful, but it passed harmless over her head. The old man could only rave and storm, and little cared she, a high-spirited, reckless girl, for Farmer Maple's wrath. What really constituted Molly's sin in her father's eyes was not the fact of her marriage being clandestine, but low. There are aristocrats in every society, and Farmer Maple looked down with supreme contempt on the son of a village huckster, a ne'er-do-weel, moreover. Young Briarley, although pleasant and comely (good enough for a girl like Letty, who had also to shift for herself), was not sedate, and as yet had followed no calling. What so clear as a mercenary motive on his part? This runaway match was at least no love affair on one side; but Molly had married for love, and on love should she fare.

Letty, finding that the old man did not turn her out, quietly staid on; she saw no good reason for going, and could thus best serve her friend by-and-by. Meantime, Maple insists on secrecy concerning his daughter's marriage. She is away on visits. The neighbors are to know no more. Meantime, the young couple do not prosper. Briarley, whose chief fault is idleness, looking for a reconciliation with his wife's father, gives up the Australian project, gets employment as a clerk, and poor employment it is, sufficing to keep body and soul together, no more. Molly's nature is not one to soften and to beautify in adversity. We must all pay for the foibles of our progenitors, and the inflexible character of Maple the farmer now showed itself in the daughter.

Love disappointed her—what woman does it not disappoint?—and even the joys of maternity were imbittered. A boy was born to her, who should be heir to the rich man's wealth, and not heir only, but the pride of his old age, as the very apple of his eye. Again and again Letty has acted the part of intercessor in vain, and she determines on a final and desperate effort now.

Not a hint is given beforehand of the child's coming, or of what else had happened, but when he is a few weeks old, Letty, ever fond of plot and shift, lays her trap. Molly has hardened toward her father, and refuses to plead her boy's cause, so the little thing is brought surreptitiously into his grandfather's house, where he is found by him.

The climax is terrible.

The old man turns from the cradled infant as from a serpent. "They think me a child, do they," he cries, in a frenzy of indignant resentment, "to be befooled into harboring those who suck in disobedience with mother's milk? Not I. Away with it! Boy or girl, 'tis none of mine; 'tis naught to me. I have no children."

From the supplicating, insinuating Letty he turns away too. Vainly she holds up the child, tries to make him look at it, touch it. Then, as a last expedient, she breaks forth indignantly:

"Heaven has not doomed you to be childless. In calling yourself so you do but blaspheme," she cried. "Look at this boy, an exact copy of yourself; and his mother is living, God be praised! is close by; is here awaiting your embrace."

Molly enters, not the soft, coquettish maiden we first saw making hay in the pightel, but a pale, care-worn matron, all her father's hardness now written on her face. For the last few weeks have brought her complete disillusion. This marriage for which she had sacrificed so much has ended in an unlooked-for catastrophe. It was the fact of young Briarley's mean birth and ordinary character that more than anything else had set old Maple against him. "Base-born is base-born year out, year in," he would say. "You won't gather corn from charlock seed." The prognostications had come true. Molly is now an abandoned wife, with nothing but her child in the world.

"Father," she cried, sternly and wildly, "you can not, you dare not, disown me now. I am no longer any man's wife, but once more your daughter."

"If so," answered the old man, with a white face—"if, as you say, you are my own daughter, send away the child. Let none know that he is yours, that your name is his father's. Then you shall be my daughter indeed."

There is a pause of silent conflict. How will it end? Shall the fearful bond be entered into—a child so sacrificed to the world, a mother's duty and affection stifled and trampled underfoot? Will love triumph and holiest instinct, or self-indulgence and clinging to gross needs? No middle course is possible. No angel will interfere. The mother must either be disowned or disown!

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The curtain fell amid tremendous applause, and a second and a third time the artists were obliged to show themselves to the delighted audience, whilst Valerian was surrounded by his friends. A thousand questions assailed him at once. Who had written the play? Who had acted Molly so charmingly? And the rustic dresses and scenery? And the music of the intermezzo? Nothing could be daintier, more appropriate? Valerian, hemmed in on all sides by these immoderate inquirers, struggled vainly to disentangle himself. He was compelled, whether he would or no, to smile thanks, make answer, explain, finally to indicate the direction in which supper was to be found. Stephana also, whose appearance had passed without notice in the early part of the evening, was now taken possession of by eager acquaintances. Like Valerian, she felt bewildered and unequal to the drawing-room etiquette just then; but there was no help for it. She must behave as if nothing unusual had happened. In an assemblage of a hundred and odd guests a host or hostess can not be visible to all at once, and what with the pleasurable sense of relief from undue mental strain and the lively gratification of a goodly regale, Miss Hermitage's visitors forgot to notice her absence. The banqueting chamber, indeed, was so royally adorned with flowers and tropic plants that it was impossible to see even your opposite neighbor. All the company, of course, took it for granted that Miss Hermitage was present, by which especial azalea concealed none cared to ascertain. The ripe, sunny wines, the delicate cates, put everything else out of people's minds.

Where all this time was the faithful Colette? She had listened to the play with vague uneasy gestures and fluttering movements, like a little frightened bird. Now she fanned herself, and now she plied her vinaigrette, not able for a moment to retain the same position or master her concern. No one noticed her. Miss Hermitage's guests were not in the habit of paying much attention to her quaint little musician in ordinary, and the play was found absorbing. When at last an unusually exciting moment came, and everybody's attention was riveted on the actors, Colette stole away and hastened to her room, there to throw herself on her bed in an agony of dismay.

Where was Miss Hermitage?

Stephana had come, disturbed in mind by vague foreshadowings of evil, but the revelation that the play was to her, and the painful, nay, agonized convictions it brought, for the moment put away other thoughts. She felt dazed and staggered, blinded by the light that had flashed on a dark place. On recovering herself in some degree, her first thought was of Christina. That look of hers she had last seen was fresh in her mind, and she could but connect it with some fearful passion. Love was it, or love like hate? Sorrow, anger, or the bitter vindictiveness engendered of both? Stephana now realized, as if by inspiration, what the inner warning of a few hours ago must mean. She had come to save Christina from danger, and now she realized its nature. A chasm yawned at Christina's feet, and it was of her own work, the evil following her as a shadow was a shadow indeed, a real though intangible part of herself. The enemy, the destroyer, was here.

Impelled by these thoughts, one succeeding the other rapidly, Stephana now contrived to steal unobserved from the crowded banqueting hall. Unobserved also she reached Miss Hermitage's bed-chamber, dressing-room, and boudoir, three rooms communicating by folding-doors with the first story. The outer door stood open, and fire was burning brightly on the hearth, but there was no other light.

"Christina—cousin—are you there?"

Stephana paused for a moment on the threshold; then getting no answer, she moved forward and glanced round. The doors opening from one room to the other stood wide, and all three were silent and deserted, but in the bright fire-light her eyes were immediately attracted to a conspicuous object in the dressing closet.

This was the gorgeous lemon-colored gown of richest brocade that Miss Hermitage had worn throughout the evening. It had been evidently discarded in haste, and scattered upon it, carelessly as if they were ordinary dressing pins, lay the rich woman's famous diamonds. On the cold sheen of the silk they glittered and sparkled dazzlingly, some adhering to it, others lying on the floor, the whole strangely contrasted with the dark purple shadows of the room; for Miss Hermitage loved warmth and sumptuousness, and this especial apartment was luxuriously curtained and carpeted by warm soft textures of crimson and violet. Only the fire glowed and the pale yellowish-green silk with its sprinkling of diamonds flashed through the prevailing gloom.

"Christina," once more Stephana called, softly. Again all was silent, and Stephana now closed the door of the outer room and continued her search. But Miss Hermitage was not to be found.

Stephana very quietly continued her search, now going a story higher. As she climbed the second staircase the confusion of voices below, strains of music, and all the various noises that are inseparable from a festive gathering grew fainter and fainter, till by the time she reached the second landing she seemed to be in a quiet place. Here all was equally deserted. A jet of gas burned dimly at each end of the corridor, but no one was moving about, and from the obscurity and stillness one might have supposed Miss Hermitage's numerous household to be already fast asleep. The servants slept here on the upper story, and at that moment they were one and all regaling below. Not a sound, not a sign of life greeted Stephana as, gray and spirit-like, she moved noiselessly from one place to another. There was yet a third staircase, dark, steep, and narrow, that led to the loftiest part of the house, a small square tower, built by its original owner for astronomical purposes.

Stephana suddenly recollected the existence of this little winding stair as she was about to descend, and she now turned back in search of it. She knew that a door shut it off from the landing, but the exact position of the door she forgot. One after another she opened, now a housemaid's closet, now a linen cupboard, now a box-room; the right one, as usual, came last. When indeed she found the staircase, what was her horror and dismay to find herself forced back by a volume of smoke! The truth flashed upon her in a moment. The watch-tower had been fired. Stephana, to whose mind this dreadful conviction brought another more shocking still, now determined at any cost to reach the little chamber of the tower. How she contrived to effect her purpose she never knew, but will had its way. On the threshold she stood for a moment, blinded by the conflagration raging within. The pavilion was a light, airy construction, with windows looking to the four quarters of heaven, and was now fairly ablaze, whilst in the midst, wearing a loose white gown, her eyes wild and defiant, her lips moving incoherently, moved Christina. It was a Eumenid incarnate.

"Christina!" said Stephana—"Christina!"

The quiet mastery of Stephana's wonderful voice made itself felt, yet not all at once. Miss Hermitage, still holding a candle in her hand—the fatal torch that had worked such mischief—tried to resist the spell, to do her own evil will. Quick as a wild animal seeking escape from the trapper, she now sprang to the balcony, and had not Stephana divined her intention, would in another second have been past all help.

The observatory had never been used except by its original owner, and only an unsubstantial and tray-like parapet protected the outer space or balcony, removed sixty feet at least from the ground, with nothing in the shape of intervening buttress or roof to break the distance. On this terrible pinnacle, then, for a short but awful space hung Christina and Stephana, evil spirit wrestling with the good.

Fury and angel brought face to face in supreme encounter. Hate and love at odds. Had there been lookers-on, they must have discerned something symbolical in the very appearance of this suspended pair, for indeed they seemed to hang like a couple of birds in mid-air; above them the dark iron-black wintry heavens studded with bright gold stars; below, almost iron-black also, the quiet hills, the sleeping town and sea, all, like the skies, showing a thousand fiery crescents behind them, a fiery envelope, the steadily gaining flames of the pavilion.

Stephana had never looked more radiant and spirit-like than now. The silveriness of her dress, the beautiful paleness of her complexion, the dark lustre of her eyes and hair, so contrasted with the pearliness of the skin, the indescribable serenity and sweetness combined with something severe in every look and movement—all these made up an apparition at once startling and seraphic.

And what a contrast to the other! For if the superhuman magnanimity and inspired daring of Stephana had never shone forth more visibly than now, in a supreme moment of bodily danger, so Christina's real nature proclaimed itself in the strong light of desperation and cowardly fear. Her thoughts centred in herself only. Nothing mattered, nothing was present to her, but a danger from which death and death alone offered an escape. Whilst Stephana's mind was wholly bent on rescuing another from a self-immolation purely egotistical, Christina realized only the misery and humiliation in store for herself if she lived. There was but one to-morrow—her own; and provided that could be eluded, the rest was not worth a thought. Stephana was tall and slender, and her bodily strength perhaps hardly exceeded that of her adversary, Christina, in spite of her three-score-and-ten years, being wiry and agile in the extreme. But whilst the swiftness and elusive subtlety of the elder woman's movements were actuated by the frenzy of despair, Stephana was guided—nay, impelled—by a force stronger than any mad impulse. She felt, she knew, that she should conquer here, not by virtue of physical or even moral strength, but because she had come for nothing else. The day that presaged evil for Christina had brought also a mandate of deliverance to herself. Christina would be saved, and by Stephana only: how she could not tell.

"Loose your hold!" cried Miss Hermitage, wildly, bent on the only kind of deliverance that seemed possible to her—a plunge into darkness, oblivion, annihilation. The rest mattered little.

Stephana held her fast, though for a moment they swayed backward and forward in deadly peril, as if the next they must both vanish into the night below. No help was near. All on this side of the house was silent and deserted, and the flames within were gathering, yet Stephana's courage did not go.

"Loose your hold, I say!" reiterated Christina, "or I take you with me, and you are not ready! You are not ready!" she repeated, with a mocking laugh.

"Nor are you ready," said Stephana, with sad austereness. "You must live, whether you will or no. I have come to tell you so."

Christina's muscles relaxed. She gradually let herself sink into Stephana's arms, trembling and making low moans. Her fearful purpose frustrated, she seemed the prey of a dread and ghostly terror; but of what, of whom?

"Save me!" she cried, for a moment shaken with passion. "Save me, Stephana! you and none other can! Save me from—from"—then getting out the hateful words with all possible speed, she whispered in her ear—"from Valerian—my son!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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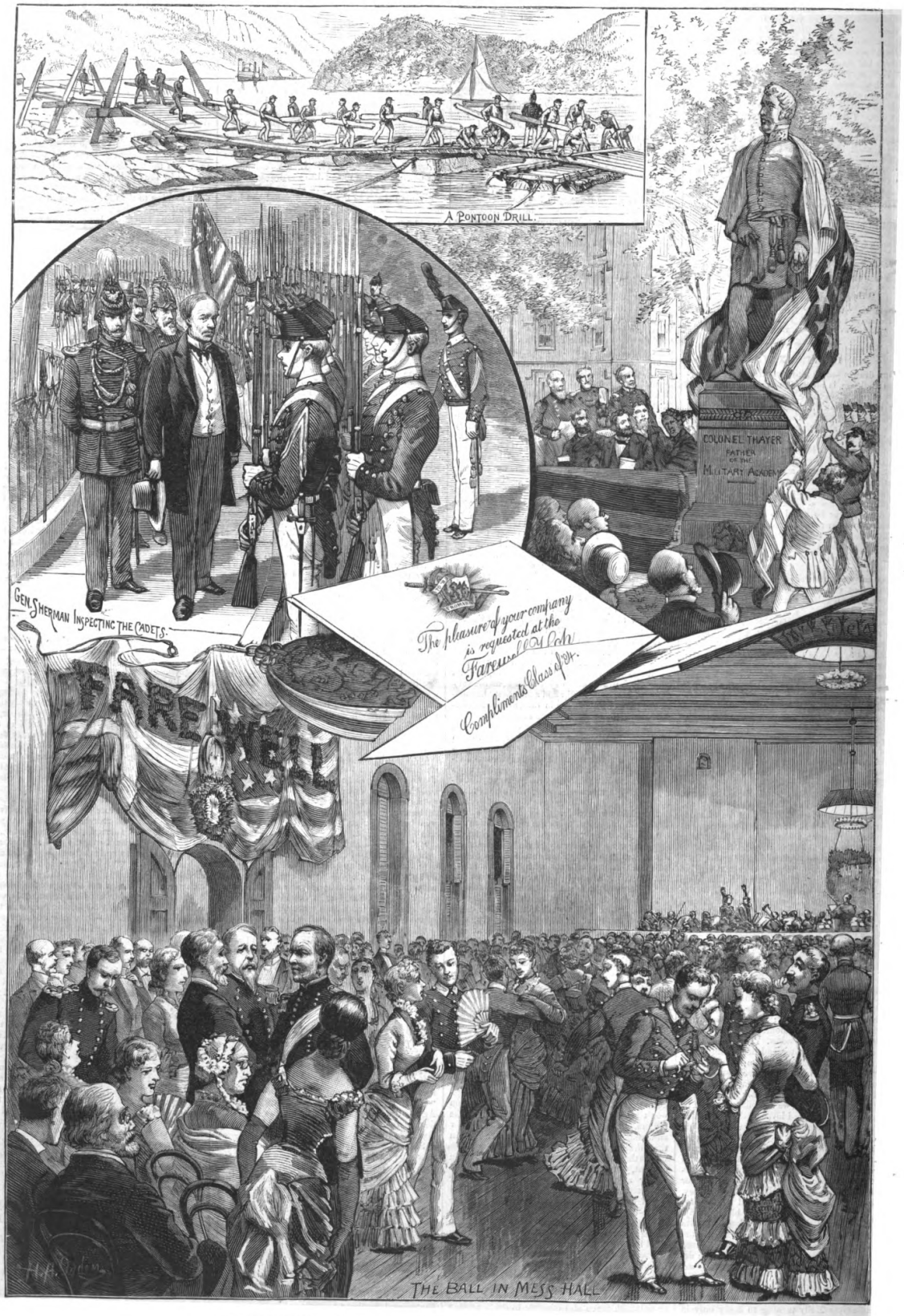

THE FESTIVITIES AT WEST POINT.—Drawn by Harry Ogden.—[See Page 394.]

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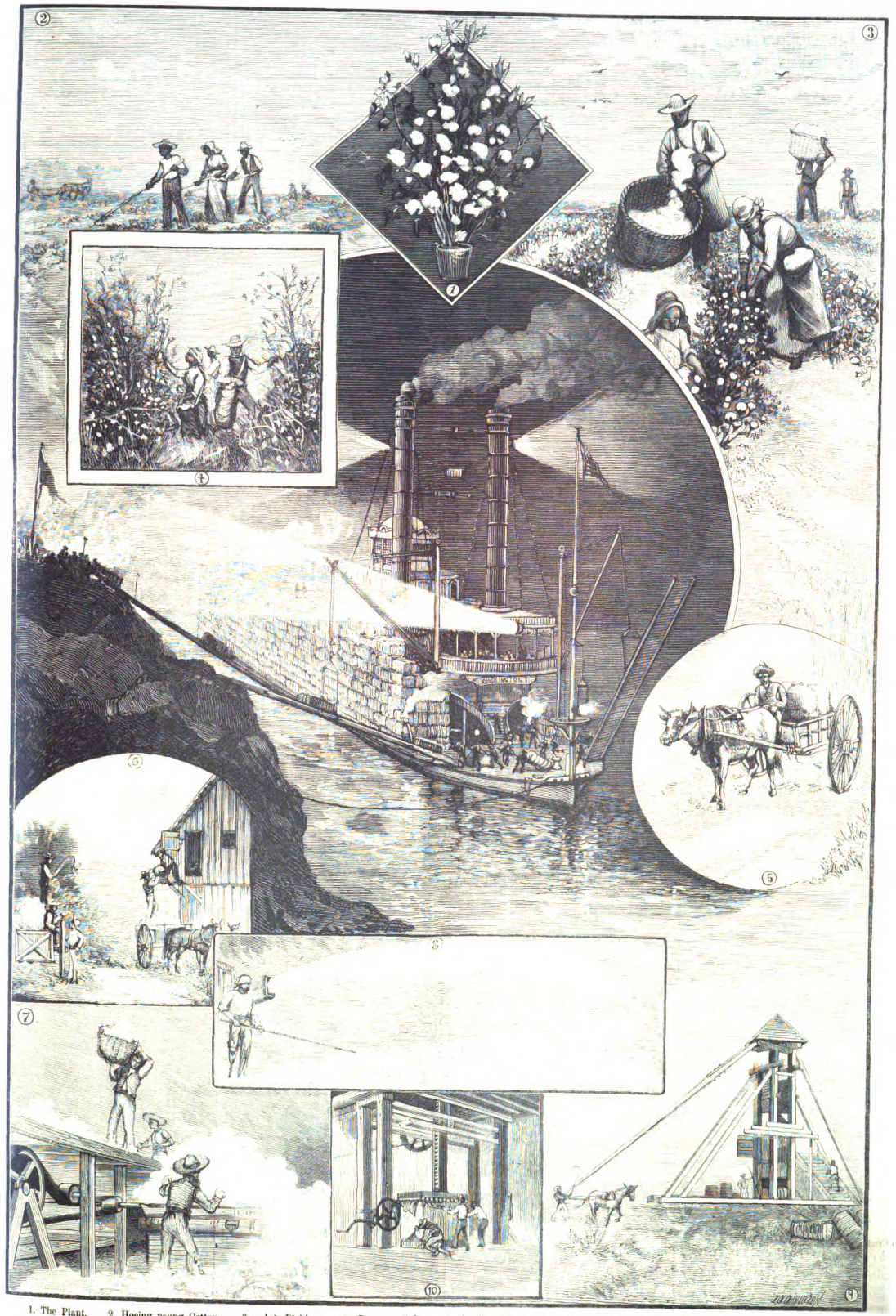

1. The Plant. 2. Hoeing young Cotton. 3 and 4. Picking. 5. Just one Bale. 6. Acadian Planters bringing Cotton to the Gin. 7. Ginning. 8. After Ginning. 9. Old-fashioned Press. 10. Baling. *Centre.* Loading Cotton Steamer.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 394.]

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WEST POINT.

Besides their academic interest, the examinations at West Point constitute the first social event of the summer season for New York. The lovely nook among the Highlands is becoming more and more the final rendezvous of our painted birds of passage before they disperse to their various summer haunts among the mountains or along the coast.

The academic exercises proper are not calculated to allure the fashionable mind. In fact, it is a considerable strain upon the intellects of many even among the official visitors to "inspect" an examination in trigonometry, and look as if they understood it. The class-rooms, indeed, are deserted, after the first visit of curiosity, by all among the young women who have no very special interest in any of the catechumens. "By Heaven!" as Byron did not observe—

> "By Heaven! it is a stupid sight to see,
> For one who hath no friend, no brother, there."

And the young ladies, who form the chief attraction of the Point in mid-June, betake themselves while the examinations are in progress to the verandas and works of fiction. But there are exercises of more human interest than the examination. The daily dress parade, the cavalry drill, the light-battery drill, the mortar practice, have a picturesque attraction, and the young lady and the official visitor hail them as something that they can enjoy even if they only darkly understand. The young ladies have their revenge at the hop, which sad professors of mathematics stand in the doorways ignorantly to admire, and which is socially the culmination of the festivities at the Academy.

The exercises this year derived a special interest from the unveiling of the statue of General Thayer, the Superintendent to whom the cadets look back as the man to whom is due, more than to any other, the high rank which West Point holds among the military schools of the world. It was under his tuition that most of the men who won distinction in the Mexican war, and many of those who were in places of high rank at the outbreak of the civil war, were brought up. The story of his career was told in an interesting address by General Cullum.

Even more noteworthy was the last official appearance at West Point of the General of the Army. General Sherman's services have been so illustrious, and his connection with the Academy since he succeeded to the Generalship-in-Chief has been so intimate, that it is no wonder that he himself and all his audience should have been deeply affected at the few and simple words in which he took an official leave of the cadets and of West Point. He has the consolation of knowing that no man in the country is regarded with greater good-will than the illustrious soldier who has never submitted his laurels to the chance of being smirched in the dusty conflicts of "politics."

COTTON.

FROM THE PLOUGH TO THE LOOM.

By W. M. BURWELL.

I.

We must refer to other treatises for the origin and history of cotton as a textile, and describe it as it is found in the Southern States of the American Union. Here it is cultivated from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the thirty-second degree of north latitude, comprehending an area of little less than a million of square miles, with an alluvion of great extent and inexhaustible fertility. The production is migratory, moving from the worn-out lands of the Atlantic States to the far more fertile and productive soil of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas.

The Southern Atlantic States have endeavored to counteract this advantage by the use of fertilizers, but with the exception of the Sea Island plantations, whose product is too valuable to fear competition, have lost their former pre-eminence. The far greater proportion of the crop is now grown in and west of the Mississippi Valley. This transfer of production has been greatly promoted by the Act of Emancipation, which has so far mobilized the colored labor that it requires neither an advance of capital nor the permission of the owner to authorize its transfer from where it is worse paid, fed, and clad to where its compensation is more satisfactory. We may note here the error of computing the probable crop by the comparative area planted. The cotton plant of Carolina is often not more than three feet in height, and will average not more than 150 pounds of lint cotton to the acre, while that of Arkansas or Texas will produce more than double that weight, and grows, often with too much weed, as high as a man's head. It is, then, to the cotton culture of the Southwestern States that we confine our remarks and illustrations.

Cotton Seed.—The seed of Southern cotton has been derived from all countries. The soil and climate here have generalized and modified all these varieties so as to have produced a peculiar staple, better adapted to produce the stronger and heavier yarns and cloths than any other. The comparative qualities of cotton are shown thus: Indian and Egyptian cotton have an average length of fibre of one and a quarter inches, with a diameter of $\frac{1}{1300}$ to $\frac{1}{1600}$ part of an inch. The Sea Island staple is in length one and a half inches, with a diameter of $\frac{1}{2000}$ part of an inch. The upland American cotton is one and a quarter inches in length of fibre, and $\frac{1}{1700}$ of an inch in diameter. The superior strength of the American upland is shown by its price in the Liverpool market, being worth fully fifteen per cent. more than East India cotton, and by its preference for the body of long cotton goods and its capacity to bear a mixture of short and shoddy stock and heavy sizing has preserved its ascendency. The Sea Island cotton is produced from black seed, and the upland from green seed. While the planters may prefer in different localities some seeds as more prolific than others, the steady standard of uplands will sooner or later establish itself by a uniform grade of stalk and staple. Precisely a similar result attends the introduction of American seed in India. It degenerates, and takes on the type of the native plant. The value of cotton seed has greatly increased within late years, and from being used to feed cows, at a risk of choking them, it is now used for oil, cattle feed, and fertilizing. Its annual value may be estimated at $15,000,000. It has not been long since the remark was attributed to Mr. Atkinson, of Massachusetts, that if cotton did not produce any lint at all, it would be worth raising for the oil contained in the seed.

Cotton Culture.—Land intended for cotton is broken up any time during the winter, according to the season and nature of the soil. It is thrown up into beds of from three to four feet apart. The seed is dropped by drill or hand, from the latter days of March to the 16th of April, according to the judgment of the planter. Within two weeks it may be "seen along the row," and in three weeks puts forth its third leaf. It is thinned out to "a stand" at ten, fifteen, or twenty inches "in the step," or from plant to plant.

In the earlier stages of the crop it is subject, like other plants, to injury by insects. The cut-worm attacks the germ. In soil which, as in South Alabama and elsewhere, rests upon the rotten limestone or marl, the cray-fish occasion an odd annoyance, cutting off the first plants which appear above-ground to carry them down the "chimneys" or holes which lead down to the moist of the marl stratum. Once out of these dangers, the cotton grows with great rapidity. The hoes keep the plant free from grass, while the plough lets in the sun and air. Improved and labor-saving implements have greatly facilitated and cheapened the culture of the Southern staple, supplying the place of the manual and animal labor formerly deemed indispensable.

We may say at this point that one hand will cultivate from six to eight acres, that the proportion of manual and animal labor is two men to one mule, and the product from half a bale per acre on poor land to a bale and a half on very fertile land.

It is, however, only when the cotton is in its full growth that the true value of the American citizen of African descent and his industrial affinity, the mule, becomes conspicuously apparent. No degree of heat or humidity affects either. To see from thirty to fifty men and mules defending the hopes of the harvest from the invasion of grass and noxious weeds is a sight which appeals to the sympathies and interests of every one who appreciates the comfort of an occasional clean shirt. While the ploughs glide with the certainty of a centre-board sail-boat to the end of the furrow, some irrepressible mule, headstrong, perhaps, with a few rainy days' abstinence from labor, will rush along at a speed that drags the indignant freedman into perilous proximity to the cotton row, and exposes him to the contumelious abuse of the boss or overseer. Then occurs a conflict in which the congenital obstinacy of the Senegambian and the offspring of the "wild ass of the desert" resounds throughout the field in cries and objurgations of the most profane character. The right to swear aloud is a privilege that many freedmen value next perhaps to their freedom. The moralist who anticipated that emancipation would bring in its train all the courtesies with all the virtues will be shocked, while the philanthropist who deprecates any violence to the feelings of the domestic animals will take the part of the outraged and obstinate hybrid.

About the 1st of June the first flowers of the cotton appear. They are at first a pale straw-color, changing during the day and night to a white, a faint pink, and a pink color. As the flower falls, the boll succeeds. It is soon in the angular shape—in "the square." It has leaflets at the base, like a hazel-nut, but in a short time assumes a spherical form. About the 1st of July the cotton crop is "laid by" from the hoe and plough. The danger is long past from the earlier enemies and infantile diseases of the cotton plant, when that of the cotton-worm commences. The progenitrix of this pest, bearing the highly entomological appellation of *Noctuæ xylina*, arrives in the night, and deposits her eggs in a surreptitious manner on the under side of the leaves. Being somewhat of the same color with the leaf, they escape observation until, warmed into life, the worms begin their ravages upon the leaf which has given them shelter. Having seen her terrible and rapacious progeny begin their destructive mission, stripping themselves of successive skins which impede their voracity, the mother of mischief, like some petroleuse or dynamitess, disappears. The worms pass over the fields as a conflagration over a prairie, sometimes destroying an entire crop in a few days. With the first appearance of the cotton-worm the whole world is excited. Telegrams pass under the sea; bulletins and dispatches advise the dealers, manufacturers, and ship-owners. All these interests are called into council. The amount of mechanical and chemical science displayed, with the number of sovereign remedies for the scourge, can not be computed. The newspapers break out with eruptive communications; the diviners and soothsayers who have charge of the future state of the cotton plant talk nothing but cotton, exhibit cotton-worms in glass bottles, suspend votive branches denuded of their foliage in the cotton halls, and for a brief time the cotton-worm is honored with an amount of fearful veneration corresponding somewhat with the serpent and scarabeus worship of old Egypt. In the mean time the worm, having satisfied his voracious appetite, quietly spins himself into a cocoon, in which he awaits the transition essential to an immortality of mischief. The national entomologists have not suggested any remedy for this damage, except to enjoin upon the planter a close study of the domestic habits of the *Noctuæ xylina;* this having been done, the destruction of the larvæ becomes but a small affair. They have, however, ascertained the genus and species of the vermin, which is something, and have besides photographed both the mother and the progeny, so that, like any other malefactors who ornament the felons' gallery, they may be arrested at sight.

The boll-worm, which is arranged to play an engagement immediately after his more rapacious predecessor has retired to his virtuous cocoon, derives his origin also from a nocturnal moth, and belongs probably to the Heliothes family. This insidious wretch, like the "worm i' the bud" immortalized by Shakspeare, feeds on the interior of the cotton boll, thereby destroying the staple formation entirely. For further information we must refer the reader to the literature of the Patent-office, and other instructive treatises. We can, however, advise the amateur planter that Paris green, molasses, vinegar, white flags, young turkeys, with the incidental aid of birds, spiders, ichneumon flies, and beetles, have their several advocates.

The picking season commences with the first opening of the bolls, about the 1st of August. At this stage the spherical case which contains the staple done up in three separate parcels, each containing seed with a compact skein of the fibre, bursts open, and each fibre expands, and depends some four or five inches around and below the pod within which it had matured. These scattering "locks," as they are called provincially, are watched with the more solicitude because the glory of sending to market the "first bale" is sought by every large planter, as it is rewarded with a first-rate notice for the buyer or the factor to whom it has been confided. While, then, the speculators and dealers are occupying the press, the telegraph, and the telephone with a contradictory clamor which reverberates in the alcoves of the exchange, the toilers, who have followed the fortunes of the crop with no less assiduity, appear in the fields to secure the consummation of their labors.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM.

On page 397 we give the portraits of the riflemen who are to shoot in the forth-coming international match at Wimbledon. After their arrival in England twelve of these men will be chosen by the captain to form the team for the contest. The men have been very carefully selected, and it is hoped that they will give a good account of themselves on the other side.

THE MODERN "ATALANTA."

Although ever since the first Atalanta, so fleet-footed that she outstripped the swiftest runners of Bœotia, was transformed into a lion by jealous Aphrodite, the name has been given to many models of speed and beauty, it has never been more aptly applied than to the new steam-yacht that the Messrs. Cramp, of Philadelphia, have just built for Mr. Jay Gould. The keel of this yacht was laid on the 10th of last December, and her builders have promised to deliver her in New York on Saturday of this week, finished, complete in every detail, and ready for a cruise. Not only is the *Atalanta* the most gracefully modelled craft now floating in American waters, where beauty of model has more nearly attained perfection than anywhere in the world, but she is probably the strongest vessel of her size afloat in any waters, strength of construction having been demanded above everything else from her builders. Being one foot longer over all than Mr. Bennett's *Namouna*, and having the same beam, this new yacht is the largest in the American fleet, and is well fitted to undertake the voyage around the world for which she is intended.

She is an iron vessel, 230 feet 3 inches long over all, 225 feet long on deck, and 213 feet 3 inches on the water-line. Her extreme beam is 26 feet 4 inches, and her draught is 13 feet. Her bow, sharp and high, has a very decided forward rake, which adds materially to her length over all, and gives her a peculiarly easy entrance into the water. Her run is long and handsome, and her elliptical overhanging stern is peculiarly American, and is the feature which adds more than any other to the beauty of a yacht in American eyes. From keel to water-line the iron plates of the outer skin are lapped at the edges, the rivet heads being countersunk. Above the water-line they are laid flush, banded inside, and the rivet heads being also countersunk here, the outer surface is perfectly smooth. The plating is continued uniformly to the top of the bulwarks, which are of a greater height than is usual, and which are surmounted by a heavy rail of solid mahogany. The hull is painted black, unrelieved save by the gilded eagle which forms her figure-head, and by the name in gilt letters on her stern.

The yacht is rigged as a three-masted schooner, with standing gaffs and lug-sails, and a square-sail yard on the foremast. Her canvas has been made expressly for her, and all her standing rigging is of the best charcoal wire. Her upper-deck is of iron, flush fore and aft, and overlaid with a flooring of clear white pine three and a half inches by three and a half inches. The waterways and plank-sheer are of solid mahogany, and the iron bulwarks are hidden by a light sheeting of the same rich wood laid in panels and highly polished. The deck is broken by a steam capstan windlass forward, the skylights and companionways necessary to give light and access to the quarters below, by a narrow house 80 feet long, and by more skylights and companionways aft. On each side are two sets of boat davits, from which hang a steam-launch 32 feet long, a dingy 18 feet long, a six-oared cutter 32 feet long, and a whale-boat, to be used as the gig, 38 feet long.

The deck-house is of iron, and built so solidly into the iron deck that it can by no possibility be carried away. The forward part of this house is a large many-windowed room known as the Social Hall or smoking-room, and above it are the bridge and pilot-house. Abaft this is the steam-drum, and then comes the galley, large and airy, as becomes its importance, tile-floored, and provided with every convenience known to modern cookery. The pipe from the galley range discharges into the smoke-stack, thereby assuring to passengers a freedom from all culinary odors. Abaft the galley is the engine space, and still beyond this, at the extreme end of the house, is the captain's state-room. For its entire length the house is sheathed with mahogany in panels highly polished. The smoking-room at its forward end is ceiled in oak carved in the most elaborate patterns, and is luxuriously finished with the richest of tapestry hangings, the softest of divans and lounges, and heavy Persian rugs. In the captain's room, at the other end of the house, the bed, when not in use, sinks out of sight, and is replaced by a velvet lounge. On the opposite side of the room the bath-tub is hidden from view by a similar device. This room is provided with a handsomely carved writing-desk and dressing-case, and about it hang all manner of the most improved nautical instruments. From the roof of the house projects the smoke-stack, which is double, there being a space of two inches between the inner and outer shells, which will preserve the paint from being burned off, and four ventilators leading down into the engine and fire rooms.

From the smoking-room a broad stairway, with rails, balusters, and newel posts of carved mahogany, leads down into a large vestibule, in which stands a cabinet armory of carved oak filled with a glittering array of small-arms, rifles, shot-guns, pistols, etc., of the most improved patterns. These show to advantage behind doors of heavy bevel-edged plate-glass. From the front of the vestibule two doors open into the main saloon, a door opens on the starboard side into Mr. Gould's private room, and another, on the port side, into the steward's pantry.

The main saloon forward of the vestibule is 21 feet 3 inches long, and extends across the entire width of the yacht. The room is panelled throughout in oak, most elaborately carved, no two panels being alike. These carvings represent every variety of tropical flower and foliage, from which peer out, half concealed, curious birds or quaint animal heads. A piano, two massive sideboards, and several plate closets and buffets are all built into the sides of the room, and are all masses of carving. Over the front of the piano is carved Mr. Gould's well-known monogram—a jay bird perched in a rustic G.

The gem of the ship is the owner's room, which opens from the after end of the saloon on the starboard side. It is 13½ feet long by 9½ feet wide, and opening from one side of it is an alcove 7 feet long by 4½ feet wide, in which is the bed. The sides of this alcove are lined with quilted silk, and a silken canopy and hangings conceal the bed from casual observation. At the after end of this room is a beautifully carved mahogany wardrobe, half of which, upon the touching of a spring, swings aside and discloses a luxurious bath-room.

From the forward end of the saloon a broad passage leads toward the bows of the vessel. On either side of this, adjoining the saloon, are two ladies' boudoirs, or double state-rooms, which can be used *en suite*, or can be separated by the drawing of tapestry hangings; these boudoirs are furnished with marble baths, plate-glass mirrors, exquisitely carved toilet-tables, low easy-chairs, and everything that wealth can provide of comfort or luxury. Of these suites one is upholstered in white silk and the other in blue. Forward of these, on either side of the passage-way, are two more state-rooms, or four in all, each of which could, in an emergency, accommodate two gentlemen with comfortable quarters.

Beyond the state-rooms, on each side of the passageway, is a large bath-room for the use of guests, and beyond it is the collision bulkhead. Forward of this are the quarters of the head steward and the six cabin servants, which are reached by a separate companionway from the upper deck.

The *Atalanta* is to be commanded by Captain Shackford, formerly of the White Star service, and lately commander of the steam-ship *Illinois* of the American Line, between Philadelphia and Liverpool. Under him will be two mates, four quartermasters, two boatswains, eighteen seamen, one chief engineer, two assistant engineers, three oilers, six firemen, three coal-passers, one steward, three cooks, and six cabin servants, or fifty-two men in all. She is propelled by a compound, inverted, direct-acting, surface-condensing engine of one thousand horse-power, provided with two cylinders, one thirty inches in diameter and the other sixty inches. A small engine driven by a dynamo-electric machine which supplies the electricity by means of which any passenger may reach from his silken couch, touch a silver spring, and flood his room with light, or press a button and summon a servant. Every portion of the yacht is lighted with the Edison incandescent lights, and every portion is in direct communication with the owner or captain by means of electricity. By means of a steam ventilating fan connected by pipes with every room and compartment in the vessel the air in them is kept constantly fresh. In event of cold weather, each room is also furnished with its coil of steam-pipe.

As Mr. Gould does not contemplate starting on his cruise around the world until autumn, the yacht will probably become well known in New York and Eastern waters during the summer. She flies the ensign of the American Steam-yacht Club, which is a white Maltese cross on a blue field bordered with red. The cost of the *Atalanta* has been more than a quarter of a million of dollars.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHINAMEN ON A PICNIC.

JOHN CHINAMAN is the object of so much derision, both innocent and nocent, that we take pleasure in expressing our conviction that his picnic at *Iona Island*, North River, on the 11th of June, was a complete success. He organized it himself, and it was all his own, although he invited more than three hundred white Americans to accompany him; he saw to it that there was plenty of food, music, and fire-works; he footed all the bills; he indulged in no rowdyism; and he brought back his whole party sound and happy. How many white Americans could have done better?

That this was the most notable Sunday-school picnic ever held in the United States of America is, however, its chief claim to distinction. The hundred and fifty Chinese adults and children were exclusively Sunday-school scholars of several Baptist and Presbyterian churches in New York city, and the three hundred white Americans who went as invited guests were their Sunday-school teachers, or their Sunday-school teachers' friends. It must be confessed that some of the instructors who had been honored with invitations refused to go. They did not relish the idea of entering into social relations with the Chinese, much though they desired to save their souls. They feared the attacks of "hoodlums," which almost any gathering of Chinamen is apt to tempt. They distrusted John's capacity for organizing a picnic, especially a Sunday-school picnic. Many of them accordingly staid at home, but gave their tickets to acquaintances, who were only too eager to accept them. It may be said that John's secretiveness in getting up the affair was very great; nobody seemed to know anything positive about the scheme until it was actually hatched; and had John been less sagacious in this respect, the steamboat *Long Branch*, which took the party up the river, might have been an undesirable place of resort.

A similar secretiveness exists with respect to John's motive for going to Sunday-school. His best friends do not suppose that in pursuing so excellent a course he is governed by the considerations which white Americans usually present to the attention of their youthful offspring. They freely express the conviction that, with rare exceptions, John attends Sunday-school because he desires to learn the English language.

"A few weeks ago," says the Rev. DAVID GREGG, pastor of the Reformed (Covenanters') Presbyterian church in Twenty-third Street, near Eighth Avenue, "while reading to the Chinamen in our Sunday-school the parable of the loaves and fishes, I noticed on some of their faces a smile of incredulity. When I had finished the passage, I turned to them and said, 'You do not believe what I have read?'

"'No,' replied one of them, frankly, while the rest shook their heads.

"'But if Jesus was God, He could have done all that,' I continued.

"The incredulous smile again appeared. 'When we want bread to eat, we have to earn it,' was the answer.

"'But look here,' I persisted, 'when you plant a grain of wheat in the ground, and it has sprung up and ripened, you can crumple the end of the stalk in your hand, blow away the chaff, and count sixty grains that have come from that single grain. Now, if God does that, He can do what is said to have been done in the parable of the loaves and fishes, can't He?'"

The almond-eyed listeners, says MR. GREGG, made no reply. "But it was easy to see that they had not become convinced."

Nevertheless, and for very simple reasons, the Chinese pupils in our city Sunday-schools have succeeded in gaining the respect of their teachers. Ever since the time when Miss GOODRICH started a class for them in the Presbyterian church, then in White Street, her luminous example being followed successively in the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, the Twenty-third Street Reformed Presbyterian Church, the Baptist churches in Fifty-fifth and Fifty-third streets, the Reformed Presbyterian church in Thirty-ninth Street, and several other churches, John has been to the Sunday-school teacher an object of esteem and often of affection. He is docile, attentive, grateful, appreciative; and he is generous. Several times has he invited his preceptors and their friends to entertainments furnished by himself in the Sunday-school rooms on a week-day evening, and consisting of ice-cream, lemonade, cake, and occasionally of dishes specifically Chinese. He is fond of testifying his sense of obligation by making presents to his teachers, and when the mood seizes him, acts as recklessly with his money as a boy. For his mother in China he entertains an affection that shows itself in obedience, even when he is of adult age, and it is no uncommon thing for him, at her call, to return home, marry the girl she has chosen for him, leave the new wife to be a servant to his mother, and come back to New York to earn money for both. A well-known business man in this city, who is also a Sunday-school superintendent, has four times signified his appreciation of John's loyalty and gratitude by lending him, without security, from fifty to one hundred dollars to start laundries with. In no instance has the money failed to be returned with interest as soon as it was earned. "Why did you lend it?" he was recently asked. "Because," he replied, "it seemed to me to be a square thing for a man who professes Christian principles to show some Christian kindness. This is a test of our golden rule, I thought, and I will try it."

John learns very readily. Sometimes in a single evening he will master the English alphabet. The principal of the Twenty-eighth Street public school is said to declare that a Chinese pupil of hers is the most brilliant lad she has taught. Two Chinamen at the Beaver Falls College, near Pittsburgh, are studying to be preachers, but the Presbyterian mission authorities do not encourage the project of converting China by sending thence Chinese missionaries who have been educated in America. These missionaries would be more influential, it is believed, had they been trained at home in ignorance of American ways that are dark.

It was in his position as a pupil in a Protestant Sunday-school that the true significance of John's recent picnic lay. The externals of that festive affair much resembled those of any other Sunday-school picnic. Of course the music, being provided by a band with cymbals, "thunder-drums," copper gongs, and "yes-sing" fiddles, possessed an element of discordant specialty, but the fireworks, the swimming, the kite-flying, the boating, the foot-ball-playing, the flower-gathering, and the "refreshments" in general, sounded no note of heathendom. It seems to us that our esteemed contemporaries of the daily press missed the meaning of this picnic.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MILLE. DE MERRAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEARS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE GENERAL COUNSELS FIRMNESS.

PERHAPS Maud had not been far wrong when she accused me of expecting everybody and everything to give way to my personal convenience. *Some justification for* this curiously sanguine mental attitude might have been found in the fact that circumstances always had hitherto arranged themselves very nearly in accordance with my wishes; and I must confess that, from the moment that I realized its desirability, I began to believe in the recovery of Mr. Farquhar, who nevertheless died that same night. When the news of this melancholy event reached Thirlby I therefore felt myself slightly aggrieved. The deceased gentleman, having been upward of eighty years of age, could not justly be accused of having quitted the world with indecent precipitation, and I exonerated him from all blame in the matter; but I certainly did feel that Fortune had treated me rather ill. The more I thought about it the more the conviction forced itself upon me that we were destined to receive Mrs. Farquhar as a permanent inmate, and such a prospect did not require Jim Bunce's wrathful denunciation to fill me with dismay.

"The unfortunate part of it," I remarked to Miss Dennison, to whom I carried my anxieties and misgivings with some faint hope of consolation—"the unfortunate part of it is that the old lady will undoubtedly be left without a home. There is a step-son, who comes into the place, and I am very much afraid my uncle will think he ought at all events to ask her here."

"I should think that was the very least he could do," she agreed; "but I understood you to say that you were sure he would do nothing of the kind."

"He will, if he thinks it his duty," I answered, gloomily. "My only hope is that she may decline. She would be sure to find it uncommonly dull down here; I build a little upon that."

"Perhaps she will think it her duty to come. I should, in her place."

"Ah, if it were only you, instead of that old frump!" I sighed, wistfully.

"It is very foolish of you to make up your mind that she is an old frump. Probably, if she does come, you will be devoted to her in a few weeks. I haven't a doubt that, a year ago, you would have thought it the greatest nuisance in the world to have a girl continually riding and sailing with you; yet you manage to put up with me. You are just the sort of person who hates all strangers at first, and then worships them, and then gets tired of them and hates them again."

I assured Maud solemnly that she little knew how cruelly she was maligning me. That I was disposed to be prejudiced against strangers might be true, though such a thing had never been said of me before; but that I was fickle toward those whom I—toward my friends, in short, was as unfounded a charge as could possibly have been brought. If I possessed any virtue at all, it was that of fidelity to my friends.

"So long as they don't rub you the wrong way or bore you," she said, laughing. Whereupon I became angry, and we had one of those quarrels which were made up as soon as ever she chose that they should be, and which I fear that she sometimes provoked out of nothing but that wanton love of exercising power from which not even the best of women are wholly exempt. Upon that occasion our quarrel did not last long, nor did the state of depression into which I had been thrown by the thought of Mrs. Farquhar's possible descent upon us. After all, I reflected, there was a very good chance of her having other plans; and whatever was to happen, there was no use in making one's self miserable about it before the event. So I soon recovered my natural good spirits, and we had a very delightful week of fine weather and rural pursuits before my uncle, who had remained in Scotland to attend the funeral, came back.

My first glance at his face, when he did come back, showed me that it had that worried look which it always wore on his return from Scotland; but I hesitated to come out point-blank with the question which was trembling on my lips, and as soon as dinner was over he saved me the trouble of asking it by remarking, "We must get Mrs. Peters to put things in order a little; I expect my mother to come to us soon."

"Not for good and all?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Why not?" asked my uncle, smiling.

I was not exactly prepared, upon the spur of the moment, to say why not. I could only shake my head despairingly, and declare that I was sure it would never do.

"She is only coming on a visit at present," my uncle went on; "but I can't undertake to say that she may not finally decide upon making Thirlby her home. It would be a natural arrangement, Charley."

"It might be natural," I said, dolefully; "but it don't follow that it would be pleasant."

My uncle made no rejoinder for some time, but sat sipping his claret meditatively, and drumming upon the table with his fingers. At last he resumed:

"So you think it wouldn't be a wise plan, Charley?"

"I don't think about it; I *know* it wouldn't," I answered, emphatically.

My uncle raised his eyebrows. "May I ask whether you have any particular reason for saying that?" he inquired.

I had, as the reader is aware, a particular reason, but I could not very well state it. My uncle and I were upon terms of such intimacy and mutual confidence that I seldom hesitated to express my inmost thoughts to him; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and it is hardly possible to tell any man that you have reason to believe his mother to be a canting old busybody. So I abstained from any allusion to Bunce and his revelations, and only urged the obvious objections that there must be to the introduction of a third person into the household. Was it not proverbial that two were company and three none? And when two out of the three had lived in the closest companionship for so many years, while the third was to all intents and purposes a stranger, and at the same time a very near relation, what hope was there of their being able to get on together? We should be obliged to explain all our stupid little jokes, and of course we should be made to feel how stupid they were by the process of explanation. We should have to think before we spoke—a thing we had never accustomed ourselves to do. Conversation, in short, would be simply impossible.

My uncle listened to me patiently, with that faint smile of his which so many people disliked, thinking that he was laughing at them. I, who was better acquainted with him, knew that he was not laughing at me, or that, if he was, it was in no unkindly spirit. So I proceeded, warming with my subject:

"There will be an end to all comfort; we may as well make up our minds to that at once. We shall not be allowed to dine in the library any more, and of course we shall not be allowed to smoke directly after dinner. All your books and papers will be carefully dusted every morning, and put away into places from which it will take weeks of patient research to disinter them. And then think of the people who will come and stay with us! Because naturally Mrs. Farquhar won't care about living in a howling wilderness. All the poke bonnets will come over the Border; and Deacon M'Tavish will ask a blessing before meat, and read us a long sermon on Sunday evening, preparatory to getting tipsy on whiskey toddy, and—"

My uncle apologized for interrupting me, but observed that I seemed to have formed a slightly mistaken notion of his mother. Her friends did not, as a rule, wear poke bonnets, she was not exclusively Scotch in her sympathies, nor was she a Presbyterian, although— Here he paused, and apparently decided not to finish his sentence. "In fact," he concluded, briskly, "she is a very good, kind-hearted, and agreeable person."

It was not for me to contradict him, little as I was disposed to accept this definition of the unknown lady. "That may be," I answered, doggedly, "but she is a *third* person all the same."

"Which nobody can deny," remarked my uncle. And then there was a tolerably long period of silence.

"If my mother and I should agree that it would be best for her to remain on here," resumed Uncle Bernard, at last—"we have agreed upon nothing yet, but if we should do so—I think perhaps you would not find her presence quite as great a nuisance as you expect."

"Oh, I am not the one to be considered," I answered, hastily, feeling a little ashamed of myself. "I should not be the principal sufferer. It was of you that I was thinking." This, I am afraid, was not strictly true; but I dare say I believed it to be so at the time.

"Well," said my uncle, "you were thinking of us both, probably. I was going to say that your objections don't apply with the same force that they would have done a few years ago. We have been very good friends, Charley; we have had many a happy day together, and we shall have many more, I hope, only they won't be consecutive. The pleasant old humdrum life which you regret, and which I most likely regret a great deal more than you do, couldn't have gone on much longer in any case. I shall stick to it, but you will go away from it, and therefore it won't so much matter to you whether things progress in the old way at Thirlby or not. Have you been thinking at all lately of what career in life you mean to choose for yourself?"

I couldn't say that I had.

"I don't want to hurry you," my uncle continued; "but the time, you know, is getting short, and it would be as well to have a definite plan—particularly as your field of choice seems to me to be rather narrow. The army, which I always fancied would be the profession that would suit you best, you declined."

"Yes," I answered, with a sigh, "I declined that." The truth was that I was quite of my uncle's mind as to the army; but at the time when it had been suggested to me I had declared against it simply because it would have entailed my leaving Eton and giving up Oxford—neither of which things was I disposed to do, seeing how promising an oar I was.

"So that the remaining professions will not require all the fingers of one hand to count. There is the bar."

"I don't think I should do over and above well at that."

"The Church?"

"Good gracious!"

"Exactly so. Well, then, there is commerce."

"My dear Uncle Bernard!"

"Exactly so again. Do you know of any other way of occupying yourself and making a little money?"

I scratched my head and sighed, and finally observed that I thought farming would be rather jolly.

"But I'm afraid they haven't got a Professor of Agriculture at Oxford yet; and besides, without flattering you, I think you have talents enough to fit you for something a little more ambitious than that. I am told that young fellows in government offices lead a pleasant enough sort of life, and it is one which might easily be made to serve as a stepping-stone to better things. What do you think? I have been such a recluse for the best part of my life that I have lost what little interest I had at one time; but Tom knows a great many big-wigs, and of course he would put in a word for you."

Tom was the General, my uncle's brother, of whom I have spoken. I said I thought I should rather like a government clerkship, provided, of course, that it was in an office of the right sort, where one would have a chance of meeting other fellows whom one knew. What was the precise nature of the better things to which my uncle alluded I did not quite know, but I imagined vaguely that they might include a seat in Parliament, and it flashed across me that a member of Parliament would be a personage likely to stand high in Maud's estimation. I repeated that I thought that would do very well, and then we settled down to a discussion of the possible future, which lasted us for the remainder of the evening. Thus, whether designedly or not, my uncle led my thoughts entirely away from Mrs. Farquhar, whose name was not mentioned between us for several days afterward.

But when General Le Marchant (who, like my uncle, had been in Scotland visiting the widow in her affliction) came to stay with us, my prejudices received a somewhat unexpected re-enforcement. The General, it seemed, held very decided convictions upon the question which was causing me so much uneasiness, and he took the earliest opportunity of expressing them to me.

"Charley, my boy," he said, "you mustn't allow this—you really must *not* allow it. I'm an older man than you, and I suppose I may say that I know a little more of the world and the nature of mankind than you do, and, believe me, there couldn't be a greater mistake than for Bernard and my mother to try and live under the same roof. It's just one of those notions that ought to be nipped in the bud. If it isn't put a stop to now, there'll be no end of bother about it afterward, and you're the one that can stop it."

"I quite agree with you, General," I said. "I told my uncle the other day that I was sure it wouldn't do."

"Ah, well, you can't know much about it; you never saw my mother in your life, did you? Mind you, I'm not saying one word against her. The dearest old lady that ever lived, and the best of mothers to us in days gone by—and all that. But—well, I can't go into details, and if I could you wouldn't understand. You must take my word for it that she is a precious difficult person to live with. There are people who are as good as gold, and who yet would make a thin-skinned fellow like Bernard wish he was dead a dozen times a day. Don't you understand what I mean?"

I did not quite follow the General's drift, but it was entirely superfluous for him to give me reasons for keeping Mrs. Farquhar out of Thirlby, and so I told him. I added, however, that remonstrances would probably come with greater weight from him than from me.

"Not a bit of it!" the General returned. "Certainly I can show Bernard plainly enough that he is contemplating a piece of folly which he'll regret to the end of his life, and so forth; but, bless your soul! he knows all that as well as I do. Bernard is such a confoundedly unselfish old beggar that it wouldn't be of the slightest use to bring forward arguments of that kind. He would simply tell me in polite language that it made no odds to me, and that if he chose to be uncomfortable that was his lookout. But if you were to oppose him on personal grounds—making it appear, don't you know, as if it would be a horrid bore to you to have an old lady in the house—I believe that might have some effect upon him."

"I've tried that already," I replied, remembering, with a twinge of conscience, that my efforts had not been altogether of the disinterested nature suggested by my companion. "I put it to him in that way the other day, but his answer was that it wouldn't be of so much consequence to me now, as I shall be very little at home in the future. He thinks I ought to be going in for a career of some kind."

This conversation took place as we were walking back from the Broads, whither we had been to inspect the decoys and to hear Bunce's views upon the prospects of the duck-shooting season, which was now within a few days of opening. My instinctive antipathy to Mrs. Farquhar was not lessened by what the General had said, but it was beginning to be mingled with a considerable spice of curiosity; and while I was dressing for dinner I busied myself with many conjectures as to the character of this singular lady,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

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"I CAN SEE HIM SITTING THERE NOW, ONE HAND CLASPING THE STEM OF HIS GLASS, THE OTHER THRUST INTO HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET."

whose sons appeared to regard her with something of the feeling ascribed by the poet to the neighbors of Peter Bell. What made the matter the more inexplicable was that these two sons were as kind-hearted a couple of men as could have been found throughout the length and breadth of England; and I was not altogether sorry that Mrs. Farquhar was about to pay us a visit, though I had no wish that the visit should be a protracted one.

At dinner the General, who had been fidgety and unlike himself during the day, displayed his usual good spirits, and favored us with many jokes and anecdotes. Across the mists of years I can see him sitting there now, one hand clasping the stem of his glass, the other thrust into his waistcoat pocket, and his jolly face one great beaming smile. "Did I ever tell you about my meeting the old Bishop of Cirencester when I was in command of the 117th? Gad! I shall never forget it. 'Colonel,' he said, 'what do you cast horses for?' 'What for?' says I; 'oh, because they're unsound, gone in the wind, or otherwise unfit for their work.' 'Well,' says the old chap, 'I can't make it out. My coachman bought one of your cast horses for me the other day, and neither he nor I can discover anything wrong with him. A big black horse, with one white stocking—' 'Oh dear, oh dear!' I said; 'for Heaven's sake, my lord, keep it dark! Why, that's the troop sergeant-major's horse, and—ha! ha! ha!'" etc., etc.

I wonder how many times we had laughed at that time-honored yarn. I am not sure that I ever saw the point of it, or made out how it was that the sergeant-major's horse had been sold; but I would defy any one to have looked at the General's face as he told it and not laughed.

My uncle, it struck me, laughed rather more heartily than usual; and from this and other symptoms, such as the production of a certain green-sealed Burgundy after dinner, I was led to suspect him of a design to keep the General in good humor. But if he flattered himself that he was going to escape his lecture, that bottle of Burgundy had been brought up from the cellar in vain. No sooner was the cloth removed—I am writing of the era when people used to sit an hour after dinner, and see their opposite neighbors reflected upside down in mahogany tables—no sooner, I say, had Cooper and the cloth vanished than the General opened fire. "What's this I hear, Bernard, about my mother taking up her abode with you?"

"I can't tell you what you may have heard," answered my uncle, placidly.

"But is it a fact? That's what I want to know."

"Now, Tom," said my uncle, "I won't be bullied."

"Won't you, though? By George! that's just what you will be if you allow her to establish herself in your house."

The full brilliancy of this repartee did not appear to strike the General until he had thought it over, for there was a lapse of some seconds before he went off into a series of suppressed chuckles. "It won't do, you know," he resumed at last, recovering his gravity; "it really will *not* do."

"So Charley has been telling me," observed my uncle.

"And quite right, too. Charley never spoke a truer word in his life. And I must say, Bernard," continued the General, with a wink at me, "that I think this is a matter upon which Charley is entitled to be heard. You ought to consider how it will affect him before you decide upon making such a change."

"Well," said my uncle, "I haven't decided yet."

"Ah, but you're wavering, my dear fellow; and you mustn't waver. I know what you are, Bernard; you like to turn a question over and over, and hear what everybody has to say about it, and look at it from all the points of the compass, before you make up your mind. That may be a very good system to go upon for ordinary every-day work, but it won't meet all cases. And this is just an instance of a case that had much better not be discussed."

"Except with you and Charley, I suppose."

"Bless your heart! I don't want to discuss it; nor does Charley, I'll be bound. We're dead against the plan, both of us. All we want you to do is to make up your mind. Don't you see what will happen if you leave the thing open? Why, some fine morning she'll suggest it herself; and when once she does that, it 'll be all up with you."

My uncle, whose eyes had hitherto been fixed upon his dessert knife, which he was balancing upon his forefinger, glancing quickly up at the General now, with a half-amused, half-deprecating smile, "The fact of the matter is that *she has* suggested it," he said.

The General gave a long whistle. "This is bad; this is worse than I expected—by long chalks. What answer did you make?"

"I said I thought we had better take a little more time to consider of it."

"Ah, dear *me*!" sighed the General, shaking his head mournfully. "You oughtn't to have said that. That wasn't the way to take it at all. You should have rapped out a good round 'No.'"

My uncle laughed outright. "I must *confess*," he said, "that I was not prepared to be quite so peremptory as that. Doesn't it strike you, Tom, that we are entertaining Charley with a rather shocking display of unfilial feeling?"

"No, it doesn't," returned the General, somewhat tartly. "The boy isn't a *fool*; he understands well enough. It is *not* as though my mother would like living here. She would be a thousand times happier in Scotland, where she would have all her relations and friends within hail of her."

"So she says."

"Then, my dear, good fellow, why the deuce don't you urge her to stay there?"

"Her view is that it would be the right thing for her to come here."

"*Right* thing be hanged! It isn't the *right thing*; it's the wrong thing!" exclaimed the General, angrily. "Do you think I don't know? I wouldn't have this happen for a thousand pounds. I did hope you were to have peace and quietness for the rest of your days, if you were to have nothing *else*; and now—now—" If it had not been so absurdly improbable, I could almost have fancied that there were tears in the General's eyes and voice at this point.

"I thought it was upon Charley's account that you objected, Tom," said my uncle, gently.

"Well, well; don't interrupt a man in the middle of his sentence. What I was going to say was that it is your duty to be firm. Just show a little firmness, and depend upon it there'll be no more bother. Why, what should I say if she were to propose to come and live with me?—though Heaven knows she would never worry me a tenth part as much as she will you!—'My dear mother,' I should say, 'it's out of the question. Come and stay whenever you like, and I'll go and see you as often as you want me; but as for our setting up house together, we should be a pair of fools to think of such a thing. You've got decided ideas; so have I—and they are different from yours in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. You like your own way; so do I. Now I put it to you as a wise and superior woman, *could* we live together without making one another wretched? But, whether you agree with *me* or not, I tell you plainly that I've made up *my mind*, and that I shall never consent to such an arrangement.' That's what I should say," concluded the General, not without some complacency.

"I am sure I should never be able to put things in that convincing way," observed my uncle. "I'll tell you what, Tom—*you* shall undertake this task for me when she comes. Say all that to her, only substitute my name for yours."

"Eh?" said the General, his face growing perceptibly longer. "Well—I could do that, no doubt; but don't you think it ought to come from you? Thirlby isn't my house, you see."

"Tom, Tom," said my uncle, gravely, "I believe you are afraid of our mother."

"You're another!" retorted the General, laughing, but at the same time looking somewhat crest-fallen. By-and-by he added, in a much more subdued tone than he had hitherto employed: "If you are really in earnest, you know, Bernard, and if you think I could do any good by tackling her, I'll do it like a shot. She can't eat me, when all's said and done."

"No, no," answered my uncle; "I won't put your courage to so severe a test. You are an admirable reasoner, Tom, but some people, as you know, are not amenable to reason. No; I think, in spite of your warning, we will leave the question open for the present. And now pray let us talk about something else. Charley, I hope we are to have some duck this year. Bunce tells me they are getting more and more scarce."

"Bunce says that every summer," I remarked. "He is so afraid of strangers being disappointed that he always likes to prepare them for the worst. I saw plenty of duck this afternoon."

Our little party was less cheerful than usual that night. We were all three conscious of the restraint which is the inevitable consequence of an unfinished discussion, and we went early to bed. That is to say that the General and I went upstairs, while my uncle betook himself to his study, where it was his habit to sit up till the small hours, either reading or writing, for he was something of a bookworm, and would occasionally contribute articles on literary subjects to one of the few Reviews that were then in existence.

Upon the landing I met Mrs. Peters, the housekeeper, returning from the round of inspection which she made every night to see whether the house was on fire, or whether there were burglars concealed under any of the beds; and it occurred to me that I might get some information about Mrs. Farquhar out of her. But Mrs. Peters, who had taught me my Catechism in my childhood, and had looked after my wardrobe ever since, had no sort of respect for me.

"Now you go off to bed, Mr. Charles, and don't worrit me with questions," she said. "The lady will be here soon, and you can judge of her for yourself. I'm not one to chatter about my betters."

"Was there ever anything in the nature of a row between her and my uncle, Peters?" I asked, ignoring this disclaimer.

"Row? What, a quarrel, do you mean? Never was nothink of the sort. Why, you ought to know the Squire better, Mr. Charles, than to think he'd quarrel with one of the family—leastways with his mother."

"Well, I suppose she is one of the family, isn't she? I know there was some trouble, because Bunce told me so."

"I'll speak to that old Bunce for his good next time I see him," cried Mrs. Peters, wrathfully. "He's the foolishest man ever I knew, is Bunce, and that opinionated you'd think he had the wisdom of Solomon to hear him talk. By-gones is by-gones, and they don't concern me nor Bunce, nor you neither, Mr. Charles. You haven't said a word to the Squire, have you?"

"Of course not."

"Don't you do it, there's a good boy. There was a trouble; but it's all over years and years ago, and we sha'n't hear no more of it, please God. It never have been spoke about, nor never will be by me, Mr. Charles."

This was rather tantalizing; but I could not very well press Peters to say more. I only ventured to inquire whether Mrs. Farquhar had been concerned in the trouble alluded to.

"Oh, she!" answered Peters, rather contemptuously. "No, she hadn't nothing to do with it, beyond making the worst of a bad job. There's some folks as is like that, and she were always a weak creetur' to my mind, for all her talking and lecturing."

It seemed evident that Mrs. Farquhar's character gave scope for a variety of interpretations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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M. W. BULL.

CHARLES H. HINMAN.

GEORGE JOINER.

THOMAS J. DOLAN.

FRANCIS STUART.

JOHN L. PAULDING.

A. B. VAN HEUSEN.

WALTER SCOTT.

W. L. CASH.

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JOHN SMITH.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH—THE AMERICAN TEAM.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 394.]

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WAIFS AND STRAYS.

SEVERAL years ago a preacher in Cass County, Missouri, wrote to Washington in behalf of the residents of a growing hamlet, asking that a post-office be established there. The request was favorably received, and he was asked by the Post-office Department to suggest a name that would be acceptable to his neighbors. He replied that they were not hard to please, so long as the name was peculiar. The Department took him at his word, and Peculiar is the name of the post-office to this day.

A few days ago "Poe Cottage," on Fordham Hill, was sold under an auctioneer's hammer. It is a low and old-fashioned farm-house, surrounded by fruit trees. In an upper room, beneath the slanting roof, Poe wrote "The Raven." A cherry-tree near the house bears the poet's name cut into the bark, but the growth of the tree has distorted the letters. The property brought five thousand seven hundred dollars.

According to London *Truth*, a recent ball given at the United States Legation in Paris by Mrs. Levi P. Morton was the finest given there in fifteen years, and was noteworthy for the bringing together of elements politically antagonistic.

It was a queer condition of captivity in which the newspaper reporters who had been sent from foreign lands to describe the coronation of the Russian Czar found themselves. They were hospitably received, and each man was presented with a rather costly gold badge and a small sum of the public money, the latter ostensibly for carriage hire. But when they were ready to send their dispatches they found themselves entirely in the power of their hosts. Nothing was permitted to be sent out of Moscow that did not tell the story the censors wished to have told—a story of the splendors of the occasion and the joy of the people. It is asserted that one of the reporters endeavored to send a letter to his paper in London by mailing parts of it in separate envelopes to the addresses of friends, but only two sheets of it reached their destination. The period of their captivity being over, the reporters were entertained at a costly banquet.

The new English cutter, the *Marjorie*, has made a good beginning by winning the Queen's Cup in the recent regatta at Harwich. The *Miranda*, *Samena*, *Spendthrift*, and other equally well-known boats were among the competitors.

The latest story of police efficiency comes from New Jersey. A small boy happened to be crossing a canal bridge in Newark just as another small boy fell into the water. A policeman asked the boy on the bridge whether he could swim. The boy said he could, and with great presence of mind the policeman thereupon dropped him over the railing into the canal. After a hard struggle the boy who was dropped in succeeded in rescuing the one who fell in. The policeman has not yet been promoted for his bravery.

Shin Chin Sun, the learned Chinaman who arrived in this country a few days ago from South America with the Vicar Apostolic of Ho-Nan, whose private secretary he is, was not permitted to come ashore, for fear, perhaps, that he might turn out to be an industrious and frugal laundryman in disguise. So he remained on ship-board, with very little to eat, till the authorities were convinced that he was not bent on augmenting the evil of Chinese cheap labor. Being a philosopher, he made the best of the situation, and his subsequent enjoyment of exercise, air, and food was not lessened by the thought that he had said anything which was unbecoming.

President Arthur has quitted the White House for the season, and is staying at that convenient resort for Presidents, the Soldiers' Home. Nearly all of the many rumors as to where he will spend the heated term agree that he will do more or less fishing. An interesting line of inquiry would be whether the President's special fondness for casting a fly has resulted in making that spor. more sought after than it used to be. Under a monarchical government, if it should become known that the sovereign found pleasure in recreation so cheaply obtained as fishing, there would straightway come a "boom" in anglers' utensils.

It is suggested that two difficult problems be solved at once by setting up the Bartholdi statue of Liberty on the top of the Washington Monument.

This announcement is made in a morning paper of this city: "A lady wishes to find a situation for her excellent infant's nurse." As all infants are excellent in the eyes of their mothers, the nurse will probably find an opening if she can bring satisfactory reference from her last employer.

The *Sun* says that the "sudden burst of summer has driven all the world away." There seem to be reasons for believing, however, that an industrious man could find a couple of millions or so of unconsidered persons in this cluster of cities who have not fled to the watering-places. Whether they are to be regarded as any part of the world depends, perhaps, on the point from which they are viewed. The few who are so fortunately situated that they can drop their work—if they happen to have any—and seek the cooler places of the earth upon the approach of warm weather are to be congratulated; and having so much themselves, surely they will not deny the multitude the privilege of being counted as at least some small part of the world of men and women.

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MELLIN'S FOOD, an advertisement of which appears in our paper to-day, is a preparation which, by its exceeding intrinsic value, has won the front rank among all substitutes for mother's milk in nourishing infants, and is equally adapted as a food for invalids. It keeps in any climate, is easily prepared, and is highly commended by all physicians.—[*Adv.*]

THOUSANDS of people testify to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—[*Adv.*]

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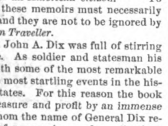

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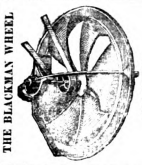

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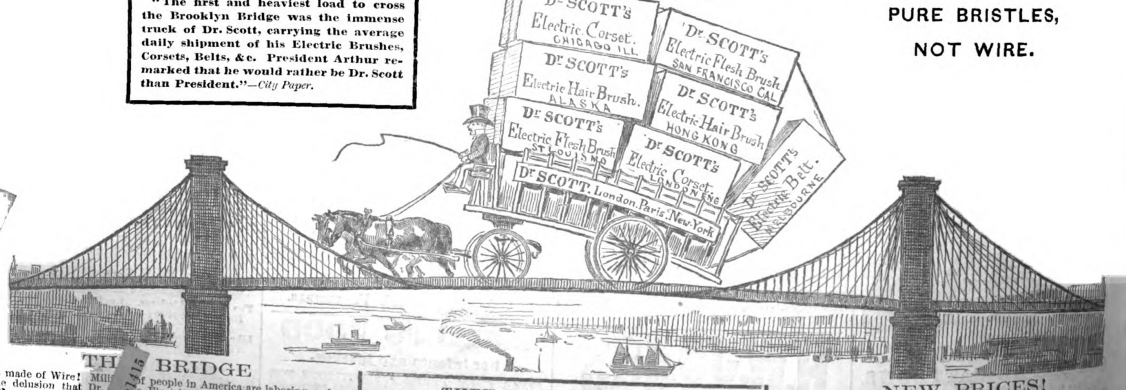
"The first and heaviest load to cross the Brooklyn Bridge was the immense truck of Dr. Scott, carrying the average daily shipment of his Electric Brushes, Corsets, Belts, &c. President Arthur remarked that he would rather be Dr. Scott than President."—*City Paper.*

PURE BRISTLES, NOT WIRE.



THE BRIDGE

Is made of Wire! Mill[ions] of people in America are laboring under the delusion that Dr. [Scott's] Electric Brushes are made of Wire. **They are not and never have been,** but always of **Pure Bristles.** An immense number of Common Wire Brushes have been sold through Dr. Scott's advertisements, and thousands of people have been industriously scratching their heads with them during the past three years, until the supposing that they were using Dr. Scott's—the only Electric Brush in the world. All should understand that Dr. Scott's are made of pure bristles, and that the use of Wire Brushes is most injurious to scalp and hair.

Each [Brush] has the same elegant design peculiar to our well-known $3 00 one, and contains the **same electro-magnetic power**—the difference being only in the size. Each is handsomely boxed, accompanied by a silver-plated compass, by which its power can always be tested.

THEY WILL POSITIVELY **CURE** *Nervous Headache in 5 minutes!! Bilious Headache in 5 minutes!! Neuralgia in 5 minutes!! Falling Hair and Baldness!! Dandruff and Diseases of the Scalp!!*

Promptly Arrest Premature Grayness!! Make the Hair Grow Long and Glossy!! Rarely fail to produce a rapid growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

NEW PRICES!

$1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3.

Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale and use of our renowned

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES

at $3, and in response to a very general inquiry for **cheaper goods** possessing the same therapeutic quality, we have placed on the market a full line of these beautiful and invaluable remedies, retailing at **$1 00, $1 50, $2 00, $2 50,** and **$3 00.**

We will send either kind, postpaid, on receipt of the price, with 20c. added for packing and registration. The price will be returned if not just as represented. Remit by draft, P. O. money order, or currency, payable to George A. Scott, 842 Broadway, New York; or, ask your druggist for them. These are not wire brushes. Mention *Harper's Weekly.* **Dr. Scott's Flesh Brush, $2 00; Electric Corsets—new prices, $1 00, $1 50, $2 00, and $3 00,** on above terms. **Agents Wanted. Dr. Scott's Electropathic Adjustable Belt,** price **$3 00.** The Flesh Brush cures Rheumatism and nearly all pains and aches.

EITHER KIND SENT, POSTPAID, ON TRIAL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1384.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

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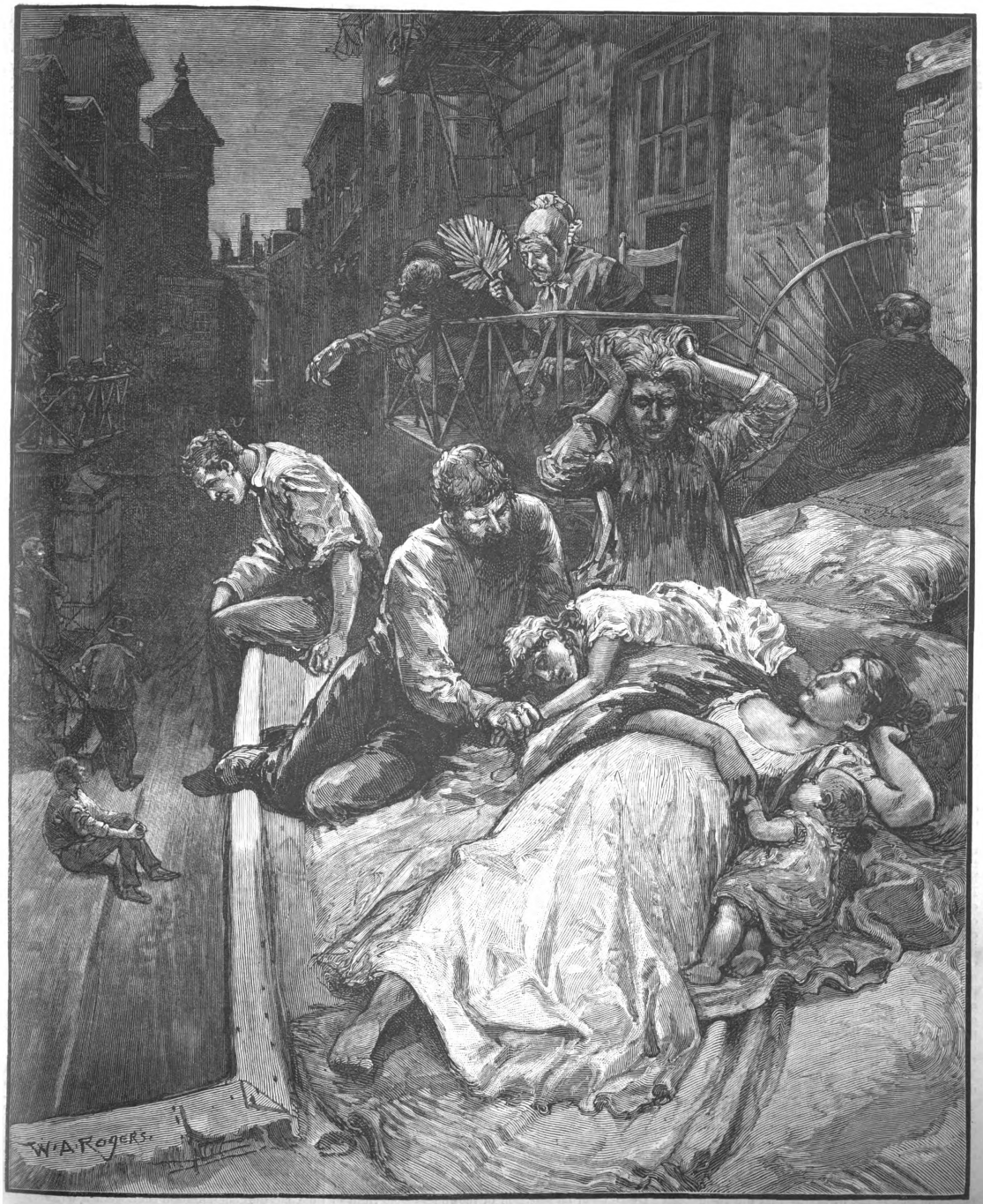

A SWELTERING NIGHT IN NEW YORK—TENEMENT-HOUSE SUFFERERS.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "ART Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1857 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

A HURRAH CAMPAIGN.

IT is more and more evident that the Democrats will not venture to raise the cry of free trade next year, and that the more sagacious Democratic leaders are resolved to try a hurrah HARRISON campaign, and to rely upon a cry of "corruption" and "turn 'em out." They will lack, however, the immense advantage which the hurrah campaign of 1840 derived from the business panic and prostration of 1837. The situation in 1840 was precisely that in which change for the sake of change is most attractive. But in 1884, if the country is busy and prosperous, change for its own sake will be a less seductive cry. But, on the other hand, whenever parties cease to represent great policies, and rely upon tradition and association, party ties are relaxed, and the voting becomes more uncertain. To vote against the party is not then felt to involve such serious consequences. In 1864 and 1868, and even in 1872, a Democratic restoration portended a return of old and familiar dangers. But in 1884 the distrust will be more general, and it will be less effective just in the degree that Democratic success does not mean a pronounced policy, and that Republican shortcomings are more vigorously emphasized. Republicans, therefore, can not rely safely upon this distrust. It is very probable that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives next winter will forget the wise advice of the politician which we quoted last week, to say nothing and do nothing, and it will probably say and do altogether too much for its own advantage. But it is not good generalship to risk the campaign upon the possible or even probable blunders of the enemy.

There is but one way in which the evident plan of the Democratic party can be successfully met, and that way is, not to rely upon distrust of that party, but to cultivate trust in the Republican party. The Democratic plan is substantially to declare that however tainted it may have been with treason and treachery to equal rights in the past, however honeycombed with corruption, however dependent upon ignorance and the support of the most dangerous classes, however dangerously wrong upon every great issue since the war, however cowardly in shirking all actual present questions, and however plainly a mere desperate conspiracy to obtain control of the government for the sake of plunder the Democratic party may now be, its success involving a complete overthrow of reform, it is still more trustworthy than the Republican party, which is smirched with the Whiskey Ring swindles, and the Star Route swindles, and the BELKNAP swindles, and the salary grab, and the third-term plot, and a myriad other similar jobs and thefts and crimes. The argument will be that no reform is possible until such a party is turned out, and that it can be turned out only by putting in the Democratic party. That such a plan is shrewd and promising is undeniable. It is equally undeniable that it can be successfully countered in one way only, and that is, not by saying that the Republican party saved the Union and emancipated the slaves, but by proving that the Republican party, although, like every party which is long in power, it has developed abuses, has punished its own rascals and reformed its own offenses.

This spirit and purpose were plainly shown in the nominations at Cincinnati in 1876, following the Whiskey Ring, salary grab, and BELKNAP revelations, and by the nomination at Chicago in 1880, which suppressed the third-term plot. It was shown by the vigor and resolution with which the Star Route swindles were attacked by the GARFIELD administration, which undoubtedly represented the honest and controlling Republican sentiment of the country, and by the refusal of the same administration to bow to the insolent "boss" supremacy which was fast ruining the party. In deference to the same emphatic Republican opinion the Legislature of New York refused to re-elect Senators who especially represented Republican abuses, and who challenged a party verdict from their own friends and creatures, and were ignominiously banished from public life. The River and Harbor Bill of last summer was carried against the veto of a Republican President and the virtually unanimous condemnation of the Republican press, by a Congress which misrepresented Republican sentiment, as was shown by the general Republican refusal to renominate or re-elect the offenders. Yet the same Congress bowed to the emphatic expression of Republican opinion in the country by the passage of the civil service reform bill, and by the revision of the tariff to reduce the superfluous revenue. The tremendous rebuke of last year's election was a Republican rebuke to those who traded upon the party name, and showed a spirit and resolution of which there is no trace whatever in the Democratic party. These are but illustrations of a regenerating force in the Republican party which has shown itself able and willing to deal with Republican offenses, and to promote the progressive welfare of the country. If this force shall continue to show its power in executive action and in control of the party, the party will retain the confidence of the country. If, on the other hand, the malign influences which have caused the abuses should dominate the party, the party would be defeated. The Democratic cry will be that reform is possible only by a clean sweep of Republican administration. But the crucial practical question for the voter will be whether a party which has shown the disposition and the power to correct itself shall be displaced by a party whose corrupt element is quite as powerful, which has no policy, principle, or purpose, and which has shown neither wish nor ability to reform itself.

THE COPYRIGHT TREATY.

THE formation of a new club to procure the passage of a comprehensive copyright law shows that interest in the subject is not extinct, although little has been recently done in pushing the treaty which has been so long under consideration. We do not know whether the draft of a law has been prepared, nor the reasons which persuade the club that a law is a more practicable and promising method of securing the result desired than a treaty. Both plans must encounter the same objection, the objection which has baffled all previous efforts of the kind, and that objection is the apprehension that an international copyright would enhance the price of books. The moral view of the question, that refusal of copyright to an author is mere robbery, however essentially just, has never been a popular view. Copyright clubs have been composed of authors. The treaties and the laws to secure international copyright have been sustained mainly by authors. The public has taken little interest in the debate; and even the earnest appeals of DICKENS forty years ago fell unheeded, and were soon abandoned, although the failure undoubtedly imbittered his feeling toward a country which lavished upon him the utmost enthusiasm of personal regard, and yet denied him what he felt to be his rights.

This public indifference is due to two causes—the feeling that absolute and perpetual copyright extending to every copy of a work ever issued would be opposed to the general welfare, and the feeling that an author is adequately paid by protection in his own country. The soundness of these propositions we do not now discuss. But the feeling undoubtedly exists, and the proof is the fact that copyright laws, whether limited, as in this country, to authors who are citizens, or extended, as in England, to any author who first publishes in the country, protect the author for a limited term only, and protect him for that term not because of his right, but because of the public advantage. Neither the law of England nor that of this country acknowledges the author's right of property in his work to be the same as his right of property in his hat or his estate. It is solely to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, and not for the protection of a private right of property, that Congress is authorized by the Constitution to secure to authors for limited terms the exclusive right to their works. To rest the endeavor to procure changes in any existing copyright law either by legislation or treaty upon an assertion of the indefeasible right of the author in every copy of his work issued anywhere and at any time is to open a very interesting and important debate, but it is to postpone indefinitely any practical relief.

But if the abstract question of right is to be waived, and a modification of the copyright law is to be sought with careful regard to the actual situation, the first obvious step to be taken is to secure the co-operation of all interests concerned. These are three—the author, the publisher, and the reader. Two of these interests have been hitherto passive, if not hostile to any extension of the copyright. But the proposed arrangement contemplates a representation of all the interests, and an arrangement which shall be acceptable to all. The situation is therefore more promising than ever before. The reasons which have produced a change of feeling are not germane to the discussion, so long as the proposed arrangement is just in itself and honestly supported. The great body of English and American authors and of American publishers, without opening the question of property right, and accepting the received basis of the copyright laws, have agreed upon a general scheme by which a common protection will be secured to the authors of both countries, upon terms which are certainly most reasonable. This scheme, in the form of a treaty, is still pending, and until it is definitely abandoned, which is not yet the case, it is very much more promising than any plan which has been hitherto proposed. Those who are disposed to insist that it is a compromise and not a proper assertion of the absolute right of the author should remember that it would no more prejudice that right and its assertion than the acceptance of the existing legal copyright by an author prejudices his right. It involves no concession of principle, and may be supported with perfect propriety by those who hold that SHAKESPEARE'S heirs ought now to be receiving a royalty upon every copy of Shakespeare sold, or those who hold that the present limited enjoyment of copyright should apply to foreigners as well as to American citizens.

THE REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION.

THE plan of Republican reorganization in the city of New York has been adopted by the Central Committee with one important change. The plan as originally published provided for a general enrollment and the disbanding of the "associations" in September, so that the party might be reorganized before the elections to the State Convention of this year, which will select the State Committee to direct the Presidential campaign of next year. Upon the plea, however, that a September enrollment would not be complete, the time was changed to November after the election. But it is provided that every Republican who is entitled to be enrolled may vote at the primaries for the Convention, and additional inspectors, mainly from the anti-machine wing, were selected to act at the elections with the present inspectors.

This scheme leaves the associations unchanged until after the elections of this autumn, and their organized and experienced force is not unlikely to prevail against the scattered energy of the Republicans who have hitherto not been permitted to vote. The disfranchised Republicans will hardly show at once the vigor and power which it is to be hoped that they will ultimately display. If the old machine leaders succeed in controlling the delegations from the city, and through them the Convention and the new State Committee, it will be because raw levies and volunteers and minute-men are not a match for the regulars.

The postponement of enrollment is unfortunate, but it can be plausibly defended. The trouble is that if, after the fine scheming for reorganization and the free voting at the Convention primaries, it should turn out that nothing is changed, and that the old machine is still in control, there would be a dangerous chill of Republican enthusiasm. It would have been wiser to carry out the plan as already published, because the old machine is under such a cloud that any modification of the scheme in the apparent interest of the machine arouses profound suspicion.

PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

IN these fervid days of the College Commencement season it is startling to hear from some old graduates that the years spent at college are often useless to the student because, however earnest and diligent he may be, he receives from the faculty no encouragement to study. It is not an accusation brought against any particular college. The mischief is supposed to arise from the perfunctory and formal way in which the college professor discharges his duty. He is generally paid, according to this view, a small salary to teach a class of young persons who have no especial interest in their lessons, and whose real interests are in society and athletic sports. The aim of the teachers is to attend to a mechanical task with the least trouble, and of the pupils to secure just the number of marks which will save them from being dropped.

That there is some truth in the complaint is probable, but the generalization is altogether too sweeping. We know many instances in which it is unfounded—instances of young men with a taste and faculty for

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special study which have been encouraged to the utmost and wisely guided by the teacher, to the great benefit of the student and the advantage of the public. Wherever the charge is true it is most unfortunate. Yet the corrective of the situation lies with the student, for if a teacher be indifferent or sluggish, nothing so certainly and effectively rouses and quickens him as an apt and eager pupil. If there be many such pupils in any college, and they fail to inspire the teacher, his unfitness for his post will necessarily soon appear. Half a dozen zealous and intelligent pupils in any class, who are determined "to know, you know," will soon demonstrate the ability or the temper of a teacher, and there could be no more refreshing novelty in college experience than the presentation of a professor to the trustees by a body of earnest students as inefficient in teaching and obstructive to study.

No such instance is known to us, and we suspect that the older graduates who enter the complaint, if they could recall accurately the facts of their experience, would find that they had not succeeded in persuading the professor that they were so resolutely bent upon knowledge as to require him to bestir himself. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that a teacher who assumes the interest of his class in their studies, and shows his own interest in them, stimulates many a youth who might otherwise pass listlessly through the prescribed routine. The duty and the pleasure and the advantage are reciprocal. We know a professor of this kind in one of the great universities, who is consequently more beloved and popular than any other. He is singled out at class-day for a special round of cheers, while the rest of the faculty are "lumped," and a friend once said to him, as the hearty hurrah died away, "If I were you I should be prouder of that cheer than of the highest honor of the university." All rights, as Dr. LIEBER, of Columbia, used to say, have their duties. It is the right of the professor to expect attention and docility, and the right of the student to expect intelligent instruction. And it is the duty of both professor and pupil to make that instruction as thorough and effective as possible.

THE OHIO DEMOCRATS.

THE Democratic nomination of Mr. GEORGE HOADLY as Governor of Ohio is very shrewd, and implies the defeat of the reactionary faction, which had selected General WARD. Mr. HOADLY is an old Free-soil Democrat, and a Republican with the peculiar feeling toward his late party that usually follows a change of party association when party principles remain unchanged. He is a man of high character and undoubted ability, whose nomination is in itself a kind of new departure, and whose election by a large majority would make him the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

The platform begins with a complete disavowal of the historic Democratic position. The Democratic party which was thrust from power in 1860 was a vast organization for the palliation and extension of human slavery. It was a party radically false to the fundamental American principle of equality and personal liberty. The war was begun by Democratic leaders because a party founded upon that principle had obtained control of the government. The Ohio Democracy in the midst of the contest nominated for Governor VALLANDIGHAM, who really represented its view of the war. The same Democracy now begins its declaration by professing its historical respect for personal liberty! and nominates an old Republican. Its protestations in regard to the tariff are uncandid and deceptive to the last degree. It is a free-trade Democracy, but it does not dare to say so, and demands a revenue tariff which shall encourage productive interests at home, and afford just compensation to labor. That is a phraseology carefully chosen to satisfy protectionists. It is an illustration of the insincerity which arouses the deep distrust of the country.

Nevertheless the action of the Ohio Democrats strongly emphasizes what we say elsewhere, that the path to Republican victory lies in showing that punishment of wrong-doers, honesty and efficiency and reform in the public service, economical administration, wise tariff legislation, and the moulding of the government by the most intelligent and patriotic national sentiment, are more probable under Republican than under Democratic administration. If the election of 1884 is to turn both upon performance and probability, if the parties are to be tried, not as representatives of policies, but by their traditions, their associations, their composition, their measures, and their power of self-correction, the Republicans need not fear the result of the contest. It is from this point of view that the conduct of the Executive becomes of the highest importance to the party.

THE GARBAGE BLOCKADE.

WITHIN six months nine ocean steamers of the largest class have grounded in entering or upon leaving the bay of New York, and every day the passenger crossing the bay may see garbage fleets proceeding to increase the obstructions and to ruin the harbor. It would be very comical, if it were not so serious, that there is not wit or skill enough in New York to dispose of the dirt of the city. In the suburbs the insoluble problem is to get rid of old fruit and vegetable cans and other rubbish; and one village father in the neighborhood complained that it cost his village more than a thousand dollars a year to collect the refuse, for which all the genius of the village could not provide a satisfactory dumping-ground.

But filling up the ocean channels of the chief sea-port upon the American continent is a very serious matter. If any one will look at a chart of the bay and the sea entrance he will see that, easy as it should seem from the simple outline for a vessel to go and come, it is really difficult. The bar between Sandy Hook and Coney Island has but two or three passages, and in the most direct of these a wreck has been lying for some months, and in another the *City of Rome* lately stuck fast.

It would inspire very much more respect for the commonsense of the authorities if the passenger across the bay should meet steamers carrying engineers to clear the channels instead of rubbish scows hastening to obstruct them. Were "G. W. B." still among us, how he would thunder in the *Evening Post* at the garbage blockade, and the ruin of a noble harbor!

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

THE great multitude that reverently attended the funeral of CHARLES T. BROOKS, at Newport, and the warm and tender words of eulogy from his friend and successor, Mr. WENDTE, the pastor of the Channing Memorial Church, with all the tributes from noted men, showed the universal affection and respect that were felt for one of the purest, gentlest, and most apostolic of men. It is forty-seven years since Dr. CHANNING preached the famous dedication sermon of the church in which Mr. BROOKS so long ministered, and the beautiful spirit of CHANNING abode with the young minister, and remained with him until he was young no longer, and to the end.

With the utmost liberality and generosity of mind, and in the fullest sympathy with all humane movements of reform, Mr. BROOKS was conspicuously identified with none of them, but remained always a scholar preaching the Gospel. His literary tastes were very decided, and his literary accomplishments, especially in German, were very great. His translations of some of the modern German poets are unsurpassed for fidelity and flowing grace, and his works of this kind are extensive. As a preacher, it was naturally upon the love rather than upon the fear of God that he dwelt, and a sweet benignity of aspect made the time of the service an angelic hour.

Some years since a serious affection of the eyes compelled Mr. BROOKS to resign his pastoral charge, and to seek absolute rest. After a visit to Europe he returned to Newport, where he was one of the most familiar figures in the place, his gracious mien and simple manner recalling, in the gay whirl of a luxurious and worldly society, the supreme beauty of the spiritual life. At seventy he was still young at heart, as he will be always young and unspotted from the world in the memory of all who loved him

TWELVE AMERICANS.

THE HARPERS have just published, in a neat volume, *Twelve Americans: their Lives and Times*, by HOWARD CARROLL, a series of biographical sketches of distinguished men, almost all of whom are living. The list embraces men of various pursuits, and of all opinions and all sections of the country. It includes HORATIO SEYMOUR and FREDERICK DOUGLASS, JOSEPH JEFFERSON and PETER COOPER, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, HANNIBAL HAMLIN, ROBERT H. SCHENCK, JOHN GILBERT, WILLIAM ALLEN, ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, and ALLEN G. THURMAN, of all of whom there are portraits.

Mr. CARROLL'S vivid, graphic, and interesting literary touch is familiar, and in this gallery of pictures he is at his best. His warm sympathy, his gay humor, and his hearty appreciation have evidently acted as a solvent of reserve, and his "subjects" have freely given him a confidence which he has not betrayed. The scope of his work hardly allows much chance for that "chaff" and imitative humor in which he excels, and in which he was made his own victim in the report of a late Saturday-night club dinner.

The sketches will reveal a great deal more of the various men of whom they treat than is known to most readers. They are photographic likenesses to which the historian will resort, and the flowing, easy, simple narrative will command a wide popular perusal and approval. The work has all the charm of bright personal gossip, and it is an admirable book for "summer reading."

THE NEW WINDSOR CENTENNIAL.

THE closing series of centennial celebrations of Revolutionary events properly takes place upon the Hudson, and one of the most interesting commemorations was that at New Windsor, just above the Highlands of West Point, on the 22d of June. It was at New Windsor that the army was cantoned for the last time, and on the 22d of June, 1783, the last remnant of the army broke its camp, and was disbanded.

The event, the scene, and the season happily conspired to insure a memorable day. There is no more interesting historic spot in the country. On one hand is West Point with all its famous traditions, and on the other Newburgh with the "head-quarters." Opposite are the noble hills, the Fishkill Beacons, and at their feet the village of Fishkill, where the Provincial Legislature sat, while on a bluff upon the bay a little to the north is the modest VERPLANCK cottage, the head-quarters of STEUBEN, in which the Society of the Cincinnati was formed. Every point is a patriotic inspiration.

The people of New Windsor very naturally held that the birth-place of GEORGE CLINTON and the site of the last cantonment and final disbandment deserved a distinct commemoration, and they declined to merge their rightful memorial day in that at Newburgh next October. The old "Temple" in which religious services were held is gone. But that story and all the rich tradition of the place were glowingly told by distinguished orators. New Windsor has never seen such a day, which has so emphasized and illustrated its history that hereafter the modest village will be pointed out as one of the famous Revolutionary points upon the famous river of the Revolution.

PERSONAL.

THE REV. DR. MURRAY, whom we announced several months ago as a probable successor to Dr. MCCOSH, in the event of the acceptance of that scholar's resignation of the presidency at Princeton, has been appointed to relieve President MCCOSH of some of his official duties, the trustees of the college declining to allow its present head to retire. Dr. MURRAY, who for some years has filled the chair of English Literature, and was widely known as the pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York city, possesses, in addition to sound scholarship, the organizing faculty and the admiration of his pupils. He has, besides, the rare and fine demeanor which college students are always quick to appreciate, and which they mean to describe when they say of its possessor that he is a gentleman.

—Captain THOMAS S. CURTIS, of the Havana steam-ship *Saratoga*, celebrates this week the completion of his hundredth voyage in the service of his present employers, Messrs. JAMES E. WARD & CO. The captain is a veteran in coastwise navigation. Before entering the service of the Messrs. WARD he had commanded steamships in other lines running to Havana, and in his whole career, although he has gone through many dangers, he has never lost a ship or met with a serious disaster.

—Mr. FRANK T. OTTARSON, who for many years has been a prominent figure in the ranks of New York journalism, has recently taken editorial charge of the Troy (New York) *Telegram*.

—Mr. CARL BOCK, the distinguished Norwegian traveller, has received double honors this year, the Geographical Society of Lisbon awarding him their gold medal, and the Emperor of Austria conferring the high distinction of Knight Commander of the Order of FRANZ-JOSEF.

—The method of teaching Chinamen in the Protestant Sunday-schools of this city requires a teacher for every pupil. Each pupil, no matter how long he has been an adult, is spoken of as a boy, and the race collectively is addressed as boys. After learning the English alphabet and the primer, John is set to reading the New Testament in English—a task which pleases him, and of which he does not tire. With few exceptions the Sunday-school Chinamen in New York are the proprietors of laundries. One of the communicants in the Twenty-third Street Reformed Presbyterian Church is a Chinese cigar-maker, who has thirty men in his employ. His ecclesiastical standing is excellent.

—If a girl has a musical voice, and wishes to support herself, she may earn from five hundred to twenty-five hundred a year by singing in a church choir, and may more than double the sum by engagements to appear at private parties. And for this purpose it is not necessary that her friends should expend five thousand dollars upon training her vocal powers in Italy. There are masters in New York fully competent to educate her. Singing in opera is a distinct branch of the profession, and, of course, requires special preparation; but there are many young women who earn an easy, handsome, and honorable living by using their voices to charm an audience in a church, a concert hall, or a private house, but who, for very substantial reasons, neither desire nor expect to undertake the venturesome business of singing in opera.

—Those who have visited Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S summer residence at Bryn Mawr, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about half an hour's ride from Philadelphia, will appreciate the extent of that gentleman's generosity in laying a plank walk from the house to the railroad station for the convenience of excursionists who desire to see the place and to regale themselves with the extensive and beautiful views over a rolling country which it affords. Probably there is not in the United States a more nearly perfect specimen of a Queen Anne villa. It is built of brick, is finished throughout in light woods, chiefly butternut and chestnut, and is surrounded by a noble terrace of cut granite. But the interior is charming, not because of elegance and costliness of decoration, but because of the simplicity of its quiet and tasteful effects. It is needless to add that, unlike some of his titled friends in Europe, Mr. CHILDS does not exact fees from visitors.

—Mr. P. T. BARNUM is known to his personal friends not only as the "biggest-show-on-earth" man, but also as a teetotaler, a temperance advocate, an abjurer of narcotics, an excellent story-teller, fond of his home, domestic in his tastes, and contemplating the approach of death with but a single regret, namely, that the children of the United States should lose the only person in existence, or yet to be, who is at once able and willing suitably to provide amusement for them. We are therefore pleased but not surprised to learn that he has just given to the Fire Department, the Poor, and the Grand Army of the Republic thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of burial lots in the Bridgeport cemetery.

—The moment it is noised abroad that an old master has been hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, scores of letters are received by the director from every quarter of the land urging him to buy other old masters—much better than his old master. The advent in that institution of RAPHAEL'S celebrated "Madonna of the Candelabras" was the forerunner of at least a hundred begging epistles, accompanied by photographs and documents, from as many owners of alleged works by that painter. A well-known art dealer said the other day that he was gradually going crazy because of the old masters. Everybody who owned one wanted him to get VANDERBILT, BELMONT, or Mrs. A. T. STEWART to buy it, and whenever an old master was lost at a fire, he was sure to be subpœnaed to testify to its great worth.

—CHARLES BACKUS, the "negro minstrel," who lately died of Bright's disease of the kidneys, leaves in the memories of a large company of Americans a gentle and affectionate regret. Not gifted himself with the greatest of mirth-giving gifts, he yet deserved the praise of having exerted faithfully and fully the benign influences of a mouth that no "negro minstrel" could gaze upon without envy. His jokes, though rude, were not coarse, in the coarsest sense of the word, and he has passed into silence with a public record that has made thousands of his fellow-creatures happy, and not one of them sad.

—Before the days of his eminent rascality, the late WILLIAM M. TWEED, then foreman of "Big Six" Fire Engine Company, was in danger of being expelled from the Fire Department. While running to a fire his company was about to be passed by Hose Company No. 36, who were drawing their carriage along the sidewalk; but TWEED, in order that "Big Six" might not be left in the rear, threw barrels, boxes, and various missiles in front of the hose-carriage, and so impeded its progress as to gain for his own company the victory in speed. For this offense he was reported to the Common Council, and was about to be expelled. In great dismay he went to the office of a brother fireman, who was also an influential business man, and implored him to interfere. "It will ruin my character," he exclaimed, with intense earnestness, "to be expelled from the Fire Department. I should never survive it." The gentleman appealed to went down and saw the committee of the Common Council who had the matter in charge, and succeeded in saving TWEED. It should be said in justice to TWEED that when he came to power he did not fail to remember the kindness of his friend, although the latter disdained to avail himself of any benefit that was at the disposal of the Great Thief's gratitude.

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THE HON. GEORGE HOADLY, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.

JUDGE HOADLY.

GEORGE HOADLY, the Democratic nominee for Governor in Ohio, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, July 31, 1826. He received his elementary education in Cleveland, Ohio, whither the family had removed in 1830. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, and graduated four years later. Having spent a year at the Harvard Law School, he entered the law office of CHASE & BALL in Cincinnati, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. Here he attracted the notice and secured the friendship of SALMON P. CHASE, and was in 1849 admitted as junior partner to the firm (CHASE, BALL, & HOADLY). The retirement of MR. CHASE from professional duty, consequent upon his election to the United States Senate, led to MR. HOADLY'S appearing in important cases early in his career, and no doubt contributed to his election by the Legislature in 1851 to the office of Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati for the remainder of the term to which that court had been limited by the Constitution.

In 1855 he became City Solicitor of Cincinnati, and in 1859 was elected to the bench of the new Superior Court.

In 1856 he was offered by Governor CHASE, and again by Governor TOD in 1862, a seat upon the Supreme Bench of Ohio, but declined both appointments.

Having been elected without opposition to the Constitutional Convention of 1873-4, he was made chairman of the Committee on Municipal Corporations. During the session he devoted himself principally to devising methods to check the increase of public burdens.

Originally a Democrat, and of a Democratic family, he took issue with his party on the question of slavery, and became attached to the Republican party, remaining a supporter of it until the end of GRANT'S first term. But in 1876, with many other Liberal Republicans, who believed that the necessary reforms in the government would be more surely secured by the election of TILDEN and HENDRICKS than their opponents, he joined the Democratic ranks. At the invitation of the Democratic committee he appeared before the Electoral Commission as counsel for the Democratic electors of Florida and Oregon.

In the spring of 1882 he tried, as leading counsel for the assignee and creditors of Archbishop PURCELL, the great case, not yet decided, involving the legal status of Catholic Church property. The preparation for this case, and his argument, which lasted three days, he regards as the most important intellectual effort of his life.

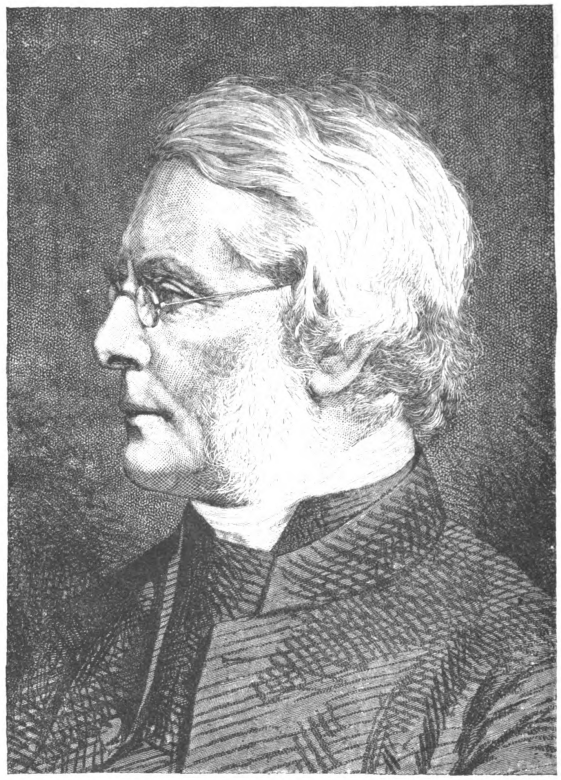
On his father's side Judge HOADLY is descended from a long line of New England farmers, whose sturdy qualities gained for themselves much honor. His grandfather served as a captain in the Revolution, and was afterward elected twenty-six times to the Connecticut Legislature. On his mother's side he belongs to a most distinguished family. He is a nephew of DR. WOOLSEY and grand-nephew of DR. DWIGHT (both ex-presidents of Yale College), a great-great-grandson of JONATHAN EDWARDS, an own cousin to THEODORE WINTHROP and SARAH C. WOOLSEY, the latter being known in the literary world as SUSAN COOLIDGE.

BISHOP COLENSO.

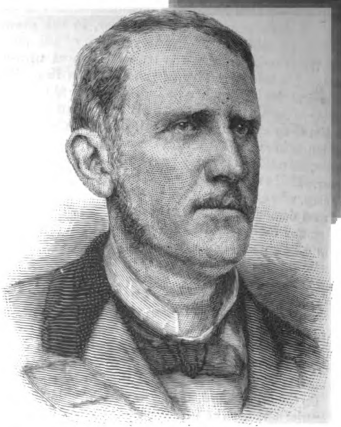
THE Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D., Bishop of Natal, who died recently at the scene of his long and active labors, is chiefly known by the controversy which arose on the publication of his work on *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua*. But aside from his views regarding the authenticity of these books, which were directly at variance with those held by orthodox Christians, Bishop COLENSO must be acknowledged to have led a very useful life among the natives of his African home. He established schools among them, instructed them in the arts and practices of civilized life, and sought to defend them against the unjust aggressions of the colonists.

He was born at St. Austell in 1814, and graduated with honors in 1836 from St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he afterward became a Fellow. Two years later he was made Mathematical Master at Harrow, holding that post until 1842. During that time he wrote and compiled his books on arithmetic and algebra, which became quite famous. In 1846 he was appointed Rector of Forncett St. Mary, in Norfolk, where he continued until 1853, when he was made D.D., and appointed to the bishopric of the colony of Natal.

In 1862 Bishop COLENSO, who had been engaged in translating the Bible into the Zulu language, published the controversial work already referred to. It was condemned by the Convocation of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Cape Town, as Metropolitan, declared him to be deposed; but the deposition was pronounced void in 1865 on an appeal to the Privy Council.



THE LATE BISHOP COLENSO.



THOMAS Z. MORROW, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.—PHOTO. BY SANDIFER & NEIL.

JUDGE KINNE.

JUDGE L. G. KINNE, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Iowa, was born in Syracuse, in this State, on the 5th of November, 1846. His education was completed in the High School, and in 1865 he went West, settling in La Salle County, Illinois, going thence to the Law School of the State University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, where he was graduated in 1868, entering upon the practice in his Illinois home, where he married in 1869, and immediately removed to Toledo, Tama County, Iowa, where he has since resided and practiced his profession. In 1872 he allied himself with the followers of HORACE GREELEY, and has since been an active, enthusiastic Democrat. In that year he was nominated for Circuit Judge in his district, and ran ahead of his ticket. In 1874 he was nominated for District Attorney, in the face of foredoomed defeat, though he led his ticket by several hundred votes. He is a popular speaker, and has taken an active part in every Iowa campaign for several years.

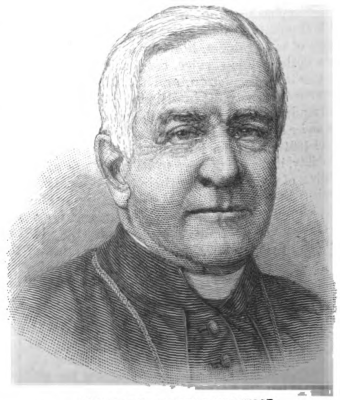
ARCHBISHOP WOOD.

ARCHBISHOP WOOD, who died in Philadelphia on the 20th inst., was a native of that city, where he was born on the 27th of April, 1813, of English parentage. He was educated in England, and on his return, after an absence of five years, became a clerk in the United States Bank of Cincinnati, rising soon to the position of cashier. In 1837 he determined to enter the priesthood of the Church of Rome, and repaired to the Eternal City for his ecclesiastical education. He remained there seven years. In 1844 he was ordained a priest, and soon after was appointed assistant rector of the Cathedral in Cincinnati—an office which he held for nearly ten years. He was then appointed to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church in the same city. He was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia by Archbishop PURCELL on April 26, 1857, succeeding in 1860 to the full bishopric. In 1875 he was elevated to the archbishopric.

COLONEL MORROW.

COLONEL THOMAS Z. MORROW was nominated for Governor of Kentucky by the Republican State Convention held at Lexington, May 24. Six ballots were necessary, and the final one which decided the contest stood 539 to 350. The nomination was subsequently made unanimous. The Colonel is about forty years of age. His home is in Somerset, Pulaski County. He was graduated from Center College, Danville, Kentucky, and is a lawyer of ability. He is a good political speaker, and is Chairman of the Republican Committee of his district. He and his opponent, MR. KNOTT, are stumping the State together, and discussing the questions of the day before the people. In a debate at Mount Vernon Colonel MORROW, according to the Louisville *Evening Post*, arraigned the Democratic party of Kentucky for defective revenue laws which exacted the taxes from the poor and allowed the wealthy to escape; the mismanagement of the finances, by which $9,000,000 which the State had in 1865 have been entirely absorbed in the payment of a debt of only $6,000,000, and still leaving an indebtedness of $400,000 to be met by additional taxation. As an evidence of waste, he said the reports of the Court of Appeals for fourteen years had cost from $9 50 to $10 50 per volume, while in other States similar reports cost only two or three dollars. He asked what there was to show for the $3,000,000 wasted since the Democracy came into power in 1865? He then proceeded to illustrate the backwardness in educational and material development, and severely criticised the abuse of the pardoning power and the wholesale remission of fines, which have made the laws a dead letter. MR. KNOTT in reply conceded the accuracy of Colonel MORROW'S financial statements, but contended that Kentucky was no worse off than other States, and was willing she should remain as she is.

L. G. KINNE, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF IOWA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOORE.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WOOD.
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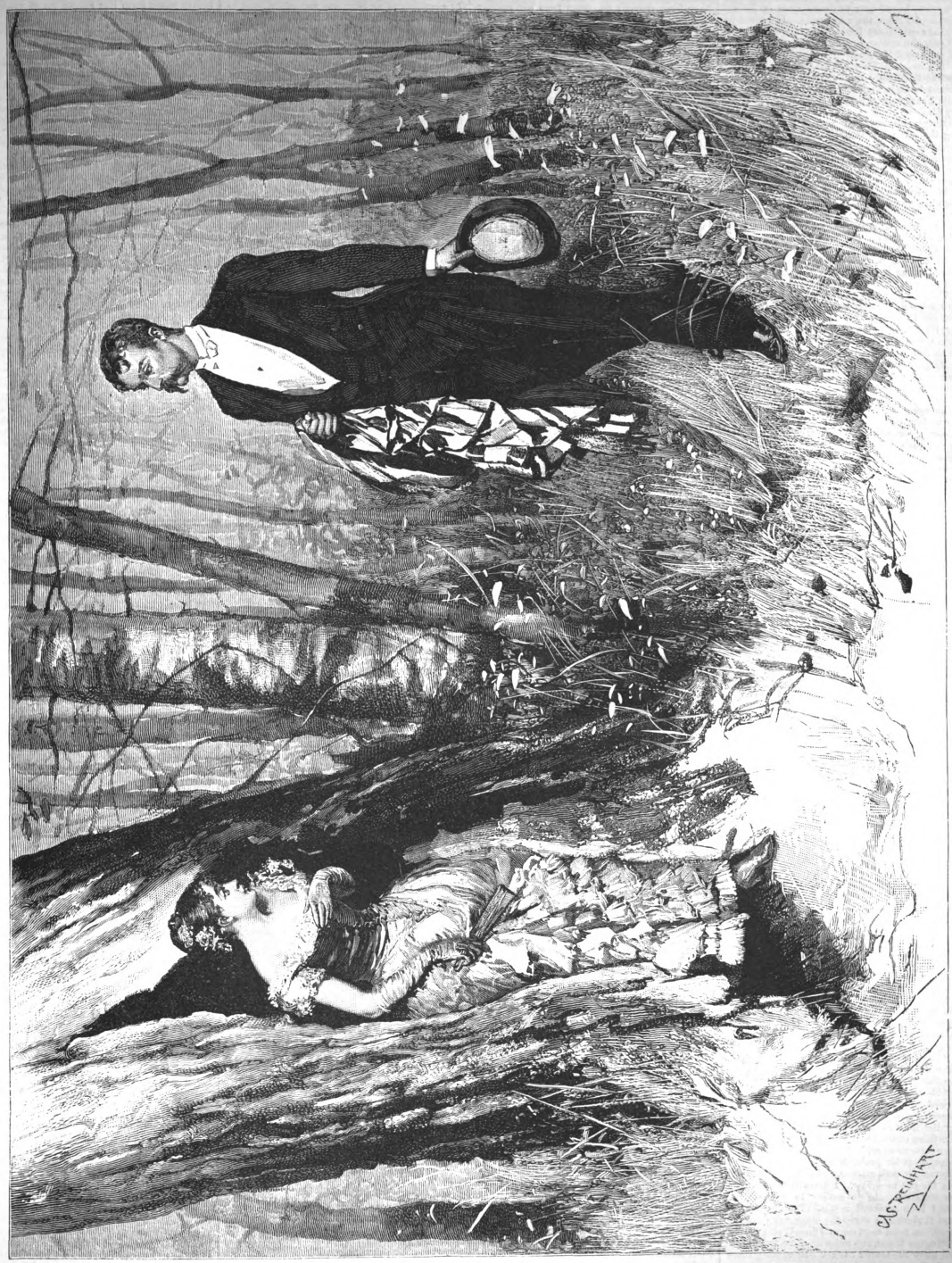

"I CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS DREADFUL TREE!"

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

On the next occasion, which was just when the sun was changing places with the moon as an illuminator of Stickleford Dairy, she found him at the spot before her, and unincumbered by a horse. The melancholy that had so weighed him down at their first interview, and had been perceptible at their second, had quite disappeared. He pressed her right hand between both his own across the stile.

"My dear girl, God bless you!" said he, warmly. "I can not help thinking of that morning. I was too much overshadowed at first to take in the whole force of it. You don't know all, but your presence was a miraculous intervention. Now to more cheerful matters. I have a great deal to tell—that is, if your wish about the ball be still the same?"

"Oh, yes, sir—if you don't object," said the persistent maiden.

"Never think of my objecting. What I have found out is something which simplifies matters amazingly. In addition to your Yeomanry Ball at Casterbridge, there is also to be one in the next county about the same time. This ball is not to be held at the Town-hall of the county town as usual, but at Lord Blakemore's, who is colonel of the regiment, and who, I suppose, wishes to please the yeomen because his brother is going to stand for the county. Now I find I could take you there very well, and the great advantage of that ball over the Yeomanry Ball in this county is that there you would be absolutely unknown, and I also. But do you prefer your own county?"

"Oh, no, sir. It is a ball I long to see—I don't know what it is like. It does not matter where."

"Then I shall be able to make much more of you there, where there is no possibility of recognition. That being settled, the next thing is the dancing. Now reels and such things won't do. For think of this—there is a new dance at Almack's and everywhere else, over which the world has gone crazy."

"How dreadful!"

"Ah—but that is a mere expression—gone mad. It is really an ancient Scythian dance; but such is the power of fashion that, having once been adopted by Society, this dance has made the tour of the Continent in one season."

"What is its name, sir?"

"The polka. Young people, who always dance, are ecstatic

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about it, and old people, who have not danced for years, have begun to dance again on its account. All share the excitement. It arrived in London only some few months ago—it is now all over the country. Now this is your opportunity, my good Margery. To learn this one dance will be enough. They will dance scarce anything else at that ball. While, to crown all, it is the easiest dance in the world, and as I know it quite well, I can practice you in the step. Suppose we try?"

Margery showed some hesitation before crossing the stile: it was a Rubicon in more ways than one. But the curious reverence which was stealing over her for all that this stranger said and did was too much for prudence. She crossed the stile.

Withdrawing with her to a nook where two high hedges met, and where the grass was elastic and dry, he lightly rested his arm on her waist, and practiced with her the new step of fascination. Instead of music he whispered numbers, and she, as may be supposed, showed *no* slight aptness in following his instructions. Thus they moved *round together*, the moon shadows from the twigs racing over their forms as they turned.

The interview lasted about half an hour. Then he somewhat abruptly handed her over the stile, and stood looking at her from the other side.

"Well," he murmured, "what has come to pass is strange. My whole business after this will be to recover my right mind."

Margery (to whose recollections the writer is indebted for the details of this interview) always declared that there seemed to be some power in the stranger that was more than human, something magical and compulsory, when he seized her and gently trotted her round. But the lapse of many, many years may have led her memory to play pranks with the scene, and her vivid imagination at that youthful age must be taken into account in believing her. However, there is no *doubt that the stranger*, whoever he might be, and whatever his powers, taught her the elements of modern dancing at a certain interview by moonlight at the top of her father's garden, as was proved by her possession of knowledge on the subject that could have been acquired in no other way.

His was of the first rank of commanding figures, she was one of the most graceful of milkmaids, and to casual view it would have seemed all of a piece with Nature's doings that things should go on thus. But there was another side to the case; and whether the strange gentleman were a wild olive-tree or not, it was questionable if the acquaintance would lead to happiness. "A fleeting romance and a possible calamity"—*thus it might have been summed up by the practical.*

Margery was in paradise; and yet she was not distinctly in love with the stranger. What she felt was something more mysterious, more of the nature of veneration. As he looked at her across the stile she spoke timidly, on a subject which had apparently occupied her long.

"I ought to have a ball dress, ought I not, sir?"

"Certainly. And you shall have a ball dress."

"Really?"

"No doubt of it. I won't do things by halves for my best friend. I have thought of the ball dress, and of other things also."

"And is my dancing good enough?"

"Quite — quite." He paused, lapsed into thought, and looked at her. "Margery," he said, "do you trust yourself unreservedly to me?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, brightly: "if I am not *too* much trouble: if I am good enough to be seen in your society."

The Baron laughed in a peculiar way. "Really, I think you may assume as much as that. However, to business. The ball is on the twenty-fifth, that is next Thursday week; and the only difficulty about the dress is the size. Suppose you lend me this?" And he touched her on the shoulder to signify a tight little jacket she wore.

Margery was all obedience. She took it off and handed it to him. The Baron rolled and compressed it with all his force till it was about as large as a cricket ball, and put it into his pocket.

"The next thing," he said, "is about getting the consent of your friends to your going. Have you thought of this?"

"There is only my father. I can tell him I am invited to a party, and I don't think he'll mind. Though I would rather not tell him."

"But it strikes me that you must inform him something of what you intend. I would strongly advise you to do so." He spoke as if rather perplexed as to the probable custom of the English peasantry in such matters, and added: "However, it is for you to decide. I know nothing of the circumstances. As to getting to the ball, the plan I have arranged is this. The direction to Lord Blakemore's being the other way from my house, you must meet me at Three-Walks End in Chillington Wood, two miles or more from here. You know the place? Good. By meeting there we shall save five or six miles of journey—a consideration, as it is a long way. Now for the last time: are you still firm in your wish for this particular treat and no other? It is not too late to give it up. Can not you think of something else—something better—some useful household articles you require?"

Margery's countenance, which before had been beaming with expectation, lost its brightness, her eyes became moist, and her voice broken. "You have offered to take me, and now—"

"No, no, no," he said, patting her cheek. "We will not think of anything else. You shall go."

CHAPTER IV.

But whether the Baron, in naming such a distant spot for the rendezvous, was in hope she might fail him, and so relieve him after all of his undertaking, can not be said; though it might have been strongly suspected from his manner that he had no great zest for the responsibility of escorting her.

But he little knew the firmness of the young woman he had to deal with. She was one of those soft natures whose power of adhesiveness to an acquired idea seems to be one of the special attributes of that softness. To go to a ball with this glorious and mysterious personage of romance was her most ardent desire and aim; and none the less in that she trembled with fear and excitement at her position in so aiming. She felt the deepest awe, tenderness, and humility toward the Baron of the strange name, and yet she was prepared to stick to her point.

Thus it was that the afternoon of the eventful day found Margery trudging her way up the slopes from the vale to the place of appointment. She walked to the music of innumerable birds, which increased as she drew away from the open meads toward the groves. She had overcome all difficulties. After thinking out the question of telling or not telling her father, she had decided that to tell him was *to be forbidden* to go. Her contrivance therefore was this: to leave home *this* evening on a visit to her invalid grandmother, who lived not far from the Baron's house; to arrive at her grandmother's by breakfast-time next morning. Who would suspect the existence of a *lacuna* of twelve hours, during which she would be off to the ball? That this piece of deception was extremely wrong she afterward owned readily enough; but she did not stop to think of it then.

It was sunset within Chillington Wood by the time she reached Three-Walks End—the converging point of radiating trackways, now floored with a carpet of matted grass, which had never known other scythes than the teeth of rabbits and hares. The twitter overhead had ceased, except from a few braver and larger birds, including the cuckoo, who did not fear night at this pleasant time of year. Nobody seemed to be on the spot when she first drew near, but no sooner did Margery stand at the intersection of the roads than a slight crashing became audible, and her patron appeared. He was so transfigured in dress that she scarcely knew him. Under a light great-coat, which was flung open, instead of his ordinary clothes he wore a suit of thin black cloth, a waistcoat open all down the front, a white tie, shining boots no thicker than a glove, a coat that made him look like a bird, and a hat that seemed as if it would open and shut like an accordion.

"I am dressed for the ball—nothing worse," he said, dryly smiling. "So will you be soon."

"Why did you *choose* this place for our meeting, sir?" she asked, looking around and acquiring confidence.

"Why did I choose it? Well, because in riding past one day I observed a large hollow tree close by here, and it occurred to me when I was last with you that this would be useful for our purpose. Have you told your father?"

"I have not yet told him, sir."

"That's very bad of you, Margery. How have you arranged it, then?"

She briefly related her plan, on which he made no comment, but taking her by the hand as if she were a little child, he led her through the undergrowth to a spot where the trees were older and standing at wider distances. Among them was the tree he had spoken of—an elm; huge, hollow, distorted, and headless, with a rift in its side.

"Now go inside," he said, "before it gets any darker. You will find there everything you want. At any rate, if you do not you must do without it. I'll keep watch; and don't be longer than you can help to be."

"What am I *to* do, sir?" asked the puzzled maiden.

"Go inside, and you will see. When you are ready, wave your handkerchief at that hole."

She stooped into the opening. The cavity within the tree formed a lofty circular apartment four or five feet in diameter, to which daylight entered at the top, and also through a round hole about six feet from the ground, marking the spot at which a limb had been amputated in the tree's prime. The decayed wood of cinnamon brown, forming the inner surface of the tree, and the warm evening glow reflected in at the top, suffused the cavity with a faint mellow radiance.

But Margery had hardly given herself time to heed these things. Her eye had been caught by objects of quite another quality. A large white oblong paper box lay against the inside of the tree; over it, on a splinter, hung a small oval looking-glass.

Margery seized the idea in a moment. She pressed through the rift into the tree, lifted the cover of the box, and behold, there was disclosed within a lovely white apparition in a somewhat flattened state. It was the ball dress.

This marvel of art was, briefly, a sort of heavenly cobweb. It was a gossamer texture of precious manufacture, artistically festooned in a dozen flounces or more.

Margery lifted it, and could hardly refrain from kissing it. Had any one told her before this moment that such a dress could exist, she would have said, "No; it's impossible!" She drew back, went forward, flushed, laughed, raised her hands. To say that the maker of that dress had been an individual of talent was simply understatement: he was a genius, and she sunned herself in the rays of his creation.

She then remembered that her friend without had told her to make haste, and she spasmodically proceeded to array herself. In removing the dress she found satin slippers, gloves, a handkerchief nearly all lace, a fan, and even flowers for the hair. "Oh, how could he think of it!" she said, clasping her hands and almost crying with agitation. "And the glass—how good of him!"

Everything was so well prepared that to clothe herself in these garments was a matter of ease. In a quarter of an hour she was ready, even to shoes and gloves. *But* what led her more than anything else into admiration of the Baron's foresight was the discovery that there were half a dozen pairs each of shoes and gloves, of varying sizes, out of which she selected a fit.

Margery glanced at herself in the mirror, or at as much as she could see of herself: the image presented was superb. Then she hastily rolled up her old dress, put it in the box, and thrust the latter on a ledge as high as she could reach. Standing on tiptoe, she waved the handkerchief through the upper aperture, and bent to the rift to go out.

But what a trouble stared her in the face! The dress was so airy, so fantastical, and so extensive that to get out in her new clothes by the rift which had admitted her in her old ones was an impossibility. She heard the Baron's steps crackling over the dead sticks and leaves.

"Oh, sir—" she began, in despair.

"What, can't you dress yourself?" he inquired from the back of the trunk.

"Yes; but I can't get out of this dreadful tree!"

He came round to the opening, stooped, and looked in. "It is obvious that you can not," he said, taking in her compass at a glance; and adding to himself, "Charming! who would have thought that clothes could do so much!—Wait a minute, my little maid: I have it!" he said more loudly.

With all his might he kicked at the sides of the rift, and by that means broke away several pieces of the rotten touchwood. But being thinly armed about the feet he abandoned that process, and went for a fallen branch which lay near. By using the large end as a lever, he tore away pieces of the wooden shell which enshrouded Margery and all her loveliness, till the aperture was large enough for her to pass without tearing her dress. She breathed her relief: the silly girl had begun to fear that she would not get to the ball after all.

He now carefully wrapped round her a cloak he had brought with him: it was hooded, and of a length which covered her to the heels.

"The carriage is waiting down the other path," he said, and gave her his arm. A short trudge over the soft dry leaves brought them to the place indicated. There stood the brougham, the horses, the coachman, all as still as if they were growing on the spot, like the trees. Margery's eyes rose with some timidity to the coachman's figure.

"You need not mind him," said the Baron. "He is a foreigner, and heeds nothing."

In the space of a short minute she was handed inside; the Baron buttoned up his overcoat, and surprised her by mounting with the coachman. The carriage moved off silently over the long grass of the vista, the shadows deepening to black as they proceeded. Darker and darker grew the night as they rolled on; the neighborhood familiar to Margery was soon left behind, and she had not the remotest idea of the direction they were taking. The stars blinked out, the coachman lit his lamps, and they bowled on again.

In the course of an hour and a half they arrived at a small town, where they pulled up at the chief inn and changed horses, all being done so readily that their advent had plainly been expected. The journey was resumed immediately. Her companion never descended to speak to her; whenever she looked out there he sat upright on his perch, with the mien of a person who had a difficult duty to perform, and who meant to perform it properly at all costs. But Margery could not help feeling a certain dread at her situation—almost, *indeed*, a wish that she had not come. Once or twice she thought, "Suppose he is a wicked man, who is taking me off to a foreign country, and will never bring me home again?"

But her characteristic persistence in an original idea sustained her against these misgivings except at odd moments. One incident in particular had given her confidence in her escort: she had seen a tear in his eye when she expressed her sorrow for his troubles. He may have divined that her thoughts would take an uneasy turn, for when they stopped for a moment in ascending a hill he came to the window. "Are you tired, Margery?" he asked, kindly.

"No, sir."

"Are you afraid?"

"N—no, sir. But it is a long way."

"We are almost there," he answered. "And now, Margery," he said, in a lower tone, "I must tell you a secret. I have obtained this invitation in a peculiar way. I thought it best for your sake not to come in my own name, and this is how I have managed. A man in this county, for whom I have lately done a service, one whom I can trust, and who is personally as unknown here as you and I, has (privately) transferred his card of invitation to me. So that we go under his name. I explain this that you may not say anything imprudent by accident. Keep your ears open and be cautious." Having said this the Baron retreated again to his place.

"Then he is a wicked man, after all!" she said to herself; "for he is going under a false name." But she soon had the temerity not to mind it: wickedness of that sort was the one ingredient required just now to finish him off as a hero in her eyes.

They descended a hill, passed a lodge, then up an avenue; and presently there beamed upon them the light from other carriages, drawn up in a row, which moved on by degrees; and at last they halted before a large arched doorway, round which a group of people stood.

"We are among the latest arrivals, on account of the distance," said the Baron, re-appearing. "But never mind; there are three hours at least for your enjoyment."

The steps were promptly flung down, and they alighted. The steam from the flanks of their swarthy steeds ascended in clouds to the parapet of the porch, and from their nostrils the hot breath jetted forth like smoke out of volcanoes, and attracting the attention of all.

CHAPTER V.

THE bewildered Margery was led by the [illegible] up the steps to the interior of the house, the sounds of music and dancing were [illegible] proceeding. The tones were strange. At every fourth beat a deep and mighty note throbbed through the air, reaching Margery's soul with all the force of a blow.

"What is that powerful tune, sir? I have never heard anything like it," she said.

"The Drum Polka," answered the Baron.

Her surprise was not lessened when, at the entrance to the ball-room, she heard the names of her conductor and herself announced as "Mr. and Miss Brown."

However, nobody seemed to take any notice of the announcement, the room beyond being in a perfect turmoil of gayety, and Margery's consternation at sailing under false colors subsided. At the same moment she observed awaiting them a handsome, dark-haired, rather *petite* lady in cream-colored satin. "Who is she?" asked Margery of the Baron.

"She is the lady of the mansion," he whispered. "She is the wife of a peer of the realm, the daughter of a marquis, has five Christian names, and hardly ever speaks *to commoners*, except for political purposes."

"How heavenly! What joy to be here!" murmured Margery, as she contemplated the diamonds that flashed from the head of her ladyship, who was just inside the ball-room door, in front of a little gilded chair, upon which she sat in the intervals between one arrival and another. She had come down from London at great inconvenience to herself, openly to promote this entertainment.

As Mr. and Miss Brown expressed absolutely *no meaning to Lady Blakemore* (for there were three Browns already present in this rather mixed assembly), and as there was possibly a slight awkwardness in poor Margery's manner, Lady Blakemore touched their hands lightly with the tips of her long gloves, said, "How d'ye do," and turned round for more comers.

"Ah, if she only knew we were a rich Baron and his friend, and not Mr. and Miss Brown at all, she wouldn't receive us like that, would she?" whispered Margery, confidentially.

"Indeed she wouldn't," dryly said the Baron. "Now let us drop *into* the dance at once; some of the people here, you see, dance much worse than you."

Almost before she was aware she had obeyed his mysterious influence by giving him one hand, placing the other upon his shoulder, and swinging with him round the room.

At the first gaze the apartment had seemed to her to be floored with black ice; the figures of the dancers appearing upon it upside down. At last she realized that it was highly polished oak, but she was none the less afraid to move.

"I am afraid of falling down," said she.

"Lean on me; you will soon get used to it," he replied.

His words, like all his words to her, were quite true. She found it amazingly easy in a brief space of time. The floor, far from hindering her, was a positive assistance to one of her natural agility and litheness. Moreover, her marvellous dress of twelve flounces inspired her as nothing else could have done. Externally a new creature, she was prompted to new deeds. To feel as well dressed as the other women around her is to set any woman at her ease, whencesoever she may have come; to feel much better dressed is to add radiance to that ease.

Her prophet's statement on the popularity of the polka at this juncture was amply borne out. It was among the first seasons of its general adoption in country houses; the enthusiasm it excited to-night was beyond description, and scarcely credible to the youth of the present day. A new motive power had been introduced into the world of poesy—the polka—as a counterpoise to the new motive power that had been introduced into the world of prose—steam.

Twenty finished musicians sat in the gallery at the end, with romantic mop-heads of raven hair, under which their faces and eyes shone like fire under coals.

The nature and object of the ball had led to its being very inclusive. Every rank was there, from the peer to the smallest yeoman, and Margery got on exceedingly well, particularly when the restorative powers of supper had banished the fatigue of her long drive.

Sometimes she heard people saying, "Who are they?—brother and sister—father and daughter? And never dancing except with each other—how odd!" But of this she took no notice.

When not dancing the watchful Baron took her through the drawing-rooms and picture-galleries adjoining, which to-night were thrown open like the rest of the house, and there, ensconcing her in some curtained nook, he drew her attention to scrap-books, prints, and albums, and left her to amuse herself with turning them over till the dance in which she was practiced should again be called. Margery would much have preferred to roam about during these intervals; but the words of the Baron were law, and as he commanded so she acted. In such alternations the evening winged away, till at last came the gloomy words, "Margery, our time is up."

"One more—only one!" she coaxed, for the longer they staid the more freely and gayly moved the dance. This entreaty he granted; but on her asking for yet another, he was inexorable. "No," he said. "We have a long way to go."

Then she bade adieu to the wondrous scene, looking over her shoulder as they withdrew from the hall, and in a few minutes she was cloaked and in the carriage. The Baron mounted to his seat on the box, where she saw him light a cigar;

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come of your firmness, General? I believe if Maud were to tell you to go to Scotland to-morrow and bring Mrs. Farquhar back with you, you'd do it."

"Oh, come, don't *you* talk!" retorted the General. "If she told you to stand on your head on the top of the church steeple, you'd do it. Do you think I don't know that she has got you well under her thumb? Why, you never take your eyes off her! And you're a young fellow, mind you, whereas I'm an old man."

I did not see that his case was much improved by this undeniable fact; but his allusion had the effect of putting me to silence. I had not yet reached that period of life at which a young man in love delights to parade his infatuation; I was very much afraid of being chaffed, and I had no desire that the state of my feelings should be known to any one, except George Warren and Maud herself. I told George subsequently of the General's defection, and its cause, and he said he didn't wonder at it.

"Well," I returned, not quite pleased, "I must say I do rather wonder at it. I shouldn't have thought that an old fellow like the General would have allowed himself to be overpersuaded by a girl who might almost be his granddaughter. And Maud is quite wrong, you know."

"Can she be wrong?" asked George.

"Why, yes," I said, "I presume she can, seeing that she is mortal. I'm not sure that I care much for people who never make mistakes. It is quite natural that Maud should have *made* a mistake in this case; but I'll be hanged if it's natural in a man of the General's age to let her lead him by the nose. Between you and me, I sha'n't be very sorry when the General goes back to his military duties."

The truth was that I was slightly irritated against my good friend the General at this time, for reasons quite unconnected with his deplorable change of front. I did not, of course, object to the sort of fatherly admiration with which he regarded Maud; but I did object a good deal to his calm way of taking it for granted that whenever I arranged to meet her and George anywhere he too was to be of the party. It seemed to show a little want of discrimination. He might have come, and welcome, if, when we were riding, he would sometimes have cantered on ahead, or if, when we were afloat, he would have gone away and fished with George (who, to be sure, never caught anything), but he did not hesitate to say plainly that he preferred talking to Miss Maud to attempting to catch pike in bright sunshine; and she, for her part, encouraged him in his laziness, sometimes even sending me off with a rod and a ridiculous-looking fly to try my luck—which I did with a very bad grace.

All this was not as it should have been, and it was sad to think that the summer was fast slipping away, and that when September came my duty to the partridges would leave me but little leisure for philandering. Nevertheless, those were happy days. People may say what they please about the climate of England, but no amount of statistics and weather tables will ever convince me that it has not changed greatly for the worse; and what proves this is that we all sailed out to the Cockle Light one afternoon toward the end of August in a northeasterly breeze, and enjoyed it. Will any candid person assert that the North Sea under the above conditions is a pleasant sailing ground nowadays? I tried it myself only the other day, and upon my word and honor my teeth chattered to that extent that I could hardly get out an intelligible word. But on that August afternoon two-and-thirty years ago the sky was not gray nor the wind cold; neither had any symptoms of the rheumatism wherewith my bones are vexed in the present year of grace as yet made themselves felt. Inland it was as hot as it had been at all during the summer, and the reapers, who had been hard at work since early morning, were complaining of the scorching sun; but at sea we had the perfection of sailing weather, with sunshine tempered by a transparent veil of haze, and a refreshing breeze just strong enough to tip the waves with white here and there, and to send the *Sarah Jane* swiftly and steadily upon her way.

Our party was somewhat more numerous than usual, the occasion being one of importance. Bunce's two eldest sons, James and William, who had both taken to a sea-faring life, and, after many voyages and quite an Odyssey of adventures, had chanced to return to the paternal roof within a few days of one another, had agreed, by their father's advice, to go into partnership upon the strength of their savings, and to enjoy the sweets of independence and liberty, the upshot of which decision had been the purchase of the good smack *Sarah Jane*, together with the rigging, sails, nets, and other tackle appertaining thereto. So at least I was given to understand at the time, but with my present increased knowledge of such matters I incline to doubt whether the capital of the firm of Bunce Brothers could have reached a quarter of the amount required for so costly an investment, and it seems likely that if the accounts of the late Bernard Le Marchant, Esq., could be produced, the price of the *Sarah Jane* smack would be found accurately stated therein. However that may be, the Bunces, one and all, had expressed a strong wish that the Squire should personally test the sea-going qualities of their new craft, and as the Squire (whose own sea-going qualities were very shaky) had unequivocably declined to do anything of the sort, a proposal had been substituted that we should all take advantage of the first favorable day to give Miss Dennison a few hours' sail in what Bunce senior called "smewth watter."

George Warren, as a matter of course, accompanied us, and at the last moment the Rector, whom we met on our way down to the beach, was collared and added to the party, asseverating, as usual, that he was in a desperate hurry, and that he couldn't and wouldn't come, in the midst of which protestations he was unceremoniously lifted off his legs by that young giant William Bunce, who trotted through the water with him, and deposited *him* in the boat like a baby. Bunce the elder looked on with a grin of approval while this high-handed proceeding was being carried out.

"My son William is a well-growed 'un, Squire," he remarked. "He ain't got his father's brains, but I'll allow that I never had his *strength* o' limb. Why, he makes no more o' fourteen stun—and Rector's all that, if he's a ounce—nor I should o' liftin' Miss Maud here. I'll carry you myself, miss," he added, re-assuringly. "Don't you be afeared."

A timid suggestion on my part that I should undertake this share of the labors of embarkation was scouted with contempt, and a few minutes later we were standing out to sea, the little knot of fisher-folk who had assembled on the beach to see us start giving us and the *Sarah Jane* a parting cheer.

"This is really very jolly," said the General. "Isn't it an odd thing that, during all the years I spent at Thirlby as a boy, I should never have thought of going in for sea-fishing? You never did either, did you, Bernard? *I wonder* you don't keep a boat of your own lying off here—not a regular yacht, of course, but something of this kind, that could be hauled up on the beach in bad weather. You might get a lot of fun out of her. Why don't you?"

"Firstly," replied my uncle, "because she would infallibly go ashore in the first gale, and be broken up into little pieces; secondly, because I shouldn't use her more than about three times in the course of the year; and thirdly, because upon those three occasions I should be more or less grievously seasick."

"Not you!" returned the Rector, who had now resigned himself to accomplished facts, and was sniffing the salt breezes with much appreciation. "I believe it would do you all the good in the world to fill your lungs with this fine air every now and then; and as for the boat, you could have her pulled up high and dry, as the General says. It would be a resource for you, Le Marchant, and my view is that a man ought to have as many resources as possible. I take all I can get, I know."

"But then you have so many daily duties," observed my uncle, with his quiet smile.

"Yes, yes; just so—that's where it is," went on the Rector, without any suspicion of irony; "that's the difference between us. It would be a great deal worse for you, with all your leisure, to be deprived of resources than it would for me; and I'm afraid, Le Marchant, that you're beginning to give things up—taking too much to your study and your library. You don't ride as often as you used to do, and you never shoot. It's a mistake, you know, a great mistake—all work and no play—and Charley going out into the world, as he must do soon, and all the neighbors getting old people, old friends dead and gone, and no new ones, don't you see."

The Rector had thrust his hands into the pockets of his loose coat, and was shaking his head and frowning at his feet, which were stuck out straight before him. His tongue could never quite keep pace with his thoughts, so that his sentences, even in the pulpit, would often die away, as this one did, into unintelligible mutterings. After which he would come to himself with a start, feel about him for the lost thread of his ideas, and *grasp* it—or possibly some other stray thread—triumphantly.

"By-the-bye, though, you will have Mrs. Farquhar with you perhaps," he said.

"Perhaps," answered my uncle.

The Rector, with a prolonged "H—m—m—m!" drew his hand several times across his mouth and chin, gazing thoughtfully the while at his old friend.

The significance of that inarticulate murmur was obvious; and Bunce, who had pricked up his ears at the sound of Mrs. Farquhar's name, grinned sardonically. There was a moment of rather awkward silence, but the General precipitately threw himself into the breach with a change of subject.

"I suppose there'll be water enough for us to get alongside of the Cockle Light, won't there, Bunce? Pity we didn't think of bringing some newspapers for the poor fellows on board."

My uncle, however, had thought of this—as, indeed, he was always thinking of other people—and he held up a large bundle of papers and magazines. "I have got some fresh butter and eggs for them too," he said, "which I hope they will not despise. I should have liked to bring them a bottle or two of whiskey, but Bunce seemed to think that would exercise a demoralizing influence."

Meanwhile the *Sarah Jane* had been stealing rapidly along on her southward course before the wind. Thirlby was far astern in the blue distance, and on the lee bow Winterton church tower rose, tall and imposing, above the sand-hills and the growth of silvery coarse grass which crowned them. It is an ugly coast-line, say most people, that long, straight succession of low sand-cliffs and dunes, deeply indented at intervals with gaps scooped out by the sea at spring-tides; and yet, with its soft grays, its pale yellows, and neutral tints, its weather-worn church towers here and there, its flying shadows and flocks of screaming gulls high overhead in the misty air, this low-lying sea-board has a melancholy beauty of its own, which, if one were an artist or a poet, one might possibly contrive to interpret. Being neither the one nor the other, I will content myself with saying that earth, sea, and sky were alike beautiful to me on that especial afternoon; and, indeed, everybody must be aware that there are certain combinations of age, company, and circumstance which are capable of causing the desert itself to blossom like the rose.

The wind fell light when we were off Winterton Sands, and, with the tide setting us up, we made but little way. The two owners of the boat had modestly retired to the extreme end of the bows, where they had perched themselves sideways upon the gunwale, with their backs turned toward us, like a gigantic figure-head of Castor and Pollux. The General and George Warren had moved up near them, and were smoking silently and gazing out to sea. My uncle was deep in a small brown volume which he had produced from his pocket. Maud and I were seated in the stern beside Bunce, who, with characteristic self-assertion, had taken possession of the tiller; and amidships the Rector, his head sunk upon his breast, was slumbering peacefully. None of us had spoken a word for a long time. Suddenly the Rector startled us all by waking up and saying, in a clear and solemn voice, to my uncle, "Be sure your *sin* will find you out!"

My uncle dropped his book and stared; I began to laugh; and the General, turning his head, called out, "Hullo, Mr. Dennison, you've been having a nap."

"Not at all," returned the Rector, looking a good deal confused and annoyed; "nothing of the sort! I was just thinking over my sermon for Sunday, and I believe I forgot where I was for the moment. Maud, my dear, will you remember to look out No. 29 for me when we get home? I think I will give them 29 in the afternoon. They had it on Sexagesima; but you can't drive a nail home with one blow, and their skulls are very thick, poor things! Besides, if I am to be carried off to sea, without with your leave or by your leave, I must not be expected to find time for writing two brand-new sermons in the week."

"I don't remember to have heard you preach upon that text, though," observed my uncle.

"How should you, when you never come to afternoon church? Not that I mentioned my text; I was amplifying an incidental issue. At least, I may have been doing so; I don't *quite* remember," said the Rector, feeling, perhaps, that he was plunging into a slough of prevarication from which it might be well to extricate himself. "Bless me! Five o'clock already!" he exclaimed, consulting his watch. "Where is this ridiculous light-ship? What! Over there on the horizon, Bunce? You can't be serious! Le Marchant, we really ought to be getting about."

"Time enough, sir, time enough," said Bunce. "We shall have the breeze again presently, sha'n't us, *Jim*?"

Castor and Pollux wheeled round simultaneously, scrutinized the sky, and growled out something in a deep bass about "working to the east'ard," and "plenty of it afore night," which, it must be presumed, was satisfactory; for Bunce rejoined, triumphantly: "Telled 'ee so, sir! 'Tain't often as you'll find me wrong about the weather, though I say it, as shouldn't."

And, sure enough, the wind freshened considerably within the next few minutes, so that it took us barely half an hour to dispose of the five miles of water which still separated us from the light-ship. There had been some talk of our going on board of her; but when we lay to, on reaching our destination, there was found to be such an uncomfortable swell running that William was deputed to take off the newspapers and provisions in the dingey, none of us proposing to accompany him except Maud, who, perhaps, wished to take this opportunity of delivering a brief temperance lecture, but who was ordered peremptorily to sit still by her father.

Presently, Bunce, who had been holding a whispered conference with his sons, bent forward to confide to me that he was uneasy in his mind. "*I* can work her back, sir; no fear for that," he said; "but the sea is a-gettin' up, do you see, sir; and if you ask me about puttin' of you ashore—why, I don't hardly know what to say."

"Surely we can manage to get ashore somewhere," I said.

"No doubt o' that, Mr. Chawls. Question is—where?"

"Bunce," struck in my uncle, "do you honestly think that there is the slightest chance of our being able to land anywhere within five miles of Thirlby?"

"Can't just exactly say as I do, sir—not for sartain."

"Then, in Heaven's name, get about, and run for Yarmouth. Don't let us go on thrashing in this horrible way a minute longer than is necessary."

"As *you* please, Squire," replied Bunce, with evident relief. "Ready about, Willum! Slack out yer main-sheet!—There, sir, you feel a deal comfortabler now."

This last encouraging assurance was addressed to the Rector, who was looking rather yellow, but who immediately rejoined that he had been perfectly comfortable before, and that he did hope he was not going to be accused of having been seasick.

"Nobody could look at your face and bring forward such a palpably absurd charge," said my uncle. "For my own part, I am convinced that you are as well as I am myself."

At this the General chuckled, and said he would tell us a capital story about the Duke of Wellington and a Dutch skipper. In point of fact, I believe we were none of us sorry to be scudding before the wind again, and I know one member of the party to whom the prospect of a dinner at Yarmouth and a long fifteen-mile drive home was an unmixed delight.

Alas! I was reckoning without my host. We did indeed reach Yarmouth without misadventure of any kind, and the dinner to which we sat *down* at the Royal Hotel was a very cheery repast, if it was not particularly famous in point of cooking; but the remainder of the programme was executed in a way which was not my way, and which was the more mortifying for having been quite unanticipated by me. Having settled it in my own mind that I was to drive Maud home in a dog-cart, while the other four were to be accommodated in a two-horse fly, I had thoughtfully ordered these vehicles before sitting down to dinner; and I am sure that the sympathies of all generous-minded readers will be with me when I say that not only did Miss Dennison refuse point-blank to accompany me, alleging that she hated dog-carts (which was not true), but that she and others further objected to any arrangement involving the packing of four persons into a close fly. Nor was this all, for after the rejected dog-cart had been taken back to the stables, and a second fly produced, Maud—whether to punish me for my presumption, or out of sheer perversity, I can not say—stepped briskly into the first, followed by the General, and just as I was preparing to do likewise, struck me dumb by saying: "Mr. Warren is coming with us. Get in, George."

George, with that stupid habit of his of always doing what he was told to do, promptly obeyed, and away they went, leaving me to seek the society of my uncle and the Rector with as good a grace as I could assume.

To tell the truth, I did not accept the situation with a good grace at all. I was not accustomed to being snubbed, and I didn't like it. Luckily for me, it was now pitch-dark, so that my sulky face was not visible; and, as soon as we had started, I sank back into a corner, and pretended to go to sleep, feeling that speech was beyond my powers.

Neither of my companions appeared to notice that there was anything wrong with me, and no doubt they imagined my slumber to be genuine. We had driven some distance in the darkness before my uncle remarked, quietly, as though resuming an interrupted conversation:

"When you speak of my sin finding me out, you mean, I suppose, to imply that my mother is the instrument of Nemesis. Isn't that a little hard upon her?"

"Now, now, now," expostulated the Rector, "why go back upon things in that way? It is most unfair to hold a man accountable for what he says in his sleep. Why, only the other day I was sitting by the bedside of a poor old woman, and I had read her nicely off to sleep with the first lesson for the day—the twenty-fifth of Jeremiah, I think it was—and I was waiting there till her daughter came back from the baker's, when she woke up all of a sudden and said, 'The devil fly away with them long-winded parsons!' Now do you suppose that I should have the shabbiness to bring up a thing of that kind against her afterward? I declare to goodness—"

"But I thought you denied that you had been asleep," interrupted my uncle.

"Well, well, what if I did? Everybody denies having been asleep in daylight; it's a natural impulse. I've heard you do it yourself scores of times."

"I think not," said my uncle.

"Le Marchant," said the Rector, testily, "you are contradictious and argumentative. That's just where it is, you see. If you and Mrs. Farquhar are to be splitting hairs from morning to night, your life won't be worth having."

"Perhaps we shall not behave in that way," said my uncle. "It seems, however, that it *was* of my mother that you were thinking when you startled me by hurling that solemn warning at my head. Well, you are not alone in the view that you take of the matter. I confess that I am a little surprised; I did not expect you all to *feel* so strongly. Still, you may be wrong. Admitting that I am contradictious and argumentative, as you say, I may not be too old to turn over a new leaf."

"My dear old friend," exclaimed the Rector, "you are neither the one nor the other; you know that very well. It is she who—"

"You must be going upon hearsay evidence, Dennison. I don't think you have met her more than once or twice in your life, and the last time must have been something like twenty years ago."

"I know what I am talking about, for all that," declared the Rector. And after a pause of a few seconds he continued, in a somewhat changed voice: "See here, Le Marchant, you will allow an old friend to take a liberty just for once—can't you reconsider matters? Can't you let the dead past bury its dead, and start afresh?"

"No," said my uncle, quietly.

"Ah," sighed the Rector, "I am sorry to hear you say so. I don't understand you, Le Marchant. *Of all* the men I have ever met, you are the least opinionated. You call yourself a Tory, and you take a positive pleasure in reading the Radical papers; you are, I hope, a good Churchman, and you would attend a Dissenting meeting without a moment's hesitation; you never make up your mind to do anything without hearing all that can be urged against it, even by ignorant and incompetent people. And yet—"

"And yet, when once I have made up my mind, I don't easily change it. Does that strike you as inconsistent?"

"I think it is strange," answered the Rector; "I think it is a thousand pities that—that, in short, you can not forget as well as forgive. I do you the justice to feel sure that you forgave long ago, but there is a material as well as a moral kind of forgiveness."

"And there are moral as well as material impossibilities. I would rather say no more about it, Dennison, if you please."

"Ah, well! I fear it is a bad lookout," said the Rector. "Of course Mrs. Farquhar must be against you in this; and equally of course she will tell you so—in season and out of season."

My uncle laughed a little. "You know my mother better than I do if you can be so certain as to what she will say or do under any given circumstances."

"I take her to be a human being like other human beings," said the Rector.

"Tom would tell you that that only shows how little you know about her. I am glad, however, to find that you are less prejudiced against her than I had supposed. I have not yet made up my mind that she shall live at Thirlby. As you say, I like to hear all the pros and cons before I

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"HE MIGHT HAVE COME, AND WELCOME, IF, WHEN WE WERE RIDING, HE WOULD SOMETIMES HAVE CANTERED ON AHEAD."

come to a decision, and I have taken note of the fact that both Tom and Charley are strongly opposed to her coming. Nevertheless, I think the end of it will be that she will come, and I want you, if she does, to be civil and kind to her."

"Am I uncivil and unkind as a rule?" the Rector asked.

"I don't say so; but my hope is that you will be specially the reverse in this instance. Do what we will, there must be rubs, and I don't think they will be the more easily smoothed over if everybody is determined to take my side. Let us at least have a fair start; and perhaps it would be only fair also to remember that, if my mother leaves Scotland, she will do so against her personal inclinations."

The Rector was about to make some rejoinder, but at this moment the fly stopped at a turnpike gate, and, the pike man coming out with a lantern to get his money, I took that opportunity of becoming evidently awake. I had already made a compromise with my conscience by shuffling my feet and coughing gently once or twice, but these signals had passed unnoticed, and it was only now that the Rector remarked, innocently, "Bless me, Charley! I had forgotten you were here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAINED ELEPHANTS AS FIREMEN—AN INCIDENT AT BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 414.]

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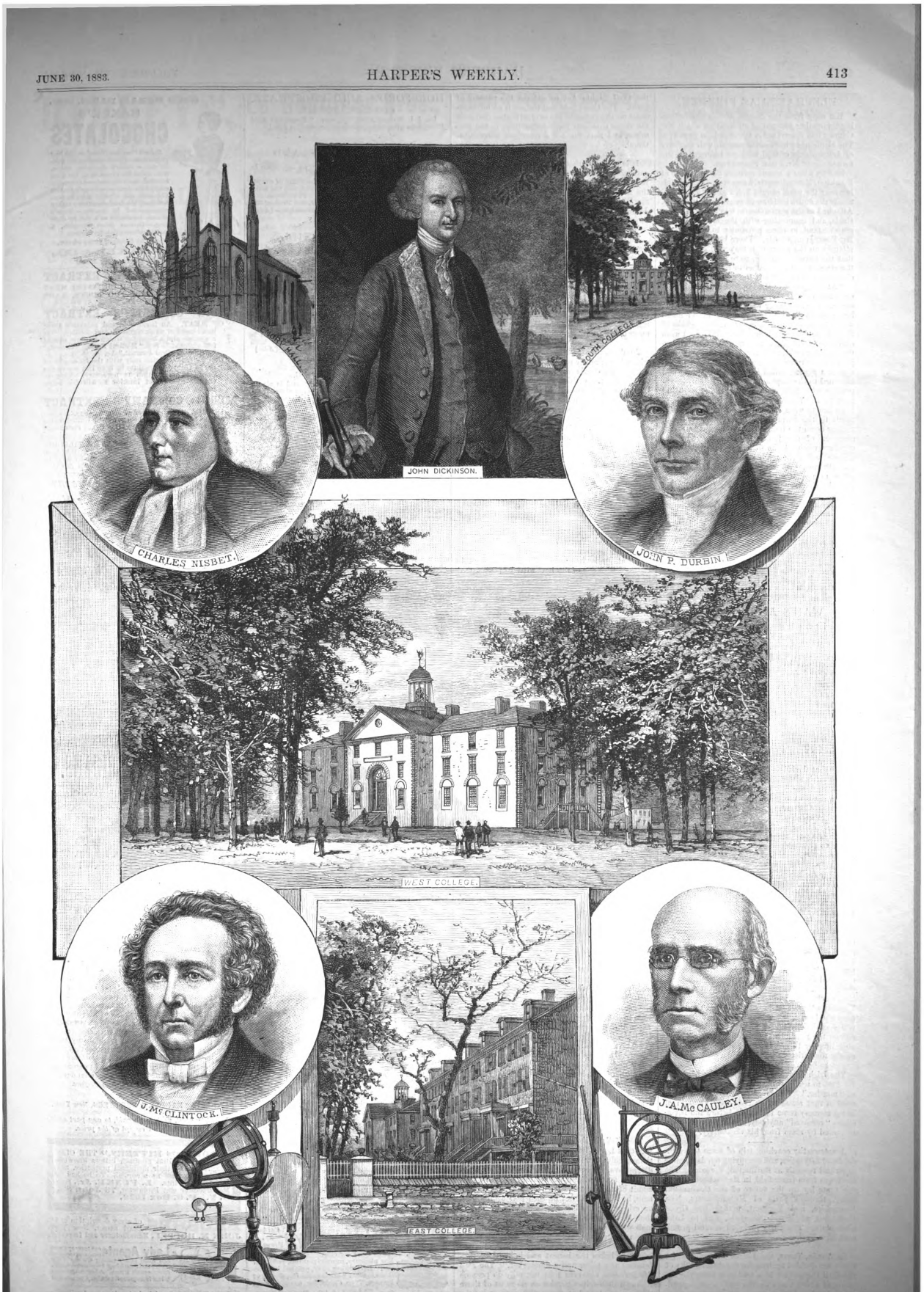

DICKINSON COLLEGE, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, FOUNDED IN 1783.—[See Page 410.]

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ELEPHANTS AS FIREMEN.

We copy from the Boston *Herald* the following interesting account of an incident which Mr. Church has illustrated in the sketch on page 412. The elephants which performed so well the duty of firemen at a critical moment belonged to the menagerie of Mr. Adam Forepaugh.

Shortly after a recent matinée performance at Brockton, Massachusetts, a one-story frame building near the tents caught fire, and in "a few moments the entire building was enveloped in flames. Attached to the station-house was a row of horse sheds, and connecting with the latter was the grand stand, in close proximity to which were Mr. Forepaugh's tents. There being no fire appliances on the grounds, it may well be assumed that the burning building gave serious alarm to the circus people, as well as to the citizens, many of whom had not yet left the grounds.

"At this juncture Mr. Forepaugh and his general manager, C. W. Fuller, appeared on the scene. It was plainly apparent that unless the horse sheds were torn down the grand stand would burn, and in that event the destruction of the circus tents was inevitable. While all were excited, and making futile attempts to pull down the buildings with their hands, Adam Forepaugh junior came running up, and, taking in the situation at a glance, called his colored assistant and hastened to the elephant quarters, soon after appearing with Bolivar and Basil, the latter being next to the former in point of size. The two huge beasts were hurried over to the fire, and, much to the surprise of the spectators, began pulling down the horse sheds in obedience to the direction of the junior Forepaugh. The bystanders removed the débris as fast as it accumulated under the mighty blows of the elephantine firemen, who seemingly looked upon the affair as a matter of little moment. In an incredibly short space of time the horse sheds were demolished, the grand stand was saved, and the circus tents loomed up as proudly as ever. It is proposed to make Messrs. Bolivar and Basil honorary members of the Brockton Fire Department."

A comical feature of the scene was the appearance of the "fat woman," the "living skeleton," and a wee bit of a dwarf in a group, all of them deeply interested in watching the efforts of the sagacious elephants to demolish the sheds.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

New interest in the speed of gentlemen's teams has been produced by the unmatched performance of Mr. Vanderbilt's Maud S. and Aldine on Fleetwood Park a few days since. Last season the record was brought down from the 'twenties to less than 'seventeen, and this season's rivalry has opened with Mr. Vanderbilt sending his team a mile in 2.15½ on the first trial. If Mr. Work attempts to equal this performance, and regain the lost laurels with his Edward and Dick Swiveler, the trial will be attended with extraordinary interest. A Western trainer of horses has offered to wager ten thousand dollars that he can drive Mr. Work's team a mile in 2.10 or less.

Now that the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister seems about to become a law in England, the English people have taken up anew and with unwonted zest the fascinating employment of enumerating the complexities of relationship which may ensue. They have thus far overlooked the fact that under the proposed regulation one person may become doubly a mother-in-law to another person—a consideration quite as momentous as that a child may have its aunt for a step-mother, its cousin for a step-brother, its father for its uncle by marriage, and itself for its own cousin.

A somewhat alarming story has been printed to the effect that a large dry-goods and millinery firm has secured photographs of several handsome ladies who are prominent in New York social circles, and will reproduce them in cheap lithographic form for decorating paper boxes used in the trade. This stroke of enterprise is made practicable by the fact that photographers have exercised the privilege of retaining specimens of their work, and have parted with them now and then to chance customers at rather high figures. The day may not be far distant when the young man who buys an after-luncheon cigar down-town will occasionally find a portrait of his "intended" on the paper band thereof, and thus will be able literally to see her face in the wreaths of smoke that arise during his siesta.

The Irish Invincibles are credited with being the first to use the word "remove" in the sense of "murder." This is an error. The word was used in that sense by an American assassin of hated memory some little time before the Invincibles "removed" anybody, and it was probably borrowed by them from his vocabulary.

A noteworthy coaching trip of some two hundred and fifty miles, and occupying ten days, came to an end recently at Burlington, Vermont. The start was from Greenfield, in Massachusetts, and the route lay up the valley of the Connecticut River, through parts of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, across the Green Mountains at Mount Mansfield, and to Lake Champlain. The party included several prominent New-Yorkers.

In Austin, Texas, the United States District Court has decided against the constitutionality of the Civil Rights Act in a test case upon the decision of which many similar suits were dependent. A colored woman was excluded from a ladies' car on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and suit was brought in her behalf under the Civil Rights Act to enforce the penalty of $500. The Court held that the act is an infringement on the rights of the several States, that only the State tribunals have jurisdiction in the premises, and that the act is therefore unconstitutional.

It is expected that there will be a remarkable gathering of scientific men in Philadelphia next year at the meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science. Huxley, Tyndall, Sir William Thompson, Richard A. Proctor, Sir John Lubbock, and Lord Rayleigh are among those who will probably attend.

The New York *Herald* has information from Newport that a lady of this city, who is now in Europe and will not return till fall, has sent all her servants to her Newport cottage, in order that they may have their summer vacation by the sea. There are ladies who are not so thoughtful with respect to the pleasure of their servants, and there are servants who could hardly be trusted to occupy a villa at Newport by themselves during the gay season. Indeed, the circumstance is noteworthy from two points of view.

Jumbo has a rival in a very large elephant which has recently come into the possession of a dealer in animals at Liverpool. The London *Times* mentions this creature as perhaps the largest captive animal in the world, and says that though not quite so high as Jumbo, the monster is more bulky, weighing nearly five tons. It is claimed, however, that Jumbo has grown considerably since his arrival in America, increasing his height by about eight inches, and his weight by many hundred pounds.

"I am now Acting Secretary of War," said General Sherman to a friend recently, while he was serving in that capacity in the absence of Secretary Lincoln, "and for the first time since I came to Washington there is perfect harmony between the General of the Army and the Secretary of War."

The Marquis Tseng, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Chinese government at Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, is credited with one of the best witticisms produced in the course of the coronation fêtes at Moscow. Seeing the Czar wipe the perspiration from his face while waiting for the coronation to be concluded, the Chinese diplomate whispered to the dignitary nearest him, "Why don't they punish the Nihilists by making them go through the ceremony of coronation every day?" It should be remembered, however, that the occasion was not conducive to a copious and general flow of wit.

The Luray Caverns, in Virginia, are lighted with electric lamps. The other day, while a large party was visiting the caves, lightning struck one of the wires outside, darted over the entire line beneath the ground, looking like fiery serpents, shivered the glass globes, and made big balls of fire, which exploded with loud reports. A lightning bolt leaped from the wires and shattered the stalactites in the Bridal Chamber. The destruction of the lamps left the astonished party in total darkness.

The cyclone which descended upon Long Island a few days ago, made havoc in two villages, whirled a minaret from the splendid new cathedral at Garden City, and wrecked houses and outbuildings in considerable numbers—doing all this in a dozen seconds or so—was a pretty fair imitation of the genuine Western article. The next one that comes along may drop down in the centre of Manhattan Island, and then it will be seen whether Eastern critics are justified in imputing the great damage done by the Western cyclones in part to the frailty of the buildings in those regions.

In England it seems to be the popular impression that Mr. Irving Bishop, the American thought-reader, has Mr. Labouchere somewhat at a disadvantage. The editor of *Truth* offered to wager five thousand dollars to five hundred that Mr. Bishop could not announce the number of a bank-note which he had not seen, by resorting to the thought-reading method. Mr. Bishop accepted the challenge, and the charity to which the stake was to be given was named. On the evening when the test was to be made in St. James's Hall Mr. Labouchere's representative did not appear, but Mr. Bishop went through with the test, apparently to the satisfaction of the large audience, under the conditions imposed. On the strength of his having told the number of the concealed bank-note on the first trial, he refuses to listen to the renewed challenge of Mr. Labouchere till the latter shall have paid five thousand dollars to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to the fact that Lord Chesterfield, in telling what a gentleman might or might not do, wrote down his disapproval of coaching, horse-racing, fox-chasing, and some of the field games in terms that admit of no doubt as to his meaning. A gentleman, he wrote, will not be seen playing foot-ball or cricket, or driving a coach, "for he knows that such an imitation of the manners of the mob will indelibly stamp him with vulgarity." Again he says that "driving coaches, rustic sports, such as fox-chases, horse-races, etc., are infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker." The *Pall Mall Gazette* observes that not only do persons who call themselves gentlemen do most of those things nowadays, but those who are not gentlemen consider themselves such in consequence of doing some of them.

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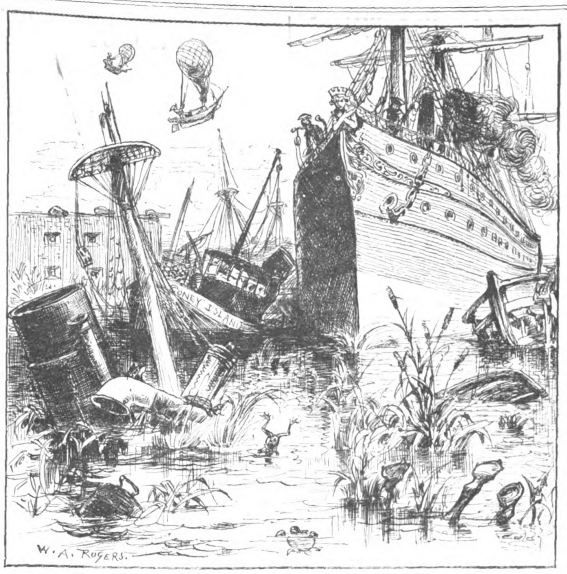

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WINSTON, FORSYTH CO., N. C., March 18, 1880.

Gents,—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters.

Very respectfully, Rev. H. FERRIER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.,—Please accept our grateful acknowledgment for the Hop Bitters you were so kind as to donate, and which were such a benefit to us. We are so built up with it we feel young again.

OLD LADIES OF THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

DELEVAN, WIS., Sept. 24, 1880.

Gents,—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 75 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. ROYCE.

MONROE, MICH., Sept. 25, 1875.

Sirs,—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of the kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic. W. L. CARTER.

If you have a sick friend, whose life is a burden, one bottle of Hop Bitters will restore that friend to perfect health and happiness.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1881.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day since I took Hop bitters.

MRS. FANNIE OAKES.

EVANSVILLE, WIS., JUNE 24, 1882.

Gentlemen,—No medicine has had one half the sale here and given such universal satisfaction as your Hop Bitters have. We take pleasure in speaking for their welfare, as every one who tries them is well satisfied with their results. Several such remarkable cures have been made with them here that there are a number of earnest workers in the Hop Bitters' cause. One person gained eleven pounds from taking only a few bottles. SMITH & IVE.

BAY CITY, MICH., Feb. 3, 1880.

Hop Bitters Company,—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.

DR. A. PLATT, Treater of Chronic Diseases.

SUPERIOR, WIS., January, 1880.

I heard in my neighborhood that your Hop Bitters were doing such a great deal of good among the sick and afflicted with most every kind of disease, and as I had been troubled for fifteen years with neuralgia and all kinds of *rheumatic complaints* and kidney trouble, I took one bottle according to directions. It at once did me a great deal of good, and I used four bottles more. I am an old man, but am now as well as I can wish. There are seven or eight families in our place using Hop Bitters for their family medicine, and are so well satisfied with it they will use no other. One lady here has been bedridden for years, is well and doing her work from the use of three bottles.

LEONARD WHITBECK.

What it Did for an Old Lady.

CONNECTION STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

Gents,—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. A lady of over seventy years had been sick for the past ten years; she had not been able to be around. SIX months ago she was *helpless*. Her old remedies or physicians being of no avail, I sent forty-five miles and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such an effect on her that she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. After taking two bottles more she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use. W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. S Ex. Co.

Honest Old Tim.

GORHAM, N. Y., *July* 14, 1879.

Gents,—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I feel *grateful to you* to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which *unnerved* me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It feel to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune and confer the greatest blessing *on your fellow-men* that was ever conferred on mankind. TIM BURNS.

Anna Maria Krider, Wife of Tobias K.

CHAMBERSBURG, July 25, 1878.

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been very bad for many years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility, and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could eat nothing. I heard of Hop Bitters and was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderful good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough gone. I think it my duty to let the people know how bad I was and what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, mothpatches, freckles, and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N.Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair, and soft as a child's, and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle. A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars in search of health, and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home. A LADY, Augusta, Me.

I had been sick and miserable so long, causing my husband so much trouble and expense, no one knows using what ailed me. I was so completely disheartened and discouraged that I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve, and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and as happy." THE MOTHER.

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—ED. *Oswego Sun.*

LUDDINGTON, MICH., Feb. 2, 1880.

I have sold Hop Bitters for four years, and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints, and many diseases incident to this malarial climate. H. T. ALEXANDER.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—NO. 1385. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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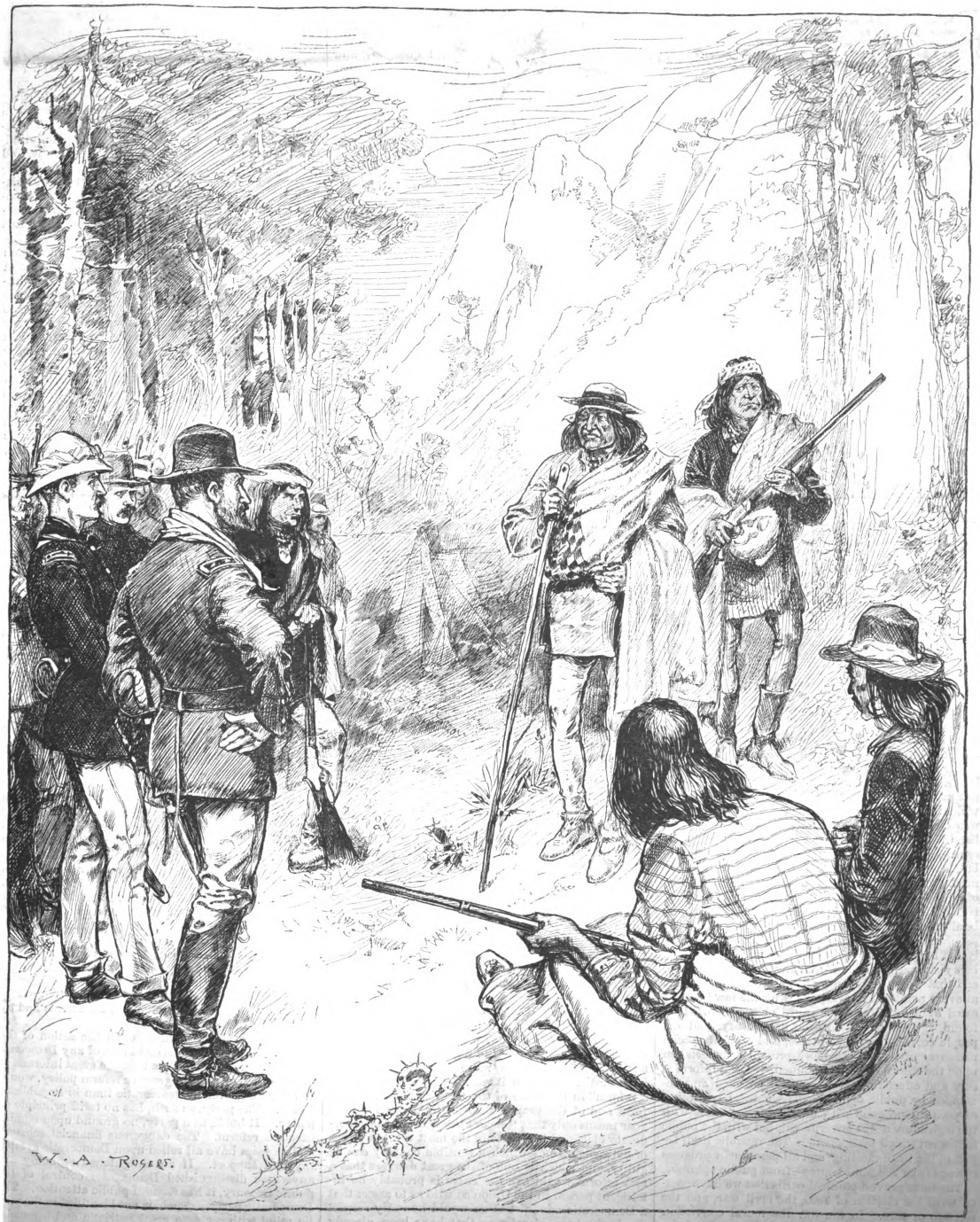

THE APACHE SURRENDER—CHIEF NANÉ ENTERING GENERAL CROOK'S CAMP TO SUE FOR PEACE.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM A SKETCH BY A. F. HARMER.—[SEE PAGE 429.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "ART COMPETITION, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as our page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

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THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE one-hundred-and-seventh anniversary of "Independence-day" dawns upon a country so prosperous and peaceful and progressive that it is impossible not to believe that the happiness of the children is shared by the fathers. Their simple rural republic, indeed, is lost in the continental Union, and in the vast industrial and commercial developments and inventions of the century. A little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. But could the first builders of the state behold it now, they would own that its life and vigor and marvellous extension had sprung from their own spirit and principles, and that the faith with which they wrought is even more profound than it was in their own minds. Indeed, there is nothing more striking than the fact that notwithstanding the appearance of new difficulties and perils not foreseen by the fathers, the confidence of the most intelligent Americans in what may be called the American idea is very much more general and strong than it was a hundred years ago. The reason is to be found both in our own national experience and in our observation of the experience of other nations. While the political influence of the United States upon all other countries during the century has been profound, other countries have not politically influenced the United States in any degree. The institutions of European nations have been steadily Americanized, but those of the United States have not been in the least Europeanized.

The most sagacious and patriotic men of the Revolution accepted a republic as inevitable, but many, if not most of them, considered it to be an experiment which might end in disaster, and when JEFFERSON was elected they thought the day of doom was at hand. But the men of to-day regard republican government not only as the most just and reasonable, but, because it is so, as the strongest and most permanent. This is not because it has not revealed dangers of its own, but because it has also shown their correctives. The old doctrine that, as the mass of men must be always more or less ignorant, a government of the people must be necessarily a government of ignorance, is met by the perception that the brute force of numbers yields naturally to mental and moral superiority, and that while the results of this law are not visible at every point and in every incident, the law is vindicated by a broad and continued observation. It is found, against all anticipation and theory, that the people correct their own errors, and that if special measures of reform are more promptly undertaken upon the official order of a council, yet that reform is sure and effective only when it is justified and demanded by public opinion. The natural beginning of political progress with us, therefore, is not with the legislature or the government, but with the public sentiment which makes both. The republic itself began in the town-meeting, and all permanent progress springs from the same source—from public opinion.

The three gravest political perils that we have passed were the election of 1800, the civil war, and the election of 1876. In the war the moral conviction and the intelligence of a free people alone saved the country. In the two elections it was the force of public opinion that settled the immediate dispute, and the trained Republican habit, which preceded the Constitution, of respecting forms of law, which without hesitation made the settlement final. The past is not only secure, but it is inspiring, and on the happy day that recalls the heroism and the suffering and the glorious triumph of our fathers who are gone, those who are now the living fathers may well say to the children, in MR. BANCROFT'S glowing words at the centenary of the Exeter Academy: "We, your elder brothers, cheer you on to action, happiness, and glory. Yet do not in reply say to the aged that we are passing away. To a good world belong age and youth, and to us who are to go before you let your words be, 'Ever and forever move joyfully and hopefully on.'"

PLATFORMS.

THE platitudes of party platforms are a familiar text. But it is curious to see that while they are perfectly well understood to be manifestoes which are intended to "straddle" all doubtful questions, and which are known to bind nobody, they are often treated with gravity as serious declarations of principle. Nobody probably was ever known to vote for party candidates because of the statements of a party platform. A party is judged by its conduct and by its representatives when it has power, and not by what it says when it wishes to obtain power. When it is defeated it is because of its own offenses, and not because of the promises of its rival. If both the Ohio Conventions had adjourned without making a platform, the result of the election would doubtless be precisely the same. The cardinal principle of a platform is to state what is supposed to be the current opinion of the party, but to state it in a vague and general way, so as not to alienate the most backward party Bourbon, and so as to conciliate the independent voter and even the party opponent. But nothing is droller than to exhort a voter in New York, for instance, to support the Democratic party in the State as a party of superior economy, honesty, and intelligence in administration for the reason that it praises virtue in its annual platform. The exhortation is droll, because the Democratic party constantly shows what it is and what is to be expected from it, and it is judged by what it does, and not by what it says. Its prodigious majority in New York last year sprang not from confidence in it, but from disgust with the Republican party. The voters neither knew nor cared what the Democratic party had said in its platform.

In Ohio the value of platform declarations can be tested by one plank of both the recent party platforms. The Republicans said:

"We reiterate the declaration of previous Republican Conventions in favor of civil service reform, and welcome every intelligent effort to make that measure practical, and we especially approve the provision made by a Republican Congress for giving the patriotic soldiers of the late war, with proper qualifications, the preference for all places under the government."

This is simple buncombe. It means nothing whatever, and was meant to mean nothing. The Democrats say:

"We reaffirm the resolutions of the State Conventions of Ohio in 1880, 1881, and 1882, and of the Democratic National Conventions of 1872, 1876, and 1880, demanding thorough reform and purification of the civil service, and charge that the Republican party has violated every pledge it has heretofore given for the reform thereof, and has failed during its long administration of the government to correct even the most crying abuses; and we demand, therefore, a change in the executive administration of the government itself as the reform first of all necessary, as made more manifest by the recent Star Route trials, thereby ousting corrupt rings confederated to protect crime and prevent the punishment of criminals, and by so doing to make it possible to again punish fraud and theft in the public service."

This is equally buncombe, and buncombe intended not to secure reform, but to give a cry for next year's campaign. Its value as a sincere expression of a reform purpose is shown by the conduct of the Ohio Democrats in the Legislature during the last winter, who ridiculed and resisted reform. Upon this subject, as upon all others, the parties will not be tried by the phrases of a platform, but by practical performance. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic machine honestly desires a genuine reform in the civil service, and very naturally, for they are the product of the abuses which reform would correct.

But, despite the machines, each party has "made a record" upon the subject by which it will be tried. The reform in itself is, of course, wholly non-partisan. It concerns the principles and methods of administration, not the policy of the government. But it will not be denied that the Republican attitude and achievement have been more promising than the Democratic. Nor can it reasonably be doubted that "reform" in the sense of the Ohio Democratic platform and of the proposed Democratic cry for next year means only that "clean sweep" of all the subordinate places which is one of the most wanton pieces of extravagance of which a sensible country can be guilty, and which is one of the great dangers that a real reform would avert. There is probably no intelligent person in the Union so wild as to assert that a Democratic administration would honestly respect the beginnings of reforms that have been already made, and carry them forward. Whatever some Democrats might desire, the party action would conform to the general demand of the party. Even the Democrats who are loudest in insisting that the campaign cry shall be "reform" are very careful to say that by reform they mean a general turning out and upsetting of the civil service. They sneer at the reform bill, and the system which it provides for introducing a genuine reform, as trivial and contemptible. Their purpose is to overthrow it, and to restore the infamous spoils system complete and unchecked. The general conviction of this purpose, founded not upon the declarations of Democratic Conventions, but upon experience of Democratic conduct, no platform will be able to shake, and the just apprehension of the consequences of such a causeless disturbance no sneering at civil service reform will allay. Of the Democratic party, with which this country is perfectly well acquainted, change may be certainly expected, but not reform.

MR. RANDALL IN 1877.

THE Democratic opponents of MR. RANDALL foolishly revile him for the most patriotic and courageous act of his public life—his refusal as Speaker to carry out the views of the Democratic obstructionists in 1877, and plunge the country into civil war. The result of the election was in doubt. Democratic intimidation and violence and cheating at the polls, and Republican conduct in counting the vote, had covered the election with suspicion. The Senate was Republican, and the House of Representatives Democratic, and so fierce was party feeling that an irreconcilable contest and no valid declaration of the result of the election were imminent.

In this extreme emergency patriotic men of both parties in Congress united in devising a scheme of settlement. The Electoral Commission was appointed by the consent of both parties, and in accordance with the terms of the law creating it. According to those terms also its decision was rendered. By every consideration of honor and patriotism Congress was bound to accept the decision. But a certain number of Democrats resolved if possible by parliamentary obstruction to prevent acceptance—a course which would certainly have ended in civil war. Had the Speaker not been brave and honest enough to decline to become their tool, the most disastrous consequences would have followed, and the American republic would have fallen, as other republics have fallen, before the fury of party spirit.

That the calamity was averted was due to the Speaker more than to any other individual. He steadily held to the agreement. The result was constitutionally declared. The President was peacefully inaugurated. The whole transaction was one of the most striking events in the history of constitutional liberty, for it showed the ability of two great parties to settle a perilous contest by a common understanding, honorably respected, instead of resorting to force and anarchy. MR. RANDALL'S service in the desperate juncture was that of a sagacious and firm American patriot, and if his party should resent his conduct it would only deepen the just and profound distrust with which, as Senator BECK truly remarks, his party is still regarded.

JUDGE HOADLY'S JOKE.

JUDGE HOADLY has begun his campaign in Ohio joco sely. He denies energetically a rumor that he is already disgusted with his party friends and intends to withdraw, and with capital humor he declares the Democratic party to be a party of progress. "I believe with all my heart and strength," he says, "in a new and living Democracy, not in a fossilized and Bourbonized Republicanism. In this creed my own party and thousands of hopeful Republicans are with me." That is to say that the Democratic party as a party holds the position and the views which are held by the most intelligent and independent Republicans. Judge HOADLY has a keen sense of humor, and his joke is excellent. He knows, of course, as well as everybody else, that not one of the purposes which are especially favored by such Republicans as he describes is an object of the Democratic party as such, and his remark, had it not been a joke, would have been exactly reversed. He would have said that his desire of honest, simple, economical, and efficient government was shared by a few hopeful Democrats and by independent Republicans.

There was nothing whatever in the action of the last Democratic Congress or in that of any Democratic Legislature which shows that the great interests of the country, or any progressive reform policy, would be safer and surer in Democratic than in Republican hands. The party, as such, has no tariff principle or policy. It holds, as a party, no ground upon administrative reform. The dangerous financial schemes and heresies have all relied upon Democratic sympathy and support. If an enlightened economy has anywhere distinguished Democratic control of the public treasury, it has escaped public attention. The Democratic party, as such, is not identified in the public mind with a single great patriotic and beneficial measure or policy since the day in 1861 when it was

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driven from national power, and left the government struggling for life with Democratic hands at its throat.

Moreover—and this is a point which gives especial piquancy to the judge's joke—the great body of the Republicans who, like Judge HOADLY, united with the Democrats ten years ago to elect a Republican as a Democratic President—in other words, to bring the Democratic party into national power—have long since resumed their relations with the Republican party, satisfied that as a party the Democrats are not to be trusted. Still further, the judge humorously affects to be unmindful of the significant fact that the action of "thousands of hopeful Republicans" whom he mentions, the independent Republicans who scratched in 1879 in New York, who baffled the third term plot in 1880, and who tacitly permitted the election of Governor CLEVELAND in New York in 1882, took all three steps not to promote but to prevent Democratic national success. It was the danger of a "fossilized and Bourbon" rule, which they believed to be identical with Democratic triumph, which led those Republicans to call a halt to the reckless leadership of their own party, and the call was heard and heeded. The judge's joke must not lead any incautious person to misapprehend the views of the "hopeful Republicans" of whom he speaks. Their hope is not in or of the Democratic party. Their rebuke instead of their desertion of their own party shows that their hope in it still remains. If they had lost hope of it they would have joined the Democrats long ago. As a joke, therefore, the remark of Judge HOADLY that the "hopeful Republicans" agree with the Democratic party as a party is unequalled. But as a serious remark it would be a still greater joke.

MR. BEECHER'S BIRTHDAY.

THE celebration of Mr. BEECHER'S seventieth birthday was the occasion of a striking popular demonstration of regard and admiration. There can be no more trying ordeal than that to which a man is subjected upon such an occasion. The unbounded praise the hero of the hour naturally put aside as the extravagance of friendly partiality. Mr. BEECHER'S gifts and services, however, are none the less striking and signal because admiration may express itself in an unmeasured strain. No good cause has ever wanted a friend when it appealed to him, and few friends can bring to any cause such powerful aid as he.

He is one of the few great preachers of his time, and as a popular orator he has had few superiors even in our history, which teems with eloquent speakers. His religious independence is unequalled among clergymen who belong to the recognized evangelical denominations, and nothing marks more significantly the change in the relations of Christian denominations than the difference in the attitude of LYMAN BEECHER to CHANNING Unitarianism and that of his son to the modern form of the same spirit. Indeed, the secret of the difference is that the son sees that it is a spirit of life, and not a creed.

Mr. BEECHER has been a hard worker; but a strong constitution, temperate living, and a buoyant temperament have brought him in full vigor and freshness to threescore and ten. He bates no *jot* of heart or hope, and, so far as appears, his hold upon the love and confidence of his immense audience is unrelaxed, and the good work that he has so long been doing he will long continue to do.

THE CRUSADES.

WE mentioned last year the illustrated lectures upon American history by the Rev. Dr. ECCLESTON, of Clifton, Staten Island, which were so successful that he has prepared a series of four lectures upon the Crusades, to be illustrated with stereopticon illustrations from DORÉ'S famous pictures. Dr. ECCLESTON'S admirable arrangement of his subject and simple narrative style make his lectures exceedingly interesting as well as instructive. The new series will be first delivered before the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, and then at Chickering Hall in New York, and the lectures will be undoubtedly among the most attractive of the winter.

HAWTHORNE.

The "Riverside Edition" of HAWTHORNE, published by HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & CO., is now complete, and a very attractive edition it is. It is edited by Mr. GEORGE P. LATHROP, the son-in-law of the famous author, and himself a well-known writer. He has wisely included everything of HAWTHORNE'S—*Fanshawe*, the *Life of Franklin Pierce*, and the magazine papers, with the fine article upon Dr. JOHNSON, and he has written a biographical sketch which is admirably done, and is the most complete and satisfactory memoir of HAWTHORNE yet published.

Of the works themselves the general verdict has been as plainly declared as upon those of any author who is called a classic. HAWTHORNE is by far the greatest creative genius that America has yet produced. His individuality and power are as pronounced as those of any story-teller—SCOTT, or DICKENS, or THACKERAY, or BALZAC, or George Sand. The entrancing spell of his romance is unsurpassed, and the sinewy simplicity, the racy purity of his style, and its total freedom from effort, or ostentation, or rhetoric, place him among the very first of writers.

The qualities of his romances are all evident in his smaller stories; but three or four volumes of these had been published without perception upon the part of the public that among the pleasant but unimportant writers of the day a great author had appeared. Readers who will turn back to the *Democratic Review* of forty years ago will find many of his most charming tales, which produced no observable general impression at the time. LONGFELLOW had greeted HAWTHORNE in the *North American*, but they had been collegians together at Bowdoin, and the *North American* was then read only by a few. Now, the fame of the author is of the highest kind. The strange insight of a genius essentially solitary, the vivid play of a weird imagination, the subtle sympathy with what we call the supernatural environment of human life, are but names of parts of the power of this extraordinary and most interesting writer.

THE ART COMPETITION.

THE attention of all who desire to enter the list of competitors for the prizes which have been for several months announced at the head of our editorial columns is called to the fact that in less than a month from this date the time for sending in designs will close. We would caution those who hereafter send for the Christmas Hymn to address their letters simply to HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York city, as letters addressed "Art Competition" will not be opened until the committee meets to determine upon the merits of the designs.

THE CORNELL ALUMNI.

WE alluded at the time to the severe criticisms upon Cornell University and its management that were made during the spring, and to President WHITE'S detailed and cogent reply. The controversy culminated in the election of a trustee, and the interest of the alumni was fully aroused. The personal attendance and the proxies secured a much larger vote than has been known hitherto, and the contest was decided by a very large majority in favor of the President. A resolution of implicit confidence in him and his conduct of affairs was passed, and the result was a perfectly free and emphatic verdict of those most immediately interested.

President WHITE is a man at once so generous and so enlightened, so thoroughly in sympathy with the modern spirit in education, so familiar with the condition of education everywhere, and so justly proud of the great institution which he has so largely moulded, that there is no doubt that the verdict is generally welcome. Even those who have believed that there was solid ground of complaint must feel that there is good reason to reconsider the methods of redress, if not the propriety of the censure.

The event in any case will be beneficial to the University, for while the satisfaction of the alumni and the general excellence of the management have been positively affirmed, the authorities will be justly stimulated by the consciousness that they are steadily and closely scrutinized by all to whom the good name of Cornell is precious.

FLANAGANISM.

Mr. EVANS, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is evidently one of the politicians who have no idea that anybody takes civil service reform in earnest. But Mr. EVANS has been rudely undeceived. He has removed excellent and efficient officers to give their places to friends of his own, upon the good old theory that the offices of which he controls the appointment are his personal perquisites and not public trusts, and the good man is amazed to find a prodigious uproar going on, and he is actually told that it is substantially a betrayal of his own trust to prostitute his official authority to the gratification of his personal partialities.

There has been no more significant sign of the remarkable change of public sentiment upon this subject than the sharp censure of Mr. EVANS. Like the worthy FLANAGAN, of Flanagan's Mills, who demanded of the Chicago Convention, "What are we here for, except the offices?" the astonished Mr. EVANS can be almost heard asking, "What am I Commissioner of Internal Revenue for, if not to provide for my friends?" The excellent man is doubtless lost in consternation that the scatter-brained sentimentalists should be able to raise such a row over the steady-going old customs.

We wonder that some esteemed contemporary of the daily press has not sent a "commissioner" to Texas to learn from FLANAGAN'S own lips what he thinks of the reform bill, and of the condemnation of Mr. EVANS merely for turning out honest and experienced and efficient officers to give their places to his own friends. We can hear the TEXAS statesman shouting lustily, "Why, what on earth is he there for?"

PERSONAL.

Is genius inherited through fathers or through mothers? Some thinkers, like Mr. FRANCIS GALTON, affirm that it can be transmitted only by the father; others, like M. De LESCURE, in his treatise entitled *Illustrious Mothers*, maintain that the descent is exclusively through the feminine branch of the house. Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER seems to side with the latter class of disputants, for in his recent septuagenarian address he said, "From *my* father I received a sound stomach, from my mother a serene spirit."

—The family physician in the suburbs of New York city earns more money than he collects. A case has come to our knowledge in which after practicing faithfully and acceptably for thirty or forty years he is about to retire into bankruptcy, with thirty or forty thousand dollars of unpaid entries in his account-book. The amount of gratuitous medical service now received by the poor is proportionately much larger than ever before, and it is obtained not only in the hospital and the dispensary, but in the doctor's private office and the patient's own home. Nor do experienced physicians expect much gratitude from their pauper patients.

—At the annual Commencement of a Catholic seminary in New York city a principal attraction of the programme was the singing of an Angels' Serenade by an invisible chorus of young ladies.

—A New-Yorker who visited some of the finest residences in Boston, especially those in the Back Bay region, was struck by the greater size of the rooms and the increased sense of airiness, as compared with New York houses of the same grade. "In the Boston halls and drawing-rooms," he said, "you can take a long breath without feeling that you have interfered with anybody's rights."

—Dr. KRISHABER, who died recently in Paris, was the man who demonstrated that tuberculosis, or consumption, could be transmitted by inoculation. He inoculated fourteen monkeys, and twelve of them died in from 34 to 218 days. He proved also that consumption is contagious, or rather infectious. A small healthy monkey was put into a cage with several monkeys who had been inoculated. One of the latter became much attached to him, and almost constantly held him in his arms. Nine days after his death the small monkey died too, and an autopsy showed that his disease was consumption. The cage was then emptied and disinfected, and twenty-seven fresh monkeys put into it. None of them took the disease.

—A French scientist has submitted to a learned society the results of his study of the effect of tobacco on boys. Out of thirty-seven boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who used the weed, twenty-two showed symptoms of a distinct disturbance of the circulation, impaired digestion, palpitation of the heart, bruit at the carotids, sluggishness of intellect, and a craving for alcoholic drink. Eleven of the lads had smoked for six months, eight for one year, and sixteen for more than two years.

—Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER, the California poet (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*), has just made known to the world the tragedy of his home. In the New World, as in the Old, the poet must needs take all mankind into his confidence, and JOAQUIN MILLER follows the example of Lord BYRON in letting the whole world know the miseries of his love. "I suppose the world needs a few geniuses born into it now and then," once said the unhappy wife of one of the best known of English novelists, "but I am very sorry for those who have to live with them."

—Lord ROSEBERY thinks that "the most precious reward a man can hope for in public life is the friendly recognition of his fellow-countrymen."

—Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE writes: "To the England of our own time (it has often enough been remarked) the novel is what the drama was to the England of SHAKSPEARE'S. In the modern world of English letters the novel is everywhere and the drama is nowhere. But we may remark one point of radical difference between the taste of play-goers in the age of SHAKSPEARE, and the taste of novel-readers in our own. Tragedy was then at least as popular as either romance or realistic comedy; whereas nothing would seem to be more unpopular with the run of modern readers than the threatening shadow of tragedy projected across the whole length of a story."

—The influence of the late Cincinnati Dramatic Festival is yet potent in the Queen City of the West. Our esteemed contemporary the *Commercial Gazette* continues its criticism of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, the latest of its essays being concerned with "The Character of Hamlet's Father's Ghost." The ghost, observes that journal, "is an unwholesome disturbance, and his coming back is wholly indefensible. It is a lesson that the departed spirits should stay, and not return to meddle with things here. By doing this the ghost made a dreadful mess, and got probably a thousand years or so added to his fiery purgation."

—Among the most pleasing duties of the newspaper editor in some parts of our beloved land is the preparation of the local item announcing the latest marriage. We cull a model paragraph from a Western exchange: "The marriage of Mr. CHARLES CHAMBERS to Miss BLANCHE FISHER, which was consummated at Fairmount on the 13th instant, was an event that will ever recall pleasant memories to the fortunate few whose lot it was to attend. The bride is well known in East End circles, and by her sweetness of disposition and hospitable nature has won for herself lasting friends, all of whom wish for her an abundance of good luck in her new departure. The groom, an exceedingly popular young man, is a rising railroader, and that he has secured a prize in the matrimonial lottery all admit, and heartily trust that the success which his energy, qualifications, and genial and pleasant bearing merit will accompany him on his voyage through life."

—In an essay on cruelty to children, Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, the president of that admirable and successful charity, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, declares that the humane of both sexes and of all classes are not lax in their efforts to reform and rescue the unhappy children of the outcast and the criminal. "The very women of society, who are often reproached with being alike heartless and frivolous, respond in the most liberal manner, and devote more of their time than is dreamed of in aid of the wretched children of the poor. No appeal to a woman's heart for aid to rescue a child who is cruelly treated has yet met with a repulse."

—Honesty, remarks President SEELEY, of Amherst College, is doubtless the best policy, but no policy ever yet made an honest man.

—"*Vandyke-Brown*" *Poems* is the quaint title of a volume recently published by LEE & SHEPARD, of Boston. The author of these poems, MARC COOK, died last autumn, in his twenty-ninth year. Many of our readers will remember his article entitled "Camp Lou," in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1881. His poems, which have been collected in the volume referred to, are interesting and much above the average. Mr. HAROLD FREDERIC in his prefatory remarks does not exaggerate when he says, "Whether we study his dainty *vers de société*, his quaintly whimsical burlesques, his closely knit, thoughtful poems on serious subjects, or his last unspeakably mournful salutations of approaching death, we find revealed a soul as true and gentle, an eye as shrewd and searching, and a hand as deft and sure of touch, as any to which American readers do honor."

—The taste for dancing, writes a correspondent, is extinct in Paris. "When a fashionable lady gives a *soirée dansante*, her great trouble is to find partners for her girl guests. Young married ladies more enjoy quiet flirtation than gyrating round a ball-room. Young dandies dislike the physical consequences of the gyration—the flushed face, the too moist forehead, the disordered hair." We expect soon to hear a similar complaint about the American dudes.

—BONNAT'S Salon portrait of Mr. LEVI P. MORTON, American Minister to France, is said by Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE to be "probably the finest male portrait of the year in France."

—COLERIDGE'S body lies in the crypt of Highgate Church, in London, and the crypt is used as a place for tools. But COLERIDGE himself, could he have foreseen this fate, would have been the last man to object to it.

—Mr. WHISTLER took his medal at the Salon ostensibly by reason of the merits of his very artistic portrait of his mother, recently exhibited publicly in this city; but there were half a dozen other pictures of his at another exhibition in Paris at the same time. He is well known to French artists, and is a master of their language. That he deserves this late official recognition of his undoubted genius no artist in any country would be likely to deny.

—We take pleasure in copying this announcement from the Chicago *Tribune:* "The Germantown (Pa.) *Telegraph*, one of the oldest and most profitable weeklies in the country, published at Germantown, Pennsylvania, has been purchased from its present owner and founder, Major PHILIP R. FREAS, by HENRY W. RAYMOND, son of the late HENRY J. RAYMOND, who has been for nearly four years the literary editor of the *Tribune*, and for nearly two years its musical critic. The purchase is made through the disinterested kindness and generosity of GEORGE W. CHILDS, who, out of pure friendship, has assumed all the risks and guaranteed the sale, thus enabling Mr. RAYMOND to own a prosperous paper of his own, and to pay for it out of its profits. The *Telegraph* was established in 1829, has a wide circulation and a large advertising patronage. The transfer does not take place until August 1, and Mr. RAYMOND does not assume the entire management until October 1." Mr. RAYMOND is a graduate of Yale. He possesses fine culture, high literary ability, and a large measure of inherited newspaper talent. We wish him all success in his new enterprise.

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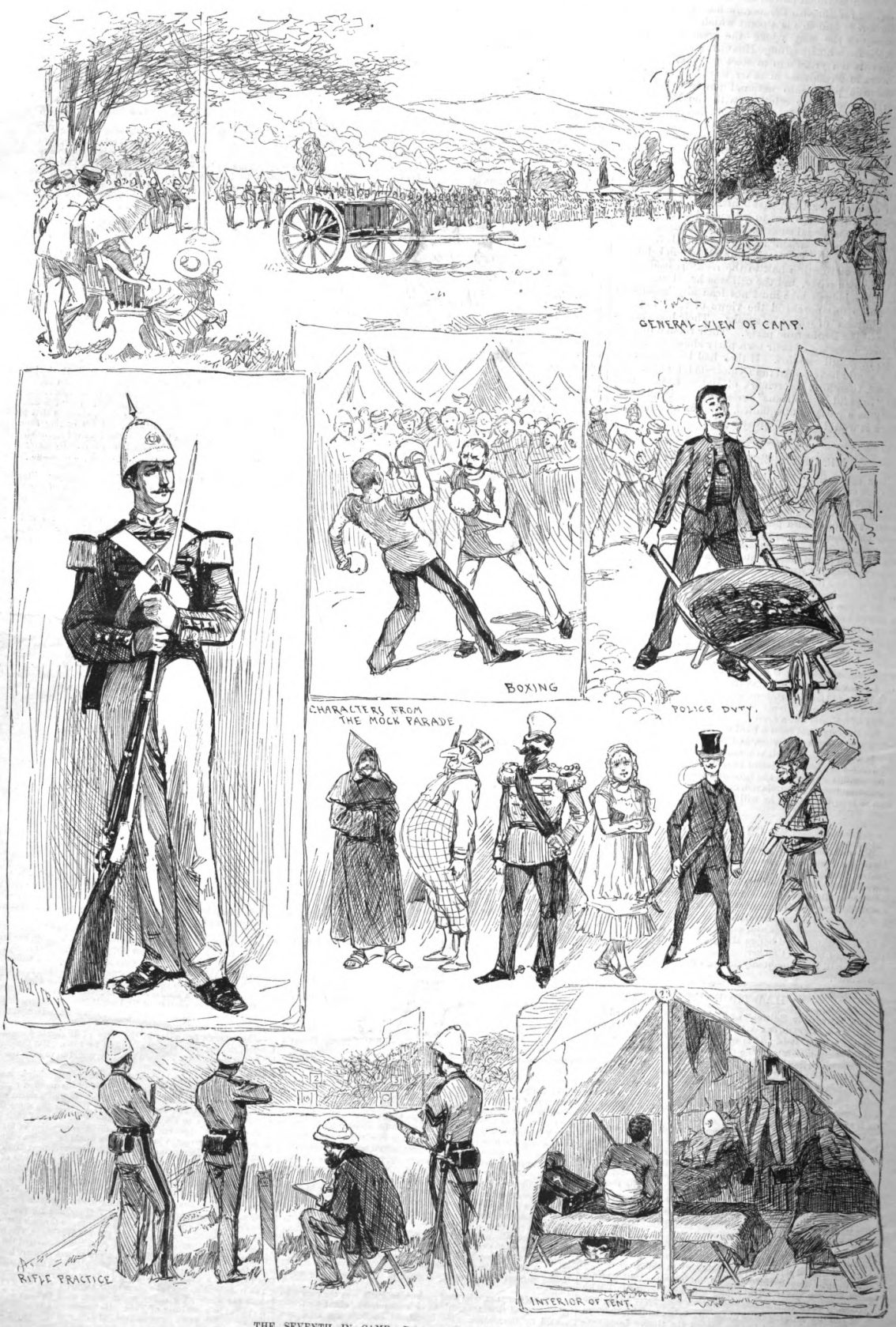

THE SEVENTH IN CAMP.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 422.]

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"She put her hands on his shoulders and bent down over him, examining the cards which he had thrown upon the table."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. FARQUHAR PLAYS ACCORDING TO RULE.

It was on a dull afternoon in September that the dreaded disturber of our peace descended upon us. My uncle drove off to the station to meet her, while the General and I went out shooting, and remained out until the light became so bad that it was impossible to delay our return any longer. We had given up talking about Mrs. Farquhar for some time past, and we did not depart from our rule upon the present occasion; but there was a tacit understanding between us that it would be well to shirk as much as we conveniently could of that awkward interval which separates the arrival of a guest from the dinner hour. The General was silent and out of spirits, and had shot badly all the afternoon. Possibly his conscience may have been reproaching him with his desertion to the enemy, or it may be that he was looking forward with some apprehension to the meeting which must shortly take place. I myself was depressed, feeling as if the last of all the good old days was drawing to its close, and I also was a little afraid of that meeting. I don't know why I was afraid, nor exactly what my anticipations were, but I well remember that the meeting, when it came, was something altogether unlike what I had expected.

We crossed the dark hall and entered the library, where a cheerful fire was blazing, and where the sudden flood of light set us winking and blinking. The General was the first to cross the threshold; and hardly had he done so when I, peering over his shoulder, saw a little black figure rise up from the fireside and hurry forward with arms outspread.

A rather shrill but not ungentle voice exclaimed, with a slight Scotch accent, "Eh, Tom, is it you?" and immediately the General was being kissed and embraced. He had to bend himself almost double in order to render this operation possible, and while it was going on all that I saw of Mrs. Farquhar was a small portion of an arm and a diminutive white hand covered with flashing jewels, which beat a gentle accompaniment on the General's shoulder to certain indistinct but affectionate words.

"Well, mother, so you've got over the journey all right," was all that the General said, as he disengaged himself.

It was now my turn. "Can this be Charley?" Mrs. Farquhar exclaimed, looking up into my face, while she took possession of my hand. And I was very nearly retorting, "Can this be Mrs. Farquhar?" for in truth she was an extremely pretty and agreeable-looking old lady, and it was difficult at first sight to trace any connection between the outward aspect of her and that cantankerous disposition with which I had been led to infer that she was afflicted.

My eyes having by this time become accustomed to the light, I was able to take notice of hers, which were brown in color, and as bright as a squirrel's. Her abundant gray hair formed a frame for a sharp little face, which might probably have had but small claims to beauty in its youth, but which, to the different order of criticism applicable to old age, presented no defect, unless it were the somewhat exaggerated length of the upper lip. She was, of course, dressed in widow's weeds—a garb far more uncompromisingly ugly in those days than it is now; but the sweeping black robes suited her small, spare figure well enough, and even the close-fitting white cap with its broad strings, which no widow of the year 1851 would have dared to modify, was not unbecoming to her, as it would have been to a younger woman.

Attractive though she was, however, I was not desirous of being embraced by her; for I was at that time of life when a young man dislikes nothing so much as being kissed by his female relatives. Therefore I did not bend down like my predecessor, but held myself up to my natural height of six foot two above the level of the carpet, an altitude which rendered all surprises on the part of a lady of Mrs. Farquhar's inches impracticable. She was so considerate as to make no attempt of the kind that I feared, and contented herself with holding my hand in one of hers while she patted it gently with the other, murmuring: "A fine young fellow indeed! Dear, dear, how time goes on! The last time I saw you you were a baby—just a baby; and now you are a great tall man, and you've been captain of the Eton eight, as I read in the newspapers. That is something to be proud of, Bernard"—turning quickly round upon my uncle. "I am sure you must be proud of this young gentleman."

"If I am," said my uncle, laughing, "I take good care not to tell him so."

"Oh, aye; you are a pessimist," returned Mrs. Farquhar, gayly; "but I am all for giving credit where credit is due."

Now my uncle was not a pessimist, nor had he ever been known to grudge any man his due; but the general tone of Mrs. Farquhar's remarks appeared to me to be so pleasant and sensible that I was not disposed for cavilling. I should have imagined that a tolerably wide-spread ignorance prevailed in Scotland upon the subject of the Eton eight and the glory of rowing stroke therein, and I was naturally glad to find that this was not so. I modestly gave Mrs. Farquhar to understand that the high honors to which I had attained were due not so much to inherent genius as to unremitting labor. Lots of other fellows, I said, might have turned out far better oars than I could ever hope to be; but they wouldn't give their whole minds to it, and of course, if a fellow wouldn't give his whole mind to a thing—

At this my uncle and the General burst out laughing, and Mrs. Farquhar, after a moment, joined in their laughter. "Oh, I know what you're meaning, both of you," said she; "you think he should be giving his mind to his books. But, dear me! he has his whole life before him for study, and he has only just these few years to be young in. I say he is right to make the most of youth while it lasts."

How true! I began to feel that Mrs. Farquhar was almost a kindred spirit; and in another five minutes we were all seated round the fire, chatting in as friendly a fashion as if we had really been what we appeared to be—a cheerful family party. And in this condition of unity, peace, and concord we continued throughout the evening. There were one or two slight awkwardnesses, but they were so slight that I should hardly have noticed them if I had not been on the look-out for something of the kind. Several times during dinner Mrs. Farquhar flatly contradicted my uncle, and in the drawing-room afterward she contradicted us all round upon I forget what political question, although our several views with regard to it did not happen to resemble one another.

"Oh, but that is nonsense—just nonsense!" she said, when my uncle endeavored to explain his reasons for holding certain opinions. It sounded a little rude; but in that, as in previous instances, she spoke so placidly and good-humoredly that no one could suppose any offense to be meant. I said to myself that perhaps people in Scotland were in the habit of contradicting each other by way of making conversation—and indeed I have formed more erroneous surmises than that in my life.

I was left for a few minutes alone with my uncle before I bade him good-night, and he said, "You see, Charley, my mother is not an ogress, after all."

"I think she is very nice," I admitted, rather reluctantly.

"Yes; you may remember that I told you you would think so. And she has confided to me that she thinks you very nice too. So all is for the best."

And really it did seem as though all were going to be for the best. Very likely I might not have taken so kindly to Mrs. Farquhar had she not taken kindly to me, and shown in the plainest possible manner that she had done so. During the next three days she lost no opportunity of patting me on the back and flattering my youthful vanity; and this, perhaps, caused me to overlook some acts of interference which I should otherwise have indignantly resented.

"Bernard, do you never have family prayers?" she asked, the very first morning, at breakfast.

My uncle confessed that such had not been his custom.

"Oh, but I think you should," she said.

"A man must please himself about such matters," struck in the General, boldly.

"Now, Tom, that is so like you! A thing is right, or it is wrong; and if we profess and call ourselves Christians, we ought certainly to set an example of religion to our servants."

"I dare say you are right," my uncle said. And thenceforth family prayers became an institution at Thirlby.

Many people may be disposed to think that Mrs. Farquhar was justified in upholding her testimony with regard to this particular innovation; but it will be allowed that, when she went on to alter the hours of breakfast and dinner, she was making herself a little too much at home. Nevertheless, this change also was accomplished without opposition or audible murmur.

For the rest, Mrs. Farquhar (who, to be sure, had had everything her own way so far) made herself very agreeable to all about, high and low; and since nobody had yet been instructed to regard her as a permanent inmate, her mild tyranny was accepted submissively enough. I may confess that, for my own part, I was alive to the advantage of having a lady in the house for the next few weeks; for I foresaw that she and Maud would become firm allies, and that, as a consequence, the latter might be expected to visit the Hall a great deal more frequently than she had done heretofore.

But here my prescience was at fault; for it is one of those mysterious facts which only a profound student of feminine nature can explain that Mrs. Farquhar did not take to Maud at all. The Rector and his daughter came to dinner on the fourth day, and I don't think they had been ten minutes in the drawing-room before the two ladies had a trifling difference. It was about some parish matter—I don't remember what; but I do remember perfectly the tone of kindly reproof in which Mrs. Farquhar said, "My dear, when you are a little older you will know better." Maud smiled, and made no reply; but I know very well (in spite of subsequent assertions of hers to the contrary) that from that moment she

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cordially detested the little old lady whose presence among us she had declared to be so desirable.

I could not resist taking the first opportunity that offered of asking her whether Mrs. Farquhar came up to her expectations. This was after dinner, in the drawing-room, to which vast and rather melancholy apartment we had adjourned, as it was a company night, instead of to the more cheerful library. The four elders had just sat down to whist at an old-fashioned spindle-legged table, and I placed myself beside Maud on a sofa some little distance from them.

"Quite. In fact, she surpasses them," said Maud, in answer to my question.

"I dare say; but in what sense?—for the better, or for the worse?"

"Oh, for the better, I suppose. That is, she seems to me to be better suited for her mission than I thought she would be. Evidently she knows how to assert herself, and is capable of snubbing people too, when necessary. And that, you know, is a valuable gift, under certain circumstances."

"So it is," I agreed; "and what makes it the more valuable in Mrs. Farquhar's case is that she uses it with so much discrimination. She likes me; she hasn't ceased to say sweet things of and to me since she entered the house. Other people, as you know, have not been so fortunate; and I shouldn't wonder if other people were feeling a little bit sore in consequence." The truth was that I had not yet quite forgiven my companion for having driven off and left me in the lurch at Yarmouth in that cruel way.

"My dear Charley," she answered, "do you really suppose that I care two straws whether Mrs. Farquhar likes me or not? I hoped that she would come and live here, and I hope so still; but I never contemplated her in the light of an addition to my personal happiness. I am perfectly disinterested in the matter."

"You are not half pleased with her, all the same," I persisted.

"She was rude to me, and of course one is never exactly pleased with rude people; but I shouldn't have minded that if she had not been entirely in the wrong. There is nothing more trying to the patience than to be seriously told that black is white by a person who is too old to be *contradicted*."

"And it is that wrong-headed old person whom you wish to inflict upon my poor uncle and me as a *permanent penance*! What have we done that you should be so hard upon us?"

Maud made no reply. She was resting her chin upon the top of her closed fan, and gazing *meditatively* toward the card-table where Mrs. Farquhar was smiling the smile of conscious rectitude undismayed by ill fortune. My uncle and the General, who were partners, were smiling too, but theirs was the smile of victory. As for the Rector, his back was turned to us, but every now and again there was wafted toward us from the direction of his chair a low, wailing murmur which told its own tale.

"I can understand," said Maud, suddenly, "that a woman like that might be a great power. A little brain, which would be quite filled up by one idea at a time, a great deal of conceit, and, I should think, illimitable obstinacy. You may say that all she can do is to raise a storm in a tea-cup; but then you happen to live in the tea-cup. I am glad she likes you, Charley. You must keep friends with her, or she may do you an ill turn one of these days."

"What in the world makes you say that?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"I can't tell you. There is something wrong—some mystery or other; and my father seems to think that trouble may come out of it, though I can't get him to explain himself."

"I know there's a mystery," I said.

"Do you? And can you guess what it is?" asked Maud, eagerly.

"Not in the least. Can you?"

"No—at least I don't think so. But it concerns you in some way; and I want *you* to keep yourself in Mrs. Farquhar's good graces, Charley, because she means to stay here, and because it is certain that she will rule Mr. Le Marchant absolutely in the course of a few months."

"How do you know that she means to stay here?" I asked.

But her reply, if she made one, was drowned in a cry of agony which arose at that moment from the card-table.

"My dear madam!—oh, my dear madam, how *could* you! We had the game to a mathematical certainty—and then to throw it away by trumping second in hand in that—I must say that insane manner! Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!"

The General threw himself back in his chair, and made the room ring with peal after peal of merriment. "Ho, ho, ho! I beg your pardon, mother, I'm sure; but your partner's face—ha, ha, ha!"

"I did the right thing," said Mrs. Farquhar, not at all perturbed by all this commotion; "I played according to rule, which is the only real way to play."

"A rule to trump second in hand!" ejaculated the Rector, aghast.

"I don't exactly remember how the cards went; but I played according to rule, I know, because I always do. You must just make up your mind to lose a game sometimes, Mr. Dennison, like everybody else."

The Rector only groaned as he took up his cards. Presently the game was resumed, and I returned to my interrupted conversation with Maud.

"How do you know," I asked again, "that Mrs. Farquhar intends to stay here? And why are you so anxious that I should keep upon good terms with her?"

But Maud had recovered her wonted serenity now, and no longer chose to deal in prophecies. "I don't know that Mrs. Farquhar will stay," she answered; "but it seems natural and probable that she should. And it is always best to be upon good terms with your neighbors."

"I tell you what," I said, "I suspect that I am a great deal more likely to remain upon good terms with this old woman than you are. You haven't made a particularly promising start, but I hope you won't be discouraged by that, but will come and see her very often, and show us a bright example of kindly behavior toward the aged."

"I should be delighted," answered Maud; "but unfortunately I am going away in a few days, so you will have to try and behave yourselves properly without me."

"Going away!" I exclaimed, in horror and amazement; "how can you say such dreadful things in that calm tone of voice! Where are you going?—and for how long?"

"I am going to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Saville," she answered. "I don't quite know how long I may be away; it will depend upon my father, who has been persuaded to take a holiday for a parson's three weeks and come with me. The Savilles want me to stay with them until after some dances which are to come off in the beginning of November; but most likely I shall come back when my father does. I *foresee* that parochial and domestic *duties* will beckon me away from the giddy throng."

"It makes no difference to me," I said, ruefully; "because, in any case, I shall have gone to Oxford before you come back. This is an awful *blow*!" But in my heart I was selfish enough to find a grain of comfort in the *thought* of Maud's probable inability to dance with the gay bachelors of Surrey.

"You must summon up all your strength, and endeavor to bear it," she answered, with an unfeeling laugh. "You are going to lose me for a *time*, but Mrs. Farquhar will remain to you by way of compensation."

"I wish Mrs. Farquhar was dead and buried—" I was *beginning*; but before I could finish my sentence another exclamation of dismay caused us both to turn our eyes once more toward the card-table.

"She's done it again!" cried the Rector, whisking round in his chair, and appealing piteously to space. "So help me—ahem!—ten men and a *boy*, she's done it again! Now, did you ever in all your born days! Ah, yes, of course!—there it is, you see—they get the odd trick. Well, I really could not have believed that any responsible *human* being—"

Maud rose and crossed the room hastily. The Rector, when he was at all excited, had an unfortunate habit of thinking aloud, and there was no saying to what lengths he might not be about to go. She put her hands on his shoulders and bent down over him, examining the cards which he had thrown upon the table, while the General, in a voice trembling with suppressed laughter, called out, "Single, treble, and the rub!"

"The cards have been against us the whole evening, and that is always a trying thing to the patience; but we should not lose our temper over a mere game," said Mrs. Farquhar, kindly, but a trifle severely. "As for me, I just play according to rule."

After this everybody rose from the card-table, and Maud, pointing out that it was past eleven o'clock, prepared to march her father off home. The Rector, however, was not to be restrained from the utterance of a few last words.

"Good-night, Mrs. Farquhar, good-night," he said. "I have no doubt they play that game in Scotland; and it may be a very amusing game when you understand it. But it is not whist." And with that he decamped precipitately, allowing his late partner no time to make a rejoinder.

She, for her part, did not appear to be offended; and indeed I found out afterward that Mrs. Farquhar was not one to take offense readily. All that she said, after the Rector had left us, was: "He's a worthy kind of man, that Mr. Dennison. Not very wise, I dare say; but one does not look for wisdom in these parts. I've no great opinion of the daughter—a consequential young miss, full of airs and graces."

"Perhaps she may improve as she grows older," said my uncle, quietly, while I gulped down the indignant retort that rose to my lips, and the General, who was putting the cards away, called out: "You're all wrong, *mother*. Miss Maud is no more *consequential* than I am; and if ever there was a girl who had not a trace of what you call 'airs and graces' about her, it is she."

"So you think," returned Mrs. Farquhar, smiling compassionately. "You never look below the surface, Tom; if a woman is pretty, that is all you ask of her. Not that I would call Miss Dennison pretty myself, but she *has* fine eyes, and that is quite enough for you. Maybe, as Bernard says, she'll improve as she grows older; but if she had green eyes, or if she squinted, you would see plainly enough that she is nothing but a silly and forward girl now."

Contrary to his own anticipations, it proved to be the General, not my uncle, who found it impossible to get on with the old lady. "I'll tell you what it is, Charley my boy," he said to me, after a few days, "I must be off. I should have liked to stay another week or so with you, and to do a little justice to old Bunce's pheasants; but the fact of the matter is that at my time of life a man's temper is apt to become a little uncertain, and I find that I can't stand being called an infernal ass half a dozen times in the course of the day."

Now I need hardly say that Mrs. Farquhar had never made use of the above unseemly expression in addressing her son, but she had certainly been extremely aggravating, and had more than once contrived to put the General, who was one of the best-tempered men in the world, into a downright rage. And this always appeared to astonish her beyond everything. "Poor Tom seems very irritable," she would say. "Is it gout, do you think?"

She herself was not in the least irritable, and never lost her temper. She was tolerably pleasant to my uncle and quite affectionate to me, and I should be sorry to swear that she intended to be disagreeable even to the General. But she *was* disagreeable—so persistently, quietly, smilingly disagreeable that at last the poor man could bear it no longer, and took to his heels.

Almost immediately afterward the Rector and Maud departed for Surrey, and bore away, as it seemed to me, the last of the summer and sunshine with them. Chill October fell upon us with alternate fogs and gales; the pleasant holiday-time was over and gone, and the pheasants brought little comfort to my bereaved heart. George Warren was no sort of comfort either. I used to pour my tale of woe into his patient ear as we trudged home after shooting in the misty evenings, and he annoyed *me* excessively by prophesying that I should soon forget it all among the manifold excitements and recreations of Christ-church. He himself was at Oriel—a quiet member of a quiet reading set—"and of course," he would say, in his calm, matter-of-*fact* way, "you and I shall not see very much of one another, Charley. You'll find yourself among a fastish lot of men, most of whom will have a great deal *more* money to spend than you have, and as many of them are old Eton fellows, who know you already and like you, you will become popular, and I shouldn't wonder if your head were to be a little turned at first. But I shall look *to* the river to keep you out of serious mischief."

It had now been practically though not ostensibly arranged that Mrs. Farquhar was to leave Thirlby *no more*. My uncle gave me to understand as much the same evening, adding, with a slight smile, that he hoped I had changed my opinion upon the subject.

I answered frankly that to a certain extent I had. I still thought that third persons were a mistake; but at the same time I was bound to say that personally I had found Mrs. Farquhar kind and agreeable. "What do you think yourself, Uncle Bernard?" I asked. "Will she be a great bore to you?"

He considered for a few moments, and then answered, quietly: "Yes. I don't mind confessing to you, Charley, that she will. But that is my fault, not hers; and I don't think we shall quarrel."

"I am quite sure that it will be her fault, not yours, if you do," said I. And that was all that came of my firm opposition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEVENTH IN CAMP.

Last week was an eventful one to the members of the Seventh Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., and one as full of pleasure and solid enjoyment as it was of hard work. On Saturday, the 23d ult., they took possession of the State Camp Ground at Peek-skill, and last Saturday they returned to New York, dusty, sunburned, and richer by a week's experience of military camp life and the duties incident thereto. To the majority of the members this experience was novel and interesting, as it was the first time in nine years, or since it visited the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, that the regiment had gone into camp, and while they looked forward for months with eager anticipations to this brief campaign, they now recall its various incidents with a corresponding degree of pleasure.

During their occupation of the camp, which was pitched on a level plateau of ninety acres lying at the foot of Manitou Mountain, the first of the Hudson Highlands on the east, and overlooking the confluence of the great river with Jan Peck's Kill, the men of the Seventh experienced much of the sunshine and some of the shadow of a soldier's life. The weather was by turns sweltering and breathless, clear and breezy, cold and rainy, and moon-lit nights or nights as dark as pockets cheered or bewildered the blue-coated pickets on their solitary pacings during the weary intervals between reliefs. Mornings of marching and countermarching, severe drill and arduous duty, were followed by afternoons of delightful leisure, and evenings of that hilarious fun which forms so prominent a social feature of the Seventh.

The week's work was finished last Friday afternoon, and that evening the fun culminated in a saturnalia, which, taking the form of a military travesty, was heralded as the parade of the "Darling Dudes." The "Dude Battalion" was composed of 270 men drawn in equal numbers from the ten companies of the regiment. Each company was uniformed in costumes the absurdity of which was only equalled by the dark secrecy maintained concerning them up to the very hour of exhibition. That the parade was an overwhelming success as a mirth-provoking spectacle was attested by the convulsions of laughter into which it threw the thousands of spectators who witnessed it. It cost the participants four thousand dollars, and when it was dismissed they enjoyed the consciousness of having thus perpetrated a folly which only the Seventh could afford. The parade was followed later in the evening by a concert, fire-works, and a general illumination.

A notable feature of this camp of 850 men was the number of generals whose presence was deemed necessary to maintain its military dignity and prestige. Of these officers no less than seven occupied the row of large, elegantly furnished double tents that lined the edge of the bluff overlooking the river. They were Major-General Farnsworth, the Adjutant-General; Major-General Robbins, the Inspector-General of Rifle Practice; Brigadier-General Wylie, Commissary-General; Brigadier-General Briggs, Inspector-General; Paymaster-General Rich; Surgeon-General Bryant; and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General Pristerer, the Post-Adjutant.

Although on the whole the Seventh enjoyed itself, and its members fully realized their expectations, most of them are satisfied that for the present the regiment has had enough of *country* and enough of glory. The camp is occupied by the Thirteenth Regiment.

"DISARME

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres"; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—(*Continued.*)

Stephana paused, and piercingly, although with angelic mildness, gazed on her energumen. For was not this poor thing a very demoniac, demon-haunted, struggling against the light of shining truth and goodness?

After a brief silence, during which Miss Hermitage moved restlessly in her chair, Stephana asked, in a sad, gentle voice: "If, then, no sin, why any shame? You say there was a marriage?"

Again Miss Hermitage turned away from the beautiful winter sunlight and the sight of the silvery sea, and tossed her head uneasily on the cushions. "Valerian knows. Valerian guesses. It is his affair. I want you to talk to me of other things," she moaned, querulously, half crying.

Stephana looked and listened in a painful state of doubt. She did not feel sure that Christina was telling the truth.

"It is very unkind of you to disoblige me," she said, in the same pettish tones. "I have had a great shock. It will very likely kill me. I do want to know what you think dying is—dying—dying! We talk of it every day, but who knows anything at all?"

"I could give you peace would you but give me something in exchange," Stephana made answer. "You can not have quieting thoughts and lovely dreams and celestial visitations whilst you *nurse an uneasy conscience*."

"I am afraid of you, Stephana. Yet what harm can you do me? Why do you gaze as if to read me through and through? What do you want?"

"Only the truth," answered Stephana, almost solemnly. "This shrinking from Valerian, this unnatural dislike, this secrecy of so many years, if, indeed, it is as you say—"

"I am a common woman, but I sinned not the common sin," Christina said at last. "Valerian was born in wedlock." She now sat up in her arm-chair, and spoke rapidly and desperately, as if keenly anxious to unburden herself, as before she had been resolute to keep silence. "You can not judge me. Your young life was happier and better than mine. I had never any liberty, any love. I was Eve snatching the forbidden fruit. But Colette knows. Colette shall tell you everything."

"Much is forgiven where love has tempted into wrong-doing," said Stephana—"if you loved indeed."

"What is love?" asked Miss Hermitage, impatiently. "There is a love born of passion; that is love like hate. You are young; you may still know a better kind. I never shall."

"The love of men and women for each other *should* be lasting and sweet, but may turn to the bitterness of gall. There is other love in the world, and good and comforting it is. That should be yours now."

"You have Valerian in your mind. I forget that you two are going to marry. That is why you want me to be kind to him, I suppose."

"Just to him rather; justice is the best kindness, the only kindness I am thinking of."

"Valerian will never forgive me, whatever I do for him now—never, never."

"He will, he must forgive," Stephana replied. "But tell me one thing—why this concealment of so many years if Valerian is entitled to his father's name?"

"The name would have shamed me and him. 'Twas a low marriage. That is why. Is not pride the devil's offspring? Such *pride* was my father's and mine."

"Yours was not all the blame, then! You were constrained to this deceit?" Stephana asked, with pitying concern.

Miss Hermitage answered, averting her face: "All women are not idolaters of their children. I suppose, if I had cared much about Valerian, I should never have consented to the past."

Stephana listened in silence, saddening as she heard.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Our ghost story anon," said Mr. Constantine, when Arthura entered his room, precisely at twelve of the clock, on the third day of the new year. "I have something to tell you, my Prospera. The world is turned topsy-turvy. We are all walking on our heads. You and I are a-dreaming like our betters."

Arthura opened her eyes, although not more astonished than usual. Mr. Constantine would be astonishing as long as breath was left in his body.

"What! No impatient why and wherefore! No Lord 'a mercy, and all good angels save us!"

"The world has always seemed to me topsy-turvy, sir, and if people did not walk on their heads would they make so many blunders?" asked Arthura.

"On my word, a pat answer ever on the tip of her tongue! Walking on the head has not unriddled your thoughts, anyhow. But the news—the wonderful news! I really have no breath for it

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all. Well, all kinds of marvels happened on New-Year's Day. The household by the sea is broken up. Valerian and his rich patroness have parted company. He is coming to make his way in London."

Arthura listened now, all expectation. Her fresh girlish trust in Valerian was not clouded. He might be going to marry Stephana in the eyes of the world, but he was her own Valerian for all that. Love makes two people belong to each other forever, thought Arthura, and so think most lovers and maidens at twenty-four.

"I have not told you half the news yet," Mr. Constantine added. "The most important part of it was confided to me in strictest secrecy. Can you keep a secret, my dear?"

"No, indeed, sir; the gist of a secret lies in the telling."

"'Tis a dead secret, then; but, on my life, I can't help telling you. I am tired, however; I will wait till the morrow. By-the-way, where *do* you get your ghost stories?"

"Ghosts run in my family, sir, and my stepmother has taught me several. She has an especial affection for this."

"Admirable woman! Would I had such a stepmother! Well, for your story. Be your ghost freakish, pranky, benign, hair-bristling, horrid, he is welcome. Come in, good ghost. I bid you good-morrow, kind ghost. We wait for you."

If Arthura excelled in the art of telling ghost stories, it was as Mr. Constantine's pupil. He had fashioned her to the business, first by showing her how tales of wonder should be read, and next by showing her how they should be narrated. Arthura was guileless of book-learning, but her apt, eager, audacious young mind must have some aliment, and she found it here. The supernatural, the marvellous, the unknown, were to her what ordinary love stories, boarding-school music, and clerical slipper making are to those young ladies as yet outside the intellectual regions of wranglerships or the classical tripos. So she had thrown heart and soul into her new vocation, amazed herself no less than her instructor by the new powers thus developed.

"A most ingratiating ghost! a most sociable, unceremonious ghost! We'll ask for his company another day. Now take up those wondrous little forest stories from Germany. Read about the ancient bride who on her marriage morn was enticed away by a wizard of beautiful appearance, and when he let her go from his enchanted garden she found every one staring at her with amazement, as well they might. She had been away a hundred years! Open the book where you like. 'Tis all fascination, mystery, and wonder."

Arthura did as she was bidden; but ere she had read a page, the old man said:

"You may leave off, my Prospera. I am not lucid to-night. I feel already in the land of shadows you have so beautifully brought before me. And soon I shall be one of them—but not too soon! Why do we live so long?" he continued, after a pause. "Be warned, my Prospera: die young; die in the full favor of your friends and the world, or inherit five thousand a year. Old age is a luxury for the rich to indulge in only. Remember the worst line ever penned by a great poet,

'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.'

We must buy 'em all when we begin to tumble to pieces—eyesight, feet to walk on, *esprit;* and if we can't buy a digestion, like the man in the story, meats are to be had requiring none. But age and penury, decrepitude and forlornness—'tis a picture to melt the gods to compassion." He raised his head and looked at Arthura with an odd smile. "People for the most part take too much trouble about keeping the breath of life in them. As if life for the mere sake of life were worth a pinch of salt! But the manner of life whilst we are in our prime, how many does that concern? When the tools fall from our hands, let us make way for our betters, I say. You are young, and shall greet *many* a sunrising, but 'tis time for me to wrap myself in my cloak and turn my face to the wall. God bless me! And now good-night, my dear; I can sleep, I think. Rest you well."

Arthura stole quietly out of the chamber, although little disposed to close her own eyes. What, indeed, had she to *do* with sleep after such news? Valerian no longer his kinswoman's dependent, Valerian manfully making his own way in the world, seemed twice, threefold, her own. She realized in a moment, as she thought, the effect of these welcome disasters not only on her lover's worldly prospects, but on his love for herself. The necessity for self-reliance and his very isolation must draw them nearer together, reasoned the generous girl, ever judging of the springs of action in others by her own. Could this change mean anything else but the fulfillment of happy common dreams, a sweet home, and toil mutually shared, daily fare made romantic and beautiful because it belonged to two?

When at last she did sleep it was to dream sweetly, and next day when she set off as usual to help Steppie with the housekeeping and the children's lessons, it was with a beaming face. To her great astonishment, Steppie, who met her at the railway station, wore a beaming face also. She not only smiled, she actually indulged in a near approach to a laugh. "Dear little mamma, has Aunt Fanny sent each of the children a Sunday suit?" asked Arthura.

"Oh, Arthura, why am I so much more wicked than other people? I ought to be weeping and wailing in a darkened room." Here she did indeed break down and give a genuine sob. "Aunt Fanny will never send the children any more new frocks." Another sob. "Aunt Fanny's gone to heaven." Then the tears ceased to flow, and the pale, pretty, care-worn face brightened again. "Aunt Fanny has left me a thousand pounds."

"Kind Aunt Fanny! You will be so much happier now," Arthura said.

"No; I shall be more comfortable, but not happier; instead, more miserable. Think how heartless of me to be able to rejoice at such a moment!"

"But you are rejoicing over the thousand pounds, not over your aunt Fanny's death. I am sure you are as sorry as can be."

"That I am," said poor Steppie, wiping her eyes. "And, oh, Arthura, I shall never forgive myself for not having finished those mits I was knitting as a Christmas gift. There was a dense fog on the day I wanted to buy more silk, and I dreaded going out in it, and now poor Aunt Fanny"—here she began sobbing again—"will never have her black silk mits—never! never!"

"You must comfort yourself with the thought that she does not want them," Arthura made reply. She had never seen Aunt Fanny in her life.

"Nor does she want the thousand pounds. That ought to be a comfortable thought too," poor Steppie said. "But how I wish she had left me the legacy and gone on living all the same! There is always something to spoil our enjoyment in the world."

"We must not be on the watch for it, then," Arthura replied, cheerfully. "We should have had eyes in the back of our heads had Providence intended us to see everything at once. You can not bring Aunt Fanny back again, but you can so use her money as to make us all happier by seeing you so."

"Oh, Arthura, I was never more miserable in my life!"

"But people can be happy and miserable at the same moment; and just think what a comfort this money will be! Mr. Constantine shall advise us as to the investment. You will be quite rich."

"Am I the most selfish being in the world?" cried Steppie, indignantly. "Every penny you have spent on me and the poor children shall now be repaid you. Then your poor papa's debts—they are mine as well as yours."

"We will settle everything by-and-by," Arthura said. "You shall do exactly as I like, and I will do exactly as you like. That is the way to settle quarrels."

Then they reached the house. What an abode of content and animation now that Arthura was a daily visitant! No more gloom, monotony, plaints; all vivacity, freshness, grace. Thus will a bright spirit transform a dark place.

"Kisses first and lessons afterward," cried the boy Walter, throwing his arms round his stepsister's neck, and kissing her again and again.

"Buns first and lessons afterward," cried Benjamine in her turn, laying a nefarious hand on Arthura's cloak pocket. Gentlest, most docile creature imaginable, she as yet resembled those little animals so low in the stage of development as to consist of a mere sac and an orifice—skin and stomach only.

"Arthura," said Walter, "when you have taught me all you know, will you let me go to sea?"

"Why can not you be content to stay with mother and Arthura and little sisters?" asked Steppie, reproachfully.

"Because you will love me twice as much when I am a sea-captain," cried the boy. "And I want to come home with a red face and a purseful of money, and see all the people throwing up their windows to look at me as I strut up the street."

Benjamine laughed immoderately, Steppie called to order, and spelling and sums were begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOURTH OF JULY.

Time gives us many days and hours to keep,
Some for triumphant joy, and some for tears;
But, O bright July day, 'tis thine to reap
The splendid harvest of the lengthening years.

Sandaled in sunshine, clothed in heat and light,
Crown'd with the song and rose of summer's prime,
O fairest-born of days, thine is the right
To wear the Stars of Freedom for all time.

Through all thy joyful hours our flag shall fly,
In divers-colored pride—red, blue, and white—
And the sweet music of humanity
From grateful hearts salute thy lordlier light,

As men salute a mother from whose hands
They've taken precious gifts, as men who hear
The sighing of the sad down-trodden lands
But lift free heads, and know not how to fear,
Because thy splendor grows from year to year.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

EVERY month of the present year has been prolific in storms, cyclones, floods, and various forms of devastation along the valleys of the great Western waterways, but none has been more disastrous nor caused greater distress than the terrible flood which last week swept out of the Missouri and down the Mississippi River. Above their confluence the Missouri is a larger stream than the Mississippi, and rising in the Rocky Mountains, as do its principal tributaries, the Yellowstone and Platte, it is much more subject to sudden and overwhelming rises than is the Mississippi along the upper portion of its course. It is therefore below their junction, and after the Missouri has hurled his mighty volume into the already swollen current of the Mississippi, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended.

It is this same rush of Missouri waters during the annual freshets of past centuries that has formed the vast alluvial deposits along the eastern bank of the Mississippi for two hundred miles, from Alton to Cairo, or from a short distance below the mouth of the Illinois to the mouth of the Ohio River. These deposits vary from one to ten miles in width, and are known as the "American Bottoms." Containing hundreds of thousands of the richest farming lands in Illinois, of inexhaustible fertility and easily worked, these lands offer such irresistible attractions to the agriculturist that, in spite of the danger to which they are annually exposed from high waters, they are thickly settled. The settlers attempt to protect their lands by building dikes or levees along the river-banks, and those of the bayous making in from it; but as these are erected at a time of low water, they are rarely of sufficient strength to withstand the terrible force hurled against them whenever the river chooses to assert his ancient dominion. At such times strenuous efforts are made to strengthen the dikes. The entire available force of the country is concentrated at the weak points, earth in bags, the contents of warehouses, of freight-cars, of hay-ricks—everything procurable and movable is flung into the breach. For a time it looks as though these efforts would be crowned with success, and hope inspires the workers with renewed strength. Suddenly the river seems to gather itself together as though for a spring; a wall of water advances toward the barrier, and in a moment it is swept away, and disappears as completely as though it had never been. With an exulting roar, the turbid waters roll through the breach, and rush like hungry demons over the level country, drowning everything in their path, and replacing with death and ruin the teeming life and smiling plenty of a moment before.

Besides the fierce onslaught, the wily river employs strategy, and often its insidious underminings have so weakened a dike that almost before danger is announced a section of it melts away like a snow-bank before the breath of summer, and the mocking waters sweep on, unopposed, to their work of destruction.

Although the Missouri, and consequently the Mississippi, is subject to periodical freshets known as "June rises," caused by the melting of Rocky Mountain snows, the floods of last week were the effect of heavy and protracted rains in the Missouri Valley. At St. Louis the flood began on June 20, and on the 25th the Madison Levee, above the city on the opposite side of the river, broke, and the mad waters spread with terrible rapidity over the rich bottom-lands that it should have protected. Villages, farm-houses, railway embankments, cattle, and crops were swept away in an hour; wealth and prosperity were replaced by utter destitution, and the work of ruin over a vast extent of country was complete. For two days more the waters rose, and with each hour fresh barriers to its progress were overwhelmed, until the whole of the wide-spread bottom-lands, on which the crops, almost ready for harvesting, were the heaviest known for years, was covered with a turbid sea.

Across the bottom-lands thus flooded a dozen railway lines found their way over high embankments to the bridge connecting East St. Louis with St. Louis across the river. One after another several of these road-beds were swept or melted away, until the Chicago and Alton, the Rockford, Rock Island, and St. Louis, the Indianapolis and St. Louis, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and the Wabash railroads were cut off from communication with the city, save by a roundabout route over the Vandalia road, which, with the Ohio and Mississippi, retained its embankment intact.

While the loss of property by this wide-spread calamity, which is felt from Kansas City on the Missouri to Cairo on the Mississippi, is almost incalculable, the loss of human life, owing to the timely warnings of the telegraph, is slight. The destitution of the thousands of homeless people who escaped to the bluffs or the higher railway embankments, and who still remain there awaiting the subsidence of the regular June flood, which followed close behind its rain-fed predecessor, is absolute and pitiful, and calls for immediate and generous contributions for their relief.

On page 420 our artist has illustrated a night scene of work on the levees during the heroic but, as was soon proved, fruitless efforts to save them. Such scenes are only too common along the Mississippi, and will continue to be so as long as the safety of its bottom-lands is intrusted to slight and unscientifically constructed barriers of earth.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Wily Fish-Dealers.—Vivisection in Paris.—Reprisals.—The late William Chambers.—"I am Jack."—The Chess Tournament.—The new "Cornhill."—Street Noises.

AMID the cheers of exultation over the Fisheries Exhibition, I ventured to hint, in the gentlest of whispers, that when the noise of the trumpets had died away, it was rather doubtful whether much (or, at all events, cheap) fish would come of it. It now appears, alas! that the stall-holders in the exhibition all keep fish-mongers' shops in the town. As a journal more sensible than polite has dryly put it, "What tradesman would be such an idiot as to sell cheap in the new market for the sake of showing what inordinately large profits his shop makes?" Fish will never be sold at a reasonable price "till some well-managed company is started to own fishing vessels and sell the fish themselves."

The French savants are very indignant at what they call a "public outrage," which has been committed upon Dr. Brown-Séquard. This gentleman is one of those physiologists who confess as regards vivisection that whether animals suffer or not is a question that "has never entered their minds." He scorns to employ anæsthetics as being a giving in to popular clamor, and when there is clamor from his tortured victims, silences them by "severing the vocal chords." The other day he was about to vivisect a monkey in public for the edification of a large audience. The poor creature began to shriek with pain and terror, and a young lady in the company, moved by a natural compassion, sprang on to the platform and struck him in the face with her parasol. She ought not to have done it, of course, for she ought not to have been present; but I confess I feel a much greater sympathy for her than the professor had for the monkey. It was a generous impulse, and considering the strong likeness that she could not have failed to see in the animal to her grinning fellow-countrymen, I do not wonder at her indulging in it.

I suppose it is the preaching of the new religion of dynamite that has caused of late enormous crimes to be attempted upon the slightest provocation. Nothing is now more common than for a workman who has been dismissed from the employment of a railway company to make what Mr. Whistler calls "an arrangement" with sleepers, or other material, for the destruction of an express train. The killing and wounding of a score or two of his fellow-countrymen who have never injured him seems to him a fair equivalent for the loss of a pound a week. It is no wonder that, as nothing particular is done to these gentry when convicted, this desire for reprisals on an exaggerated scale should grow. One gentleman, however—Irish, it need hardly be said—has lately out-Herodied Herod in this line of business. Having been refused entrance to a circus on account of his being in an advanced stage of intoxication, he purchased petroleum, saturated the tent with it, and during the next performance, when it was filled with spectators, set it on fire!

I can not help thinking that, notwithstanding the advantage of new blood—which is as highly thought of in some quarters as old blood is in others—it would be better for journalism if such very young hands were not so generally employed in writing obituaries. It is quite right that obituaries should be "genial," but they should be written by men who have some remembrance of the persons described. When an old gentleman happens to decease it is quite sad to note how little the scribe who "notices" the circumstance seems to know about him. Mr. William Chambers, for example, or, as some call him, Sir William Chambers, has been spoken of as "childless," as "having unfortunately lost his children in infancy," as "the author of *Traditions of Edinburgh*," as "the writer of one of the most charming biographies of modern times," and as having "contributed countless articles to the *Journal* with which his name is inseparably connected." Some of these things are true, but they are not true of William Chambers. He never had any children; he did not write the famous *Traditions;* he rarely contributed to the *Journal*, except for the last half-dozen years; and the so-called autobiography was written chiefly by his brother Robert. The latter died at a very stormy period, when the newspapers had something else to talk about, and the circumstance was hardly noted, but he was by very far the more remarkable of the two brothers. William, indeed, started the *Journal*, but Robert made it what it was, and supplied for many years its literary attractions.

It is not always pleasant for one brother to be taken for another. Last week I saw two old gentlemen, A and B, meet at the club, after a separation of twenty years. They recognized each other at once, and seemed very cordial. After much talk of old times, A observed, in a hushed voice, "And how is that poor ne'er-do-well younger brother of yours—Jack—getting on?"

"Sir," said B, "I am Jack."

After these many years it was no such wonder that A should have taken the younger brother for the elder, but it was very unfortunate.

I went the other day to see the Chess Tournament. It was a most amazing spectacle. Two hundred people or so, saying nothing, and looking on in hushed excitement at half a dozen pairs of people doing nothing. These latter were roped in exactly like wax figures in a show, only not looking so life-like. They had chess-boards before them, over which they leaned on their elbows, and every now and then they moved a hand; then, and not before the movement, as is usual, there was a sound of clock-work, and an indicator registered the circumstance. They were all smoking, but without at all enjoying it; they had a fixed mechanical stare, very painful to witness, and an appearance of mental and physical weariness such as I once saw in a certain member of the genus Batrachia (*Bufo vulgaris*), which had just been extricated from a stone in which he must have been shut up for at least 500 years. Of course I knew that chess-players were not a lively lot. I didn't expect to see them hopping about like frogs, but their stolidity appalled me.

The announcements concerning the new *Cornhill* have been very funny. The *Athenæum* spoke of its being about to have fourteen full-page illustrations, instead of two as at present. The *Athenæum* is not an illustrated paper, it is true, but I should have thought some one connected with it would have known something about what full-page illustrations cost. As a matter of fact, however, there will be a great number of pictures in the new magazine, more and better than can be conceived of as being bought for sixpence; but the chief feature of it will be its short stories and the freedom from "padding." I have not a doubt myself that if enough (and good enough) short stories can be got, the venture will be a success; but the question is, *can* they? They are undoubtedly the rarest of all literary wares. If an author has a good plot he will not "throw it away," as he calls it, upon a short story, and up to this time it has been a most uncommon sight to see two good ones in any one number of an English magazine.

I am glad to see that the *Lancet* is taking up the subject of street noises, and showing the serious effects which the preventable ones, especially the street organs, have upon human health. There can be no pretense of their giving pleasure to any ear, for their sounds are execrable, while the torture they inflict upon invalids, especially on those suffering from neuralgic disorders, can hardly be exaggerated. What is at the root of the nuisance is, as the *Lancet* points out, that "if a man is not himself sensitive about noises, he cares nothing for his neighbors."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

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THE WEDDING TRIP.—Drawn by Will H. Low.

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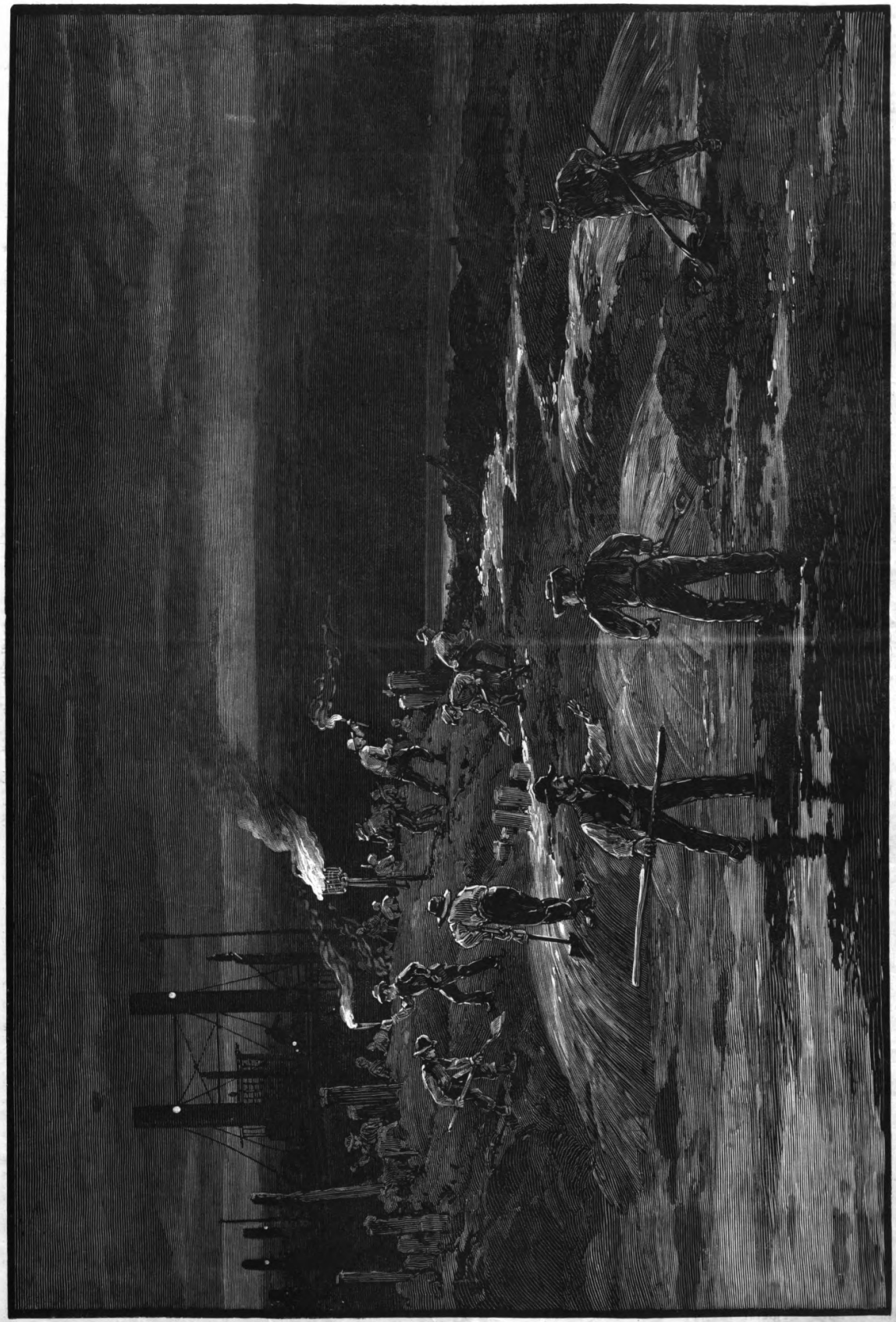

THE FLOODS AT ST. LOUIS—WORKING ON THE LEVEE AT NIGHT.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

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VOLUME XXVII, NO.

HERE'S A SONG, COMRADES ALL.

HERE'S a song, comrades all, for the flag of our nation,
That, undimmed by old Time, still resplendently shows
The colors that met at its grand consecration,
The gifts of the bluebell, the lily, and rose;
And whose stars have grown greater in number and lustre
Since first they were lighted by Liberty's hand,
And now, clinging closely in beautiful cluster,
Shed their light far and wide over ocean and land.

Here's a song, comrades all, for the flag ever ready
To shelter the wand'rer who shelter no more
Can find in the Old World—the flag always steady
To welcome to those who are seeking our shore;
The flag that rejoices when Peace lingers near us,
But never in war shrinks from mightiest foe;
The flag that is waiting to bless and to cheer us
With thoughts of our dear home where'er we may go.

Here's a song, comrades all, for the flag that floats o'er us,
The sign of a country prosperity blest:
Come join with a will in a fine rousing chorus,
From the North and the South, from the East and the West.
Hurrah! for the staff that so firmly upholds it
Through fiercest of tempests with strength ever new;
Hurrah! once again for the breeze that unfolds it,
And hip! hip! hurrah! for the red, white, and blue.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

MARGERY did not awake till they stopped to change horses, when she saw against the stars the Baron sitting as erect as ever. "He watches like the angel Gabriel, when all the world is asleep!" she thought.

With the resumption of motion she slept again, and knew no more till he touched her hand and said, "Our journey is done—we are in Chillington Wood."

It was almost daylight. Margery scarcely knew herself to be awake till she was out of the carriage and standing beside the Baron, who, having told the coachman to drive on to a certain point indicated, turned to her.

"Now," he said, smiling, "run across to the hollow tree; you know where it is. I'll wait as before, while you perform the reverse operation that you did last night." She took no heed of the path now, nor regarded whether her pretty slippers became scratched by the brambles or no. A walk of a few steps brought her to the particular tree which she had left about nine hours earlier. It was still gloomy at this spot, the morning not being clear.

She entered the trunk, dislodged the box containing her old clothing, pulled off the satin shoes and gloves and dress, and in ten minutes emerged in the cotton gown and shawl of shepherd's plaid.

The Baron was not far off. "Now you look the milkmaid again," he said, coming toward her. "Where is the finery?"

"Packed in the box, sir, as I found it." She spoke with more humility now. The difference between them was greater than it had been at the ball.

"Good," he said. "I must just dispose of it, and then away we go."

He went back to the tree, Margery following at a little distance. Bringing forth the box, he pulled out the dress as carelessly as if it had been rags. But this was not all. He gathered a few dry sticks, crushed the lovely garment into a loose billowy heap, threw the gloves, fan, and shoes on the top, then struck a light and ruthlessly set fire to the whole.

Margery was agonized. She ran forward; she implored and entreated. "Please, sir—do spare it—do! My lovely dress—my dear, dear slippers—my fan—it is cruel! Don't burn them, please!"

"Nonsense! We shall have no further use for them if we live a hundred years."

"But spare a bit of it—one little piece, sir—a scrap of the lace—one bow of the ribbon—the lovely fan—just something!"

But he was as immovable as Rhadamanthus. "No," he said, with a stern gaze of his aristocratic eye. "It is of no use for you to speak like that. The things are my property. I undertook to gratify you in what you might desire because you had saved my life. To go to a ball, you said. You might much more wisely have said anything else; but no, you said to go to a ball. I have taken you to a ball. I have brought you back. The clothes were only the means, and I dispose of them my own way. Have I not a right to?"

"Yes, sir," she said, meekly.

He gave the fire a stir, and lace and ribbons, and the twelve flounces, and the embroidery, and all the rest, crackled and disappeared. He then put in her hands the butter basket she had brought to take on to her grandmother's, and accompanied her to the edge of the wood, where it merged in the undulating open country in which her granddame dwelt.

"Now, Margery," he said, "here we part. I have performed my contract—at some awkwardness, if I was recognized. But never mind that. How do you feel—sleepy?"

"Not at all, sir," she said.

"That long nap refreshed you, eh? Now you must make me a promise. That if I require your presence at any time, you will come to me. . . I am a man of more than one mood," he went on, with sudden solemnity, "and I may have desperate need of you again to deliver me from that darkness as of Death which sometimes encompasses me. Promise it, Margery—promise it, that, no matter what stands in the way, you will come to me if I require you."

"I would have if you had not burned my things!" she pouted.

"Ah—ungrateful!"

"Indeed, then, I will promise, sir," she said from her heart. "Wherever I am, if I have bodily strength, I will come to you."

He pressed her hand. "It is a solemn promise," he replied. "Now I must go, for you know your way."

"I shall hardly believe that it has not been all a dream," she said, with a childish instinct to cry at his withdrawal. "There will be nothing left of last night—nothing of my dress, nothing of my pleasure, nothing of the place."

"You shall remember it in this way," said he. "We'll cut our initials on this tree as a memorial, so that whenever you walk this path you will see them."

Then with a knife he inscribed on the smooth bark of a beech-tree the letters M. T., and underneath a large X.

"What, have you no Christian name, sir?" she said.

"Yes, but I don't use it. Now, good-by, my little friend. What will you do with yourself today when you are gone from me?" he lingered to ask.

"Oh, I shall go to my granny's," she replied, with some gloom, "and have breakfast and dinner and tea with her, I suppose; and in the evening I shall go home to Stickleford Dairy, and perhaps Jim will come to meet me, and all will be the same as usual."

"Who is Jim?"

"Oh, he's nobody—only the young man I've got to marry some day."

"What! you engaged to be married! Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"What is the young man's name?"

"James Hayward, sir."

"What is he?"

"A master lime-burner."

"Engaged to a master lime-burner, and not a word of this to me! Margery, Margery! when shall a straightforward one of your sex be found! Subtle even in your simplicity! What mischief have you caused me to do, through not telling me this? I wouldn't have so endangered anybody's happiness for a thousand pounds. Wicked girl that you were, why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought I'd better not, sir," said Margery, beginning to be frightened.

"But don't you see and understand that if you are already the property of a young man, and he were to find out this night's excursion, he may be angry with you and part from you forever? With him already in the field I had no right to take you at all; he undoubtedly ought to have taken you; which really might have been arranged if you had not deceived me by saying you had nobody."

Margery's face wore that aspect of woe which comes from the repentant consciousness of having been guilty of an enormity. "But he wasn't good enough to take me, sir!" she said, almost crying; "and he isn't absolutely my master until I have married him, is he?"

"That's a subject I can not go into. However, we must alter our tactics. Instead of advising you, as I did at first, to tell of this experience to your friends, I must now impress on you that it will be best to keep a silent tongue on the matter—perhaps for ever and ever. It may come right some day, and you may be able to say 'All's well that ends well.' Now, good-morning, my friend. Think of Jim, and forget me."

"Ah, perhaps I can't do that," she said, with a tear in her eye, and a full throat.

"Well, do your best. I can say no more."

He turned and retreated into the wood, and Margery, sighing, went on her way.

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN six and seven o'clock in the evening of the same day a young man might have been seen descending the hills into the valley of the Sweun at a point about midway between Stickleford and the residence of Margery's grandmother, four miles to the west.

He was a thorough-bred son of the country, as far removed from what is known as the provincial as the latter is from the out-and-out gentleman of culture. His trousers and waistcoat were of fustian, almost white, but he wore a jacket of old-fashioned blue West of England cloth, so well preserved that evidently the article was relegated to a nail whenever its owner engaged in such active occupations as he usually pursued. His complexion was fair, almost florid, and he had scarcely any beard.

A novel attraction about this young man, which a glancing stranger would know nothing of, was a rare and curious freshness of atmosphere that appertained to him, to his clothes, to all his belongings, even to the room in which he had been sitting. It might almost have been said that by adding him and his implements to an overcrowded apartment you made it healthful. This resulted from his trade. He was a lime-burner; he handled lime daily; and in return the lime rendered him an incarnation of salubrity. His hair was dry, fair, and frizzled, the latter possibly by the operation of the same caustic agent. He carried as a walking-stick a green sapling, whose growth had been contorted to a corkscrew pattern by a twining honeysuckle.

As he descended to the level ground of the water meadows he cast his glance westward with a frequency that revealed him to be in search of some object in the distance. It was rather difficult to do this, the low sunlight dazzling his eyes by glancing from the river away there, and from the "carriers" (as they were called) in his path—narrow artificial brooks for conducting the water over the grass. His course was something of a zigzag, from the necessity of finding points in these carriers convenient for jumping. Thus peering and leaping and winding, he drew near the Sweun, the central river of the miles-long mead.

A moving spot became visible to him in the direction of his scrutiny, mixed up with the rays of the same river. The spot got nearer, and revealed itself to be a slight thing of pink cotton and shepherd's plaid, which pursued a path on the brink of the stream. The young man so shaped his trackless course as to impinge on the path a little ahead of this colored form, and when he drew near her he smiled and reddened. The girl smiled back to him; but her smile had not the life in it that the young man's had shown.

"My dear Margery, here I am!" he said, gladly, in an under-tone, as with a last leap he crossed the last intervening carrier and stood at her side.

"You've come all the way from the kiln, on purpose to meet me, and you shouldn't have done it," she reproachfully returned.

"We finished there at four, so it was no trouble; and if it had been, why, I should ha' come."

A small sigh was the response.

"What, you are not even so glad to see me as you would be to see your dog or cat?" he continued. "Come, Mis'ess Margery, this is rather hard. But, by George, how tired you do look! Why, if you'd been up all night your eyes couldn't be more like tea-saucers. You've walked too far, that's what it is. The weather is getting warm now, and the air of these low-lying meads is not strengthening in summer. I wish you lived up on higher ground with me, beside the kiln. You'd get as strong as a hoss! Well, there; all that will come in time."

Instead of saying yes, the fair maid repressed another sigh.

"What, won't it, then?" he said.

"I suppose so," she answered. "If it is to be, it is."

"Well said—very well said, my dear."

"And if it isn't to be, it isn't."

"What? Who's been putting that into your head? Your grumpy granny, I suppose. However, how is she? Margery, I have been thinking to-day—in fact, I was thinking it yesterday and all the week—that really we might settle our little business this summer."

"This summer?" she repeated, with some dismay. "But the partnership? Remember, it was not to be till after that was completed."

"There I have you!" said he, taking the liberty to pat her shoulder, and the further liberty of advancing his hand behind it to the other. "The partnership is settled. 'Tis 'Vine & Hayward, lime-burners,' now, and 'Richard Vine' no longer. Yes, Cousin Richard has settled it so, for a time at least, and 'tis to be painted on the carts this week—blue letters—yaller ground. I'll hoss one of 'em, and drive en round to your door as soon as the paint is dry, to show ye how it looks."

"Oh, I am sure you needn't take that trouble, Jim; I can see it quite well enough in my mind," replied the young girl—not without a flitting accent of superiority.

"Hallo!" said Jim, taking her by the shoulders and looking at her hard. "What do that bit of incivility mean? Now, Margery, let's sit down here, and have this cleared." He rapped with his stick upon the rail of a little bridge they were crossing, and seated himself firmly, leaving a place for her.

"But I want to get home-along, dear Jim," she coaxed.

"Fidgets! Sit down, there's a dear. I want a straightforward answer, if you please. In what *month*, and on what day of the month, will you marry me?"

"Oh, Jim!" she said, sitting gingerly on the edge, "that's too plain-spoken for you yet. Before I look at it in that business light I should have to—to—"

"But your father has settled it long ago, and you said it should be as soon as I became a partner. So, dear, you must not mind a plain man wanting a plain answer. Come, name your time."

She did not reply at once. What thoughts were passing through her brain during the interval? Not images raised by his words, but whirling figures of men and women in red and white and blue, reflected from a glassy floor, in movements timed by the thrilling beats of the Drum Polka. At last she said, slowly, "Jim, you don't know the world, and what a woman's wants can be."

"But I can make you comfortable. I am in lodgings as yet, but I can have a house for the asking; and as to furniture, you shall choose of the best for yourself—the very best."

"'The best!' Far are you from knowing what that is!" said the little woman. "There be ornaments such as you never dream of; work-tables that would set you in amaze; silver candlesticks, tea and coffee pots that would dazzle your eyes; tea cups and saucers gilded all over with guinea-gold; heavy velvet curtains, gold clocks, pictures, and looking-glasses beyond your very dreams. So don't say I shall have the best."

"H'm!" said Jim, gloomily, and fell into reflection. "Where did you get those high notions from, Margery?" he presently inquired. "I'll swear you hadn't got 'em a week ago." She did not answer, and he added, "*You* don't expect to have such things, I hope, deserve them as you may?"

"I was not exactly speaking of what I wanted," she said, severely. "I said, things a woman *could* want."

"You are a pink and white conundrum, Margery," he said; "and I give you up for to-night. Anybody would think the d—— had showed you the kingdoms of the world since I saw you last."

She reddened; then arose, he following her, and they soon reached Margery's home, approaching it from the lower or [illegible] side—the opposite to that of the garden [illegible], where she had met the Baron.

"You'll come in, won't you, Jim?" she said, with more ceremony than heartiness.

"No; I think not to-night," he answered. "I'll consider what you've said."

"You are very good, Jim," she returned, tartly. "Good-by."

CHAPTER VII.

JIM thoughtfully retraced his steps. He was a village character, and he had a villager's simplicity—that is, the simplicity which comes from the lack of a complicated experience. But simple by nature he certainly was not. Among the rank and file of rustics he was quite a Talleyrand, or, rather, had been one, till he lost a good deal of his self-command by falling in love.

Now, however, that the charming object of his distraction was out of sight he could deliberate, and measure, and weigh things with some approach to keenness. The substance of his queries was, what change had come over Margery—whence these new notions?

Ponder as he would, he could evolve no answer save one, which, eminently unsatisfactory as it was, he felt it would be unreasonable not to accept: that she was simply skittish and ambitious by nature, and would not be hunted into matrimony till he had provided a well-adorned home.

Jim returned to the kiln, and looked to the fires. The kiln stood in a peculiar, interesting, even impressive spot. It was at the end of a short ravine in the lower chalk formation, and all around was an open hilly down or coomb. The nearest house was that of Jim's cousin and partner, which stood on the outskirts of the down beside the turnpike-road. From this house a little lane wound between the steep escarpments of the ravine till it reached the kiln, which faced down the miniature valley, commanding it as a fort might command a defile.

The idea of a fort in this association owed little to imagination. For on the nibbled green steep above the kiln stood a by-gone, worn-out specimen of such an erection, huge, impressive, and difficult to scale even now in its decay. It was a British castle or entrenchment, with triple rings of defense, rising roll behind roll, their outlines cutting sharply against the sky, and Jim's kiln nearly undermining their base. When the lime-kiln flared up in the night, which it often did, its fires lit up the front of these ramparts to a great majesty. They were old friends of his, and while keeping up the heat through the long darkness, as it was sometimes his duty to do, he would imagine the dancing lights and shades about the stupendous earth-work to be the forms of those giants who (he supposed) had heaped it up. Often he clambered upon it, and walked about the summit, thinking out the problems connected with his business, his partner, his future, his Margery.

It was what he did this evening, continuing the meditation on the young girl's manner that he had begun upon the road, and still, as then, finding no clew to the change.

While thus engaged he observed a man coming up the ravine to the kiln. Business messages were almost invariably left at the house below, and Jim watched the man with the interest excited by a belief that he had come on a personal matter. On nearer approach Jim recognized him as the gardener at Mount Lodge. If this meant business, the Baron (of whose arrival Jim had vaguely heard) was a new and unexpected customer.

It meant nothing else, apparently. The man's errand was simply to inform Jim that the Baron required a load of lime for the garden.

"You might have saved yourself trouble by leaving word at Mr. Vine's," said Jim.

"I was to see you personally," said the gardener, "and to say that the Baron would like to inquire of you about the different qualities of lime proper for such purposes."

"Couldn't you tell him yourself?" said Jim.

"He said I was to tell you that," replied the gardener; "and it wasn't for me to interfere."

No motive other than the ostensible one could possibly be conjectured by Jim Hayward at this time; and the next morning he started with great pleasure, in his best business suit of clothes. By eleven o'clock he and his horse and cart had arrived on the Baron's premises, and the lime was deposited where directed: an exceptional spot, just within view of the windows of the south front.

Baron Xanten, pale and melancholy, was sauntering in the sun on the slope between the house and the all-the-year-round. He looked across to where Jim and the gardener were standing, and the identity of Hayward being established by what he brought, the Baron came down, and the gardener withdrew.

The Baron's first inquiries were, as Jim had been led to suppose they would be, on the exterminating effects of lime upon slugs and snails in its different conditions of slaked and unslaked, ground and in the lump. He appeared to be much interested by Jim's explanations, and eyed the young man closely whenever he had an opportunity.

"And I hope trade is prosperous with you this year?" said the Baron.

"Very, my noble lord," replied Jim, who, in his uncertainty on the proper method of address, wisely concluded that it was better to err by giving too much honor than by giving too little. "In short, trade is looking so well that I've become a partner in the firm."

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"Indeed; I am glad to hear it. So now you are settled in life."

"Well, my lord, I am hardly settled, even now. For I've got to finish it—I mean, to get married."

"That's an easy matter, compared with the partnership."

"Now a man might think so, my lord," said Jim, getting more confidential. "But the real truth is, 'tis the hardest part of all for me."

"Your suit prospers, I hope?"

"It don't," said Jim. "It don't at all, just at present. In short, I can't for the life o' me think what's come over the young woman lately." And he fell into deep reflection.

Though Jim did not observe it, the Baron's brow became shadowed with self-reproach as he heard those simple words, and his eyes had a look of pity. "Indeed—since when?" he asked.

"Since yesterday, my noble lord." Jim spoke meditatively. He was resolving upon a bold stroke. Why not make a confidant of this kind gentleman, instead of the parson, as he had intended? The thought was no sooner conceived than acted on. "My lord," he resumed, "I have heard that you are a nobleman of great scope and talent, who has seen more strange countries and characters than I have ever heard of, and knows the insides of men well. Therefore I would fain put a question to your noble lordship, if I may so trouble you, and having nobody else in the world who could inform me so truly."

"Any advice I can give is at your service, Hayward. What do you wish to know?"

"It is this, my lord. What can I do to bring down a young woman's ambition that's got to such a towering height there's no reaching it or compassing it; how get her to be pleased with me and my station as she used to be when I first knew her?"

"Truly that's a hard question, my man. What does she aspire to?"

"She's got a craze for fine furniture."

"How long has she had it?"

"Only just now."

The Baron seemed still more to experience regret. "What furniture does she specially covet?" he asked.

"Silver candlesticks, work-tables, looking-glasses, gold tea things, silver tea-pots, gold clocks, curtains, pictures, and I don't know what all—things I shall never get if I live to be a hundred—not so much that I couldn't raise the money to buy 'em, as that I ought to put it to other uses, or save it for a rainy day."

"You think the possession of those articles would make her happy?"

"I really think they might, my lord."

"Good. Open your pocket-book and write as I tell you."

Jim in some astonishment did as commanded, and elevating his pocket-book against the garden wall, thoroughly moistened his pencil, and wrote at the Baron's dictation:

"Pair of silver candlesticks; inlaid work-table and work-box; one large mirror; two small ditto; one gilt china tea and coffee service; one silver tea-pot, coffee-pot, sugar basin, jug, and dozen spoons; French clock; pair of curtains; six large pictures."

"Now," said the Baron, "tear out that leaf and give it to me. Keep a close tongue about this; go home, and don't be surprised at anything that may come to your door."

"But, my noble lord, you don't mean that your lordship is going to give—"

"Never mind what I am going to do. Only keep your own counsel. I perceive that, though a plain countryman, you are by no means deficient in tact and understanding. If sending these things to you gives me pleasure, why should you object? The fact is, Hayward, I occasionally take an interest in people, and like to do a little for them. I take an interest in you. Now go home, and a week hence invite Marg—the young woman and her father, to tea with you. The rest is in your own hands."

A question often put to Jim in after-times was why it had not occurred to him at once that the Baron's liberal conduct must have been dictated by something more personal than sudden spontaneous generosity to him, a stranger. To which Jim always answered that, admitting the existence of such generosity, there had appeared nothing remarkable in the Baron selecting himself as its object. The Baron had told him that he took an interest in him; and self-esteem, even with the most modest, is usually sufficient to override any little difficulty that might occur to an outsider in accounting for a preference. He moreover considered that foreign noblemen, rich and eccentric, might have habits of acting which were quite at variance with those of their English compeers.

So he drove off homeward with a lighter heart than he had known for several days. To have a foreign gentleman take a fancy to him—what a triumph to a plain sort of fellow, who had scarcely expected the Baron to look in his face! It would be a fine story to tell Margery when the Baron gave him liberty to speak out.

Jim lodged at the house of his cousin and partner, Richard Vine, a widower of fifty odd years. Having failed in the development of a household of direct descendants, this tradesman had been glad to let his chambers to his much younger relative, when the latter entered on the business of lime-manufacture; and their intimacy had led to a partnership. Jim lived upstairs; his partner lived down; and the furniture of all the rooms was so plain and old-fashioned as to excite the special dislike of Miss Margery Tucker, and even to prejudice her against Jim for tolerating it. Not only were the chairs and tables queer, but, with due regard to the principle that a man's surroundings should bear the impress of that man's life and occupation, the chief ornaments of the dwelling were a curious collection of calcinations, that had been discovered from time to time in the limekiln—misshapen ingots of strange substance, some of them like Pompeiian remains.

The head of the firm was a quiet-living, narrow-minded, though friendly, man of fifty; and he took a serious interest in Jim's love suit, frequently inquiring how it progressed, and assuring Jim that if he chose to marry he might have all the upper floor at a low rent, he, Mr. Vine, contenting himself entirely with the ground level. It had been so convenient for discussing business matters to have Jim in the same house that he did not wish any change to be made in consequence of a change in Jim's state. Margery knew of this wish, and of Jim's concurrent feeling, and did not like the idea at all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COTTON.

FROM THE PLOUGH TO THE LOOM.

By W. M. BURWELL.

II.

The Cotton Harvest.—While the harvest-home of most other crops is conducted with more or less hilarity, with joyous troops of boys and girls riding on the wagon with the last sheaves of wheat, or where "laden with grapes, red wagons choke the way," the cotton harvest is an occasion of patient care that continues for from two to three months. Imagine the cotton field no longer verdant and blooming, but brown by the frost and white as snow with the open and dependent fleece. It is, in fact, a silent and rather sombre time. The mild winter sun shines drearily through the forest; the woodpecker knocks at the door of some forlorn insect concealing himself from this importunate creditor; flocks of the blue jay and parroquet scream as they fly over the field in flocks. The cotton field lies like snow before our eyes, and the smoke rises from the fires built to "nigger" a fallen tree to warm the fingers or light the pipes of the reapers; there has been a light frost, which in the mornings still lies on the shady side of the fence rails. At this season the rains have often so soaked the soil that the harvesters have to stand in the cold mud, with the sun, and sometimes the rain, upon their heads. Then the burrs, which mature about the same time with the cotton, cling to the clothes, and the whole party are in a draggled condition. With these discomforts the pickers advance slowly, silently, carefully, but rapidly picking the cotton from the bolls, and putting it into the bags suspended around their necks, to be emptied into the large conical baskets at the end of the row, where it is collected and carted to the gin-house every evening. The harvesters comprise men, women, and children. In the hill country cotton is cultivated by the white planters, who with their families and an occasional hireling, white, black, or Indian, conduct every operation, and with the service of every member of the family send the cotton to be ginned on toll by some richer neighbor. On the low and fertile lands of the Red, the Yazoo, the Arkansas, or Mississippi, where the plantations are very extensive, the labor employed is almost exclusively colored. Here the hands are strung out along the rows at such intervals as the comparative speed of the pickers may make. Women and girls usually lead, as their more pliant fingers will gather as high as three hundred pounds of cotton a day, while the older and less active follow far in the rear. In this silent and sedulous toil, however, it must not be supposed that the colored laborers present the appearance of the typical negro depicted in the geographical pictures prepared for the schools. It is by no means the gang of bare-headed, bare-footed, and almost bare-backed barbarians who appealed in their pictorial nakedness to the sympathetic readers whom they were toiling to clothe. The men, women, and children are clad and shod comfortably. Nor is the same barbarian developed in the strained torso of a Hercules raising a basket of cotton to his head, as in the same philanthropic cartoons. The progress of the pickers is marked by a line. The field where they have passed is a dark brown; in front it is white as a snow-bank. The cotton picked during the day is carried at night to be weighed at the gin-house, as some of the hands pick "by the hundred," and the work of each is ascertained. There is much emulation among the quicker pickers, who have their partisans, like other leaders. The fastest pickers are usually girls in their teens.

The Gin-House.—While WHITNEY devised the principle of the circular saw gin, he could have had little idea of the perfection to which the machine has been brought at present, with the "revolving head" and other improvements. The gin and corn mill are put in motion by a two-horse power, on the ground, above which is the gin, corn mill, and cotton-room. Many planters now employ steam-power. The cotton is dried on a platform or otherwise to put it in proper condition. It is fed through a hopper furnished with steel ribs, between each pair of which revolve saws, which rapidly strip the lint from the seed, which then drops from the gin. A cylindrical brush revolves in a direction opposite to that of the saws, and takes the lint from the saws, and a current of air from the blower carries the clean cotton into the cotton-room, from which it is carried to the cotton press.

The original preparation of cotton for the market was very simple, probably adopted from the "wool-sacks" of England. There was an opening in the floor of the gin-room, beneath which a long bag of coarse and strong hempen cloth was suspended. Into this the cotton was stamped and packed. The wooden cotton press was made by planting strong posts with transverse beams. A firm platform was framed in the ground, upon which was placed the frame, within which the cotton was to be baled, with the bagging and rope of the period.

The Cotton Bale.—From the variable weight of cotton, according to the section or season in which it is grown, there can be no fixed weight for the package in which it is carried to market. The average plantation bale weighs from 450 to 460 pounds. It is packed within a compass of about four feet wide and deep and five feet long, but may be compressed for exportation into double the weight in about the same cubic space.

When made "upon shares," the plantation bale is often owned by two or more hands, and the rude inscription, "Ned and Joe," or "Maria and Sam," sometimes accompanies the package to Lowell or Liverpool.

Frauds in packing have been occasionally committed, but while—as will be shown—the city pickings and stealings are unaccounted for, the vigilance of the factors and the integrity of the Exchange are such that the sand or pebbles surreptitiously packed into the bale may be traced back from Birmingham to the very plantation upon which the fraud has been committed.

As fast as the cotton can be ginned and baled the bales are conveyed by the mule or ox teams of the plantation to the river "landing" or railroad station. It may be mentioned at this point that this delivery of the cotton usually terminates the connection of the freedman with the crop, and he undergoes for a time a change of pursuits almost analogous to that of the zylina and larva, with which he has been lately contending. As he is free to choose his place of work for the next season, having no place of his own, and is without work or wages in the interval between saving one crop and "pitching" another, he disposes of his cotton to the Mr. Guggenheim of the nearest landing, who settles his store account, and pays for any balance at the most liberal market rates; the plantation laborer next reports to the mate of the most popular steamboat as a deck hand.

The mate, like the mule, has survived the labor revolution of the South. He is still a rapid and resolute ruler of the gangway and hold, swaying, however, a thick stick instead of a cow-skin. The darky, like the mule, takes no account of the oaths and abuse of the mate, but goes singing or grumbling about his work at all hours and places; rolling cotton as stipport dustlings in rainy midnights, or landing mules or mill machinery by glaring lights of camphene in open cane and cotton fields. In all this he submits to the vociferous indignities of the mate as if abuse was a condiment of industry to which he had been too long accustomed to abandon.

The roustabout having joined the gang on the "forrard deck," and after a test of the comparative thickness of his skull in combat, or of strength in straining at some heavy package, is adopted by his associates in their larks and labors. Unless the roustabout shall join the cotton-yard or levee laborers on his arrival at New Orleans, he "runs the river" during the winter months, and if not shot, stabbed, lost overboard, sent to the penitentiary for some act of drunken violence, or a victim of small-pox or pneumonia, returns to the plantation in the spring, to go through the same nomadic and reckless waste of life and labor, until too old or infirm to pursue it. The roustabout on the boat wears coarse strong cloth pantaloons "re-enforced" with striped ticking. He also exults in very abundant boots. At his girdle he wears a knife and a scarcely less dangerous weapon, the cotton hook. They may be used in a combat somewhat as a knife and fork, drawing the foe up with the one and carving him with the other. When on shore, however, at the barrel houses, bagnios, or gambling saloons which await the paying off of the roustabout, he appears resplendent in a wide-brimmed planter's hat of felt or imitation Panama. In the breast pocket of a red cloth shirt elaborately embroidered he wears an oroide watch and chain. He wears black cloth pantaloons, with sky-blue suspenders and nickel-plated slides, terminating this wardrobe with a pair of fine gaiter boots about three sizes too small for his feet. Really the roustabout is too magnificent a combination of bone and muscle, too docile and too useful, to be wasted in a manner so profligate. Could he not be economized somewhat?

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHALERS coming down from the Northern regions express the opinion that Professor Nordenskjöld will meet with favorable conditions in his endeavor to penetrate into the heart of Northern Greenland. The chief object of his expedition is to test the theory that the icy barrier is only a belt surrounding a region in the interior which is free from ice and other obstacles in progress northward. In 1870, when he made a previous visit to that country, he is said to have come to the conclusion that if he could pass the belt of ice he would find in summer-time a region in the interior which would give to Greenland some excuse for its apparently absurd name. This theory is a pleasant one to contemplate. Indeed, the greater part of whatever has been done in the way of arctic exploration has been the result of alluring theories about warm open seas and hospitable shores beyond the barriers of ice.

The embassy from the Queen of Madagascar, which recently visited the United States, is said to have abandoned the attempt to effect a settlement of the dispute with France, and to have set out from Paris for their island home.

An outcry which may prove to be the beginning of a popular war on "occasional" correspondents comes up from a Georgia town. The editor of the Waynesborough *Citizen* announces that he is authorized to offer a liberal reward for the "miscreant who writes the scurrilous articles to the New York papers about the people of Waynesborough." The long-suffering people of New York would be willing probably to make generous contributions to the fund, if the movement could be extended so that it would give promise of resulting in the capture of the swarm of "miscreants" who write so blithely about New York people to papers printed at a distance from the metropolis.

A convict who has been confined for over three years in the Moyamensing (Pennsylvania) prison, most of the time under sentence to be hanged for wife murder, has read more than seven hundred books, written many verses in English, German, and Latin, composed thirty pieces of music, and compiled a medical work. The Supreme Court recently granted him a new trial.

Speaking of the displacement of real tennis by lawn tennis, a writer in the London *Standard* says: "We should not be surprised if the more religious devotees of tennis in this country—'fit though few'—were to regard the recent defeat of the English by the American player as a visitation and just punishment upon us as a nation for the creation and adoption of lawn tennis."

The telegraph seems to be the most potent agent in the South for the suppression of duelling. When one editor has sent a challenge to another editor he straightway hies himself to some interesting duelling region, while the challenged major or colonel, as the case may be, sets out for the same place by a roundabout route. Their movements are telegraphed to the newspapers with sufficient accuracy to deprive the authorities of every excuse for failing to arrest one, at least, of them before they can come together. Thus, without either fighting or running away, each lives to "talk fight" another day.

The witticisms of the opposing counsel in the Star Route trials having been cut off by the verdict of acquittal, the lawyers engaged in the Hill investigation are throwing in a little now and then in the way of comedy. A witness was asked the other day whether he had ever been a member of Congress, and was told in the same breath, "Remember, you are not obliged to answer if it will criminate yourself." The witness, says the report, "admitted" that he had been a member of Congress.

An amusing error into which one of the London dailies fell in its report of the Czar's coronation is pointed out by *Truth*. The report said that after the sacrament the Archbishop tendered his Majesty "the customary antidote." It is explained that what was tendered to the Czar was the customary *antidoron*, or holy loaf.

Philadelphians have long believed that a rude log cabin on the Schuylkill was once the residence of Tom Moore, the Irish poet. Mr. Edward Waln has written a letter to the Commissioners of Fairmount Park in which he seems to prove that Moore never lived there.

Our fellow-citizens in the extreme Southwest seem to be finding the steam railways much greater conveniences than they had anticipated. Hardly a week passes in which news does not come of a railroad bridge being used as a gallows by self-appointed executioners.

From the fact that parrots take hold of their food with the claw of their right leg, it is inferred that they are not ambidextrous. Scientific observation, however, is not likely to dispel the popular belief that they are sometimes ambiguous. It is claimed that "right-handedness" extends also to wasps, beetles, spiders, and many other insects, and is manifested in their using the right anterior foot more frequently than any other. Some heroic naturalist should begin observations on the mule.

A Mr. Willing has made claim to land in the far West valued at about ten million dollars. There is a sort of appropriateness in his name.

In Western New York a parrot has been talking through a telephone. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

The indications are quite as strong this season as they were last summer that different methods must prevail at the sea-side resorts near New York before anything like the numbers of visitors who flocked to those places a few years ago will be seen there again. In order to succeed on the grand scale on which they were projected, these resorts must have the patronage of a large number of New York and Brooklyn people, who will not make frequent visits there until they feel assured that they will get the worth of the money they must spend. As in the early days of Coney Island and Rockaway, a large proportion of the persons who come to New York from a distance in the summer go down to the sea before returning. They think that "once in a lifetime" they can submit to whatever extortion they are likely to fall in with. But their numbers are not large enough to support the resorts. Nothing less than the liberal patronage of those in the cities near by who can afford to spend a day or two in the week at the sea will be sufficient, and that patronage can not be secured until accommodations there are furnished as reasonably as transportation to and fro is furnished. If satisfactory returns upon investments can not be secured on that basis, then somebody must suffer loss till the requisite scaling down has been accomplished. This is inevitable, for visitors can not be drawn to those places except on terms which are acceptable to them. The time will probably come when the sands of Coney Island will swarm with visitors as in the prosperous days of a few seasons ago, but not until recreation can be obtained there for just about what it is worth.

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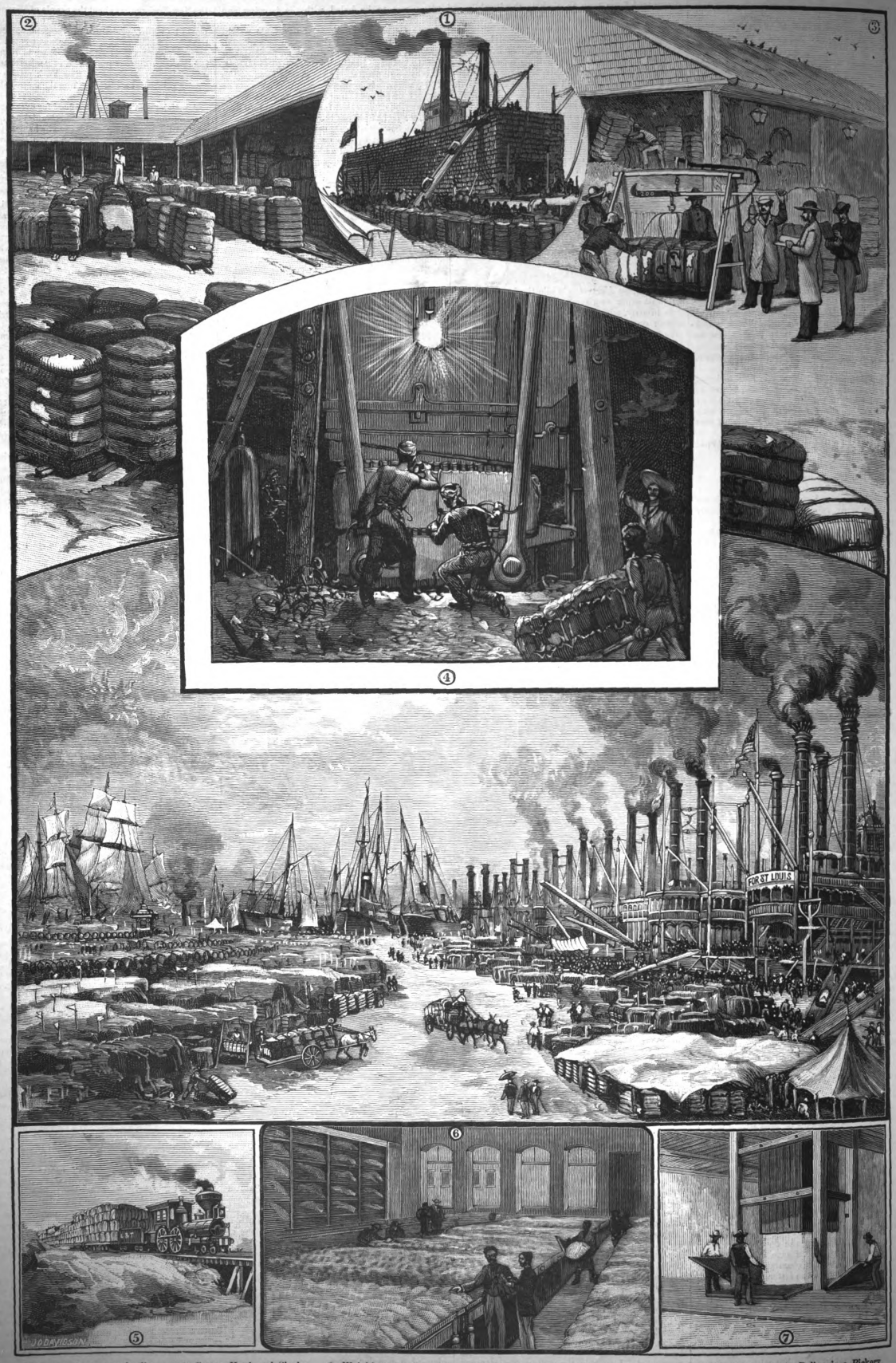

1. Cotton Steamer unloading. 2. Cotton Yard and Sheds. 3. Weighing and Sampling. 4. Steam Press. 5. Cotton Train. 6. Sampling Room. 7. Baling in a Pickery. *Centre.* On the Cotton Levee, New Orleans.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH, NO. 2.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 427.]

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THE STATUE OF GENERAL LEE.

MR. VALENTINE'S recumbent statue of General ROBERT E. LEE was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 28th of June in the University Chapel at Lexington, Virginia. The body of General LEE rests in a mausoleum attached to the chapel. The floor of the mortuary chamber is tessellated in white veined marble and encaustic tiles, and the effect of the design is very impressive. The recumbent figure is softly lighted through a ceiling of semi-transparent glass; and the whole setting is well adapted to display to the best advantage the merits of the sculptor's admirable work.

THE APACHE SURRENDER.

ON our front page we give a picture, from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. A. F. HARMER, of NANÉ, the Apache chief, entering General CROOK'S camp, in the heart of the hostile stronghold, to ask for peace. The campaign of our redoubtable Indian fighter was marked by consummate strategy, and the victory, attained with the loss of one life only on the side of our troops, was complete and crushing. Should General CROOK'S wise suggestions be carried out, and the captured Apaches be distributed in small groups among different reservations, we shall probably hear of no more outrages by this pestilent tribe.

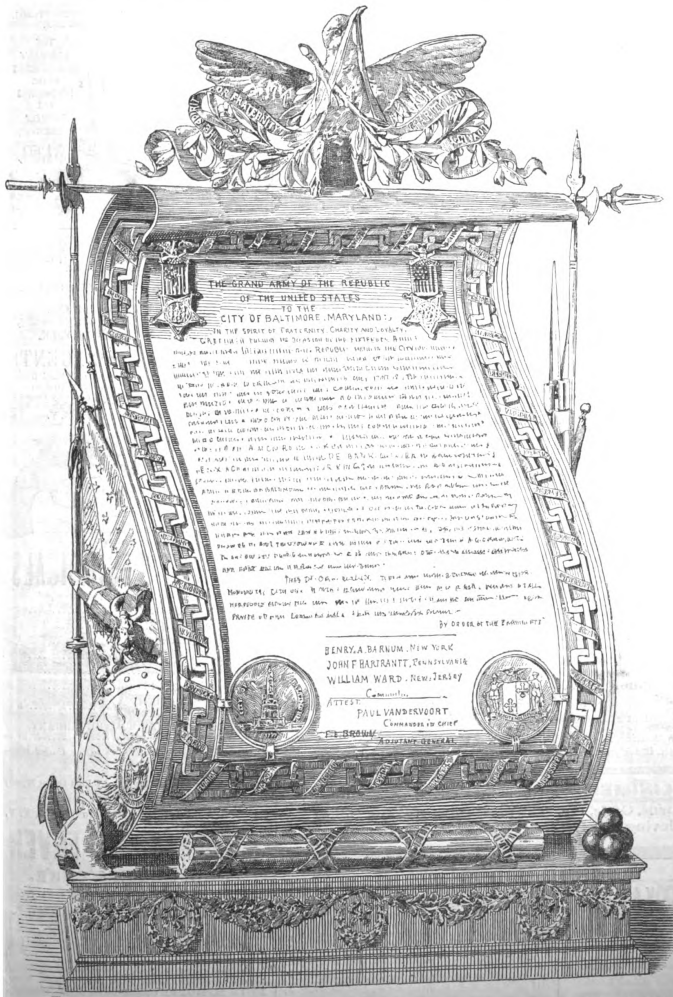
DO SNAKES DRINK?

IN Miss Hopley's entertaining work on *Snakes* is an interesting chapter devoted to this question. M. Dumeril says: Snakes rarely drink (that is, not every day, as most animals do), most of them living in dry regions or forests, where for long periods they are deprived of water. The live prey upon which they subsist supplies them with sufficient liquid. Nevertheless, a large number of serpents live close to water, and love to plunge in and to swim. These truly drink, lapping with the tongue; at other times with the head under water, and the neck still lower, so that the water falls into the mouth by its own weight, and is then swallowed. But this, he repeats, does not go into the blood, or very little of it, its function being principally to moisten the intestines.

Lenz, a German ophiologist of still earlier date than Schlegel, went very conscientiously into the subject of whether snakes drink or not, having adopted various means in order to test them. His personal experience was, however, of a more limited range. He says: "The numerous snakes and other animals which inhabit arid mountains or plains destitute of water can only quench their thirst with rain or dew. Snakes require but little water as long as they live in the open air. It is an established rule that no water is found in the maw, stomach, or entrails of snakes killed in the open air, even when destroyed by or in a piece of water. Snakes are never seen to go to drink in any part of the world."

This last clause is a too positive assertion, and one not subsequently borne out by other equally conscientious and intelligent writers. Livingstone, who was a close observer of nature, informs us that he has known some of the African snakes come a long way to pools and rivers to drink.

STATUE OF GENERAL LEE, IN THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MILEY.



TABLET TO BE PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF BALTIMORE BY THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PAGE.

A FRATERNAL TESTIMONIAL.

THE National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic held its annual meeting in Baltimore June 21, 22, and 23, 1882. This organization is established in nearly every State and Territory of the Union, is composed exclusively of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines who served in the late war of the rebellion, and now numbers nearly two hundred thousand members. Its annual national meetings call together a larger number of persons than any other event of the year. That at Baltimore last year was especially significant in the generous welcome given to the veterans of the war, by contrast with the sentiments of the citizens twenty years before, when these same veterans marched to the battle-fields of the Union, and the Grand Army Encampment unanimously voted that a suitable testimonial should be presented to the city in recognition of the "cordial and enthusiastic welcome, unbounded hospitality, and elaborate entertainment" given by "the Mayor and Common Council and the people of Baltimore" to the Union veterans of the war. General HENRY A. BARNUM, of New York, General JOHN F. HARTRANFT, of Pennsylvania, and General WILLIAM WARD, of New Jersey, were appointed a committee to prepare and present such testimonial.

The accompanying cut represents the souvenir which the committee will present with appropriate ceremonies on the 10th inst. It is a bronze composed of metal from Union and Confederate cannon used in the war of the rebellion, and is thirty inches in height by eighteen inches in width, and is to stand upon an ebony pedestal three feet in height. It was designed and executed by Mr. WILLIAM HUNT, sculptor, of this city. The legend of the G.A.R., "Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty," is inscribed on the ribbon held in the beak of the dove which surmounts the piece; the names of all the States are upon the links of the endless chain which constitutes the border; the national flag, at right and left, is grouped with military and naval emblems; the base is festooned with laurel, and upon the scroll is engraved the following address:

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES
TO THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND:

In the spirit of "Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty," greeting: Whereas on the occasion of the sixteenth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in the city of Baltimore June 21, 22, 23, 1882, when the parading column and escort of the Grand Army of the Republic and visiting military organizations from other States, commanded by Chief Marshal, General R. B. AYRES, United States Army, and numbering fully 12,000 men, was reviewed from the portico of the City Hall by CHESTER A. ARTHUR, President of the United States, accompanied by members of his cabinet; General JOSEPH W. KEIFER, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and other distinguished members of Congress; WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, General of the United States Army, and his Staff; Honorable WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of Maryland, and his Military Staff; Honorable WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, Mayor of Baltimore, his secretary, Major J. MONROE HEISKELL, and other representatives of the city government; ex-Mayors LATROBE, BANKS, and VANSANT; General FELIX AGNUS, General ADAM E. KING, and many other distinguished citizens of Baltimore, and of other cities and States, his Honor the Mayor, the Common Council, and the people of Baltimore did extend to the Grand Army of the Republic and accompanying organizations and friends a most cordial and enthusiastic welcome, unbounded hospitality, and elaborate entertainment, in which many ex-Confederate soldiers joined; The Grand Army of the Republic hereby expresses its profound appreciation of the kind and brotherly feeling thus attested, and its gratification at the abundant evidence then shown that this nation is not only a union of States, but also a union of hearts throughout its broad domains; that ours is, in truth, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people"; and that all are devoted to one common purpose of "union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever."

That the Dove of Peace may ever fold its white wings over the beautiful "Monumental City"; that she may grow space in prosperity and power; that the homes of all her people may be the abode of unstinted comfort and unalloyed happiness—is the fervent prayer of every Comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic.

By order of the Encampment.

HENRY A. BARNUM, New York,
JOHN F. HARTRANFT, Pennsylvania, } Committee.
WILLIAM WARD, New Jersey,

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
VALUABLE IN INDIGESTION.

Dr. Daniel T. Nelson, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."—[Adv.]

STARIN'S GLEN ISLAND.

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"The odor of new-mown hay, the perfume of countless roses, the soft breeze, the trim lawns, and the well-kept paths appeal to the visitors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, and Foot of 33d St., East River, and Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.—[Adv.]

SUMMER TOURS.

The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[Adv.]

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For over thirty-six years Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment has been warranted to cure croup, colic, spasms, diarrhœa, and dysentery, taken internally, and sore throat, pains in the limbs, chronic rheumatism, old sores, pimples, blotches, and swellings, externally, and not a bottle has been returned, many families stating they would not be without it even if it was $10 a bottle. Sold by the druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray Street.—[Adv.]

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The best of all hair-dressings. It allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, *thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair.* Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as *cannot be surpassed.* Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[Adv.]

Electrical Inventors who wish to take out *Patents*, should address W. B. Hale, Attorney, 614 F Street, Washington, D. C. Book free.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

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LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "It is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the *fac-simile* of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

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Testimonial of a Boston lady.

Disfiguring Humors. Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

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Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

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Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1.

Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Print Your Own Cards, &c. Press $3

Large sizes for circulars, &c., $8 to $90. For pleasure, money-making, young or old. Everything easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory.

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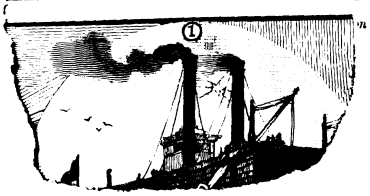
$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

From a re[illegible]n of "Yolande."



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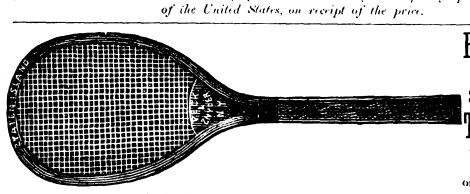

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What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria!

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A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, hemiarrhœa, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 26, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

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THE PREMIUM
to the Wives of Grocers has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be the handsomest and most valuable ever offered by a manufacturer to make the trade familiar with his name. The Case itself is a magnificent one, and the Silver Ware elegant, of beautiful pattern, and of the finest quality.

DONT BE A CLAM

CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS:—

TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium of a beautiful set of Plated Silver Knives and Forks, for simply giving The Frank Siddalls Soap *a thorough trial.*

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:—Is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will *TRY* new ways that are *endorsed by leading newspapers:—*
A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker or a Grain Binder:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their papers for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was NOT A HUMBUG. *Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*

SO DONT BE A CLAM

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants: *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag: use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass:* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible: the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the panels and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin: *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is *better* than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp.—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the Artists.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, *and at it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but, of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake; *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle

THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy: the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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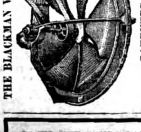

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

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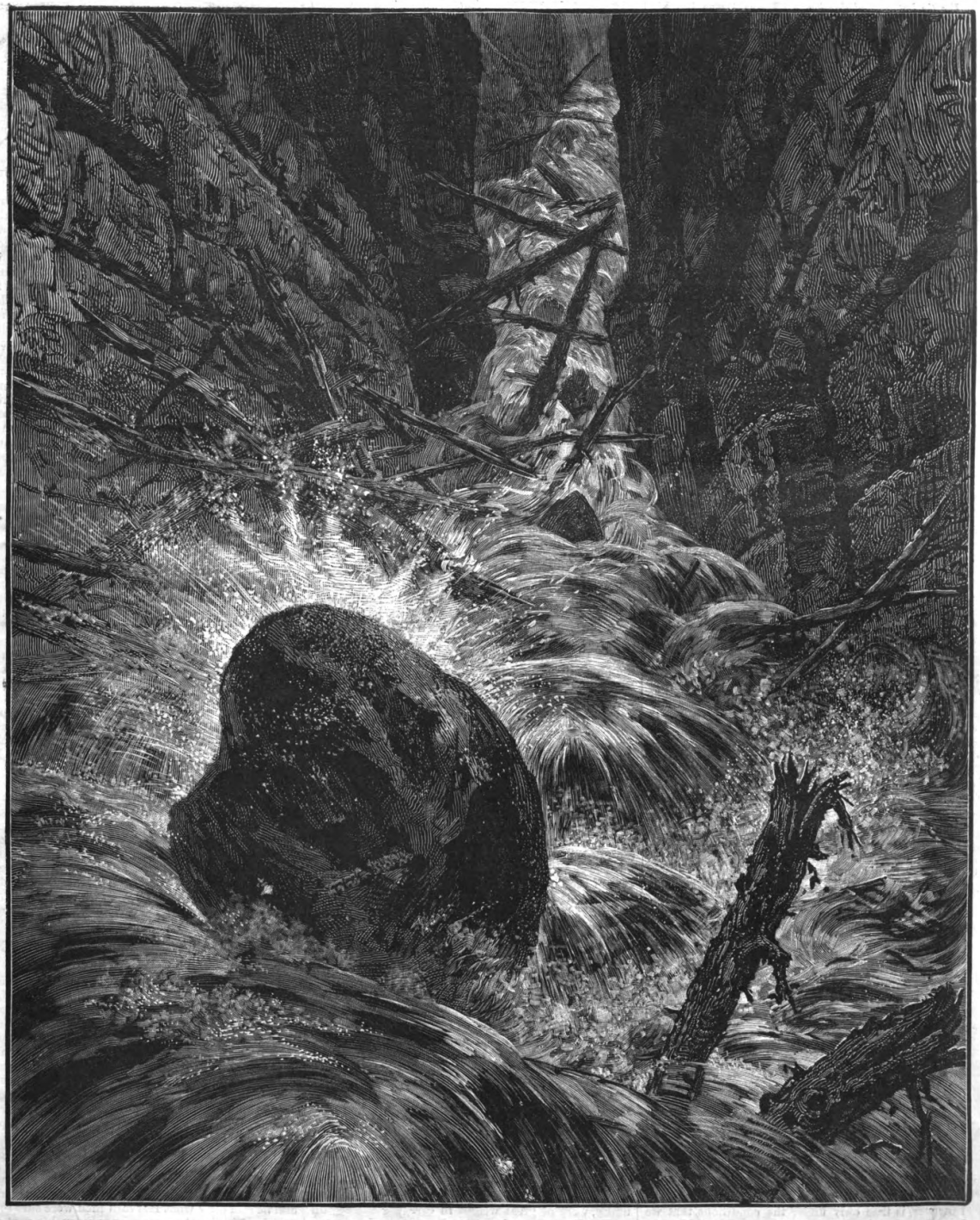

THE FALL OF THE BOWLDER.—DRAWN BY W. H. GIBSON.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

WARNING.

We are informed that a person unknown to us, who calls himself W. C. ALEXANDER, *is soliciting railroad passes on a letter purporting to be signed by* HARPER & BROTHERS. *The letter is fraudulent.* HARPER & BROTHERS *do not solicit railroad or other passes for themselves or for persons employed by them.*

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE CAUCUS.

THE contest for the Senatorship in New Hampshire, like that in Pennsylvania two or three years ago, and like the more recent contests in New York, Michigan, and Minnesota, shows that the caucus is no longer supreme, and that a caucus nomination is not necessarily equivalent to an election. In all these instances it was the Republican party which declined to be controlled by a caucus, and the fact illustrates a characteristic of that party which its leaders, especially the "machine," constantly forget. The Republican party is essentially intelligent and independent. It is the party of American principle and policy in their best and most generous sense, and there are always enough Republicans to decide an election who will not be dragooned, but who will do what they think best for the country. The mere party politicians suppose that any measure or any nomination which is "regular" will receive, of course, the support, however reluctant, of every member of the party. This is a fallacy which experience steadily refutes, but it is as steadily maintained by political Bourbons. They have but one cry, which is that parties are impossible if the decision of the majority upon party action be not respected. The simple persistency and air of triumph with which this proposition is repeated is pathetic. They say "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."

The caucus is a great practical convenience under certain circumstances. But it is not indispensable even in the selection of a Senatorial candidate, as the practice in Massachusetts proves. It is convenient when but one man can be selected from a dozen equally excellent men, after due deliberation, to allow the majority to decide. But this agreement presupposes both equal fitness and perfectly fair dealing. The moment that any kind of dishonest influence, bargain, or patronage is introduced, the whole proceeding is void. Nobody is bound; and a majority, being a dishonest majority, has no moral significance whatever. Under the system of patronage known as the spoils, a caucus is always under just suspicion. It is presumptively not a body of free and honest voters. It is "put up" in the interest of this or that candidate, and the "managers" of the candidates are generally agents who stick at nothing.

It is the knowledge or the conviction of this state of things which makes intelligent men very wary of a caucus. It is used as a trap to catch them. If they can be induced to take part, they are aware of a general understanding that if they can not decide the action they are yet honorably bound by it. This, however, is true only under the conditions that we have mentioned. But it is thoughtlessly held to be true of every caucus. To a great many honest and independent men, therefore, it seems better to avoid a caucus altogether. This is the course which the opponents of Senator ROLLINS have pursued in New Hampshire. They are not satisfied with him as a suitable representative, and they naturally feared that his position would give him an illicit advantage in a caucus. The argument that when they find it impossible to elect a successor whom they prefer, they ought to vote for him because he has a larger number of supporters than any other candidate, has no weight whatever if there are circumstances which cause them to distrust the larger number. This is one of the inevitable evils of the spoils system. While it exists, a caucus must always be suspected, and so long as it endures the caucus system will fall justly more and more into disrepute.

A MISCHIEVOUS PLOT.

A SECRET movement to procure the removal of one of the most efficient and upright officers in the public service is a matter of great public interest, and such a movement has been undertaken to displace the Postmaster of New York. It is, of course, not a project for the improvement of the public service; it is the plot of politicians who wish to control the patronage of the office, a control which is impossible while Mr. PEARSON is Postmaster. Under the management of Mr. PEARSON and his predecessor, Mr. JAMES, the New York Post-office has been placed among the few best offices of the kind in the world. Its immense business is transacted with a smoothness, dispatch, and accuracy which would be impossible in any such office which was not conducted upon sound business principles and under a strict business supervision. The thorough organization of the office and its admirable efficiency have been secured in great part by withdrawing it from politics. It has ceased to be a "placer" for ward politicians. It is a public office managed solely for the public benefit, and it is therefore one of the strong arguments for retaining in power a party which has the good sense to see that honest and effective public service is the best appeal which a party can make for public confidence.

The real object of the effort to displace Mr. PEARSON is to throw the Post-office back into the mire of venal politics. But while this is the object, the plea for Mr. PEARSON'S removal is that he is connected with a company which was instituted to violate the postal laws. The truth is that having signed an application for the incorporation of a District Telegraph Company, his name, we believe, appeared for a year, without his knowledge, as trustee. But he was never notified of his election, and has never attended a meeting, and owns no stock, and has nothing whatever to do with it. If a branch of the company is engaged in illicit business, he is entirely unconcerned in it.

The plot for Mr. PEARSON'S removal has hitherto miscarried. Both the President and the Postmaster-General are undoubtedly aware that a change of the head of the New York Post-office, except for plain and conclusive reasons, would be a blow at the public convenience and service which would not be readily condoned. As "politics" it would be a very great mistake. But there is no good reason to suppose that the plot will succeed. It is opposed, not because Mr. PEARSON has any "vested right" in his office, but because the public has a right to protest against the removal of an experienced and efficient and honest postmaster as a move in a petty political game.

THE DANGEROUS SISTER-IN-LAW.

THE defeat of what *Punch* calls the Deceased Wife's Brother Bill in the House of Lords has naturally produced a great deal of disappointment and indignation in England. There is no question that public opinion strongly favors the bill. Its second reading passed the Lords by a majority in a very large House. The third reading was defeated in a smaller House by the vote of the bishops. And why should bishops make the laws? is the question which is instantly and angrily asked. Their action will certainly not deepen public attachment for the episcopal bench, nor increase confidence in the House of Lords.

One of the most curious incidents of the debate upon the subject, which has been carried on in religious newspapers as well as in Parliament, was the publication some time ago of a letter from the United States, which was said to have been written by a clergyman, and which contained the most extraordinary statements of the direful consequences which had arisen in this country from the permission of marriage with the sister of a deceased wife. A more ridiculous and false assertion could not have been made. But it was widely circulated in England, and seemed to have influence, for it was thought by Lord DALHOUSIE, who had charge of the bill in the House of Lords, to be sufficiently important to require confutation. He inclosed, therefore, extracts of this letter to many persons in the United States requesting an expression of their views upon its remarkable allegations, and the replies, promptly and completely disproving the calumny, were of great weight in carrying the second reading in the Lords. The domestic unhappiness, jealousy, infidelity, and crime, in various degrees and kinds, which the anonymous clergyman represented to be the consequences of a practice which is familiar in this country, were shown to be unknown, and it would be interesting to learn who it is that was guilty of so slander his countrymen.

In point of fact, as reason and experience show, not only are such marriages often most desirable because of the children, but they are often singularly happy. The prohibition is a gross interference with that wise freedom of choice which is the truest social safeguard. It is an old ecclesiastical tradition which the good sense of England has outgrown, and the present defeat of the appeal is but an illustration of the stolidity of British conservatism, which wishes to do what has been always done, and to find in the existence of a law a reason for its continuance. The pertinacity with which the English clergy are said to resist the repeal suggests a singular domestic experience. Do they, as a class, acknowledge that the allegations of the opponents of repeal are true? Whatever their position, or the reasons for it, there seems to be no question that the bill will be passed at the next session, and the anxious clergy who have protested will be abandoned to the mercy of their sisters-in-law.

MR. KELLY ON MR. TILDEN.

WHETHER Mr. JOHN KELLY was born in this country we do not know, but he has a very imperfect idea of American laws and of characteristic American conduct if the report of a speech made by him at Springfield be correct. In that speech Mr. KELLY remarked that Mr. TILDEN should have told Congress in February, 1877, that he had been elected President, and that if it did not announce that fact and seat him, he should appeal to the people. This remark by a conspicuous Democratic leader, who controls a vote without which Democratic victory in New York is impossible, is made at the same time that Mr. RANDALL is denounced for not promoting civil war when he was Speaker. They are both illustrations of a spirit in the Democratic party which deepens the great distrust with which it is regarded. They deal with revolution in a way which in a free and intelligent country does not commend a party to popular favor.

If Mr. KELLY will glance at a document known as the Constitution of the United States, he will see that if Mr. TILDEN had taken the course that he recommends, Mr. TILDEN, trampling upon every form of law, would have asked the country, upon his simple assertion that he had been elected President, to sustain his claim by armed force. If he could produce adequate evidence that he had been elected, there would have been no need of appealing to the people. It was because he could not produce it, because the country was morally sure that his honest election could not be shown, that the question arose. To insist upon his assumption and to appeal to the people would have been merely to array the Democratic against the Republican party in arms. Mr. TILDEN was a very much better American and a very much wiser man than Mr. JOHN KELLY. He knew that revolution, however justifiable under certain circumstances, is not justifiable when based upon the alleged results of an intimidated election. He knew that however great Republican election offenses might be, Democratic election crimes were as perfectly well known. The forms of law, the spirit of law, and the moral probabilities were all against him, and his mentor JEFFERSON had taught him too well the grounds upon which alone revolution can hopefully appeal to the judgment of mankind to permit him to do as Mr. KELLY thinks that he ought to have done.

Mr. KELLY objects to Mr. TILDEN that he did not plunge the country into a bloody civil contest in which the republic would have perished. In making such an objection Mr. KELLY "gives his own measure," but nothing more. Even he does not venture to say that the country would have been to-day more peaceful, prosperous, freer, and more promising if Mr. TILDEN had invoked civil war instead of yielding to a lawful decision. A party in which Mr. KELLY is a powerful leader is a good party to keep out of power.

GOVERNOR BUTLER AT CAMBRIDGE AND AT TEWKSBURY.

As the general estimate of General BUTLER as a public man has been formed upon observation of his conduct for many years, it is not likely to be reversed by his adroit speech at the Harvard alumni dinner. The General is quite shrewd enough to know that, if the author of the familiar remark, "Harvard professors? Oh yes; we hanged one of them the other day," is going to dine with Harvard alumni, his best cue is flattery. He is an advocate of experience, and he addressed himself upon this occasion as upon other occasions to carry the jury. Mr. CHOATE, in his capital and skillful speech, led the way for the Governor, and, as it were, gave him the key. He bespoke the courtesy of the graduates for the Chief Magistrate, and showed the Governor the character of the instrument upon which he was to play. The Governor is quick, and he said only what Harvard men were sure to applaud. The whole performance upon his part was excellent. But it will hardly reconcile loyal Massa-

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chusetts men to the shame which he has tried to cast upon the State in his Tewksbury investigation.

This raid upon Tewksbury has been the great effort of the BUTLER administration. Could it have ended with the statements of the accusers, the Governor might have succeeded in staining the honor of Massachusetts. But the remorseless revelation of the rebutting evidence, and the report upon the condition of the almshouse by Mrs. LEONARD, of the State Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity, have effectually baffled the Governor. Misconduct at Tewksbury, as in other public institutions in Massachusetts and elsewhere, has been exposed from time to time, and it has been corrected. Mrs. LEONARD, who has been in the habit of visiting the almshouse without official associates and without previous notice, gives a carefully detailed account of the institution as she has found it. The building was clean and free from vermin, the bathing arrangements were sufficient, the old men's and old women's wards comfortable and cheerful, and the inmates generally contented. The sick were as well cared for as the number of nurses would permit, and the nurses were too few because of the stinted appropriations. The food was of fair quality. There are now no children at Tewksbury without mothers. Miss WILKIN, the physician of the women's ward, is skillful, kind, and devoted, and does all that is possible; and the patients, who knew by experience that Mrs. LEONARD would not betray them, spoke to her with entire freedom.

The report of Mrs. LEONARD shows that while, as in all such institutions, there are undoubtedly instances of carelessness and inhumanity, they are not characteristic, and that the general management of the almshouse has been quite as good as the building and the appropriations would allow. The Governor declares that the expenses must be reduced. Mrs. LEONARD, with an intimate knowledge of the whole subject, says that she does not know where they could be reduced, but that she sees very plainly where they ought to be increased. The Governor evidently attacked Tewksbury not to secure reform of abuses, but to make political capital, and notwithstanding the adroit speech at Harvard, the discredit to Massachusetts will apparently prove to be not Tewksbury, but the Governor.

OF RASCALS.

"WHAT do you think of the Democratic campaign cry, 'Turn the rascals out'?" was the question addressed by one Republican to another as they met at luuch.

"That is about the size of it," answered his friend, with a smile, as he handed him the following paragraph from the Boston *Herald*:

"To the cry, '*Turn the* rascals out,' the reply will surely be made, 'Keep the rascals out.' How would the Democratic leaders enjoy a campaign on this line? The Democratic party is the party of SWARTWOUT and TWEED. 'Keep the rascals out.' The last Democratic cabinet and the last Democratic Collector at New York stole more than all their successors for nearly twenty years. 'Keep the rascals out.' The Democratic State of Tennessee has had three defaulting treasurers in succession. 'Keep the rascals out.' A full proportion of the votes cast in Congress for the river and harbor jobs have been Democratic. 'Keep the rascals out.' Eight of the jury that acquitted the Star Route thieves were Democrats. 'Keep the rascals out.' The Democratic Mayor of Albany has just resigned to prevent a trial that would have exposed the gross frauds by which Democrats seated him. 'Keep the rascals out.' The Union League Club of Chicago has just discovered incontestable proof that the worst kind of ballot-box stuffing was resorted to to re-elect the Democratic Mayor HARRISON, who has nullified a law of the Legislature to pay his debt to the rummies and criminals who supported him. 'Keep the rascals out.' Elections in more than half the Southern States have been turned into farces, and the rights of majorities openly trampled under-foot to insure Democratic ascendency. 'Oh, keep the rascals out!'"

"What's that?" said another Republican who joined them. "Turn the rascals out? Why, cert'nly. They were turned out twenty-two years ago, when they had knocked the bottom out of the Treasury, sent the navy to the ends of the earth, and, could the last Democratic Secretary of War have had his way, would have sent the army to join it. The rascals were very effectually turned out, and they'll have to struggle hard to get in again."

FROM OHIO.

AN Ohio Republican of the straitest sect sends us the best interior view of the political situation in that State that we have seen:

"What you say about HOADLY'S nomination, as 'the defeat of the reactionary faction, and in itself a kind of new departure,' may have some truth, but the nomination has not that significance in Ohio. There was no Bourbon candidate, unless GEDDES was one, and he had no following. The contest was between a Union mutilated soldier and an abolition Republican. The THURMAN Bourbons supported WARD; the PAYNE Bourbons, HOADLY, each moved by personal considerations.

"The Convention nominated HOADLY to catch the German vote. HOADLY has long had friendly relations with the Germans, and was their special champion in excluding the Bible from the schools, in making Sunday free to them, and in fighting the liquor laws. THURMAN understood the situation, and warned the Convention not to 'subordinate Democratic doctrines and aspirations to a single issue'—meaning the liquor issue—which the nomination of HOADLY would do. HOADLY is the whiskey candidate, and he is nominated to retain the German vote. He is a 'smart,' but not a wise man. He is alert, ever on the *qui vive*, quick to detect the weak point of his adversary, and to expose it with *éclat*. His views on any subject are never commonplace, sometimes striking, usually extravagant, picturesque, sensational, and unsound. In two conspicuous instances he has manifested these qualities. In the Oregon case, of which you are informed. Then WEBSTER had been of the opinion that the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution was to be enforced by the States. HOADLY adopted this opinion, and as judge applied it to the fugitives from justice clause, releasing on *habeas corpus* a criminal on the ground that the United States laws on that subject were unconstitutional.

"While he is a gentleman, an upright, honorable man, most genial in his personal intercourse with all men, yet in public speech he is extravagant, ferocious, often grotesque. He has had a chronic antipathy to the old Whigs, was always apprehensive they would obtain undue control of the Republican party, and for this reason was ever ready to 'jump' that party. In the liberal movement of 1872 he joined, and urged the nomination, I think, of TRUMBULL. When GREELEY was nominated he denounced him in the most frantic manner as an 'infernal rascal.' He meant only that GREELEY was a Whig. When the election of 1876 was finally decided he denounced HAYES as 'that fraud,' 'that thief.'

"I do not see how his nomination is 'a new departure.' It is true he proclaims 'a new Democracy'; but this is mere fiction, an old trick of his in the sensational game. It is also true that he is vice-president of a civil service reform association; but since he fixed his eye on the office of Governor he has made no allusion to the subject, but has constantly pointed with pride to his youthful enthusiasm for VAN BUREN. Now the significant act in VAN BUREN'S career is his introduction of the New York spoils system into the general government. In his last days Justice MACLEAN was wont to tell young men that when the news reached Washington that VAN BUREN had been elected to the Senate, President MONROE told him that the election of VAN BUREN was to be profoundly regretted, for he would introduce the New York spoils system into, and thus demoralize, the general government.

"No doubt that Judge HOADLY thinks sometimes of the Presidency. But should he ever reach that goal, one thing is certain. He would not give us the quiet, conservative, business-like administration of ARTHUR. He would be sensational."

A NEW VIEW OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

AT the Woodstock celebration on the Fourth of July Bishop COXE spoke well of the value of traditions to a nation and the necessary decay of traditions among a people which is constantly recruited from aliens. His practical suggestion was that we should admit aliens to citizenship only when they are really fitted to become Americans.

The utter ignorance among large numbers of those who are called Americans of the significance of our traditions was curiously illustrated by a conversation which we know to have occurred. An Irish cook remarked to her mistress upon the Fourth of July that it was especially the day of "her people." "Your people?" said the mistress; "pray what have they to do with it?" "Why, and sure, ma'am, it is the day on which the Irish first came to this country."

The cook did not say that she derived her information from Mr. JOHN KELLY'S lecture upon the Irish settlers in America. But her remark perhaps explains the proposition of the Hon. W. E. ROBINSON, that Ireland must be restored to the United States—or the United States to Ireland, we forget which it was.

THE RESTORATION OF A FLAG.

THE pleasantest and most significant incident of the day in New York on the Fourth of July was the restoration by the Virginia Cadets of the flag captured from the One-hundred-and-sixty-fourth New York Regiment near Alexandria in 1863. The Virginia Cadets are pupils of a State institute which receives students from every State, and the company had just been to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where President ARTHUR, with a few fitting words, had presented the diplomas of the graduating class.

Under an escort from the New York Sixty-ninth, the cadets then marched, with admirable precision and through a heat which tested their endurance, to the City Hall, where they were received by Mayor EDSON and a body of distinguished citizens. Colonel PORTLOCK, for the cadets, warmly praised the One-hundred-and-sixty-fourth, and spoke in a very patriotic strain. He was followed by Colonel BALL, who described the incidents of the capture, and rejoiced in the fraternal feeling in which the memory of the war is buried, now that slavery, a blot upon free institutions, has disappeared forever. Mayor EDSON and other gentlemen responded in the same generous tone.

The event was another illustration of that union of hearts and of hands which is rapidly replacing the old union of irrepressible divergencies which were bred by slavery. The scene was symbolical of the sincere and friendly regard which between honorable foes follows every honest contention, however bravely and tenaciously maintained on both sides. The young Virginians have doubtless returned feeling that the flag of New York is no less the flag of Virginia, and that happily over both flags hang in common benediction the old Stars and Stripes.

PERSONAL.

THE health of Mr. WILLIAM PAGE continues to cause his friends the gravest anxiety. Ever since he was forced to leave his studio in this city and to discontinue painting they have hoped for a favorable turn to his disease, but they have waited more than five years in vain. Occasionally the artist in his home at Tottenville, Staten Island, rouses himself to express his old enthusiasm for SHAKSPEARE or LOWELL, but the respite is short, and in a few minutes he reverts to a condition of chronic indifference toward the great interests that once engaged his genius and his busy hands. Saddest of all, the paintings that mark the farthest reach of his artistic endeavor are yearly becoming black and indistinct, owing, it is believed, to the strong drying oil which used to be his favorite vehicle, and which he was accustomed to say had been pronounced by so high an authority as the late Professor FARADAY to be the best of all oils for the painter's purpose. In some cases, moreover, the presence of gamboge, which Mr. PAGE employed freely to produce several of his most sparkling and vitalized yellows, after it had been dissolved in alcohol, has caused the pigments of his pictures, notably of his famous "Venus," to melt and run down the canvas. But there are in Albany some very beautiful portraits of thirty years ago, in which Mr. PAGE used neither gamboge nor strong drying oil, and which to-day are as fresh and bright as if still on the easel.

—Some mention has been made in the newspapers of the heroism of the Rev. WILLIAM H. REID, an Episcopal clergyman of Brooklyn, at the recent disaster on the East River Bridge. The facts of the case we have ascertained to be as follows: Mr. REID, while caught in the crush just east of the fatal steps down which so many victims were pushed to be trampled upon, heard a father screaming, "Save my daughter." The girl was eight or nine years of age, and the brave preacher, dropping his valise and umbrella, seized her firmly with one hand, while with the other he fought his way above the prostrate forms below him, until the two were borne in safety beyond the steps. He had seen that the only hope for either of them was in maintaining an upright position in the midst of that turbulent and swaying crowd, and he bent all his strength of muscle and of resolution to the accomplishment of the task, knowing that if he fell both he and the child were in immediate danger of being crushed to death. Mr. REID never learned the name of the lass he saved, but she doubtless has heard his name a score of times, and perhaps will tell him so one of these days. His friends, who have long admired his abundant personal courage, were not surprised at this striking manifestation of it.

—Mr. SOL EYTINGE, Jun., the artist, whose Blackville sketches are among his most popular contributions to this journal, resides in Pamrapo, a New Jersey village about twenty minutes' ride by rail from the metropolis. Though one of the oldest of American humorists, he appears to be about forty years of age, and has the head and shoulders of a typical commanding general, and the tapering fingers that one reads about much oftener than one sees. His home is a charming cottage adorned with profuse roses and climbing vines, affording from the piazza a superb view of New York, the upper bay, the Narrows, and the green hills of Staten Island. Mr. EYTINGE'S accomplished wife, MARGARET EYTINGE, is one of the lights of American literature.

—Mr. S. J. GUY is painting a genre picture in his best style, representing an elder sister holding out a strawberry to a baby, who lies smiling on his back, and is old enough to be attracted by its color, but not old enough to seize or to eat it. It is a pretty story, and in the elaboration Mr. GUY will prepare his usual feast of delicate gradation of light and shade and color. Considering the amount of work he puts upon a picture, Mr. GUY is one of the fastest painters in America; but he is not easily satisfied, and his pet aversion is slap-dash. A truly serene spot on the uproarious Fourth was the Tenth Street Studio Building, where GUY, W. H. BEARD, and CASILEAR celebrated the Declaration of Independence in separate rooms.

—One of the Roman Catholic societies or brotherhoods is called the Third Order of St. Francis. The Pope has recently given it a new set of by-laws, because—strange to tell—the old set was "not in all points suited to the present age and present customs." The members must be more than fourteen, of good morals, of peaceable disposition, and exact in the practice of the Catholic religion; and they are required to refrain from excessive cost and elegance in their dress and toilet, from dangerous stage-plays and dances, and from all revelry; to be frugal in eating and drinking, to confess their sins every month, to settle quarrels whenever they can do so, and to assist daily at mass when it is convenient.

—There is a little tavern in Paris where men of letters and of art meet to scintillate their wit. The scintillations are reported in a small periodical, which bears the name and emblem of the tavern, and can be bought in the neighborhood for a few sous. The tavern-keeper, an æsthete of considerable proportions, has adorned the place with curiosities of *virtu*, and caused it to look more like a studio than a cabaret. His example is said to be exerting an influence over Paris tavern-keepers generally.

—The sportsman-naturalist, or the man who shoots birds and learns what he can about them while taking aim, is described by a late writer as generally lacking in that psychological sympathy with the creature he studies without which there can not be any of the very deepest insight; "but, on the other hand, he has many compensating advantages; he is not afraid of hurting the birds or beasts, and he is still less chary of disturbing them in their native haunts. That habitual repression of sympathies and feelings which goes with the action of stealing up to and aiming at a bird, in itself insures a steadiness of eye and an accuracy of observation under emotional surroundings which the non-aggressive naturalist generally lacks."

—The Bishop of Pará and Amazonas, South America, proposes to use the Amazon River as "a means of spiritual life and fecundity" to the rude native tribes who wander along its banks. He desires to construct a large and handsomely decorated ship, which shall serve the purpose of a church or floating cathedral, with pulpit and confessional, organ and baptismal font, and all the ornaments of furniture necessary for "the solemn and splendid exercise of Catholic rites." The name of this missionary vessel will be *Christopher*, or *Christ-bearer*; and as she sails, "the dulcet sounds of the swelling organ, accompanying the soft sonorous chant of the priests, will spread over the tranquil surface of the river, and give notice of the approach of Christ, *ambulans super aquas*."

—An old New-Yorker recently showed to a friend a copy of a Philadelphia newspaper sixty-two years old, which time had toned to a mellow cream-color. It was *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*, of January 26, 1821, and one of the first advertisements to strike the eye was the following:

"*Six Cents Reward.*—Absconded from the subscriber, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., ANNA MARIA ROBINSON, an indented servant Girl, between 13 and 14 years of age, dark complexion, and black eyes;—had on when she left her master, a green Coat and black Beaver Hat. She was born at Snowhill, State of Maryland.

"Whoever will secure and return her to me will receive the above reward, but no charges. JAMES W. MURDOCK."

Civilization in America has made some advance since the year 1821.—Another advertisement in the same journal presents another curious phase of social life. A man named DE MOMBRAY, who had rendered himself obnoxious for political reasons, refers his annoyers to some genealogical statistics. "The persons," he says, "who have payed a Piper and a Trumpeter to insult me, in playing upon their instruments before my windows, until 1 o'clock, after midnight, during the first month I lived in Philadelphia, at South Ninth Street, No. 62 (the neighbours may attest the fact), could take information about me in the aforesaid cities, and in that of Avranches (Bass Normandie), where I was born, and where my father died, he being fifteen years the President of the Tribunal; my sister dwells in that town, and is married to MR. MORIN, a retreated Captain and Knight of the Legion of HONOUR, and my brother is a Judge at the Tribunal of Vervins."

—Mr. RUSKIN is never more pleasantly eccentric than when talking *ex cathedrâ* about girls. Ever since the days of his *Sesame and Lilies*, when he drew the outlines of his model damsel on an analysis of one of WORDSWORTH'S poems, he has not failed to make a stir when bewailing or advising the better half of the race. His latest utterance is that "extremely good girls usually die young," probably because the gods, not less than Mr. RUSKIN, love them; but to say so seems rather hard upon girls now living who are not young. As for courtship, "when a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once, without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him she may send him away for seven years or so. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is probation, and it ought not to be shorter than three years at least, and a girl worth anything ought always to have half a dozen or so suitors under love to her." Mr. RUSKIN'S reasoning seems to be founded upon the assumption that a good girl—even an extremely good girl—is not as likely to fall in love with a young man as a young man is to fall in love with her, and to be just as desperate about it too; but we are assured by the mother of a good girl, who has made an extended study of the case, that such an assumption would be groundless.

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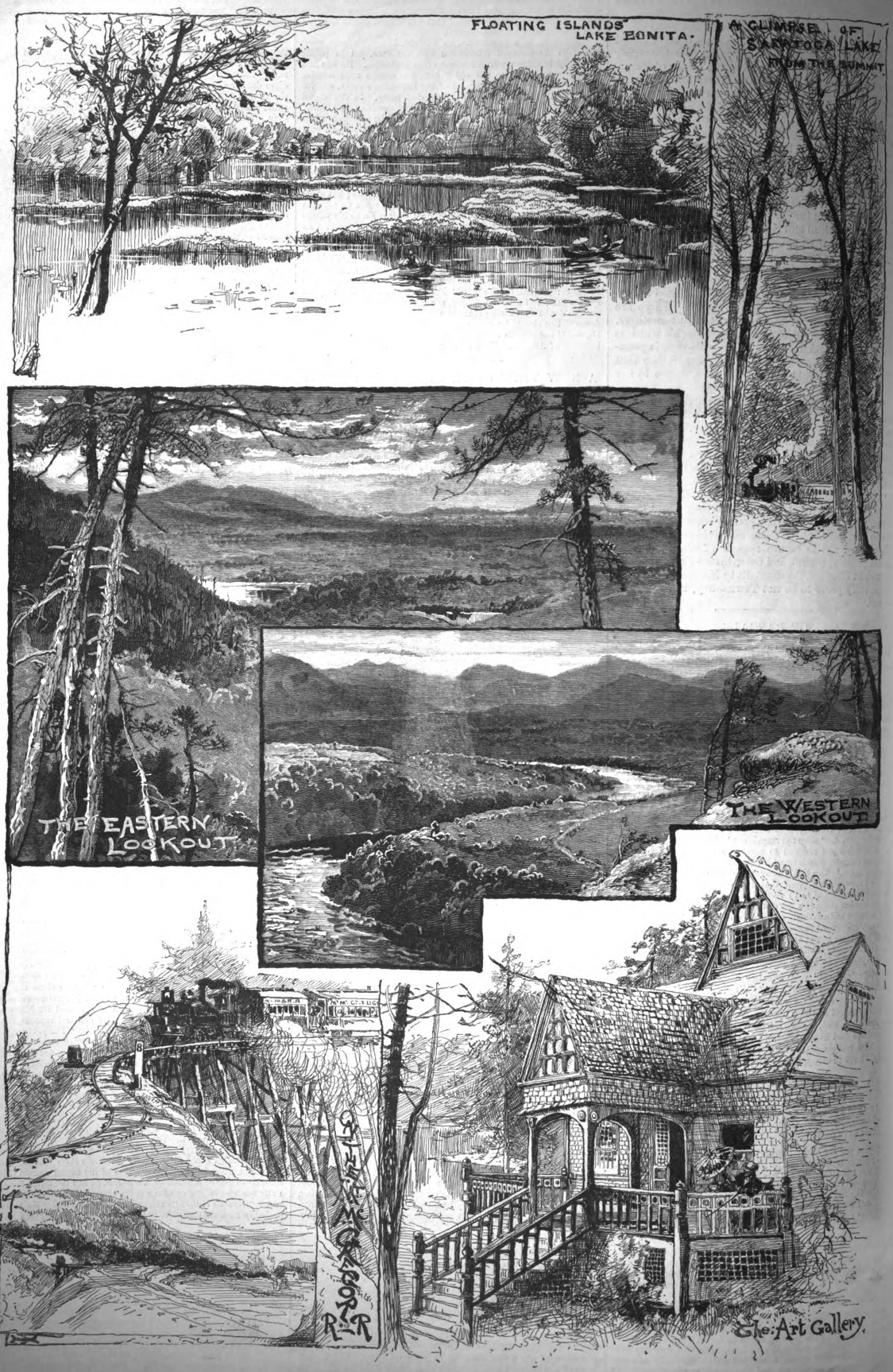

SUMMER RESORTS—MOUNT McGREGOR.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 439.]

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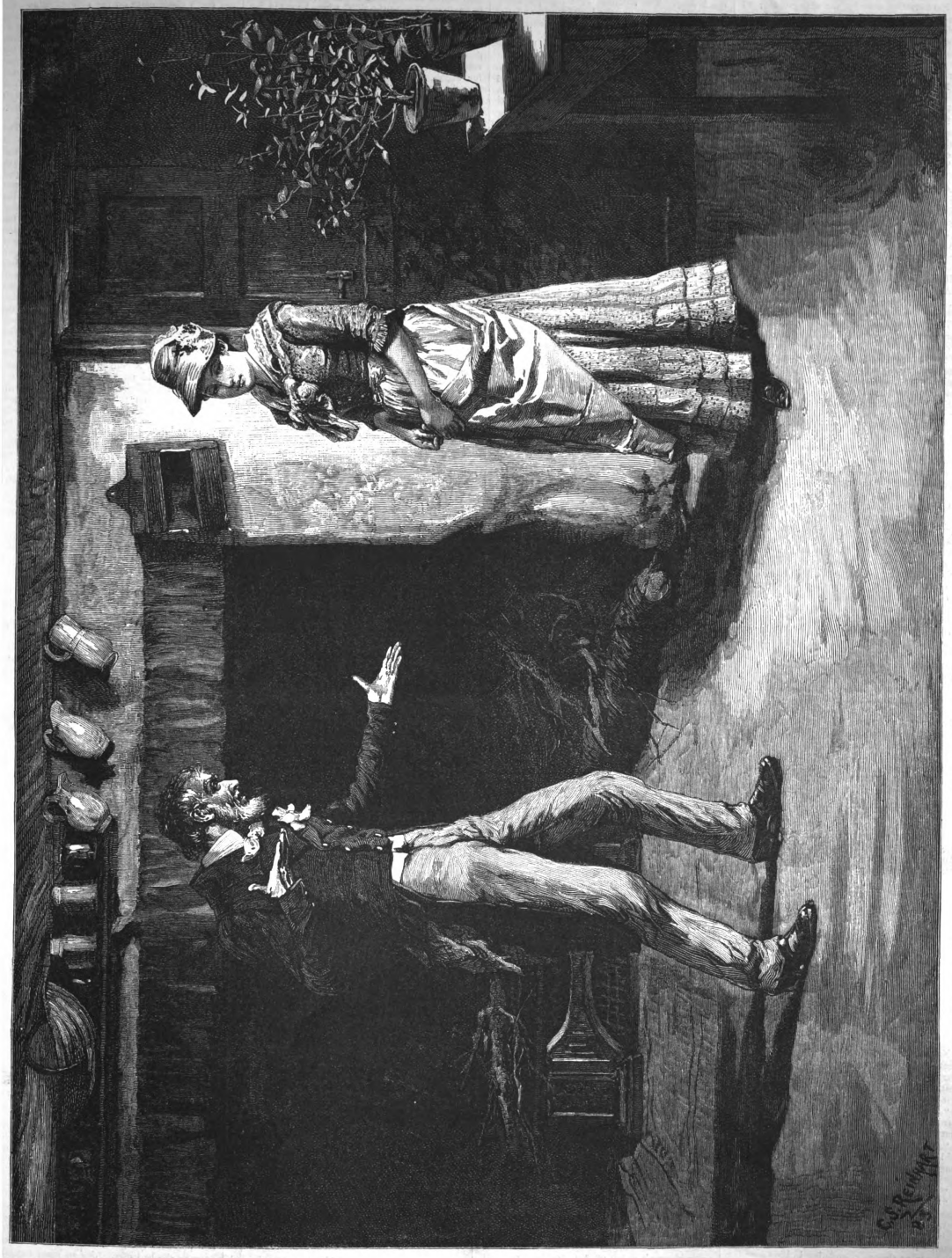

"WHAT! YE HAVE DARED TO COME BACK ALIVE, HUSSY!"

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

About four days after the young man's interview with the Baron re drew up in front of Jim's house at noon a wagon laden with es and packages, large and small. They were all addressed to "Mr. Hayward," and they had come from the largest furnishing warehouses in that part of England.

Three-quarters of an hour were occupied in getting the cases to Jim's rooms. The wary Jim did not show the amazement he felt at his patron's munificence; and presently the senior partner came into the passage, and wondered what was lumbering upstairs.

"Oh, it's only some things of mine," said Jim.

"Bearing upon the coming event, eh?" said his partner.

"Exactly," replied Jim.

Mr. Vine, with some astonishment at the number of cases, shortly after went away to the kiln; whereupon Jim shut himself into his rooms, and there he might have been heard ripping up and opening boxes with a cautious hand, afterward appearing outside the door with them empty, and carrying them off to the out-house.

A triumphant look lit up his face when, a little later in the afternoon, he ran across the meads to the dairy, and invited Margery and her father to his house to supper.

She was not unsociable that day, and her father expressing a hard and fast acceptance of the invitation, she perforce agreed to go with him. Again at home, Jim made himself as mysteriously busy as before in those rooms of his, and when his partner returned he too was asked to join in the supper.

At dusk Hayward went to the door, where he stood till he heard the voices of his guests from the direction of the low grounds, now covered with their frequent fleece of fog. The voices grew more distinct, and then on the white surface of the fog there appeared two trunkless heads, from which bodies gradually extended as the approaching pair rose toward the house.

When they had entered, Jim pressed Margery's hand and conducted her up to his rooms, her father waiting below to say a few

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words to the senior lime-burner. "Bless me!" said Jim to her, on entering the sitting-room; "I quite forgot to get a light beforehand, but I'll have one in a jiffy."

Margery stood in the middle of the dark room, while Jim struck a match; and then the young girl's eyes were conscious of a burst of light, and the rise into being of a pair of handsome silver candlesticks containing two candles that Jim was in the act of lighting.

"Why — where — you have candlesticks like that?" said Margery. Her eyes flew round the room as the growing candle flames showed other articles. "Pictures too, and lovely china! Why, I knew nothing of this, I declare!"

"Yes, a few things that came to me by accident," said Jim, quietly.

"And a great gold clock under a glass, and a Cupid swinging for a pendulum; and oh, what a lovely work-table!—woods of every color—and a work-box to match. May I look inside that work-box, Jim? Whose is it?"

"Oh yes; look at it, of course. It is a poor enough thing, but 'tis mine; and it will belong to the woman I marry, whoever she may be, as well as all the other things here."

"And the curtains and the looking-glasses—why, I declare I can see myself in a hundred places!"

"That tea set," said Jim, placidly pointing to a gorgeous china service and a large silver teapot on the side table, "I don't use at present, being a bachelor man; 'but,' says I to myself, 'whoever I marry will want some such things for giving her parties; or I can sell 'em—but I haven't took steps for't yet."

"Sell 'em! no, I should think not," said Margery, with earnest reproach. "Why, I hope you wouldn't be so foolish! Why, this is exactly the kind of thing I was thinking of when I told you of the things women could want—of course not meaning myself particularly. I had no idea that you had such valuable—" Margery was unable to speak coherently, so much was she amazed at the wealth of Jim's possessions.

At this moment her father and the lime-burner came upstairs; and, to appear womanly and proper to Mr. Vine, Margery repressed the remainder of her surprise. As for the two elderly worthies, it was not till they entered the room and sat down that their slower eyes discerned anything brilliant in the appointments. Then one of them stole a glance at some article, and the other at another; but each being unwilling to express his wonder in the presence of his neighbors, they received the objects before them with quite an accustomed air—the lime-burner inwardly trying to conjecture what all this meant, and the dairyman musing that if Jim's business allowed him to accumulate at this rate, the sooner Margery became his wife the better. Margery retreated to the work-table, work-box, and tea service, which she examined with hushed exclamations.

An entertainment thus surprisingly begun could not fail to progress well. Whenever Margery's crusty old father felt the need of a civil sentence, the flash of Jim's fancy articles inspired him to one; while the lime-burner, having reasoned away his first ominous thought that all this had come out of the firm, also felt proud and blithe.

Jim accompanied his dairy friends part of the way home. Her father, finding that Jim wanted to speak to her privately, and that she exhibited some elusiveness, turned to Margery and said, "Come, come, my lady; no more of this nonsense. You just step behind with that young man."

Margery, a little scared at her father's peremptoriness, obeyed. It was plain that Jim had won the old man by that night's stroke, if he had not won her.

"I know what you are going to say, Jim," she began, less ardently now, for she was no longer under the novel influence of the shining silver and glass. "Well, as you desire it, and as my father desires it, and as I suppose it will be the best course for me, I will fix the day—not this evening, but as soon as I can think it over."

CHAPTER VIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING a press of business, Jim went and did his duty in thanking the Baron. The latter saw him in his fishing-tackle room, an apartment littered with every appliance that a votary of the rod could require.

"And when is the wedding day to be, Hayward?" the Baron asked, after Jim had told him that matters were settled.

"It is not quite certain yet, my noble lord," said Jim, cheerfully. "But I hope 'twill not be long after the time when God A'mighty christens the little apples."

"And when is that?"

"St. Swithin's—the middle of July. 'Tis to be some time in that month, she tells me."

When Jim was gone, the Baron seemed meditative. He went out, ascended the mount, and entered the weather-screen, where he looked at the seats, as though re-enacting in his fancy the scene of that memorable morning of fog. He turned his eyes to the angle of the shelter, round which Margery had suddenly appeared like a vision, and it was plain that he would not have minded her appearing there then. The juncture had indeed been such an impressive and critical one that she must have seemed rather a heavenly messenger than a passing milkmaid, more especially to a man like the Baron, who, despite the mystery of his origin and life, revealed himself to be a melancholy, emotional character — the Jacques of this forest and stream.

Behind the mount the ground rose yet higher, ascending to a plantation which sheltered the house. The Baron strolled up here, and bent his gaze over the distance. The valley of the Swenn lay before him, with its shining river, the brooks that fed it, and the brimming carriers that fed the brooks. The situation of Margery's house was visible, though not the house itself, and the Baron gazed that way for an infinitely long time, till, remembering himself, he moved on.

Instead of returning to the house he went along the ridge till he arrived at the verge of Chillington Wood, and in the same desultory manner roamed under the trees, not pausing till he had come to Three-Walks End, and the hollow elm hard by. He peeped in at the rift. In the soft dry layer of wood dust that floored the hollow Margery's tracks were still visible, as she had made them there when dressing for the ball.

"Little Margery!" murmured the Baron.

In a moment he thought better of this mood, and turned to go home. But behold, a form stood behind him—that of the girl whose name had been on his lips.

She was in utter confusion. "I—I—did not know you were here, sir!" she began. "I was out for a little walk." She could get no farther; her eyes filled with tears. That spice of willfulness, even hardness, which characterized her in Jim's company magically disappeared in the presence of the Baron.

"Never mind, never mind," said he, masking under a severe manner whatever he felt. "The meeting is awkward, and ought not to have occurred, especially if, as I suppose, you are shortly to be married to James Hayward. But it can not be helped now. You had no idea I was here, of course. Neither had I of seeing you. Remember, you can not be too careful," continued the Baron, in the same grave tone; "and I strongly request you as a friend to do your utmost to avoid meetings like this. When you saw me before I turned, why did you not go away?"

"I did not see you, sir. I did not think of seeing you. I was walking this way, and I only looked in to see the tree."

"That shows you have been thinking of things you should not think of," returned the Baron. "Good-morning."

Margery could answer nothing. A browbeaten glance, almost of misery, was all she gave him. He took a slow step away from her, then turned suddenly back, and stooping, impulsively kissed her cheek, taking her as much by surprise as ever a woman was taken in her life.

Immediately after, he went off with a flushed face and rapid strides, which he did not check till he was within his own boundaries.

The hay-making season now set in vigorously, and the weir-hatches were all down in the meads to drain off the water. The carriers ran themselves dry, and there was no longer any difficulty in walking about among them. The Baron could very well witness from the elevations about his house the activity which followed these preliminaries. The white shirt sleeves of the mowers glistened in the sun, the scythes flashed, voices echoed, snatches of song floated about, and there were glimpses of red wagon-wheels, purple gowns, and many-colored handkerchiefs.

The Baron had been told that the hay-making was to be followed by the wedding, and had he gone down to the dairy he would have had plenty of evidence to that effect. Dairyman Tucker's house was in a whirlpool of bustle, and among other difficulties was that of turning the cheese-room into a genteel apartment for the time being, and hiding the awkwardness of having to pass through the milk-house to get to the parlor door. These household contrivances appeared to interest Margery much more than the great question of dressing for the ceremony and the ceremony itself. In all relating to that she showed an indescribable backwardness, which later on was well remembered.

"If it were only somebody else, and I was one of the bridemaids, I really think I should like it better," she murmured one afternoon.

"Away with thee—that's only your shyness!" said one of the milkmaids.

It is said that about this time the Baron seemed to feel the effects of solitude strongly. Solitude revives the simple instincts of primitive man, and lonely country nooks afford rich soil for wayward emotions. Moreover, idleness waters those unconsidered impulses which a short season of turmoil would stamp out. It is difficult to speak with any exactness of the bearing of such conditions on the mind of the Baron—a man of whom so little was ever truly known—but there is no doubt that his mind ran much on Margery as an individual, without reference to her rank or quality, or to the question whether she would marry Jim Hayward that summer. She was the single lovely human thing within his present horizon—for he lived in absolute seclusion—and her image unduly affected him.

But leaving conjecture, let us state what happened. One Saturday evening, two or three weeks after his accidental meeting with her in the wood, he wrote the note following:

"DEAR MARGERY,—You must not suppose that because I spoke somewhat severely to you at our chance encounter by the hollow tree, I have any feeling against you. Far from it. Now as ever I have the most grateful sense of your considerate kindness to me on a momentous occasion which shall be nameless.

"You solemnly promised to come and see me whenever I should send for you. Can you call for five minutes as soon as possible, and disperse those plaguy glooms from which I am so unfortunate as to suffer? If you refuse, I will not answer for the consequences. I shall be in the summer shelter on the mount to-morrow morning at half past ten. If you come, I shall be grateful. I have also something for you.

"Yours, X."

In keeping with the tenor of this epistle the despondent, self-oppressed Baron ascended the mount on Sunday morning and sat down. There was nothing here to exactly signify the hour, but before the church bells had begun he heard somebody approaching at the back. The light footstep moved timidly, first to one recess, and then to another; then to the third, where he sat in the shade. Poor Margery stood before him.

She looked worn and weary, and her little shoes and the skirts of her dress were covered with dust. The weather was sultry, the sun being already high and powerful, and rain had not fallen for weeks. The Baron, who walked little, had thought nothing of the effects of this heat and drought in inducing fatigue. A distance which had been but a reasonable exercise on a foggy morning was a drag for Margery now. She was out of breath; and anxiety, even unhappiness, was written on her everywhere.

He rose to his feet and took her hand. He was vexed with himself at sight of her. "My dear little girl!" he said. "You are tired—you should not have come."

"You sent for me, sir, and I was afraid you were ill; and my promise to you was sacred."

He bent over her, looking upon her downcast face, still holding her hand; then he dropped it, and took a pace or two backward.

"It was a whim, nothing more," he said, sadly. "I wanted to see my little friend, to express good wishes, and to present her with this." He held forward a small morocco case, and showed her how to open it, disclosing a pretty locket, set with pearls. "It is intended as a wedding present," he continued. "To be returned to me again if you do not marry Jim this summer—it is to be this summer, I think?"

"It was, sir," she said, with agitation. "But it is so no longer. And therefore I can not take this."

"What do you say?"

"It was to have been to-day; but now it can not be."

"The wedding to-day—Sunday?" he cried.

"We fixed Sunday not to hinder much time at this busy season of the year," replied she.

"And have you, then, put it off—surely not?"

"You sent for me, and I have come," she answered, humbly, like an obedient familiar in the employ of some great enchanter. Indeed, the Baron's power over this innocent girl was curiously like enchantment, or mesmeric influence. It was so masterful that the sexual element was almost eliminated. It was that of Prospero over the gentle Ariel. And yet it was probably only that of the cosmopolite over the recluse, of the experienced man over the simple maid.

"You have come—on your wedding day! Oh, Margery, this is a mistake. Of course you should not have obeyed me, since, though I thought your wedding would be soon, I did not know it was to-day."

"I promised you, sir; and I would rather keep my promise to you than be married to Jim."

"Margery, that must not be—the feeling is wrong!" he murmured, looking at the distant hills. "There seems to be a fate in all this; I get out of the frying-pan into the fire. What a recompense to you for your goodness! The fact is, I was out of health and out of spirits, so I— But no more of that. How instantly to repair this tremendous blunder that we have made—that's the question."

After a pause, he went on, hurriedly: "Walk down the hill; get into the road. By that time I shall be there with a phaeton. We may get back in time. What time is it now? If not, no doubt the wedding can be to-morrow; so all will come right again. Don't cry, my dear girl. Keep the locket, of course—you'll marry Jim."

CHAPTER IX.

HE hastened down toward the stables, and she went on as directed. It seemed as if he must have put in the horse himself, so quickly did he re-appear with the phaeton on the open road. Margery silently took her seat, and the Baron seemed cut to the quick with self-reproach as he noticed the listless indifference with which she acted. There was no doubt that in her heart she had preferred obeying the apparently important mandate that morning to becoming Jim's wife; but there was no less doubt that had the Baron left her alone she would quietly have gone to the altar.

He drove along furiously, in a cloud of dust. There was much to contemplate in that peaceful Sunday morning—the windless trees and fields, the shaking sunlight, the pause in human stir. Yet neither of them heeded, and thus they drew near to the dairy. His first expressed intention had been to go in-doors with her, but this he abandoned as impolitic in the highest degree.

"You may be soon enough," he said, springing down, and helping her to follow. "Tell the truth: say you were sent for to receive a wedding present—that it was a mistake on my part—a mistake on yours; and I think they'll forgive. . . . And, Margery, my last request to you is this: that if I send for you again, you do not come. Promise solemnly, my dear girl, that any such request shall be unheeded."

Her lips moved, but the promise was not articulated. "Oh, sir, I can not promise it!" she said at last.

"But you must; your salvation may depend on it!" he insisted, almost fiercely. "You don't know what I am."

"Then, sir, I promise," she replied. "Now leave me to myself, please, and I'll go in-doors and manage matters."

He turned the horse and drove away, but only for a little distance. Out of sight he pulled rein suddenly. "Only to go back and propose it to her, and she'd come," he murmured.

He stood up in the phaeton, and by this means he could see over the hedge. Margery still sat listlessly in the same place; there was not a lovelier flower in the field. "No," he said; "no, no — never!" He re-seated himself, and the wheels sped lightly back over the soft dust to Mount Lodge.

Meanwhile Margery had not moved. [illegible] Baron could dissimulate on the side of passion, she could dissimulate on the side of calm. He did not know what had been veiled by the quiet promise to manage matters in-doors. Rising at length, she first turned away from the house; and by-and-by, having apparently forgotten till then that she carried it in her hand, she opened the case and looked at the locket. This seemed to give her courage. She turned, set her face toward the dairy in good earnest, and though her heart faltered when the gates came in sight, she kept on and drew near the door.

On the threshold she stood listening. The house was silent. Decorations were visible in the passage, and also the carefully swept and sanded path to the gate, which she was to have trodden as a bride; but the sparrows hopped over it as if it were abandoned: and all appeared to have been checked at its climacteric, like a clock stopped on the strike. Till this moment of confronting the suspended animation of the scene she had not realized the full shock of the convulsion which her disappearance must have caused. It is quite certain—apart from her own repeated assurances to that effect in later years—that in hastening off that morning to her sudden engagement, Margery had not counted the cost of such an enterprise, while a dim notion that she might get back again in time for the ceremony, if the message meant nothing serious, should also be mentioned in her favor. But upon the whole she had obeyed the call with an unreasoning obedience, worthy of a disciple in primitive times. A conviction that the Baron's life might depend upon her presence—for she had by this time divined the tragical event she had interrupted on the foggy morning—took from her all will to judge and consider calmly. The simple affairs of her and hers seemed nothing beside the possibility of harm to him.

A well-known step moved on the sanded floor within, and she went forward. That she saw her father's face before her, just within the door, can hardly be said: it was rather Reproach and Rage in a human mask.

"What! ye have dared to come back alive, hussy, to look upon the dupery you have practiced on honest people! You've mortified us all. I don't want to see ye; I don't want to hear ye; I don't want to know anything!" He walked up and down the room, unable to command himself. "Nothing but being dead could have excused ye for not meeting and marrying that man this morning; and yet you have the brazen impudence to stand there as well as ever! What be you here for?"

"I've come back to marry Jim, if he wants me to," she said, faintly. "And if not, perhaps so much the better. I was sent for this morning early. I thought—" She halted. To say that she had thought a man's death might happen by his own hand if she did not go to him, would never do. "I was obliged to go," she said. "I had given my word."

"Why didn't you tell us then, so that the wedding could be put off, without making fools o' us?"

"Because I was afraid you wouldn't let me go, and I had made up my mind to go."

"To go where?"

She was silent, till she said, "I will tell Jim all, and why it was; and if he's any friend of mine he'll excuse me."

"Not Jim—he's no such fool. Jim had put all ready for you; Jim had called at your house, a dressed up in his new wedding clothes, and a smiling like the sun; Jim had told the parson had got the ringers in tow, and the clerk a waiting, and then—you was *gone!* Then Jim turned as pale as rendlewood, and busted out, 'If she don't marry me to-day,' 'a said, 'she don't marry me at all! No; let her look elsewhere for a husband. For two years I've put up with her hoitish tricks and her takings,' 'assid. 'I've drooped and I've traipsed, I've bought and I've sold, all wi' an eye to her; I've suffered horsefesh,' he says—yes, them was his noble words—'but I'll suffer it no longer. She shall go!' 'Jim,' says I, 'you be a man. If she's alive, I commend ye; if she's dead, I pity my old age.' 'She isn't dead,' says he; 'for I've just heard she was seen walking off across the fields this morning, looking all of a scornful triumph.' He turned round and went, and the rest o' the neighbors went; and here be I left to the reproach o't."

"He was too hasty," murmured Margery. "For now he's said this, I can't marry him to-morrow, as I might ha' done; and perhaps so much the better."

"You can be so calm about it, can ye! Be my arrangements nothing, then, that you should break 'em up, and say off-hand what wasn't done to-day might ha' been done to-morrow, and such flick-flack? Out o' my sight! I won't hear any more. I won't speak to ye any more."

"I'll go away, and then you'll be sorry."

"Very well, go. Sorry!—not I."

He turned and stamped his way into the cheese-room. Margery went upstairs. She too was excited now, and instead of fortifying herself in her bedroom till her father's rage had blown over, as she had often done on lesser occasions, she packed up a bundle of articles, crept down again, and went out of the house. She had a place of refuge in these cases of necessity, and her father knew it, and was less alarmed at seeing her depart than he might otherwise have been. This place was Rook's Gate, the house of her grandmother, who always took Margery's part when that young woman was particularly in the wrong.

The devious way she pursued to avoid the vicinity of Mount Lodge was tedious, and she was already weary. But the cottage was a restful place to arrive at, for she was her own mistress there — her grandmother never coming down-stairs—and Edy, the woman who lived with and attended her, being a cipher except in music

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and voice. The approach was by a straight open road, bordered by thin lank trees, all sloping away from the southwest wind quarter, and the scene bore a strange resemblance to certain bits of Dutch landscape which have been imprinted on the world's eye by Hobbema and his school.

Having explained to her granny that the wedding was put off, and that she had come to stay, one of Margery's first acts was to carefully pack up the locket and cuse, her wedding present from the Baron. The conditions of the gift were unfulfilled, and she wished it to go back instantly. Perhaps in the intricacies of her bosom there lurked a greater satisfaction with the reason for returning the present than she would have felt just then with a reason for keeping it.

To send the article was difficult. In the evening she wrapped herself up, searched and found a gauze veil that had been used by her grandmother in past years for hiving swarms of bees, buried her face in it, and sallied forth with a palpitating heart till she drew near the tabernacle of her demi-god the Baron. She ventured only to the back door, where she handed in the parcel addressed to him, and quickly came away.

Now it seems that during the day the Baron had been unable to learn the result of his attempt to return Margery in time for the event he had interrupted. Wishing, for obvious reasons, to avoid direct inquiry by messenger, and being too unwell to go far himself, he could learn no particulars. He was sitting in thought after a lonely dinner, when the parcel intimating failure was brought in. The footman, whose curiosity had been excited by the mode of its arrival, peeped through the key-hole after closing the door, to learn what the packet meant. Directly the Baron had opened it he thrust out his feet vehemently from his chair, and began cursing his ruinous conduct in bringing about such a disaster, for the return of the locket denoted not only no wedding that day, but none to-morrow, or at any time.

"I have done that innocent woman a great wrong!" he murmured. "Deprived her of, perhaps, her only opportunity of becoming mistress of a happy home!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOUNT McGREGOR.

"THE most persistent case of hay fever completely cured by one week's sojourn at Mount McGregor, or no charge for board," is the guarantee offered by the proprietors of this new and most charming summer resort. In a sense, Mount McGregor is a *new* resort, although its formation shows it to be one of the oldest of the everlasting hills. It is ten miles north of Saratoga Springs, and is the highest peak, south of the Hudson, of the Palmertown range of mountains, the outermost of the five ranges traversing from north to south the wilderness of Northern New York. Beginning with the most eastern, they are, respectively, the Palmertown or Luzerne, the Kayaderossera, the Scarron (Schroon), the Bouquet, and the Adirondack ranges, though these designations have become gradually merged in the general term Adirondacks. Some years ago Mr. DUNCAN MCGREGOR purchased the mountain, to which he gave his own name, and undertook its reclamation from the primeval wilderness. He built, with infinite labor, a winding carriage-road up its rugged sides, erected a comfortable house on its summit, and invited summer visitors at Saratoga Springs to drive out and examine his view. Many accepted the invitation; but the drive was long and tedious, and Mount McGregor did not attain the popularity to which its unrivalled situation gives it a claim. Last year the property passed into the hands of a company of wealthy gentlemen, who conceived the idea of locating their summer cottages on its breezy heights, and of erecting on its very summit a magnificent hotel, which should form the nucleus of their elevated Arcadia. The vice-president of the company, an enterprising young man named ARKELL, possessed of advanced ideas of the value of rapid transit, declared a railroad from Saratoga to be indispensable to the success of the enterprise, and advocated its construction. He was sold that the idea of building anything but a cog-wheel road up the mountain-side was preposterous, and that his scheme was wholly impracticable. To prove himself right, Mr. ARKELL called to his aid an engineer who had learned among the Peruvian Andes to overcome the obstacles presented by mountains, and, after making five surveys, they discovered a line which they deemed practicable. A thousand men were set to work hewing a roadbed from the solid rock on the mountain-side, bridging wild gorges, and constructing embankments, for which they had to scrape the scanty covering of earth from acres of rocky ledges. In ninety days from the time the first spadeful of earth was upturned the road was finished, and cars were running to the summit of the mountain. In its construction this Saratoga, Mount McGregor, and Lake George Railway is not only a marvel of engineering skill, but of strength and solidity. It is a narrow-gauge track laid on a broad-gauge road-bed, of which all the trestles are calculated to support the heaviest-laden trains of standard gauge and weight. Leaving its pretty station on Broadway, in Saratoga, the train rolls easily and swiftly over six miles of the level farming country of the Upper Hudson, and then begins its four-mile climb of from 212 to 235 feet to the mile, the steepest railroad grade in the State. To attain its object, the little road twists and turns until it is as crooked as the Ocklawaha River, in Florida, and has directed its course toward every point of the compass. Now the train approaches the precipitous verge of the mountain-side, allowing its passengers momentary glimpses of the broad valley far below, and then it plunges back into the depths of the forest; but its progress is ever upward until it has climbed 1000 feet, and stands puffing, as though from its recent exertions, on a little plateau close beside the summit.

Mount McGregor is a bold outlying spur of the mountains in which the Hudson rises, and around it, on the north, the great river sweeps in a sharp curve, and after flowing almost due east through this last barrier, turns to the southward on its majestic course to the sea. Being thus almost isolated from its range, this mountain offers two glorious outlooks, one to the east and south, and one to the west and north. The eastern lookout, which is that of the great Balmoral Hotel on the very summit, is over fifty miles of the Hudson Valley, covered with its farm lands and clumps of dark woods, gleaming here and there with bits of water, and stretching away to a distant background of the Green Mountains in Vermont. Far to the southward Saratoga Lake sparkles in the sunlight, and the opposite horizon is bounded by mountains cradling the waters to which the pious Father JOGUES gave the name of "Lake of the Blessed Sacrament"—a name changed a hundred years later by loyal Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON to "Lake George." In the immediate foreground the various greens of cultivated field and standing timber offer rich contrasts to the deep red of the barns and pure white of the farm-houses which dot the landscape. From the foot of the mountain extending northeasterly across the valley as far as the eye can see is the southerly *askew* line of the twenty-second allotment of the Kayaderossera Patent, surveyed in 1770, and easily traced by the growth of bushes along its fences and walls.

A few miles to the east, and very plainly visible, rises the battle monument at Old Saratoga (Schuylerville), marking the scene of BURGOYNE'S surrender. This upper valley of the Hudson during the years of the old Indian wars was the scene of many a fierce conflict between the Iroquois of the Mohawk and the Algonquins of the North, and the trail leading from the Mohawk to the St. Lawrence, over which the war parties of each nation passed on their forays, may still be easily followed as it winds around the foot of Mount McGregor.

Three miles from this point of view the mountain terminates in an abrupt headland known as the Western Lookout, the view from which is overwhelming in its grandeur as the visitor emerges from the forest and is suddenly confronted by it. A thousand feet below him the Hudson, a brawling mountain stream, laughs and tumbles down its foam-flecked bed of rocks. Its course is choked by thousands of saw-logs working their troubled way from distant forests to their destined mills and lumber-yards. Close beyond the river, and extending back, range upon range, until lost in the purple distance, rise the tumultuous mountains awful in their unbroken solitudes and grand in their towering might.

Nothing can be more interesting than to stand on this bold rock and watch the approach of a thunder-storm down the valley of the Hudson. The masses of slate-colored cloud blot out the distant peaks, and roll on toward the spectator, still bathed in sunlight, like the veil of oblivion, dimly illumined by the glare of far-off lightnings, and heralded by the low mutterings of thunder. The sunlight gradually fades, and a gray darkness creeps on; birds, with frightened cries, fly low and seek shelter from the impending storm, and leaves shiver fitfully in the sudden gusts that stir the heavy air. With terrible rapidity the irresistible cloud wall moves on, enveloping and hiding each feature of the landscape; the muttering thunder increases to a roar, and then to a deafening, stunning crash, following instantly each blinding flame of the electric fires, and with a howling of wind, a rending of branches, and a deluge of rain, the storm bursts over and around the mountain with a fury inconceivable in the sheltered valleys below.

The heavy forest growth covering the summit of Mount McGregor is intersected in all directions by roads and paths leading to points of observation, to the several lakes that nestle in the hollows, and to other places of interest. Of the lakes the largest and most beautiful is Bonita, a mile west of the hotel, and reached by a heavily shaded wood road. The lake is encircled by forest-clad hills, and on its sparkling surface rest a number of the curious floating islands or bogs common to most Adirondack lakes. They are covered with sphagnous mosses, which late in the season rival the autumn foliage of the trees in the richness and beauty of their red, yellow, and purple tints. Amid the mosses bloom the modest Kalmia—offering its humble tribute to the memory of PETER KALM, the great Swedish botanist who discovered it—gaudy cardinal-flowers, the yellow iris, the sweet-scented river rose, the stately fleur-de-lis, and hundreds more, vivid in color or sweet in perfume, forming patterns on the green groundwork that rival in color the fairest products of Persian looms. The deep coves of the lake offer delicious landing-places of moss-carpeted rock, almost hidden in dark cool shade; it is well stocked with fish, and with its beauty, its wildness, and manifold attractions, it is no wonder that it tempted the hermit whose log cabin still stands a short distance to the right of the boat landing to renounce the world and linger on its dreamy banks.

On the Lake Bonita road stands a novel auxiliary to the usual attractions of a summer resort, in the shape of an art gallery. It is a picturesque Queen Anne building, containing several hundred specimens of the best work of a number of American artists. Among the well-known names appearing on the catalogue of this exhibition are BIERSTADT, QUARTLEY, MORAN, WYANT, CROPSEY, Miss CONANT, STORY, TAIT, GUY, BEARD, VAN BOSKERCK, CHAMPNEY, MCENTEE, SILVA, DE HAAS, H. P. SMITH, SMEDLEY, SMILLIE, BOLTON JONES, DE LUCE, PARTON, HOWLAND, and many others. An admission fee is charged, and the pictures exhibited are for sale on commission. After the expenses of the gallery are deducted from the receipts thus arising, the remaining fund is devoted to the encouragement of American art. Near the art gallery is a romantic sheet of water called Artists' Lake, which in times of freshets falls over its dam in a silver cascade.

Although Mount McGregor is but 1300 feet above Saratoga, this elevation is sufficient to insure a wonderful lowering of temperature. Cool breezes always sweep across its summit; the night is rare on which a blanket is not a comfortable addition to the bed-clothing, and the cheerful wood fires that occasionally blaze on the hearths during evenings and early mornings of July and August days are very welcome.

Sites have been selected and the plans drawn for several woodland cottages, many of which will in time be scattered over the mountain-top, and in the near future Mount McGregor promises to be one of the most popular of American summer resorts.

THE ROSE IN THE GARDEN.

In the garden grew a rose-bush,
And it bore one single flower,
That through summer rain and sunshine
Fairer grew from hour to hour,
Till it was a perfect flower.

Two youths by the garden wandered,
Saw the rose, and vainly sighed,
Each to wear it in his bosom—
White rose, sweet as a sweet bride—
But, alas! both vainly sighed.

Then said one, with angry scorning,
"It would never do for me;
'Tis not white, nor sweet, nor perfect;
Quite a common rose, I see;
It would never do for me."

"Nay," the other said, "of roses
This rose is the very best;
Whitest, purest, sweetest, rarest—
He who wins it will be blest.
Oh, to wear it in my breast!"

And he lingered near the garden
Till he heard a whisper sweet—
"Enter"—and the rose of roses
Bent his loving hand to meet;
Made his life forever sweet!

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

OCEAN GROVE leads all the other sea-side resorts in the rigor of its observance of the Lord's day. Fishing, boating, and bathing on Sunday are regarded as sinful diversions. It is said, however, that this resort is rather liberal in respect to the allowance with which it looks upon the use of bathing suits as street dresses on secular days.

It has occurred to many of the writers who are struggling with the great questions of the day to suggest that, in view of England's sending her paupers to the United States, our government might solve the Indian problem by shipping the troublesome and expensive red men to London and Liverpool, beginning with General Crook's captured Chiricahuas. "Free trade in paupers implies reciprocity," is one way of putting it.

From a financial point of view the National Exhibition of Railway Appliances, in Chicago, was not a success, but it is acknowledged by all that it was one of the most interesting displays ever made in this country.

It is inferred from a dispatch recently received in Washington from General Schofield that there has been an exceptionally destructive tornado somewhere in the far West. He telegraphs from his camp that hostile Indians are "dropping in from all sides in small fragments."

Three great divisions of the human race were represented on the same gallows recently in Arkansas. The condemned men were a negro, a white man, and a Creek Indian.

The railroad contractor who identifies his Italian shovellers by means of numbers painted glaringly on the most conspicuous part of their trousers is credited with having introduced into this country a sort of Italian count that is not likely to turn the heads of the daughters of liberty.

A writer in London says that "conspicuous idiots in English society" imitate the guttural accent of the Prince of Wales and his brothers, of whom the Duke of Edinburgh is the most intensely German in speech and manner. Can it be that the conspicuous idiots in American society have been on the wrong track all this time?

The Marquis Demores was attacked recently in Dakota, where he has an extensive ranch, by a number of men whose ill-will he had incurred. In the fight that ensued one of his assailants was killed. A court held that the killing was justifiable so far as the marquis and his helpers were concerned, but decided to detain for trial two men who were with the slain man's party, on the charge that they are guilty of manslaughter in having provoked the fight.

An interesting question has been raised in one of the civil courts of this city by a colored man, who claims that he should be paid $250 for eight ounces of blood which was transfused into the veins of a man who was suffering from having inhaled illuminating gas. The complaint sets forth that when the colored man consented to part with that much of his blood the sufferer was barely alive, and that three hours after the operation he could recognize friends, and in twenty-four hours was a well man. Perhaps the trial of the case will bring out answers to questions which will suggest themselves to every speculative reader—whether the patient's complexion was less fair or his hair less straight after the operation, and whether he believes that he has suffered any disadvantage because of prejudice against those who have negro blood in their veins.

A Georgia merchant says, "We are selling this year a great many farm bells of large size for use in country neighborhoods as alarms in case of tramps." Some of the bells are large enough to send their notes of alarm out to a dozen or more of the surrounding farms.

The most startling information that has been printed concerning the East River Bridge appeared in a recent issue of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which paper announced that the heaviest load that has crossed the bridge went over on a Saturday afternoon, and "consisted of a thirteen-ton named Morris Kerrigan," and that subsequently officer Gebhardt "arrested a young man engine fifteen feet in height and drawn by six horses." To those who understand the mysteries of the composing-room the two statements appearing in proximity are less startling than either of them would be if alone.

The first white male child born in Tehama County, California, grew up to be a murderer.

An inventor in Louisville has outdone all others in the struggle to produce a perpetual motion machine. He actually made a contrivance which took off three of his fingers. When a surgeon was dressing the wounded hand, the inventor exclaimed, exultingly, "It worked splendidly; one more bolt and it will run forever."

THE IRISH DUDE(ENE).

The largest piece of glass ever made in the United States, it is said, is sent by an Indiana manufacturer to the Southern Exposition at Louisville. It is fifteen feet long and eleven and a half wide, and the Boston *Post* says it has probably more protection to the square foot than any other manufactured article that will be shown there.

"The United States consumes more lemons than all the rest of the world," paradoxical as it may seem to venders of circus and Sunday-school picnic lemonade.

The *St. James's Gazette* raises the question in England whether the United States is to be the great wine-producing country of the future. The fact that a Dutchman in the interior of Pennsylvania is manufacturing ancient Dutch clocks which can not be distinguished from those made in Holland a hundred years ago, would seem to indicate that America could produce pretty fair French champagne on a pinch.

No one would have dared to suspect that the Adams family "ponied" its Greek if a scion of the fourth generation hadn't given his ancestors away.

A new gas main four feet in diameter, running from Charing Cross to Pall Mall, is believed to have the largest capacity of any in the world, with the possible exception of the United States Congress when engaged in the discussion of a measure to revise the tariff.

Now comes from the far West another illustration of the eternal fitness of things. Calico, a town on the Pacific coast, has a newspaper called *The Print*.

"A fresh ostrich egg now costs only one hundred dollars." Easter is a long way off.

When the veteran Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* sets out to voice the sentiment of that city, his words are regarded throughout New England as having the fidelity of a veritable echo. Of Governor Butler's going from Boston to attend the Harvard Commencement with his six-horse carriage, his mounted staff, his cavalry escort in the showy Lanciers, his broad-brimmed Panama hat, and his Lieutenant-Governor, "who apparently has much reverence for his colleague in office," and of the Governor's doings after reaching Cambridge, he says, "The general opinion is that the Governor, though he was too splurgy in his manner of going out to the college, acquitted himself with much success after reaching there." The colored people who lined the way in a part of the city through which the procession passed "have never before," he writes, "been so impressed by the spectacle of the Executive party on the way to Harvard."

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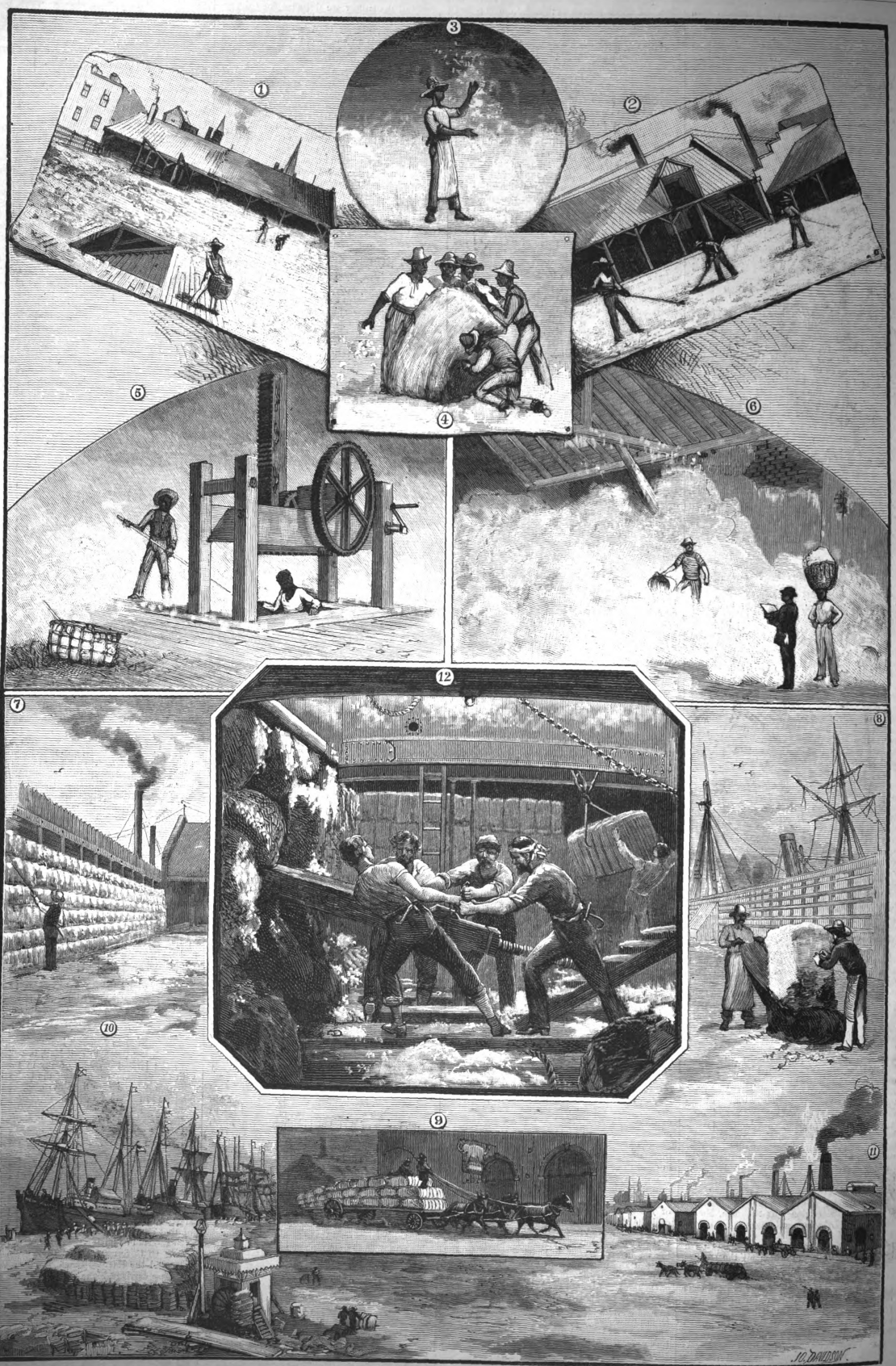

1. A Cotton Pickery. 2. Drying Sheds. 3. Mixing. 4. Picking or Cleaning a Bale. 5. Making up a Bale. 6. A Lint Room. 7. Sunning Racks. 8. A damaged Bale. 9. A Cotton Float. 10. European Steamer loading. 11. Cotton Presses on Levee. 12. Packing Cotton in a Steamer's Hold.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH, NO. 3.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 446.]

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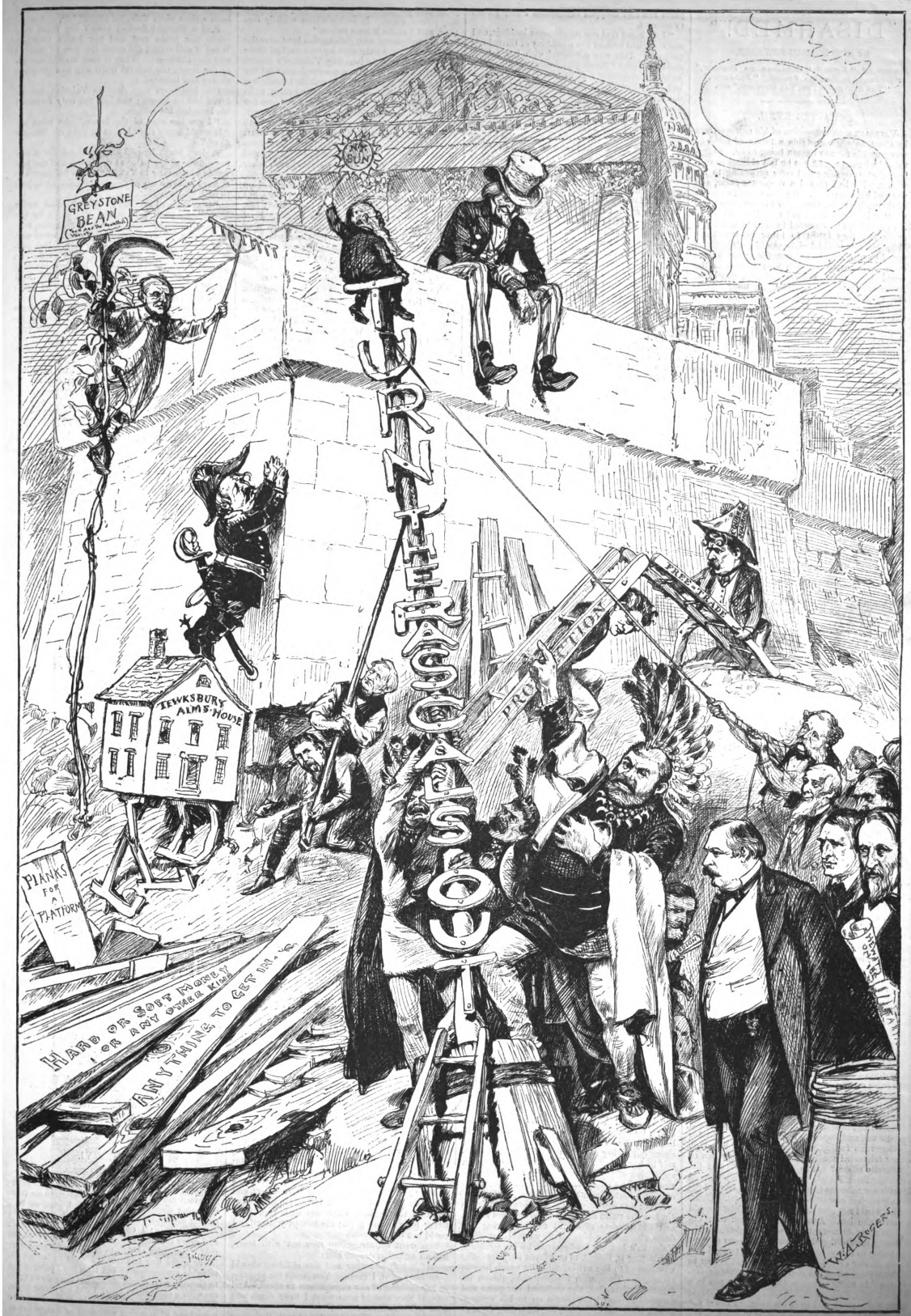

KEEP THE RASCALS OUT.—[See Article, "Of Rascals," Page 435.]

Uncle Sam (*to the hungry party whose rascals were turned out more than twenty years ago*). "Up to your old tricks again, eh? Well, you must think I'm a fool, if you suppose you can climb up here in that way."

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"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvesters; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Valerian took possession of his new quarters in about as uncomfortable a frame of mind as was possible for any human being to be. Everything had gone wrong, yet he felt obliged to confess that everything had gone according to his wishes. He had played a desperate game, and worsted his adversary. He was not only master of the position, but master of himself, free to go whither he willed, to do as he would with his life. All these facts he repeated to himself again and again, but they failed to bring re-assurance. Whichever way he looked, he saw himself hemmed round by problems and obstructions; no straight open path anywhere. His best friends in the world were these three—Christina, Stephana, Arthura. How was he requiting their friendship? A letter from Stephana lay on the writing-table, and he sat down to answer it as to a heavy task. It was the kind, confidential letter that any woman would write to a dear friend; the style could not be displeasing to him, but the gist of it lay in a question he found it impossible to answer.

How had he obtained a knowledge of the facts on which his play was based? asked Stephana. Was it mere supposition? Had he drawn inferences only and acted on them, or were the data actually in his possession, and if so, how came they there—honestly or by a fraud? Stephana's question was not framed thus, but so it shaped itself to Valerian's uneasy mind; and long he sat, pen in hand, unable to indite a syllable. The explanation forced upon him must be easier by letter than by word of mouth, and he knew it was inevitable. Yet he hesitated. When at last he put pen to paper, his mind underwent one of those curious phases not uncommon with those who are ever moved by two impulses. Valerian always intended to follow the straight course, but could not help reasoning himself into the advisability, even necessity, of the crooked. He wanted to have Stephana's confidence and sympathy at any price, and at first he said to himself that this should be paid even at the risk of self-abasement. Stephana should know the truth, and nothing but the truth. Words, however, on paper have a hard look. They put us out of countenance sooner than the same confession made by speech; and so the first page was torn, and the second, and the third, and when the fourth was begun not a trace of the original letter remained. Style and substance were remodelled till both became unrecognizable from the original copy. Valerian, in the first instance, had set out with the intention of adhering to the unvarnished truth, but finally ended in romancing. The first page, however, contained verity.

"You will most likely be astonished to learn," he wrote, "that the earliest notion of my possible relation to Christina arose from a consciousness of antipathy, the kind of antipathy that belongs to nearness of kin—indeed, that arises from nearness of kin. Why should people not nearly related ever dislike each other? There are a dozen reasons why those of the same blood should do so. They see their own frailties and defects, mental as well as physical, reflected, often distorted, as in a mirror. They can not get rid of a perpetual monitor, or at least reminder, of what they would fain forget. If the shining qualities predominate, a sense of comparison is evoked no less painful than self-criticism. So it was with Christina and myself. The shining qualities were not there, certainly, but others as forcibly challenging comparison. I was serviceable to my protectress—nay, essential to her comfort—and she always showed consideration and open-handed generosity to me, for which I am not ungrateful. There was never any pretense of affection between us.

"The truth, or the probable truth, having once flashed across my mind, a thousand circumstances seemed to confirm it. I knew that one person, and one only, was in Christina's confidence. Colette might—must—know, but Colette would never tell. Her attitude was always that of a mediator between her patroness and myself. She would give affront twenty times a day by interference on my behalf, always of a conciliatory nature, and always in matters of little moment. She had evidently made up her mind that at some future time, and by dint of her own efforts, Christina and I should become attached to each other. I could not help remarking this, and it seemed to me, viewed by the light of a steadily growing conviction, evidence of secret remorse on Colette's part. She herself felt concerned in the wrong that had been done me, and hoped to make amends. But for some such feeling, why her apologetic behavior, her reiterated mediations, her supererogation of friendly offices? It is my firm belief that the kindly little French woman often remonstrated with her mistress in secret, and that I formed the only subject of contention between them. Christina would not love me enough, and Colette could not make her. Another point struck me: Colette never seemed satisfied with our mistress's liberality toward myself. She seemed—so at least I began to fancy—as if I ought to be treated like the master of the house, as if I ought rather to share than serve the rich Miss Hermitage's fortune. In trifling matters Colette would put in a word. Mr. Valerian should have his riding-horse; Mr. Valerian should have his valet. I could not be made too much of, she seemed to think. We were always on the best of terms, Colette and I, and in our free and easy conversations of many years she had dropped statements I now turned to account.

"I gathered that *one* conspicuous incident, and one only, had broken the monotony of Christina's past life. This was a quarrel with her father, and an absence following it of many months from home. Concerning this quarrel Colette was extremely reticent. The pair of friends, the Squire's daughter and her companion, had travelled for more than a year. Where did they go? How did they occupy themselves? Such questions Colette would ever answer vaguely and with evident reluctance. Yet at times she would advert to this epoch as if it had especial charms for her, and as if she were compelled to do so against her will. Was it that she felt the burden of a secret? Was it that she would fain have spoken out but dared not? One or two hints she did let fall of a love affair, of Christina's determination to marry against the Squire's will, of a final reconciliation. She named no names in conjunction with this love affair, but on former occasions had often mentioned a personage whom I could but associate with it. This was the riding-master of the pair, who, somehow or other, Colette could not seem to get out of her head, although he was never alluded to in her mistress's presence. My suspicions were aroused here, and I felt that I had a clew. Knowing as I did the character of the daughter, and of the father also, I put these things together till a coherent story shaped itself in my mind, a runaway marriage, an after-confession, a final sacrifice of natural feeling to pride, and for the rest silence. But you will say there was a third voice that must have made itself heard if these suspicions were true. The lover, the husband, the father of the child, where was he? You may be sure I had pondered on this often, and many a time had tried to elicit some inadvertent explanation by throwing Colette off her guard. It was only by chance, however, that I learned more. She had been ailing from what French women call a nervous attack, and I overheard her murmur to herself that 'never since getting the news of Henry's sudden death had she suffered from such palpitations.' By the name of Henry she had always called the riding-master."

So far Valerian's explanations were genuine, but he knew that more would be required to satisfy Stephana. He added, now writing desperately, letting the words do with him as they would:

"I have no proofs to give you. Had proofs been in my possession, should I have acted as I did? There would have been no necessity for shift and stratagem. Do not blame, therefore, but rather pity me for being driven to such extremities; and what is more—yes, Stephana, I say it for once and for all—you are said to possess subtle fascinations over your fellow-creatures. Use them now. Exorcise two evil spirits: reconcile me to my mother if you can.

"Valerian."

But what if Valerian had added a postscript hinting at betrayed confidence and violated trust, private documents surreptitiously handled, and secret places pried into? For Valerian had told a part of the truth only. The basis of his play had been a fragmentary journal in Colette's handwriting, and of that diary and the means by which he had obtained access to it he said never a word. The Molly, the Letty, the sire, the swain, of Valerian's idyllic play all lived in these sentimental pages, penned for her own satisfaction, and as a relief to outward secrecy, by a girl, more than thirty years before. The outline of the story, with some reservation, was there. He had but hazarded the sequel, put in a few details, and made of the scattered incidents a consistent whole. On the other hand, might not Valerian have urged on his own behalf that he had combated fraud with fraud, and forced his way as the owner of stolen treasure into the thief's house? His birthright had been filched from him. Was he not justified in using any means to wrench it from the hands of those who held it back? All these arguments, and many more, Valerian might have put before Stephana, passionately, vindictively, maybe unanswerably. Because he dreaded a shadow of discredit he held his peace when it most behooved him to speak. In Stephana's eyes, at least, his conduct should appear flawless.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The ink had not dried on the page, and Valerian lingered, seal in hand, when a clear, joyous voice called his name. How may a word find a soul's depth, as a pebble the well's bottom! In a moment he felt conscious of himself—that hidden self, dark and unfathomable to other eyes. It was but his own name he heard, and a maiden uttering it. Yet he stood still, hesitating painfully.

"Valerian! Valerian!" again exclaimed Arthura, no cloud on her brow, no uncertainty in her movements. The true, transparent nature shone out of her steadfast eyes and betrayed itself in her welcoming smile. An apparition, an apparition of joy and beauty, she seemed as she stood thus, an impersonation of the daring maidenly love that thinketh no evil.

There was wintriness in the heavens and in the air, but the warm carnation of her lips and cheek, and the touches of bright color relieving her dress, cheered the place if they could not cheer Valerian's heart. Undismayed by his silence—attributing it, indeed, to overjoyed surprise—she now moved to the writing-table by which he was standing. Then, with indescribable, almost infantine satisfaction, she unclosed her palm and dropped several bank-notes on to his writing-case. Each was crumpled, for, regarding them as far too precious to consign to purse or pocket, she had brought her treasure from one end of London to the other in her hands.

"Count these notes," she said, blushing with pride and pleasure. "There are one, two, three fifty-pound notes. It is my whole worldly fortune, and I make it over to you."

Still crimsoning with delight, she bent over the paper money, fondling each by turn as if in those symbols she was deciphering Valerian's future weal and her own. The mere suspicion that her lover was not at one with her, and that boundless confidence no longer existed between them, as in the matchless French days, never entered into her mind. It must be with Valerian as with herself. Once more together, the ills of separation were surely as if they had never been. Her heart must open to his, and his thoughts commune freely with her own. Love made them artless and trusting as children who have singled each other out for comradeship.

She babbled on blithely: "I had hoarded up this money for the remainder of papa's debts, but my step-mother has had a little fortune left her, and insists on paying the debts herself. So I have a hundred and fifty pounds for my poor Valerian. Mr. Constantine tells me you have come to London to make your way; you will need money. You will not refuse my little all? But what is the matter?"

She uttered the last words suddenly seized with consternation. She was now looking him full in the face, all the glow and gaysomeness faded from her own, all her painful entreaty told without a word. He stooped down and kissed her pure forehead. What a kiss! Arthura felt chilled by it to the very veins. No words could have so utterly disconcerted her. Reading that expression of dismay once more, once more he bent down and touched her candid brow with his lips, Arthura waiting pale and expectant as one to whom the next moment may bring sentence.

"You should not have brought me your money," he said at last, looking as spiritless and unhappy as herself. He added, slowly, "And you should not have come."

It was the first time Arthura had ever been directly reproached by Valerian, and the truth began to dawn upon her painfully. Her best friend was angry, nay, affronted with her. Tears of vexation rose to her eyes, and her cheeks crimsoned again, this time from shame and indignation. She might have done wrong, but Valerian of all others had the least right to blame.

"We are not in France, remember, dearest," he went on. "There are things a young lady may do, and things she may not do. You have acted generously, but without taking thought."

"I only wanted to be kind," murmured Arthura.

"Kind! kind!" cried Valerian, running his fingers desperately through his hair. "First be kind to yourself. We are not in Madame Henri's drawing-room at Nantes. What would my friends think if they chanced to call and found you here?"

It was a brusque, even brutal speech, yet Arthura could but acknowledge the truth of it. She realized the unwelcome conviction at once. Her conduct was not only inconsequent, but wanting in maidenly reserve. Where, however, was the love that should have risen up as an advocate? where the tenderness that should have pardoned all for the sake of the motive? She rose proudly to go, no playful vindication on her lips now, no arch remonstrance in her eyes.

"Pardon me, a thousand pardons, my darling," Valerian said, hurriedly and apologetically, evidently anxious to get the interview over. "I will come and see you in your home. I will tell you everything. Forgive me if I express myself plainly. I thank you heartily for your generous intentions. But you should not have come. It was wrong of me to let you go on that holiday trip to France. We must become circumspect in the future. We must have some regard to the world."

The world! Arthura stood still with sealed lips and a pale, anguish-stricken face. For a stronger, more cruel light played on the reality now, and brought it home to her. Not for the first time to-day had she fallen below Valerian's standard. He had, then, been dissatisfied with her a year ago without ever saying a word! She thought she could understand that part of his conduct hitherto mysterious, the long interval between letter and letter, the silence as to his changed fortunes, the chilling reception of to-day, the spoken, and what was hardest of all to bear, the implied reproach.

That little word with which Valerian's sentence finished seemed to rise up as a wall between them. The world! What but the world had divided them from the beginning? What but the world prompted Valerian's unkindness now? Might not the world end by separating them more and more, and wearing away their love for each other? Her quick, impatient mind went further. She thought she could date every change in Valerian's behavior from that French holiday, and recollected happiness rose up as a Nemesis to smite her now.

She was but justly punished for having loved too well. She looked at him, no longer, as she deemed, her adoring lover and closest friend in the wide world; rather her judge and discommender. At last she said, very quietly and pathetically, her mind full of the lost trustingness and joy and hope, and of the present blank and uncertainty: "I know that I ought not to have gone on that holiday excursion with you. But never let any one blame me except yourself. I could not bear it."

She went on, struggling now not with tears, but an agitation deeper still:

"If my step-mother and the children should ever hear of it, I mean. You made me promise to say nothing of our engagement to them. And now, if they should hear what I have done, and that you blame me for it!"

She paused, as Valerian thought, on the verge of sobs, and, wishing to comfort her, he took her hands in his own and clasped them close. But the action did not soothe, it only served to heighten the contrast in Arthura's mind. There had been a time when Valerian adored her, and no[t]

And a thought flashed across her mind [which] made her brain reel and her knees tr[em]ble. What if evil report did reach the ears of [Ste]phana and the children! What if they should [hear] the truth, the baleful truth? Valerian saw [her] as day and believed in.

She had been very dear to Valerian, but he loved her no longer; she had not only forfeited his love, but his esteem.

"I am the stay of the house," she went on, "It would break their hearts to have me thought ill of."

A deep blush burned on her cheek for a moment, leaving her paler than before, and the last words which rang in Valerian's ears for days after were rather a cry of desolation than an appeal to him.

"Oh, Walter! Walter! Walter must never know," she cried. Then she slid down by the side of Valerian's chair for a few moments, sobbing bitterly, unconscious of the cruel world outside her little brother's adoring love. Her passion of grief over, what could Valerian do but entreat forgiveness? She was his own, his very own, he said. All would come right with them in time. She must love him a thousand times more fondly than ever.

The smiter in his turn was smitten. Valerian's conscience did indeed reproach him for the ill-considered words of a quarter of an hour ago. Arthura let him whisper what he would in her ear, let him clasp her passive hand, then went away without a smile or a word. They could never more be to each other as they once had been. She felt it to be supreme valediction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FALL OF THE BOWLDER.

The hundreds of visitors who this summer will visit the White Mountains will find some change in one of the striking scenes in the picturesque and charming district that lies near Franconia Notch. The Eagle Cliff still towers up, with its craggy precipices covered or festooned with birches, maples, and vines. The great Stone Face still looks down, as if, in Hawthorne's words, an enormous Titan had sculptured his own likeness there. Echo Lake still is worthy of its name. The Basin still brims with its pellucid waters. But the Flume has lost one of its wonders. All visitors remember the spot where a narrow fissure in the mountain forms a passage for the stream. This cleft in the rocks is fifty feet high and several hundred feet long, and narrows at the upper end till it becomes only twelve feet wide. The little torrent rushes foaming past the smooth frowning walls of rock on which the green mosses are dripping, and beneath the little bridge which spanned the narrowest part of the ravine. Just here was the huge bowlder, egg-shaped, that had been caught between the walls of rock. It had hung there for centuries, and every one thought it would still hang threateningly for centuries to come; but the late storms have removed it from its place.

On Wednesday, June 20, a storm passed over the mountains. The clouds began to thicken and sink down, the lightning flashed far and wide, while the heavy roar of the thunder told of the approaching down-pour. Rain fell in torrents. During the heaviest part of the shower a thunder-bolt that jarred the country for miles around struck Mount Liberty near the top. The bolt started a mass of rock down the steep side, which widened and deepened as it pushed its way forward, leaving a channel fifty feet wide and thirty feet deep. The flood of water carrying the huge mass entered the stream about half a mile above the Flume, cutting away both sides of the stream. It then entered the Flume, swept away the pine log lying across the top of the high walls, and carried the great bowlder about a thousand feet below its old resting-place beside the newly cut channel. The water rose to the height of fifty feet in the Flume. After passing it the flood spread right and left, taking down nearly two acres of heavy forest. The great bulk of the stone that was carried down lodged on the "apron," covering two-thirds of it with huge blocks of stone. Nearly all the space from the bridge up to the lower end of the Flume is covered with stone and broken timber. This is not the first time that such a land-slide has happened in this region. Indeed, some people have explained the presence of the bowlder in its old position by the large land-slide that took place many years ago.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

HOT WATER AND COLD.

The golden mediocrity which has ever characterized me and all my ways prevented me from achieving distinction of any kind, good or bad, during my first term at Oxford. I read a little—a very little; I enjoyed myself a great deal; and every evening, before going to bed, I took out that water-color sketch of Maud, and sighed over it for quite five minutes. I went in for all attainable amusements; but then (as I pointed out to George, who would sometimes bear down upon me with a censorious face), I did not abuse them. We used to throw the dice in those days; we were fond of arraying ourselves in waistcoats of brilliant design; we followed the hounds—for

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1361.

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the most part upon hired screws—and some of us believed ourselves to be such consummate whips that nothing but driving tandem would serve us. I did all of these things, but not in such a manner as to make myself conspicuous; and it will be seen that, with the exception of the first, they were innocent pastimes enough. I was, in short, so exactly like other young men, and my life at Oxford so completely resembled their lives, that it seems hardly worth while to say another word about the matter.

But if no change was wrought in me or my experiences by the substitution of Oxford for Eton, it was otherwise with the inhabitants of Thirlby, whose social history was just now entering upon the revolutionary era which so often succeeds to long periods of stagnation. I heard nothing about it at the time, my sole correspondent being a reticent person, who never cared to dwell upon matters whereby he was himself disagreeably affected; but afterward I received various accounts from various quarters of what all were agreed was an unmixed calamity for the parish. It was Mrs. Farquhar's fault from beginning to end, my informants declared; but, as an impartial historian, I feel bound to record my conviction that if Mrs. Farquhar had been alone and unopposed, matters would have passed off much more smoothly, and some useful little reforms would have been effected without any great disturbance. For Mrs. Farquhar was like some statesmen whom I have heard of, who turn things topsy-turvy not so much because they are consumed by an ardent love of progress as because they have a rival, whose mines they find it absolutely necessary to countermine, and whose glory must at all hazards be outshone. One reformer may be accepted with resignation, and even with a modicum of thankfulness; but when two reformers appear in the field it is a poor lookout for peaceable and conservative folk.

Now all the acts of Miss Maud Dennison, and the poor whom she relieved, and the drunkards whom she reclaimed, and the heads of families whom she brought to attend the services of the Church, have they not been fully chronicled in a previous chapter? These were noble and praiseworthy deeds; and, as a matter of abstract speculation, I say that Mrs. Farquhar would probably have done as much—or nearly as much—and no more, had not Maud unfortunately anticipated her. But that an energetic and God-fearing lady of seventy-five should sit still, with her hands before her, and allow a mere chit of a girl to usurp all authority over the surrounding district, together with the prestige resulting from the same, was what no reasonable person could expect. Accordingly, no sooner had Maud returned home from Surrey than Mrs. Farquhar furbished up her arms and prepared to descend into the arena.

First she struck a blow at the Establishment. For three consecutive Sundays she went to church, and sat in the square family pew opposite the pulpit, determined to give the Rector a fair hearing, and on the third Sunday she definitively summed up against him. On the fourth Sunday she drove down to the village, and, in the sight of the sun and within hearing of the church bells, marched into the little red brick chapel which had been lately erected by the members of the Baptist Connection. This was a truly scandalous thing to do; and Mrs. Farquhar did not lessen the scandal by explaining audibly to Lady Welby and others that the preaching of "that unfortunate Mr. Dennison" was "just intolerable." But she did not stop short at that. Thirlby Church was a spacious edifice, which never, at the best of times, was more than half filled, and it had been evident to Maud that the congregation—unlike the power of the British Crown at a certain famous period—had diminished, was diminishing, and ought to be increased. Now I am afraid there can be no doubt that the means adopted to secure this desirable result had not in every case been of the purest kind. There had not, perhaps, been anything amounting to what an election commissioner would consider direct bribery; but it is a fact that doles of tea, tobacco, and snuff had been distributed to some aged parishioners who had suddenly taken to church-going, while more than one hardened Daddy Longlegs, who could not be prevailed upon to say his prayers at any price, was conspicuously left out in the cold. Mrs. Farquhar found out all about this, and declared that such methods of dealing with the poor were worthy of the worst days of the Inquisition. If we could not look for edification or spiritual encouragement from the pastor of the flock, she said, let us at least have religious toleration. Let us not put a premium upon hypocrisy. Let us not descend to such unworthy shifts as pampering the body in order to make a fair show of having saved the soul. Her subsequent behavior was marked by that calm and astounding inconsistency to which she owed her greatest successes. She actually set to work to outbid Maud. First of all, she got hold of the devout parishioners aforesaid, and saturated their whole systems with tea, tobacco, and snuff, till they were ready to promise anything; then she attacked the recalcitrant ones, and—to use Bunce's forcible if somewhat coarse expression—"skeered the livers out of 'em," with vivid pictures of a future place of torment. After which they also received creature comforts; and the end of it was that the parish church became more empty than ever, while Ebenezer was filled to overflowing. I regret to add that in this brief and brilliant campaign Mrs. Farquhar was ably seconded by that firebrand, Mrs. Bunce, who, to be sure, was a Dissenter herself, but who was probably actuated in this instance by sheer pugnacity and love of rebellion against constituted authorities. This was the beginning of the great Farquhar-Bunce schism, whereby the parish of Thirlby was distracted long after the originators of the controversy had fallen out and become deadly enemies, which latter event, indeed, occurred within the space of a very few weeks.

When Mrs. Farquhar had succeeded in setting the whole of that little world by the ears, and in stirring up universal dissension as well as Dissent, she was comfortable and contented, feeling that she had done her duty. For she was one of those thrice-happy people who always believe that they are doing their duty, and who follow the dictates of their own sweet will with the most thorough conscientiousness. She did not mean to work mischief; on the contrary, it was her earnest desire to do good; but she could not let sleeping dogs lie. The sight of a sleeping dog irritated her beyond everything. Her first impulse (and she invariably acted upon her first impulse) was to kick him; and if he jumped up and bit her, she rather liked it.

After having harassed the Church, she turned her attention to secular matters, and began to overhaul my uncle's accounts. Then arose a terrible disturbance. Peculation, it appeared, had been going on for years—peculation and malversation, and goodness knows what else besides. Perquisites here, perquisites there!—Mrs. Farquhar was horrified, and vowed that such a state of things could not be allowed to go on for another hour. My uncle absolutely declined to take any action in the matter; he tried to imitate Gallio, while Thompson, the bailiff, and Mrs. Peters, the housekeeper, were dragged and beaten before the judgment-seat, so to speak; but it wouldn't do. He had to step down and take a side; and the side that he took was that of the accused. Hence arose wars and fightings, which would assuredly have ended in bringing about a resignation *en masse* of the servants, had not these been really attached to their master—and also, no doubt, to their place, which was an easy and profitable one. Mrs. Farquhar was unsuccessful here; but, alas! she was not disheartened; and what my poor uncle must have suffered from her at this time I shudder to think of. By some means or other she obtained possession of a certain little red volume, known as "Bunce's Book," which, as I well recollect, used to be brought up to the Hall once a month, and which set forth in a bold and phonetic style of orthography the expenses incurred during the previous four weeks in the preservation of game and in "hod jobbs" (I quote from the original). So shocked was Mrs. Farquhar by the statistics thus laid bare before her that she wasted no time in vain remonstrances with Bunce's employer, but marched straight off to the cottage of the delinquent himself, where, by all accounts, she met her match. Bunce, who was nothing if not independent, and who, according to his own code, was as honest as the day, was the last man in the world to sit still and hear himself called a thief. He gave Mrs. Farquhar his opinion of her in a few well-chosen words, held open his garden gate for her to walk out, and then, having allowed her ten minutes' start, proceeded up to the Hall, where he saw my uncle, and requested to be relieved of his functions. A stormy scene ensued, in the course of which I believe that Mrs. Farquhar actually shed tears of mortification; from which I am led to conclude that Bunce must have hit her very hard indeed. She partly withdrew her accusations at length; but Bunce could by no means be persuaded to withdraw his resignation; and the upshot of it was that my uncle was compelled to order him out of the room, saying that the matter should be more fully discussed between them in private, and when they should both be a little less heated.

It was at this juncture that I returned home for Christmas, and great was my wrath on hearing of the tribulation into which my old friend had fallen. My uncle told me about it in the evening, laughing a little in spite of his vexation.

"I am afraid my mother is very angry," he said, "though really she brought it all upon herself. Of course Bunce does not mean to go; but, to tell the truth, he was extremely insolent, and I can not allow him to give his tongue such freedom. So I have not held any communication with him for three whole days, and I trust that he is now beginning to be frightened. You and I will go down and see him to-morrow, Charley, and put matters straight."

"I wish Mrs. Farquhar would mind her own business," I exclaimed, angrily.

"My dear boy, you can't wish it more devoutly than I do, but as you grow older you will be surprised to find how very few people do mind their own business. After all, one must judge by motives, not by words or actions."

I held a diametrically opposite opinion, and I said so; but my uncle only smiled and changed the subject.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning we started on our mission of peace. The weather was bright and frosty. As we made our way across the hard frozen fields the whole of the wide bare landscape around us stood out in sharp black and white, and every distant object seemed close at hand. Among other distant objects we descried Bunce, who was standing on a ladder, propped against the side of the wooden lean-to which adjoined his dwelling, and was hammering vigorously at some started planks. I have not the slightest doubt but that he was perfectly well aware of our approach, for he had the sharpest eyes and ears in the county, but he was pleased to ignore us, and remained elaborately unconscious even when we had reached his garden gate.

Mrs. Bunce came hurrying out to receive us, dropping courtesies at every step, and the ceremonious politeness of Mrs. Bunce's manner was such that it was evident that she meant mischief. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and she explained how grieved she was that she was having a thorough clean up of her pore place afore leavin' of it for good, and consequently could not ask us to honor her by stepping inside and taking a cheer. She then informed herself minutely as to the state of my health, returned pious thanks to Heaven on hearing that I had never been better in my life, and expressed a hope that I might be spared for many years to be a comfort to my uncle, who, she was kind enough to add, deserved a deal more comfort out of life than he got. All this time her husband, with his back turned toward us, was hammering away for dear life, making as much noise as a whole gang of shipwrights in a dock-yard.

"Bunce!" called out Mrs. Bunce, softly, "come down d'reckly, will you? Here's— Drat the man! I do b'lieve he gets a little hard o' hearin'. We're none of us so young as we once was, sir, and what we're to do for to make a livin' when we leaves this, Providence alone can tell, though Bunce he's a active man for his years, and hard-workin'—Lord! I never see such a man for work. Wears hisself out, I tell him, but he don't pay no heed to me. Might I make so bold as to ask, sir, whether you've found a new keeper yet? Bunce he did hear of a young man as might be scootable, though a little given to drink at times, they tell me, and experience of course he have not got it. But there, it's that difficult to meet with a experienced keeper nowadays—"

"So difficult, Mrs. Bunce," interrupted my uncle, "that I have not the slightest intention of looking out for one. If you will kindly induce your husband to stop making that noise and come down, I shall be able to convince him, I hope, that there is no need for us to part."

Mrs. Bunce shook her head mournfully. "He's terrible obstinate, sir," she said, "and full o' sinful pride, as I've told him many and many's the time. 'Mark my word,' says I, 'pride 'll have a fall.' And, sure enough, I was right, you see, sir; for if it isn't enough to abase any man's pride to be likened to a common pickpocket, and that by a stranger, as you may say—"

"Come, come, Mrs. Bunce," broke in my uncle; "if we are to be called bad names, it is surely better to receive them from those who don't know us than from those who do. But Mrs. Farquhar never meant to call your husband a pickpocket; and if she said more than she should have done, so did he. I think he must admit that."

"So I telled him, sir—so I telled him," answered Mrs. Bunce, raising her voice a little. "'The idear,' I says, 'o' your speakin' up to your betters like that! Why, you ought to be 'shamed o' yourself. Don't you know,' I says, 'that 'twas your dooty as a Christian, let alone a keeper, to hold your tongue, and allow the lady to say what she pleased? What if she did tell you you was dishonest?—you that wouldn't take a farden as didn't belong to you to save yourself from starvin'! What if she did come a-meddlin' and a-makin' with things as was no concern o' hers, and blackenin' c'racters as would bear lookin' into better than her own, mayhap? 'Tis our dooty to forgive sech,' I says, 'and to turn 'em t'other cheek.' But Bunce he were that hurt in his feelin's that his Bible didn't seem to do him one mossel o' good. He's unregen'rit, sir, and that's the truth. Why, to hear him talk one would think he expected as you should take his part—him being innercent, you see, sir—against your own mother! C'ean out of all reason! And as for him stoppin' on, after all that's past, why, I am bound to confess as I wouldn't ventur' for to propose it to him, sir."

While Mrs. Bunce had thus been playing the part of Antony, the hammering overhead had been going on in a subdued and spasmodic manner, which showed plainly enough that her husband had not lost a word of her discourse, and its peroration was saluted by a salvo of tremendous raps suspiciously like applause.

My uncle was really vexed. "Upon my word, Mrs. Bunce," he said, "I think you are both of you making rather too much of this. To the best of my recollection the word 'dishonesty' was never used; and if it had been, you ought to know that it would have produced no impression upon me. It was quite unnecessary for me to 'take Bunce's part,' as you say, upon a question of honesty, and if there has been any irregularity, I have been fully as much to blame for it as he. When he chose to use the language that he did to Mrs. Farquhar I was obliged to stop him, but if he will now make a proper apology to her—"

"Naä!" shouted Bunce, suddenly facing about, and breaking into dialect, as his habit was when strongly moved—"naä! I think 'tis her owt to 'poligize to I, not me to sheä." And having thus delivered himself, he returned to his hammering with renewed energy.

But I thought it was high time that we should be relieved from this deafening diu; so I picked up a clod of earth and pitched it at him, calling out to him to come down, and not play the fool any longer.

Bunce obeyed my summons somewhat stiffly, a slow grin overspreading his wooden features as he descended the ladder. "How do you do, Mr. Chawls? Glad to see you home again, sir, and lookin' so well, too—what I said to that there lady I sticks to," was his greeting, uttered all in one breath.

"Bunce, Bunce, don't force me into telling you that you must go your own way," said my uncle. "We are too old friends to quarrel over a trifle."

"'Tain't no trifle as should part me and you, Squire," returned Bunce. "If you'd ha' told me there was anythin' wrong in my book, it should ha' bin altered, even if I was out o' pocket by it, and I shouldn't ha' bore no malice; but, as the Scripture says, No man can serve two masters, much less a master and a mistress; and when a man o' my age finds his accounts overhauled by a stranger, and hears hisself called a cheat into the bargain, why, he naterally cuts up a bit rough. Beggin' your pardon, Squire, I think you'd ha' done the same in my place."

My uncle considered for a moment, and then answered, "I suppose I should."

I have never been able to determine satisfactorily to myself whether my uncle's keen sense of justice was or was not a quality to be envied. Its immediate and apparent results were certainly unfortunate for him, as a general thing. Assuredly Bunce did not mean to leave—would probably have apologized to Mrs. Farquhar sooner than leave, if the screw had been brought to bear upon him, and this my uncle knew perfectly well. But he would not take advantage of his power to turn the screw; and the consequence was that Bunce not only kept his place without apologizing, but—as was quite natural—cherished a grudge against my uncle for a long time afterward. "He hadn't no call to turn me out o' the room afore I'd had my say," the old fellow would repeat, with a growing sense of injury, and I am sorry to have to add that from that time forth the tyranny of Bunce increased fourfold.

The reader will no doubt conclude that my uncle was a weak man, who deserved to be bullied; and indeed this was very much the view taken of his character by those who knew and loved him best. For although we hear a good deal about the courage of acknowledging one's self to be in the wrong, that particular form of intrepidity has, for obvious reasons, never yet commanded popular respect, and never will. My dear old uncle did not covet popularity. He cared only to obey his conscience—and a very troublesome sort of conscience it must have been to him at times, I am afraid.

Bunce having thus dictated terms of peace, it seemed only natural to expect that Mrs. Farquhar, as representing the defeated party, would feel and express some little anger; but that curiously equable old lady astonished me by doing nothing of the sort. She only smiled and shook her head, and as soon as she and I were alone, confided to me that poor Bernard was quite incapable of holding his own against any one who tried to get the better of him. My warm retort that Bunce was as honest as any of us only caused her to smile more than ever. "Oh, ay," she said, "very likely. I name no names." And after that enigmatical utterance she began to talk about something else.

Mrs. Farquhar was defeated, but she was very far indeed from being put to silence, and not a day passed without many and many an allusion of the above nature falling from her. She was always cheerful, always good-humored, and never, apparently, conscious of giving annoyance, yet she exasperated us both to the verge of madness. Most people, I suppose, have, at one time or another of their lives, had to do with a nagging woman, and know the feeling of angry despair which is apt to be aroused by rediscussion of threshed-out topics, and reiteration of arguments which have been fifty times answered. Many excellent women do nag, and perhaps the more excellent they are the more intolerable is their system of nagging. My uncle bore it all with the patience of Job and the meekness of Moses; but he grew more and more silent, and the harassed expression which I had noticed upon his face in former years after one of his visits to Scotland had become habitual. Even I, who had a naturally thicker skin than he, and who was, besides, exceptionally favored by Mrs. Farquhar—even I fretted under this regimen of incessant pin-pricks, until at last I could stand it no longer, and boldly attacked our venerable tormentor.

"Mrs. Farquhar," I said to her one day, "what *is* the use of your going on as you do about Bunce? He isn't going to be sent away, you know, and you only worry Uncle Bernard to death by persisting."

She looked a good deal surprised, and said she didn't know what I meant. She was not aware of having persisted in anything—except indeed in her opinion (to which, surely, she was entitled) that accounts ought to be made intelligible. "No one," she added, "can be more anxious to spare your dear uncle worry than I am, but when I think a thing wrong, I must say so."

"Yes, but might not once be enough?" I ventured to suggest.

She stared, and then laughed, saying that I was a very impertinent young gentleman. I was certainly a very foolish one to suppose that nature and the habits of threescore years and ten could be changed by anything that I could say. Mrs. Farquhar went on as usual, and I can not flatter myself that my remonstrance produced so much as a transient effect upon her.

But with a hard frost which had held for ten days and showed no signs of yielding, and with the broads and dikes frozen the whole way from Thirlby to Yarmouth, I had not much leisure for brooding over domestic troubles. By great good luck the cold had come upon us without either wind or snow, so that the hundreds who honored Thirlby Broad with their company daily during the continuance of this splendid skating weather had a surface like that of a vast mirror upon which to perform their evolutions. Good skaters were not quite so common in those days as they are now, while ladies who could be induced to put on skates at all were few and far between. Skating ladies, like hunting ladies, were, at that particular period of history, apt to be looked upon a trifle askance, and their tastes to be qualified as "masculine"—a term of reproach. Other times, other manners; the timid young creature who wore ringlets, who could not make out the meaning of the funny slang words which her brothers used, and who would scream and put her fingers in her ears if a gun were fired off in her presence, is as extinct as that predecessor of hers whose habit it was to faint dead away at least once in every twenty-four hours; and in the place of these we have got what we have got. I am an old fogy and a *laudator temporis acti*; but let me hasten to add that, upon the whole, I prefer the modern forms of affectation to the by-gone ones. Maud Dennison, who never dreamed of taking the trouble to be affected at all, revealed herself that winter as a skater whom the whole county beheld with admiration. She did not do much in the way of figures; but she had thoroughly over-

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come the difficulties of the outside edge, and to see her skimming across the Broads, lessening and lessening into the gray distance like a bird, was enough—as old Sir Digby Welby declared, in an unwonted access of enthusiasm—"to make a gouty man sit down and cry with vexation."

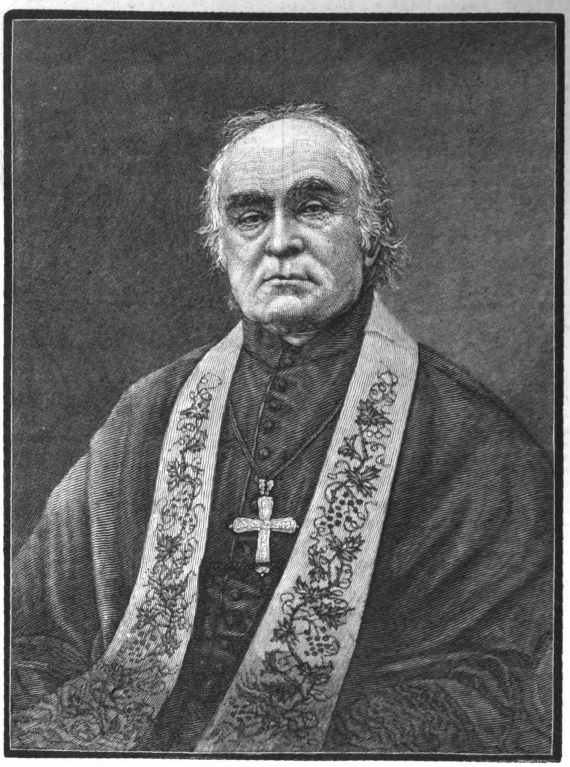
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN BAPTIST PURCELL, ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI.

THE death of Archbishop PURCELL, on the 4th inst., removes a notable figure from the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States. He was born in Mallow, Ireland, February 26, 1800, and came when yet a child to the United States. He was educated, as so many of the Catholic bishops have been, partly in the United States and partly in Europe. The first college attended by him was Mount St. Mary's, at Emmittsburg, Maryland. After leaving the college, he completed his education in St. Sulpice, Paris, and in that city was ordained priest. Upon his return home he was appointed Teacher of Theology at Mount St. Mary's, and President in 1829. In 1833 he was made Bishop of Cincinnati, the diocese embracing the entire State of Ohio.

Protestantism has grown rapidly in the States which cover the Ohio Valley, but Romanism has also advanced with prodigious strides. In 1833 there was but one Roman Catholic church in Cincinnati. The diocese of Cleveland was set off in 1847, and the diocese of Columbus in 1868. There are now in Hamilton County alone seventy-one Catholic churches; the archdiocese, notwithstanding its losses of territory, contains 186 churches and chapels, 213 priests, 1396 persons under monastic vows, and a Catholic population of 150,000. It is a fact strongly illustrative of Catholic methods of growth that the so-called "religious," who have taken vows, number one to every 107 of the Church population of all ages in the diocese. Through the energetic efforts of the Archbishop, Homes, Orphanages, and Protectories were founded; parochial schools were established to the number of eighty, providing for over 18,000 pupils. It was his purpose to place Catholicism, at this great centre of Western life, in the very front rank, and he spared neither labor nor money for the accomplishment of his object.

In his earlier life Archbishop PURCELL was a keen controversialist. His most famous debate was that with ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, the founder of the Church of the Disciples, on the "Infallibility of the Church of Rome." CAMPBELL was, like himself, an Irishman—an Irish Presbyterian by birth, one of the race who have for several centuries been sternly and relentlessly hostile to the claims of Romanism. He was a born debater, and lived all his days in an atmosphere of controversy. The discussion between the two champions lasted for seven days, during the year 1836. The period was one of theological ferment all through the West. Indeed, the only knights-errant ever known there were the knights-errant of doctrine; their tournaments were held in school-houses, townhalls, and groves, and were attended by hundreds and sometimes thousands of admiring backwoodsmen. This passion for controversy was a symptom of advancing civilization; the rough antagonisms of the frontier had been turned into the channel of theological polemics. The report of this debate was afterward published in a volume. Archbishop PURCELL also published during his life *Lectures and Pastoral Letters*, KENELM DIGBY'S *Ages of Faith*, and DONALD MACLEOD'S *History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America*.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP PURCELL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.

It is to the honor of Archbishop PURCELL that during the civil war he unhesitatingly supported the national government. Under his episcopal vestments there beat a warm American heart. He publicly rebuked the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Metropolitan Record* for "instigating" the Catholics of New York to "evil words and deeds" during the draft riots. During that critical year he issued a pastoral containing these manly words: "We confess that it has greatly pained us to hear that certain rash, irreverent, and thoughtless men of our communion have cursed the government, the administration, and their abettors. Now God commands us to bless and curse not. And when men cursed the supporters of the government, did they not reflect that they cursed the more than hundreds of thousands of Catholic voters and soldiers in our army who defend that government in the field?" He exhorted his people to join, on the day of national thanksgiving, with their fellow-citizens in prayers for peace.

The diocese of Cincinnati was erected into an archiepiscopate in 1860, and Bishop PURCELL was made the first Archbishop. He was, indeed, almost the first Bishop of Ohio, having had but one predecessor, the Rev. Dr. EDWARD FENWICK. It may be fairly claimed that the enormous growth of the Church within the bounds of his jurisdiction has been effected under his inspiration and guidance. Where all the money was procured for so many and such various undertakings was a mystery until within a few years. The period from 1873 to 1880 was one of trial and disaster to the business men of the country, and of fatal disaster to Archbishop PURCELL. It was found that he had been intrusted with the savings of his flock, and had acted as their banker; in this capacity he failed, and the failure of the banker clouded the last days of the Archbishop. He was indebted to his people for money loaned to him on interest to the amount of $4,000,000; the available assets were under $500,000. The ambition of the prelate had conquered his prudence. He had invested the funds placed in his hands in vast fabrics erected for charitable and devotional uses, which could neither pay interest nor be turned into money. The sufferers were the poor. The censures which fell upon the head of the Archbishop were heavy, and not wholly unjust. His usefulness was practically at an end—a fact recognized by the appointment in 1880 of a coadjutor with the right of succession. It has seemed strange to Protestants that the Catholic Church has not assumed and paid these debts. Pastoral letters were issued by the bishops in this country recommending collections in the churches, but the proceeds have not met the claims of the Archbishop's creditors.

In 1869 Archbishop PURCELL went to the Vatican Council, and voted with the minority against "the opportuneness of the definition of papal infallibility." This was as far as the minority dared to go. Although the Catholic bishops in the United States may be classed as ultramontanes, in Archbishop PURCELL the ultramontane spirit was less pronounced than in others. He had many warmly attached friends, and was a man of blameless life. When his misfortunes became known, he appealed to the fact that the lost money had not been spent in luxury and self-indulgence. If one may judge from his manner on some important occasions, he was fond of the pomp and splendors of his office. He cherished the dream of the Catholic clergy in the United States, of the triumph of their Church, and did his utmost for its realization.

"HE HELD OPEN HIS GARDEN GATE FOR HER TO WALK OUT."—[SEE SERIAL, "THIRLBY HALL."]

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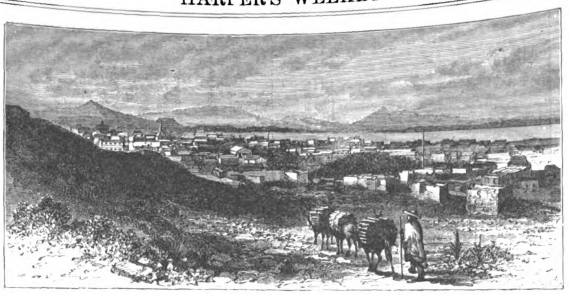
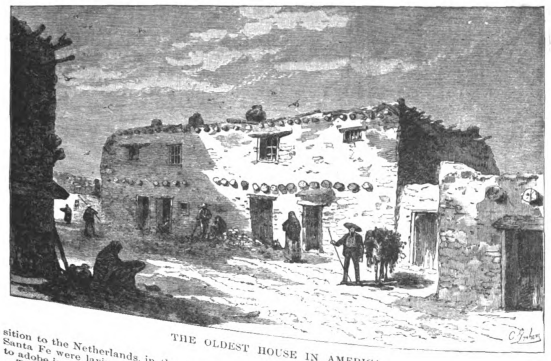


SANTA FE, FROM FORT MARCY.

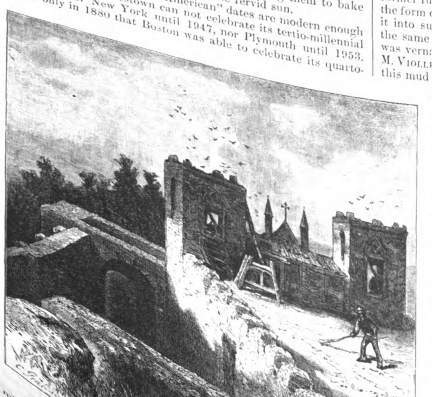
It requires perhaps a slight stretch of the quality in honor of which the chief town of New Mexico was named to accept the present celebration as really a "tertio-millennial," or three centuries and a third, since the settlement of Santa Fe. It is not yet four centuries by nine years since the landing of COLUMBUS. CORTEZ first saw the Mexican coast in 1519, and did not discover the peninsula of California until 1536. The discovery of the site of Santa Fe itself by the officers of CORTEZ is assigned to the year 1540, ten years before the date accepted, for tertio-millennial purposes, as that of the actual founding of a European colony.

But even if the antiquity of Santa Fe is exaggerated a few years, it is only a very few years, and it is a hoary antiquity compared with any of the settlements in the United States: 1550 strikes us as a mediæval date. Think of it! CERVANTES was a child four years old; SPENSER was not born for two years afterward, nor SIDNEY for four, nor BACON for eleven, nor SHAKSPEARE for fourteen. The great conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism had scarcely passed from the closet to the field. The revolt of the Netherlands, which first attacked the supremacy of Spain in Europe, did not begin for sixteen years. The destruction of the Armada, and with it of the Spanish power, was thirty-eight years off. JULIAN III. succeeded PAUL III. in the seat of ST. PETER, and CHARLES V. extended the blessings of the Holy Inquisition to the Netherlands, in the year that the Spanish settlers of Santa Fe were laying its walls of clay, and leaving them to bake to adobe in the rainless air and under the fervid sun.

The oldest of our strictly "American" dates are modern enough in comparison. Jamestown can not celebrate its tertio-millennial until 1940, nor New York until 1947, nor Plymouth until 1953. It was only in 1880 that Boston was able to celebrate its quarto-millennial, a younger by eighty years than Santa Fe; and the oldest of the English settlements not founded by the Spaniards does not amount to a double century. Even the Spanish settlements of Florida are older than Santa Fe, and the oldest of the Spanish settlements on the Pacific coast, that of San Diego, is only a few years younger than the Santa Fe of to-day.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA.



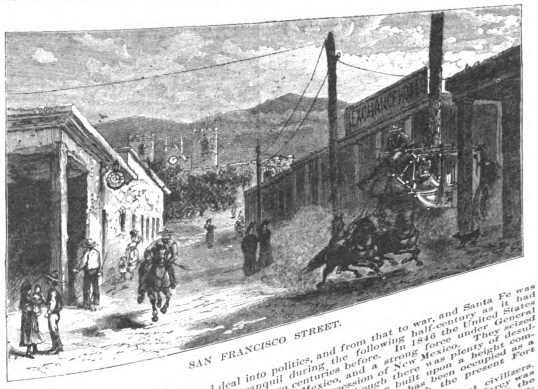
THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

The story of Santa Fe from the time of its settlement by the Spaniards until the Yankee invasion is the uneventful story of a people who could commonly get enough to eat and drink without any arduous exertion, and who troubled themselves little about wherewithal they should be clothed, or indeed about anything else except the day that was passing over them. If MONTESQUIEU was right in calling that people happy whose annals were tiresome, the Santa Feans should have been supremely happy. According to all accounts, they do derive a vegetable felicity from sitting on their heels in a shady place in hot weather, or a sunny place in cold weather, with a sufficient supply of tobacco. And in this manner they have beguiled the time since the day of the Spanish invasion, mixing themselves up dreadfully in the mean time from an ethnological point of view, and one year has been very much like another. The former furnishes the material in the form of clay; the latter dries it into substantial walls. It is the same mud architecture that was vernacular in Egypt, where M. VIOLLET-LE-DUC has traced to this mud construction the characteristic forms of Egyptian architecture translated to stone in the monumental buildings of a later date. And it can not be said that the Spanish conquerors have improved upon their predecessors in their treatment of it. The use of this material necessitates a massive method of building, which gives the Spanish-American towns a more solid and old-world aspect than the American towns in the same regions. Cheap and simple as the construction is, it can hardly be so cheap and simple as the balloon frame of our own Western settlements, where lumber is made accessible by rail, and as Santa Fe increases under Yankee enterprise, it will exchange its ancient and somewhat shabby picture-queness for the crude glare which characterizes the buildings of our frontier.

Spanish priesthood followed the conquerors, of course, and there are more than churches enough in Santa Fe to do all the business, according to American notions, especially as all of them are of one ecclesiastical variety, with no distinction beyond that of being placed under the special patronage of different saints. One of these, the Chapel of San Miguel, is "the oldest church in America," having been "rebuilt" in 1710.

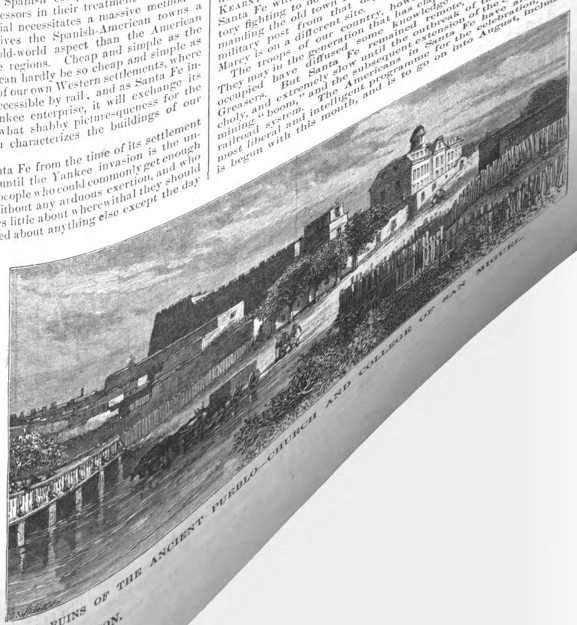
The Spaniards by no means found it plain sailing after they had once possessed themselves of Santa Fe. The Indians of the sixteenth century were of a different type from their descendants, degenerated by strong waters and Spanish marriages. The town was the prize in many battles, and in 1680 an Indian confederacy was formed strong enough to drive the Spaniards out of the country, to which they did not return in triumph until twelve years afterward. In 1693, under DE VARGUE, the Spaniards reconquered the town, after a desperate fight, and from that time Santa Fe went the usual Spanish-American road. The arrangement of its houses recalls old Spain, the street front a mere dead wall with a *patio*, within which is at once the garden and the central court of the house, and from which its rooms open. The old Indian workings of the gold and silver mines were abandoned, at first as part of the terms of the capitulation, and afterward through laziness and lack of enterprise; and the place, in the process of its vegetation, went tranquilly and unobtrusively to seed.

But the Yankee cometh, in the which no man can play, neither can he sleep. It was in 1806 that PIKE, whose name is best known by that of the eminent Peak, his namesake, appeared in Santa Fe, which struck him, as he viewed it from the neighboring heights, as resembling a "fleet of flat-bottomed boats on the Ohio River." The contrast between the splendors of the churches and the squalor of the houses also struck and disgusted the prosaic and Protestant mind of PIKE. He found in the town only one citizen of the United States, JAMES PURSLEY by name, who had been a fur trader, but had established himself at Santa Fe as a carpenter, where he was thriving. But it was a long time before these pioneers had any successors. The "Greasers" and the Indians went



SAN FRANCISCO STREET.

a good deal into politics, and from that to war, and Santa Fe was seldom as tranquil during the following half-century as it had been during the two centuries before. In 1846 the United States declared war against Mexico, and a strong force under General KEARNEY was sent to take possession of New Mexico. They found Santa Fe without opposition, and although there was under General tory fighting the old town afterward, although there was no more serious manding the old town afterward, although there was no more serious military post from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Marcy, which was built upon Marcy is on a different country, however, are not great, citizens, They may in the generation that followed the conquest, Fort Marcy the occupied have differed some what from the present occupants. Greasers, but extremely the Americans, and which has been occupied as a nucleus, extremely the unfriendly, and which has been occupied as a railroad station, and the subsequent increase of population, which is most liberal and enterprising in Santa Fe and the Southwestern is begun with this month, and is to go



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT PUEBLO—CHURCH AND COLLEGE OF SAN MIGUEL.

THE SANTA FE CELEBRATION.

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an exhibition of the mineral resources of the Territory, and a revival of the three civilizations which have successively swayed the destinies of Santa Fe. The explanation of the existence of the town through so many vicissitudes is that there is here an unfailing supply of water in a particularly thirsty land. That fact seems to promise a future of extended usefulness to Santa Fe, now that it has become the centre of a region obviously destined to a rapid development.

TO THE FUCHSIA.

PRETTY fuchsia, fresh and quaint,
Trim and dainty, art thou not
Spirit held in sweet constraint
Of an old gavotte?

There's a lass I have in mind,
With a blithe old-fashioned face,
Thine her nature, frank and kind,
Thine her quiet grace.

Long-forgotten, old-time dance,
Modest, cheery little flower,
Wealth nor beauty could enhance
This my sweetheart's dower.

COTTON.

FROM THE PLOUGH TO THE LOOM.

BY W. M. BURWELL.

III.

The Warehouses.—Arrived at New Orleans, the cotton, which has been stowed, and piled up in tiers until it reaches in height the upper or hurricane-deck, is discharged under a foreman and gang with great system and rapidity, covered with tarpaulin if necessary, but at once conveyed in drays and floats to the warehouse. Here it is sampled by the factor, and placed on his tables in the most favorable light for inspection by the buyer. The float is a vehicle peculiar to the cotton cities, being a long, low, and very strong wagon, drawn usually by a splendid pair and a leading mule, and driven by a darky, who stands erect, as proud of his team, its harness, and its obedience as Captain Leathers is of the Natchez steamboat. There are in New Orleans warehouses having a capacity for storage far beyond the present receipt of the port. This storage, handling, and transfer require a vast force of men and animals among the boats, ships, and warehouses. The vehicles used for this purpose may be estimated at 8000, and the mules and horses at 15,000. The 'longshoremen and other laborers may be set down during the winter at 30,000.

More recently the relations between the white and colored races have been so well re-adjusted that the colored men have an association which parades in the same procession with the white men's association, and they constitute a common force upon all questions of wages or hours of work. The turn-out on these occasions is highly creditable to the colored members. They are dressed in black cloth suits, and present a favorable specimen of physical force and of orderly conduct. Being generally citizens of New Orleans, they do not partake of the vices and follies of the unregenerate roustabout or the rascalities of the saddle-colored statesmen.

Besides the warehouses, there are many private pickeries in which loose or damaged cotton is cleaned, dried, baled, or even compressed. The handling of a million and a half of bales must occasion more or less waste. This would be increased by torn bales and by packing handfuls of the staple into the "hickory shirts" and blouses of the employés. If this waste should average a pound per bale, it would amount to more than 3000 bales; but the damage to cotton by fire and water, on steamboats, warehouses, and ships, so increases this quantity that the city crop is sometimes estimated as high as 25,000 bales. This represents in chief part salvage and thrift, and not the spoils of theft.

Facilities of Transfer.—It may be remarked that the city of New Orleans was founded upon the theory that as there was no other outlet to the ocean than by way of the Balize, the exports and imports of the Mississippi Valley could only be conducted through the agency of factors and middle-men. There was then no necessity for economy of labor or cost; on the contrary, all charges were laid in view of the fact that the business season was short and the epidemic dangerous. Exceptional profits were therefore certainly justifiable. Drayage and storage were a large part of the legitimate business of the city, and any attempt to dispense with either was regarded with disfavor.

The modern competition of other ports, and the diversion of the valley trade upon lines offering superior facilities, with less cost of transit and transfer, have compelled the adoption of similar facilities in New Orleans. Hence she has built elevators, constructed railroads and transfer machinery, instead of the manual labor formerly used for the same purpose. While the value of transit goods will be thereby greatly increased by way of New Orleans, the men and mules now employed in this transfer may be sent to the plantation for the production of staple crops.

Shipping the Cotton.—Loading a vessel is always a work of much skill and responsibility. With cotton it is especially the case. It is conducted by a stevedore (a name left by the Spaniards), who is a somewhat humanized improvement on the mate of the steamboat—generally, we may say, a man of experience and a property owner. The process of stowing the compressed bales requires good judgment not only as to the economy of space, but as to the strength and trim of the vessel. The vessel sometimes takes in a ballast of bulk grain, and the cotton is stored fore and aft and amidships by the use of immense screws, which so condense the already compressed cotton that it becomes a compact mass, and will act almost as a part of the vessel in the buffets which she is to receive from the winds and the waves on the voyage to which she is about to be exposed.

The increased capacity of transportation effected by the compressing by steam or hydraulic process is demonstrated by the fact that steamers carrying 10,000 bales of cotton have crossed the bar of the Mississippi, when formerly 4000 to 5000 bales were a large cargo. But a further compression is practicable. It is the manufacture of cotton into yarns and cloths. This would bring a bale of raw cotton into perhaps one-fifth of the space now occupied by it. Already, however, this improvement in the carrying capacity of the ocean steamers and the improved facilities of inland transportation so expedite the preparation and exportation of the staple that the cotton season closes perhaps two months earlier at present than formerly.

We have thus conducted the growth and preparation of this important staple from the seed to the spindle, and having bid the noble steamer which leaves the port of New Orleans for the mills and looms of Manchester good-by, must take our leave of the reader.

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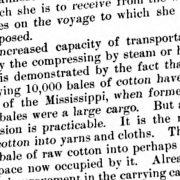

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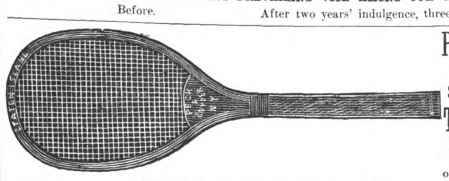

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1387. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

BRITANNIA HAVING BEEN REBUKED FOR LEAVING HER STARVING CHILDREN AT OUR FRONT DOOR, NOW DROPS THEM SLYLY OVER OUR BACK FENCE.

WASHINGTON.—Special Agent HOWELL, now at Plattsburg, New York, has called the attention of the Treasury Department to the large number of immigrants arriving at Quebec and Montreal, who have neither money nor friends, and are too feeble by reason of age or infirmity to support themselves. Most of this class are paupers who have been assisted in procuring passage, and are ticketed to points in the western part of the United States. Twenty-eight persons who had left Ireland only twenty days before were found helpless and starving in the streets of Buffalo, and were committed to the Erie County Almshouse. All of these people came into the United States *viâ* Canada.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1857 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

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DEMOCRATIC MISCALCULATION.

A GREAT many Democrats are evidently of opinion that if serious misconduct can be proved against Republicans, all Republicans who desire honest administration and progressive legislation will at once join the Democratic party. This is an error akin to that of those who hold that if a party Convention can be induced to proclaim a certain policy in its platform, every voter who favors that policy will immediately support that party without regard to the natural history of platforms, or to the character and conduct of the party, or to the general probabilities of the situation. The sole defect of this view is that in both cases it disregards entirely the nature of parties and of politics. Those who hold the view are very apt to remark with emphasis that politics is the most practical business in the world, forgetting that that undoubted truth makes their reasoning unsound. It is because politics is a very practical business that a voter does not immediately leave his party when another party makes a plausible profession, or when his fellow-partisans are taken in fault. The government of the country is carried on by the convenient agency of parties. Theoretically they represent certain general principles of administration, and the policy which naturally proceeds from them. Actually they do something more. By association and common organized action they acquire a living interest to their members, touching their pride, their emulation, their personal feeling, until a party comes to exist almost for itself, and to be sustained by a powerful *esprit de corps*. Unconsciously it thus changes its nature, and is judged not by its distinctive declarations, nor as an agency for special ends, but as a body whose claims to support rest not upon certain abstract principles, but upon the general character of its membership, and the general tendency of its conduct as proved by experience.

A man, therefore, who has long or always acted with a party because of his confidence in its practical patriotism and wisdom abandons it, not when another party declares its own virtue, but only when, upon a deliberate survey of all the circumstances, he decides either that he can no longer trust his own party to secure the objects which he has at heart, or that some other party will more certainly secure them. To produce this conviction something more is necessary than to point out offenses that have been committed in the name of his party, and to insist that the pledges of better conduct from the opposing party must be accepted as valid. Something more is necessary, also, than to argue that there is but a simple alternative, that a party responsible for offenses must be abandoned, and that the only possible practical course is to vote with the opposition. There are obviously two preliminary questions which must be satisfactorily answered. Do the facts show that the offending party is a hopeless offender, and that the accusing party will do better? Until the voter is persuaded that his party is hopeless as an agency of honest government, he will naturally sustain its national dominance, however sharply he may criticise certain actions, and however resolutely he may refuse to support certain local nominations. And even when he despairs of his own party, although he may throw away his vote, he will certainly not give it to a party which has been at the same time equally on trial with his own, and which has equally failed.

This is the fallacy of the Democratic argument in the present juncture. During the period of Republican executive supremacy the Democratic party has had a majority in the House of Representatives, if not in the Senate, and undisputed control of many great States and cities. Its appeal to the country, therefore, is simply this: "We waive our hideous pro-slavery record before the war, the betrayal of trust by the last Democratic Administration, and our venomous Copperhead attitude during the war; and we say that the Democratic attempt to baffle the peaceful Presidential decision of 1877, our endeavor to starve and paralyze the government during the extra session, our financial charlatanry, and our general conduct in the city of New York and wherever we can control, ought to persuade the country to withdraw its confidence from the Republican party, and give it to us." At present this is the only Democratic cry for 1884, and it is certainly worthy of the career of the party for the last generation.

THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION.

THE twenty-first Convocation of the University of New York was held last week in Albany, under the auspices of the Regents of the University. The Convocation is a congress of the Regents, the teachers and trustees of the colleges and academies, the normal schools, and academical departments of union schools, in the State, which are "under the visitation" of the Regents, and its object is the promotion of personal acquaintance among the teachers, and the advantage to be derived from a comparison of methods of education. The Convocation was established in 1863, in the midst of the war, and, as was to be anticipated from the general interest which it aroused among the higher schools, it has been of very great service.

The Convocation assembles on Tuesday, usually about the second week in July, and closes on Thursday. During that time it is devoted to the reading of papers and discussions, of which a general conception can be gathered from a summary of those which were delivered at the late meeting. The topics of essays and discussions were: College Education, Academic Instruction, The Study of Literature in Schools, Teaching Science in Academies, Pedagogy, School Sanitation, The Regents' Examinations, and Discussions on Philosophy. Under each of these heads there were specific papers and debates upon them, the papers treating current and open questions, and teeming with valuable practical suggestions.

The Convocation is one of the good services of the Regents to the interests of education in the State of New York. The colleges and academies are generally established and endowed by some religious denomination, and their tendency, therefore, is to separation, isolation, and consequent jealousy and injury to the common cause. The Convocation brings all together, softens differences, and stimulates friendly co-operation and a generous emulation. It is in this way that the title of the charge of the Regents, the University of New York, is in a sense justified. The fiction that the various colleges compose in effect a university is made fact in the union which the Convocation secures, and it is not impossible that the kind of union which the New England colleges have long proposed in the identity of the entrance examination, but which is not yet accomplished, may be ultimately effected in New York by the agency of the Convocation. It is one of the means of elevating and extending the standard of the higher education, of adapting it to the time, of promoting accuracy and thoroughness in teaching and in study, and in cultivating that generous spirit of scholarly fraternity which helps both the teacher and the student by ennobling study.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN OHIO.

THE temperance question is a chief issue in the Ohio canvass, and Judge HOADLY has lost no time in stating his position upon it. The constitutionality of the SCOTT law, which provides for a high license, has been affirmed by the courts, and the law is sustained by the Republicans. It is opposed by the liquor interest—which, as an interest, is certainly not that of good order nor of good morals, but of crime, and of great taxation to repress it—and the liquor interest is identified with the Democratic party. Judge HOADLY is evidently aware of the difficulty of his position, and of justifying to the intelligent citizens of his State the opposition of his party to so fair and reasonable a law. The difficulty is only increased by his frank avowal of his approval of a license system. This reduces his plea to an objection to a particular form of license. Judge HOADLY is an able lawyer and an ardent politician. But this situation baffles him; and while his argument has the dexterity of desperation, it can not even confuse an intelligent voter, and to such a one only is it addressed, because no other is affected by argument.

Judge HOADLY states strongly his abhorrence of intemperance, and says that if he believed that alcohol was poison and its use a sin, he should advocate absolute prohibition. But the right principle, he says, for dealing with the liquor traffic is regulation of its abuses, and not prohibition. So far the great majority of all good citizens would agree with him. Undoubtedly the great general sentiment of the country is that the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage should be strictly regulated by law. When, therefore, the Judge proceeds to say that to prohibit drinking a glass of such liquor is to infringe upon private right, he ingeniously but palpably shifts his ground, because the proposition in its terms is not to prohibit drinking, but to permit drinking under certain conditions. This shift is an open attempt at sophistry, which of course miscarries. The Judge then lays down what he holds to be the true rule of license, namely, a graduated system proportioned to the amount of the traffic, and to the amount of injury which the traffic may do. "The SCOTT law," he is reported to have said, "makes no distinction, but says that any man for $200 may make as many drunkards as he can." But the Judge had already agreed that there should be a graduated license system, which, therefore, according to his own rhetoric, is to say that, for a sum proportioned to his ability to pay, any man may make as many drunkards as he can. He can not therefore logically object to the high license for granting the very same permission in a more restricted form. If it be wrong for a man who pays $200 for a license to make as many drunkards as he can—which is the implication of his remark—it is quite as wrong for a man who pays $20 for a license to do the same thing.

But what is the object of a license? Why not allow any man to sell intoxicating liquor for a beverage at his pleasure and without a license, as he sells bread and sugar? Because by common consent it is a commodity, like gunpowder, the sale of which may be regulated by law. The regulation must have due reference to the object sought. That object is public order, and as public order is promoted by diminishing drunkenness, to restrict the opportunity of getting drunk is to fulfill the purpose for which licenses are granted. It is a question of expediency. A nominal license is no regulation at all. A high license actually regulates. The only fair alternative, therefore, is plain. It is either unlicensed dram-selling or dram-selling so licensed as to attain the object of licensing. To agree that license is just, but to insist that a $50 license is equitable, while a $200 license is an invasion of personal right, is ludicrous. It is the daring makeshift of political desperation. If this be "new Democracy," it is the same "old mole."

THE NIAGARA FALLS RESERVATION.

A QUESTION has arisen between the Niagara Falls Reservation Commission and the State Engineer. The law provides as follows:

"Before any proceedings shall be had or taken for acquiring the title to any of the said lands, the said Commissioners shall cause to be made a map of the land, by the State Engineer and Surveyor, which they shall determine to take, which shall be certified by a majority of said Commissioners, and filed in the office of the Secretary of State, and in the office of the Clerk of Niagara County."

This law plainly devolves a duty upon the State Engineer at the demand of the Commissioners, and it is made part of his official duty, to be compensated in the usual way, because if the Commission were to pay for making the map, it would be left free to select its own surveyor. The law directs the Commission to do a certain technical act by the aid of a State expert. This is the simple and obvious interpretation.

Another question which has arisen in the board is that of the extent of the survey. Mr. CALVERT VAUX, the eminent landscape architect, has written a letter suggesting the inclusion of a much larger space than has been hitherto contemplated. It is, however, to be considered that the whole project has thus far proceeded upon a general design based upon a survey of Messrs. OLMSTED and GARDNER, and all the estimates have conformed to this proposition. It is scarcely possible that gentlemen so accomplished in their profession could have omitted from their project any land which is essential to the main purpose of the reservation. That purpose is not, as we understand, a reservation of all the adjacent land, which would make a delightful park, but of such only as is indispensable to free the cataract from the obstructions which now threaten to obliterate it as a spectacle of natural sublimity.

Undoubtedly a generous interpretation should be given to this purpose. A certain space is essential, but it is very easy so to extend it as to imperil the whole project by the prospect of enormous expenditure. The office of the present Commission is simply preliminary. It is to cause a survey to be made of the land which it deems proper for the reservation, to ascertain its probable cost, and to report to the Legislature for further action. The subject had been so fully considered by those interested, and upon the general plan of Messrs. OLMSTED and GARDNER, that specific statements were made which were very influential in securing the passage of the bill. A radical

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change of the scheme and a great increase of the expense would seriously prejudice its chances in another Legislature; and while the Commission is composed of gentlemen who would not hesitate to enlarge the scope of the enterprise if upon mature reflection they found it to be necessary properly to attain the object proposed, they would require very conclusive arguments to show them that the original scheme was inadequate and the careful calculations at fault.

THE DEMOCRATIC ENFANT TERRIBLE.

In the lazy season all kinds of personal political speculations flourish luxuriantly, and none of them are more lively than those about the election of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker. The discussion is universal in both parties. The Democrats are radically and sharply divided upon the subject, and the Republicans therefore naturally "take a hand in," and genially encourage the fraternal dissension. The amusing fact in regard to Mr. RANDALL is that he can neither be taken nor left without great damage to the virtuous Democratic party which proposes to turn the rascals out.

His nomination by the Democratic caucus would be a plain declaration that the Democrats abandon the tariff issue in 1884, which would disgust the strenuous Democratic free-traders, who declare that his nomination would be the dissolution of the party. His rejection would startle the country as practically a Democratic free-trade pronunciamento, and the Democratic interest in protected industries would withdraw an important Democratic contingent from the hearty support of the party as a free-trade propaganda. The only remaining course, that of dropping both Mr. RANDALL and a distinctive free-trade candidate like Mr. CARLISLE, would be a mere dodging of the question, which would disgust the positive men upon both sides of the party, and attract no independent or Republican sympathy or support.

The silent Mr. RANDALL is the *enfant terrible* of his party. The free-traders, who can neither argue nor bully him down, are now with artless innocence trying to wheedle him. He and his friends the Democratic protectionists look on with a smile. And so, indeed, do the Republicans. "Take him or leave him," they seem to say to the esteemed Democratic brethren; "we shall be satisfied with your decision, and we hope that you will be so also."

A STRANGE STORY.

It is a phantasmal tale that has been recently daily told in the morning papers, that the legitimate King of France, who has never sat upon a throne, is dying in Austria, and that the great-grandson of a man who voted for the death of his cousin, LOUIS XVI., and the heir of the Revolutions of '93 and of '30, is selected as the royal successor, and has been invited to Rome by the Pope.

The practical argument against the execution of King CHARLES I. in England was that a King can not be executed. CHARLES STUART might be beheaded, but the King would presently come over or not come over, but wherever he might be, and whatever his fate, he would be always a national menace, because the King can not die. The Comte de Chambord never sat upon his ancestors' throne, and his father never sat upon it, and he has no child. But when he dies, the King remains. The logic of legitimacy is invincible. Time and long possession and the will of the nation may practically interfere with the conclusion. But a royal family is deathless and its claim never expires. If the Comte de Paris renounces it for himself, it is at once valid in his heir.

Even the Napoleonic royalty asserts itself at this juncture. Like all others, its origin is mere brute force, but compared with the ancient BOURBON tradition the Napoleonic royalty is pinchbeck and parvenu. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was as able and unscrupulous a man as ever founded a monarchy. But he lived too late. The spirit of the age was hostile, and made his imperialism, when detached from his personality, ridiculous. If France is not really republican, she may cry, "A plague on both your houses." But none the less they can perplex and even convulse her. Since GAMBETTA there is no commanding and inspiring Republican leader in France, but that very situation would make her steady adhesion to the republic more significant.

ANOTHER REMOVAL.

The folly and bitter injustice of displacing excellent public officers to bestow their positions upon the henchmen of politicians is constantly illustrated. It is a practice which in fact and in spirit is forbidden by public opinion; but the prohibition is constantly evaded, as in the acts of Commissioner EVANS. The instances are known only when circumstances make them conspicuous, but the wrong is always the same.

A recent case of the kind is the transformation of the consular agency at Düsseldorf into a consulate, and the dismissal of the consular agent, Mr. LEWIS, an experienced and upright officer, to make a place for a successor pressed by political influence. Mr. LEWIS has held the position for about twenty years, and was naturally able to be of great service to his countrymen—a service which he never failed to render. The Americans in Düsseldorf knew no legitimate reason for his removal, either official or personal, and we believe that "political reasons" alone were pleaded for the dismissal. The office is one solely of convenience to Americans and Germans, and one of the most indispensable qualifications is experience, familiarity with local laws and customs, and all the knowledge that a prolonged residence alone gives.

In such offices no more preposterous system could be devised than that of arbitrary rotation. An insecure tenure is a premium upon dishonesty, and wanton removal is both a disgrace and an injury to the country that tolerates it. No man, indeed, as we have often said, has a vested right to an office, as no clerk in a business house has a vested right to his place. But the business man who should turn out competent, honest, and experienced clerks and replace them with inexperienced men, upon the plea that none of his clerks had a vested right to his place, would be a fit subject for the writ *de lunatico*. That, however, is precisely what the government does in turning out a faithful agent like Mr. LEWIS, and it is an abuse which public opinion in this country has happily taken in hand and is steadily correcting.

FOREWARNED.

The announcement of the ravages of the cholera in Egypt reminds everybody that the terrible plague has periodically swept over the world, and awakens the apprehension that our own country may not be spared. Fortunately the laws of health are so much better comprehended and observed than formerly that there is no reason to anticipate a panic even should the disease reach us.

Communities and individuals know that care, cleanliness, and wise moderation carry them safely even through such a torrid heat as was recently known in New York; and the same precautions generally and stringently observed will be equally serviceable in dealing with a plague like the cholera. Relaxing food, relaxing and fiery drinks, careless exposure to changes of temperature, a failure to recognize abnormal conditions in every detail of living, are the chief causes of the unusual mortality of a hot summer.

The same negligence, the want of positive reasonable precautions, and of conduct regulated by common-sense, would greatly heighten the fatality of a cholera epidemic. To keep cool is the best exhortation, because it means, be sensible. Of course, in view of the possibility, a great responsibility devolves upon the Board of Health at every sea-port in the country, and especially upon that in New York. Its powers, which are large, should be exercised with as much vigor as wisdom, and every citizen should cordially co-operate. Forewarned is forearmed, and we are distinctly warned by every fresh report from Egypt.

WISE GENEROSITY.

Mr. and Mrs. OSWALD OTTENDORFER have made a splendid gift to the German Hospital in the city, the value of which is greatly enhanced by their wise disposition of it. Mrs. OTTENDORFER gives the land and building for a dispensary, which will be amply and thoroughly furnished for the free treatment of every kind of disease among the poor, while Mr. OTTENDORFER gives the land and building for a library and reading-room which he will supply with books and periodicals.

Such gifts allay the jealousy with which great wealth is coming to be regarded. They are public benefactions in the highest sense, and they are noble private monuments. ASTOR and LENOX, COOPER, CORNELL, and VASSAR, PEABODY and SLATER, and other munificent givers, live in the great public institutions which they have founded or aided, and the admiration and gratitude with which they are regarded might well stimulate those who are able to do likewise.

There have been most generous gifts to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which offers one of the most delightful and instructive resorts not only to the general public, but to skilled workmen. But it is not yet thoroughly independent, and a gift which should secure an ample endowment and an adequate building would be a public benefaction which the public would gratefully remember. Mr. and Mrs. OTTENDORFER have chosen to spend their money in a way which makes everybody glad that they are rich, and makes everybody wish, also, that all rich men and women were of the same disposition. Riches can certainly buy nothing more valuable than such good feeling.

PERSONAL.

No member of the family of the late PETER COOPER has been consulted about the proposed public monument to that philanthropist, although in thousands of places in the metropolis subscription lists have been opened, money-boxes fixed, and appeals to contribute placarded. Neither the shape nor location of the monument, nor the best manner of providing the means to erect it, nor the propriety of instituting any such enterprise at all, has been made a subject of consultation with the nearest relatives of Mr. COOPER.

—Not long ago LECKY, the historian, said to a New York friend that his works are modelled on those of BUCKLE, and showed his dog-eared and bethumbed copy of BUCKLE'S *History of Civilization* as an evidence of his study of that author. But LECKY'S style certainly does not suggest BUCKLE. His admiration for BUCKLE stopped this side of plagiarism, inspiring him with BUCKLE'S spirit rather than loading his memory with BUCKLE'S ideas and phrases.

—One of Colonel BERDAN'S famous sharp-shooters, who behaved so handsomely in the war for the Union, is now a successful dentist in a New Jersey town. He recalls with mild merriment an order given by the gallant colonel to his hundred men at the second battle of Bull Run, when the field in front of them was teeming with masked batteries of the most formidable description. "Capture those batteries," cried the eager colonel, "and report them as fast as captured." This veteran survivor of the regiment declares that he never experienced the slightest compunction after killing a man, but was, on the other hand, as indifferent, save for the joy of the deed, as if he had just shot a woodchuck.

—We congratulate Mr. HENRY WATTERSON and his colleagues on the quality and size of the loan collection of art works which they have secured in this region for the Louisville Exhibition. The principal picture owners of this city, though often in other instances prompted to impatient refusals, have succumbed to Southern eloquence, and lent the best things in their galleries. Visitors to the Louisville Exhibition may rest assured that the paintings which are to go thither from New York are so good that New-Yorkers themselves would think it a treat to study them.

—Mr. RUSKIN'S recent confessions are so interesting that it is to be hoped we shall be treated to many more. One of the least tiresome of them is the announcement that notwithstanding his well-known protests against the ignorant sentimentalism of BYRON, "I had yet formed my own precious 'style' by perpetual reading of him and imitation of him."

—A writer in our esteemed contemporary the *Critic* does unintentional injustice to the management of the Astor Library. "When the directors," he says, "are urged to open its treasures to the public in the evening they reply that no library of reference in the world is open after candle-light," but "it is known that the Bodleian at Oxford is open in part during the evening, and the great Brussels library, and the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris is contemplating a similar step." It was primarily through the directors themselves that, several months ago, the public were informed in the *Tribune* that these very libraries had made arrangements for opening one or more rooms in the evening; and it was because of the success of this move on the part of those foreign libraries that the directors of the Astor Library were reported to be considering the expediency of a similar course. We are able to add that the directors were correctly reported, and that the project of bringing the treasures of the Astor Library within reach of scholars who can not consult them by day is likely to be realized.

—We have received (and read) a copy of Mr. CHARLTON T. LEWIS'S poem, called modestly by the author "A Rhymed Medley," which was recited last month at Yale College before the class of 1853, on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of their graduation. The public, to whom Mr. LEWIS is known as a scholar, a lexicographer, an editor, and a successful man of affairs, was perhaps unprepared to recognize in this latest effort the inspiration of a true poet as well. But Mr. LEWIS has a habit of doing handsomely what he puts his hand to, and we expect to see Yale honor herself one of these days by giving him an LL.D.

—Colonel KEATING, of the Memphis *Appeal*, who is visiting the city, speaks with enthusiasm of the present condition of the South. "The South," he says, "is the most prosperous section of the country, and this prosperity is due chiefly to the development of its mining interests, and to the intelligence with which, under the new *régime*, the soil is cultivated. The people are satisfied with the state of the Union; and so far from regretting the abolition of slavery, they would fight rather than see that patriarchal institution established again among them." It refreshes a patriot to hear such sentiments from an ex-Confederate chieftain who represents a big constituency. Colonel KEATING has passed through six or seven yellow fever epidemics in Memphis, and has gathered, in a valuable book, the contributions of his own experience and observation as to the treatment and eradication of that disease.

—The Hon. ABRAM S. HEWITT sailed for Europe with his family on the 18th inst. He will return in November, but his family expect to make a longer stay.

—On the evening of the day when the news of BAYARD TAYLOR'S death reached this city several of his friends found their way to a club-house which the dead journalist and poet had been in the habit of frequenting, each of them expressing in the manner peculiar to himself his sense of his loss. One member showed the strength of his grief by the incoherent jerking of his head and arms, and seemed at times as though his reason was shaking. But another, whom Mr. TAYLOR especially admired for breadth of culture and catholicity of taste, walked the floor in silence, and, after seating himself in an absent-minded fashion, remarked quietly to the person who sat next to him, "It seems to me that I have seen BAYARD in each one of those chairs as I passed along, and his eyes were full of tears." The pathos with which the words were uttered made a lasting impression upon the listener.

—Senator BAYARD, of Delaware, in a recent conversation, said that one thing surprised him during his last journey through the Southern States, namely, that it was from the ladies of the South that he heard the greatest rejoicing over the abolition of the peculiar institution. The reason for the joy was, he believed, the relief from the care of supervising the provision of clothing and food for the youthful negroes. In these days the mothers of those dark barbarians attend to the wants of their own children just as the mothers of little white savages do; but in the days of slavery the load was fastened to the back of the planter's wife.

—We notice in the columns of some of our contemporaries the expression of anxiety respecting the final issue of what is expected to be a war of extermination between the new Metropolitan Opera-house and the old Academy of Music as soon as the respective forces of Mr. ABBEY and Mr. MAPLESON are in the field. We see, however, no cause for serious apprehension. The best singers will draw the largest audiences, and the house that secures their services will be the successful and fashionable one, at least for the time being. If, on the same night, NILSSON should sing in the Metropolitan Opera-house and PATTI in the Academy, New York would be large enough and rich enough to fill both buildings; and if, on the other hand, the attraction in one building should be a prima donna of genius, and the attraction in the other building a prima donna of mediocrity, or (as in former years has frequently been the case) of no rank at all, the place that has the real singer will draw the crowd. In any event, the musical public, which heretofore has been drawn upon for much long-suffering, will be the gainer by the establishment of another head-quarters of song. Let the rival managers enter the lists; whichever wins, the musical public is likely to get some of its money's worth at last.

—Mr. C. KEAGAN PAUL on CHARLES KINGSLEY: For some twenty years he was the most popular clergyman in England. Others have been equally loved, or reverenced, or notorious, each in his own circle, some in more than one circle, but no man ever appeared to so large numbers and to so different classes. Dr. NEWMAN, Dr. MARTINEAU, Dean STANLEY, and, in their degrees, Mr. HAWEIS or Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE (heterogeneous mixture!), all represent, or have represented, considerable bodies; ROBERTSON'S fame has greatly widened since his death; but none of these names express at all the sort of influence which KINGSLEY exerted. He was not a profound or subtle thinker; but his large, genial nature attracted alike the princes who strove to alleviate the sufferings of his last hours, and the gypsies who strewed, and still strew, flowers on his grave.

—A young New-Yorker, Mr. R. H. HATCH, has made a successful début in London as an elocutionist. "Among the audience," says *Society*, "were Mrs. GLADSTONE, Princess CHRISTIAN, and many other celebrities, and the distinguished audience accorded a very cordial greeting to the young American. Mr. HATCH'S first recital was a touching American poem entitled 'How he saved St. Michael's,' and this was marked throughout with a grace of style which at once won the sympathy and admiration of the audience. Mr. HATCH is the possessor of a voice of strong emotional power, and as an elocutionist of high culture and commanding self-possession he appears to possess in a large measure what may be termed a popularizing nature."

—The leading art dealers are in a quandary. The supply of fine MILLETS, COROTS, ROUSSEAUS, and DUPRÉS is practically exhausted, and although every important auction sale of pictures in any capital of Europe is visited by themselves or their representatives, the difficulty of procuring such works has well-nigh become an impossibility, while the painters of them have left no successors. Besides, prices are enormous, and are beginning to drop of their own weight. Mr. ROCKEFELLER, of this city, paid $30,000 for MILLET'S "Grafters," the highest price ever given by an American for an example of the Fontainebleau school; Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY, of Brooklyn, drew a check for $20,000 after receiving ROUSSEAU'S "Morning on the Oise." It is not believed by the dealers that wealthy buyers will inaugurate a "boom" for old masters, although Mr. H. G. MARQUAND has recently paid a high sum for a canvas, and Mr. MACKEY has given $25,000 for REMBRANDT'S "Burgomaster Six." But nobody in this country has yet established a reputation as an expert in old masters, and a fear of being defrauded would prevail should buyers generally turn their attention to such wares. There seems to be a good opening for zeal on the part of our American artists. Four or five of them have had the honor this year of selling their works to the French government, and nobody can tell what the future has to say of their capacity and success. We ourselves have observed with much interest the activity manifested in every part of the country with reference to our art prize of $3000.

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THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 454.]

1. View in Sugar District of Louisiana. 2. Stripping and Cutting. 3. Bringing in the Cane. 4. Plantation Quarters. 5. Planting. 6. Sugar Planter's Residence. 7. Young Sugar-Cane.

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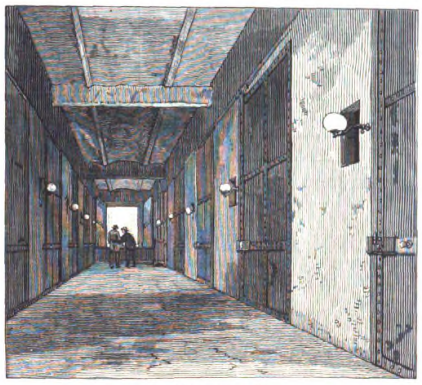
EXTERIOR.

THE LINCOLN BANK.

THE burning of MORRILL'S storage warehouses two or three years ago alarmed all persons who had trusted their own goods and chattels to similar repositories. In very many cases, perhaps the majority, the possessions intrusted to them are of a kind for the loss of which their value in money can not compensate. People who are breaking up their homes generally find it cheapest and most convenient to dispose outright of whatever movables can be replaced, and to store those only which are irreplaceable. The result is that the smallest part of the loss caused by the destruction of such things is that which can be recovered even from a responsible bailee.

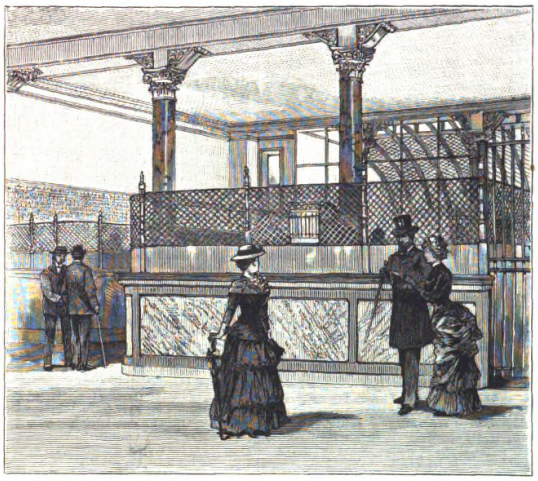
This consideration has determined the building of several storage warehouses, of which the object is not to insure compensation for the loss of goods intrusted to them, but to insure the return of the goods themselves on demand, and in as good order as that in which they were received. One of the most interesting of these, and in its scope the most extensive, is the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company, the fire-proof building of which has lately been opened for business in Forty-second Street, opposite the Grand Central Depot. The Lincoln Bank is a national bank, which has now been in business for about two years, and of which MR. THOMAS L. JAMES, for many years the efficient Postmaster of New York, is the President, having resigned the Postmaster-Generalship, to which he was appointed by GARFIELD, in order to accept this trust, besides being moved by considerations more familiar, and therefore less necessary to state. The safe deposit company is a separate institution, being organized under the laws of the State, while the bank is organized under the general banking law. But MR. JAMES is the President of both institutions, and MR. VAN SANTVOORD, to whose active interest and supervision both owe much, is the Vice-President, while, with one or two exceptions, the list of trustees of the safe deposit company is the same as that of the directors of the bank, including ex-Mayor GRACE, MR. F. W. VANDERBILT, MR. SEWARD WEBB, MR. JOHN W. HARPER, MR. FREDERICK KUHNE, MR. JOHN F. PLUMMER, MR. MATTHEW C. D. BOWDEN, and Chief-Justice DAVIS.



STORAGE VAULTS.

The banking offices comprise a large suite of rooms on the first floor of the building of the safe deposit company, of which the remainder is given over to the business, or rather the separate businesses, of a storage warehouse and a safe deposit company. The vaults of the safe deposit company are upon the first floor, with a separate entrance and waiting-room for ladies at the west end of the building, and a waiting-room for men at the rear of the building under a large half-arch skylight of glass and iron, which gives perfect light to the whole of the first floor, although the building is 110 feet in depth by 100 in frontage. The main vault, the steel doors and locks of which are remarkable pieces of mechanism in their kind, is of metal, 25 by 40 feet in area, and is in two stories, of which the upper is intended for the storage of silver, with an additional and equally well-protected silver-room in the basement. The boilers which supply heat for the building and power for the elevators are under the sidewalk, and so separated from the building as to localize the effect of any possible explosion.

The business of the bank and of the safe deposit company is confined to the first two stories, of which the upper is a "mezzanine." The upper six stories form the storage warehouse. Each is divided by two corridors, lighted at each end, into four series of compartments, separated from the corridors and from each other by fire-proof partitions. Although the windows at the ends of the corridors, which are protected by double iron shutters, are the only openings in the front and rear walls, there is no lack of light, and ventilation is looked out for with equal care, in order to guard against mould, each compartment being connected with the outer air by flues built in the thickness of the walls. These stories, which are separated by brick arches turned between iron beams, have no communication with each other except by means of the staircase at the rear, which is in a well cut off from the rest of the building by heavy brick walls, the openings furnished with iron doors. All the machinery of the elevators is also confined to this well. There are two large elevators for goods, to which access is gained from Forty-first Street, each of them capable of carrying to the top of the building a loaded furniture van. The floor of the cellar is blasted out of the solid rock, and covered with concrete. The roof is covered with a heavy layer of cement. The outer walls are three feet thick.

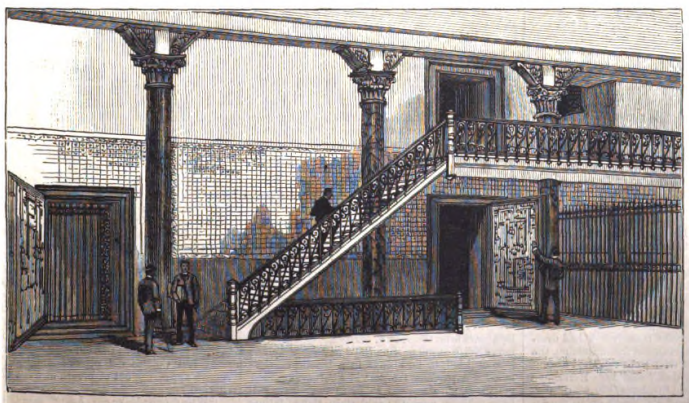


COUNTING-ROOM.

It is hard to imagine, in looking at the effect of these dispositions, how any fire could originate within, except by "spontaneous combustion," and even that unlikely contingency is guarded against by the system of ventilation adopted, or how, if a fire did originate in any compartment, it could be communicated to another, and still more how it could extend beyond the floor on which it arose. It is equally hard to imagine how the building, or any of its contents could be affected by any fire arising outside of it.

While security is the first requisite in such a building, the convenience of customers is only second to it. This is secured by the facilities for examination in all the various departments, and by the unusual concession to human weakness, in a building of this character, of a passenger elevator in addition to those used for goods, so that depositors can have easy access to the trunk-rooms on the topmost floor, as well as to the vaults of the first story, and the silver-rooms of the second.

The reception-rooms of the entrance floor, as well as the rooms of the bank, are fitted with a luxury remarkable even among the recent commercial palaces of New York. No wood appears except in the movable furniture. The walls are wainscoted with selected Knoxville marble in large slabs, with darker frames of the same material, and above the wainscoting are hung with glazed tiles, which give a singularly bright effect, and have the advantage



ENTRANCE TO THE VAULTS.

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES GRAHAM AND PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH.

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of always being capable of being restored to their pristine freshness with a wet cloth. The mantel-pieces are of a beautiful red Belgian marble, with bands of a black marble from Glens Falls, in this State, a valuable material recently introduced, of a very fine grain and susceptible of high polish.

The exterior of the building is red brick above a rough brown-stone basement, and betrays its unusual purpose in a great field of blank wall, with only two vertical rows of openings, corresponding to the interior corridors.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.

I.

LOUISIANA is too commonly imagined to be one vast marsh, intersected by sluggish water-courses, a veritable breeding-place of malaria, where the nights are made hideous by the croaking of frogs, the hissing of reptiles, and the roaring of alligators, while above these swamps, inhabited by a race perpetually trembling with ague, hovers the deadly spectre of yellow fever, grasping in one hand the scythe of destruction, and in the other the yellow flag of quarantine. Consequently there are really many people who deem it an act of courage to descend the Mississippi and land upon the shores of the Mexican Gulf. But those who venture to do this are well rewarded for their pains. They can boast, as well as the pioneer explorers of Southern Africa—the LIVINGSTONES, GRANTS, and DE BRAZZAS—but without fatigue or danger, of having discovered *unknown* lands—lands near us, nevertheless, and well worthy to attract the attention of tourists from all parts of the world.

Never does the traveller without agreeable surprise traverse Louisiana for the first time, and find the land inhabited by a healthy, vigorous, amiable, and industrious people, dwelling in neat and often elegant homes, surrounded by richly cultivated fields, and a semi-tropical vegetation unlike any in the Northern United States or Europe. An infinity of bayous (little water-courses created by the infiltrations of the Mississippi, therefore termed by the Indians Meschacébe—"father of waters") serve as highways of communication for the population. Nothing could be at once more convenient and more charming than these self-moving highways; they convey produce and merchandise cheaply, and their banks, bordered with magnificent sugar or cotton plantations, alternately and almost without transition offer to the traveller's gaze the splendors of the virgin forest, with its lianas and birds of a thousand hues, or the highest manifestations of industrial enterprise and successful modern agriculture.

Therefore Louisiana does not feel the need of railroads to the same degree as the States of the North and East. Steamboats find a facile route for the transportation to market of her rich and varied products. To-day, nevertheless, a number of railroads traverse the State, which will soon have little cause to envy even those countries most favored in regard to means of communication.

In Louisiana, railroads will find a profitable traffic, especially in those natural products which give nutrition to a duplicate industry, at once agricultural and mechanical. These products consist of tobacco, rice, cotton, and sugar, all of which must pass through sundry manipulations of an industrial character before being delivered for consumption. Sugar especially is rather a manufactured article than an agricultural product, strictly speaking. It constitutes, however, the principal object of agricultural and mechanical industry in Louisiana.

The soil of this State is especially adapted to the cultivation of the sugar-cane. That soil, as everybody knows, has been formed by the slow deposits of the Mississippi, and excepting the Delta of the Nile, there is probably no soil richer, more substantial, or deeper, than the alluvial lands which border the Mexican Gulf at the mouths of the great river.

These lands never suffer from drought—so inimical to the sugar-cane in most tropical countries—inasmuch as they are intersected in every direction by water-courses. As a consequence of these favorable conditions, Louisiana vegetation preserves its freshness and its beauty through the hottest period of the dog-days, and even into the coldest months of winter.

The cold spells, indeed, constitute one of the main disadvantages of sugar culture along the borders of the Mississippi. But it would be erroneous, nevertheless, to suppose that culture inferior in productiveness to any other in the world. Premature cold may, indeed, occasionally diminish the profits of the planter, but what form of agricultural industry, in any part of the world, can assure its undertakers against all chances of loss?

The cultivation of the sugar-cane in Louisiana gives results far superior to any which the European planter can hope to obtain from the beet root. Twelve tons of sugar to the acre, even if well-manured soil, is considered a good crop in Germany, while twenty and twenty-five tons to the acre is a result commonly obtained in Louisiana, with no other manure than young bean stalks worked into the soil. The German beet root, richest of all, contains about twelve per cent. of sugar, while the sugar-cane contains from fourteen to eighteen per cent. of saccharine matter. Moreover, cane-growing is infinitely less costly and laborious than beet-root culture, and even the treatment of cane juice far more facile than that of beet-root sap, for it needs only to be boiled in the first vessel at hand, and skimmed like the contents of a soup pot, to yield a saccharine product of highly agreeable taste, and fit for immediate consumption.

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY," "HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE," "DR. JACOB," "THE SYLVESTERS"; OR, THE OUTCASTS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

STEPHANA had now reached a crisis in her singular career. She awaited a mandate from the unseen world as confidently as those who live according to ordinary methods look for the usual deliverance from a dilemma, expecting, maybe, the interference of happy chance, maybe a wise counsel of friend, or lastly a clearer understanding on their own part. To Stephana no such solution suggested itself. She should be duly enlightened, but neither from within nor without, as far as the actual world and her own individual life were concerned. The voice, inaudible to others, would reach her obsequious ears from afar. The monition would come from no earthly counsellor.

Looking back and recollecting every incident that linked the present with the departure from Italy, she could understand why the last strange summons should have come in the name of Valerian. What an errand was hers! To force a lie into the light from a darkness in which it had been hid for years, to bring, as she felt she must and should, mother and son together, to sway two mundane natures to her will, and touch their careless spirits to finer issues: here, indeed, was a mission that might well claim her life for a time. But for a time only. Stephana looked far beyond the horizon of an existence that should mean fireside concord and a perfect harmony between Christina, Valerian, and herself. When the looked-for reconcilement had been brought about between these two, and her own relations with Valerian determined for once and for all, then, and not till then, should she begin to live indeed.

Her soul exulted and her heart danced as she contemplated this prospect, for she saw now how her supreme wishes and most cherished ideals might one by one be realized. Unworldly though she was, she knew well enough that wealth is the key to most doors, and that the would-be regenerator of his age and benefactor of his kind must possess not only Will, but Power, the spirit to stir the few, and the material force to move the many. She was already rich, Christina was richer still, and their combined fortunes would form a mighty engine indeed, if only Valerian could be taught to work it aright. Sitting down deliberately to count up the aggregate of Christina's fortune and her own, Stephana's eyes grew almost supernaturally bright, and her pale cheeks glowed with exultation. Could she only sway Christina and Valerian to her purpose, not one of the magnanimous schemes she had dreamed of need be given up. The accumulated hoardings of the Hermitage-Gossip house would at last be appropriated to noble uses. One chapter of their family history, and that a sordid one, would be thus closed forever, and a shining page begun. "I do believe your riches burden you as much as an evil conscience. It is no crime to be born a millionaire!"

Miss Hermitage had often made this remark to Stephana, and in a measure it was true. The enormous and for the most part idly squandered wealth of her kinsfolk did lie like a heavy weight on Stephana's mind. She could not charge herself with undue softness and luxurious living, and Mr. Constantine's money had served the public weal rather than his own interests. But the expensive, the lavish Christina! The wine that sparkled in her crystal, the outlandish cates that furnished her table, the gauds, the frivolities, the merry-making from day to day! Such a spectacle filled her with a feeling akin to despair. And although she exulted now in the thought that this had come to an end, and that at least Christina's life would never be child's play any more, she could not yet see how all the rest that she hoped for was to come to pass. How was this hard nature to be made malleable, this iron will to be subdued? But Christina at one with her; Christina moved to an unselfish or single-minded impulse! Then Stephana's own path as a social reformer would be smoothed, and not one of her bright dreams but might be realized.

Two immediate purposes, therefore, at this moment, occupied Stephana's thoughts. She must first reach Christina's conscience, then touch her heart; begin by reconciling her with God, and end by reconciling her with Valerian. All as yet was dark about her path; Christina was feeble, fretful, yielding in small things, but unapproachable on the subject of her private affairs and Valerian. For the first time in her life Stephana failed to fascinate and influence as she willed. That strange power exercised by her over her fellows, and hitherto regarded by all who knew her as irresistible, seemed inert or inadequate. Less the power than the will, indeed, was with Stephana now. She felt strangely alienated from her kinswoman, just when excessive pitifulness would have served her purpose better. One of those subtle antipathies witnessed among blood-relations was at work here, and, do what she would, Stephana could not wholly overcome it. Then it came about that her eyes seemed cold, her voice unsympathetic to Christina. The wondrously insinuating sweetness and soothingness that had always appeared part of Stephana's self were gone, and a certain pensiveness had overtaken her. The cheerfulness, the animation, the subdued fire of other days were vanished also.

"We are all very dull," said Miss Hermitage one day. "I do wish, Stephana, you would persuade your blind friend Mr. Markham to accompany Colette and myself to Italy. Italy always amuses me, and Mr. Markham is poor. He would consent, I feel sure."

Stephana suddenly became her old sportive, seductive self. "Dear Christina," she said, seating herself at her cousin's feet, and holding her hands, "will you let me cozen you into one thing, a very little thing for you? Mr. Markham will do anything I ask him. But I must be bribed into the asking."

"You want money out of me for what you call your causes," Miss Hermitage replied, smiling ironically. "Well, how much? A hundred pounds?"

"The cost of one of your gala gowns—a few exotics! Is Mr. Markham's company worth no more?" Stephana continued, still gay and genial. "No, cousin, a hundred pounds is so small a sum to you that it is not worth bargaining for. What I want now is no more nor less than five thousand pounds."

"You are dreaming!" Christina retorted, with scorn. "Much good would five thousand pounds do in your hands! Philanthropy does no good. We see this every day. The more rich people give away, the more poor ones there are."

"There are other things to be given away besides soup tickets and flannel petticoats," Stephana replied, in her turn caustic and bitter. "Though I do not know that money is worse squandered on these than on strawberries at Christmas," she added, with a playful scorn. "Then you will not give me five thousand pounds?"

"You are dreaming," was the ironical reply. "But to be serious. Write to Mr. Markham. Make the proposal to him. I must have him in Italy."

But Stephana shook her head.

"It is really very unkind of you, Stephana," said Miss Hermitage, fretfully. "You really seem to take pleasure in thwarting me, although you are amiable to every one else. I will write to Constantine, then. He can surely find some one entertaining and clever to go with us to Italy."

"You will not think me unkind when you know everything," Stephana answered. "I can not tell you yet."

"Always dark and oracular! Well, Colette shall have my trunk packed, and off we will go by ourselves. This humdrum life is killing me."

No more was said. Preparations were made for the Italian journey, and it seemed to Stephana that all chance of the desired reconciliation was over, at least for a time. The travellers proposed to start in a few days, not to return till the spring, and where then would they find Valerian? Not in England, certainly, thought Stephana; and as she pondered on what had just taken place, the first strange phase of the life she had planned by Valerian's side wore a look of comfort. Under no large Southern stars and warm azure skies, amid no orange and lemon groves, should their days be spent, islanded from ice and frost and common cares. A hard lot for a while must they lead, yet as she pictured it now her heart bounded. At least there would be sympathy in that home in store for her, the serviceableness born of joy and gratitude. The devotion that breathed through every line of Valerian's letters augured well for the future. He loved her, and she could only give a hearty affection in return. But had either of them a right to be dissatisfied with such a compact? The best part of life is made up of thought and deed, not sentiment, held Stephana.

"I have had my romance, my delusion. He insists on having his. 'Twere hard were we not henceforth able to leave off dreaming, and live indeed."

CHAPTER XXXV.

IT was the eve of Christinas's departure. The trunks were packed. The courier had arrived. The paragon of a cicerone found by Mr. Constantine was expected every moment. At noon next day the little party, consisting of half a dozen persons, would be on the road.

Miss Hermitage had not been so enterprising since the occurrences of New-Year's Day. She still liked travel for travel's sake. Novelty in the most ordinary circumstance diverted her. A prospect pleased, if for no other reason, because she gazed on it for the first time. The serving-maids who waited on her for a day only were always delightful.

Unaccustomed meats, irrespective of quality, tickled her palate. In fact, like many another, she would have declared life perfect if no day ever resembled its predecessor. The mere prospect of getting away from England, even now, was alone enough to put her in spirits. She was leaving Stephana and Valerian behind, and in Italy there would be no embodiments of Conscience and Retribution. There her history, past and present, could concern no one. In whatever delicious place she might halt, she was but one rich woman more, to be welcomed and pampered and bent knee to accordingly. Travel, if it does nothing else for us, at least brings out the amiable aspect of money. Wit, beauty, distinction, all outward insignia, vanish. We are mere money-spenders, not men or women, hardly human beings.

Picturing to herself all the pleasant little nothings that were now to be her daily portion, Miss Hermitage was suddenly discomposed by one of those phenomenal storms that happen from time to time in midwinter, sleet and hail coming close upon thunder and lightning, and a lurid sky and heavy air oppressing us when the logs crackle on the hearth. Miss Hermitage could never relish storms. She liked nature, as well as human kind, to be always in a bright, careless mood. A summer tempest in February seemed, moreover, so abnormal as to prognosticate evil haps. There were the cold white flakes falling and the lightning ablaze at the same moment, whilst the coiness of the atmosphere was suddenly turned to sultriness and languor.

"I am suffocating. Will no one relieve me by opening the window?" she cried, fretfully.

Colette and the maids flew to do her behest, but it was beyond their power. A wild wind sent the sleet swirling madly in all directions and drove it through every aperture into the room. It was necessary to make the windows doubly secure. Some dire mischief seemed imminent. Not only the especial contents of buildings in which they lived, but the whole town, seemed threatened by the storm. Wind and thunder, hail and waves—for the sea was in hearing—made up a horrid tumult, whilst the vivid flashes of lightning but heightened the prevailing gloom. It was broad daylight, yet it was night. The dog-days had come in winter.

Miss Hermitage knew no fear, but the storm perturbed her, and gave a sensation of eeriness. She could not shake off the rustic superstitiousness in which she had been brought up, and which ever associated phenomenal occurrences with especial interpositions of the Divine displeasure. This terrific hurricane she knew could but be working all kinds of disaster by land and sea, and why should it happen just when she was on the point of hiding herself from conscience and duty, fleeing from these to lazy pleasures? Must there not be some visitation here, some portent pointed at herself? The rocking of this solidly built house on its very foundations, the din and clatter within, the elemental hurly-burly without, not frightening her in themselves, inspired a terror of another kind. The voice of the thunder reached her inner ear. The lightning endowed her with spiritual vision. Yes, she saw it now. Stephana was right. She had been wicked toward Valerian. She must make atonement. It was characteristic of Christina that such thoughts should not have troubled her till now, and that so long as she felt her secret absolutely safe she in no wise concerned herself about the sin. It happened in her case as it often will, that the verdict of others made the wrong-doing apparent, and brought conviction to the culprit. She had seen her conduct in its proper light by the aid of Stephana's rebuke. Yet until now, although humiliated and put out of countenance by good opinions forfeited and daily existence unhinged, the lapse in itself had brought no contrition. The unpleasant consequences lost to sight, she should go on living after the old plan, she said to herself, and the world would be as easy and agreeable as if there were no Valerian in it.

Swiftly and unawares, however, by means not of human suasion or interference, but, as she interpreted it, an awful monition of nature, she was troubled with a feeling akin to remorse. She should start for Italy on the morrow all the same; she felt no qualms of conscience at quitting Valerian without a word of advice; but she would make some sort of satisfaction to Stephana. All the money she wanted, as Miss Hermitage supposed, for Valerian, she should have, and that ungrudgingly. "Where is Stephana? Will no one bring Stephana to me?"

The query was made in a pettish voice again and again, but without response. The appalling nature of the storm, indeed, and its extraordinary grandeur as a spectacle, were occupying the minds of her household. The men had so far forgotten decorum as to quit their posts and seek some better vantage-ground out-of-doors; the women had separated into detachments, the timid hiding themselves in the cellars, the valorous watching the lightning on the sea from the attics. Formerly, and under ordinary circumstances, Miss Hermitage would have overlooked such neglect, for she was the easiest task-mistress in the world, always making allowance for her servants when in quest of amusement. The more amusement they got, the better their work was done, she would say. But she was no longer her old self. The shock of that unforgettable New-Year's Day had left her nerveless and feeble; it seemed a personal grievance to be thus left alone when every storm gust threatened to force in the windows or bring down the tiles. She was shivering from cold too, for the fire had been allowed to burn low, and the oppressiveness of a quarter of an hour ago was changed to chilliness, whilst for a few minutes the flashes of lightning were awful in their vividness. Not twice in a lifetime do we behold a like spectacle, the broad span of heavens and the troubled deep as if in one vast conflagration, hardly a perceptible interval between blaze and blaze, hardly a lull between peal and peal, heralds it might be of doom to many both on land and sea.

Miss Hermitage rang the bell, but that summons was unnoticed; then she went to the foot of the stairs and called Colette, but no Colette came. Something must have happened, she now said to herself, some one of her household perhaps had received injury from the lightning. How unkind not to come to her!

In this momentary dejection she for the first time realized the awfulness there may be in solitude. She was troubled in mind, and she was alone. What if harm had happened to Colette? She should then be alone indeed, and alone for the rest of her days as she was at this moment. How different it might have been! Affection might have been hers, and all kinds of domestic joys. These things were out of her reach now, but she would fain make her peace with Stephana—Stephana, who understood how the debts of conscience are acquitted; Stephana, who seemed to her imagination an embodiment of Justice blindfold with scales in her hand. Could she but satisfy Stephana, she should be able to enjoy herself in Italy as in the old days.

At last Colette did come, the faithful little woman appearing out of breath and out of countenance.

"Why do you leave me alone?" said Christina, querulously. "You know I am not well. A very little thing upsets me now. And the fire is very low. I am shivering with cold."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1373.

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"I have been looking for Stephana," replied Colette, apologetically. Then she put a shawl round her friend's shoulders, and piled the fire with logs.

"What is Stephana doing? Why does she not bear us company at such a time?" asked Christina, in the same fretful voice.

"Stephana can not come," Colette said, mysteriously.

"Then let us go to her. Why should she shut herself up in the midst of a storm like this? There is positive danger for every one of us."

Colette still looked enigmatic. "The storm is abating," she said. "I have told the maids to come down-stairs and prepare tea. But Stephana can not come."

"Has anything happened to her, or to anybody in the house?" asked Christina, sharply.

"What should happen?" was the reply, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders. "We must do without her company for a time. That is all."

"I am sure something strange has come to pass. Am I not to know?"

"Strange things are always coming to pass where Stephana is concerned," Colette made reply, with an odd smile. "Let us take our tea cozily, and watch the storm-clouds divide. See the lightning. How it diminishes!"

But Miss Hermitage would not be quieted. She would go to Stephana, she said. Something had happened of which Colette dared not tell.

"Indeed and indeed no harm has come to her," Colette replied. Then finding that the other was determined to see for herself, she followed her upstairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ATLANTIC CITY.

WHAT Long Branch is to New York, Atlantic City is to Philadelphia; but while the two places have many features in common, their local colorings are as distinctive as those of the great cities of which they are recreative resorts. In summer Long Branch is cosmopolitan, and Atlantic City is Philadelphian; in winter the former is deserted, and the latter becomes a sanitarium, attracting invalids from all parts of the country.

Atlantic City is sixty-five miles from Philadelphia, or an hour and a half's run by train. It covers the greater part of an island nine miles long and from a hundred yards to a mile wide, and is twenty-eight years old. Its streets and avenues are broad, straight, planted with great numbers of well-grown shade trees, and bordered with the summer homes of city men. Many of the cottages are architectural gems, and all are attractive and pretty. Many of the hotels, of which there are a dozen first-class, and a hundred more of various degrees of excellence, front on the ocean, though set well back from the beach. In front of them, and offering an unobstructed view of the beach, the bathers, and the limitless expanse of ocean stretching away to its far horizon, is the board walk and the great pier reaching far out over the waters. This is the promenade, the centre of life and interest; everybody strolls over the two miles of board walk in search of exercise or amusement, and everybody visits the pier for a few breaths of the very purest and freshest ocean air. Here congregate the photographers, who solicit you "to be took with your lady, and keep the picter as a sowvenyeer," and the itinerant venders of views, curiosities, edibles, and trinkets, the weighing-machine men, and the test-your-lungs men. As a study of some of the most unique phases of human character, a stroll down the board walk at Atlantic City is worth a year of ordinary life. Its infinite variety preserves it from monotony, and never does it present the same aspect two days in succession.

Bathing here attains a popularity unknown to more northern resorts, the near approach of the Gulf Stream to this point increasing the temperature of the water to a delightful degree, and taking from it the bitter chill from which so many would-be bathers shrink. Hotel life at Atlantic City is never wildly gay; the hotel hops are decorous affairs, enjoyed principally by the children, who monopolize the floor during the early portion of the evening, and there is none of the bubbling hilarity produced by the intoxicating air of mountain resorts, or the sense of freedom conveyed by the remoteness of a Mount Desert. Here the sea air produces a drowsiness, a desire for quiet and complete rest, an inclination to sit on the piazza and listen to the music rather than to go inside and dance, and a preference for a quiet stroll on the beach in congenial company, or with a meditative cigar over more active forms of exercise. In winter, when the majority of the guests are invalids, any but the mildest forms of dissipation are of course out of the question; and it is only during Lent, when the more extravagant gayeties of the rest of the world are temporarily suspended, that Atlantic City becomes the scene of genuine fun and frolic. During the past two seasons it has been the generally acknowledged correct thing among the most exclusively fashionable circles of New York and Philadelphia to form Lenten parties for Atlantic City. Upon the advent of Lent some good-natured married lady of unimpeachable social standing organizes a party of from a dozen to twenty young people, and offers to chaperon them to Atlantic City. They go for a week or ten days, often staying longer, and while they are there the heretofore quiet hotels ring with the sounds of music, dancing, and merry laughter. The more sober-minded invalids gaze with a mild surprise not unmixed with pleasure at these jolly parties, and by force of example become more energetic and inclined to forget their invalidism. The languor of summer does not exist in the brisk sea-breezes of early spring which sing and whistle around the cottage gables and through the bare trees, and instead of saunterings on the beach or loungings on the piazzas it inspires the members of these Lenten parties with longings for the vigorous exercise of brisk walks and long horseback rides. From these they return with such glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes, and keen appetites that the mere sight of them is a better advertisement of Atlantic City air as a tonic than all the books that could be written.

On account of the propinquity of the Gulf Stream already mentioned, the configuration of its coast, and the absence of adjacent high hills or mountain ranges, Atlantic city enjoys a peculiarly equable climate. Its winters are as mild as those of Charleston, and its summers are never as warm as those of New York or Boston. Last year the lowest average of temperature for a winter month was 34°, and during the summer the highest average for a month was 77°.

SALMON-FISHING.

VOLUMES have been devoted to salmon-fishing without exhausting its capabilities, for the fisherman is an unselfish being who likes to inspire his readers with an equal enthusiasm in his breezy and attractive pastime. The time, indeed, is fast approaching when the only solace to the would-be angler will be to read of the exploits of those who came before him. The days of the salmon, like those of all other game—fish, bird, or beast—are numbered.

The variety referred to in this article is the silver or migratory salmon, which, on the breaking up of the ice in the rivers in the spring, leaves the sea, and proceeds toward the head-waters of the streams to deposit its spawn. Comparatively but a few years since, every river debouching into the Atlantic north of the forty-first parallel was plentifully stocked with this noble fish. Observers as late even as the year 1815 have recorded the fact that in certain Canadian streams the salmon swarmed so thickly that "they were thrown out of the water with the shovel, and even the hand." Through the destructiveness and cupidity of man the invariable result has followed. Had it not been for the efforts of the Canadian government, which took possession of all streams flowing through the crown lands, the salmon would have been exterminated. These streams are leased for five years, and are divided into net-fishings and fly-fishings. The authorities exercise a despotic and absolute control, the result of which is seen in an increase of fifty per cent. in the annual take of fish. Had the United States government been permitted to assume a similar supervision, honestly enforced, those of our rivers which formerly abounded in salmon would not to-day have been reduced to utter barrenness. A case in point is found in the Columbia River in Oregon. On its banks vast canneries for tinning salmon have been erected. Every device which ingenuity can suggest has been employed to capture the fish on their annual migration to its head-waters. Wheels are erected at certain falls or steep rapids; the fish are drawn into these, and whirled upward into pools, whence they are dipped with nets. Those of under-size, or unfit for the purposes of canning, are not returned to the waters, but are allowed to rot on the banks of the river. One would fancy that common prudence would suggest a less profligate course.

So soon as the ice leaves the rivers the salmon commence to ascend them. Their progress is slow, as they await the periodic occurrence of floods or very high water; hence they move only at intervals, resting for considerable periods at certain points. In the autumn they arrive at the spawning grounds. With the appearance of ice they return to the sea. The fish on their return present a very different appearance from that during their ascent. When on the way to the head-waters of the stream the male fish are made conspicuous by the lengthening of the under jaw until it forms a cartilaginous hook. This they use as a weapon in the combats which take place on the breeding grounds.

The salmon sometimes attains a weight of eighty pounds. This is exceptional, however. Those ordinarily taken with the fly vary between eight and twenty-five pounds. The peculiar richness of the flesh of the salmon is owing to the fatty curds found between the flakes of the flesh. These, unless the fish be preserved in ice within twelve hours of their capture, become rancid.

The open season for salmon-fishing is between the 1st of March and the 1st of August. For fly-fishing the season is extended to the 1st of September. The fish are at their acme of perfection about the first week in June. This is seen in the color of their flesh, which is of a deeper red, and correspondingly saturated with curd and albuminous fat.

Those who desire to rent Canadian salmon rivers or portions of the same must make application to the Superintendent of Fisheries. The northern shore of the St. Lawrence is divided into districts. The best and most important rivers lie below the mouth of the Saguenay. They are the St. Pancras, Mississiquik, the Grande and Petite Bergeronne, the Escoumins, Portneuf, Blanche, the Papinachois, Outardes, Manicouagan, St. Austin, Manitou, the Godbout, Trinity, Pentecost, Ste. Marguerite, the Moisic, Trout, St. John's, the Mingan, the Natashquan, the Musquarroo, and the Esquimaux.

Among these streams every variety of ground is met with: dense woods to the very edge of the stream; steep and rugged banks lined with immense bowlders, among which the angler, when he has struck a fish, must stumble and dodge as he follows down stream. On these wilder rivers only the most active and expert fisherman can succeed. Again, there are streams on which the canoe can be used; then the fishing is within the reach of the most plethoric and short-winded. On them all the black fly reigns supreme; not even princes are exempt from their attacks. To the hardest or easiest earned pleasure there is always a drawback. The black fly is the Nemesis which renders sport on the Canadian rivers a positive martyrdom. In this particular the salmon-fishing of Scotland and Norway is far more enjoyable. We have there the same wild and beautiful scenery, the pure and exhilarating air, without the attacks of annoying insects.

Many Americans have from time to time rented some one or other of these Canadian streams. It is a pleasure reserved only for men of fortune. The first outlay for rental is considerable, to say nothing of expenses of travel, outfit, and pay of guides; the last are indispensable.

Fly-fishing for salmon with the modern and latest gear is not excelled by any sport with rod or gun; it carries one into the wildest and most picturesque scenery of the continent. Buried in the wildernesses of the North, on the edge of a roaring, rushing stream, one can here, alone, in the excitement of playing a vigorous salmon, forget all the petty miseries and trials of life. Indeed, at such a moment there is not much time for any thought. If the fish is hooked in some quiet pool near a gravelly beach, the sting of the barb turns him down-stream. The fisherman, if he hopes to land him, must follow where he is led, now dashing on the edge of a precipitous bank, stumbling over the débris of fallen trees, or sliding and slipping amid rocks and bowlders. A momentary rest is secured when the fish sucks under some huge rock in mid-stream. It is an agreeable and welcome omen when one gets a glimpse of him throwing his tail in the air—a sign of growing weakness. After all the labor and fatigue, and the maddening attacks of the black fly, one's cup of bitterness is full when, just as he is about to be gaffed, he gives a last vigorous struggle, and darts away, carrying the fly with him.

The wise man who goes salmon-fishing will choose a river where he can fish from a canoe. There he works at his ease. The labor is assumed by the Indian guide, and the angler follows the doublings of the fish without barking his shins against every obstruction in his path. Were it not for the black flies, nothing could approach this most perfect form of enjoyment.

The effort has been made to restock certain rivers of the United States with the salmon. The experiment has been thoroughly tested in the Merrimac, the Connecticut, and the Hudson rivers. Millions of the fry have been liberated in the head-waters of these streams. The effort has resulted in failure, and will continue so to end until a new race of people, with more intelligence than those now in possession, shall inhabit the land. There is no reason why salmon should not be artificially hatched, and grow to maturity. The experiment already tried would have culminated in entire success but for one reason. It is the practice of persons, fishermen and others, living on our bays and rivers, to manure the land with fish. Variety or size is of no consequence; quantity alone is sought for. Now these people provide themselves with nets made of mosquito netting. These are several fathoms in length. In the warm days of early spring schools of small fry seek the shallow coves and eddies to bask and play in the sun. The fine-meshed seines are run around these, and all are captured, even to specimens a half-inch in size. These swarms of small fry are composed of every variety of fish—striped bass, blue-fish, weak-fish, all kinds of the young of edible fish. Indiscriminately all are thrown upon the land for manure. It is probable, indeed almost certain, that millions of the young salmon placed in the rivers above mentioned were caught in these seines and used as a fertilizer. The same processes are going on on the shores of our bays. The writer in the spring of the year has seen four or five different gangs of men engaged in netting these young fish. Curiosity has often led him to examine the catches, and he has seen millions of the young of our best food fishes thrown upon the land as manure. "What are you going to do about it?"

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

CHOLERA is raging in China as well as in Egypt. Somebody has pointed out that the disease appears every seventeenth year, and the question whether it will skip New York on this round has awakened some interest. It is the opinion of Professor Loomis that there need be no fear of a cholera epidemic in this city, since the sanitary conditions here are better than ever before.

The South American cable has opened a new source of reports of revolutions for the daily press. It is a dull day in the Southern hemisphere when nothing revolutionary occurs. Cuba and Hayti are dwindling into insignificance.

It is a curious fact that after the many failures of attempts made by aeronauts to cross the English Channel in balloons, a man who ascended from a town in Belgium recently was blown over the water, and, descending upon the first land he saw, found himself in England.

The victim of a recent shooting affray in New Orleans was, according to a dispatch from that city, "a prominent city official and leading hoodlum of the Third Ward."

At a recent meeting in connection with the Fisheries Exhibition in London, Minister Lowell told the assemblage that so important was the calling of fishermen considered in the past that in the State-House at Boston a model of a cod-fish was hung up over the Speaker's chair as a public recognition thereof. This explanation dispels the theory that the emblem was raised as a recognition of the Beacon Hill aristocracy. The Minister from Greece might have outdone Mr. Lowell had he been so disposed, for he could have told how in ancient Greece, and in its city of which Boston claims to be the antitype, the fish was the emblem of things held sacred, and how much was made of the coincidence that each letter in the word ἰχθυς was the initial letter of the name of a being possessing the attributes of divinity.

Under a law of New Jersey a woman was recently arrested as "a common scold," and put under bonds to appear for trial when summoned. The law has been practically a dead letter for many years, but the woman in question being an uncommon scold, the temptation to revive the statute was too great to be resisted.

Attention is called to the fact that no weather prophet was ever sun-struck. Where there is sun-stroke there must be brain.

Writing of American types, a German physiologist, Dr. Seelhorst, says the Americans have adopted many traits from the Jews, *i. e.*, "from the Indians, who have so much of the Jew in their physiognomy that among all the hypotheses concerning the origin of the Indians, not one is more obstinately adhered to or defended with more acuteness and science than that which assumes the lost ten tribes of Israel to have been the original ancestors of the Indians." Dr. Seelhorst believes that the resemblance between the Jewish and the Indian types, and between the manners, religious views, and customs of the two races, is as significant as the analogies that are said to exist between many Hebrew words and words found in the Indian tongues.

There is talk of digging cyclone pits in the Southwest, into which the inhabitants may descend when they hear the coming of a storm. With flood mounds which they could ascend when they heard the rushing of the waters, they would be fairly protected.

It seems to have been decided that when an accommodating housewife lends to a neighbor from her stores of baking powder, ginger, tea, or coffee she can have no redress if the borrower refuses to repay or to become a lender. In Georgia an old lady brought suit for eight dollars, her valuation of coffee lent at various times by the cupful to a neighbor. The suit was tried before a justice, and his honor decided in favor of the defendant housewife.

The Marquis de Lenville is producing something of a sensation in Paris as an "apostle" of broiled beefsteak. It is understood that he came from England. Where he came from when he arrived in England no one has told. He holds that every article of food except his chosen dish produces fermentation in the stomach and darkness in the intellect, and destroys noble aspirations. He has many invitations to dinners, but declines all of them on the ground that he would have to submit to the deteriorating influences of food other than broiled beefsteak if he were to accept. Where it is explicitly set forth that there is to be no dining, he sends his acceptance, and is counted as a great acquisition.

A farmer in Georgia whose field of a hundred acres of oats was destroyed by a recent flood finds that he is nevertheless a gainer. The mud has enhanced the value of the land by more than the value his crop of oats would have reached, and he is confident of still raising a large crop of corn on the land this season.

Tahoma, the name suggested for the new State which it is proposed to make out of a part of Washington Territory, is an Indian word, and signifies "almost to heaven." It wouldn't be a bad name for a French flat.

There are two post-offices a mile apart near the boundary between Canada and Michigan which can not communicate with each other by mail in less than about a week. When a letter is mailed in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, addressed to a person living just across the border, it goes to Detroit in the United States mail, crosses to Windsor, and is taken back over Canadian routes to within a mile of where it was mailed a week or ten days previously.

In a recent number of one of the London comic papers was an amusing pictorial illustration of what might come to pass in the event of the success of the Channel Tunnel scheme. A likeness of the British lion looking serenely toward the continent appeared in the conformation of the headland at Dover. Out upon the Channel, sitting astride a gun-boat, was John Bull in naval uniform, keeping watch through a spy-glass lest an enemy should surprise him. The picture showed the tunnel beneath the water, and that unguarded avenue of approach was fairly choked with enemies in the shape of representatives of the countries of Europe and Asia. The foremost belligerent had just emerged from the mouth of the tunnel, where he was waving a banner with "Cock-a-doodle-doo" inscribed on it, and executing a war-dance. Instead of being the forecast of a dreadful possibility, the picture will serve only to remind the English people of a horrid dream, the joint committee of the House of Lords and House of Commons having voted down the tunnel scheme by a decisive majority. On the day on which this vote was taken, however, a bill was introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies providing for the building of a railroad bridge from France to England. The peril arising from the success of such a scheme might not be less than that which the completion of a tunnel would bring, but the danger being above ground and water would be somewhat less horrifying to contemplate.

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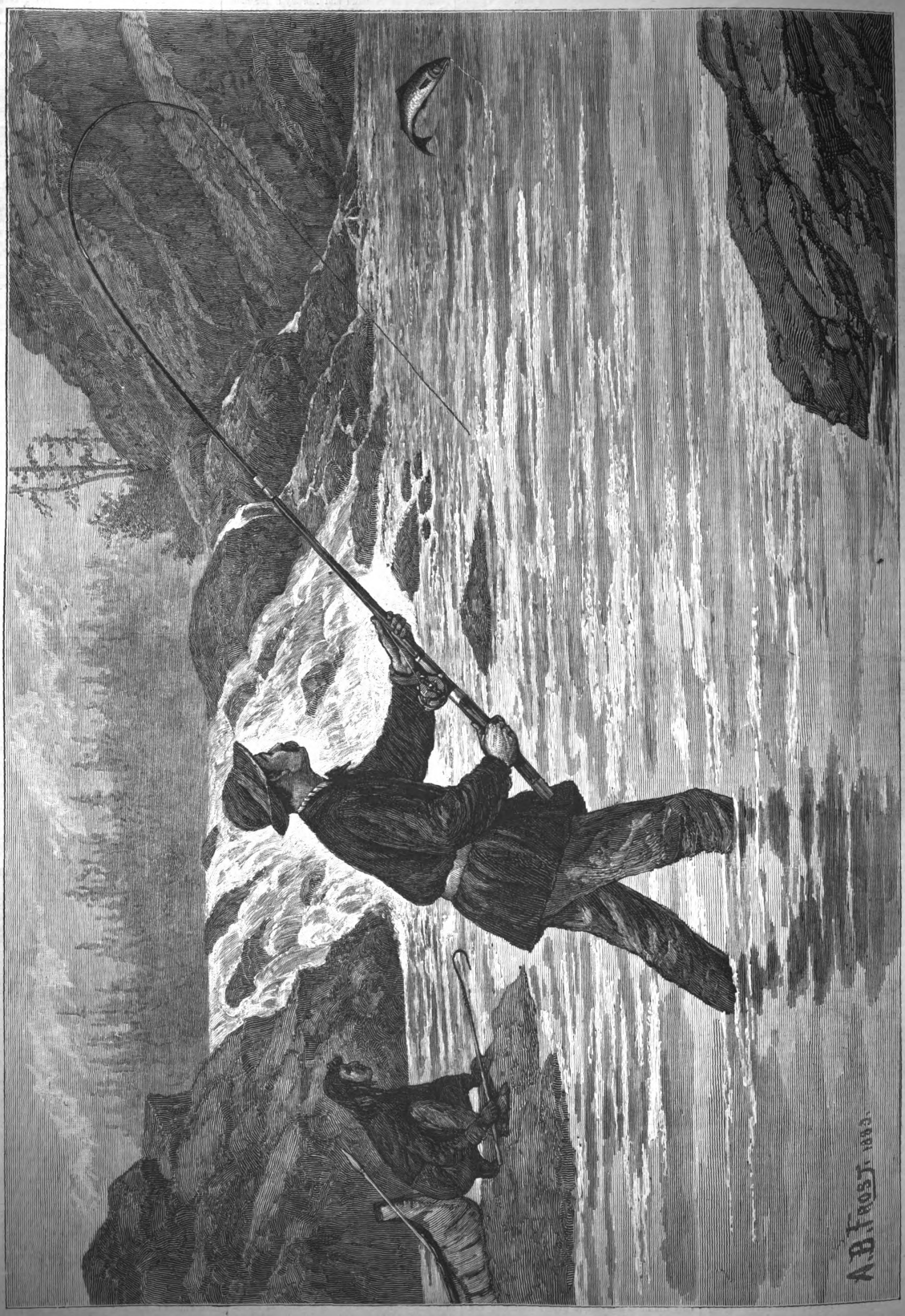

SALMON-FISHING IN CANADIAN WATERS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 455.]

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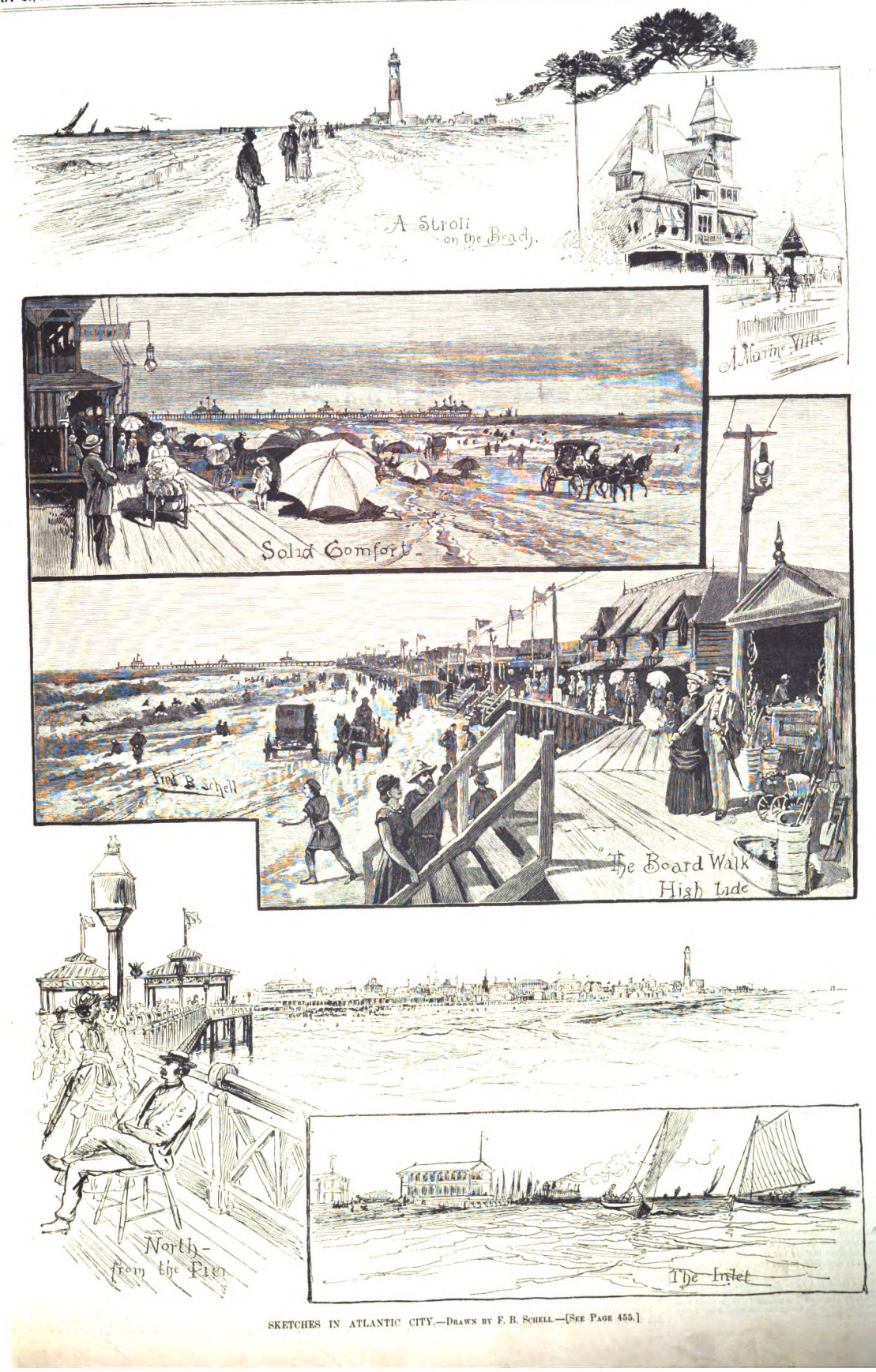

SKETCHES IN ATLANTIC CITY.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 455.]

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VOLUME XXVII.

TWO SMILES.

I never knew delight until that day
When, as I crossed a dusty city park,
Thought-weary, tortured by forebodings dark,
A child smiled on me from its happy play.

Thenceforward all my fancies were intent
On baby blisses, songs, and childish lore;
And to my days, so lone and sad before,
The joyousness of childhood's mirth was lent.

And when old questions for resolvement pressed,
And on my brow drew many an anxious line,
A budding thought looked out to answer mine
From wide young eyes with doubt yet unoppressed.

Her purity upheld me like a prayer;
And while old poets sang for us anew,
Into my chastened thought the maiden grew
As a rose opens in rain-freshened air.

The years filled up a breach unseen before;
Till one day made us one, in troth and heart,
We never dreamed that we had been apart,
Until we knew that we should part no more.

No more to part! and yet erewhile she lay,
And smiled with lips unruffled by a breath;
And looking on the wan chill smile of death,
I thought of her first smile that far-off day.

SHERWOOD BONNER.

THE OBELISK-CRAB INSCRIPTIONS.*

When Commander Gorringe removed the Obelisk from Alexandria to New York he brought with it two mutilated bronzes in form of crabs, which he found under two corners of the shaft. On the gigantic claw of one there were two inscriptions, one in Greek, the other in Latin. These inscriptions are among the most interesting and important which have been discovered. The Commander retained the crabs in his own possession while preparing for publication a volume on obelisks, and caused four crabs to be cast in bronze, fac-similes of the originals, to stand in the Central Park at the four corners of the Obelisk, in somewhat the same position occupied by the originals which actually supported the great stone. While the crabs were in his possession, on the 15th of January, 1881, a meeting of the American Numismatic and Archæological Society was held at the Commander's rooms, at which Mr. G. L. Feuardent read a paper on the crabs, which the society published in a pamphlet. From his expression, "In examining these interesting fragments of bronze, etc.," it appears that the crabs were there examined, and it is stated that Mr. Foord and Mr. Phillips, as well as the Commander and Mr. Feuardent, discussed them. Mr. Feuardent professed to give critical readings of the inscriptions, with translations and explanations. This meeting and the pamphlet are important, as from this is to be traced a series of blunders which, uncorrected, would be far from creditable to the scholarship of the city of New York. Commander Gorringe does not profess to be an archæologist, and with the proverbial confidence of the sailor seems to have trusted the archæology of his book to Mr. Feuardent. He copied the pretended readings of the inscriptions several times in his costly publication, and, worse than all, they were engraved with the words, "Reproduced from the original," on the new crabs in the Park, and thus a series of errors in abominable Greek and untrue Latin have been perpetrated in bronze on the great monument.

When it become possible for scholars to see the original inscriptions deposited in the Museum of Art, the attention of President Barnard, of Columbia College, was called to the evident errors in the readings which had been published, and at his request Professor Augustus C. Merriam made a careful study of the originals. The result is the monograph now published. If the original errors were disgraceful to New York, this paper amply retrieves the disgrace. It is the thorough work of an accomplished and conscientious scholar, and indicates a vast extent of research and acute discrimination. Professor Merriam has literally exhausted the subject. He not only restores the lost portions of the inscriptions, but finds in other published inscriptions errors which these restorations enable him to correct, and aided by the few allusions to one man, the Prefect Barbarus, in published inscriptions, he constructs a considerable portion of the life of a Roman hitherto unknown. Not only to scholars, but to all intelligent readers, this paper will prove of extraordinary interest. The uninformed reader will judge from it of the grasp on hidden things in history which comes from scholarship like that of Professor Merriam.

But it is not alone with old hidden things that Professor Merriam has dealt. He was not content with correcting the blunders in the Gorringe-Feuardent readings, but he traced these readings to their genuine origin, to which no allusion is made in the book of Commander Gorringe or the pamphlet of the Numismatic Society. It appears that some years ago, when the British Obelisk was removed, these inscriptions were exposed to view, and a Greek in Alexandria, Mr. Nereutsos, published in an obscure newspaper his readings. These are the readings which were given to the Numismatic Society as new, although, with the original inscriptions before them, they might have been able to detect the manifest errors which Nereutsos in a hasty view had made.

The publication of this valuable monograph, with its accompanying fac-simile engravings, will enable the Park Commission to make the proper corrections on the Obelisk crabs. The lesson to be learned is that with such institutions as Columbia College in this city, and with hundreds of able scholars besides her accomplished professors, it is desirable, before engraving Greek and Latin inscriptions on public monuments, to consult some of these competent authorities. There is not a Sophomore in Columbia who would have been guilty of the blunder of cutting into two a good Greek word, and thus producing the atrocious collocation in the Gorringe-Feuardent publications, ΑΡΧΙΤΕΚΤΟΝ ΟΥΝΤΟΣ, with its accompanying translation, "Being architect." For this Nereutsos is not responsible.

* *The Greek and Latin Inscriptions on the Obelisk Crab in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.* A Monograph by AUGUSTUS C. MERRIAM, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of Greek in Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER X.

A considerable period of inaction followed among all concerned.

Nothing tended to dissipate the obscurity which veiled the life of the Baron. The position he occupied in the minds of the country folk around was one which combined the mysteriousness of a legendary character with the unobtrusive deeds of a modern gentleman. To this day whoever takes the trouble to go down to Stickleford and make inquiries will find existing there almost a superstitious feeling for the moody, melancholy stranger who resided in the Lodge some forty years ago.

Whence he came, whither he was going, were alike unknown. It was said that his mother had been an English lady of noble family who had married a foreigner not unheard of in circles where men pile up "the cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold," that he had been born and educated in England, taken abroad, and so on. But the facts of a life in such cases are of little account beside the aspect of a life; and hence, though doubtless the years of his existence contained their share of trite and homely circumstance, the curtain which masked all this was never lifted to gratify such a theatre of spectators as those at Stickleford. Therein lay his charm. His life was a vignette, of which the central strokes only were drawn with any distinctness, the environment shading away to a blank.

He might have been said to resemble that solitary bird the heron. The still, lonely stream was his frequent haunt; on its banks he would stand for hours with his rod, looking into the water, beholding the tawny inhabitants with the eye of a philosopher, and seeming to say, "Bite or don't bite—it's all the same to me." He was often mistaken for a ghost by children; and for a pollard willow by men, when, on their way home in the dusk, they saw him motionless by some rushy bank, unobservant of the decline of day.

Why did he come to fish at Stickleford? That was never explained. As far as was known he had no relatives near; the fishing there was not exceptionally good; the society thereabout was decidedly meagre. That he had committed some folly or hasty act, that he had been wrongfully accused of some crime, thus rendering his seclusion from the world desirable for a while, squared very well with his frequent melancholy. But such as he was, there he lived, well supplied with fishing-tackle, and tenant of a furnished house, just suited to the requirements of such an eccentric being as he.

Margery's father, having privately ascertained that she was living with her grandmother, and getting into no harm, refrained from communicating with her, in the hope of seeing her contrite at his door. It had, of course, become known about Stickleford that at the last moment Margery refused to wed Hayward, by absenting herself from the house. Jim was pitied, yet not pitied much, for it was said that he ought not to have been so eager for a woman who had shown no anxiety for him.

And where was Jim himself? It must not be supposed that that tactician had all this while withdrawn from mortal eye to tear his hair in silent indignation and despair. He had, in truth, merely retired up the lonesome defile between the downs to his smouldering kiln, and the ancient ramparts above it; and there, after his first hours of natural discomposure, he quietly waited for overtures from the possibly repentant Margery. But no overtures arrived, and then he meditated anew on the absorbing problem of her skittishness, and how to set about another campaign for her conquest, notwithstanding his late disastrous failure. Why had he failed? To what was her strange conduct owing? That was the thing which puzzled him.

He had made no advance in solving the riddle when, one morning, a stranger appeared on the down above him, looking as if he had lost his way. The man had a good deal of black hair below his felt hat, and carried under his arm a case containing a musical instrument. Descending to where Jim stood, he asked if there was not a short-cut across that way to Budmouth.

"Well, yes, there is," said Jim. "But 'tis an enormous distance for ye."

"Oh yes," replied the musician. "I wish to intercept the carrier on the highway."

The nearest way was precisely in the direction of Rook's Gate, where Margery, as Jim knew, was staying. Having some time to spare, Jim was strongly impelled to make a kind act to the lost musician a pretext for taking observations in that neighborhood, and telling his acquaintance that he was going the same way, he started without further ado.

They skirted the long length of meads, and in due time arrived at the back of Rook's Gate, where the path joined the high-road. A hedge divided the public way from the cottage garden. Jim drew up at this point and said, "Your road is straight on; I turn back here."

But the musician was standing fixed, as if in great perplexity. Thrusting his hand into his forest of black hair, he murmured, "Surely it is the same—surely!"

Jim, following the direction of his neighbor's eyes, found them to be fixed on a figure till that moment hidden from himself—Margery Tucker—who was crossing the garden to an opposite gate with a little cheese in her arms, her head thrown back, and her face quite exposed.

"What of her?" said Jim.

"Two months ago I formed one of the band at the Yeomanry Ball given by Lord Blakemore. I saw that young lady dancing the polka there in robes of gauze and lace. Now I see her carry a cheese!"

"Never!" said Jim, incredulously.

"But I do not mistake. I say it is so!"

Jim ridiculed the idea; the bandsman protested, and was about to lose his temper, when Jim gave in with the good nature of a person who can afford to despise opinions; and the musician went his way.

As he dwindled out of sight Jim began to think more carefully over what he had said. The young man's thoughts grew quite to an excitement, for there came into his mind the Baron's extraordinary kindness in regard to furniture, hitherto accounted for by the assumption that the nobleman had taken a fancy to him. Could it be, among all the amazing things of life, that the Baron was at the bottom of this mischief, and that he had amused himself by taking Margery to a ball?

Doubts and suspicions which distract some lovers to imbecility only served to bring out Jim's great qualities. Where he trusted he was the most trusting fellow in the world; where he doubted he could be guilty of the slyest strategy. Once suspicious, he became one of those subtle, watchful characters who, without integrity, make good thieves; with a little, good jobbers; with a great deal, master politicians. Jim was honest, and he considered what to do.

Retracing his steps, he peeped again. She had gone in; but she would soon re-appear, for it could be seen that she was carrying little new cheeses one by one to a spring cart and horse tethered outside the gate—her grandmother, though not a regular dairy-woman, still managing a few cows by means of a man and maid. With the lightness of a cat Jim crept round to the gate, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and wrote upon the boarding "*The Baron.*" Then he retreated to the other side of the garden where he had just watched Margery.

In due time she emerged with another little cheese, came on to the garden door, and glanced upon the chalked words which confronted her. She started; the cheese rolled from her arms to the ground, and broke into pieces like a pudding.

She looked fearfully round, her face burning like sunset, and seeing nobody, stooped to pick up the flaccid lumps. Jim, with a pale face, departed as invisibly as he had come. He had proved the bandsman's tale to be true. On his way back he formed a resolution. It was to beard the lion in his den—to call on the Baron.

Meanwhile Margery had recovered her equanimity, and gathered up the broken cheese. But she could by no means account for the handwriting. Jim was just the sort of fellow to play her such a trick at ordinary times, but she imagined him to be far too incensed against her to do it now; and she suddenly wondered if it were any sort of signal from the Baron himself.

Of him she had lately heard nothing. If ever monotony pervaded a life it pervaded hers at Rook's Gate; and she had begun to despair of any happy change. But it is precisely when the social atmosphere seems stagnant that great events are brewing. Margery's quiet was broken first, as we have seen, by a slight start, only sufficient to make her drop a cheese; and then by a more serious matter.

She was inside the same garden one day when she heard two watermen talking without. The conversation was to the effect that the strange gentleman who had taken Mount Lodge for the season was seriously ill.

"How ill?" cried Margery through the hedge, which screened her from recognition.

"Bad abed," said one of the watermen.

"Inflammation of the lungs," said the other.

"Got wet, fishing," the first chimed in.

Margery could gather no more. An ideal admiration rather than any positive passion existed in her breast for the Baron: she had of late seen too little of him to allow any incipient views of him as a lover to grow to formidable dimensions. It was an extremely pure and romantic feeling, delicate as an aroma, capable of quickening to an active principle, or dying to "a painless sympathy," as the case might be.

This news of his illness, coupled with the mysterious chalking on the gate, troubled her, and revived his image much. She took to walking up and down the garden paths, looking into the hearts of flowers, and not thinking what they were. His last request had been that she was not to go to him if he should send for her; and now she asked herself was the name on the gate a hint to enable her to go without infringing the letter of her promise? Thus unexpectedly had Jim's manœuvre operated.

Ten days passed. All she could hear of the Baron were the same words, "Bad abed," till one afternoon, after a gallop of the physician to the Lodge, the tidings spread like lightning that the Baron was dying.

Margery distressed herself with the question whether she might be permitted to visit him and say her prayers at his bedside; but she feared to venture, and thus eight-and-forty hours slipped away, and the Baron still lived. Despite her [illegible] ness and awe of him she had almost made up [illegible] mind to call, when [illegible] at dusk on that [illegible] evening, somebody came to the door and [illegible] for her.

She could see the messenger's head [illegible] the low new moon. He was a man-servant. [illegible] said he had been all the way to her father's, [illegible] had been sent thence to her here. He [illegible] brought a note, and delivering it into her hands went away.

"Margery Tucker" (ran the note),—"They say I am not likely to live, so I want to see you. Be here at eight o'clock this evening. Come quite alone to the side door, and tap four times softly. My trusty man will admit you. The occasion is an important one. Prepare yourself for a solemn ceremony, which I wish to have performed while it lies in my power. Xantes."

CHAPTER XI.

Margery's face flushed up, and her neck and arms glowed in sympathy. The quickness of youthful imagination and the assumptiveness of woman's reason sent her straight as an arrow this thought: "He wants to marry me!"

She had heard of similar strange proceedings, in which the orange flower and the sad cypress were intertwined. People sometimes wished on their death-beds, from motives of esteem, to form a legal tie which they had not cared to establish as a domestic one during their active life.

For a few minutes Margery could hardly be called excited; she was excitement itself. Between surprise and modesty she blushed and trembled by turns. She became grave, sat down in the solitary room, and looked into the fire. At seven o'clock she rose resolved, and went quite tranquilly upstairs, where she speedily began to dress.

In making this hasty toilet nine-tenths of her care was given to her hands. The summer had left them slightly brown, and she held them up and looked at them with some misgiving, the fourth finger of her left hand more especially. Hot washings and cold washings, certain products from bee and flower known only to country girls, everything she could think of, were used upon those little sunburnt hands, till she persuaded herself that they were really as white as could be wished by a husband with a hundred titles. Her dressing completed, she left word with Edy that she was going for a long walk, and set out in the direction of Mount Lodge.

She no longer tripped like a girl, but walked like a woman. While crossing the park she murmured "Baroness Xanten" in a pronunciation of her own. The sound of that title caused her such agitation that she was obliged to pause, with her hand upon her heart.

The house was so closely neighbored by shrubberies on three of its sides that it was not till she had gone nearly round it that she found the little door. The resolution she had been an hour in forming failed her when she stood at the portal. While pausing for courage to tap, a carriage drove up to the front entrance a little way off, and peeping round the corner she saw a light a clergyman, and a gentleman in whom Margery fancied that she recognized a well-known solicitor from the neighboring town. She had no longer any doubt of the nature of the ceremony proposed. "It is sudden—but I must obey him!" she murmured, and tapped four times.

The door was opened so quickly that the servant must have been standing immediately inside. She thought him the man who had driven them to the ball—the silent man who could be trusted. Without a word he conducted her up the back staircase, and through a door at the top, into a wide corridor. She was asked to wait in a little dressing-room, where there was a fire, and an old metal-framed looking-glass over the mantel-piece, in which she caught sight of herself. A red spot burned in each of her cheeks; the rest of her face was pale; and her eyes were like diamonds of the first water.

Before she had been seated many minutes the man came back noiselessly, and she followed him to a door covered by a red and black curtain, which he lifted, and ushered her into a large chamber. A screened light stood on a table before her, and on her left the hangings of a tall dark four-post bedstead obstructed her view of the centre of the room. Everything here seemed of such a magnificent type to her eyes that she felt confused, diminished to half her height, half her strength, half her prettiness. The man who had conducted her retired at once, and some one came softly round the angle of the bed-curtains. He held out his hand kindly—rather patronizingly: it was the solicitor whom she knew by sight. This gentleman led her forward, as if she had been a lamb rather than a woman, till the occupant of the bed was revealed.

The Baron's eyes were closed, and her entry had been so noiseless that he did not open them. The pallor of his face nearly matched the white bed-linen, and his dark hair and heavy black mustache were like dashes of ink on a clean page. Near him sat the parson and another gentleman, whom she afterward learned to be a London physician; and on the parson whispering a few words the Baron opened his eyes. As soon as he saw her he smiled faintly, and held out his hand.

Margery would have wept for him, if she had not been too overawed and palpitating to do anything. She quite forgot what she had come for, shook hands with him mechanically, and could hardly return an answer to his weak "Dear Margery, you see how I am—how are you?"

In preparing for marriage she had not calculated on such a scene as this. Her affection for the Baron had too much of the vague in it to afford her trustfulness now. She wished she had not come. On a sign from the Baron the

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lawyer brought her a chair, and the oppressive silence was broken by the Baron's words.

"I am pulled down to death's door, Margery," he said; "and I suppose I soon shall pass through. . . . My peace has been much disturbed in this illness, for just before it attacked me I received—that present you returned, from which, and in other ways, I learned that you had lost your chance of marriage. . . . Now it was I who did the harm, and you can imagine how the news has affected me. It has worried me all the illness through, and I can not dismiss my error from my mind. . . . I want to right the wrong I have done you before I die. Margery, you have always obeyed me, and, strange as the request may be, will you obey me now?"

She whispered, or seemed to whisper, "Yes."

"Well, then," said the Baron, "these three gentlemen are here for a special purpose: one helps the body—he's called a physician; another helps the soul—he's a parson; the other helps the understanding—he's a lawyer. They are here partly on my account, and partly on yours." The speaker then made a sign to the lawyer, who went out of the door. He came back almost instantly, but not alone. Behind him, dressed up in his best clothes, with a flower in his buttonhole and a bridegroom's air, walked—Jim.

CHAPTER XII.

MARGERY could hardly repress a scream. As for flushing and blushing, she had turned hot and turned pale so many times already during the evening that there was really now nothing of that sort left for her to do, and she remained in complexion much as before. Oh, the mockery of it! That secret dream—the sweet word "Baroness!" which had sustained her all the way along. Instead of a baron, there stood Jim, white-waistcoated, demure, every hair in place, and, if she mistook not, even a deedy spark in his eye.

Jim's surprising presence on the scene may be briefly accounted for. His resolve to seek an explanation with the Baron at all risks had proved unexpectedly easy; the interview had at once been granted, and then, seeing the crisis at which matters stood, the Baron had generously revealed to Jim the whole of his indebtedness to and knowledge of Margery. The truth of the Baron's statement, the innocent nature of the acquaintanceship, his sorrow for the rupture he had produced, were so evident that, far from having any further doubts of his patron, Jim frankly asked his advice on the next step to be pursued. At this stage the Baron fell ill, and desiring much to see the two young people united before his death, he had sent anew to Hayward, and proposed the plan which they were now about to attempt—a marriage at the bedside of the sick man by special license. The influence at Lambeth of some relative of the Baron's, and the charitable bequests of his late mother to several deserving Church funds, were generally supposed to be among the reasons why the application for the license was not refused.

This, however, is of small consequence. The Baron probably knew, in proposing this method of celebrating the marriage, that his enormous power over her would outweigh any sentimental obstacles which she might set up—inward objections that, without his presence and firmness, might prove too much for her acquiescence. Doubtless he foresaw, too, the advantage of getting her into the house before making the individuality of her husband clear to her mind.

Now the Baron's conjectures were right as to the event, but wrong as to the motives. Margery was a perfect little dissembler on some occasions, and one of them was when she wished to hide any sudden mortification that might bring her into ridicule. She had no sooner recovered from her first fit of discomfiture than pride bade her suffer anything rather than reveal her absurd disappointment. Hence the scene progressed as follows:

"Come here, Hayward," said the invalid. Hayward came near. The Baron, holding her hand in one of his own, and her lover's in the other, continued, "Will you, in spite of your recent vexation with her, marry her now if she does not refuse?"

"I will, sir," said Jim, promptly.

"And Margery, what do you say? It is merely a setting of things right. You have already promised this young man to be his wife, and should, of course, perform your promise. You don't dislike Jim?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said, in a low, dry voice.

"I like him better than I can tell you," said the Baron. "He is an honorable man, and will make you a good husband. You must remember that marriage is a life contract, in which general compatibility of temper and worldly position is of more importance than fleeting passion, which never long survives. Now will you, at my earnest request, and before I go to the south of Europe to die, agree to make this good man happy? I have expressed your views on the subject, haven't I, Hayward?"

"To a T, sir," said Jim, emphatically, with a motion of raising his hat to his influential ally, till he remembered he had no hat on. "And though I could hardly expect Margery to gie in for my asking, I feels she ought to gie in for yours."

"And you accept him, my little friend?"

"Yes, sir," she murmured, "if he'll agree to a thing or two."

"Doubtless he will—what are they?"

"That I shall not be made to live with him till I am in the mind for it; and that my having him shall be kept unknown for the present."

"Well, what do you think of it, Hayward?"

"Anything that you or she may wish I'll do, my noble lord," said Jim.

"Well, her request is not unreasonable, seeing that the proceedings are, on my account, a little hurried. So we'll proceed. You rather expected this, from my allusion to a ceremony in my note, did you not, Margery?"

"Yes, sir," said she, with an effort.

"Good; I thought so; you looked so little surprised."

We now leave the scene in the bedroom for a moment to describe a very peculiar proceeding that might have been watched at that time in a spot not many yards off.

When the carriage seen by Margery at the door was driving up to Mount Lodge it arrested the attention not only of the young girl, but of a man who had for some time been moving slowly about the opposite lawn, engaged in some operation while he smoked a short pipe. A short observation of his doings would have shown that he was sheltering some delicate plants from an expected frost, and that he was the gardener. When the light at the door fell upon the entering forms of parson and lawyer—the former a stranger, the latter known to him—the gardener walked thoughtfully round the house. Reaching the small side entrance he was further surprised to see it noiselessly open to a young woman, in whose momentarily illumined features he recognized those of Margery Tucker.

Altogether there was something curious in this. The man returned to the lawn front and perfunctorily went on putting shelters over certain plants, though his thoughts were plainly otherwise engaged. On the grass his footsteps were noiseless, and the night moreover being still, he could presently hear a murmuring from the bedroom window over his head.

The gardener took from a tree a ladder that he had used in nailing that day, set it under the window, and ascended half-way, hoodwinking his conscience by seizing a nail or two with his hand and testing their twig-supporting powers. He soon heard enough to satisfy him. The words of the marriage service in the strange parson's voice were audible in snatches through the blind; they were the words he knew to be part of the service, such as "wedded wife," "richer or poorer," and so on; the less familiar parts being a mere confused sound.

Satisfied that a wedding service was being solemnized there, the gardener did not for a moment dream that one of the contracting parties could be other than the sick Baron. He descended the ladder and again walked round the house, waiting only till he saw Margery emerge from the same little door; when, fearing that he might be discovered, he withdrew in the direction of his own cottage.

This building stood at the lower corner of the garden, and as soon as the gardener entered he was accosted by a handsome woman in a widow's cap, who called him father, and said that supper had been ready for a long time. They sat down, but during the meal the gardener was so abstracted and silent that his daughter put her head inquiringly to one side and said, "What is it, father dear?"

"Ah, what is it?" cried the gardener. "Something that makes very little difference to me, but may be of great account to you, if you play your cards well. *There's been a wedding at the Lodge to-night!*" He related to her, with a caution to secrecy, all that he had heard and seen.

While the gardener was telling his story, Margery was on her way out of the Baron's house. She was, indeed, married. But, as we know, she was not married to the Baron. The ceremony over she seemed but little discomposed, and expressed a wish to return alone as she had come. To this, of course, no objection could be offered under the terms of the agreement, and wishing Jim a frigid good-by, and the Baron a very quiet farewell, she went out by the door which had admitted her. Once safe and alone in the darkness of the park, she burst into tears, which dropped upon the grass as she passed along. In the Baron's room she had seemed scared and helpless; now her reason and emotions returned. The farther she got away from the glamour of that room, and the influence of its occupant, the more she became of opinion that she had acted absurdly. She had disobediently left her father's house to obey him here. She had pleased everybody but herself.

However, thinking was now too late. How she got into her grandmother's house she hardly knew; but without a supper, and without confronting either her relative or Edy, she went to bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

HOT WATER AND COLD.

MY own education in figure-skating had not carried me beyond the power to accomplish large wavering 8's, and to execute an occasional hasty 3, and sit down heavily at the end of it; but for speed and long distances I was as good as anybody. Nothing, therefore, could have been more natural than that my manly form should have been constantly seen hovering in close proximity to that graceful one which had so provoked Sir Digby's envy; and I dare say that when the old gentleman beheld the two of us together he became less resigned to the drawbacks of age than ever.

Maud and I traversed miles of ice without interruption or hinderance; it was a glorious time. Before us, as we swept southward and westward with long even strokes, hung the red sun, like a huge lamp behind the mists; every now and again a lonely skater would loom up ahead, come tearing past us, and be gone before I had had time to do more than call out, "Hullo, George! is that you?" From afar the voices and laughter of our more gregarious neighbors came to us in a confused murmur, and sometimes there would be the chink, chink, of a stone skimming across the ice, which, like the tinkling of the mower's scythe upon the whetstone, is one of the most delightful sounds that can strike the ear, though I am not enough of a theoretical musician to say why. The swift motion, the exhilarating freshness of the keen air, the sense of liberty, combined to excite my youthful brain and to stir up in it bold imaginings and hopes, some of which occasionally struggled lamely into speech, leaving me much confused and my companion supremely unconscious. Under such circumstances as these it was not likely that I should bother my head much about Mrs. Farquhar.

And yet Mrs. Farquhar's name was frequently upon our lips during those short—too short—winter afternoons. I was too timid, too inexperienced, perhaps almost too much in earnest, to lead the conversation often into that tender channel toward which my heart inclined me. I was not profoundly interested in the Rector's rheumatism, nor did Maud care to be told more than three or four times of the relaxations of undergraduate existence. This left us with a limited range of subjects, and so Mrs. Farquhar came in for a somewhat unduly large share of our attention. It was thus that I learned by degrees the history of those unhappy parochial dissensions narrated at the beginning of the present chapter. It was only by degrees that I reached the facts, for Maud was proud, and did not like either to confess or complain of her discomfiture; but little by little the whole story came out, and I was magnanimous enough to refrain from saying, "I told you so." It is, of course, quite obvious to me now that Miss Dennison was a well-intentioned but headstrong young lady, whom a snub in time was likely to save from nine future ones, and who was therefore rather to be congratulated than commiserated on having fallen in with an equally headstrong opponent, but I did not see the matter at all in that light at the time. On the contrary, Maud appeared to me to be the good angel and Mrs. Farquhar the evil genius of the neighborhood, and I am afraid I was much more angry with the latter for having enticed away the old women from church than for tormenting my uncle from morning to night.

Maud herself was evidently much mortified—less by Mrs. Farquhar's hostility than by the terrible depravity of human nature as illustrated in the conduct of those subsidized paupers. "I shall never be able to feel any interest in them again," she said. "I keep on telling myself that they are no worse than I am, and that if I were poor and hungry I should very likely sell my birthright for a mess of pottage; but it won't do. I know quite well that there are depths of meanness to which I never could descend. I might buy the pottage, and eat it, but I should not pretend that I was swallowing it down to satisfy a spiritual craving. Sometimes I feel as if I almost hated the poor. Those old women make believe to be as fond of me as ever, and declare that they would never have left the church if that greasy Ebenezer man hadn't convinced them that there could be no earnest religion in an established form of liturgy, and I can't stoop to tell them that I know all about it, and that they have simply sold themselves to Mrs. Farquhar, who has bought them, not because she cares a straw whether they go to church or chapel, but because for some reason or other she wants to spite me. My father understands them better than I do, and they like him a great deal better than they do me. He goes on visiting them just as if nothing had happened, and thinks it very natural that they should take a tempting bribe and then tell lies about it. I don't think it natural at all. I can't help despising them, and they see that I despise them, and so all my influence is slipping away. If it were a mere question of fighting Mrs. Farquhar, I might set to work, and at the end of a twelvemonth I dare say I should have a very good chance of beating her; that is, unless she is very rich. But I don't choose to fight Mrs. Farquhar."

It was not all at once that Maud spoke to me with this openness. At first she was reticent, and only hinted at disappointments and annoyances, without entering into particulars as to their nature; but when she found how deep and unquestioning was my sympathy (for in truth I should have sympathized with her just as much if she and her adversary had changed places), her reserve broke down, and she not only confided to me all that has been related here, but told me of various other trivial slights which Mrs. Farquhar had taken pains to inflict upon her, and which were all the more galling by reason of their triviality. She laughed when I expressed a desire to throttle that mischief-making old woman with my own hands, and said I was talking nonsense; still, doubtless, it was a relief to her to find some one who was ready to adopt her own views in a spirit of blind faith, and who did not hesitate to emphasize them in language more forcible than she could permit herself to make use of.

For two days there had been unmistakable signs of an approaching change. On each afternoon the thermometer had risen a little above freezing-point, to fall below it again after sunset; now the ice had become soft and slushy; the wind, after shifting about to all points of the compass, had begun to blow gently but steadily from the southwest, and even the most obstinate optimists had to admit that a genuine thaw had set in. Still, there was supposed to be a sufficient thickness of ice to render skating safe, if not precisely enjoyable.

"It will be our last day," sighed Maud, as she rose from the chair upon which she had been sitting while I adjusted her skates; and we determined to make the most of it.

Accordingly we set off on a somewhat longer trip than usual, meaning to cross our own Broad, push on by way of the dikes to Hickling Broad and Horsey Mere, and so return through another series of dikes. I, for my part, spent a very pleasant afternoon, in spite of the raw, damp air and of the ice, which last was in about as bad a condition as it well could have been. Uncomfortable as it was to skate through large puddles and over a soft surface more like snow than ice, it did not occur to me that there was anything dangerous in such a proceeding until we reached Horsey Mere, when that aspect of the case was brought under my notice in an abrupt and striking manner. All of a sudden, and without the smallest preliminary warning of any kind, there came a great crash, and I found myself plunged under water. My first impulse, after I rose gasping to the surface and struck out instinctively was to shout, "It's all right!" in order to reassure my companion, but what was my horror on discovering that she had disappeared! As may be imagined, I was tolerably cold already, but I shall not easily forget the chill that went to my heart when I realized what had happened, nor how, in the mere instant that elapsed before I had got hold of her, I had time to picture to myself all the consequences, immediate and remote, of Maud's death and the terrible future that awaited me should I survive her. It was only an instant. As soon as I had got her to place her hands on my shoulders, so as to leave my arms free, I knew I should save her, though, truth to tell, the task did not seem a very easy one. Swimming in my clothes was a thing I was well accustomed to, having been swamped many a time at Eton; but I had never before been called upon to swim in a heavy great-coat, with skates upon my feet, and with a fellow-creature weighing me down; nor did I exactly see how we were to reach the shore, which was only a few yards distant. To scramble up on the ice again was, as I knew, an impossibility, and I was not a little afraid of being sucked under. However, there was nothing for it but to make for the edge of the pool in which we were immersed, and this I did, throwing my whole weight upon the surface. It yielded, as I had expected; we both went down and rose again with some loss of breath, and after repeating this manœuvre two or three times, I had the satisfaction of grasping dry land. We scrambled on shore somehow or other, and sat looking at one another, thoroughly exhausted and half dead with cold.

I dare say we presented a sufficiently ridiculous appearance in our forlorn and draggled state, and I know that we both laughed a little between our chattering teeth. Maud had behaved splendidly throughout. She had never lost her presence of mind for a moment, she had done exactly as she was told, and she had not uttered a word or a cry. She did not say much even now. Only, after I had risen to my feet, and assisted her to do the same, she touched me gently on the arm to make me look at her, and said, "Thank you, Charley."

It does not sound a superlatively grateful speech to make to a man who has just saved you from drowning, but it more than satisfied me. For while Maud was uttering these three short words my eyes met hers, and I saw there—how shall I express it?—I saw something which could not be translated into words, which could not even at the moment be expressed in thought, but which sent a thrill of exultation through the whole of my shivering person. Such flashes of happiness come every now and again into a man's life, though never, I think, after a certain age. As we grow older we become less impressionable, more analytical, less open to vague suggestions of bliss. Had all this happened five or six years later, I should probably have asked myself what was the meaning of that look of Maud's, and whether in truth it signified, as it seemed to do, that my dearest hopes were to be realized; but, as it was, I put no such direct inquiries to my soul. I walked along beside her in silence, a little bit dazed and supremely happy, without quite knowing why.

There was a laborer's cottage some three hundred yards away from the mere. Thither we betook ourselves, and having been restored with hot drinks, and furnished with such garments as the good woman of the house could provide us with in exchange for our dripping ones, we set off to trudge homeward in the guise of a pair of East-Anglian peasants. By this time Maud had recovered the full use of her tongue, and she now thanked me more warmly and at greater length for having preserved her from a watery grave, saying a great many kind and flattering things, which it would have been delightful to listen to had I not been troubled by a most unfortunate recollection which had occurred to me while waiting in the cottage, and which sadly dimmed the glory of my heroism.

"Maud," I said at last, speaking in a doleful voice, and feeling as if all my bright visions were about to vanish, like Cinderella's coach and horses, "I must tell you something: I didn't really save your life at all."

"My dear Charley," she answered, "if there is anything certain in this world, it is certain that I should be lying dead at the bottom of Horsey Mere at this moment but for you."

"I give you my word," I exclaimed, eagerly, "that I firmly believed so until a few minutes ago; but then I remembered what I should have thought of before, if I had had my wits about me. Do you know that we were struggling for our lives in—in—*four feet of water?*"

Well, she declared that that made no difference at all; that she was just as much indebted to me as if the peril had been a real instead of an imaginary one, and so forth; but naturally she could not help laughing a little; and I had to laugh too, though it went rather against the grain. It was a cruel practical joke for Fortune to play upon a poor hero.

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"AS SOON AS I HAD GOT HER TO PLACE HER HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS, SO AS TO LEAVE MY ARMS FREE, I KNEW I SHOULD SAVE HER."

CHAPTER VII.

THE RECTOR HAS FRIENDS TO DINNER.

THERE is a French *chanson*, *Comme à Vingt Ans*, which everybody knows: *Comme on aime à vingt ans!—Comme on rit!—Comme on pleure!*—and all the rest. I heard it sung for the first time when I was but a little more than twenty myself; I heard it sung for about the hundred-and-fiftieth time at a concert, only the other day, by a fat old Frenchman, who waxed so pathetic over it that he made himself cry, and very nearly made me cry into the bargain. Doubtless he was thinking of those days, long, long ago, when he was slim and handsome and twenty: I wonder whether he noticed another fat old man in the audience who was listening to him with a lackadaisical air, and whose eyes expressed the profoundest sympathy. Ah me! I too have been in Arcadia; I too have memories of the golden age. It is ridiculous; it is not without an effort that I myself can realize the fact that I was once young; nevertheless, a fact it is.

I don't know that the generality of us grow much better or wiser with the progress of time. Experience, of course, we gain—a dreary acquisition, after all. It is impossible for a man to grow old and not learn a great many things which it was equally impossible for him to know when he was young; but, unfortunately, when the ignorance goes, the bliss is very apt to go too. We are behind the scenes now; we know all about it; we plod slowly forward on the journey of life, surveying the landscape through our spectacles with dispassionate eyes; the color on the distant mountains no longer deceives us; "beyond their utmost purple rim" lies no paradise, as we are very well aware; if rocks or thorny hedges bar our path, we don't make a prodigious outcry, having crossed many such places already, and having learned that the bruises and wounds inflicted by them are soon healed and forgotten. *Tout passe; tout lasse:* one jogs on more easily than of yore, but certainly less enjoyably. I don't say that I wish to begin my life over again—very few people, I should imagine, would wish for that; but I do wish that the happiest days of it should not be utterly lost and abolished forever. Indeed, I can't believe that they are really dead and gone—those good days. All my life long I have had a conviction that they were only laid aside until the hurry and labor of this short existence should be at an end, and that I should go back to them, or that they would come back to me, at last in a world where pain and sin shall be done away with. I don't in the least see how such a thing is to be contrived; but that has never yet been held to be an argument against any creed; and in an age when every one is permitted to form bold speculations as to the meaning and end of existence, nobody, surely, will quarrel with me for tacking my humble little surmise on to the skirts of an orthodox faith in immortality.

I have been trying, since my return to England, after an absence of many years, to understand the theories of the various philosophers—Positivist, Materialist, Agnostic, and other—who have sprung into notice during my exile, and whose gospels, I am assured, are slowly but steadily undermining that which was taught us by our predecessors. So far, I can not say that I have gained much light from these new guides, although I have been favored with the help of an intellectual friend whom I sometimes meet at the club, who explains the hard passages for me, and who is very anxious that I should adore his own particular fetich, which I understand to be Humanity with a big H. I have not found myself able to embrace this funny faith; I don't see my way to the deification of my fellow-creatures, or to the worshipping of myself under a collective aspect; nor can I be contented with the wretched little shred of unconscious future existence so complacently offered to me. Bunce's "singing in heavenly quires" may not be altogether satisfactory; but it seems preferable to painless extinction. My Positivist friend says this is nonsense; he tells me that I am selfish and gross; he almost doubts whether I am capable of rising to the level of his sublime conceptions; and perhaps he is right. It is true that I don't want to rise to them; I never was ambitious.

The whole of the above digression (for which I beg to apologize) has been provoked by my reminiscences of what I was at twenty years of age, and of the remarkable simplicity which distinguished my character at that remote period. After what I said in the last chapter about the look which I surprised in Maud's eyes while we stood dripping by the margin of Horsey Mere, it might be supposed that I should have confronted the future with confidence, and looked upon my fortune (in an amatory sense) as already three parts made; but no such thing. She had only to treat me with a little reserve and coolness—which she did for some days afterward—to nip all my half-formed hopes in the bud, and cast me down into an abyss of despair. My impression was that she repented of having said as much as she had done, now that she knew my aquatic feat to have been wholly uncalled for; and this seemed rather hard, because, after all, four feet of water will amply suffice to drown an exhausted girl.

Much annoyance was caused me by the celerity with which the news of our adventure was bruited about, and by the exaggerated reports of it which found credence in various quarters. Before a week was out I was sick of telling people that I really had not swum a distance of twenty yards under water, dragging Miss Dennison in my wake, and knocking a hole in the ice with my head to crawl out through at the end of it; also the sprightly comments and innuendoes of the ladies who came to call and hear all about the catastrophe were extremely distasteful to me. Even Bunce was quite arch and knowing upon the subject, so that I was obliged to rebuke him for saying the things that he did—and in Maud's presence too, which was most embarrassing. As for the Rector, he came tearing up in a state of enthusiastic gratitude, which I am sorry to say evaporated in shouts of laughter when he heard my version of the story. George Warren, who was there at the time, laughed uproariously too, and joined in the chaff to which I had to submit for the next hour.

I told George afterward that I considered this rather a poor class of wit, and he begged my pardon, promising not to offend in the same way again; so I forgave him. But what surprised and angered me most of all was the extraordinary view which Mrs. Farquhar chose to take of the matter.

"Ay, ay," she said, nodding her head, with an infuriating smile; "a clever young lady indeed!—and no doubt she would know the depth of the water very well before she fell in. There was the chance of her catching her death of cold; but she would just make up her mind to risk that. I'm not denying her courage."

And when I indignantly inquired whether Mrs. Farquhar meant to insinuate that Miss Dennison had tumbled into Horsey Mere on purpose, the old lady only pursed up her lips and went on nodding, till I had to leave the room hastily in order to keep myself from throwing something at her.

"What on earth is she driving at?" I asked, impatiently, of my uncle, while we were sitting over the fire after dinner. "Does she suppose that Maud deliberately jumped into a frozen lake on a January afternoon to serve some mysterious ends of her own?"

"Well, yes," answered my uncle; "I believe that is what she supposes. You know—or, on second thoughts, perhaps you don't know—that women are apt to look upon most of the incidents of life as bearing more or less directly upon the all-important subject of marriage. My mother has taken it into her head that you will be a matrimonial catch, and that Miss Dennison is determined to catch you. Of course both these assumptions are mistaken; but I have not been able to convince her that they are so, and perhaps it is hardly worth while to try any more."

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, "I never heard of such a thing! I wouldn't have this come to Maud's ears for any money. Do you mean to say that you didn't contradict Mrs. Farquhar?"

"Oh, I contradicted her—and then she contradicted me, you know. I pointed out to her that you were not a rich man, nor even (*saving your presence*) a man at all as yet, and I added that, to the best of my belief, Miss Maud was perfectly innocent of any designs upon you; but in the long-run it occurred to me that I might as well have held my tongue. So, after that, I did hold my tongue."

"If only she would do the same!" I sighed, despondently. "But that she will never do; and it is easy to see how all this will end. Some of these days the Rector will begin to think that he has submitted to enough insults, and there will be a quarrel between us and our oldest friends. Then I suppose that—dear old lady will be satisfied."

"I don't think the Rector will quarrel with us," answered my uncle, quietly.

The Rector, I must say, was very magnanimous. If he was hurt by Mrs. Farquhar's active and unwarrantable hostility to him in his parish—and, as he was naturally a sensitive man, I have very little doubt but that he was hurt—he allowed none of us to see it. Perhaps he knew that his strength was to sit still, and that the capricious old lady would soon tire of Ebenezer Chapel when she found that no one tried to entice her away from it; perhaps he may have thought it beneath his dignity to dispute on theological matters with unauthorized and ignorant persons. Still, it was not the less magnanimous on his part to refrain from uttering a word of complaint, and to come up to the Hall nearly every day, without abating anything of his customary cordiality. Mrs. Farquhar used to say to him that he was a well-meaning man, but that she greatly feared he was only a nominal Christian.

The date of my return to Oxford was fast approaching, when an invitation came, asking the three of us to dine quietly at the Rectory. I had some hope that, circumstances being what they were, Mrs. Farquhar would decline this proffered hospitality for herself; but she disappointed me by merely pursuing her ordinary rule of conduct with regard to invitations. That is to say, that she began by declaring that she was much too old to go out anywhere after dark, proceeded to observe that it did not do to consult one's own convenience alone, and finally sat down to write an acceptance with an air of pious resignation. The truth, I suppose, was that she liked a little society, as was very natural; but I don't to this day understand why she should not have acknowledged as much.

The Rectory was a good-sized, solid, comfortable house, where the Rector, who appreciated comfort of a solid kind, had for many years been in the habit of giving very successful little dinners. The cooking of these dinners was plain, but excellent; the wine was of the best; and when his guests had done justice to both, it was their worthy host's custom to lead them, either into the garden to admire his roses, of which he was justly proud, or into a spacious study, where easy-chairs and a blazing fire awaited them—according as the seasons were. Nobody was ever asked to enter the drawing-room, which had the forlorn aspect common to the drawing-rooms of all houses in which there are no ladies; the Rector's reception-room was his study. In it was the well-selected library which he so seldom found time to consult; in it was the enormous stuffed pike caught in Thirlby Broad, whose weight I have forgotten, and will not attempt to recall, for fear of being accused of exaggeration; in it, modestly shrinking into a corner between one of the book-cases and the wall, was a small bureau, through the glass doors of which could be distinguished guns, fishing-rods, landing-nets, and eel spears; in it distressed parishioners were wont to receive daily aid, spiritual and temporal; and in it the Rector dearly loved to collect a little knot of cronies on winter evenings, and to start them on an interminable chat over field-sports. He did not hunt—indeed, it was not much of a hunting country—but in every other branch of venery, from the breaking in of a puppy to the training of a hawk (which latter art he had practiced with signal success when a young man), he was an authority to whom the neighbors far and wide deferred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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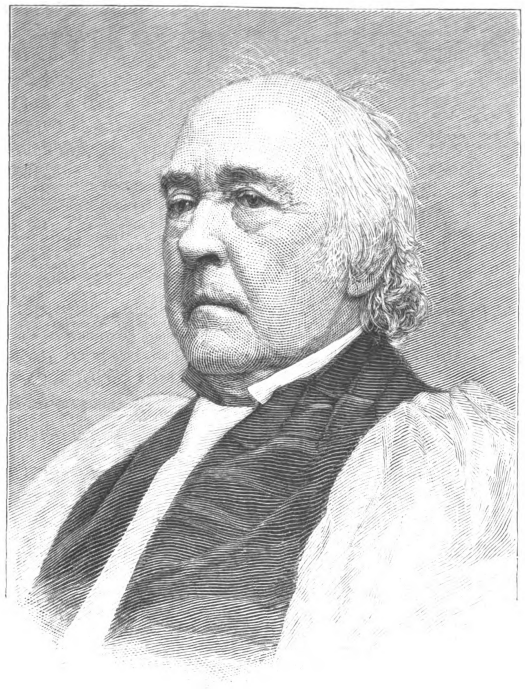
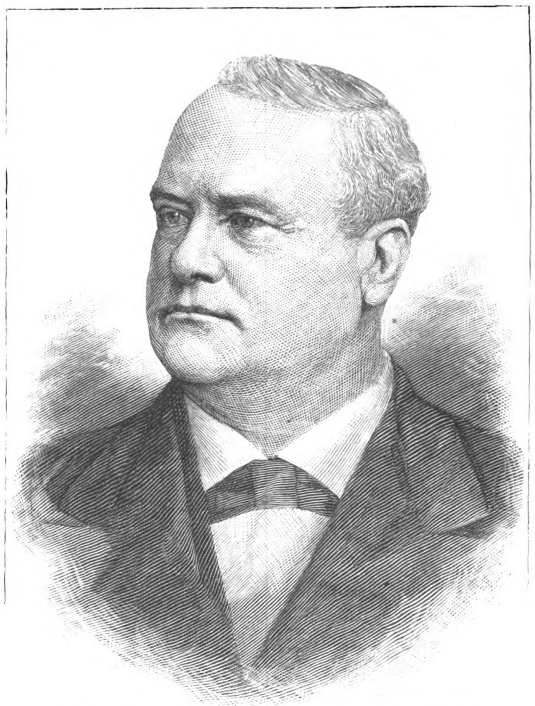


THE LATE BISHOP PINKNEY, OF MARYLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. GOLDIN.



ALFRED VAN SANTVOORD, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE LINCOLN BANK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 453.]

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM PINKNEY, D.D., LL.D.

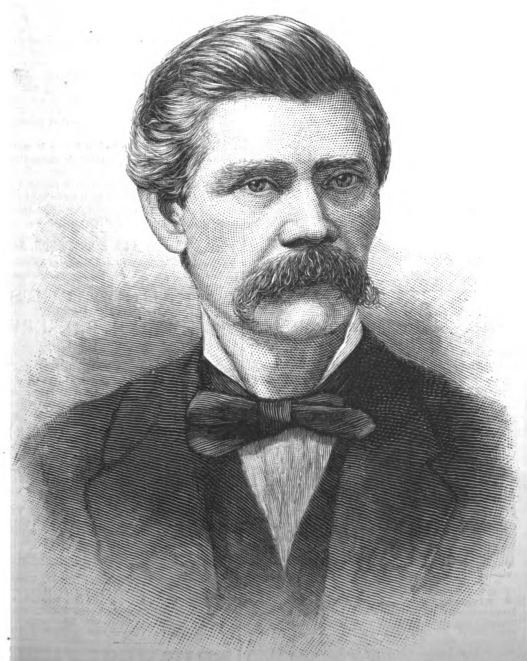
RIGHT REV. Bishop WILLIAM PINKNEY, who died suddenly of congestion of the heart, near Cockeysville, Maryland, on the 4th inst., was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1810, so that he died full of years and of the honors of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He graduated in St. John's College, Maryland, and then went to studying law, but subsequently changed it for that of divinity. He pursued his studies partly in Princeton and partly in the Theological Seminary of New York. He was ordained a Deacon in 1836. He received his first call from St. Andrew's, in Somerset County, Maryland, and afterward, in 1838, he became the Rector of St. Matthew's, near Bladensburg, Prince George's County, Maryland, and was pastor of that parish for seventeen years.

In 1855 he was called to the Rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C., and continued to be its pastor even after he was elected Assistant Bishop of Maryland in 1866, and up to the time of his death. When Bishop WHITTINGHAM died in 1879, the Assistant Bishop became Bishop by right of succession. Since he became prelate thirty churches and chapels have been erected and added to the Episcopal Diocese of the State; and since the 1st of January, 1883, he confirmed 1300 persons to full membership. He was the fifth Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, and the hardest worker in the Episcopal House of Bishops. He gave half of his annual salary ($4000) to the poor and needy clergymen in his diocese. He was a firm believer in home missions and the religion of the by-ways, as much if not more than in that of the "high places" in the synagogue.

PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

THE State Convention of the Pennsylvania Republicans was held in Harrisburg on the 11th inst., and the proceedings were dignified and harmonious. Protective doctrines were vigorously upheld in the platform, a suggestion was made that the surplus revenue of the nation be distributed among the States; the administration of President ARTHUR was approved, and the withdrawal of the trade dollar from circulation was recommended.

There were ten candidates for the nomination for State Treasurer, and on the sixth ballot Mr. WILLIAM A. LIVSEY, of Pittsburgh, was chosen. He is a man about forty-five years of age, who has never had any connection with politics, but he is a very accomplished accountant, and well fitted for the office for which he has



WILLIAM A. LIVSEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER OF PENNSYLVANIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. C. BURNITE.

THE HON. JEROME B. NILES, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR AUDITOR-GENERAL OF PENNSYLVANIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. C. BURNITE.

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been nominated. The Independents speak highly of him, although his sympathies are with the CAMERON leaders.

The Hon. JEROME B. NILES, of Middleburg, Tioga County, who was nominated for the position of Auditor-General, is a lawyer of ability and distinction. He was District Attorney in 1862, and again in 1865, and has served several terms in the House of Representatives. He is an "Independent" in politics.

THE INNERMOST ROOM.

THE Singer sang the world a song,
And soon in every tender heart
Its melody, so sweet and strong,
Became a dear and lasting part.
But no one knew, and no one cared,
That from supremest grief and wrong
His breaking heart had learned the notes
That trembled into glorious song.

A woman, who from every cup
Had drank life's glad and bitter streams,
Sat down and wrote a wondrous tale,
As sweet and bright as fairy dreams.
But no one knew, and no one cared,
From what tumultuous seas of thought
The soul in lonely voyages
Its parable of life had brought.

The Teacher, with a burning heart,
With tongue as swift and hot as flame,
Led with a wise and tender heart
The world unto its highest aim.
But no one asked, and no one knew,
Through what fierce conflict, day by day,
He won the victory which cleared
For weaker hearts the higher way.

For each soul has one inner room
Where all alone it seeks the grace
To struggle with its sharpest woe,
Its hardest destiny to face,
To lift the duty that it fears,
To love, to trust, through every doom,
And not the nearest, dearest heart
Goes with it to that inner room.

'Tis there that souls learn how to sing;
'Tis there the truest knights are made;
There, with the sharp edge of her sword,
Great Sorrow gives the accolade.
From thence they come with subtle strength
The weary and the sad to lift;
But who remembers that lone room,
Its strife and doubt, its grief and gloom,
From which they bring the precious gift?

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

RIVER WATER.

A FAMILIAR sight to me, in years gone by, was the watering of ships in Hilo Harbor from the river Wailuku. Vessels came a thousand miles out of their way to supply themselves at this pure stream. Their boats' crews, putting out from the ship with a long tow of empty casks, perhaps a hundred in line, like a gigantic sea-serpent, would pull landward across the beautiful bay, and up the entrance of the stream, between picturesque and precipitous banks, until they reached the first cascade. There the water, pure and cool from the upland forests and from the snows of Mauna Kea, came tumbling down a lava cliff into the sea. A long hose was carried to the bank; one by one the casks were filled, and the hooped sea-serpent, a ponderous tow, was tugged slowly back to the ship again.

The Wailuku water was good river water, and if received in tanks on shore, instead of on a rolling ship, it would have given little trouble to the consumer. But kept in casks on shipboard it had to "work," or go through a process of fermentation, lasting perhaps a fortnight, before it got clear of its sediment, stirred up by the constant motion of the ship, and not properly exposed to the purifying oxygen of the air. Bright and clear when decanted from the river, it became turbid and ill-smelling while it was "working," and would then be called quite undrinkable by shore people, though the sailors used it even then. Its chief impurity was decomposing vegetable matters; and these are only one cause among many of the impurity of streams. River waters are more likely to be impure than those of wells or springs; and their causes of impurity may be counted, in the order of their importance, as follows:

1. The muddy water of freshets is rather an inconvenience than a danger to health. River water that is turbid from this cause will soon clear itself; if it be exposed to the air in a reservoir, by depositing the earthy matter in suspension, and by absorbing oxygen, it will become pure and sparkling. Nor is it the most turbid water, by any means, that is the most dangerous to drink; water that is merely turbid from containing earthy matters, like the Wailuku water in floodtime, is harmless.

2. In small and sluggish streams the water often fouls itself from the decay of animal and vegetable substances that it has itself produced—plants, insects, and fishes. Streams are in general pure according to their size and swiftness. It is not easy to pollute the water of a powerful and rapid stream that pours down over a bed of pebbly or of silicious sand; the air purifies it as it tumbles along. The Seine received until lately the sewer discharge of the city of Paris; but the Seine is a living stream, flowing over a bed of white sand; and in 1870 it freed itself entirely, even from this enormous mass of impurity, by the time it reached Meulan, about sixty miles below the city. There the water could be used again, as above the city, for drinking.

3. A dangerous fouling of the river occurs in manufacturing countries; it is caused by the almost unrestricted practice of throwing the refuse of manufacturing processes into the streams. These chemical poisons kill the fish, give a bad smell to the water, and make it even visibly unfit to drink. Nothing but stringent legislation can stop this practice; for nowhere in Christendom, I believe, is there Christianity enough among the inhabitants of up-stream towns to keep them from making common sewers of their water-courses, and from thus distributing poison to those who live upon the same water-courses lower down.

4. But the gravest danger is yet to be mentioned. It is not the soiling, or even the chemical fouling, of the stream, but its actual poisoning by means of the germs of epidemic diseases. Typhoid fever and cholera are thus carried from house to house both by river water and through the pipes of a water supply from whatever source; and the resulting epidemics in many cases have been traced accurately to the point of infection. At the Millbank Prison in London, the convicts used the Thames water to drink, and suffered from typhoid fever. The fever stopped when the water supply was changed. The same thing occurred in a London district on removing the source of its water supply to a point farther up the Thames. The same thing occurs in the history of nearly every growing place before it stops using the neighboring river, and takes to purer water sources of supply. In 1854 Glasgow lost 3886 people by an epidemic of cholera. Not long after this Loch Katrine was tapped, and pure water was supplied to the city instead of foul. The next cholera year was 1866; there were only sixty-eight deaths from that cause, instead of nearly four thousand as before. Yet it is seldom that the inhabitants of cities give up drinking river water by any foresight or timely choice; they wait for an epidemic of cholera or typhoid fever, and then they begin to talk about getting purer water. Happy the townspeople who do not have to drink from their rivers!

River water, in fine, while it is generally pure in mountainous or in unsettled regions, is not to be depended on elsewhere as a safe supply for drinking; it is bad in manufacturing districts, and worse in towns and cities. If the fishes have decreased in a given stream, it is a good sign of danger. Water that will kill fishes is not good for man; and in most of our rivers the fishes are grievously thinned—in many of them, as in the rivers of England, the finest are gone altogether. The rivers of France are purer than the English, because the population is not so dense, and because manufactories are not so numerous. Thus the people of Besançon, a city near the eastern boundary of France, do not drink the water of their river, the Doubs, because in freshets it is muddy. But all the year round they catch abundance of delicious fish in it, for the Doubs still flows down unpolluted from the pure hills and mountain ranges of the Jura. TITUS MUNSON COAN.

TOO MUCH BATHING.

THERE are few greater admirers of the bath than I myself am. I like almost every plan of bathing—with the exception, probably, of the Russian moudjik plan of getting in under the stove and burying yourself in hot ashes. I have never tried that, but doubtless it has its advantages—to a moudjik. However, I must say there is such a thing as overdoing even the bath. Although I should wish that every one in this country were like myself—amphibious, so that if thrown into the water he would only ponder, while quietly swimming out again, where the nearest place was at which to procure dry clothes and a cup of coffee—still, it must be remembered that men are not manatees. We could not live most of our time in the water, like those interesting aquatic mammals. People should neither bathe too often in the day, nor remain too long in the water at a time, else they will overdo it; they will have too much of a good thing. The after-effects of the bath should in all cases be studied, as well as the state of the general health. Moreover, the temperature of the water deserves consideration: it may suit some people to break the ice on their matutinal tub in winter, with a frozen sponge for a mallet, but a dash of warm water is to be recommended when the mercury crosses the line 32°. One bath in winter, and two in the heat of summer, I would not call overdoing the thing.

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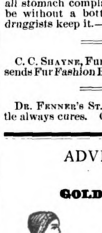

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JULY 21, 1883.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

CONTAINS:

Frontispiece. "A Town Garden," From a Drawing by E. A. Abbey, illustrating the poem — with same title — by Margaret Veley:

The Heart of the Alleghanies, By George Parsons Lathrop. Illustrated by Harry Fenn;

American Horses, By Hugh Craig. Illustrated by Sanguinetti;

The German Crown Prince, By George von Bunsen. Illustrated:

The Canadian Habitant, By C. H. Farnham. Illustrated:

War Pictures in Times of Peace, Description of French Military Manœuvres, by R. F. Zogbaum, with illustrations by the author;

Vallombrosa, By E. D. R. Bianciardi. Illustrated:

The British Yoke, Chapter IX. of T. W. Higginson's American History Series. Illustrated:

The Modern Yacht, By Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelly, U. S. N. Illustrated;

A Castle in Spain, A Novel. Part IV. Illustrated by Abbey;

Best Laid Schemes, A Story. By Harriet Prescott Spofford;

Poems By Margaret Veley and T. B. Aldrich:

Editor's Easy Chair. The Brooklyn Bridge.—Occupations and Education of Women.—The Philosophy of Jenkins.—The Cincinnati.—A Reminiscence of John Howard Payne:

Editor's Literary Record.

Editor's Historical Record.

Editor's Drawer. August.—Anecdotes of Bishop McIlvaine, Bayard Taylor, Dr. J. G. Holland, and John Randolph.—A Tragedy of the Philistines.—A Gentle Reminder.—An Easter Catechism.—Southern Humors.

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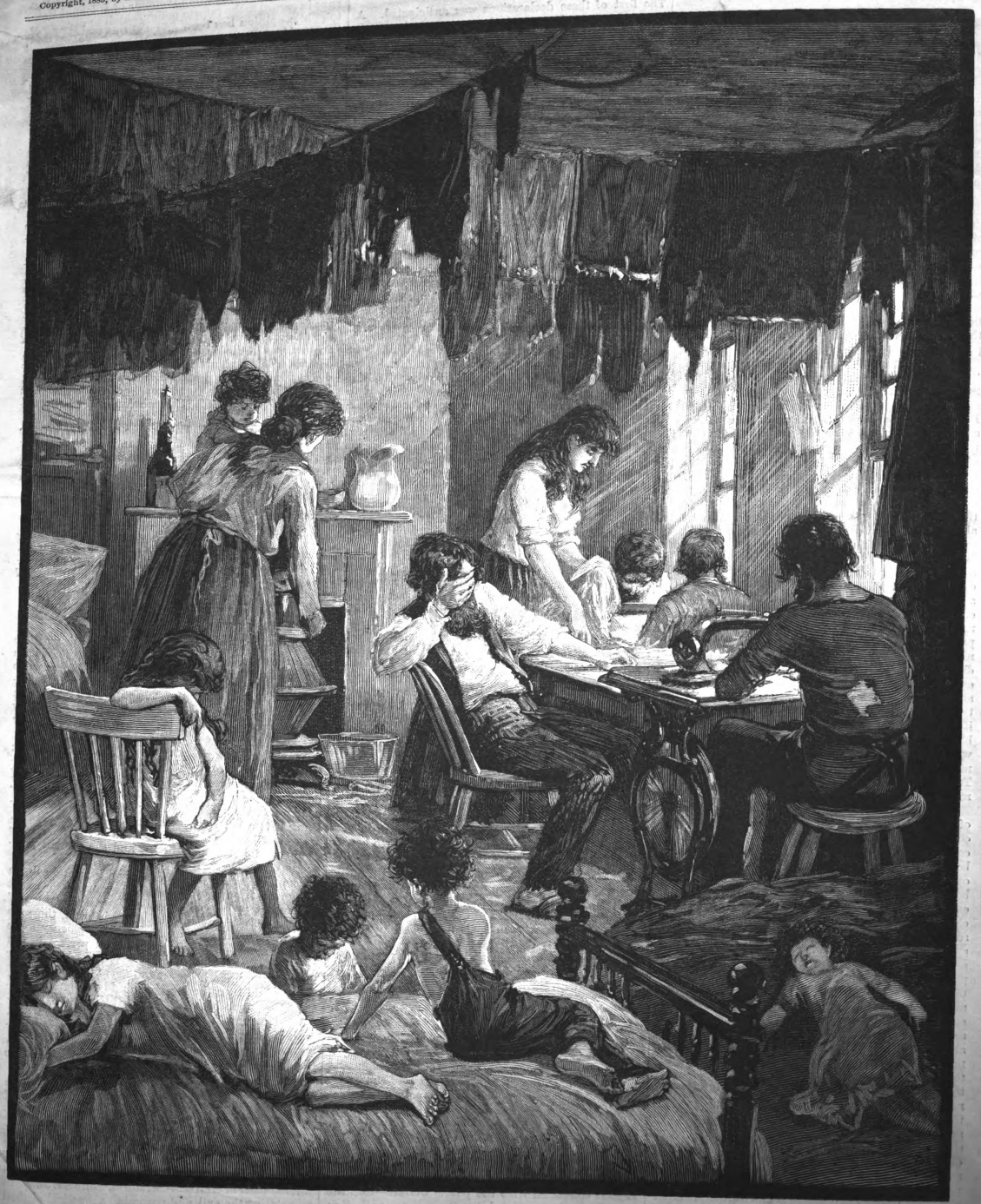

HOMES OF THE POOR.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 475.]

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A FOREIGN VIEW OF 1884.

THE London *Times* is not a very shrewd commentator upon American politics, and its speculations have always a slightly acrid tone. A recent article, however, upon the present political situation in this country is a tolerably fair statement. It perceives that there are no great issues at stake, and that the contest will be "a square stand-up fight between the Democrats and the Republicans." It holds that the chief advantage of the Democrats is the fatigue of the country with Republican rule and the curiosity to see what the Democrats will do. But it sees also the Democratic trouble arising from differences upon the tariff. The Republicans, it says, have the glory of their record and the advantage of the national patronage. On neither side is there a commanding personality to secure the nomination, and both parties, it thinks, will find it convenient to run "dark horses" at the last. The *Times* says truly that the mere desire of change is always stronger than theoretical politicians are willing to acknowledge, and it asserts that the people of this country are heartily tired of Republican rule.

The Thunderer, however, falls into the error of the "theoretical politicians." It is doubtless true that the mere desire of change and of giving the other side a turn is a powerful motive in practical politics. But its force at any particular time depends not upon a general theory, but upon the actual situation. So it is true that there is some sharp Republican criticism of some Republican acts. But what the *Times* calls hearty popular fatigue of Republican rule is not so obvious as profound popular distrust of Democratic dominance. The very fact which it mentions that the contest promises to be a simple square pull between all that Republicanism and all that Democracy means to the people of this country, is the best augury of Republican success. Among the many Republican advantages in such a situation is the fact that, whatever may be its offenses, the Republican party shows a will and a power to correct itself, which the Democratic party, although always equally upon trial, has never shown. The *Times*, moreover, forgets that party differences in this country have acquired a significance and gravity from the war which can not be disregarded. After the long national supremacy of one party, it is not unfair to expect that the mere desire of change may sometimes bring in another party which represents a different general policy. But if the other represents still more the tradition of bloody hostility to the government itself, the mere wish of change is much less effective. The *Times* admits that after the battle of Waterloo, with which the Tories were identified, they retained power, for that reason, for fifteen years.

Again, the desire of change is not strong in a time of general occupation, prosperity, and consequent contentment. Should there be a panic and business convulsion within a year, the dominant party would be thrown out as the VAN BUREN Democracy were overthrown in 1840. But should there be general business tranquillity, mills running, labor employed, enterprise active, the commercial mind quiet, then change would have a suspicious and not a seductive sound. It would mean, among other things, a clean sweep of the civil service, a vast cloud of cormorants settling upon Washington and every chief centre of patronage in the country, and effectually blocking the whole machinery of government at the very moment that its control passed into raw and inexperienced hands. This alone would alarm the true conservative sentiment of the country. The change, also, would be supposed to extend to tariff legislation. But when business is prosperous and sound the proposition to tinker the tariff is not agreeable either to capital or to labor. The hope of the Democracy lies, therefore, in national misfortune. When the ship is apparently sinking, any raft or plank or spar is trusted for the chance of safety. But it is simply "theoretical" to argue that because the desire of change is a powerful factor in politics it will be strong enough in itself to overthrow a party of the most patriotic and glorious record, under whose dominance the country is prosperous and content, in order to replace it with one whose past conduct is abhorred and whose future policy is feared.

THE PENNSYLVANIA IDEA.

THE Pennsylvania Republican platform has excited a great deal of remark, especially for its opening declarations:

"*First.* We unqualifiedly approve and demand the continuance of that system of protection to home industry which has proved itself to be the basis of national independence, the incentive to industrial skill and development, and the guarantee of a just and adequate scale of wages for labor, and we denounce all attempts to reduce the rates of the tariff below the level which will accomplish these objects.

"*Second.* That any surplus in the public Treasury arising from a redundant revenue should, after paying the national debt as fast as its conditions permit, be distributed from time to time to the several States, upon the basis of population, to relieve them from the burdens of local taxation, and provide means for the education of their people."

The first of these declarations was anticipated. A Pennsylvanian of any party is presumptively a protectionist, as an Italian is presumptively a Roman Catholic. He holds not only that protection is our true policy, but that it is so plainly seen to be so that the sentiment is twenty times stronger than it was twenty years ago. This Pennsylvania feeling seems to be justified by the platforms of all the political Conventions of the year. Directly or indirectly they all show the conviction that a declaration for free trade would be politically disastrous. They are all adapted for the perusal of the American laborer, who is supposed to study his paper to ascertain which party proposes to reduce him to the level of the pauper laborer of Europe. There is a great deal of juggling with the words "revenue" and "adjustment." But none of the platforms say free trade, and none of them mean free trade, and the tariff is not really an issue.

Those, however, who, with Senator SHERMAN, believe it to be an issue, and who, like him, favor protection, should not criticise too sharply the second of the Pennsylvania declarations. The Pennsylvanians are thorough and sincere protectionists. They may be supposed to understand the subject from their point of view, and what they propose, therefore, is worthy of serious attention. The second of these propositions springs logically from the first. If a tariff should be laid for protection, in other words, if the country should be taxed in order to enable it to compete in its own markets as well as in foreign markets with the industry and skill of other countries, a redundant revenue may be often expected, because it can not be assumed that the amount of taxation necessary for the expenses of the government is the precise amount necessary for protection. The object of the tax is, in the case supposed, not primarily to pay the expenses of the government, and as there is no limit to protection, and as all industries have an equal claim to it, the tendency will be to a constantly larger surplus. This must be disposed of in some way, and the disposition proposed in Pennsylvania is distribution among the States upon the basis of population, in order to diminish local taxation and to foster education. This particular method and object of distribution may not be agreeable to all protectionists; but redundancy and distribution are essential parts of the general scheme of protection, and the party which declares for that policy declares for its logical results.

President ARTHUR in his Message at the opening of the last session of Congress pointed out in very forcible language, and to the general approval of the country, some of the consequences of a surplus, and he also laid down the general principle of taxation in a way which was very acceptable. He said that while there are differences as to the true principles of taxation and the best methods of raising revenue, there is substantial agreement in the view that only such taxes should be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government. As for the surplus, he said that it must lie idle in the Treasury, or the government must buy its own bonds at an enormous premium, or it would foster, as experience had shown, an extravagant expenditure. This was good Republican doctrine last winter. But the Message of the Republican President, the debate in Congress upon revision of the tariff, and the platform declarations of both the parties during the summer show plainly that the tariff is not an issue upon which the parties divide, and that Democratic protectionists and Republican revenue reformers will each abide with their own party.

A GROSS PUBLIC OFFENSE.

THE case of HORTON in the Internal Revenue Department is of much more than personal or temporary interest. Mr. EVANS, the new Commissioner, is one of the latest important appointments of the President, and his conduct necessarily involves the good faith of the Administration toward the reformed system, which went into full effect on the 16th of July. That system applies under the bill to about ten thousand positions only in the minor public service. But the bill became law in obedience to a decisive public sentiment, which demands—and for the most cogent reasons connected with the public welfare—that the spirit of the law, which in its immediate application is limited to a part of the service, shall be honestly observed in every branch of it, and that the higher appointments shall not be made in a manner which implies that the support given by the Administration to the new system is merely formal and perfunctory. The reformed system is now the law of the land, and any disregard of its plain purpose and scope is an offense which the Administration is as morally bound to correct as the similar infringement of any other law. If under a distinct hard-money policy of Congress and the Administration a Secretary of the Treasury, without expressly violating the letter of the law, should be found bringing it into utter contempt by throwing the whole weight of his official influence in favor of soft money and its adherents, the President would justly call him to account. This is the precise position of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in regard to the reform policy which in obedience to public opinion has been adopted by Congress and the President.

Mr. ELDRIDGE, who was summarily removed by Commissioner EVANS, was well known in the department as one of its very best officers. He is a man of conspicuous business ability and experience, and of the most modest fidelity to duty. In one instance alone the recovery to the Treasury of $186,000, a tax rightfully due, which had wholly escaped the attention of the local officers, was entirely owing, as Commissioner RAUM officially stated, to Mr. ELDRIDGE'S "sagacious vigilance," and it was but one instance of the "marked ability and zeal" which in "numerous other cases" had resulted in similar advantage to the government. This officer, of the highest character, ability, and efficiency, whose peculiar fitness for the place is especially commended by one of the most capable commissioners who have presided in the bureau, is summarily dismissed as incompetent by a new Commissioner before he knows anything of his official duties, or can possibly judge the competency of his subordinates, and the Commissioner replaces him by a hack politician, who within a week is charged with previously levying black-mail. Driven to order an investigation, the Commissioner declined to publish the report, but declaring that HORTON was innocent, demanded his resignation on the ground that public discussion of the subject injured the Administration. HORTON naturally declined to acknowledge his guilt by resigning, and the Commissioner formally removed him.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater offense against the plainest principles of an honorable public service, or one which merits more peremptory action upon the part of an Administration which professes the principles of reform. The removal of ELDRIDGE was a wanton defiance of every sound principle of administration and of the essential spirit of the new law. Causeless removal of an honest and efficient civil servant is a gross public wrong. The Commissionership of Internal Revenue is a great public trust, which in this proceeding the Commissioner has prostituted to a personal purpose, and has shown himself to be totally unfitted for the office that he fills.

THE TILDEN MYTH.

THE *Evening Post* had recently an amusing article upon the absurd stories about Mr. TILDEN. They are the joke of the season. With very brief intervals some person or paper, assuming to speak with peculiar authority, issues a bulletin of Mr. TILDEN'S health and opinions and intentions, and taken together they read like the opening of DICKENS'S *Tale of Two Cities:* "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times; it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness; it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity; it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness; it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair; we had everything before us, we had nothing before us; we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way." This is the strain of the TILDEN bulletins and the present prospectus of the Democratic party.

The *Times* adds to this comedy a long and solemn statement from some anonymous source, the result of "recent prolonged interviews" with the "sage of Greystone." According to this historian, the sage does not consider the duties of the Presidency to be very arduous—although, as he is in perfect health and remarkable vigor, that view is not of particular importance, since, however arduous the duties might be, he could turn them off as nimbly as he leaps all the fences upon his morning stroll through his farm. Should a grateful country choose to summon him, with Brother HENDRICKS, to a post which cipher dispatches failed to enable him to reach some years since, the historian is very sure that he would permit the country to have its own way.

Warming to his work, the faithful chronicler proceeds to announce that Mr. TILDEN is the father of civil service reform, and the next bulletin will probably inform us that he is also the author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States. It is evident that the sage greatly resembles the late Joey Bagstock. He is very "sly"; for, as father of civil service reform, while Mr. JENCKES was stating the evil, and proposing a practical method of reform, and seeming to be a leader in the good

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work, the real author of the movement was promoting it by serving as chairman of TWEED's Democratic committee in New York. In further vindication of his claims it is only necessary to recall the campaign of 1876, the cipher dispatches, the nincompoop bureau—the campaign, in a word, which President WOOLSEY characterized as more the personal enterprise of the candidate than any in our history. Mr. TILDEN'S familiar methods in politics are so peculiarly those of a civil service reformer that it is surprising how completely it has escaped public attention that he is the real father of reform, and it is an act of great kindness upon the part of the author of the latest bulletin to reveal the great truth. Alas! we say the latest, but we remember that a still more authoritative authority has issued a still later bulletin, describing that which contains all this information as—humbug. We are constrained to believe that it is correct. Indeed, the only difficulty is to determine which of all the TILDEN bulletins is the greatest humbug.

TORTURING CHILDREN.

THE Utica *Herald* was moved by its observation of the treatment of young children by mothers and nurses in that city on the Fourth of July to say that it believed that there is more cruelty to children in this country than there is cruelty to animals, and that it was wonderful that no society had yet been organized to compel mothers not to torture their children on the Fourth of July. They harness the little helpless ones in fine toggery, says the indignant *Herald*, and march with them into a riotous crowd, keeping them for hours in the fierce rays of a pitiless sun, until the maternal curiosity is satisfied.

The infantile suffering which moves the ire of the *Herald* is a familiar spectacle, and it is the thoughtless treatment of children, culminating in training them for public exhibitions, which led to the formation of the excellent society for their protection of which Mr. GERRY is president. The effect of the society, like that of Mr. BERGH'S, has been most beneficial. The mere fact of the existence of an association for the protection of animals against cruel treatment of itself secures better treatment, because the brutes who torment animals know that every blow and kick may be seen by an agent of the society, who will exact the penalty.

The children's protection society renders a similar service. Every parent or manager who exposes a child to danger or to the destruction of its health for public amusement knows that it can not be done with impunity, and the managers do not shrink from discharging the humane duty which they have undertaken. The form of cruelty which the *Herald* decries, however, can be remedied only by personal appeal. If ladies who meet nurses and mothers every day trundling infants with their faces turned helplessly upward to a blazing sun would remonstrate with them temperately, they would at least save some children, and lessen the gross amount of suffering. Half of the torture which is inflicted arises from thoughtlessness, and many a mother would be grateful for a kindly suggestion which should show her what she was doing.

PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCES.

SOME weeks since the New York *Times* sent out 400 letters to as many points in the thirty-eight States of the Union, asking the names of the persons who were most spoken of in that vicinity as candidates for the Presidency upon both sides. Answers have been received from 344 of the points—an average of about nine for each State—and the *Times* tabulates the preferences and summarizes the sentiment in each State. The canvass shows that in neither party is there any especial preference.

Upon the Republican side the favorite is Mr. BLAINE, who receives 103 voices, against 64 for President ARTHUR, 57½ for Mr. EDMUNDS, 19 for General GRANT, 17 for Mr. SHERMAN, and 14 for Mr. LOGAN. Upon the Democratic side Mr. TILDEN leads with 120, against 72½ for Mr. MCDONALD, 31½ for Mr. BAYARD, 25 for General HANCOCK, 20½ for General BUTLER, and 17½ for Mr. THURMAN. As a straw such a return shows that Mr. BLAINE is the Republican who has the largest personal following, and Mr. TILDEN the Democrat. But that those who personally prefer these gentlemen would think it good party policy to nominate them is of course doubtful.

The Presidential election is largely a question of the preference of a very few States. The nomination is not determined by leadership, ability, or standing. It is a matter of close calculation and management. If there were on either side a man who would be tolerably sure of carrying New York, for instance, he would be nominated, unless at the last moment the intrigues in the Convention were too powerful. Thanks to the attempted brutal tyranny of the unit rule in the last Republican Convention, and to the general situation, the next Convention will be exceedingly independent.

ENGLAND AND NIAGARA.

THE preservation of Niagara is so justly felt to be the interest of all intelligent people in the world that it is not surprising to find a long and admirable article upon the subject in the London *Spectator*, which says:

"The falls of Niagara can not be regarded as specially belonging to America, but must be considered as existing for the advantage of mankind; no traveller crosses the ocean without visiting them, and England has already taken an important part in the efforts for their preservation: indeed, we may almost say that it was an Englishman with whom these efforts originated. It is much to be desired, therefore, that the English public should understand what is involved in the question, how great is the necessity for preservative measures, and what form it is proposed that these measures shall take. If once these points were clearly understood and widely known, there would certainly be such a distinct expression of opinion in England as would render easier the task to be accomplished in America, for in spite of the frequent and half-joking assumption of careless independence, every one who is really familiar with American life knows that by the vast majority of our 'kin beyond sea' any genuine word from England is received with kindly respect."

The *Spectator* describes in detail the nature of the mischief and the proposed remedy. The object is simply to restore its original condition as a sublime and beautiful natural scene. It is to be freed from all that is merely sensational and sordid. The *Spectator* understands precisely the scope of the action of the Commission, that it is preliminary, and that the final decision lies with the Legislature next winter. In conclusion it says:

"We can not believe that a measure which would be so welcome to the world at large, which would confer both material and moral benefit upon the country, which is demanded by every sentiment of consideration for those who are to come after us—a measure in which future generations will find a proof of the civilization of our age—will be rejected because America, with its embarrassing public wealth and its gigantic private fortunes, can not find the sum of two hundred thousand pounds for such a purpose. We do not hesitate to say that English opinion will be unanimous upon the result, whichever way it may be, and we trust that the unanimity may be in the form of grateful recognition of an act of enlightened legislation."

HENRY IRVING.

MR. HENRY IRVING has certainly received "a good send-off" from his friends in London. But he seems to be fully aware that English cheers can not secure for him American success, and that he must make every step of his way in this country for himself. He need not fear the result if he have the real power, for in no country is the audience of the theatre less prejudiced or more generous than here. It welcomes and honors the masters of every school, and its censure, when it falls, is never cruel, as in some other lands.

It is not easy to determine from the reports the probability of Mr. IRVING'S success. He is apparently not a descendant of the declamatory school of the KEMBLES, nor of the romantic school of KEAN. He hardly maintains the "great traditions" of the English stage, but relies upon a certain elaborate picturesqueness which permits extreme artificiality. But that his style may be novel will not impair its effect if he be a master.

He will find the audience less homogeneous than in London. New York is so completely a cosmopolitan city that every taste and standard will be represented in his audience. But the difference and the uncertainty doubtless add zest to his anticipation. Sure of the mark that he has made in England, he will await with curious interest the American verdict upon the most noted living British actor.

THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE.

AT ten minutes past noon on Thursday, July 19, all but a few score of the telegraphic operators in the city of New York left their instruments. At the same moment several thousand men and women engaged in like work, from New Orleans to Omaha, quit their places, as did a considerable portion of the telegraphers throughout the Dominion of Canada. The strike was brought about by the Executive Committee of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers. It was arranged with great skill, and executed with marvellous precision and determination, and the position to which the employing companies were forced was one well calculated to bring them to terms. Yet, with all sympathy for the telegraphers in their wrongs, so far as they are real, it is a grave question whether the public can hold them warranted in so summary and so sweeping a method of obtaining redress. If it be true, as they claim, that nothing short of this would have any effect upon their employers, then the blame must rest upon the latter. What is beyond doubt is that the public has been put to very serious and almost universal inconvenience and loss by this dispute.

The function of the telegraph in our highly organized commercial and social life has come to be as general and as important as that of the mail. In some respects it is even more of a necessity. Business could no more be accomplished without it now than without the railway or the steam-ship. Not only is it an indispensable instrumentality in ordinary exchanges, but it is absolutely necessary for the safe and sure administration of the railways themselves. It is a public employment like that of the police, or the gas and electric light companies, or the railroads. It ought not to be exposed to interruption any more than these. That is not to say that the telegraph companies should have irresponsible control of their employés on such terms as they choose to grant; but there should be some established and recognized method by which differences between the former and the latter could be fairly adjusted without throwing the business of a continent into confusion. The business of the telegraph, like that of the railways, only in a far greater degree, is an affair of the public, which the legislative power should regulate sufficiently to guard the public interests. If ever there was a fair field for the exercise of compulsory arbitration, this would seem to be one. Many of the charges brought against the Western Union Telegraph Company, which by its enormous business and extensive influence practically controls the action of all other companies, are unquestionably true. The company has shown in its dealings with the operators something of the same grasping and unscrupulous spirit that it has betrayed in its stock operations. But if all the charges were true there would still be in such a strike as the one recently entered on a public injury against which the authorities ought to protect the community.

PERSONAL.

BAYARD TAYLOR used to say that of all men he had ever seen HAWTHORNE was most remarkable for possessing eyes that flashed fire, the pupils being sometimes so dilated as to render the iris invisible. GLADSTONE has similar eyes, and some of his friends attribute to them Queen VICTORIA'S lack of fondness for that statesman. Her Majesty, they say, has on several occasions been actually terrified by GLADSTONE'S gaze.

—The conductors on our street cars receive so little mention of a favorable sort that the kind offices of one of them toward a blind passenger on the Third Avenue line the other day may fitly be spoken of. Nothing could have been more considerate or tender than this model conductor's treatment of that blind woman, both while she was trying to enter the car and while she was leaving it. "That is the fourth or fifth blind person," he remarked to a bystander, "whom I have carried to-day."

—A New York woman of genius made about three thousand dollars last season by recitations at entertainments in private houses and on the lyceum stage, her terms for the former places being fifty dollars a reading.

—The success of the use of the roof of the Casino as a place for evening promenade will remind some New-Yorkers that Mr. O. B. BUNCE was the first writer to suggest to the American public the expediency of using our city roofs for such a purpose. About eight years ago, in an article in *Appleton's Journal*, he discussed the subject at length, and pointed out the advantages of utilizing those cool and quiet places as summer evening resorts. The results of the experiment at the Casino seems to indicate that were the owners of fine city houses in the habit of spending more of their time in them during the dog-days, they would arrange to spend some time upon them also.

—The question of the best method of clothing the human body so as to make it resemble a marble statue is of some interest occasionally to managers of private theatricals. Persons who have never tried the use of unbleached muslin will be surprised to see how successfully it accomplishes that end when under the influence of gas-light. It hangs in graceful folds, and its tone is exquisitely soft and mellow. Other fabrics, much more expensive, may be made available, but unbleached muslin is at the same time the cheapest and the most illusive. A lady of this city who recently appeared at a private theatrical entertainment in the part of a marble statue, dressed in unbleached muslin, achieved a success that not only delighted the artistic taste of her friends, but suited the financial views of her husband. In art it is the manner rather than the matter that charms. The grays of a weather-worn old rail fence are beautiful.

—A well-known sculptor while leaving the hall of a New York club-house had his attention called to a sleek bust of a distinguished actor which stood near the principal entrance. "That's a fine portrait," remarked his friend, admiringly. "A fine likeness, possibly," replied the artist, "but not a portrait. A portrait is an interpretation of character."

—In conversation with a visitor, some time ago, ex-Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR expressed his surprise and regret that in none of the public commemorative monuments in this country has the stalwart figure of the Indian appeared with any prominence. The ex-Governor has particularly requested that the negligence shall not be repeated in the monument to be erected on the battle-field of Oriskany, near Utica.

—The author of a forth-coming book on social etiquette has made special and proud mention of the fact that when a gentleman is calling upon a lady it is unnecessary for his hostess to worry him by persisting in relieving him of the care of his hat and cane. These useful articles, it is presumed, may safely remain in the custody of the caller himself.

—In 1857 M. RENAN wrote, "I am proud of my pessimism." In 1883 he writes, "In bidding adieu to life I shall only have to thank the source of all Good for the delightful passage through reality which I have been permitted to accomplish."

—M. MICHELET is about to publish a volume of recollections of his childhood and youth. One of his friends, M. MONOD, who has read the MS., declares that its contents are "truly edifying, and make one love their author."

—The works of WAGNER have become classic in Paris since the composer's death, says a French critic, and are listened to with devout and enthusiastic reverence. Three orchestras have given WAGNER concerts, and one of them—M. LAMOUREUX'S—showed rare intelligence in the execution of the selections from *Lohengrin*, *Parsifal*, and the *Meistersinger*.

—The volunteer regiments in England consist mainly of unmarried young men belonging to the working classes and to the clerical staffs of commercial houses; and the commander of one of those regiments declares that in order to be successful a volunteer officer must have military instincts and capacity, power of command and of influencing men, a whole-souled devotion of nearly all his leisure to his duty, and a tolerably lengthy purse; for all of which he receives a title seldom used off parade (the case of Colonel MAPLESON being an exception), a shadowy precedence, never exercised, and the more or less expressed opinion of his friends that he is rather a fool for his pains. On accepting his commission he pays about $150 for his uniform, and is subjected to a yearly expenditure of $100 if a lieutenant, and $1000 if a battalion commander.

—Dr. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND says that the reason why life-insurance companies decline to issue policies to women is because of woman's inability to be exact in regard to her age, in regard to the diseases she may have had, in regard to her mode of life, and in regard to other matters in which exactness is required.

—The life of a popular novelist can not be wholly happy, according to a late reviewer. To feel, whether one is undergoing the miseries of a gale in the Bay of Biscay or watching a Nile sunset from the deck of a smooth-gliding dahabeeyah, whether one be amid the stern grandeur of the Highlands or in the softer scenery of Oatlands Park, whether one shoot in Ireland or fish in Scotland, that one's sensations and experiences are not one's own, but part of one's stock in trade, must rather detract from the enjoyment of life.

—JULES CLARETIE on ALEXANDRE DUMAS: "When DUMAS died he was almost forgotten. The last years of his life had been sad. His novels were no longer read, and his dramas no longer accepted. But since then justice has been done to him; this great celebrity has recovered his rank, and the next generation will admire him as we used to admire him. I know very clever men who prefer a tale of MÉRIMÉE'S to all the romances of DUMAS. I also know lovers of flowers who prefer a rare rose to a leafy forest. I prefer the power of nature and the luxuriance of genius. And then DUMAS was kind, simple, sympathetic, without haughtiness and without affectation. He had all the faults and also many of the virtues of France."

—At a public meeting in London, over which Lady BRASSEY presided, Miss SIMCOX asked: "What respectable, responsible lady would offer a char-woman sixpence a day and no meals? Yet ladies buy goods of employers who pay women at that rate for their hard work."

—Mr. J. A. FROUDE'S latest magazine article is devoted to MARTIN LUTHER. He waxes enthusiastic over the Reformer. "The appearance of LUTHER before the Diet of Worms is one of the finest—perhaps it is the very finest—scene in human history. Many a man has encountered death bravely for a cause which he knows to be just, when he is sustained by the sympathy of thousands, of whom he is at the moment the champion and the representative. But it is one thing to suffer, and another to encounter face to face and single-handed the array of spiritual and temporal authorities which are ruling supreme. LUTHER'S very cause was yet unshaped and undetermined, and the minds of those who had admired and followed him were hanging in suspense for the issue of the trial. There was on one side a solitary low-born peasant monk, and on the other the legate of the dreaded power which had broken the spirit of kings and emperors. Well might GEORGE of Frendsburg say that no knight among the assembled princes of Germany had ever faced a peril that could equal this!"

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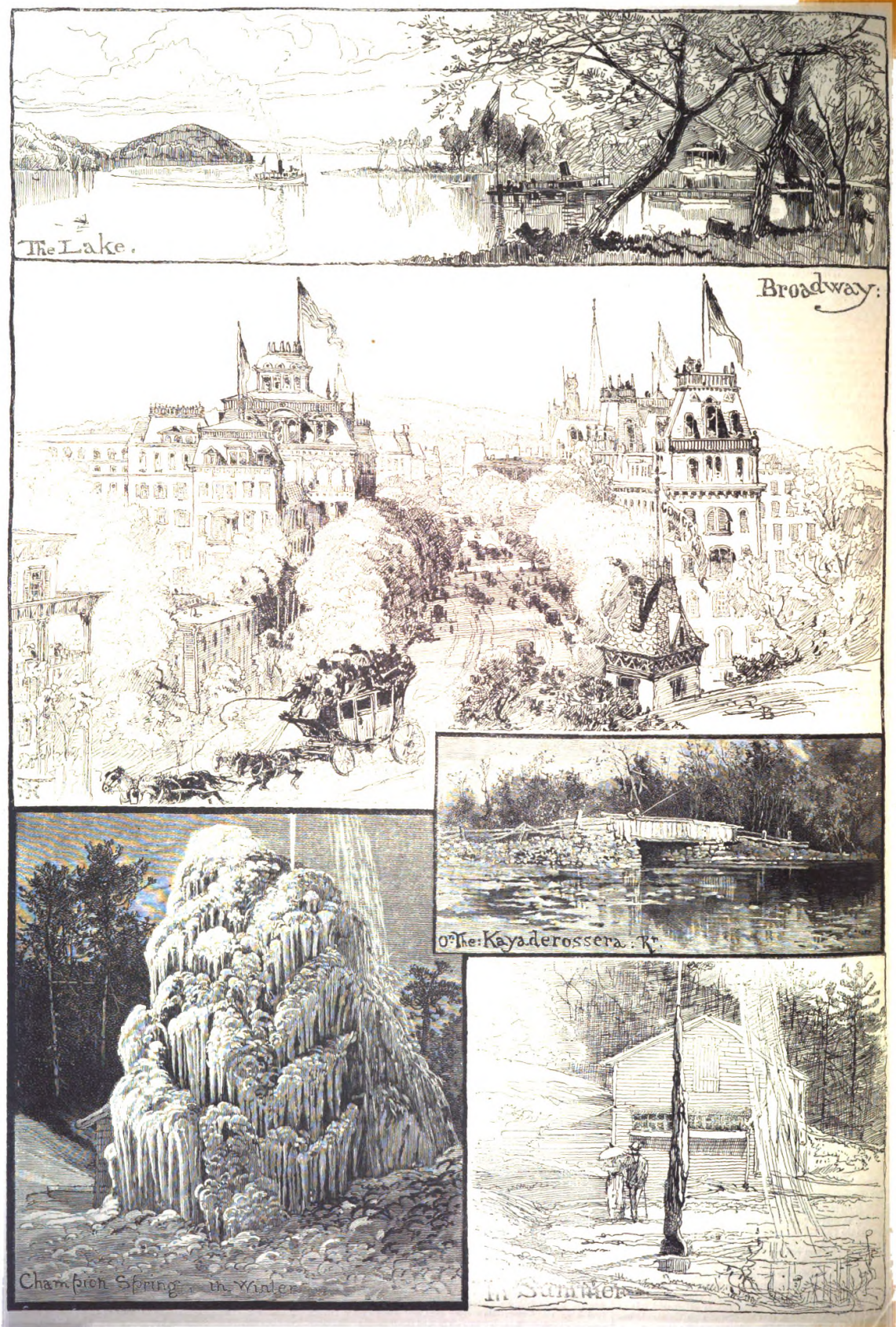

SCENES IN AND AROUND SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 470.]

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

THE RECTOR HAS FRIENDS TO DINNER.

All this was before Maud's time. Her advent had naturally brought about a change both in the appearance of the house and in the habits of those who frequented it, and her skill had effected a transformation in the Rectory drawing-room which Mrs. Farquhar either had not been able or had not cared to accomplish for ours. In those days the national taste with regard to domestic decoration had not been raised to its present exalted level; nevertheless, it was into an extremely pretty room that I followed my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar on the evening above alluded to. I don't suppose much additional money had been laid out upon it. The carpet, the sofas, and the chairs were the old familiar ones, which had probably been purchased by the late Mrs. Dennison before Maud's birth; but some people have a wonderful knack of re-arrangement, and can achieve the most astonishing results with the simplest of materials to work upon. I did not then scrutinize details as one learns to do with advancing years; all I saw was that by some magic or other a wilderness had been turned into a garden. There were flowers everywhere; a bank of them could be seen in the dim conservatory upon which one of the windows opened. The faint scent of them filled the air. The light did not come from glaring lamps placed on a level with one's eyes, like ours at home, but fell softly from wax candles in the old sconces on the wall. Maud, in a pale blue dress, the fashion of which I will not particularize, lest to the reader's unaccustomed eyes it should seem less charming than it really was, rose from the piano as we made our entrance; the Rector beamed upon us from the hearth-rug, and advanced, holding out both hands.

"Well, Le Marchant, this is a treat. How long is it since you last dined in my house? You don't remember, eh? Nor do I; but I know it's a good many years. Can't say you haven't been asked, though. Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I quite understand. Turning out at night is a nuisance, and one grows lazy as one grows old. Isn't that so, Mrs. Farquhar? We are all apt to grow lazy—all except you. You set us a grand example in that respect. To tell you the truth, I should be inclined to renounce going to dinner parties myself if it were not for Maud. It wouldn't be fair to shut her out of all society. No party to-night, you know—only ourselves. I asked young Warren to join us, but he says he can't spare an evening—reading hard for his degree. Good fellow that—capital fellow. Charley, my friend, go and do likewise. You imitate George Warren, and we'll imitate Mrs. Farquhar, and then it 'll be all right, won't it?"

The good Rector's voluble welcome had a touch of nervousness in it. Very likely he as well as I may have counted upon Mrs. Farquhar's refusal of the invitation sent to her, and he may have felt some anxiety as to the spirit in which she would meet his advances. She, while he was speaking, had been letting her eyes roam round the room and its adornments. Obviously she was saying to herself: "Roses in January! And in the parish clergyman's house, too! This is not as it should be; this shows sinful waste and extravagance. How many starving families might have been relieved with the money that has been lavished on rearing these useless flowers!" But she did not express her thoughts aloud. No one could be more agreeable than Mrs. Farquhar when it pleased her to be so, and such was her pleasure now. She made a brisk, sprightly little speech to the Rector in acknowledgment of his compliment to her activity; she took Maud's hand and patted it quite affectionately, whispering, "My dear, what a lovely dress!"—and so by-and-by we all went in to dinner upon terms of peace and harmony.

I really believe that Mrs. Farquhar intended to be pleasant and to keep the peace that evening. I think she was indistinctly conscious that there were people who disliked contradiction, that my uncle was one of them, and that the Rector possibly was another; and although this might strike her as a weak and somewhat contemptible trait in a person's character, I am inclined to give her credit for a kindly willingness to make allowances for it. I know that she was putting some sort of vigorous restraint upon herself, because I saw her more than once gasp and shut up her lips tightly, instead of uttering the observation which was evidently upon the tip of her tongue.

But it was impossible that she should go on in this way very long. Her notion of conversation was discussion, and when warmth and good cheer had produced the effect upon her which they produce upon all of us, she naturally felt a wish to converse. Then she began to discuss; and my uncle, who had been unusually cheerful and chatty up to that moment, subsided into silence. The rest of us, I think, behaved pretty well. We all knew by this time that there was no sort of use in arguing with Mrs. Farquhar, and we endeavored, by a prompt and pusillanimous surrender of our opinions, and a hasty skipping from subject to subject, to stave off the encounter for which her soul was thirsting. The worst of this system of dialogue is that it becomes bewildering after the first ten minutes or so, and is apt to lead one into introducing a dangerous topic from sheer inadvertence and lack of something to say. Thus it was that the Rector, putting his helm hard a-port to avoid the Scylla of politics, steered full into the Charybdis of cricket on Sunday afternoons (an innovation which had been introduced during the summer into an adjoining parish), and had declared this to be an excellent idea before he could stop himself.

Mrs. Farquhar threw up her hands in consternation. "Mr. Dennison," she exclaimed, "you take my breath away!"

But this was only a figure of speech; her breath served her very well for the delivery of a spirited harangue, in which the sin of desecrating the Sabbath, and the consequences entailed thereby, were set forth in the plainest terms.

"Well, well," observed the Rector, when she had done, "I know you don't take quite the same view of the matter in Scotland that we do."

"Mr. Dennison," said the old lady, impressively, "do you or do you not read the Fourth Commandment to the people every Sabbath day in church?"

"Why, of course I do," answered the Rector, turning at bay; "but the Fourth Commandment enjoins abstinence from work, not from play; and, besides, the Sabbath is a Jewish institution, wholly distinct from our Sunday."

Mrs. Farquhar rejoined that if we were to begin explaining away the Commandments in that fashion, it was not easy to see where we were to stop. Did Mr. Dennison consider himself at liberty to put his own interpretation upon all the precepts laid down in the Bible? And so the controversy went on for a quarter of an hour. Everybody has heard so often all that there is to be said upon this subject, and everybody is so heartily sick of it, that the details of this particular dispute need not be recorded.

Of course the Rector got the worst of it. He ended by urging feebly that it was better for young men to be playing a healthy game of cricket than fuddling themselves in the village publichouse.

"They should be doing neither the one nor the other," cried Mrs. Farquhar; "they should be in the church listening to the Word."

"But they won't go to church in the afternoon."

"And whose fault is that? Why is it that the Scots are the most sober and God-fearing people in the world?"

"Are the Scotch a sober people?"

"They are. And why? Because the ministers do their duty; because a man who profaned the Sabbath by playing cricket upon it anywhere north of the Tweed would be—eh!—I think he would be just stoned. To say that they will not go to church is nonsense. They should be made to go. Show me a godless parish, and I will show you a godless minister."

"My dear mother!" remonstrated my uncle.

"I'm speaking generally, Bernard. Mr. Dennison will understand that, I'm sure."

The Rector kept his temper. "Admitting, for the sake of argument—" he began.

"Oh," interrupted Mrs. Farquhar, with a shake of her head and a smile, "I would be sorry to admit anything for the sake of argument. I think that would be a very poor reason for making admissions."

My uncle had a little laugh at this; and the Rector continued, with some slight impatience: "Admitting that the Church of England clergy are an inefficient body, the problem remains the same. Here you have a number of young men who won't consent to spend the greater part of their one weekly holiday in church; how are you to keep them from spending it in the ale-house?"

"Not by leading them out of one sin into another," answered Mrs. Farquhar, decisively. "The minister's *duty* is to uphold his testimony. If they will not hear him, he is not to blame, and he has no authority to interfere with a sinner's liberty of choice. Let him uphold his testimony. I do not think, Mr. Dennison," she added, quietly, "that you have given that plan a trial as yet."

"Are you not a little bit illogical, mother?" *struck in my uncle, perceiving that the speaker was no longer dealing with generalities, and deeming it time to effect a diversion.* "You said just now that the sinners ought to be coerced."

"Nay, *my dear Bernard,*" *answered Mrs. Farquhar in accents of gentle reproof,* "I think it is you who are illogical."

Heaven only knows what she meant; but such retorts were common with her, and were most effective. What rejoinder could be made to a woman who turned upon you with so exasperatingly senseless a speech as that? My uncle and the Rector exchanged expressive glances, and said no more. Mrs. Farquhar looked smilingly round the table, as if to challenge further opposition, and obtaining no response, enjoyed her legitimate triumph.

We did not sit long over our wine after the ladies left us, nor was our intercourse of that free and cheerful kind which should have been a natural result of the occasion. I think that my uncle wanted to apologize for Mrs. Farquhar's rudeness, and that the Rector wished to say it was a matter of no importance at all; but it was not exactly easy for either of them to put his thoughts into words; and so the Rector's Madeira hardly received its just meed of attention.

When we entered the drawing-room I left the old people to themselves—for it seemed to me that too much time had been frittered away in listening to their disputes—and made straight for the corner where Maud was sitting, with a look of patient resignation upon her face.

"Come into the conservatory," I said, boldly; "I want to see that new flower." I made this demand upon the sound old principle that it is always well to ask for more than you expect to get. There is something in the very name of a conservatory which suggests flirtation, and I thought that an immediate move thither was just the sort of thing that would be certain to strike Maud as ridiculous. So that it was something of a surprise to me to see her rise at once and step out through the open window without a word.

I followed her into the dusk and fragrance beyond, not without a momentary uncomfortable consciousness of the smile which was probably stealing over the features of the three mature observers behind my back, and she passed on till she reached the glass door which opened on to the lawn. Here she took up her station, resting her elbows upon the back of a wooden chair, and gazing out at the pale moonlight of a misty winter night. The situation was a delightful and thrilling one, and if I could only have found language in which to clothe the thoughts that were struggling for utterance within me, I should certainly have astonished my companion very much. But I was young and inexperienced, and didn't know how to begin; so I held my peace.

By-and-by she turned round, as if she had only just remembered

"HERE SHE TOOK UP HER STATION, RESTING HER ELBOWS UPON THE BACK OF A WOODEN CHAIR."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1881.

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my presence, and asked, "Was it the auriculas that you wanted to see?"

"No," I answered; "it wasn't the auriculas."

"Nor the hydrangeas?"

"No."

"Nor the unique pelargonium which we would not sell for its weight in gold?"

"Well, no; I think not."

"Ah," she said, gravely, "that is just as well; because none of these flowers happen to be in bloom, as you might have known. If it is not an impertinent question, what *did* you want to see?"

"I wanted to see the most beautiful flower that the Rectory ever possessed, or ever will possess," I replied, auriculously. "I wanted to see you."

"Oh," said Maud, who did not appear to be either flattered or fluttered by this direct and original compliment. "I think," she added, consideringly, after a minute or two—"I think, if I were you, Charley, I wouldn't try to say pretty things. At least I would put off all attempts of the kind for several years. Thank you very much, all the same; I know you meant it well; but, between ourselves, it did sound rather idiotic."

"And if I were you," I retorted, warmly, "I wouldn't try to say sharp things. You only succeed in being ill-natured."

She drew herself up, and looked decidedly offended, which was a salve to my wounded feelings. "I do not like to be called ill-natured," said she.

"Neither do I like to be called idiotic," I remarked.

"But I did not call you so. I said you had made a speech which sounded idiotic, and so it did. Besides, I only told you as a friend, and for your own good. If I had not, you might have gone and said the same thing to somebody else, who would have laughed at you in her sleeve, without making any kind allowances, as I do."

"I should never have said the same thing to any one else in the world," I declared.

"Perhaps, after all, somebody else would have been pleased. Some day or other somebody else is sure to be pleased when you say idiotic things to her; only you ought to have more sense of appropriateness. No sane person would ever think of telling his sister that she was like a flower, and I want you to look upon me as a sort of sister—an elder sister."

"Now I do wonder," I exclaimed, "whether you speak like that just in order to enrage me, or whether you really mean it?"

"Why should it enrage you?" asked Maud, with an air of the most innocent surprise. "Would you not like to have a sister?—or is it that you still object to my calling myself older than you? I can't help that, if you will persist in having such boyish ways. Only boys get angry at being told they are young."

This was too much! If in truth she regarded me in the light of a boy and a brother, what had she meant by looking at me as she had done after I pulled her out of the water? I turned away in deep dudgeon. "Had we not better go back to the drawing-room?" I asked, with dignity.

But she burst out laughing. "How easy it is to send you off into a huff!" she exclaimed. "Please forgive me for this once, and I will try not to give offense again. No, we won't go back to the drawing-room yet, unless you are in a particular hurry. Do you know why I came out here?"

"Not to please me, evidently," I answered.

"No, not to please you; only to get you out of the way. I knew they wanted to talk about you, those three, and I suppose they are talking about you at this moment."

"How do you know they are talking about me?" I asked.

"My father let it out—you know how he lets everything out. It seems that Mrs. Farquhar has been consulting him lately upon the subject of the great mystery, and what ought to be done about it. As far as I can make out, he and she don't agree; but then they both disagree with your uncle; and so you were invited to dinner tonight in order that they might make a combined attack upon him."

"I don't know what this precious mystery may be, and I don't care," I said; "but if it concerns my uncle and me, I wish they would let us settle it between us. We have got on pretty well hitherto without help."

"Yes; but Mr. Le Marchant is a person who listens to advice."

"He hardly ever takes it, though," I cried, eager to clear my uncle from an imputation which it appeared to me had been uttered with a certain spice of contempt.

Maud made no rejoinder. She had shifted her attitude a little, and was now leaning against the wood-work which supported the tiers of flower-pots, with her elbow resting upon one of the steps, and her hand under her chin. The pale moonlight fell upon her face, which wore a serious look. "How I should have hated to live in the days when there were no railways or telegraphs, and no post to speak of!" she exclaimed at last, quite irrelevantly.

I said the world under those conditions would not have suited me very well either, and asked what had put the thought of that benighted era into her head.

"I was only thinking," she answered, "that it is not quite so bad to part with one's friends nowadays as it would have been then. Of course you will change a great deal—that can't be helped. Still, I suppose you will come down to the old place from time to time, and see us all jogging on in the old way, till some of us jog off altogether. You won't lose sight of us and forget all about us. Fifty years ago a young man went out into the world, and there was an end of him. When he came back his friends had to make acquaintance with him all over again, and there must have been a good deal of mutual disappointment."

"I don't know exactly what you mean by going out into the world," I said. "I am not going to do that, that I know of."

"Oh," she said, quietly, "I think you will go. I think you may make up your mind to that."

"Of course," I agreed, "I shall go into some profession, but it won't take me any farther away than London, most likely, and I shall be down here so often that perhaps you may not be disappointed in me. The process of deterioration will be so gradual that I hope you won't notice it."

"Yes, that is a cheering thought," replied Maud, gravely. "Also it is just possible that you may not deteriorate. But it does not do to count upon the future." She added, abruptly, turning her eyes full upon me, "I hope you don't count upon things too much."

I was greatly taken aback, and my heart died within me, for it seemed to me that her words could have but one meaning. I stammered out some incoherent reply, and she continued, earnestly:

"Don't count upon anything until it is yours; that is so much the best way. All kinds of things may happen. General Le Marchant may marry, and have children, for instance, which would make it rather difficult for your uncle to leave Thirlby away from him. And, after all, I suppose there is some truth in what people say—that it is a much finer thing to earn one's fortune than to **inherit it.**"

"Oh, Thirlby!" I said, greatly relieved; "if that is all, there was no need to caution me against overconfidence. I know well enough that I have no claim upon the property, and I have never looked forward to inheriting it. The fact is that I couldn't look forward to anything that involved the dear old man's death. You don't understand, of course—"

"Oh yes, I do," she interrupted.

"Well, you don't know him as I do, and it would be impossible for you to understand how I feel toward him. He has been a great deal more than a father to me; he has been all and everything until—until lately."

"Until Mrs. Farquhar came, you mean?"

That was not exactly what I had meant, but I had not the courage to be more explicit; and Maud went on:

"I was wrong about Mrs. Farquhar, and you were right, I admit. I would give anything now to get her out of the place; but she won't go; and probably I shall suffer from her more than you will, if that is any comfort to you. I am very glad to hear that you do not take it for granted that you will be Squire of Thirlby one day. Perhaps you will be; but I fancy that there is a doubt about it, and it is best to be prepared for disappointments. Now tell me, what are you going to be?—*soldier*, sailor, tinker, or tailor?"

This question led us into a protracted and very interesting conversation, during which I quite recovered my temper and spirits, and which ended by my companion's presenting me with a flower, to keep me in countenance, as she said, on my reappearance before the company, and to give me a plausible air of having been engaged in botanical research.

The company, however, when we returned to it, asked no questions, and were apparently not disposed to be censorious. The company wore a slightly flushed and jaded aspect, as after a long disputation. Two-thirds of it were still eager and aggressive, while the minority showed signs of exhaustion, albeit a meek determination to hold his own was legible upon his countenance. Evidently the combined attack had taken place; and it also seemed that the allies had fallen out during the progress of operations, as allies will do; for, when we stepped into the room, Mrs. Farquhar, whose back was toward us, was saying, in a high, emphatic voice, "Well, Mr. Dennison, I must differ from you altogether, and it is my opinion that you are advising Bernard wrongly as well as foolishly."

"My dear madam," the Rector was beginning, with some warmth, "I might apply those very same terms to yourself, only that I dislike to be rude—" But here he caught sight of us, and pulled himself up with: "Well, well, there's enough said. What is the night like, Charley? More rain coming, do you think?"

"It is twenty minutes to eleven," my uncle observed, getting up and looking at his watch. "The carriage must have been at the door for the last half-hour at least. John will be seriously displeased if he and the horses are kept waiting much longer, and when John is displeased both he and his horses are generally taken ill, and are unfit for service for periods varying from a fortnight to three weeks."

The Rector begged us not to think of moving yet awhile: in those days, and in that part of the country, one's entertainers always made a point of protesting against one's departure. I don't know whether they do it still. But we put on our coats and wraps in spite of these friendly entreaties, and we were soon rumbling away in the heavy old green coach which had belonged to my uncle's father, and very likely to his grandfather too.

The first part of our short drive was accomplished in silence; but although the darkness prevented me from distinguishing the features of my opposite neighbors, I felt instinctively that Mrs. Farquhar was in a state of ferment, and before we were half-way across the park she burst out with, "A willful man must have his way, and the consequence will be upon his own head; but I would like just to warn Charley—"

"Excuse me, mother," interrupted my uncle; "but I would rather not re-open the subject just now."

"I'm not re-opening the subject, Bernard; only I think that there should be an end of secrecy. The truth must be told some day, and better now than later."

"We will say no more about it for the present, if you please," answered my uncle.

His voice had an authoritative inflection which was very unusual with him.

Mrs. Farquhar, I suppose, was overawed, for she said no more, and, as soon as we reached the house, went upstairs, after bidding us good-night quite meekly.

I was about to follow her example, but my uncle took me by the arm. "Come into the library, Charley," said he; "we have got to go through a disagreeable half-hour, you and I. As my mother says, better now than later."

I glanced curiously at his face, which was pale and very grave, and I noticed that there was a drawn look about the corners of his mouth, as though he were in pain. "My dear old man," I said, "don't tell me anything, if you would rather not."

He looked back at me, smiling. "I fear we can't shirk it any longer," he answered. "If I don't tell you, somebody else will; and, after all, these things generally hurt more in the anticipation than in the reality. I shall be glad to have spoken, when it is over and done with."

So I gave the arm which he had passed through mine a squeeze, and in that fashion we entered the library, where the fire was burning brightly, and my uncle's arm-chair and slippers were waiting for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

GENERAL CROOK, the hero of the daring though bloodless campaign against the Apaches in Mexico, is the reputed author of the remark that "it is cheaper to feed an Indian than to fight him." This simple maxim is the basis of much of what is vaguely called the Indian policy of the government, and it is perfectly sound as far as it goes. Unfortunately it does not go very far. If it be cheaper to feed the Indian than to fight him, it is still cheaper in the long-run, as well as wiser and more humane, to teach him to feed himself, and to conduct himself in all ways as a civilized person and a citizen of the United States. That is the goal which from time to time those in authority in the Department of the Interior and in the Bureau of Indian Affairs have set for themselves, and toward which there has been made irregular but real progress. The first step was to see that the feeding process was honestly and fairly done, that the Indians got all that was bought for them, and that as much was bought as the money appropriated would pay for. This was accomplished by the appointment of the Indian Commission—a separate body of citizens chosen for their established reputation for integrity and business capacity, to whom was intrusted the supervision of the contracts and the inspection of the materials bought. Theirs was a troublesome and at first a thankless task, but it has finally been done. In their last report the Commission, of which General CLINTON B. FISK is chairman, declared: "Under the present joint management of the Interior Department and the Board no favoritism is shown; everything is done openly and fairly, and the parties that offer the most suitable goods and at the lowest prices get the contract."

But while the goods distributed to the Indians are honestly bought and fairly given out, there is one radical difficulty in the existing system. The idle, marauding, turbulent Indians are much more promptly served and better treated than the peaceful and orderly Indians, who are desirous of getting lands of their own, and raising their own supplies. This is due partly to the frequent changes in the Bureau and in the Interior Department, and partly to the carelessness and ignorance of Congress. The Bureau has not money or men enough at its command to do its work thoroughly, and it is extremely natural that when trouble is threatened its time and means should be devoted to avoid it, while the rest of its work suffers. The result is unavoidable that while the restless savages get pretty much what they want, there are tribes in Oregon and Washington Territory who are yet waiting for the fulfillment of treaties made nearly thirty years since, guaranteeing them separate homesteads, and the Indian Commission name ten other tribes in Dakota, Kansas, Nevada, and the Indian Territory whom they know to be anxious for such allotments.

In spite of these difficulties, very considerable progress has been made. In 1868 there were less than 900,000 bushels of grain and vegetables raised by Indians; in 1882 the quantity was nearly 3,800,000, or more than four times as much. The amount of hay increased nine times, the number of cattle and swine more than ten times, while the number of sheep advanced from 2683 to 1,304,730. The acreage of land cultivated increased from 54,207 to 569,982. These are eloquent figures. They are absolutely convincing as to the possibility of ultimately bringing all the Indians into a self-supporting condition. Necessarily the work will be slow and arduous; but it is distinctly practicable, and its accomplishment is the one supreme duty of the national government.

Apart from the obvious duty of the government to encourage the settlement of adult Indians upon lands where they can earn their own living, and their occupation in civilized pursuits, there is the work of education to be energetically pushed. Here, too, there has been a fair commencement, after much doubt, hesitation, and uncertainty. Not only have the normal schools at Hampton and Carlisle done excellent service, but the agency schools, mainly supported by various religious societies, have made a very good beginning. Probably a little more than one in five of the Indian children of school age now actually attend school in one way or another, while the number is steadily increasing. The industrial schools have turned out pupils who make very fair workmen, and will do better as they gain experience. A tribute to their success is paid by some of the whites in the neighborhoods where they are engaged, who are already raising the cry that they are encroaching on the labor market which ought to be reserved for the pale-skins. In this direction it is enough has been done to show that much is possible, and to make further efforts to [illegible] ative duty.

One thing is plain: we ought to hear no [illegible] of the senseless and brutal denunciation of Indians as treacherous. General CROOK intrusted his own life and the lives of all his officers in the hands of a body of armed Indian scouts, outnumbering the whites five to one, in the heart of a savage country, and in the face of an Indian enemy of the most desperate character. He had hardly plunged into the mountains before the frontiersmen spread the report that he had been murdered, with all his white men, by his Indian scouts. There was not a word of truth in it. The scouts were perfectly faithful. In the same connection it must be noted that the government employs some nine hundred Indians as a police force. The experiment was begun five years ago this summer, and its success is entirely satisfactory. The men are distributed among forty agencies. "They are," says Indian Commissioner PRICE, "proud of being considered United States soldiers, and are uniformly faithful and true to the government. Wearing the uniform of officers of the law, they have an educational influence over their associates the value of which can not be estimated." The privates receive eight dollars per month, the sergeants get ten, and the commissioned officers fifteen dollars per month. How often does the police force of any city, composed of white men, and paid ten times as much, deserve such a tribute as these Indians receive? Such tests as these of the capacity of Indians for civilized life are conclusive as to the folly of the old policy of neglect or extermination.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

THE Indian *Se-rach-ta-gue*, meaning "the hillside country of the great river," and pronounced by PETER PHILIP SCHUYLER, to whom it was sold by the Mohawks in 1684, "Saratoga," did not include the world-famous mineral springs of that name. It was the name of the Indian hunting ground lying on both sides of the upper Hudson for fifteen miles south of the "great bend," and bounded on the west by Saratoga Lake. The territory in which the springs are located was known as *Kayaderossera*, "the lake country," and was a famous Indian resort; for not only did its lakes and streams teem with fish, but it was filled with game of all descriptions, attracted to it in countless numbers by the saline properties of its mineral waters. To this hunter's paradise the Indians of the powerful Iroquois nation, leaving their castles on the Mohawk, betook themselves each summer, erected their lodges near the springs, drank of their waters, and in their way enjoyed a season at Saratoga as thoroughly as their pale-faced successors do in theirs to-day.

Lying in the angle formed by the confluence of the Hudson and Mohawk, and at the intersection of the great northern and western war trails, this beautiful valley for hundreds of years formed a debatable ground, and from the time that CHAMPLAIN found the Algonquins and Iroquois at war with each other until BURGOYNE surrendered to GATES in its very heart, it was the scene of incessant bloodshed.

The only flowing mineral spring known to the Indians in this valley was the High Rock, and the first white man to visit it was an invalid French officer brought to it, to be healed, by the Northern Indians, from Fort Carillon, at the outlet of Lake George. The next white man, and the first Englishman, who tested the wonderful healing properties of these waters was Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, who built Fort William Henry, on Lake George, and who was brought here on the shoulders of his devoted Mohawks from Schenectady in August, 1767.

Until 1773 no white man had attempted to make a settlement near the springs; but in that year a hardy Dutchman named DIRK SCHOUTEN made a small clearing and built a cabin on the bluff just west of High Rock Spring. He quarrelled with the Indians, and was driven away by them before the summer was over; and the following year JOHN ARNOLD, from Rhode Island, took possession of the deserted cabin, enlarged it, and opened in it a rude tavern, the pioneer hotel of Saratoga. It was surrounded by Indian lodges filled with savage occupants, and the rocky ledge on which it was built swarmed so with rattlesnakes that ARNOLD'S guests often hung their beds from limbs of trees for fear of them.

In 1783 General SCHUYLER built the first summer cottage, or, as he called it, "hunting lodge," at the springs, and cut a rude road to them from old Saratoga, now Schuylersville. Nine years later the famous Congress Spring was discovered by Governor JOHN GILMAN, of New Hampshire, while hunting in the woods within a mile of the tavern. These two, the High Rock and Congress, are the only natural-flowing springs of the score or more now existing at Saratoga, all the others having been bored for; and several of those in Geyserville are said to have been discovered by persons who were boring for oil. One of the winter sights of Saratoga is the Champion Spring scattering its feathery spray over the ever-growing ice-dome with which it surrounds itself, and covering it with the most delicate silver fretting. In summer the same spring escapes in a plume-like jet from the end of a pipe ten feet above the earth. This pipe is being gradually enveloped with an accretion of lime, which causes it to resemble a huge stalagmite.

In 1800, GIDEON PUTNAM, who had settled at the springs ten years before, bought the land on which the Grand Union Hotel now stands, and built what was then thought to be a very large and commodious hotel. It was called the Putnam Tavern; and its sign-board hangs above the rear piazza of the Grand Union to this day. Fifteen years later Congress Hall was opened, and in 1824 the United States was built. These are now

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among the largest hotels in the world, and their fame extends as far as the name of Saratoga.

During the height of a Saratoga season, which is during the month of August, there is no gayer nor more animated scene in the world than that presented by Broadway, the main avenue of the village, and the one on which are situated the principal hotels and the finest private dwelling-houses. As far as the eye can see it is filled with carriages of all descriptions, private and public, the former superbly appointed, and the latter imitating them as far as possible. In their midst tower the lumbering Tally-hos, laden with merry parties going to or coming from the races, with horns tooting, horses prancing, and everybody happy. The walks are thronged with finely dressed promenaders, bands play on the hotel piazzas, all is glitter and bustle, and over all arch the double rows of stately elms of which the villagers are so justly proud.

The present season at Saratoga opened very early, and is now showing every indication of a prosperity and splendor that recall the "good old times before the war," when to spend a season at the springs was the ambition of every Southern-born American man and woman.

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

There are certain temperaments without doubt so sensitive to atmospheric changes as to give credence to, if not to warrant, the strange theories formed on the subject, and Stephana's was one of these. The superlative grandeur of the storm acted no less upon her imagination than the phenomenal conditions accompanying it, affecting her physical powers. For a brief spell she surrendered herself to a double influence, the one rendering her mental faculties abnormally alert, the other diminishing or subduing bodily force, subjecting it momentarily, not to will, but to something that may be even stronger. At such moments, when given up absolutely to phantasy, spiritual vision, call her mood by what name we please, Stephana would be as unconscious of the actual world as an infant in sweet sleep. The storm having taken possession of her spirit, the physical incumbrance remained inert, and the bodily faculties in abeyance, and although the sublimity and awfulness of nature in this rare mood were apparent to her vaguely as in a dream, to all else she was irresponsive, and indeed insensible. Called by name at such times, she did not hear; wrapt in an ecstasy which others could not understand, she was deaf, blind, mute to the visible material world. And in that dream-world whither none could follow her, she must be waited for as some bird that has soared into cloud-land, but will duly return to its nest. It was this habit of abstraction that perhaps more than any other characteristic made Stephana an enigma to her friends. What could so absorb her mind as to render it dull to actualities; and why should she thus voluntarily lend herself to speculations having such a result? For, said all, she was mistress of herself, she might overcome this mental habit if she would. But Stephana had every reason for encouraging thoughts and fancies more beautiful by far than those steeped in realities. She was a silent poet, one of those choice spirits that are intoxicated with spiritual and intellectual beauty, and at the same time alive in every fibre to the warfare between good and evil disturbing the tranquillity of the world. The loveliness revealed to her inner vision entranced, dazzled; but the sorrow that followed a contemplation of life as it is, dimmed her eyes with tears. Compensatory are ever the higher gifts. If Stephana suffered much more than her fellows because she realized more intensely the bitterness of sin and wrong, at the same time hope and goodness shone upon her with intenser, mellower light. She sorrowed more, but who rejoiced with equal favor? And just as the inner vision consoles the poet and reveals to him a world of loveliness that is as a reflex of this, yet far more lovely, so Stephana, poet without a lyre, had consolations for her own especial sorrows of which others knew not. When Christina and Colette entered the room, she met them with her usual smile of welcome, and except an extraordinary brightness in her eyes and unusual pallor on her cheeks, there was nothing to denote the crisis through which she had just passed.

"I was coming to you," she said, and again she smiled and looked at each doubtfully, uncertain as to the effect her disclosures might have. "Whilst you have been watching the storm and the sea, I have been gazing on light and darkness more awful still. But sit down and I will tell you everything."

The pair obeyed, not loath. It was the first time that Stephana had opened her lips to either on the subject of her dreams and phantasies, and now she sat down and told her story as if it were an ordinary narrative.

"The storm came upon me quite by surprise, as it must have done on yourselves," she said, leaning forward in her chair, and seeming to see the things she described. "I had thrown off my heavy gown and opened my window, overcome by the sudden sultriness, when a wondrous flash of lightning—such a flash as I had never before witnessed—drove me back. I sank into my chair, trembling, not with fear, but with emotion. The sight of the dark sea and the lightning playing upon it was so majestic, so indescribably awful! The present and all that was taking place now passed from my ken. I gazed, but not on tangible things; I hearkened, but to no earthly voice."

She covered her eyes as if to shut out all that could interfere with the vividness of the mental picture she was drawing, and went on:

"It was as if the fair face of the earth had vanished from my sight, and instead I saw light and darkness only—light so dazzling, yet so lovely, so splendid, so beneficent, that I seemed now to gaze upon it for the first time, while the darkness filled my soul with terror. No words can describe it. A darkness swallowing, ingulfing, every luminous particle that approached it; a darkness striving to encroach upon the confines of light. As I gazed and gazed I discovered a broad shining track dividing what preshadowed to my mind not only day and night, but life and death, time and eternity. This luminous path, whose end and beginning I could not see, was garlanded on either side by troops of angelic figures. Most beautiful and terrible were they, all those sentinelling the kingdom of light being of its very essence, starry, radiant, ineffable, with rays about their seraphic brows, and a whiteness more dazzling than silver or Alpine snow upon their wings, whilst the legion guarding the realms of darkness were as night incarnate, fearful to behold, blackness on their foreheads, ebon of wing, sable-armented, fit harbingers they of a night that should never see any dawn, children of the Death that has no beginning and no end. I gazed and gazed, and by-and-by discerned the occupation of these angelic battalions. For, gazing down into the abyss in which the fair broad way was lost below, and high into the heavens where it vanished also, I now saw what I can only describe as flames or small wing-like apparitions fluttering upward. Once having made out their presence, as it happens to star-gazers, I soon saw twenty where before I had seen but one, and by-and-by the space between the two regions I could see was filled with them: fluttering feebly they came, some lighter and more conspicuous than others, none wholly dark, and each moving hither with free voluntary movements like those of a bird. I discovered also that each of these small wing-like flames was followed by a light and a dark angel, who seemed striving to entice it, the one to the right, the other to the left. As I gazed I discerned that when any one was drawn close to the boundaries of the light or the dark kingdom, straightway it was absorbed. Then the light burned brighter and brighter; the gloom grew more and more intense. But that especial little flame was lost to sight, merged either in the supernal day or night. Strange and moving was it to see this contest going on, and the transformation brought about, these myriads upon myriads with their attendant administering spirits, attracted now nearer the light, now toward the borders of darkness, at last absorbed by the one or ingulfed into the horrible abyss of the other. There was music too; whence it came I knew not, but it reached my ears from afar, and alternated—now exultant and joyful, a bridal song, a triumphant march, a jubilant chorus; now sad as a dirge or funeral knell, so sad that I creeps to hear. I was weeping thus when suddenly I heard a voice anear, and without daring to look up, knew that it was one of the seraphic spirits sent hither to comfort me.

"'Weep not,' he said, in a voice sweet but awful. 'Gaze and be instructed. To the mind of man much of the knowledge he desires is denied him, but thus much know and teach others. In yonder track of light see prefigured human life, which is but a warfare between shining goodness and dark sin, each unit of the multitudes born on earth fighting under one banner or the other. If it is ordained that the life after the tomb remain an enigma to earthly sojourners, and all except life itself mysterious, at least know that the soul vanquished by evil makes the sum of universal darkness vaster and more portentous, whilst the gain of the humblest spirit to truth and loveliness is as another ray of light, beaming not only on this world, but throughout the entire universe, and not only to-day, but always. Ask not, then, earthly, much less heavenly rewards, O children of men. Is it no reward to have added to God's best gift, man's best heritage, Light, forever and forever?'"

Little was said at the time, but Christina thanked her cousin warmly, and Colette's tearful eyes afforded grateful comment. The next morning the projected departure took place without unusually affectionate adieux. About an hour afterward, however, Stephana found a note on her desk. It bore the well-known lozenge, with Christina's initials and motto underneath. "For one and the world." There was no letter, but the envelope held merely a slip of paper folded round a check. The draft was for five thousand pounds, and on the slip were written these words, "Save my soul by your prayers."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A few days after these events Valerian suddenly appeared at Steppie's door, just at the time Arthura was at home. Steppie was the first to perceive him in the distance. She was one of those persons who can never so wholly absorb themselves in any occupation as not to see and hear every trifling thing going on around them, and the distant glimpse of Valerian was caught while she busily cast up her housekeeping books.

"Oh!" she said, half crying, "misfortune on misfortune! I said that a series of calamities would happen when I overturned the inkstand on Benjamine's white frock this morning. Mr. Hermitage, Arthura, and the maid out for a holiday, and the drawing-room curtains taken down to be washed, and no fresh butter for tea, and Baby's last clean pinafore stained with blackberry jam, and my best gown at the dressmaker's, and Benjamine's hair in paper for to-morrow's Sunday-school treat, and Walter playing at leap-frog in the streets with the baker's boy! Oh dear! Arthura, you must battle with it. I am ready to sink into the earth."

"Dear little mamma," said Arthura, proudly collected in spite of strange beatings of the heart, "I will let Mr. Hermitage in, and meantime you tidy the children, and bring them down-stairs as soon as you can."

"But for you to answer the door! Let me do it," said Steppie, beseechingly.

"Mr. Hermitage will not expect to see a powdered footman," Arthura made sarcastic reply.

Then came Valerian's knock, and the next moment he stood on the threshold, catching sight of Steppie dragging a child by each hand on the staircase.

The lovers had not met since the painful interview of a few days before, the very thought of which stung Arthura to the quick now. Valerian had wounded her past forgetfulness, if not past forgiveness, she said, and the prospect of a talk with him afforded scant pleasure.

"Can I say a word to you?" he said, glancing at the door.

"Certainly," Arthura replied, and she could not resist a smile in the midst of her bitter thoughts. Who should hear anything they might say, indeed? There were audible indications enough of what was going on in the chamber overhead had not Valerian been too self-absorbed to hear them—Baby wailing at having her face washed out of season, Benjamine clamoring for a clean tucker, Walter throwing off his shoes, a general running hither and thither, an unlocking of drawers, and a prevailing hubbub and commotion.

Valerian glanced at Arthura's calm face with no little apprehension. He had come to make excuses for himself and to beg pardon for the unwarrantable behavior of the other day; but seeing Arthura's cold, collected demeanor, he hardly knew how to begin. "I have come to say many things to you," he said, not venturing even to repeat the hand-clasp. "First and foremost, I was to blame in saying what I did. Pray think no more of it. Forgive me."

"Certainly," again Arthura said.

To Valerian's ears the word had an ill-omened sound. Arthura was not wont to be monosyllabic. Her speech most often resembled herself—bright, sparkling, individual. But that frigid affirmation!—that "Certainly!"

"When I explain all to you I am sure you will make some excuse for me," he went on, feeling that he must go on, whether he made matters better for himself or worse. "I have had many things to harass and perplex me. Let me first of all tell you one. I have come to say good-by for a time. I start to-day and at midnight on a journey to America."

Arthura looked inquisitive, but not melted. Surprise, however, did win from her a genuine exclamation. She forgot for the moment everything but the delightfulness of seeing a new world.

"Are you really going to see America?" she said.

"You speak as if you would like to see it too. And indeed that may well be, some day," Valerian went on, relieved at the sudden naturalness of Arthura's voice and manner. "But I must make haste, my darling; I have so much to say, and so little time to say it in, that I am at my wits' end where to begin. Well, I am going to America on an errand for Stephana, and may be absent three or four months, not more. Her grand schemes you shall hear of in my letters. You will see me back early in the summer. I will write to you by every mail."

Arthura listened with no responsive eagerness, yet kindly, he thought. Yes, she loved him still.

"All sorts of things have happened impossible to write about. Did Mr. Constantine tell you? I am Christina's son, born of a secret marriage. My name is a humble one, but, such as it is, honestly mine."

That piece of news suddenly gave Arthura real pleasure. Her cheeks showed gratulatory blushes. Her eyes sparkled.

"I had not heard a word of this. I am glad indeed," she said.

"The revelation has not mended my fortunes as yet." Valerian went on, grimly. "What my mother's intentions are I know not, but at present I am a mere pensioner on her bounty. I must make my own way."

Arthura broke in with flaming cheeks and hot tears.

"You are going to America on Stephana's account. Tell me the truth, Valerian. Are you going to marry her? Mr. Constantine says so."

Valerian looked ruffled and discomposed, but recovering himself in a moment, pleaded his cause with wonderful dexterity.

"Listen to me, my dearest," he said, speaking in a low, confidential voice, and persuading himself that things were with them as in the sweet French days. "Long before I saw you I gave Stephana to understand that if she could ever marry again I should be proud to make her my wife. It was a bold proposition on my part, but she was ever so beautifully kind to *me*, and so gracious withal, that in any case I felt sure of giving no offense. There was no question of love, only cousinly affection, and (at least on one side) an esteem almost reaching to veneration. You know Stephana, who can resist her?"

"Who, indeed?" Arthura exclaimed, still agitated. "If Stephana now wishes it, you will marry her."

Valerian laughed scornfully, at the same time not loath to let his suppositious infidelity take the shape of fatalism.

"No," he said, speaking slowly, as if anxious for each word to dwell in her memory like a promise. "I shall marry you, or no woman. But for a time I am in a charmed circle. I do Stephana's bidding whether I will or no. You can not suppose that I wished to undertake this journey to America, and thus absent myself from you and keep my future plans in abeyance for three months. But I can not refuse Stephana, firstly because she casts a sort of glamour over me, and secondly because she is my good genius, the best friend (I am here speaking from a worldly point of view) I possess. If ever justice is rendered me by my mother it will be Stephana's work."

Arthura was silent. Valerian could not tell whether or no he had convinced her. She did not indeed know herself. But he certainly had made some kind of explanation.

"You see, my own love," he went on, "I am driven against my inclinations to accept Stephana's behests. What have we two but Love and Hope, and who can live upon these alone? Do not be cast down. I am sure that all will come right in time. Only you must think kindly of me and believe in me. Promise that."

He drew her toward him and kissed her on the eyes, a true-lover's kiss, but it hardly cheered Arthura. She sat still, looking on the ground.

"It makes you happy to be with Mr. Constantine?" he said, after a time. "You will write to me cheerfully. And who knows how soon Fortune may smile on us after my return, how speedily we may be able to realize our wishes! You do love me, you do forgive me, do you not? I hardly knew what I was saying when I spoke so roughly to you, your coming was such a surprise and such a vexation, seeing how ready the world is to rail at those who disregard it. But all is with us as before, now is it not?"

He looked into her eyes with a lover's admiration, certainly without a lover's confidence. How superb in her girlish bloom and strength was this once sparkling, audacious Arthura! All the strength was still there, the self-reliance, the courage, the will, but something was wanting he fain would see.

"Say that it is so, or that it shall be so," he said, desperately. He had never been more in love with her in his life. "I need not say it to you, who love her, Stephana's designs, spells, if you will, are all beneficent. But were it otherwise, were the toils spread about me wizardry indeed, I would break them for your sake. Over my love for you she has no power."

Just then there was a clamor of children's voices at the door. Their interview was at an end.

[To be continued.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.

II

It is not so very long ago that the sugars used in the United States were subjected to a very inferior process of treatment, being simply clarified with lime, and passed through a clumsy system of skimming and evaporation in a range of boilers placed in line, and alternately ladled so as to make one furnace do the work for the half-dozen boilers, which, together with a mill, constituted the whole mechanical apparatus of the sugar planter of a generation ago. Even to this day many of the older planters adhere to the ancient system. The sugars thereby obtained are the same which created so much discussion during the tariff debates of the last Congress, and which are classed, according to the recently established schedule, as below No. 13, Dutch standard.

But the number of these conservatives of the old-fashioned sugar industry is steadily diminishing. There are many intelligent planters in Louisiana, and annually great improvements are being made in the agricultural as well as the manufacturing departments of the sugar industry. The old-fashioned apparatus is being abandoned; the "open kettle" is giving way to the "double effect" and the "vacuum pan." If the war had not checked the progress of the sugar industry in Louisiana, it would have reached a condition of advancement equal to any sugar industry in the world. It was in Louisiana that Rillieux invented that wonderful apparatus for evaporation which made his name famous, and which, in more or less modified shapes, has been adopted in all parts of the world where sugar is made. Doubtless at a future period, not by any means remote, other inventions will be produced, with the effect of greatly modifying the present sugar industry, which needs only capital to enable it to take a position in the very front rank of United States manufactures.

It is not perhaps generally known that before the war Louisiana produced half of the sugar consumed in the entire country. It is also generally unknown that that State could in a very short time produce from 400,000 to 500,000 tons of sugar, or the half of all that is now consumed in the United States. There is an erroneous idea that the lands adapted to the cultivation of sugar-cane are wholly confined to a narrow strip of country bordering the Mexican Gulf. Now the fact is that the land actually planted with cane in Louisiana, and which last year produced nearly 150,000 tons of sugar, constitutes at most no more than a fifth part of the soil suited to this industry. Unfortunately these lands are in great part subject to overflow during the inundations of the Mississippi; and few persons at present care to run the risks of cultivating them, so long as the State *can not*, and the general government *will not*, take measures to confine the waters of the great river to their natural channel. All other great industrial countries—Germany, Austria, France—make great sacrifices in order to develop or preserve their national sugar industries. The United States, on the other hand, not only underrate our sugar production, but even discourage the industry by perpetual threats of introducing changes in the tariff—a course which would probably dishearten any but Americans, and almost suffices to deter them from attempting to continue an industry nevertheless indispensable to national prosperity.

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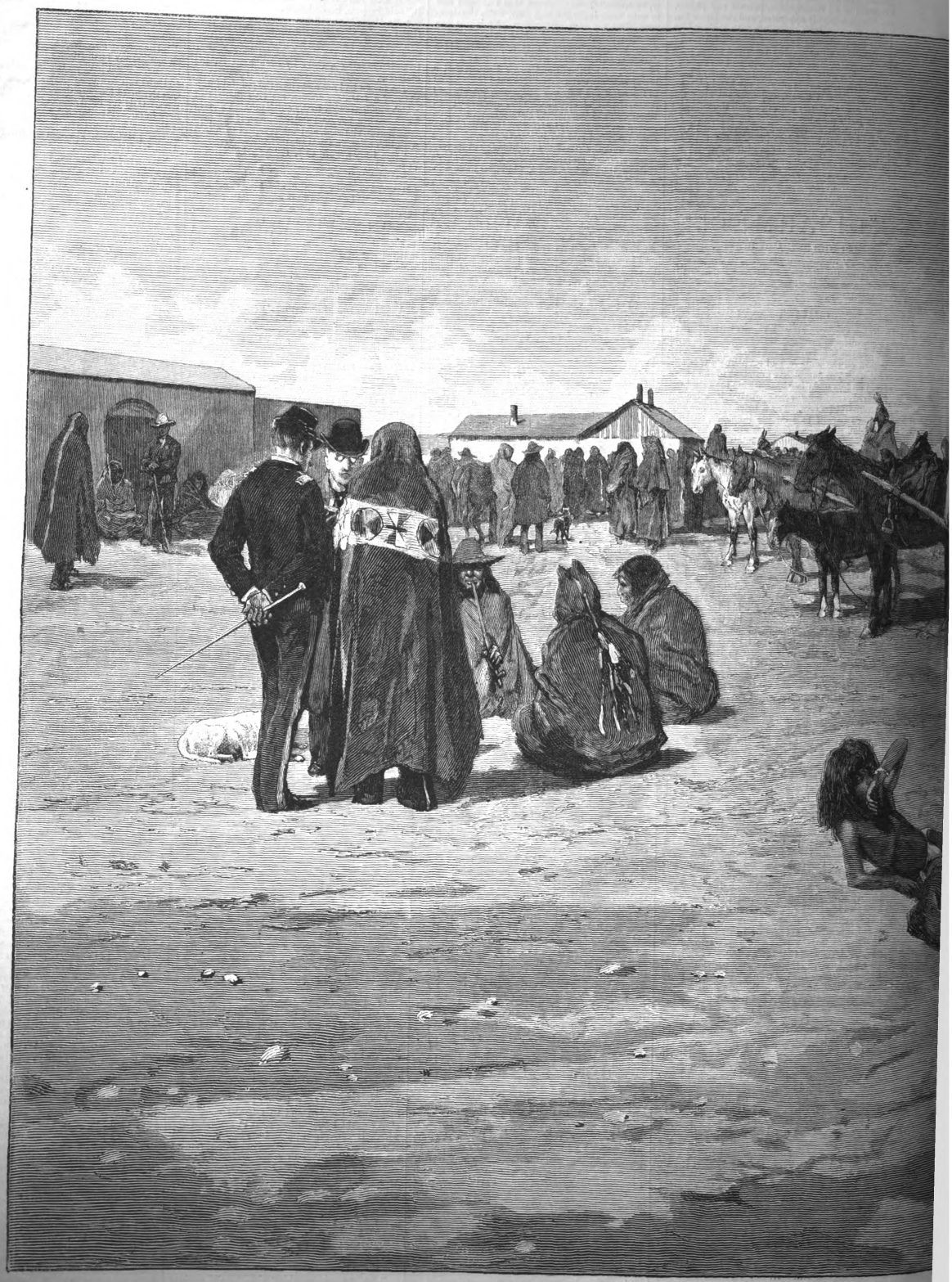

RATION DAY AT STANDING ROCK

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—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 470.]

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THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

The sun has touched his northern bound,
And southward turns his course to-day;
The soft sweet air new charm has found
In fragrance of the new-mown hay;
The stalwart farmer deftly swings
His glittering blade the earth anear,
And into swaths and windrows flings
The earliest harvest of the year.

God made the country, saith the sage,
And man has made the noisy town;
Then be my path of pilgrimage
'Mong clover-heads and thistle-down,
To walk with nature hand in hand,
In nature's pure and simple way,
And 'neath the elms and maples stand
In fragrance of the new-mown hay.

Now boisterous boys and romping girls
Toss here and there the wilting grass;
The wanton winds toss grass and curls,
And hours in toil and pleasure pass;
There's laughter ringing in the air—
But see, a shower! It comes this way.
It clouds the sky, but now so fair,
And perils all the new-mown hay.

Quick! Bend to work your sinews strong,
The growth of healthful country homes;
Work with your might: 'twill not be long
Before the drenching shower comes;
Ply fast the rake and fork, and heap
The cocks that shed the rain away;
And then to supper and to sleep,
'Mid fragrance of the new-mown hay.

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER XIII.

On going out into the garden next morning, with a strange sense of being another person than herself, she beheld Jim leaning mutely over the gate.

He nodded. "Good-morning, Margery," he said, civilly.

"Good-morning," said Margery, in the same tone.

"I beg your pardon," he continued. "But which way was you going this morning?"

"I am not going anywhere just now, thank you. But I shall go to my father's by-and-by with Edy." She went on with a sigh, "I have done what he has all along wished—that is, married you; and there's no longer reason for enmity atween him and me."

"True—true. Well, as I am going the same way, I can give you a lift in the trap, for the distance is long."

"No, thank you; I am used to walking," she said.

They remained in silence, the gate between them, till Jim's convictions would apparently allow him to hold his peace no longer. "This is a bad job!" he murmured.

"It is," she said, as one whose thoughts have only too readily been identified. "How I came to agree to it is more than I can tell." And tears began rolling down her cheeks.

"The blame is more mine than yours, I suppose," he returned. "I ought to have said No, and not backed up the gentleman in carrying out this scheme. 'Twas his own notion entirely, as perhaps you know. I should never have thought of such a plan; but he said you'd be willing, and that it would be all right; and I was too ready to believe him."

"The thing is, how to remedy it," said she, bitterly. "I believe, of course, in your promise to keep this private, and not to trouble me by calling."

"Certainly," said Jim. "I don't want to trouble you. As for that, why, my dear Mrs. Hayward—"

"Don't Mrs. Hayward me!" said Margery, sharply. "I won't be Mrs. Hayward."

Jim paused. "Well, you be she by law, and that was all I meant," he said, mildly.

"I said I would acknowledge no such thing, and I won't. A thing can't be legal when it's against the wishes of the persons the laws are made to protect. So I beg you not to call me that any more."

"Very well, Miss Tucker," said Jim, deferentially. "We can live on exactly as before. We can't marry anybody else, that's true; but beyond that there's no difference, and no harm done. Your father ought to be told, I suppose, even if nobody else is. It will partly reconcile him to you, and make your life smoother."

Instead of directly replying, Margery exclaimed, in a low voice:

"Oh, it is a mistake; I didn't see it all, owing to not having time to reflect! I agreed, thinking that at least I should get reconciled to father by the step. But perhaps he would as soon have me not married at all as married and parted. I must ha' been enchanted—bewitched—when I gave my consent to this! I only did it to please that dear good dying nobleman—though why he should have wished it so much I can't tell!"

"Nor I neither," said Jim. "Yes, we've been fooled into it, Margery," he said, with extraordinary gravity. "He's had his way wi' us, and now we've got to suffer for it. Being a gentleman of patronage, and having bought several loads of lime o' me, and having given me all that splendid furniture, I could hardly refuse."

"What, did he give you that?"

"Ay, sure—to help me win ye."

Margery covered her face with her hands; whereupon Jim stood up from the gate and looked critically at her. "'Tis a cruel conspiracy between you two men to—ensnare me!" she exclaimed. "Why should you have done it—why should he have done it—when I've not deserved to be treated so! He bought the furniture, did he! Oh, I've been taken in—I've been wronged!" The grief and vexation of finding that long ago, when fondly believing the Baron to have lover-like feelings himself for her, he was still conspiring to favor Jim's suit, were more than she could endure.

Jim with distant courtesy waited, nibbling a straw, till her paroxysm was over. "One word, Miss Tuck—Mrs.—Margery," he then recommenced, gravely. "You'll find me man enough to respect your wish, and to leave you to yourself—for ever and ever, if that's all. But I've just one word of advice to render ye. That is, that before you go to Stickleford Dairy yourself you let me drive ahead and call on your father. He's friends with me, and he's not friends with you. I can break the news, a little at a time, and I think I can gain his good-will for you now, even though the wedding be no natural wedding at all. At any count, I can hear what he's got to say about ye, and come back here and tell ye."

She nodded a cool assent to this, and he left her strolling about the garden in the sunlight while he went on to reconnoitre as agreed. It must not be supposed that Jim's dutiful echoes of Margery's regret at her precipitate marriage were all gospel; and there is no doubt that his private intention, after telling the old dairyman what had happened, was to ask his temporary assent to her caprice, till, in the course of time, she should be reasoned out of her whims and induced to settle down with Jim in a natural manner. He had, it is true, been somewhat nettled by her firm objection to him, and her keen sorrow for what she had done to please another; but he hoped for the best.

But, alas for the astute Jim's calculations! He drove on to the dairy, whose white walls now gleamed in the morning sun, made fast the horse to a ring in the wall, and entered the barton. Before knocking he perceived the dairyman walking across from a gate in the other direction, as if he had just come in. Jim went over to him. Since the unfortunate incident on the morning of the intended wedding they had merely been on nodding terms, from a sense of awkwardness in their relations.

"What, is that thee?" said Dairyman Tucker, in a voice which unmistakably startled Jim by its abrupt fierceness. "A pretty fellow thou be'st!"

It was a bad beginning for the young man's life as a son-in-law, and augured ill for the delicate consultation he desired.

"What's the matter?" said Jim.

"Matter! I wish some folks would burn their lime without burning other folks' property along wi' it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You call yourself a man, Jim Hayward, and a honest lime-burner, and a respectable, market-keeping Christen, and yet at six o'clock this morning, instead o' being where you ought to ha' been—at your work, there was neither vell or mark o' thee to be seed!"

"Faith, I don't know what you be raving at," said Jim.

"Why, the vlankers from thy couch heap blowed over upon my hay-rick, and the rick's burnt to ashes; and all to come out o' my well-squeezed pocket. I'll tell thee what it is, young man. There's no business in ye. I've known Stickleford folk, quick and dead, for the last couple o' score year, and I've never knowed one so three-cunning for harm as thee, my gentleman lime-burner; and I reckon it one o' the luckiest days o' my life when I 'scaped having thee in my family. That maid of mine was right; I was wrong. She seed thee to be a drawlacheting rogue, and 'twas her wisdom to go off that morning and get rid o' thee. I commend her for't, and I'm going to fetch her home to-morrow."

"You needn't take the trouble. She's coming home along to-night of her own accord. I have seen her this morning, and she told me so."

"So much the better. I'll welcome her warm. Nation! I'd sooner see her married to the parish fool than thee. Not you; you didn't care for my hay. Tarrying about where you shouldn't be, in bed, no doubt; that's what you was a doing. Now don't you darken my doors again, and the sooner you be off my bit o' ground the better I shall be pleased."

Jim looked, as he felt, stultified. If the rick had been really destroyed a little blame certainly attached to him, but he could not understand how it had happened. However, blame or none, it was clear he could not, with any self-respect, declare himself to be this peppery old gaffer's son-in-law in the face of such an attack as this.

For months—almost years—the one transaction that had seemed necessary to compose these two families satisfactorily was Jim's union with Margery. No sooner had it been completed than it appeared on all sides as the gravest mishap for both. Stating coldly that he would discover how much of the accident was to be attributed to his negligence, and pay the damage, he went out of the barton and returned the way he had come.

Margery had been keeping a lookout for him, particularly wishing him not to enter the house, lest others should see the seriousness of their interview; and as soon as she heard wheels she went to the gate, which was out of view.

"Surely father has been speaking roughly to you!" she said, on seeing his face.

"Not the least doubt that he hev," said Jim.

"But is he still angry with me?"

"Not in the least. He's waiting to welcome ye."

"Ah! because I've married you."

"Because he thinks you have *not* married me! He's jawed me up hill and down. He hates me; and for your sake I have not explained a word."

Margery looked toward home with a sad, severe gaze. "Mr. Hayward," she said, "we have made a great mistake, and we are in a strange position."

"True; but I'll tell ye what, mistress, I won't stand—" He stopped suddenly. "Well, well; I've promised," he quietly added.

"We must suffer for our mistake," she went on. "The way to suffer least is to keep our own counsel on what happened last evening, and not to meet. I must now return to my father."

He inclined his head in indifferent assent, and she went in-doors, leaving him there.

CHAPTER XIV.

Margery returned home, as she had decided, and resumed her old life at Stickleford. And seeing her father's animosity toward Jim, she told him not a word of the marriage.

Her inner life, however, was not what it once had been. She had suffered a mental and emotional displacement—a shock, which had set a shade of astonishment on her face as a permanent thing.

Her indignation with the Baron for collusion with Jim, at first bitter, lessened with the lapse of a few weeks, and at length vanished in the interest of some tidings she received one day.

The Baron was not dead, but he was no longer at the Lodge. To the surprise of the physicians, a sufficient improvement had taken place in his condition to permit of his removal before the cold weather came. His desire for removal had been such, indeed, that it was advisable to carry it out at almost any risk. The plan adopted had been to have him borne on men's shoulders in a sort of palanquin to the shore, a distance of only a few miles, where a steam-yacht lay awaiting him in a little cove. By this means the noise and jolting of a carriage, and several miles of turnpike-road, were avoided. The singular procession over the fields took place at night, and was witnessed by but few people, one being a laboring-man, who described the scene to Margery. When the sea-side was reached a long narrow gangway was laid from the deck of the yacht to the shore, which was so steep in the cove as to allow the yacht to lie quite near. The men, with their burden, ascended by the light of lanterns, the sick man was laid in the cabin, and as soon as his bearers had returned to the shore the gangway was removed, a rope was heard skirring over wood in the darkness, the yacht quivered, started her wheels, spread her woven wings to the air, and moved away through the miniature pillars of Hercules which formed the mouth of the cove. Soon she was but a small shapeless phantom upon the wide breast of the sea.

It was said that the yacht was bound for Algiers.

When the inimical autumn and winter weather came on, Margery wondered if he were still alive. The house being shut up, and the servants gone, she had no means of knowing, till, on a particular Saturday, her father drove her to market. Here, in attending to his business, he left her to herself for a while. Walking in a quiet street in the professional quarter of the town, she saw coming toward her the solicitor who had been present at the wedding, and who had acted for the Baron in various small local matters during his brief residence at the Lodge.

She reddened to peony hues, averted her eyes, and would have passed him. But he crossed over and barred the pavement, and when she met his glance he was looking with friendly severity at her. The street was quiet, and he said in a low voice, "How's the husband?"

"I don't know, sir," said she.

"What! and are your stipulations about secrecy and separate living still in force?"

"They will always be," she replied, decisively. "Mr. Hayward and I agreed on the point, and we have not the slightest wish to change the arrangement."

"H'm. Then 'tis Miss Tucker to the world, Mrs. Hayward to me and one or two others only."

Margery nodded. Then she nerved herself by an effort, and though blushing painfully asked, "May I put one question, sir. Is the Baron dead?"

"He is dead to you and to all of us. Why should you ask?"

"Because if he's alive, I am sorry I married James Hayward. If he is dead, I do not much mind my marriage."

"I repeat, he is dead to you," said the lawyer, emphatically. "I'll tell you all I know. My professional services for him ended with his departure from this place; but I think I should have heard from him if he had been alive still. I have heard not at all; and this, taken in connection with the nature of his illness, leaves no doubt in my mind that he is dead."

Margery sighed, and thanking the lawyer she left him with a tear for the Baron in her eye. After this incident she became more restful; and the time drew on for her periodical visit to her grandmother.

A few days subsequent to her arrival her aged relative asked her to go with a message to the gardener at Mount Lodge (who still lived on there, keeping the grounds in order for the landlord). Margery hated that direction now, but she went. The lodge, which she saw over the trees, was to her like a skull from which the warm and living flesh had vanished. It was twilight by the time she reached the cottage at the bottom of the Lodge garden, and the room being illuminated within, she saw through the window a woman she had never seen before. She was dark, and rather handsome, and when Margery knocked she opened the door. It was the gardener's widowed daughter, who had been advised to make friends with Margery.

She now found her opportunity. Margery's errand was soon completed, the young widow, to her surprise, treating her with preternatural respect, and afterward offering to accompany her home. Margery was not sorry to have a companion in the gloom, and they walked on together. The widow, Mrs. Peach, was demonstrative and confidential, and told Margery all about herself. She had come quite recently to live with her mother—during the Baron's illness, in fact—and her husband had been captain of a ketch.

"I saw you one morning, ma'am," she said. "But you didn't see me. It was when you were crossing the hill in sight of the Lodge. You looked at it, and sighed. 'Tis the lot of widows to sigh, ma'am, is it not?"

"Widows—yes, I suppose; but what do you mean?"

Mrs. Peach lowered her voice. "I can't say more, ma'am, with proper respect. But there seems to be no question of the poor Baron's death; and though these foreign princes can take (as my husband used to tell me) what they call left-handed wives, and leave them behind when they go abroad, widowhood is widowhood, left-handed or right. And really, to be the left-handed wife of a foreign baron is nobler than to be married all round to a common man. You'll excuse my freedom, ma'am; but being a widow myself, I have pitied you from my heart; so young as you are, and having to keep it a secret, and (excusing me) having no money out of his vast riches because 'tis swallowed up by Baroness Number One."

Now Margery did not understand a word more of this than the bare fact that Mrs. Peach suspected her to be the Baron's unendowed widow, and such was the milkmaid's nature that she did not distinctly deny the widow's impeachment. The latter continued:

"But ah, ma'am, all your troubles are straight backward in your memory, while I have troubles before as well as grief behind."

"What may they be, Mrs. Peach?" inquired Margery, with a slight air of the Baroness.

The other dropped her voice to revelation tones: "I have been forgetful enough of my first man to lose my heart to a second!"

"You shouldn't do that—it is wrong. You should control your feelings."

"But how am I to control my feelings?"

"By going to your dead husband's grave, and things of that sort."

"Do you go to your dead husband's grave?"

"How can I go to Algiers?"

"Ah, too true! Well, I've tried everything to cure myself—read the words against it, and all sorts. But avast, my shipmate!—as my poor man used to say—there, 'tis just the same. In short, I've made up my mind to encourage the new one. 'Tis flattering that I, a new-comer, should have been found out by a young man so soon."

"Who is he?" said Margery, listlessly.

"A master lime-burner."

"A master lime-burner?"

"That's his profession. He's a partner-in-co., doing very well indeed."

"But what's his name?"

"I don't like to tell you his name, for, though 'tis night, that covers all shamefacedness, my face is as hot as a 'Talian iron, I declare! Do you just feel it."

Margery put her hand on Mrs. Peach's face, and, sure enough, hot it was. "Does he come courting?" she asked, quickly.

"Well, only in the way of business. He never comes unless lime is wanted in the neighborhood. He's in the Yeomanry, too, and will look very fine when he comes out in his regimentals for drill in May."

"Oh, in the Yeomanry," she said, with a slight relief. "Then it can't— Is he a young man?"

"Yes, junior partner-in-co."

The description had an odd resemblance to Jim, of whom Margery had not heard a word for months. He had promised silence and absence, and had fulfilled his promise literally, with a gratuitous addition that was rather amazing, if, indeed, it were Jim whom the widow loved. One point in the description puzzled Margery: Jim was not in the Yeomanry, unless, by a surprising development of enterprise, he had entered it recently.

At parting, Margery said, with an interest quite tender: "I should like to see you again, Mrs. Peach, and hear of your attachment. When can you call?"

"Oh, any time, ma'am, I'm sure, if you think I am good enough."

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Peach. Come as soon as you've seen the lime-burner again."

CHAPTER XV.

Seeing that Jim lived five miles from the widow, Margery was rather surprised, and even felt a slight sinking of the heart, when her new acquaintance appeared at her door so soon as the evening of the following Monday. She asked Margery to walk out with her, which the young woman readily did.

"I am come at once," said the widow, breathlessly, as soon as they were in the lane, "for it is so exciting that I can't keep it. I must tell it to somebody, if only a bird, or a cat, or a garden snail."

"What is it?" asked her companion, eagerly.

"I've pulled grass from my husband's grave to cure it, wove the blades into true-lover's-knots, took off my shoes upon the sod; but avast! my shipmate."

"Upon the sod—why?"

"To feel the damp earth he's in, and make the sense of it enter my soul. But, no. It has swelled to a head; he is going to meet me at the Yeomanry review."

"The master lime-burner?"

The widow nodded.

"When is it to be?"

"To-morrow. He looks so [illegible]

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coutrements! He's such a splendid soldier! That was the last straw that kindled my soul to say yes. He's home from Casterbridge for a night between the drills," continued Mrs. Peach. "He goes back to-morrow morning for the review, and when it's over he's going to meet me. . . . But, guide my heart, there he is!"

Her exclamation had rise in the sudden appearance of a brilliant red uniform through the trees, and the tramp of a horse carrying the wearer thereof. In another half-minute the military gentleman, whoever he might be, would have turned the corner and faced them.

"He'd better not see me; he'll think I know too much," said Margery, precipitately. "I'll go up here."

The widow, whose thoughts had evidently been of the same cast, seemed much relieved to see Margery disappear in the plantation, in the midst of a spring chorus of birds. Once among the trees, Margery turned her head, and before she could see the rider's person she recognized the horse as Tony, the lightest of three that Jim and his partner owned, for the purpose of carting out lime to their customers.

Jim, then, had joined the Yeomanry since his estrangement from Margery. A man who had worn the Queen's uniform for seven days only could not be expected to look as if it were a part of his person, in the manner of long-trained soldiers; but he was a well-formed young fellow, and of an age when few positions come amiss to one who has the capacity to adapt himself to circumstances.

Meeting the blushing Mrs. Peach (whom Margery in her mind sternly denied the right to blush at all), Jim alighted and moved on with her, probably at Mrs. Peach's own suggestion; so that what they said, how long they remained together, and how they parted, Margery knew not. She might have known some of these things by waiting; but the presence of Jim had bred in her heart a sudden disgust for the widow, and a general sense of discomfiture. She went away in an opposite direction, turning her head and saying to the unconscious Jim, "There's a fine rod in pickle for you, my gentleman, if you carry out that pretty scheme!"

Jim's military *coup* had decidedly astonished her. What he might do next she could not conjecture. The idea of his doing anything sufficiently brilliant to arrest her attention would have seemed ludicrous, had not Jim, by entering the Yeomanry, revealed a capacity for dazzling exploits which made it unsafe to predicate any limitation to his powers.

Margery was now absolutely excited. The sly daring of the wretched Jim in bursting into scarlet amazed her as much as his doubtful acquaintanceship with the demonstrative Mrs. Peach. To go to that review, to watch the pair, to eclipse Mrs. Peach in brilliancy, to meet and pass them in withering contempt—if she only could do it! But, alas! she was a forsaken woman. "If the Baron were alive, or in England," she said to herself (for sometimes she thought he might possibly be alive), "and he were to take me to this review, wouldn't I show that forward Mrs. Peach what a lady is like, and keep among the select company, and not mix with the common people at all!"

It might at first sight be thought that the best course for Margery at this juncture would have been to go to Jim, and nip the intrigue in the bud without further scruple. But her own declaration in after-days was that whoever could say that was far from realizing her situation. It was hard to break such ice as divided their two lives now, and to attempt it at that moment was a too humiliating proclamation of defeat. The only plan she could think of—perhaps not a wise one in the circumstances—was to go to the review herself, and be the gayest there.

A method of doing this with some propriety soon occurred to her. She dared not ask her father, who scorned to waste time in sight-seeing, and whose animosity toward Jim knew no abatement; but she might call on her old acquaintance Mr. Vine, Jim's partner, who would probably be going with the rest of the holiday folk, and ask if she might accompany him in his spring trap. She had no sooner perceived the feasibility of this than she decided to call upon the old man early the next morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TENEMENT-HOUSES IN SUMMER.

THE "poor Jew" quarter of New York has been for many years on the East side of the town above and not far from Grand Street, and it has been a veritable Ghetto. Since the persecutions in Russia have brought so many Polish and Russian Jews to our shores this quarter has scarcely been extended; it has merely been more and more densely packed. Landlords are averse to devoting any new buildings to the accommodation of this particular class of tenantry. It is difficult to get tenants of any other class or nationality to inhabit the same buildings which they occupy or which they have occupied. They are not very "good tenants" even from the tenement-house owner's point of view. They pay more for their wretched quarters in proportion to the investment than tenants of a higher class pay for better quarters; but that is an incident of tenement-house property in all districts. It may be said, in fact, that the lower we go in the social scale, the greater the profit the consumer has to pay. People who buy coal by the ton have very little notion of the enormously enhanced price which people have to pay who buy it by the bucket. The same thing is true of provisions, and the same thing is eminently true of rent. In addition to the exaction made of these poor Jews because they are poor, there is an additional exaction made because they are Jews. This means that the supply of dwellings for them is unusually restricted in comparison with the demand, and that the landlord has to put on—or does put on—an increased rent because this occupancy disqualifies his property from any other occupancy. The consequence is that tenants are more closely packed in this Jewish quarter than anywhere else. The people are very miserly as well as very poor, and they sublet and take "boarders" in quarters not spacious enough to give room for their own families. One would as soon think of opening a dog-kennel for a boarding-house as some of the "apartments" which are actually turned to that use. Some of the boarding-houses, which are also the workshops alike of the families and the boarders, are cellars, lighted only by the openings in the end on the street. In winter, when the keen air makes its way into these places in spite of all that their inmates can do, and when they really find comfort in the constant proximity which makes their animal heat available to each other as a substitute for fuel, the condition is horrible enough. But in summer what is to be thought of it, especially when we add to what has already been said that their tenements are wretchedly ill-contrived as regards light and air, even if they were not occupied by a fourth part of the number which now crowd them; that they have no notion of the sanitary uses of air, or of water, or of soap; and that their standard of personal decency in other ways is as modest as their standard of personal cleanliness?

The one redeeming point, if that is not too strong a term, about these wretched people is their industry and their miserliness. They seem to be satisfied with their surroundings, but they are certainly not satisfied with their condition, and are struggling mightily by working early and late, and saving out of the small pay they receive from the serving in various industries at which they keep themselves busy, to escape from it. When they succeed in accumulating capital enough they set up shops of their own in some other quarter of the city, or outside of the city. But their discontent is evidently not with the filthy surroundings of their life, since they might improve these at a very little trouble and no expense, but only with its precariousness. What they seek is not greater comfort, but greater security. And they carry with them wherever they go the degrading habits they have formed, and their acquiescence in these habits. If you do not mind living in a sty, you are a pig.

These poor Jews constitute, perhaps, the most degraded class of the tenement-house population of New York, and their wretched condition appeals forcibly not only to the eye and other senses, but to the mind as well. But they are only removed in degree, and not very far even in degree, from much larger classes of the population which crowds the east side and the extreme west side also of the city. Business men whose daily walks and rides take them only between down-town and Brooklyn, or the central part of the upper city, know only a small part of New York. The old saying that half the world knows not how the other half lives is much less than the truth concerning New York. The educated and well-to-do know nothing about the lives of three-quarters, or a still greater proportion, of their fellow-citizens. The Second Avenue elevated road gives its passengers a glimpse of the fringe of the tenement-house population, but it is only of the fringe. Let whoever wishes to know more about it explore this Jewish quarter for himself, or walk from STEWART'S store eastward through Tenth Street to the East River, or perambulate the region about Canal Street and the North River. If he be a person of public spirit or of sensibility he will conclude that something ought to be done about it.

It is obviously true that the public ought not to permit places unfit for human habitation to be built and offered for rent. And the great majority of the tenement-houses in New York are unfit for human habitation, as being places in which it is impossible to preserve physical or moral health. The detestable rookeries like the one exhibited in our illustration are not separated by a great gulf from the next most detestable, nor these from the next, and so on. The conditions merge into each other by imperceptible gradations. It can be said with confidence that not one tenement-house in a hundred is fit to live in. The lower we go in the social scale the more insensible people are to the requirements of health and decency, and the less capable of enforcing even what they may regard as essential to these. And it is in tenement-houses, it should never be forgotten, that the numerical majority of the inhabitants and the voters of New York live.

In apartment-houses of the better class it is recognized as absolutely essential that there should be no living-rooms which do not open directly upon the outer air. This is a fundamental sanitary requirement, and as such ought to be enforced in dwellings of all classes, the more rigidly, indeed, in dwellings in which the space is necessarily contracted and crowded by reason of the poverty of the tenants. And how many tenement-houses are there in New York in which this condition is fulfilled? One per cent. would be a very extravagant estimate. In truth, such tenement-houses as are fit to live in have been built, like the block on First Avenue at Seventy-second Street, and like the houses now building, or lately completed, on the property of Trinity Church, on the west side, by owners who had something else in view besides the extraction of the utmost cent of income from the investment.

Nevertheless, these public-spirited and excellent enterprises have vindicated themselves financially as well as in other respects. It is demonstrated that it will pay to build tenement-houses that are fit to live in, and therefore it will be no hardship to compel all builders of tenement-houses to do what some builders of tenement-houses find profit as well as satisfaction of conscience in doing. Meanwhile the common builder of tenement-houses goes on in the same old rut, sometimes varying his brick box lighted at the ends, and unlighted and unventilated for two-thirds of its depth, by sinking a "shaft" in the centre, which amounts to nothing at all for light, and to very little for air, and which serves as a receptacle for all the rubbish from the rooms which open on it. The builder of tenement-houses is probably no greedier than other men, but he does seem to be considerably stupider. It is not to save himself money that he goes on in his old ways, but to save himself the trouble of thinking, or of employing an intelligent architect to do his thinking for him. There is no reason why he should longer be suffered to save himself this trouble at the cost of the physical and moral welfare of his tenants. He will vehemently oppose any change in the present building law which will compel him to build healthful houses. The more reason is there why an organized effort should be made by those who see what mischief he is doing to compel a change. Under Professor CHANDLER'S administration the influence of the Board of Health was steadily exerted not only to enforce the existing law, but to bring about the enactment of a better; and we trust the same thing may be said of the department under his successor. At any rate no New-Yorker can devote himself to a better cause than to the improvement of the New York tenement-house system, which in its present condition is a public nuisance, a public scandal, and a public danger.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT seems that the toy pistol did not enter this year into the celebration of Independence-day with its wonted enthusiasm. The time having arrived for lock-jaw to supervene, comparatively few fatal cases are reported. Maybe the toy pistol will have disappeared, and the tin horn have gone to meet it, by the time the bicentennial comes around.

Watering-place correspondents are writing about the dudes whom they see. One of these writers claims to have seen a dude surprised at the outlandish appearance of another dude. The first-mentioned creature couldn't have been a dude, for dudes are never surprised.

Nearly all the recent noteworthy achievements in photography have been made by amateurs. This is true especially in respect to instantaneous photography, the photographing of celestial bodies, and the use of the camera for obtaining views of inaccessible terrestrial objects. Many valuable photographs of peaks in the Alps which can not be reached have been obtained recently by members of the Alpine clubs, who now carry photographic apparatus as part of their outfit.

In the course of the recent inquiry as to the loss of the United States ship *Ashuelot* in Chinese waters, one of the firemen, who had stood nobly at his post, was asked:

"When and how did you leave the ship?"

"I did not leave her at all," he replied, with indignation; "she left me."

Not many weeks ago surprise was produced throughout the country by favorable reports as to this year's peach crop, which undoubtedly emanated from the peach-growing regions. An explanation was offered in these columns to the effect that cheering reports might have been allowed to go out in order that the bad news of a later day should fall with the more crushing effect. A Wilmington (Delaware) dispatch of July 13 is quoted: "Dispatches to *The Every Evening*, from nearly all parts of the peninsula, report that the peach crop has felt the effect of the June fall of young fruit with more than usual severity." It is added, by way of consolation, that the yield may be from two-thirds to three-quarters of a full crop.

An Ohio man who chased a burglar till the fugitive plunged into a river and was drowned has been indicted for murder in the first degree in not having gone to the drowning man's rescue. The action of the Grand Jury occasions some surprise, inasmuch as the man's course would have been held justifiable if he had shot and killed the criminal before he reached the river.

The Colored Press Convention, which met recently in St. Louis, adopted a resolution urging that "negro" should be written and printed with a capital "N." Unlike the question as to two "g's" this question is one of typography principally.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?" is a fashionable request in Washington this summer, according to a correspondent in that city. The West End beau sends a perfumed note to his lady-love, asking for the pleasure of her company at the natatorium, where semi-weekly soirees are held. The place is brightly lighted by gas jets, and a band is playing. Around the swimming basin are broad balconies, with opera chairs for the "wall-flowers" who do not swim. Beau and belle meet in their bathing suits on the spring-board at the head of the bath, and "away they go with a plunge in concert." The writer says that this form of entertainment is all the rage, and that "nothing else commands the attention of the quality folk who have nothing to do except amuse themselves with some new thing."

"Six cigars for a quarter can't be beet," says an east-side sign. They can be cabbage, however.

Persons of moderate means who occupy apartments above the first floor will spare themselves considerable annoyance and a little expense if, on returning from their summer vacations, they keep their baggage checks in their pockets instead of delivering them to the brisk young men who go through the trains as they approach the city. The companies which these young men represent agree to deliver trunks for forty cents apiece, but their drivers refuse to carry baggage upstairs. The drivers evidently are so instructed by their superiors, for threats to report their refusal at the office of the company are met with impertinence. For a "tip" of twenty-five cents they will usually carry a trunk up to its owner's apartments. Persons returning to the city should pack in their hand-bags such articles as will enable them to wait for their trunks till the day after their arrival, unless they can time their return so that it shall be before evening, and should give their checks to a licensed expressman, who will deliver the trunks on any floor for fifty cents apiece. When starting for the country it is well enough to employ the baggage transfer companies, for they are compelled to take baggage from the floor on which they find it. If all persons who have once suffered annoyance through the refusal of the companies to fully carry out their agreements as to the delivery of baggage would patronize individual expressmen when they return from the country this summer, it would not be long before all the companies would instruct their drivers to carry trunks to any desired floor.

THE SPARROWS MUST GO!
ANOTHER CASE OF "ASSISTED EMIGRATION."

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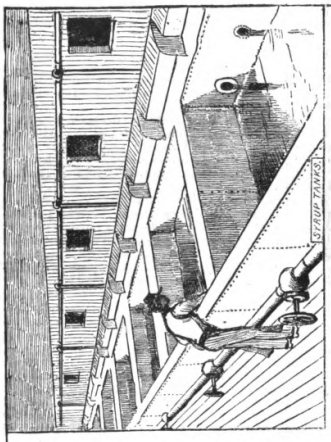

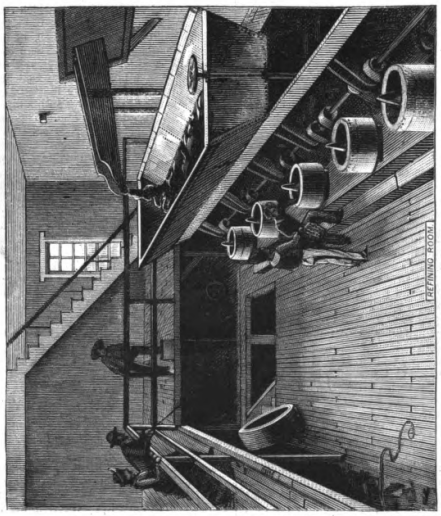

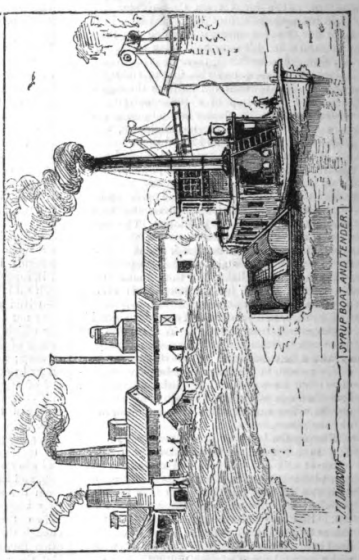

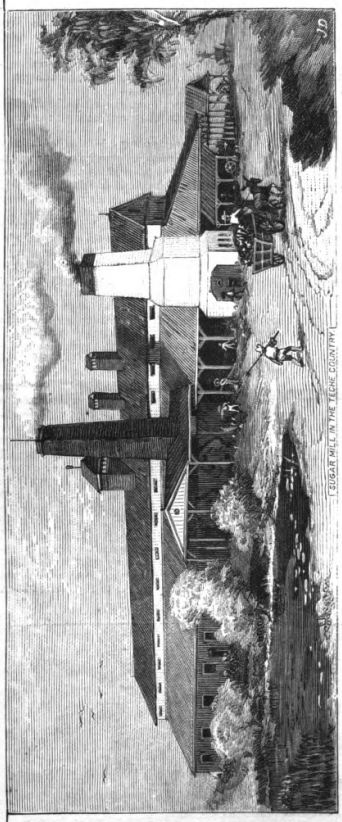

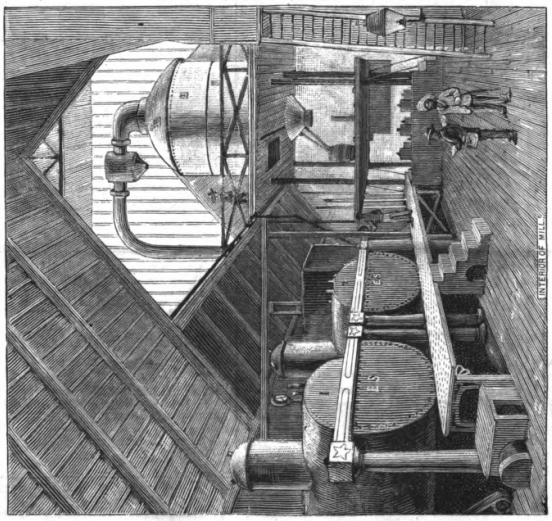

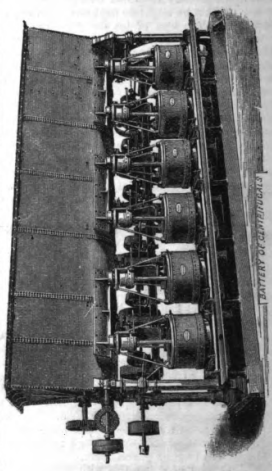

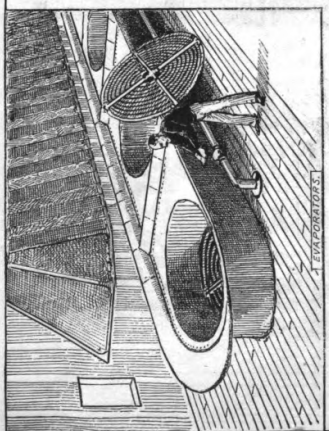

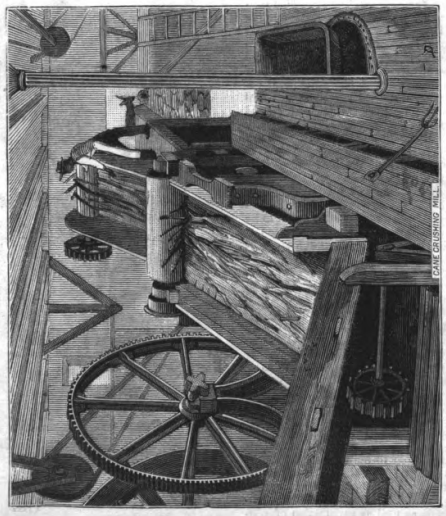

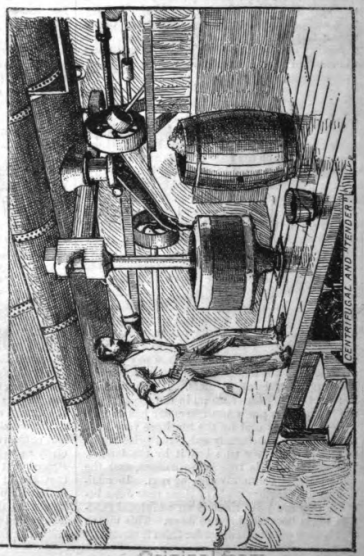

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA, NO. 2.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

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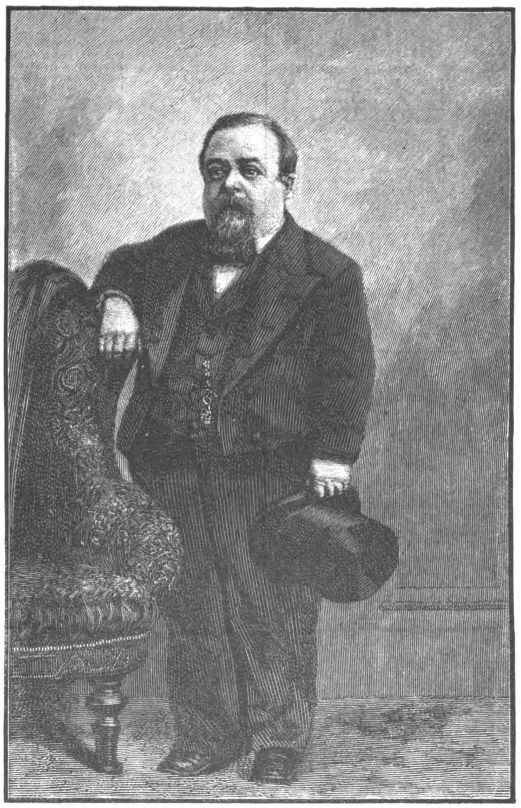
"TOM THUMB."

PEOPLE well advanced in middle age count among the earliest of their recollections the sight of Tom Thumb, whose real name was CHARLES S. STRATTON. What a thrilling sight it was when the two black Shetland ponies—equuncules as he was a homunculus—and attached to a proportionable coachlet, with a small boy on the box and another swinging behind, pattered furiously through the main street and up to the place of exhibition, which in the present writer's time and place was the Town-hall, and then from inside the gilded nutshell was extracted the colonel, so to say, only he was already a general—General Tom Thumb! The large man who took out the little man so carefully must have been Mr. BARNUM himself, unless it was a still larger man whom he had cunningly retained to heighten the force of contrast and to belittle the atomy. The dapper pink and white little man swung his laced cocked hat as he sat in the arms of the attendant giant and was borne upstairs, whither the juvenile crowd surged after him. The "entertainment" was artfully contrived by the cunning Mr. BARNUM so that Tom should continually be looked at through the large end of the telescope. Nothing of it abides with this reminiscent save the funny little squeak in which the little man sang his little song, and a faint suspicion of "sword exercise."

Tom was born in 1837, and he must have been twelve or thirteen at the date of these reminiscences, although on the bills he continued to withstand the ravages of time, and to remain stationary at the interesting age of eleven for an unconscionable number of years. He had already, in 1844, visited England, and fascinated the Queen, the period of whose own keenest personal interest in small humanity covered those years, the Crown Princess of Prussia being two years or so the General's junior. Tom brought home with him and exhibited several mementos of the royal interest, as well as other tokens of having achieved a European reputation. Tom was very little in those days, and very graceful and pretty, being a man in little, without the excesses and deformities of shape that disfigure most dwarfs, and Mr. BARNUM showed his usual insight into the weaker parts of our nature by dating Tom at eleven until that fiction became too wildly improbable. Afterward Tom broadened in person and reddened in face, and even grew a little, and was much less attractive as an object of *virtu* than he had been. His marriage to Miss WARREN, five years his junior, and some inches his minor, was celebrated twenty years ago, and thenceforward he occupied himself in taking care of and increasing his possessions, allowing nothing to interfere with this purpose, not even his favorite sport of yachting, which he pursued with an eye to business, and on one occasion proposed to exchange his fast sloop for a small steamer, upon the ground that he could make this latter craft pay for herself by towing vessels in and out of Bridgeport Harbor.

It was not Tom's diminutiveness alone that put him so high up—that is, so low down—in the annals of dwarfdom, but his prettiness, brightness, and grace. Above all it was his felicity in falling in with BARNUM.



THE LATE "TOM THUMB."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.

A NEWSBOYS' PICNIC.

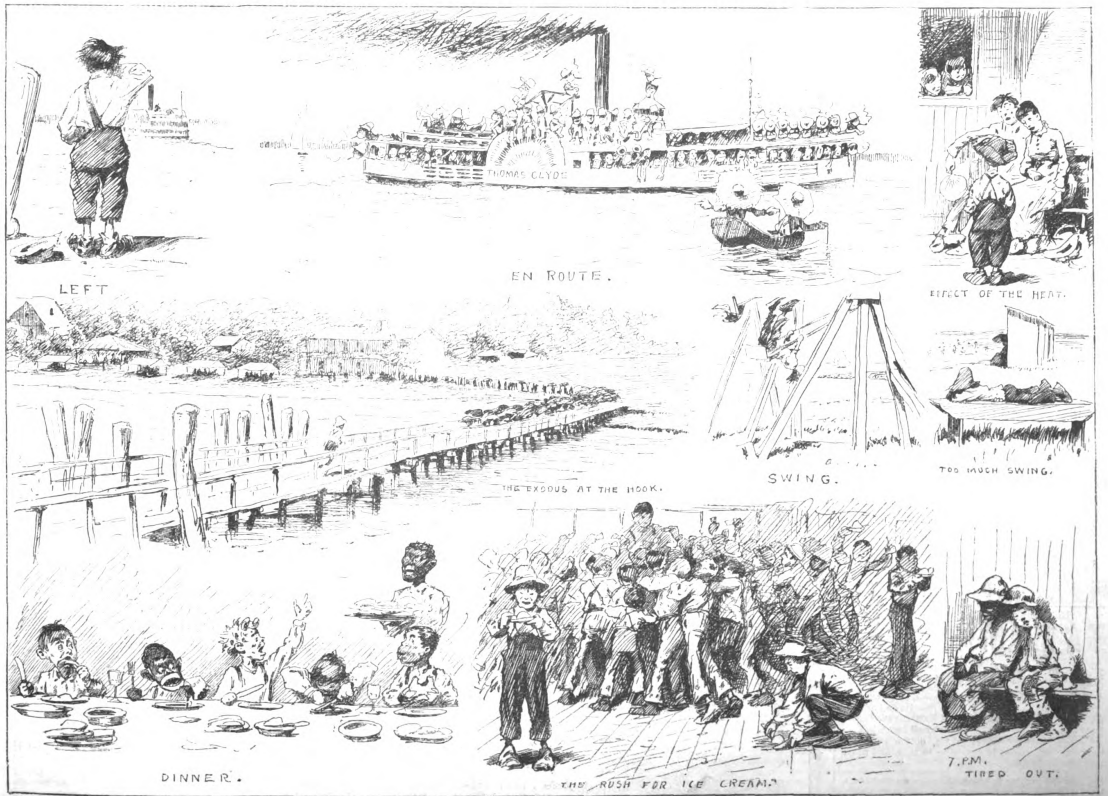
ALMOST everybody has heard of the "Fresh-air Fund" which the New York *Tribune* is raising for the purpose of taking poor boys and girls out into the country, but not so many know about the scheme of a kind-hearted newspaper publisher of Wilmington, Delaware, for giving enjoyment to the newsboys of that city.

The newsboys there, no doubt, are better off than in New York. Most of them have homes and fathers and mothers; and a trip to the country or the sea is perhaps less of a novelty to them than it is to the little waifs who sell papers around the New York ferries. But they enjoyed the prospects of a picnic all the same; and when they were told they might get free tickets for an excursion down the bay at the office of the Wilmington *Morning News*, they flocked to the place, and in a little while had quite used up the ticket man's stock. Then they formed into line, with a band ahead, and marched delightedly down to the boat.

One would think that newsboys were too smart to get left; but as the boat drifted out from the dock one little fellow appeared on the string-piece bathed in tears. It was a pity that he must stay behind, but the boat could not be put back; and as the revolving wheels carried it further and further out into the stream the sorrowful little figure grew less and less distinct. It was afterward learned that to make up for his disappointment a gentleman offered to take him on an excursion all by himself.

After an hour's sail the company was landed at Pennsgrove to wait for another steamer, which should convey it to the picnic ground. Here the boys improved the opportunity to take a swim, and presently the whole ninety of them were bobbing around in the water like ducks. At ten o'clock they were again on their way, and at one they had come to Bombay Hook, where they were to have dinner. While waiting for this the boys sharpened their appetites by another swim.

One who has never seen newsboys eat can hardly imagine the extent of their appetites in the face of a tempting meal. Lamb and peas, oyster pie and chicken, tomatoes, cabbage, potatoes, and huckleberry pie, disappeared with frightful rapidity, until even the caterer became alarmed as to whether he should have enough. But the provisions held out, and the boys' hunger was at length appeased. To complete their satisfaction the arrival of the ice-cream man only was needed. When he appeared the troop charged upon him with wild shrieks, and in a few minutes had relieved him of his burden. Then, with the peace of mind that accompanies a fully satisfied appetite, they settled down for the trip home, where they finally arrived at eight o'clock in the evening.



A NEWSBOYS' PICNIC, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR WAKEFULNESS.

Dr. Wm. P. Clothier, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."—[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.

The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength. —[*Adv.*]

STARIN'S GLEN ISLAND.

"It is as near fairyland, probably, as any place in this part of the world."—*N. Y. Times.*

"The odor of new-mown hay, the perfume of countless roses, the soft breeze, the trim lawns, and the well-kept paths appeal to the visitors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, and Foot of 33d St., East River, and Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

HOTEL KAATERSKILL,

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

Largest mountain house in the world. Open June 26th to October. Accessible by all rail route within half mile of hotel, via the New Kaaterskill Railroad. Address, E. A. Gillett, Kaaterskill P. O., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

GRAY HAIR

Turned to its natural color, pimples and blotches eradicated, by using Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment. Warranted for 36 years, and perfectly harmless. It also prevents the hair from falling out. Sold by all the druggists. 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

A good artificial food, flesh and heat producing, with a proper degree of mineral elements, is found in Mellin's Food. Mothers wishing robust infants should not fail to test this article, which is highly lauded by leading physicians as the best substitute ever offered. All druggists have it.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Sauce is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves soups, fish, gravies, meats, &c. —[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., N. Y., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific.—One bottle always cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

POCKET THE DESK
$1.00 ANTI-STYLOGRAPH $1.50
SIZE. (PEARSON'S PATENT U.S.A.) SIZE.

A reservoir Penholder, carrying a nibbed pen and sufficient ink for many hours' continuous writing. Ready for instant use without adjustment. Non-corrodible pens, changeable at pleasure, fine, medium, or broad, 40c. per box.

Fitted with Palladium Pen, iridium-pointed, $2.50.

N.B.—It is not a Stylograph or point-writer, but a true PEN with nib, to suit all writers, and may be used for shorthand or signatures. *May be had of all Stationers. Sole Licensees and Manufacturers,*

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO.
LONDON PARIS & NEW YORK

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 21, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists. TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES, EDENIA AND MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

CHOCOLATES

Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., *Dorchester, Mass.*

IN PREPARATION, The Finest Cigarette, Twelve First Prize Medals, CLOTH OF GOLD, By Wm. S. Kimball & Co. (STRAIGHT MESH).

☞ WILL BE READY SHORTLY. ☜

TIMKEN SPRING VEHICLES!

Easiest riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as with two. The Springs lengthen and shorten according to the weight they carry. Equally well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all the leading Carriage Builders and Dealers.

HENRY TIMKEN, ST. LOUIS, MO. Patentee,

Used exclusively by CHICAGO, ILL. ABBOTT BUGGY CO

THE AMERICAN Double Action Revolver,

$2, 38 and 44 Calibres, not sold at retail by the manufacturers, but by the Gun and Hardware trade, ask your dealer for them. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass., also manufacturers of the celebrated Automatic Hammerless Guns.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

KAHNWEILER'S IMPROVED PATENT CORK LIFE-PRESERVER,

For Swimming and Boating. Is easily adjusted. Any person can learn to swim in a very short time. Can be worn under the bathing-suit without being noticed. Assorted sizes for Ladies and Children. Price $1.50; any size mailed or expressed on receipt of $2.00.

D. KAHNWEILER, 146 Worth St., N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

And by special appointment to the Imperial Russian Court.

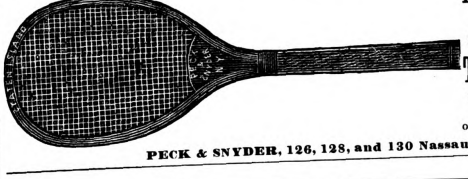
Established 1818. Beware of Counterfeits. Copenhagen 7 Prize Medals. Heering's Gold Medal 1878 Paris. Peter F. Heering's Cherry Cordial. Purveyor by appointments to the Royal Danish Court and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

For sale by Wine Dealers generally. JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Union Square, New York.

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

BRUSHES of every description at 315 Pearl Street, New York. JOHN K. HOPPEL, Manufacturer and Importer.

Peck & Snyder's CELEBRATED STATEN ISLAND Tennis Racquet.



Used by all experts.

Complete Catalogue on application.

PECK & SNYDER, 126, 128, and 130 Nassau St., New York.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

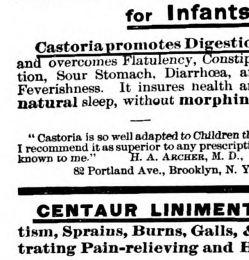
What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep; 'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.



Strawberry Plants

in fine Pot Layers, planted any time from July 15th to September 15th, will give a full crop next season. At the June, 1883, Exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society, we were awarded 5 first prizes for Strawberries shown. Circular of the

"CREAM"

of the Varieties for 1883, including the new and famous "JERSEY QUEEN," together with our certain and simple method of culture, sent to all applicants free of charge.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

Disfiguring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1.

Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

A WHOLESOME CURATIVE.

NEEDED IN

Every Family.

AN ELEGANT AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indisposition, &c. SUPERIOR TO PILLS and all other system-regulating medicines. THE DOSE IS SMALL, THE ACTION PROMPT, THE TASTE DELICIOUS. Ladies and children like it.

Price, 25 cents. Large boxes, 50 cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ELECTRIC FAN

Finest luxury of the age. A breeze of any velocity instantly obtained. The Double Induction Electric Motor, a perfect power for driving the family sewing-machine. ELECTRO-DYNAMIC CO. Stores, 19 East 15th St., N. Y.; 121 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EDUCATIONAL.

1883. The NEW CALENDAR of the 1884.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY of MUSIC

Beautifully illustrated. 64 pages. SENT FREE to yourself and musical friends. Send names and addresses to E. TOURJEE, Franklin Sq., Boston, Mass.

The Largest and best appointed Music, Literary and Art School, and HOME *for young ladies, in the world.*

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

OPIUM HABIT

Dr. H. H. KANE, late Superintendent of the DeQuincey Home, author of "Drugs that Enslave," "Morphia Hypodermically," "Opium Smoking," &c., begs leave to announce his discovery of a combination of Remedies whereby any habitue can cure himself at home in a short time painlessly. For copies of original letters, testimonials, and endorsements from some of the most eminent medical men, letters from 400 physicians, editorial comments from leading journals, and a full description of the treatment, Address Dr. H. H. KANE, 46 W. 14th St., New York

BOSTON SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

Full course, two years; shorter course, one year. The English and Delsarte systems of gesture; light gymnastics. Term begins Oct. 4th. Apply at 1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., after Oct. 1st, from 10 to 12 A. M., or for catalogues address at any time R. R. RAYMOND, Prin.

SEELEY'S HARD RUBBER PILE PIPE

Applies any ointment directly to parts affected, thereby curing when other remedies fail. Conveniently carried in the vest pocket, *ready for use*, without pain or inconvenience, affording *immediate relief*. Sold by all druggists (accompanied with a package of Seeley's Ointment on which are printed the ingredients) or sent by mail for $2. Seeley's Truss Establishments, 1347 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 74 Fleet Street, London, England.

TAKE NOTICE.

For 50c. (in stamps) 200 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O

40 New (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:	
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
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The THREE above publications	10 00
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HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

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Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

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DONT BE A CLAM

Clams are not a proper model for a human being to copy after

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, *but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along*

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS.

A Clam is not a Good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:— **A Clam is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—**

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will try new ways *that are endorsed by leading newspapers:*
A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker and a Hay Fork:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can, *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Even a person of only ordinary intelligence *will know for certain* that a Soap that is excellent for the skin cannot possibly hurt clothes

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their pages for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was **NOT A HUMBUG.** *Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*—**SO DONT BE A CLAM**

The Frank Siddalls Soap WILL by everything claimed in these Advertisements if the contrary be stated —So Dont be a Clam.

Persons who allow articles said to be as good as The Frank Siddalls Soap to be forced on them must expect to be deceived SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the inertia of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—It is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault*; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap as is well known, is not fit for washing glass*; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; The Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible: the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed*, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used*, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for Toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you: it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing: plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair *(not washed out)*; it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* using home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED *(not even Castile Soap).*

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price **10** cents in money or Postage Stamps, Say she saw the advertisement in "Harper's Weekly." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid*; it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake: *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER*, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper*, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap*; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water *(without using any more Soap)* AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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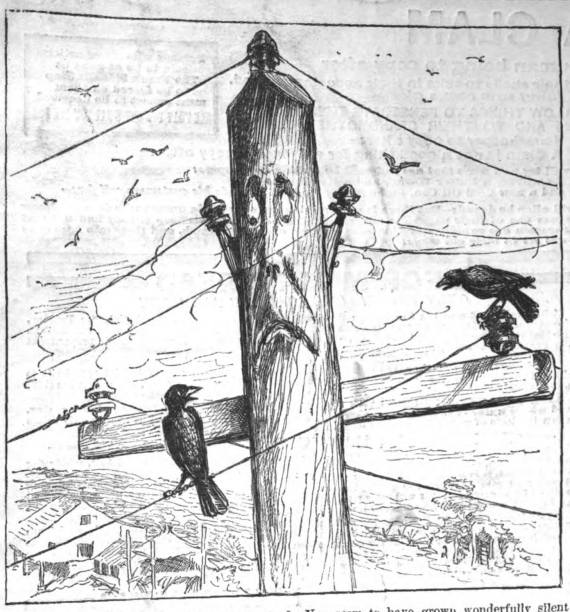

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POLES. "Don't ask me. I believe there has been a break between negative Capital and positive Labor which has suspended the current of Public Interests."

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THE OLD ADAGE, THAT "AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE," WAS NEVER MORE APTLY ILLUSTRATED THAN BY HIM WHO TAKES HIS DOSE OF **TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT** BEFORE THE MORNING MEAL. FOR IT NOT ONLY GENTLY REGULATES AND PURIFIES THE SYSTEM, BUT IS A PROTECTION AGAINST DISEASE, WHICH NO ONE OUGHT TO DISREGARD. ALL DRUGGISTS HAVE IT.

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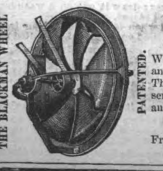

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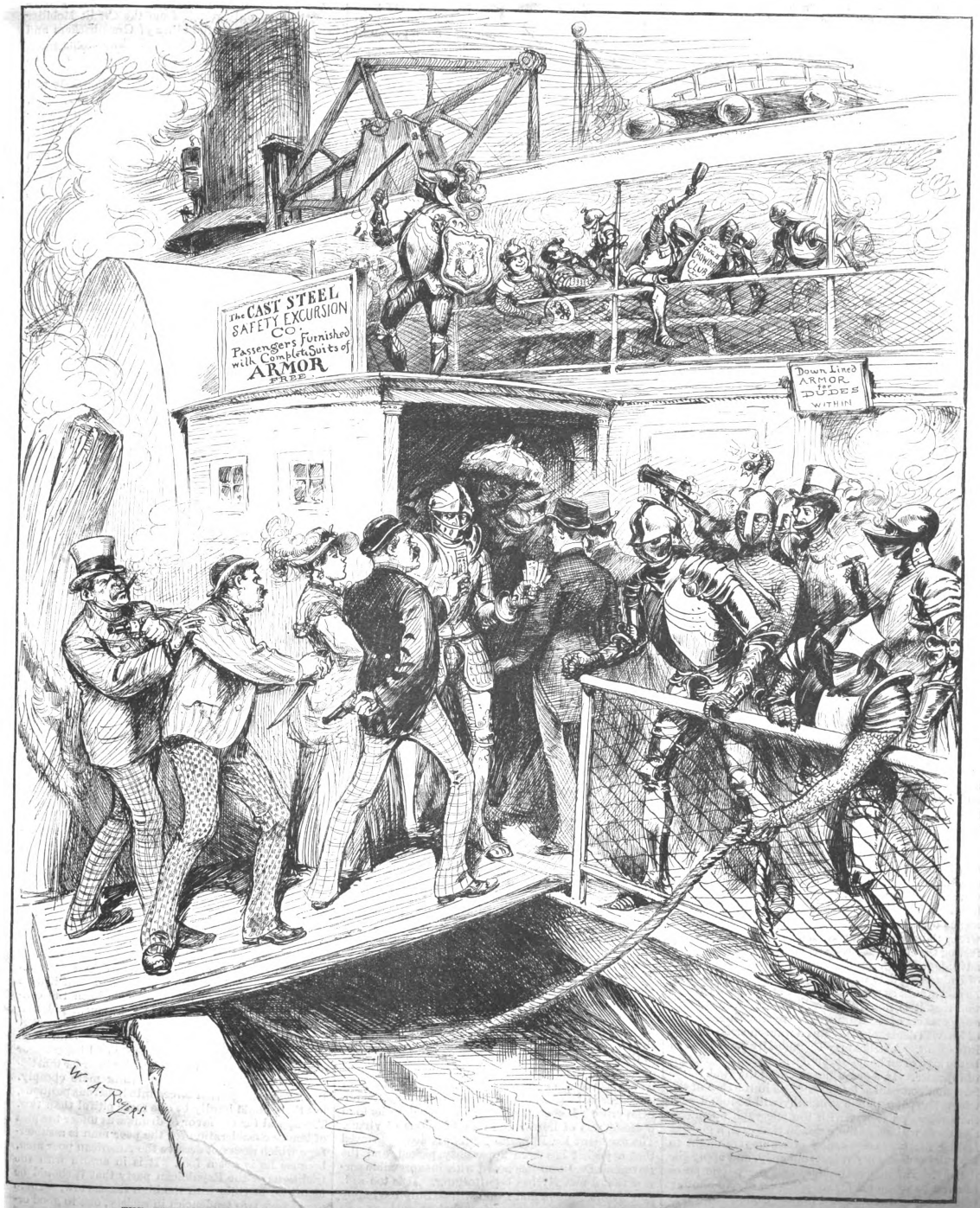

THE PERILS OF STEAMER EXCURSIONS—A HINT FOR THE PROTECTION OF PEACEABLE PASSENGERS.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

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The current Number of this delightful periodical for little folk contains portraits and a sketch of

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THE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

THE great telegraph strike will be always memorable in the history of such events because of the instantaneous action throughout the country. It is very significant also as showing the nature and possible consequences of such movements at a time when enormous corporations and combinations of capital produce similar vast organizations of labor. The tendency of such concentration of capital, against which the feeling called "anti-monopoly" is the protest, is not, however, wholly inimical, as is often supposed, to the interests of labor, considered as an interest distinct from capital. In 1877 it was evident that common action upon the part of railroad employés throughout the country would produce the most serious consequences. They command all transport, and if they decide that transport shall cease, there is no recourse but to the old and long-disused methods of communication. The sudden and general interruption of railroad transport in this country would obviously be an incalculable misfortune.

Scarcely second to this would be the misfortune of a similar sudden cessation of telegraphic intercourse. The business of the country at the great centres of trade is now done so largely by telegraph that the instantaneous interruption or destruction of the system would be disastrous. Yet this is always possible because of the absorption of the great bulk of the telegraph business by one huge company, and of the necessary organization of the telegraph operators into one combination. This combination actually controls telegraphic communication as the railroad combination controls intercourse by rail. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the huge railroad or telegraph corporations should cultivate just and amicable relations with the power that can summarily suspend the business. The individual employer may readily find another hand to take the place of the one that leaves him. But it is not supposable that a corporation can at once or easily supply the places of thousands of skilled workmen all over the country. It is obvious, moreover, that the combination and organization of labor will closely follow that of capital, and the greater the aggregation of capital intent upon its own advantage, without perceiving what essential elements of pecuniary advantage are sympathy, justice, and generosity, the greater will be the organized association of labor; and the menace to society in this separation into two hostile camps of interests naturally related is plain.

But the duty of such interests is not less evident. It does not lie in an arbitrary and imperious assertion of will, but in a spirit of mutual understanding and concession. Strikes may be foolish. They may be ill-timed. They may be unreasonable. They may be often ineffective. But they are often the only means open to those who resort to them of declaring wrongs and demanding rights. So universal is the feeling that in a contest between capital and labor the advantage is with capital, because of its greater power of endurance, that whenever there is a strike it may be said almost as a rule that there is a general conviction that it is not without reason. Doubtless there are instances of strikes due to the reckless incitements of knavish demagogues. But a wanton strike is very infrequent. A strike may be generally considered to be the sign of an honest, even if a mistaken, conviction of injustice. In a great movement of the kind, therefore, unaccompanied by violence, as in the case of the telegraph strike, public sympathy will be found with the strikers, as it was with the telegraph operators, and there will be, as there was in that case, a general feeling that the corporation of employers ought to hear the complaint not incredulously, and apply the remedy. The general welfare and the public peace can not be promoted by chopping logic and quoting what are called economical laws. Undoubtedly it is well to remember the great law of supply and demand, but it is not less necessary to remember that there is a great deal of human nature in man.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.

No election this year will be more interesting than that in Massachusetts, for General BUTLER is a popularly entertaining figure, and he has arrayed himself against the honorable pride, the character, and the intelligence of the State. The General is almost too transparent a demagogue. He takes the whole thing good-naturedly, and his adroitness always serves him; but he evidently despises the people, whom he treats as stupid and very gullible, and his talk about reform, economy, and civic virtue has precisely the artificial ring of the stage appeals full of noble sentiment to the gallery. The General has plenty of "cheek," and while he poses as the champion of reform and economy, it is amusing to remember that he was the most strenuous and unblushing leader of the salary grab in Congress ten years ago. Nobody takes General BUTLER seriously. There is probably not a person in the party with which he is now acting, or in any other party, who supposes that he has any particular political principle, or that he would hesitate at anything which promised to gratify his ambition.

The General's onslaught upon the management of the Tewksbury almshouse has failed, yet it is the great measure of his administration. There have been abuses in that institution which have been exposed and remedied. But the eager Governor evidently thought that there was a general public suspicion of hidden misdoing which could be turned to account, and assuming the truth of every allegation, he has conducted the inquiry like a Tombs shyster bent upon a verdict at any cost, and not like a magistrate seeking to ascertain the truth and to do justice. His mind has been fixed upon BUTLER rather than upon Tewksbury. His professions upon the abuse of appointments, in an interview published in the New York *Herald*, were refreshing for their lofty tone, and for their truth if not their novelty. But his performances, according to the accounts from Massachusetts, have been ludicrously inharmonious with his professions. He holds, probably, with Judge HOADLY—who is, however, a very different man—that reform had better wait until his friends have secured the spoils.

This is the man, whom nobody in the country politically respects, who has been selected by the Democratic party of Massachusetts as its especial representative. There could be no more significant illustration of the spirit of that party. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS described it as being in 1860 a conspiracy against human rights. It is now as truly an organization to secure the "plunder" of the government. It does not even profess a principle upon any practical question. It does not assert that the contest is between policies. It insists that the election of '84 will be merely a struggle between the two parties—a fight for patronage. As such a controversy involves no principle, no national policy, no actual issue—as it must be conducted by personal attacks, smart tricks, taking cries, and the lowest arts of the demagogue, General BUTLER is fitly selected by the Massachusetts Democracy as its representative. It could not do better. He is the type of the present attitude and purpose of the party. He would necessarily occupy a high place in a Democratic national administration, and in carefully observing him every voter can see to what kind of control Democratic success would consign the government. The Massachusetts election, as we say, will be interesting. But the General will have to fight for victory. He can not have gained a single vote by his course, and while every vote that could be cast for him was undoubtedly thrown last year, many of them will this year be thrown against him, with a large number of votes that did not come out. Those who wished "to see what the old man would do" have seen enough, and, having gratified their curiosity, they will probably vote this year for the honor and the principles of Massachusetts.

MR. TURPIN AND THE REV. DR. DODD.

THE Democrats usually carry the election overwhelmingly some months before it takes place. They proclaim themselves to be the party of avenging virtue, and all goes prosperously until the votes are counted, when it turns out that they have not enough. The explanation both of this seeming prosperity and of the fatal want at the polls is obvious. The party in power is judged by every wrong deed and by every wrong-doer. Even its own intelligent and independent members join in the criticism and censure, and to that degree are in sympathy and harmony with the opposition. The general tone of comment seems to be adverse to the dominant party. In this situation the eager but obtuse opposition sees in every Republican critic a Democratic voter. It redoubles its loud protestations of horror and its professions of virtue. The excellent Mr. RICHARD TURPIN is deeply grieved that a pocket has been apparently picked, and the Reverend Dr. DODD has heard with inexpressible sorrow that somebody has been forging. It is too sad. But Messrs. TURPIN and DODD will be only too happy to guarantee the apprehensive against robbery and forgery.

When it comes to the decision, however, the frying-pan is thought to be quite as secure as the fire, and there is a general suspicion that DICK TURPIN is a queer defense against thieving, and Dr. DODD a droll prophylactic against forgery. This is the reason that the prosperity of the canvass vanishes at the polls, and that the Democrats who walk so gayly and triumphantly over the course before the race begins are, so to speak, nowhere when it ends. In 1868 they assured the country that if it wanted sound constitutional reconstruction, the Democratic party was still doing business at the old stand of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. In 1872 they announced their detestation of the unfraternal attitude of the Republicans, and their ardent desire to shake hands over a bloody chasm. In 1876 they implored a stricken country to rest in their temperate bosom safe from the hands of whiskey thieves. In 1880 they were sure that the only refuge from the Crédit Mobilier rascality was among the allies of Greenbackers and the residuary legatees of TWEED. The sirens sang, but the wily Ulysses, half distrusting himself, stopped his ears and held on his course—and saved his ship.

We are again approaching the election. It will take place in November, 1884, and already in August, 1883, the unwearied jesters have overthrown the Republicans, horse, foot, and dragoons. There is nothing left of them; they are sunk in the sea; and such is the awful fate of the once great Republican party. It is certainly dreadful, and it would be even more appalling if, as the boys say, we had not all been there so very often. But the country has had a serious experience during the last twenty-five years, and the one thing in which it will not now be deceived is the character and probabilities of the party to which it commits its welfare. Long tenure of power by a party is undesirable for many reasons. But a long tenure is not the worst of perils. The party which would relieve the country of that evil must be able to show that it will do better. Its protestations and promises will be impartially heard. Its explanations and excuses of its familiar career, of its performances when it has recently obtained local power, of its alliances and its inconsistencies, will all be patiently weighed. But unless something more forcible and promising is presented than has yet been offered, the judicious country will probably inform the deeply grieved Mr. TURPIN and the sorrowing Reverend Dr. DODD at the polls that their arguments are very touching, but that, upon the whole, it is not satisfied that they are the safest guardians of the national honor and the national treasure.

REPUBLICANISM AND TEMPERANCE.

THE receipts under the SCOTT law in Cleveland, Ohio, are said to be so large that the general tax levy will be probably reduced; and the revenues of the State of Missouri have been increased to the amount of $1,000,000 by the high license act. These are significant facts, and they will probably lead to a general adoption of the system. The tax upon the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is based upon economical and not upon moral considerations. The moral consideration, however, is doubtless very potent in securing the passage of such laws. The fact that the traffic produces drunkenness, and that an immense proportion of crime springs from drunkenness, and entails great expense upon the community, naturally suggests the taxation of the traffic as the most unobjectionable of taxes. It is a tax which does not touch anything necessary to subsistence. It affects nothing but a dangerous and unnecessary form of self-indulgence, and in the highest sense, therefore, it is a tax upon superfluity and luxury. Even those who, in the desire to propitiate the liquor interest, oppose a high license, do not dare to propose free drinking. They insist upon a low license as more equitable. But it is not more equitable, since a high license produces a larger revenue, and consequently lightens the burden upon actual necessaries.

The drollest ground of hostility to the high license act is that it oppresses the poor man by raising the price of his dram. This, however, is not true, for the high license, by limiting the number of traders, enables them to realize larger profits without raising the price, the traffic depending largely upon a low price. "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence," as the old English sign said. But if it were true, and if the high license did diminish the consumption of liquor, it would consequently lessen crime and the expenses of preserving public order. This argument against high license would then amount merely to saying that sober and honest poor people should be taxed more heavily in order that tippling poor people might get drunk more cheaply. Demagogues are often forced into ludicrous positions, but there could hardly be one more pitiful than this. The appeal for the favor of drunkards under the plea of tender consideration for the poor man is a subterfuge which does not deceive the American poor man, because he is not a fool. It is in accord with the traditions of the Republican party that it should be identified in Ohio with the high license law. There are always two tendencies in society, one to good order, sobriety, industry, intelligence, morality, and progress. The other is against them. Government

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and politics are but indirectly concerned with them, because the object of government is to secure individual liberty, which may be trusted to promote virtue and social progress. But parties nevertheless will naturally be found, upon the whole, to favor or not to favor specific moral objects. This is especially true of the Republican party in this country, which took its origin and derived its force from a moral impulse. Its natural tendency is even to strain the powers of government to aid general enlightenment and progress. It is the Republican party which favors a generous educational policy, and which naturally attracts the especial friends of temperance. Every reform instinctively expects help from that party. The strength of the Republican feeling for a protective tariff lies in the conviction that protection is, upon the whole, best for the poor man.

This difference of tendency between the two parties in this country was signally illustrated during the tremendous controversy upon slavery. The Republican speeches and papers were full of personal sympathy with the slave. The Democratic orators and press either denied the wrong or were absolutely indifferent and callous to it as if it did not exist. The whole Democratic treatment of slavery regarded it as solely a legal question. The attitude of the party was that of Shylock. He held a bond upon which he asked legal judgment. It was a mere impertinence and extrajudicial to speak of suffering and human life. The Democracy was the Shylock of our politics in their most vital contest. In all the long list of Democratic speeches, letters, articles, reports, and documents of every kind upon the subject there is not a single throb of humanity. There was apparently no consciousness that the question involved the dearest rights of human beings. There was, indeed, an immense talk of rights, but it meant merely the legal rights of slave-holders. There was furious denunciation of Abolitionists for inciting attacks upon the domestic hearth and altar, but it was the hearth of the man-stealer, *not* of the stolen man. The slave was without care or pity or thought from the Democratic party, which made the country, whose government it controlled, and which perpetually boasted of freedom, the contempt of Christendom. By the same tendency the old party of human slavery is now the party of the liquor interest against the friends of temperance. But no Republican need be ashamed or anxious for his party because it is to-day the party of temperance in Ohio and elsewhere. The same impulse that made it antislavery makes it a high-license party.

THE DISAGREEMENT OF THE DOCTORS.

THE controversy in the American Medical Association upon freedom of consultation has excited great attention, and the rule restricting consultation has been as zealously defended as it has been assailed. We have received several earnest letters upon the subject, and one recently from *Illinois*, which is too long for our space, but which is written in excellent temper, except when the writer speaks of the repeal as gratifying a "maudlin sentimentalism." Such an expression shows strong feeling, but it is not an argument, nor even a conciliatory phrase.

The writer admits that there may be honest homœopathists (for this relief much thanks), and he says of the physicians of the old school, although he will not concede the propriety of such a designation, that "they are happy to avail themselves in their practice not only of the accumulated experience of the profession, but also of the aids furnished by anatomy, physiology, pathology, and organic chemistry." Then why not of the experience of an honest and sagacious homœopath? Why must the patient lose the advantage of the knowledge of his case, of his constitution, of his habits, of the thousand details which are indispensable to wise curative treatment, because the physician who is possessed of the knowledge is a homœopath?

The repeal of the rule simply permits a physician to consult with anybody whom he may think able to give him information. It does not commit him to a renunciation of his own curative methods, nor of his own theories of disease and cure, nor to a partnership with anybody. It merely acknowledges the professional freedom with which no physician ought ever to part. Indeed, the rule, according to the most authentic accounts, was not adopted to promote the cure of disease and the relief of suffering so much as to proscribe homœopaths. If that be true, it is not a rule which was conceived in a scientific or humane spirit, and which therefore ought to be repealed.

JUDGE HOADLY UPON REFORM.

JUDGE HOADLY has been supposed to be friendly to reform in the civil service, and some very excellent sentiments upon that subject have been quoted from speeches of his when he was not a candidate for office. But it is, perhaps, because he takes seriously the recent humorous remark that his friend Mr. TILDEN is really the father of that reform that he said upon a recent occasion, being now a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio:

"When the injustice of the last twenty-one years of exclusive choice from one party has been remedied by the next Administration, and the Democracy of the country and their allies, as representing more than one-half of the people, may perform their fair share of public duty, the time in my judgment will have arrived for a new departure upon the question of political patronage, and for the adoption of a permanent system of low salaries, permanent tenures, and choice according to fitness and not political service—in other words, the thorough abandonment of the spoils system."

If Judge HOADLY has really looked into the question of reform, not as a party advantage, but as a measure of public necessity, he must be aware that the theory of this remark is precisely that of the abuse which the reform would correct. That theory is that the subordinate civil service positions should be filled for political reasons. The principle of reform is that they should be filled in a manner to exclude political influence.

Judge HOADLY's doctrine is that against which the reform is directed. It contemplates dividing the minor public employments proportionately among members of different parties. This was one of Mr. JEFFERSON's fancies. But Mr. JEFFERSON never proposed any method of accomplishing the result. Nor could he or any other man suggest a method which would not aggravate every evil which now exists. If party and political and personal sympathy is to determine such employments, the logic is irresistible that it ought to determine them all. And whatever the logic might be, that would certainly be the result. Whatever the intention of Judge HOADLY's remark may have been, the interpretation which will be put upon it by his Democratic supporters is plain. It means to them precisely what General BUTLER meant in saying that the government belongs to its friends, and Governor MARCY in saying that to the victor belong the spoils.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

AMONG our English visitors for the autumn the name of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is announced. He is the President of the British Board of Trade, and one of the most liberal and courageous members of the ministry. He represents the more popular and Democratic sentiment which in the GLADSTONE administration is allied with the old Whig aristocracy, and some of his recent speeches have had almost a startling sound to English ears, so unmonarchical was their tone.

The character of the ministry is one of the most striking illustrations of the singular ascendency of Mr. GLADSTONE. No other man in England could hold so strongly together elements so apparently divergent, and the secret is the extraordinary catholicity of his mind. He understands by sympathy the force of all the different views and tendencies around him.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a manufacturer in active business as well as a minister. In this country he will, of course, occasionally make a speech, and the Boston *Transcript* suggests that as a favorite argument with the high-tariff advocates is that British manufacturers desire to break down our tariff, and contribute vast sums of "British gold" to accomplish their fell purpose of seizing and monopolizing our market, if a manufacturer like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should dilate upon free trade it would be an illustration of the truth of the alleged *iniquitous* object which the high protectionists would turn to the utmost account. This is undoubtedly true. But if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN comes, and the occasion justifies such a course of remark, we suppose that he will leave nobody in any doubt of his views upon the question of free trade.

A SUGGESTION CORRECTED.

THE Easy Chair of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, in commenting upon the interesting scene at the final interment of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, mentioned a letter which it had received, written evidently in perfect good faith, which suggested that Mr. PAYNE had been married, and that the yearning for home, sweet home, of his famous song was a mere play of the imagination.

This suggestion of a correspondent, although honestly and respectfully made, is decried as a gross error by an authority which is not to be questioned. The correspondent of the Easy Chair doubtless confounded Mr. PAYNE with a younger brother, in whose house the poet lived for many years, and to whose wife he addressed some of his most entertaining letters.

The same authority deplores the injustice of some of the recently published likenesses of Mr. PAYNE, describing them as even caricatures of a face which was serious and intellectual, but at the same time bright and genial, with deep blue eyes in which shone a gentle light, and wholly without the Mephistophelian air to which the Easy Chair alludes.

That monthly gossip, we are sure, will be obliged to us for correcting, some weeks before he could himself correct it, the suggestion to which he gave currency. But it was a harmless suggestion, unless it might seem to imply some attempt at concealment. That, however, was not implied. But none of his countrymen would willingly even seem to do injustice to the "courteous, kindly, and handsome" gentleman who wrote "Home, Sweet Home."

PERSONAL.

IN confirmation of some statements made in this column several weeks ago, we note that Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE's novel, *Fortune's Fool*, is resumed in the July numoer of *Macmillan's Magazine*. We take pleasure in commending this fact to the attention of several writers for the press who some time ago manifested much anxiety concerning Mr. HAWTHORNE's relations with his London publishers.

—At the time of his death the late Mr. PETER COOPER left in the hands of his family an elaborate *Autobiography*. The MS. of this work has been submitted to a New York man of letters, who, after an examination, will give an opinion respecting the advisability of publishing it. Mr. COOPER used to speak with pride and pleasure of this literary task to which the evening of his life was devoted. His habit was to dictate daily his recollections to a young woman pupil of the Cooper Institute who had studied stenography, and who read to him each day her copy of what he had said the day before.

—We take the following from the London *News* of July 12: "The friends of the scientific explorer the late Mr. FRANK HATTON [son of the London correspondent of the New York *Times*], who accidentally lost his life in North Borneo, will be sorry to learn that the funeral which was to have taken place in London is indefinitely postponed. It will be remembered that the body was rowed by the deceased's devoted followers to Elopma, where, after an inquest, it was buried with manifestations of affection and respect on the part of the population, European, Chinese, and native. Orders were given for its exhumation and conveyance to London. The medical officer of the tropical settlement feels compelled to decline to sanction its removal for the present. The Governor of Sabah sends this information with much regret by the mail that has arrived *vid* Naples. The British North Borneo Company, in whose service Mr. HATTON died, will, it is understood, erect a memorial to his memory at Elopma. A number of wreaths and immortelles will go out from the family and friends next week."

—A friend of Mr. WILLIAM PAGE's writes to us that although some of his paintings bear traces of having suffered, there are at least twoscore of them at his residence in Tottenville, Staten Island, executed within the last fifty-three years, which show no signs of deterioration at the hands of Time; also, that such important works as the "Farragut," the "Shakspeare," the "Moses," and the copies from TITIAN, now in his daughter's studio in the Sherwood Building—some of which will grace the LOAN Collection in the Metropolitan Museum next October—are as fresh as on the day they were painted. Mr. PAGE's well-earned fame is not in danger.

—That association of painters known as the American Art Union has had a successful exhibition of the pictures which went from New York to Buffalo, and which are now being placed in the Louisville Exhibition, whose managers have generously promised to give the Union twenty-five hundred dollars if they do not sell ten thousand dollars' worth of these works in Louisville. An art journal, to be called the *Art Union Record*, and to serve as the organ of the association, will soon be published monthly. It will be edited by Mr. DOMETT, of this city, and will contain contributions, pictorial and literary, from American artists and their most appreciative friends.

—A book-reviewer is pleased with Mr. SWINBURNE because of his roundels with rhymes to "baby." The poet in THACKERAY's tale could find no rhyme for "babe" but "Tippoo Saib." Mr. SWINBURNE is more successful with "gray be" and "may be."

—Castle Frohsdorf, where the Count of Chambord lives, is a plain snow-white building, situated within a dense forest, about an hour by rail from Vienna. The word Frohsdorf mean's frog's village. Krottendorf, or toad's village, was formerly the name of the castle. Its chief ornaments are portraits of dead French kings and a life-size statue of the Maid of Orleans.

—The Rev. Dr. WORDSWORTH, for many years Bishop of Lincoln, and well known as a Biblical commentator, has resigned, in his seventy-sixth year, because of failing physical health, and "especially because I am overburdened with a sense of solemn responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the county of Nottingham, particularly of its great town containing a population of two hundred thousand souls, and requiring the vigilance and energy of a bishop in full vigor of mind and body."

—Mr. BURNE-JONES, the greatest colorist among living British painters, has not humbled himself to design a curtain for the back of a piano. The work is outlined in crewels, and has been publicly exhibited.

—Baron HUDDLESTON, an English judge sitting recently at the Northampton assizes, "strongly complained"—to use the words of a Northampton reporter—of the bad accommodations provided for Mr. Justice SMITH and himself. "The sanitary arrangements of their lodgings he denounced as execrable. The drainage was so pestiferous he could scarcely remain in his room. Unless this state of things were remedied, he had given instructions to engage other rooms, as it was not safe to remain in the present apartments." His Honor has no Coney Island to flee to.

—Mr. DAVID NEAL, of Munich, writes as follows of the engraving of his painting, "The Kneeling Nun," which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 16: "After some of my experiences with illustrated newspapers I was not in expectation of one of the best engravings I have seen in a long time. In fact, I make my heartiest compliments to the engraver, who has produced a picture far superior to the average of the best European illustrations."

—GOUNOD, now sixty-five years old, expresses the opinion that music finds its noblest and highest forms in religious ideas and sentiments. "You will see a religious thread running through all my themes and works of any importance. For instance, the cathedral scene in *Faust*, and *Polyeucte*, which is an absolutely religious opera. It is because of this feeling that I have given up writing for the theatre."

—The *Athenæum*, in noticing the death of the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, "an American translator and poet," speaks of the carefulness and excellence of his translations, especially those of works so difficult as JEAN PAUL's *Titan* and *Hesperus*, and adds: "The most unworldly of men, he was dear to men of the world and to all literary men in America. His beautiful home at Newport was a centre of hospitality."

—Mr. HENRY IRVING is congratulated by one of his countrymen on overcoming a certain restlessness and fidgetiness, ascribable, apparently, to a nervous feeling that if he is not doing something when on the stage the audience will lose interest or grow weary. If Mr. IRVING can repress another infirmity, namely, that of overelaborating so soon as he is at his ease, "the American public will be likely to reap the full benefits of his remarkable gifts."

—Strawberry Hill, where HORACE WALPOLE used to live, has been sold. Opinions may differ (says a late writer) about the architecture and the taste of Strawberry Hill, but so long as associations keep fresh their charm HORACE WALPOLE's house will remain one of the most interesting in England. It has been the resort of three generations of wit, wisdom, and frivolity, and it will be a pleasing thing if Baron DE STEARN, the new purchaser, should carry those associations on to another generation.

—One hundred and fifty Hungarians organized an excursion party to Paris, and on arriving there lived together like one family in the quaint Hôtel Lion d'Or, whose furniture, plate, and linen are a reproduction of the styles of two hundred years ago. They visited VICTOR HUGO, whom one of them saluted as the seventh great poet of the world, DANTE having declared himself the sixth. VICTOR HUGO complimented the Hungarians as a people who had "conquered liberty," whatever that may mean. A member of the party spoke of having seen KOSSUTH recently, who was wonderfully well at the age of eighty-one.

—Lord SHAFTESBURY is no pessimist. He thinks that notwithstanding "the enormous amount" of infidelity and skepticism, there never was so determined an effort to advance the kingdom of Christ, so much respect for the human race, and so great a desire "to look upon the poorest sort, and lift them from their misery."

—A long letter from LEIGH HUNT to ROBERT BROWNING—long enough to fill half a dozen columns of this journal—appears in one of our foreign contemporaries. The writer justly accuses himself of "terribly digressing," and promises that in future his letters shall be "of reasonable dimensions," if Mr. BROWNING encouraged him "with a few words in answer to them." About two-thirds of the communication is occupied with extravagant praise of Mrs. BROWNING's *Aurora Leigh*, and with first and last lines (or half-lines) of the passages that HUNT most liked in ROBERT BROWNING's poems. "Did it ever strike you," he asks, "how frightful it would be to be wholly prosperous and happy?—happy all your life? I think or fancy it would have made me look upon myself as a sort of outcast from the general lot and its claims, doomed to perish wholly and be put out, as a thing completed and done with. The incompleteness argued against us all here is surely our claim hereafter—incompleteness of joy, incompleteness of knowledge, incompleteness of nature. I think God means to round all these things in human want and aspiration, just as He rounds orbs or oranges. He does not incomplete anything else. Why should He leave us poor and anxious imperfections incomplete?"

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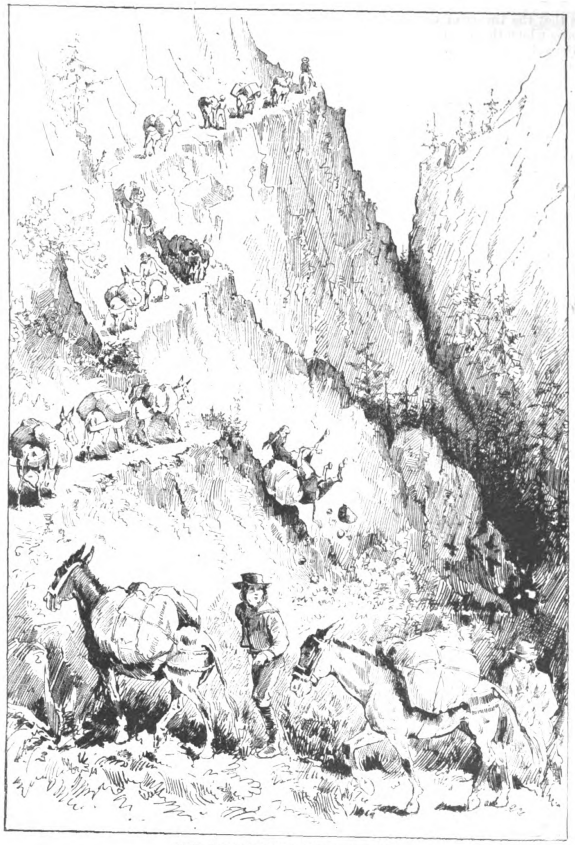
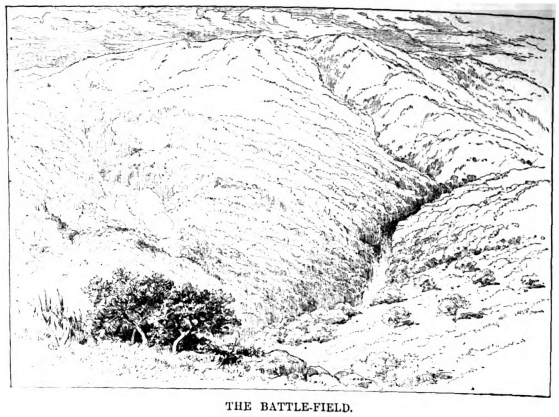
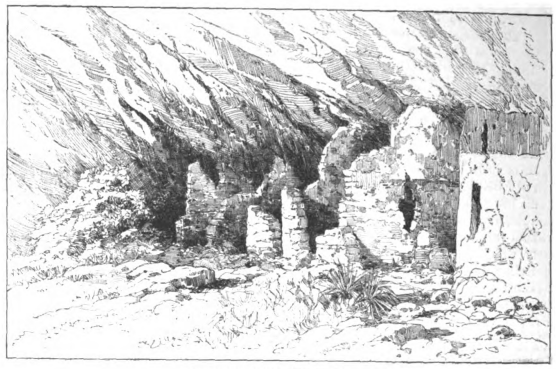


THE PACK-TRAIN, SIERRA MADRE.



THE BATTLE-FIELD.



RUINS ON THE BAVISPÉ RIVER.

GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE CAMPAIGN.—From Sketches by A. F. Harmer.—[See Page 487.]

THE WATCH ON THE RIND.—From a Sketch by Michael Hottes.

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM INTRODUCED TO THE FAMILY SKELETON.

It is the commonest thing in the world to hear people say that they would rather bear any pain themselves than see those whom they love bear it: such things are easily said. For my own part, certain reminiscences preclude me from making assertions of that kind; but, in common with the majority of mortals, I hate to witness suffering, and I think I hate even more to witness humiliation. Now, knowing every line of my uncle Bernard's face as I did, and every trick of feature and attitude belonging to him, I could see plainly enough, when he seated himself in his accustomed place by the fireside, that the communication which he had to make to me was one of shame as well as of sorrow; and I therefore devoutly hoped that he would blurt it out in a few words and be done with it. But he was not a man who cared to spare himself, nor was it his habit to speak without deliberation. He sat looking silently at the fire for some minutes before he began, in the calm, measured tone which he always assumed when he was at all moved: "I have a long story to tell you, Charley." And then, after another pause: "I don't know whether it has ever crossed your mind to suspect that I might have a son living; but such is the case."

This, then, was the great secret! Certainly I might have guessed it before, and the conversation which I had overheard during our drive back from Yarmouth should have enlightened me as to its nature; but somehow or other my conjectures had never brought me within sight of this solution, and its sudden announcement caused me a sharp pang. I can honestly say that my abrupt deposition from the rank of an Isaac to that of an Ishmael disturbed me very little; but I was mortified by the thought that my uncle, who, as I had supposed, told me everything, had concealed a matter of such importance from me all my life, and the only word that I could get out by way of comment was a stupid "Oh!"

"Yes," continued my uncle, who had not removed his eyes from the fire, "an only son. You think I ought to have told you of this long ago, and perhaps you are right; though there is *something* to be said upon the other side. Either way, I am not excusing myself. I can only make things intelligible by beginning at the beginning and going on to the end; and if I might ask a favor of you, it would be to say nothing until I have finished."

He glanced at me for an instant with an odd, shamed look in his eyes, poor old fellow, and I nodded. Then immediately he turned his head away, and, staring at the glowing coals again, resumed:

"My son Harry was born about five-and-thirty years ago. As it soon became evident that he was to be an only child, it was not unnatural that we should have been wrapped up in him, or that we should have talked and thought more about him than about any other subject. His mother may have indulged him a little more than was prudent, but she always gave way to me, and I was determined that the boy should not be spoiled. Then I lost her, and I had nothing but Harry left in the world to live for.

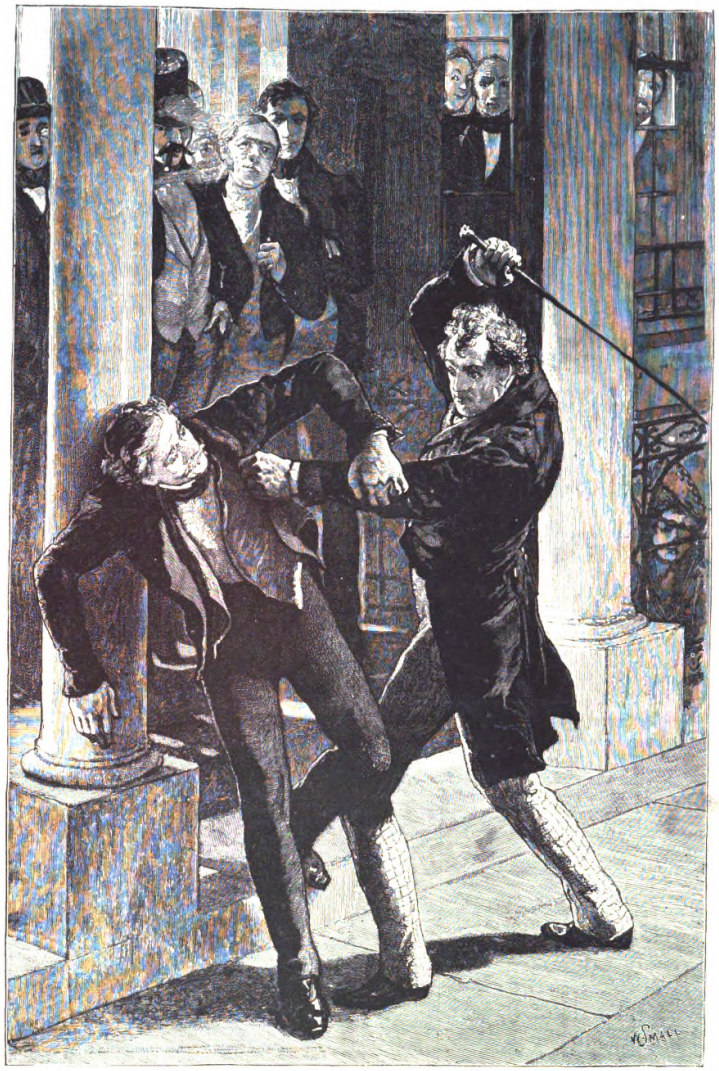
"I say that I had nothing else to live for, because at that time I accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and turned my back upon public life forever—which was probably a foolish mistake on my part. However, I believed that I had done with ambition and pleasure, and my one wish was to do my duty to the boy. As a younger man I had unlimited confidence in theories, and my theory upon the *subject of training* was that the Alpha and Omega of it was discipline. I still think that this is *sound enough* as a theory, but what I had not learned then was that, in a world so full of paradox and unexpected turns as ours, theories must be made elastic enough to adapt themselves to subjects, and that subjects can not by any manner of means be stretched so as to fit theories. I set to work upon Harry, and tried to make him understand that I represented inexorable *justice* quite as much as fatherly love. I never overlooked a fault, I never remitted a punishment, I never dared to be quite natural with the boy, or to let him suspect *that* I punished myself every time that I punished him—and unfortunately he required a good deal of punishment. Once he told me a lie, and I flogged him for it. I haven't a doubt but that this was the right thing to do, theoretically; but practically it happened to be quite the wrong thing. Instead of securing the boy's affection, I taught him to fear and avoid me, and, worst of all, I did not cure him of telling lies. After that first time he deceived me repeatedly, and I found him out; but I never flogged him again, because the instinct of self-preservation kept him from lying directly, and it was a part of my theory that offenses which could not be proved must be ignored. Of course I saw that I had failed, but I persevered with the system that I had marked out for myself all the same. You are saying to yourself, 'What a fool the man must have been!—what a prig!—what a stupid pedant!' Perhaps so; and yet I had taught the boy some good things. I had taught him to keep his temper, for instance, and to show physical courage when necessary, and to be punctual and cleanly. I don't know that my failure proves much, except that it takes a man of special gifts to make a school-master.

"In due time the professional school-master relieved me of a part of my duties, and then things went better. Harry was clever and quick at learning, besides which he was good at athletics. He was very much liked by his school-fellows, and he brought home excellent reports from his masters, so that all the neighborhood congratulated me, and gave me credit for being a wise and judicious parent. But only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. I was not proud of Harry, because unfortunately I could not help seeing that he was not to be trusted, and I was not happy with him, because he disliked me. Neither could I overcome his dislike. I tried my best, but it was too late, I suppose, and we never became friends.

"I tell you all this in a matter-of-course sort of way, but it was a great grief to me at the time. Besides Harry I had literally not a soul in the world to care for, for my brother Tom was away in India, and my mother was in Scotland with her husband, and I lived the life of a hermit. To him, naturally, our relations were not a matter of so much importance. He had plenty of friends of his own age, and during his holidays he was a great deal away from home. I made no objection to his staying with these young fellows, for I wished him to enjoy himself, and I believed that their society would do him more good than mine.

"So the years went on, and though there could not be much sympathy between us, I do not remember that we had more than one difference of any consequence. That was shortly before he left school, when he came, with a very frightened face, to tell me that he had been running up 'ticks' in Windsor and Eton, and didn't see how he was to pay. That in itself was no very dire offense, and seeing how ashamed of himself he looked, I made light of the matter, and assured him that if he would let me know what he owed and the names of his trades-people, the money should be paid directly. Well, he didn't tell me the truth; there were more bills than he had led me to expect, and the amount of them was about double what he had mentioned. That again, you may say, was nothing so very terrible; people under such circumstances very rarely do tell the exact truth, and the chances are that they seldom know it. Still, his needless duplicity vexed me, and when it transpired that he had borrowed what between boys was really a large sum of money, from a school-fellow, I fairly lost my temper, and gave him my opinion of his conduct in stronger language perhaps than the occasion warranted. You see, it hurt me to think that my son should have gone to a stranger to ask for money instead of applying to me, for I had never given him any reason to suppose me niggardly; but I did not wish to reproach him with this so much as to read him a lesson which should prevent him from doing the same thing a second time. So I told him that no gentleman would have acted as he had done, and a good deal more to the like effect, which I ought not to have said, and which did not in the least produce the result that I intended. He listened to me without answering me back—he was a great deal too much alarmed of me, I am sorry to say, even to dream of doing that—but he grew sullen at last, and when I asked him to give me his word that he would not, under any circumstances, request a loan of a friend again, he gave it me, and then muttered, 'Not that it is much use my promising, though, for you never believe a word that I say.'

"Every now and then it happens that some one—probably without knowing what he is doing—says a thing which goes through one's heart like a knife. When the poor boy made that perfectly just charge against me I could have fallen on my knees before him and implored his pardon. Unhappily I knew him to be a habitual liar, but I had never thought that he suspected me of knowing it, and I saw now how cruel my manner must have been toward him, and how inevitable it was that he should shrink from a father who seemed to despise him. Perhaps if I had said as much it might have done some good; but I did not think it would be wise to do that, and being unable to contradict him, I made no reply at all, but went away into my study, and was thoroughly miserable.



"THE MAN WHO DETECTED HIM PULLED HIM INTO ST. JAMES'S STREET, AND THRASHED HIM BEFORE A DOZEN WITNESSES."

"Harry was not long with me at this time. He had made up his mind, some years before, that he would like to go into the Guards, and very soon after he left Eton he joined the battalion to which he had been gazetted. For about a year I heard nothing but good reports of him from all quarters. His colonel, whom I knew something of, and who good-naturedly wrote me a line from time to time, praised him; he had some of his old school-fellows for brother officers; he went a good deal into society, was much liked by the ladies, and led the sort of life which I suppose that young Guardsmen who have the gift of making themselves popular ordinarily lead. A man may employ his time better than in dancing, flirting, pigeon-shooting, and attending race meetings, but then again he may employ it much worse; and if he have, as Harry had, an amount of intelligence decidedly above the average, such amusements are sure to pall upon him in the long-run. I was quite content to wait and let things take their course, and so long as the lad kept out of low company, and behaved himself like a gentleman, I asked nothing more of him. I did not even ask him to come and see me, knowing that it gave him no pleasure to do so; and, as a matter of fact, he never did come when he could find an excuse for remaining away.

"But after a time rumors began to reach me which made me uneasy. Harry was an excellent judge of a horse, and it was said that he was in the habit of turning his knowledge to account in ways which are not considered exactly dishonest, but which certainly do not tend to make a man respected. It also came to my ears that he was losing and winning large sums on the turf—sums very much larger than either he or I could afford to risk. I had to write to him upon both of these subjects, and he sent me plausible replies, which I tried to believe, but did not succeed in believing. And then, to crown all, came a very awkward and unpleasant business, which would probably have obliged Harry to leave the service if his colonel had not rather stretched a point to befriend him. I never heard precise particulars of the affair, and they are of no importance: the bare facts were that Harry lost several thousand pounds at play one night, and repudiated the debt the next morning upon the plea that he had been so drunk as to have no recollection of what had taken place. That, stripped of superfluous flourishes, was what he communicated to me in a very penitent

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

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letter — written, I take it, when the general clamor had reached such a height that it was no longer possible to keep me in ignorance of it. No doubt you will think, as I did, that the excuse was worse than the offense, but I did not say this to him. I merely sent him the money, requesting him to pay what he owed forthwith, and expressing a hope that this would be a warning to him to let cards alone for the future. Meanwhile there had been a terrible fuss in London, where the whole story had been made in a measure public, and where the tide of feeling set strongly against the defaulter. However, as I said, the colonel took up the cudgels for Harry, declaring that the poor young fellow had fallen among rooks (which may have been true, for aught I know to the contrary); and when once the money was paid, this trouble soon blew over and was forgotten. So, at least, my good friend the colonel assured me; but in truth troubles of that description are seldom quite forgotten. I heard afterward that at this time the ladies with one consent showed Harry the cold shoulder, and that many of their husbands followed suit—as husbands are apt to do, according to my experience. Very likely this drove him into company which he might not otherwise have frequented. As for me, I could not at all forget what had happened, and for months afterward I lived in constant dread of hearing that my son had fallen into some fresh disgrace. Yet I never anticipated anything half so bad as the actual catastrophe which was about to fall upon us. There are things which must always seem impossible—even after they are over.

"You will understand that it is difficult to me to speak about this. I need say no more than that Harry was discovered cheating at cards. Of course that meant absolute, irretrievable ruin. If it had happened quietly, and among his brother officers, it is just possible that, out of good nature, and for the credit of the regiment, they would have hushed the thing up, and allowed him to sneak out of the service, and hide his head anywhere that he pleased; but it took place at a well-known club, and the man who detected him pulled him into St. James's Street, and thrashed him before a dozen witnesses. All London was talking about it the next day, and all England knew of it the day after. The newspapers were full of the scandal; leading articles were written upon it; no disgrace could have been more complete or more public. The unhappy wretch crept down here to tell me that he had been cashiered, and crouched before me, looking as if he thought I should strike him—perhaps he did think so.

"I don't know, Charley, what you would have done, or what other men would have done, in my place; but what I did was this. I told him that, after what had occurred, it was quite impossible that he should ever show his face in the county again, or that he should succeed me as owner of a property which had hitherto been held only by gentlemen. The entail having fortunately been cut off, I was in a position to dictate terms upon that point. I promised to pay him thenceforth an annual sum sufficient for his needs, upon the understanding that he should never make any attempt to see me again, and I suggested that he should go to one of the colonies. He objected to this, however, preferring a residence upon the Continent, and I did not press the point. There was nothing more to be said, and he left the house for the last time that same evening."

"And have you never seen or heard of him since?" I asked, after my uncle had remained for some minutes without speaking.

"I have never seen him since," he answered, quietly. "I have heard of him more than once, but always indirectly. It is extremely unlikely that we shall ever meet face to face again."

There was a long pause. My uncle, who had not once lifted his eyes to mine during the course of his narrative, was leaning back in his chair now, and looking at me much as usual. He seemed exhausted; but I could see by the expression of his face that he felt the relief of having accomplished a painful task; and I saw also that he expected me to make some remark upon what I had been told. Obviously it behooved me to say something; but what I was to say I hardly knew, and for the first time, perhaps, in my life I found myself out of sympathy with my old man. He seemed to have been so unlike himself in his dealings with his unfortunate son; his conduct throughout had been, according to his own account, so very nearly the opposite of what I should have expected it to be, that I was disappointed as well as puzzled. I quite understood that he should assume a more or less cold and indifferent manner, and I knew that he would represent his own behavior in the least favorable light; but there was no getting over the facts, and I could not help thinking that he had been harsh and ungenerous, if he had not been positively unjust. At last, in default of any more pertinent observation, I said, "You must have been very lonely after he went away."

"I don't know that it ever occurred to me to consider my situation from that point of view," answered my uncle, with a faint smile; "but if I was lonely, it was not for very long. I had scarcely lost one son before I found another in yourself. I adopted you, as you know, and I hope that in bringing you up I did not fall into the same fatal errors as I had done before. I have tried, at all events, to avoid them. And now I must explain to you what you have unquestionably a right to know—the nature of your position and prospects. I have never given you to understand that you would inherit this place at my death; yet it is possible—probable, indeed—that you will. It was certainly my intention when I adopted you that you should succeed me at Thirlby, my natural heir being as good as dead; but I would not make my decision irrevocable; nor can I make it so now, in spite of the urgency of my friends and yours. I admit that this is a little hard upon you; but I am sorry to say that I can't see my way to acting otherwise, and I hope in any case to be able to leave you a substantial addition to your own small fortune."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that!" I exclaimed, feeling sore and resentful, without any very good reason for feeling so. "I don't want to be the owner of Thirlby; I never thought in my life about whether you would leave me money or not; and I hate to discuss your death in that cold-blooded manner. Don't you know that to lose you would be the greatest misfortune that could possibly happen to me?"

"My dear Charley," answered my uncle, "you may have—and, unless you are very exceptionally lucky, I am afraid you certainly will have—many a worse misfortune than that before your time comes to die. In the natural course of things I shall step off the stage one of these days, and by that time you will see, maybe, that there is nothing to lament over in an old man's going to his rest, though I don't anticipate your adopting the opinion of my mother, who says you will have a *right* to curse my memory if I don't leave you every acre of which I am possessed. My mother is more convinced than convincing in her views. For years she never lost an opportunity of impressing upon me that it was my duty to 'let bygones be by-gones,' as she called it, and to re-instate Harry in the position which he had forfeited; but now you have made a conquest of her heart, and she is in a terrible fright lest I should die intestate, and the question of succession be settled by the law of the land. The Rector holds a brief for the other side. He has a great deal to say, and says it very well, about abstract justice and parental responsibility; and I am sure it has never struck him that I must know every word of it by heart from having said it all to myself in years gone by. Where he and my mother agree is in deprecating suspense. 'Let the thing be decided once for all, in this way or in that,' they say; and then, as I only hold my tongue, they get angry and call me names."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.

III.

NEITHER sugar nor any other necessary staple can be cheaply obtained except through domestic production. *Domestic* production alone can serve as a check to the rapacity of speculators and the greed of foreign producers. The proof of this *remarkable truth* is each year given by the fact that the only time at which sugar is cheap in the United States is coincident with the production of the sugar crop of Louisiana.

The sugar planter would hardly complain, notwithstanding the lack of aid from the general government, if he had only capital to rely upon, and could obtain money at easy rates. But he has no such advantages. The war of secession swept away mills, machines, capital, and credit—even the very seed necessary to produce a crop. Sugar-cane is grown from slips or cuttings buried in the soil. Wheat or corn is produced from seed easily purchased at any market. But sugar-cane, reproduced from its own stalk, can not be thus readily transported from a great distance. The cane must have been grown in the very spot where the cuttings are to be covered up, else planting is out of the question. After the war, which left Louisiana waste, the first care of the sugar planter was of course to obtain slips for a crop, and some few canes which had escaped from the general devastation served to accomplish the purpose. How much time, money, and patience were required to make this region again productive will be readily understood from the fact that a whole acre of cane stalks is required for the planting of three or four acres. Is not this a labor of Hercules, and does it not offer a strange contrast to the idea usually entertained that planters are men without energy?

When one obtains a full understanding of the situation in which the results of the war left our sugar planters, one can not help being surprised that there should be any planting of sugar-cane in the country. First of all, there were no laborers. The negroes were demoralized by the sudden change from slavery to freedom, and deluded by the discourses of adventurers; they would not work. All the live stock had been carried away by the Federal army; the mills had been burned or rendered useless; there was no capital, and there was no credit. Most industries would have succumbed under such circumstances, but the sugar industry did not. It has since then not only revived, but enlarged. This shows the vitality of the sugar industry, its adaptability to this soil and climate, and the energy of those who have developed it.

The lack of capital, together with the dangers of overflow, still forms the chief drawback to the extension of the sugar industry in Louisiana. The industry is so remunerative in itself that it has been able to bear—and does still bear—very heavy burdens. The rate of interest upon money in Louisiana is eight per cent. per annum. The broker forces the planter to pay, in addition to the legal rate of interest, two and a half per cent. commission upon capital advanced, often a brokerage of two and a half per cent., and always two and a half per cent. commission upon the crop sales, and upon the purchase of goods and provisions, which must be made through him. An agent chosen by him—and allowed one-half per cent. in addition to the commissions paid to the factor—is charged with the sale of the products in the market.

Let it also be observed that the planter must sign a mortgage for the loan, which is discounted by the factor. The net amount, after the deduction of all commissions, is placed to his credit upon the books, to be drawn by him from month to month without any allowance of interest for the sums thus left in the lender's keeping.

These commissions, the expenses of mortgage papers, and the various terms to which the planter is bound to submit, certainly constitute a total deduction of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. from the capital advanced him. Well, the cultivation of sugar-cane offers so many advantages that the loan is accepted with gratitude, and that planters occasionally make fortunes in spite of these onerous terms. This is because the sugar industry, when undertaken by one who thoroughly understands it, is one of the most remunerative occupations in the world.

One of the conditions now requisite for its success in Louisiana is division of labor. This has become a necessary feature of the industry within a few years, and wherever properly adopted has given excellent results. It has become patent at last that the raising of sugar-cane must be left wholly to the cultivators, and the manufacture of sugar to the manufacturers proper: hence the idea of establishing central sugar-mills for the purpose of purchasing all cane grown within a certain radius, and converting the juice into sugar.

The success which has attended the establishment of these district mills is really surprising. Immense uncultivated tracts have been, within a very brief time, cleared and planted, lands have been parcelled out, and prosperity prevails where want and misery lingered so many years after the war.

In order to give some idea of what has been done, suffice to state that along the Teche—in that region where certain scenes in LONGFELLOW'S "Evangeline" are laid—no less than thirty-four mills have been erected within less than five years, and provided with the most improved machinery. If the planters of other parishes would follow this example, Louisiana might very soon be able to produce annually the four or five hundred thousand tons of sugar previously spoken of.

Unfortunately both capital and labor are wanting. Nevertheless the central mills buy the cane rapidly, thus assuring to the cultivator an ample remuneration for his labor. Cane now sells at from four to five dollars per ton; and as from twenty to twenty-five tons are usually obtained from the acre, it will be readily understood how remunerative sugar-planting is.

The climate is one to which white persons may very easily become accustomed, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. Many white farmers from other States have settled in Louisiana parishes, and their fields bear ample witness to the success of white labor in Louisiana.

Furthermore, sugar-cane is raised without difficulty, and demands little hard labor. The ground is prepared in winter, two or four mules being used to plough, according to the character of the soil. A certain quantity of canes selected from the previous crop are laid in the furrows and ploughed over. The subsequent operations are mostly confined to keeping plenty of earth about the bottom of the cane, the plough being always used. About the end of May or beginning of June an opening is made through the middle of the rows, in order to facilitate drainage, and the cane is left alone until crop-time—ranging from October to January. Then the stems are stripped and cut, piled upon wagons, and taken to the mill. The mill has three heavy rollers, through which the cane is passed. The juice of the crushed stems is first treated with sulphuric acid, which whitens it and prevents fermentation. It is then treated with lime, and the limed juice is subjected to a temperature ranging from 180° to 212° F. to condense its impurities, and render their removal by skimming more facile. Next the juice is evaporated in "steam-trains" or "double-effect" vessels, after which it is granulated in the vacuum pans, and is dried in the centrifugal machines. It is then placed in hogsheads and sent to market, where it fetches from five to ten cents per pound, according to grade. Louisiana cane contains from fourteen to eighteen per cent. of saccharine matter, and with proper machinery, readily obtainable by capitalists, one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of sugar can be extracted from every ton of cane, exclusive of molasses. Germans have done as much with beet-root, certainly far less rich than sugar-cane.

Let capitalists and good farmers settle in Louisiana. There are rich certainties of remuneration for labor and profit for capital in Louisiana, which must at no distant day become one of the richest States in the Union.

EDWARD SILLAN.

"DISARMED!"*

BY MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY," "HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE," "DR. JACOB," "THE SYLVESTERS; OR, THE OUTCASTS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WILL not Mr. Hermitage have some tea? It is quite ready."

For it was Steppie who had entered, followed by the children, all beautifully dressed in honor of their guest, Steppie herself looking too youthful to be the mother of the tall girl clinging to her skirts.

"Come, children, you remember Mr. Hermitage, who pulled Benjamine out of the water at Margate? Say how d'ye do?" she said.

Then the little party went into the next room, Steppie presiding over the tea-pot, Valerian cutting bread and butter for the children with charming urbanity, Arthura growing genial by Walter's side.

"I must congratulate you on your improved appearance," Valerian said, addressing himself to Steppie. "You were so ailing at Margate; does credit to the London climate."

Steppie's complexion, fairest of the fair, added to-day a tinge of rose; she looked, as she was indeed, in blooming health.

"Ah!" she replied, sighing, "it is my misfortune to look well. No one pities me for my poor health and low spirits."

"My dear madam," said Valerian, "you are really deceiving yourself. There is no such thing as low spirits."

"I wish I could think so," was Steppie's desponding answer. "Were it not for low spirits I could be the happiest creature in the world. I was born with a melancholy name—Sadgrove. But when I changed it matters did not mend at all."

"The fact is," Valerian went on, "you but mistake the effect for the cause—low spirits for the misfortune that produced them. Now I will tell you, with your permission, how you may get rid of this incubus."

"Do! do!" cried Walter, clapping his hands. "Oh, Mr. Hermitage, if you cured mamma of her low spirits we should all jump for joy."

"My pathology is of the simplest," went on Valerian. "Of course we all know that nothing goes wrong without a cause. When a wheel creaks we oil the spring; when we break a leg we get a surgeon to set it. And so it is with what we call low spirits. We either want a doctor to physic us, or we drink a kind of water that disagrees with us, or we sit in a room that does not get sun enough. The consequence is some bodily disorder, which straightway, because we don't know its name, we call low spirits."

"Let us get mamma a different kind of water to drink," shouted Walter.

"You must try, not one remedy, but all," Valerian went on, speaking with perfect gravity. "Some people cure themselves of low spirits by chopping wood; their muscles are called into play, and the exhilaration extends to the mind. I knew one lady who was restored by going every day for a month to a children's hospital, and amusing the little patients by making grimaces. She quite lost the habit of looking woe-begone, and found that it had been nothing but a habit."

"But to rise every morning with the feeling that life is a burden?" asked poor Steppie. "I should like to get up as gay as a lark."

"Will you let me advise you?" asked Valerian. "Then lose not a moment, join an amateur dramatic society. You would be obliged to play a variety of parts, and would soon begin to regard them as real. So, if you were melancholy one day, at least you would be gay the next."

"That's a good idea," Arthura said. "Yes, little mamma, we will do it. It will amuse us all."

"I am sure I hope so," Steppie made pensive reply.

Nevertheless, she brightened up whilst the subject was being discussed, and promised to learn a part, if Arthura would arrange everything. Valerian had given a happy turn to the conversation. And when he rose to go, after the friendliest meal, with such kindly admonitions to Steppie on the care of her health, such genial interest in the children, such affectionate appeal to Arthura—they had one moment on the threshold to themselves—how could she choose but believe him? He loved her. He would be true to her. Absence would draw them nearer to each other.

That night before Arthura returned to her post Steppie caught her hands, and whispered, reproachfully: "Oh, Arthura, why did you never tell me? Mr. Valerian is in love with you. You two will surely be married some day."

Arthura flung her arms round her step-mother's neck with tears and blushes. "Dear little mamma, he made me promise never to tell. That is why. It made me very unhappy to deceive you, but I could not help it."

"I like Mr. Valerian; I am very glad," was all Steppie could say, as she fondly caressed the clinging girl.

"You like him, yes, but will he be good to me?" Arthura asked. "You are more experienced than I. Tell me, Steppie, may a woman trust a man? Are his words to be relied on like Scripture?—the words he says when he is in love, I mean."

"Your papa was true and tender as a woman," answered Steppie. "But for the rest I can not answer. I have all my life long been terribly afraid of men. I should never have married at all but for your poor papa's persuasions."

"You were happy?" asked Arthura.

"No, I was never what is called happy in my life; but that was not your poor papa's fault. Had I cried for the moon he would have fetched it down for me—"

"Or tried to do so," put in Arthura.

"Yes, that is what I mean. There are husbands who will do that, you know, and others who will not."

"And do you think Valerian belongs to the former category, little mamma?"

"Ah! you put me a hard question. But you would never cry for the moon, I am sure."

"Would Valerian be kind?"

"What matter so long as you are not foolish!" was Steppie's reply; and so they parted.

"Hoity, toity, turn!" was Mr. Constantine's exclamation as Arthura entered his room precisely at twelve of the clock. "Well, my Prospero, there is one who wields a mightier wand than any of us. Stephana has got five thousand pounds out of Christina, as I live! 'Tis past belief! 'Tis miraculous! 'Tis witchcraft! But 'tis true. I have myself seen the check."

And tidings heaped upon tidings.

"Valerian lunched with me to-day, and is off to-night to Liverpool, there to set sail for America."

Arthura waited expectantly. Doubtless she was to hear that part of Valerian's story he lacked time to tell.

"If it were not for my fourscore and odd years, I would willingly go too. For," added he,

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old man, leaning forward, and speaking with unusual fire and animation, "the world may call Stephana mad, and her schemes froth and emptiness; but mark me, *my Prospera*, 'tis she who alone is sane, and the rest of us brainless idiots. Let their detractors rave as they will at her Utopias beyond seas, I, for one, as I sink into the grave, will raise my voice on her behalf. Have you heard nothing?"

"Nothing of Stephana's schemes, sir."

"Five thousand pounds! Hum! I wonder how the little woman felt when the tooth was drawn out! Matchless, incomparable Stephana! Five thousand pounds from Christina, as I live! Well, my dear, they'll call Stephana mad, but never mind—we will drink to the health of her earthly paradise. Valerian's errand, then, is to choose some fair tract in America which Stephana means to colonize (she gives ten thousand pounds herself, *but* that is a drop in the ocean to Christina's five), and the colonists she sends thither will find themselves in a strange world, as the gay Greek and his companions who were whisked up to the moon. Poor little London children!—to call a garden their own, to find apples ripening in the sun for them! Seven Dials, then, or at least a section of it, is to be transported beyond sea; houses and lands—we may indeed say souls and bodies—given to those who *have* hitherto been but misery incarnate. But more to-morrow. It wearies me to talk."

Arthura read a page or two, but Mr. Constantine was too full of Stephana and her schemes to listen just yet.

"Remember my words when I am out of your sight, as I must soon be. Stephana may fail, may do foolish things with wisest intent; but she has caught the spirit of the age to come. She realizes the moral standard of the future. For first have we seen Force putting the chaos of human society into order; next, Charity working blindly enough, yet alleviating the sum total of misery. Now has come the turn of sovereign Justice, of Conscience instead of Self, to speak to each *man's* soul, and *make* him feel the full measure of his own responsibility as an inheritor of the past, an enricher or despoiler of the future. Ah me! Would I were younger! Yes, this is the real sadness of dying, the bitterness of the grave. Just as the world is slipping from under our feet we see the dawn of the better day we have struggled for and believed in. But your wand, my good Prospera; waft me far from realities into shadowland. Away! away!"

Soon he was drowsing indeed, and Arthura stole away, not herself to sleep till the cold wintry morning dawned grayly and the foggy streets were astir. What is outward gloom to a young hopeful heart?

The first sight that caught her eyes was a letter lying on the table, a last farewell from Valerian, pencilled as he drove to the railway station. "Yes," the girl said to herself, "I must, I will forgive him, since he loves me still." She sat down and wrote a note, to await him on his arrival, that should at least atone for the coldness and unbendingness of yesterday. "What am I," she thought, "that I should set myself against forgiveness?"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SUMMER had come, and of the four million hearts beating in *London* none exulted like Stephana's. Her fondest wishes were about to be realized. Valerian, having successfully accomplished his mission, was on his way home. Christina would also reach England in a day or two, and was willing to be reconciled to her son. Her blind friend Markham had fulfilled the behest laid upon him, and found a thousand families willing to go unto

> "an isle as yet unknown,
> And yet far kinder than their own."

A week more, and the ship chartered to transport her colonists to the New World would set sail.

Such a departure was not to be passed over as an event without a meaning, and that sombre old Kensington mansion, with its lawns and shrubberies, before dedicated by Stephana to more solemn uses, was now to be given up to an exuberance of felicity. A place of reconciliations, a place of benison, consecrated to hope, trust, and thanksgiving; surely here, if anywhere, should joy bells peal on the summer air, banners wave in the blue sky, garlands within vie with the bowers without, and loud triumphant music dwindle the noises of every day.

Stephana loved the display that symbolizes a generous truth, and she was now spending upon a single entertainment as much money as Christina in her palmy days had spent upon a season. What indeed with the guests about to take up their abode in the house and those invited for the festival, the sumptuary business alone was onerous, but a bagatelle compared to the less substantial part of the celebration. It must be brilliant, it must be emblematic, it must be picturesque, and as no Valerian was by to anticipate her wishes, she had to do the imaginative part herself, and finding such subordinates as she could. Song, dance, a fairy masque or allegory, these formed but a part of the programme which was to be carried out on really a splendid scale, and the whole ending with a banquet under tents.

Busiest of the busy, Stephana yet found time for audiences, one visitor after another being admitted to the presence-chamber. The first to come was Markham. Alas for the eyes that could not behold his sovereign lady then! The mistress of the house, unable to lose a moment of the too precious time slipping away before the eventful day, was occupied in making angels' wings—emblematic employment for one who only wanted wings herself to be mistaken for a seraphic being. The whole picture was lost to her blind adorer, but let us console ourselves with the thought that maybe he conjured up a vision even lovelier. Stephana no longer wore white for mourning, but over her morning dress, pure as snow, had thrown a shawl of the warm red color worn by blissful angels in old pictures. The richness of this glowing scarf, contrasting as it did so strongly with the clear paleness of her complexion, lent almost an unearthliness to the calm pure features and the dark eyes now full of repose. She had carelessly placed on the back of her chair the last piece of handiwork, veritable wings, pearly, iridescent, ethereal, although fashioned by human hands, and of celestial down. Winged then she was indeed, a fair apparition alighted, as it seemed, for a moment only, ready the next to wing upward flight.

But Markham, whatever pictures he may have had before his inner eye, saw not this one. Only the sweetness of Stephana's voice reached him where he sat.

"What ought not I to do for you?" she began, gayly, "you who have moved mountains for me. But I am ungrateful of the ungrateful. Expect scant thanks."

He sighed. "Thank me as little as you please, only do not banish me from your presence."

"What can you do for me?" asked Stephana, in the same bright manner. Then recalled to the painful thought the speech might call up in her listener's mind, she added: "One thing already occurs to me out of a thousand. You can hear my maskers repeat their parts. A rehearsal is to take place this very afternoon, and no one is here to give judgment on it. And then—and then— But let us talk for a little first. Report on your mission."

"Do not hurry me, dearest lady," he said, with a little sigh of satisfaction. "The work of months can not be told in as many minutes."

"Hold this ribbon for me, then," laughingly, interposed Stephana. "Let it slip gently from your fingers as I draw it. That is right. Now begin."

Well pleased, he began:

"You will not be surprised to learn that I found some difficulty in convincing these good people of your favorite dictum—the Golden Age lies before us, and not behind. Indeed, they would have nothing to say to a Golden Age at all. Some thought me mad. Others a charlatan or a knave. None at first regarded me as their well-wisher. I had been their friend once, when I sat down in courts and alleys and told stories. But now that I wanted something of them 'twas a wholly different matter—so hard is it for any ill-used human being to credit another with a perfectly disinterested motive."

"My poor friend!" ejaculated Stephana. "You were not reviled, hooted, pelted with mud?"

The blind man smiled pathetically. "My misfortune protected me. Had I been as others are I might not now live to tell the tale. At first, then, the apostle of your Golden Age was only scoffed at for his pains. My best friends of the crowded London courts listened in contemptuous silence. The wags made fun of me. The cynical jeered. All rebelled against the good fortune you would fain force upon them. But as soon as one fact became clear, and the guiding principle of your scheme was made plain as day, then the tide turned."

He touched with one hand a roll of parchment that he had deposited by his side on entering.

"It was a happy thought of yours to exact some title of honor, some proof, if not of gentle birth, at least of nature's nobility, from these poor folks. To be sent into a new country and made a man of because you have only one shirt to your back is a kindness that humiliates. To be promised food and shelter for your children because you have not been able to provide them yourself galls even whilst it brings a sense of relief. But to be made to feel that, naked as you are and starving and desolate, you have yet earned these things! Ah, the blood tingles proudly then! The eyes no longer seek the ground; the man feels himself a man indeed."

He unrolled the parchment on his knee, and, as if he knew its contents by heart, with one hand holding Stephana's ribbon, the other fingering the scroll, went on:

"I have had the list made out alphabetically for the sake of convenience, but let your eyes light where they will you are sure to find a bit of writing emblazoned in colors and gold. This is one. I know it comes almost first in the list: 'John Ames, waterman, married, nine children, jumped into the river on the occasion of a collision, at imminent peril of life and limb, and rescued a fellow-waterman from destruction.' Another should be here: 'Alice Ashe, seamstress, unmarried, unfortunate, supported by her toil a paralyzed child, not kith and kin, a neighbor's dying bequest, for eight years.' A third is not far off: 'Thomas Beamish, no occupation in particular, but brought up a porter, married, seven children, nursed one neighbor after another when an epidemic raged in the court, and although up night after night, refused a halfpenny.' Yet one more: 'Ralph Calderund, tailor, fathered the starved, ill-used child of bad neighbors, although he had four of his own.' And yet a last: 'Peter Clarke, a shoe-black, fought another lad for illusing a stray dog, and took charge of it, although half starving himself.'"

Stephana smiled, although tears were in her eyes.

"You have got together a band of heroes," she said.

"Alas! no. But what other heroism can one expect? These poor people, then, when they discovered that none would be sent to the New World at your expense, there to found a family, without some kind of claim to such exceptional good fortune, became converts to the notion at once. It was no longer an affair of government emigration and pauperism. The good deed, the chivalrous act, the sober career, and the—note well!—the intellectual supremacy were to be rewarded. A certain Job Fearon you will find somewhere chosen for having invented a new button—a button to be the savior of human temper henceforth and forever; once on, this immortal button can never come off, be it from shirt, sark, or simarre. Well, the chosen were now envied, the rest moved to emulation. I could have found you twenty thousand candidates instead of one."

"Has every name its blazonry?" asked Stephana; "each man, woman, and child such title of honor?"

"Yes; there must be prizes for every one in our school. To create no jealousies, I have had the qualifications of every head of a family printed in gold and colors, although I was obliged to make certain negations stand for virtues; for instance, the fact of never having been in prison, never having begged in the public streets, and many others. But some day you must go over the list."

"And are they happy?" asked Stephana. "Does the prospect of well-being warm their hearts?"

"Ah! easier is it to make the wilderness to blossom as the rose than to make hope grow suddenly in the place of despair! But have no fear. All will go well if we do not run into extremes, and materialize instead of elevate."

Stephana was silent for a minute or two. Then she asked, still speaking in the same elate tone—her voice seemed almost strange to him in its joyousness: "Your heart is in this work, is it not? You will soon visit your little colony?"

He grew on a sudden gloomy almost to moroseness. "After so many months' absence, may I not at least enjoy your company for a little while? Have others so absorbed you that you have no room in your heart even for a faithful friend?"

The implied reference to Valerian was not to be misunderstood, but Stephana felt just now *too* happy to be even so disturbed.

"Let us think of nothing, talk of nothing, but this most joyful event," she said, in her sweetest manner. "You will come every day till it is over. You will help me as you are doing now."

"I own the unwinding of ribbon is an occupation I delight in," answered Markham, not without a touch of good-natured irony. "But there are other things I have learned without eyes."

"Your accomplishments shall all be called into requisition by turns. But there is the luncheon bell. We will lunch without loss of time, and then, if you will preside in my place at the rehearsal, you will render a service indeed."

She freed herself from her silver and rainbow-colored wings, and taking his hand, led him into the dining-room, fragrant with freshly cut roses.

The repast was gay and charming. Markham's composure was fortunately not disturbed by the sight of a third cover. It had been laid for Valerian, whose arrival might now be momentarily expected.

Like Markham, he had accomplished his mission, but, unlike Markham, he was looking for reward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL CROOK'S INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

THE terrible nature of the country traversed by General CROOK'S recent expedition into Northern Mexico against the hostile Chiricahua Indians is indicated by one of the illustrations on page 484. This, together with those of the ancient ruins on the Bavispé, and various incidents of the campaign, are made from sketches furnished by the only artist who accompanied the troops, and are faithful portrayals of those wild scenes. The roughness of the mountain trails was such that in several instances even the experienced pack-mules failed to retain their footing, and eight of these animals were lost to the command by falling over the tremendous precipices, and being dashed to pieces in the abysses hundreds of feet below.

When, after its two months' raid into the heart of the Sierra Madre range, the expedition returned to San Carlos, victorious and without having lost a man, it was nearly barefooted, and as ragged as Falstaff's tatterdemalions; but its object was accomplished, for it escorted as captives the fierce band of marauders who, almost unchecked, had for years been the terror of the border in Arizona and Mexico.

By his success in this undertaking General CROOK has demonstrated the truth of two propositions that he has always maintained. One is that in savage warfare savage tactics must be employed; and the other that an adherence to absolute integrity in treating with Indians will be rewarded by the faithful observance of all promises made by them. In pursuance of this policy he so organized the expedition with which he penetrated the Chiricahua stronghold that it was composed of but one company of troops and an Indian contingent of some two hundred Apache scouts, and it was guided by a deserter from the very band of which he was in pursuit. The whites, thus placed completely within the power of their Indian allies, found no reason to regret their position; for they were guided with unerring certainty through and over a trackless mountain wilderness, by ways which they would never have discovered by themselves, into the very heart of the enemy's country, and they found the Indians always ready to assume the posts of danger, and eager to be led to battle.

Before striking into the mountains the expedition passed through a number of small Mexican towns, the inhabitants of which thronged the streets to gaze upon the Americans. They were amazed at the appearance of the Indian scouts, and could not understand how the whites dared to trust these terrible Apaches with guns and ammunition. They expressed a general desire to see General CROOK; and when he was pointed out to them, mounted on a little sorrel mule, and wearing a plain cork helmet and white duck suit, instead of the glittering uniform they were accustomed to associate with his rank, they could hardly be persuaded that he was indeed the famous Indian fighter of whom they had heard such wonderful stories, and of whose wisdom the Indians had shown their appreciation by naming him the "GRAY FOX."

When at last, after incredible toil, the mountain fastness in which the Chiricahua camp was located was reached, it was found to contain only women and children. The Indians had deemed it so inaccessible and impregnable that they had gone off on a marauding expedition against the Mexicans of Chihuahua, leaving but five men in the camp. A body of the Indian scouts, who were in advance, surrounded and fired into this camp, killing nine of its occupants and dispersing the rest. Five prisoners were taken, of whom the eldest was a squaw eighteen years old, and the youngest a girl baby less than a year of age, who was immediately adopted by the troops as a camp pet. An immense amount of plunder, amongst which were eight thousand dollars in American and Mexican money, many gold and silver watches, guns of all descriptions, saddles, wearing apparel, and household utensils, was recaptured, and that night the camp of the victors presented a wild scene of savage rejoicing.

On the following day the eldest of the captives was sent out to find those who had escaped from the camp, and convey to them General CROOK'S assurance that if they would come in and surrender, their lives should be spared, and they should be conveyed in safety across the Arizona line to the Apache reservation. In this mission the Indian girl was easily successful, because her people knew that the promise of the "Gray Fox" was never broken, and upon her return she brought many of them, including the sub-chief CHIHUAHUA, with her. Within three days a hundred men, women, and children had surrendered, and soon afterward the warriors who had been off on a raid returned, and also surrendered upon receiving General CROOK'S promise that their lives should be spared. Then the expedition, having accomplished its mission, and accompanied by three hundred and seventy-five captives, retraced its steps toward the Arizona line.

It was certainly a signal triumph of moral over brute force, and the sight of the little band of white men marching in perfect safety amid nearly six hundred Indians, many of whom were, but a short time before, their fiercest foes, so impressed the inhabitants of the Mexican towns along the route that they were unbounded in their praise of General CROOK, whom they greeted with most enthusiastic cheers wherever he appeared.

With the Indians were found five Mexican women and a little girl, who had been captured by the Indians on their recent raid. They were at first stupefied with joy at their unexpected rescue, which they regarded as a miracle, and for which they will never cease to return thanks.

General CROOK was obliged to exercise the utmost caution on his return trip to avoid a meeting with Mexican troops, who would have certainly demanded the prisoners captured on Mexican soil, and who would have as certainly killed them all without mercy.

Viewed from any stand-point, this latest expedition must rank among the most notable and successful ever undertaken against the Indians, and by his manly, straightforward, and honest dealings with them General CROOK has not only won their confidence and respect, but has done much toward removing the foul stains with which our Indian policy has dyed American honor.

GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.

GENERAL EDWARD O. C. ORD died of yellow fever at Havana on the 22d of July, in his sixty-sixth year. He had taken passage from Vera Cruz for New York on board the steamer *City of Washington*, but when the vessel arrived at Havana, was removed to a private hospital in company with ten other passengers, all suffering from the same disease. He served his country with distinction in the Seminole war in Florida, and during the war for the Union. The battle of Dranesville in 1861 was won under his leadership, and he was severely wounded at the battle of Hatchie, and at the assault on Fort Harrison. Having been several times promoted for gallant and meritorious service, he became commander of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina in 1865, and led the Army of the James in the victorious engagements that ended with the overthrow of the rebellion. For several years his name has been on the retired list.

"I had the honor to serve with him," writes his former aide-de-camp, the Rev. S. S. SEWARD, "nearly four years, and I can truly say that I never saw him under any circumstances lose his self-control or forfeit for an instant his character as a courteous gentleman. Even his rebukes never gave offense, while his consideration for others never failed him even in the face of the enemy. He was as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman. In the camp and on the march he was exceedingly careful of his soldiers, providing for their comfort, their clothing, their rations, their medical attendance, with almost paternal care, and he showed equal solicitude for the sick and wounded. My respect and affection for him have grown as my appreciation of genuine manly worth has increased with years and experience, and I desire to testify to it as fully and publicly as possible. But I would not take upon myself to do even this if I did not believe that it would find a warm response in the mind and heart of every officer and soldier who served under him, and enjoyed a reasonable opportunity of knowing and understanding his character."

General ORD was a native of Maryland, and a graduate of West Point.

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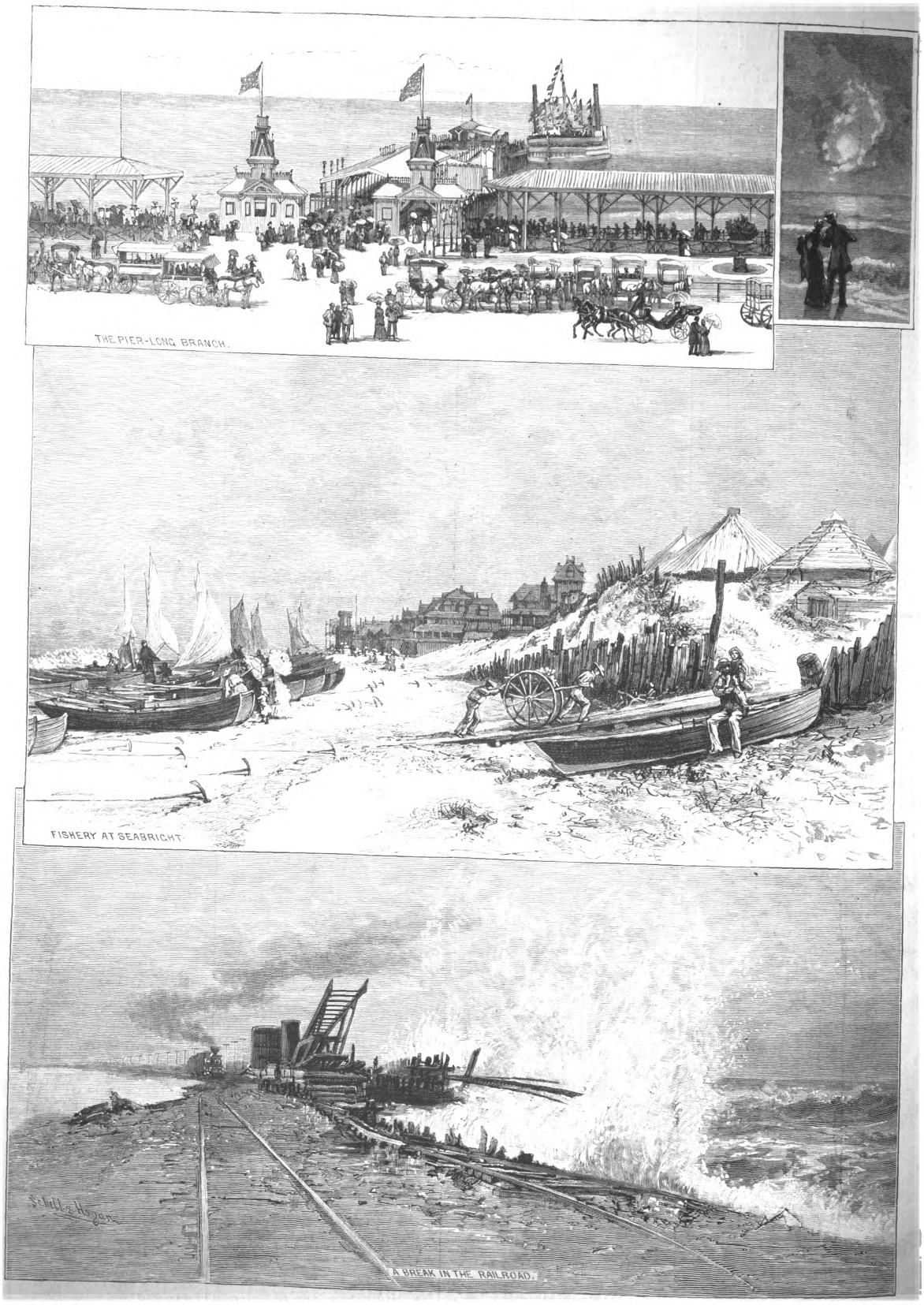

SEABRIGHT AND LONG BRANCH.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 491.]

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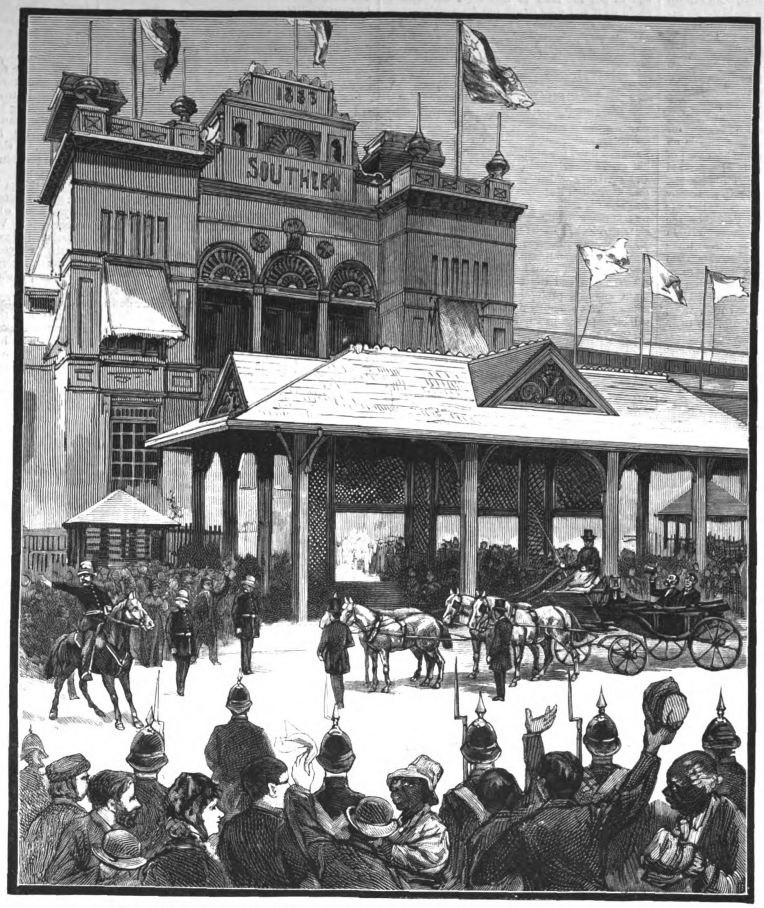
THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

THE great Southern Exposition, which was formally opened with appropriate ceremonies on the 1st of August, at Louisville, Kentucky, is an undertaking of the utmost importance, not only to the South, but to the entire Union, and the promoters of it are entitled to the highest credit. It is one of the most significant and most hopeful of all enterprises that have been undertaken in the new South. Unlike the Atlanta Cotton Exposition, which was in some degree the parent of this, and which was one of singular boldness and originality, the Louisville Exposition will not be confined to a single industry, or, indeed, to the industries of one section only. But while it will be general in its scope, it will nevertheless be a peculiarly valuable demonstration of the progress which the South has made and is making in all the activities of a free, prosperous community. The Exposition is essentially Southern in origin and *purpose*. As Senator BECK—himself one of the most substantial gifts the South has presented to the nation—said in substance at the *June* banquet in this city, "We want your co-operation; we want your sympathy and respect; but we are not begging for your money." The arrangements for the Exposition, which are on a liberal and even splendid scale, have been perfected in Louisville, and all the money required has been obtained from those immediately interested. This fact, of itself, speaks volumes for the energy and self-respect of the community, for the Exposition is the most ambitious that has been undertaken in this country, with the exception of the Centennial. The main hall is to be of like size and similar plan with that of the Centennial. The giant engine, a Reynolds-Corliss, which is to furnish the motive power for the machinery exhibits, rivals the great engine at Philadelphia. The art exhibition is to be shown in a handsome building in the form of a Maltese cross, the centre surmounted by a dome, beneath which, in a grove of palms and ferns, will be placed many fine statues. The collections of lovers of art in every part of the Union have been freely opened to the committee of the Exposition, and probably no such array of works of real excellence owned in this country has been seen since 1876.

In some respects the later exhibition will surpass its older brother, for the Centennial gave to the love of art and to its intelligent patronage in the United States a strong impulse, of which the Louisville Exposition will have the benefit. Some idea of the extent of the buildings may be formed from the fact that 4600 electric lights will be used. There will also be an electric railway, which will connect the various points of interest in the grounds.

The Louisville Exposition will be, in a striking sense, an event of national importance. General GRANT tells a story of meeting a New Orleans editor at Saratoga, who visited the North for the first time, and was so amazed by what he saw that he declared that it was the duty of Congress to appropriate money every year to take visitors from one section to the other. This is what the Exposition will do, and in a way which the power of Congress could scarcely emulate with the national revenue at its disposal. The men of the South and the North will meet with the eager desire on both sides to make the most of the intercourse; and it is the "pocket nerve," after all, in great commercial nations, which thrills to the most effect. Men do not easily quarrel who are engaged in prosperous business one with another, and for the establishment of these relations there will be ample opportunity.

Of course it is easy to be sentimental over such an affair; but the basis of senti-



THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION—RECEPTION OF OFFICIAL VISITORS.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION—THE OPENING CEREMONIES.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.

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ment in this case is very substantial. An exposition, though it draw on the whole world for its exhibits, is necessarily at bottom a more or less vast and ingenious arrangement for advertising. But advertising in this way, where thorough examination and comparison are possible, is the most satisfactory mode known to modern business; and it is advertising of its resources, its products, its attainments and possibilities, that the South needs, and knows that it needs. This it will get at Louisville, and the advantage will be decided for all sections. In some regards the South is an unknown region to the ordinary business men of the rest of the country. It has been separated by unfortunate political and social differences. It has been condemned by slavery to monotony in its industry and its commerce. Since the war it is beginning, but only beginning, to know the variety and value of its own resources. Within the past year the completion of less than three hundred miles of railway in one of the oldest and most prosperous Southern States opened up to an accessible market a wheat and corn-growing region capable of supplying several millions of bushels of grain, of greater annual cash value than the conquests of CORTEZ to Spain. If there can be such a discovery—for it was nothing less—in the heart of a long-settled State, what must await the restless enterprise, the untiring energy, the searching ingenuity, of the people that have made the United States already the marvel of the world? It is the priceless advantage of such expositions as that of Louisville to point the way to an almost infinite number and variety of such enterprises. The South is in sober truth to-day what the great West was a half-century since, with these important differences, that in the South the most difficult pioneer work has been done; distances are conquered by steam; social organization, constantly improving in its efficiency, exists; commerce and industry are deeply rooted, and only await the advent of capital and labor to spread wide their branches and present the golden fruit. And with the development of commerce and industry the blessings of union and freedom are rendered constantly more secure.

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

In the mean time Jim and Mrs. Peach had walked slowly along the road together, Jim leading the horse, and Mrs. Peach informing him that her father, the gardener, was at Stickleford, and that she had come this way to meet him. Jim, for reasons of his own, was going to sleep at his partner's that night, and thus their route was the same. The shades of eve closed in upon them as they walked, and by the time they reached the lime-kiln, which it was necessary to pass to get to the village, it was quite dark. Jim stopped at the kiln, to see if matters had progressed rightly in his seven days' absence, and Mrs. Peach, who stuck to him like a teasle, stopped also, saying she would wait for her father there.

She held the horse, while he ascended to the top of the kiln. Then rejoining her, and not quite knowing what to do, he stood beside her looking at the flames, which to-night burned up brightly, shining a long way into the dark air, even up to the ramparts of the earth-work above them, and overhead into the bosoms of the clouds.

It was during this proceeding that a carriage, drawn by a pair of coal-black horses, came along the turnpike-road. The light of the kiln caused the horses to swerve a little, and the occupant of the carriage looked out. He saw the bluish lightning-like flames from the limestone rising from the top of the furnace, and hard by the figures of Jim Hayward, the widow, and the horse, standing out with spectral distinctness against the mass of night behind. The scene wore the aspect of some unholy assignation in Pandemonium, and it was all the more impressive from the fact that both Jim and the woman were quite unconscious of the striking spectacle they presented. The gentleman in the carriage watched them till he was borne out of sight.

Having seen to the kiln, Jim and the widow walked on again, and soon Mrs. Peach's father met them, and relieved Jim of the lady. When they had parted, Jim, with an expiration not unlike a breath of relief, went on to Mr. Vine's, and having put the horse into the stable, entered the house. His partner was seated at the table, solacing himself after the labors of the day by luxurious alternations between a long clay pipe and a mug of ale.

"Well," said Jim, eagerly, "what's the news? How do she take it?"

"Sit down, sit down," said Vine. "'Tis working well; not but that I deserve something o' thee for the trouble I've had in watching her. The soldiering was a fine move; but the woman is a better. Who invented it?"

"I myself," said Jim, modestly.

"Well, jealousy is making her rise like a thunder-storm, and in a day or two you'll have her for the asking, my sonny. What's the next step?"

"The widow is getting rather a weight upon a feller, worse luck," said Jim. "But I must keep it up until to-morrow, at any rate. I have promised to see her at the review, and now the great thing is that Margery should see we a-smiling together—I in my full-dress uniform and clinking arms o' war. 'Twill be a good strong sting, and will end the business, I hope. Couldn't you manage to put the hoss in and drive her there? She'd go if you were to ask her."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Vine, moistening the end of a new pipe in his ale. "I can call at her grammer's for her; 'twill be all in my way."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARGERY duly followed up her intention by arraying herself the next morning in her loveliest guise, and keeping watch for Mr. Vine's appearance upon the high-road, feeling certain that his would form one in the procession of carts and carriages which set in toward Casterbridge that day. Jim had gone by at a very early hour, and she did not see him pass. Her anticipation was verified by the advent of Mr. Vine about eleven o'clock, dressed to his highest effort; but Margery was surprised to find that, instead of her having to stop him, he pulled in toward the gate of his own accord. The invitation planned between Jim and the old man on the previous night was now promptly given, and, as may be supposed, as promptly accepted. Such a strange coincidence she had never before known. She was quite ready, and they drove onward at once.

The review was held on some high ground a little way out of the town, and her conductor suggested that they should put up the horse at the inn and walk to the field—a plan which pleased her well, for it was more easy to take preliminary observations on foot without being seen herself than when sitting elevated in a vehicle.

They were just in time to secure a good place near the front, and in a few minutes after their arrival the reviewing officer came on the ground. Margery's eye had rapidly run over the troop in which Jim was enrolled, and she discerned him in one of the ranks, looking remarkably new and bright, both as to uniform and countenance. Indeed, if she had not worked herself into such a desperate state of mind she would have felt proud of him then and there. His shapely upright figure was quite noteworthy in the rotund selection of farmers on his right and left, while his charger Tony expressed by his bearing, even more than Jim, that he knew nothing about lime carts whatever, and everything about trumpets and glory. How Jim could have scrubbed Tony to such shining blackness she could not tell, for the horse in his natural state was ingrained with lime dust, that burned the color out of his coat as it did out of Jim's hair. Now he pranced martially, and was a war-horse every inch of him.

Having discovered Jim, her next search was for Mrs. Peach, and by dint of some oblique glancing Margery indignantly discovered the widow in the most forward place of all, her head and bright face conspicuously advanced; and, what was more shocking, she had abandoned her mourning for a violet drawn-bonnet and a gay spencer, together with a parasol luxuriously fringed in a way Margery had never before seen. "Where did she get the money?" said Margery, under her breath. "And to forget that poor sailor so soon!"

These general reflections were precipitately postponed by her discovering that Jim and the widow were perfectly alive to each other's whereabouts, and in the active interchange of telegraphic signs of affection, which on the latter's part took the form of a playful fluttering of her handkerchief or waving of her parasol. Richard Vine had placed Margery in front of him, to protect her from the crowd, as he said, he himself surveying the scene over her bonnet. Margery would have been even more surprised than she was if she had known that Jim was not only aware of Mrs. Peach's presence, but also of her own, the treacherous Mr. Vine having drawn out his flame-colored handkerchief and waved it to Jim over the young woman's head as soon as they had taken up their position.

"My partner makes a tidy soldier, eh, Miss Tucker?" said the senior lime-burner. "It is my belief as a Christian that he's got a party here that he's making signs to—that handsome figure o' fun straight overright him."

"Perhaps so," she said, with the utmost indifference on the surface of her face.

"And it's growing warm between 'em, if I don't mistake," continued the merciless Vine.

Margery was silent, biting her lip; and the troops being now set in motion, all signaling ceased for the present between soldier Hayward and his pretended sweetheart.

"Have you a piece of paper that I could make a memorandum on, Mr. Vine?" asked Margery.

Vine took out his pocket-book and tore a leaf from it, which he handed her, with a pencil.

"Don't move from here—I'll return in a minute," she continued, with the innocence of a woman who means mischief. And, withdrawing herself to the back, where the grass was clear, she pencilled down the words

"JIM'S MARRIED."

Armed with this document she crept into the throng behind the unsuspecting Mrs. Peach, slipped the paper into her pocket on the top of her handkerchief, and withdrew unobserved, rejoining Mr. Vine with a bearing of *nonchalance*.

By-and-by the troops were in different order, Jim taking a left-hand position almost close to Mrs. Peach. He bent down and said a few words to her. From her manner of nodding assent it was surely some arrangement about a meeting by-and-by when Jim's drill was over, and Margery was the more certain of the fact when, the review having ended, and the people having strolled off to another part of the field where sports were to take place, Mrs. Peach tripped away in the direction of the town.

"I'll just say a word to my partner afore he goes off the ground, if you'll spare me a minute," said the old lime-burner. "Please stay here till I'm back again." He edged along the front till he reached Jim.

"How is she?" said the latter.

"In a trimming sweat," said Mr. Vine. "And my counsel to ye is to carry this larry no further. 'Twill do no good. She's as ready to make friends wi' ye as any wife can be; and more showing off can only do harm."

"But I must finish off with a spurt," said Jim. "And this is how I am going to do it. I have arranged with Mrs. Peach that as soon as we soldiers have entered the town and been dismissed, I'll meet her there. It is really to say goodby, but she don't know that; and I wanted it to look like a 'lopement to Margery's eyes. When I'm clear of Mrs. Peach, I'll come back here and make it up with Margery on the spot. But don't say I'm coming, or she may be inclined to throw off again. Just hint to her that I may be meaning to be off to London with the widow."

The old man still insisted that this was carrying the *ruse* too far.

"No, no, it isn't," said Jim. "I know how to manage her. 'Twill just mellow her heart nicely by the time I come back. I must bring her down real tender, or 'twill all fail."

His senior reluctantly gave in and returned to Margery. A short time afterward the Yeomanry band struck up, and Jim, with the regiment, followed toward the town.

"Yes, yes; they are going to meet," said Margery to herself, perceiving that Mrs. Peach had so timed her departure as to be in the town at Jim's dismounting.

"Now we will go and see the games," said Mr. Vine; "they be really worth seeing. There's greasy poles, and jumping in sacks, and other trials of the intellect, that nobody ought to miss who wants to be abreast of his generation."

Margery felt so miserable at the apparent assignation, which seemed about to take place despite her anonymous writing, that she helplessly assented to go anywhere, dropping behind Vine, that he might not see she was crying.

Jim followed out his programme with literal exactness. No sooner was the troop dismissed in the town than he sent Tony to stable and joined Mrs. Peach, who stood on the edge of the pavement expecting him. But this acquaintance was to end: he meant to part from her forever and in the quickest time, though civilly; for it was important to be with Margery as soon as possible. He had nearly completed the manœuvre to his satisfaction when, in drawing her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe the tears from her eyes, Mrs. Peach's hand grasped the paper, which she read at once.

"What! is that true?" she said, holding it out to Jim.

Jim started, and admitted that it was, beginning an elaborate explanation and apologies. But Mrs. Peach was thoroughly roused, and then overcome. "He's married, he's married!" she said, and swooned, or feigned to swoon, so that Jim was obliged to support her.

"He's married, he's married!" said a boy hard by, who watched the scene with interest.

"He's married, he's married!" said a hilarious group of other boys near, with smiles several inches broad, and shining teeth; and so the exclamation echoed down the street.

Jim cursed his ill luck; the loss of time that this dilemma entailed grew serious, for Mrs. Peach was now in such a hysterical state that he could not leave her with any good grace or feeling. It was necessary to take her to a refreshment-room, lavish restoratives upon her, and altogether to waste nearly half an hour. When she had kept him as long as she chose, she forgave him; and thus at last he got away, his heart swelling with tenderness toward Margery. He at once hurried up the street to effect the reconciliation with her.

"How shall I do it?" he said to himself. "Why, I'll step round to her side, fish for her hand, draw it through my arm as if I wasn't aware of it. Then she'll look in my face, I shall look in hers, and we shall march off the field triumphant, and the thing will be done without takings or tears."

He entered the field and went straight as an arrow to the place appointed for the meeting. It was at the back of a refreshment tent outside the mass of spectators, and divided from their view by the tent itself. He turned the corner of the canvas, and there beheld Vine at the indicated spot. But Margery was not with him.

Vine's hat was thrust back into his poll. His face was pale, and his manner bewildered. "Hullo! what's the matter?" said Jim. "Where's my Margery?"

"You've carried this game too far, my man!" exclaimed Vine, with the air of a friend who has "always told you so." "You ought to have dropped it several days ago, when she would have come to ye like a cooing dove. Now this is the end o't!"

"Hey! what, my Margery? Has anything happened, for God's sake?"

"She's gone."

"Where to?"

"That's more than earthly man can tell! I never see such a thing! 'Twas a stroke o' the black-art—as if she were sperrited away. When we got to the games I said—mind, you told me to—I said, 'Jim Hayward thinks o' going off to London with that widow woman'—mind, you told me to! She showed no wonderment, though a' seemed very low. Then she said to me, 'I don't like standing here in this mean crowd. I shall feel more at home among the gentle-people.' And then she went to where the carriages were drawn up, and near her there was a grand coach, a-blazing with lions and unicorns, and hauled by two coal-black horses. I hardly thought much of it then, and by degrees lost sight of her behind it. Presently the other carriages moved off, and I thought still to see her standing there. But, no, she had vanished; and then I saw the grand coach rolling away, and glimpsed Margery in it, beside a fine dark gentleman with black mustaches, and a very pale, prince-like face. As soon as the horses got into the hard road they rattled on like h—l-and-skimmer, and went out of sight in the dust, and—that's all. If you'd come back a little sooner you'd ha' caught her."

Jim had turned whiter than his pipe-clay. "Oh, this is too bad—too bad!" he cried in anguish, striking his brow. "That paper and that fainting woman kept me so long. Who could have done it? But 'tis my fault. I've stung her too much. I shouldn't have carried it so far."

"You shouldn't—just what I said," replied his senior.

"She thinks I've gone off with that cust widow; and to spite me she's gone off with the man! Do you know who that stranger wi' the lions and unicorns is? Why, 'tis that foreigner who call-himself a Baron, and took Mount Lodge for six months last year to make mischief—a villain! Oh, my Margery, that it should come to this! She's lost, she's ruined! Which way did they go?"

Jim turned to follow in the direction indicated, when, behold, there stood at his back her father, Dairyman Tucker.

"Now look here, young man," said Dairyman Tucker. "I've just heard all that wailing, and straightway will ask ye to stop it sharp. 'Tis like your brazen impudence to leave and wail when you be another woman's husband; yes, faith, I see'd her a-fainting in yer arms when you wanted to get away from her, and honest folk a-standing round who knew you'd married her, and said so. I heard it, though you didn't see me. 'He's married!' says they. Some sly registrar's-office business, no doubt; but sly doings will out. As for Margery—who's to be called higher titles in these parts henceforard—I'm her father, and I say it's all right what she's done. Don't I know private news, hey? Haven't I just learned that secret weddings of high people can happen at expected death-beds by special license, as well as low people at registrar's offices? And can't husbands come back and claim their own when they choose? Begone, young man, and leave noblemen's wives alone; and I thank God I shall be rid of a numskull!"

Swift words of explanation rose to Jim's lips, but they paused there and died. At that last moment he could not, as Margery's husband, announce Margery's shame and his own, and transform her father's triumph to wretchedness at a blow.

"I—I—must leave here," he stammered. Going from the place in an opposite course to that of the fugitives, he doubled when out of sight, and in an incredibly short space had entered the town. Here he made inquiries for the emblazoned carriage, and gained from one or two persons a general idea of its route. It had taken the highway to London. Saddling poor Tony before he had half eaten his corn, Jim galloped along the same road.

CHAPTER XVII.

Now Jim was quite mistaken in supposing that by leaving the field in a roundabout manner he had deceived Dairyman Tucker as to his object. That astute old man immediately divined that Jim was meaning to track the fugitives, in ignorance (as the dairyman supposed) of their lawful relation. He was soon assured of the fact, for, creeping to a remote angle of the field, he saw Jim hastening into the town. Vowing vengeance on the young lime-burner for his mischievous interference between a nobleman and his secretly wedded wife, the dairyman determined to balk him.

Tucker had ridden on to the review ground, so that there was no necessity for him, as there had been for poor Jim, to re-enter the town before starting. The dairyman hastily untied his mare from the row of other horses, mounted, and descended to a bridle-path which would take him obliquely into the London road at Winford Hill. The old man's route being along one side of an equilateral triangle, while Jim's was along two sides of the same, the former was at the point of intersection long before Hayward.

Arrived here, the dairyman pulled up and looked around. Winford Hill was a spot at which the highway forked; the left arm, the more important, led on through Melchester to London; the right to Stickleford, Anglebury, and the coast. Nothing was visible on the white track to London; but on the other there appeared the back of a carriage, which rapidly ascended a distant hill and vanished under the trees. It was the Baron's, who, according to the sworn information of the gardener at Mount Lodge, had made Margery his wife.

The carriage having vanished, the dairyman gazed in the opposite direction, toward Casterbridge. Here he beheld Jim, in his regimentals, laboriously ascending the hill on Tony's back.

Soon he reached the summit, and saw the dairyman by the way-side. But Jim did not halt. Then the dairyman committed the greatest error of his life.

"Right along the London road, if you want to catch 'em!" he said.

"Thank ye, dairyman, thank ye!" cried Jim, his pale face lighting up with gratitude, for he believed that Tucker had learned his mistake from Vine, and had come to his assistance. Without drawing rein he diminished down the hill, along the road not taken by the flying pair. The dairyman rubbed his hands with delight, and returned to the town.

Jim pursued his way through the dust, up hill and down hill, but never saw ahead of him the vehicle of his search. That vehicle was passing along a diverging lane at a distance of many miles from where he rode. Still he sped onward, till Tony showed signs of breaking down; and then Jim gathered from inquiries he made that

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he had come the wrong way. Suddenly it burst upon his mind that the dairyman, still ignorant of the *truth, had* misinformed him. Heavier in his heart than words can describe, he turned Tony's drooping head, and resolved to drag his way home.

But the horse was now so jaded that it was impossible to proceed far. Having gone about half a mile back he came again *to a small* roadside hamlet and inn, where he put up Tony for a rest and feed. As for himself, there was no quiet in him. He tried to sit and eat in the inn kitchen; but he could not stay there. He went out, and paced up and down the road.

This hamlet had once been a populous village. It bore the name of Letscombe Cross. In the middle, where most of the houses had formerly stood, a road *from the hills* traversed the highway at right angles down to the water meads, and at the intersection rose the *remains of the* old mediæval cross which shared its name with the hamlet. The interesting relic of anti-Renaissance times was sadly nibbled by years and weather, but it still retained some of its old ornament, and was often copied into the pocket-book of the vagrant artist. Jim Hayward was standing in sight of this object when he beheld, advancing toward it from the opposite direction, the black horses and carriage he sought, now gilded and glorious with the dying fires of the western sun.

The why and wherefore of this sudden appearance he did not pause to consider. His resolve to intercept the carriage was instantaneous. He ran forward to the cross-roads, and there, doggedly waiting, barred the way to the advancing equipage.

The Baron's coachman shouted, but Jim stood firm as a rock, and on the former *attempting to* push past him, Jim drew his sword, resolving to cut the horses down rather than be displaced. The animals were thrown nearly back upon their haunches, and at this juncture a gentleman looked out of the window. It was the Baron himself.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"James Hayward," replied the young man, fiercely. "And he demands his wife."

The Baron leaped out, and told the coachman to drive back out of sight and wait for him.

"I was hastening to find you," he said to Jim, *in a stern tone.* "Your wife is where she ought to be, and where you ought to be also—by your own fireside. Where's the other woman?"

Jim, without replying, looked incredulously into the carriage as it turned. Margery was certainly not there. "The other woman is nothing to me," he said, bitterly. "I used her to warm up Margery: I have now done with her. The question I ask, *my lord, is,* what business had you with Margery to-day?"

"My business was to help her to regain the husband she had seemingly lost. I saw her; she told me you had eloped by the Anglebury road with another. I, who have—mostly—had her happiness at heart, told her I would help her to follow you if she wished. She gladly agreed; we drove after, but could hear no tidings of you in front of us. Then I took her—to your house—and there she awaits you. I promised to send you to her if human effort could do it, and was tracking you for that purpose."

"Then you've been a-pursuing after me?"

"You and the widow."

"And I've been pursuing after you and Margery! . . . My noble lord, your actions seem to show that I ought to believe you in this; and when you say you've her happiness at heart, I don't forget that you've formerly proved it to be so. Well, Heaven forbid that I should think wrongfully of you if you don't deserve it! A mystery to me you have always been, my noble lord, and in this business more than in any."

"I am glad to hear you say no worse. In one hour you'll have proof of my conduct—good and bad. Can I do anything more? Say the word, and I'll try."

Jim reflected. "Baron," he said, "I am a plain man, and wish only to lead a quiet life with my wife, as a man should. You have great power over her—power to any extent, for good or otherwise. If you command her anything on earth, righteous or questionable, that she'll do. So that, *since you ask me if you can do more for* me, I'll answer this, you can promise never to see her again. I mean no harm, my lord; but your presence can do no good; you will trouble us. If I return to her, will you forever stay away?"

They had met, as has been observed, by the cross. Nobody was within sight; and taking Jim by the arm, the Baron *mounted the four* octagonal steps, and laid his hand upon the body of the structure.

"Hayward," said the Baron, "I swear to you by this holy stone that I will disturb you and your wife by my presence no more."

In relating this curious incident to the present chronicler Jim used to declare that, to his fancy, the ruddy light of the setting sun burned with more than earthly fire on the Baron's face and on the cross as the solemn words were spoken; and that the ruby flash of his eye in the same light was what he never witnessed before nor since in the eye of mortal man. After this there was nothing more to do or say in that place. Jim accompanied his never-to-be-forgotten acquaintance to the carriage, closed the door after him, waved his hat to him, and from that hour he and the Baron met not again on earth.

A few words will suffice to explain the fortunes of Margery while *the foregoing* events were in action elsewhere. On leaving her companion Vine she had gone distractedly among the carriages, the rather to escape his observation than of any set purpose. Standing here she thought she heard her name pronounced, and turning, saw her foreign friend, whom she had supposed to be, if not dead, a thousand miles off. He beckoned, and she went close. "You are ill—you are wretched," he said, looking keenly in her face. "Where's your husband?"

She briefly told him her sad suspicion that Jim had run away *from* her. The Baron reflected, and inquired a few other particulars of her late life. Then he said: "*You* and *I* must find him. Come with me." At this word of command from the Baron she had *entered the carriage* as docilely as a child, and there she sat beside him till he chose to speak, which was not till they were some way out of the town, and the Baron had discovered that Jim was certainly not, as *they* had supposed, making off from Margery along the London road.

"To pursue *him in this way* is useless, I perceive," he said. "And the proper course now is that I should take you to his house. That done I will return, and bring him to you if mortal persuasion can do it."

"I didn't want to go to his house without him, sir," said she, tremblingly.

"*Didn't want to!*" he answered, peremptorily. "Let me remind you, Margery Hayward, that your place is in your husband's house. Till *you* are there you have no right to criticise his conduct, however wild it may be. Why have you not been there before?"

"I don't know, sir," she murmured, her tears falling *silently upon her hand.*

"Don't you think you ought to be there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course you ought."

The Baron sank into silence, and allowed his eye to rest on her. What thoughts were all at once engaging his mind after those moments of reproof? Margery had given herself into his hands without a remonstrance. Her husband had apparently deserted her. She was absolutely *in* his power, and they were on the high-road.

That his first impulse in inviting her to accompany him had been the legitimate one denoted by his words can not reasonably be doubted. That his second was quite otherwise soon became revealed, *though not at first to her,* for she was too bewildered to notice where they were going. Instead of pulling up at Jim's house, the Baron, as if influenced suddenly by her reluctance to return thither if Jim was playing truant, kept straight along the road till, at a signal *from him,* the coachman turned sharply to the right.

They soon approached the coast. The carriage stopped. Margery awoke from her reverie.

"Where are we?" she said, looking out of the window, with a start. Before her was a semicircular cove between rocks, and in the middle of the cove rode a yacht, its masts repeating as if from memory the rocking they had practiced in their native forest.

"At a little sea-side nook, where my yacht lies *at anchor,*" *he said, tentatively.* "Now, Margery, in five minutes we can be aboard, and in half an hour we can be steaming away all the world over. Will you come?"

"I can not," she said, simply.

"Why not?"

"Because Jim is not with me, and perhaps 'twould offend him very much if he were to hear of it."

Then, on a sudden, Margery seemed to see all: she became white as a fleece, and an agonized look came into her eyes. With clasped hands she bent to the Baron. "Oh, sir!" she gasped, "I once saved your life; save me now, for pity's sake!"

Baron Xanten averted his face, opened the carriage door, quickly mounted outside, and in a second or two the carriage left the cove behind, and ascended the road by *which it had* come.

In half an hour they reached Stickleford, and Jim Hayward's *home. The Baron* alighted, and spoke to her through the window. "Margery, can you forgive a bad impulse, which I swear was unpremeditated?" he asked. "If you can, shake my hand."

She did not do it, but eventually allowed him to help her out of the carriage. He seemed to feel his error keenly; and seeing it, she said, "I forgive you, sir, on one condition: that you send my husband to me."

"I will, if any man can," said he. "Such penance is milder than I deserve! God bless you and give you happiness! I shall never see *you again!*" He turned, entered the carriage, and was gone; and having found out Jim's course, came up with him upon the road.

In due time the latter reached his lodging at his partner's. The woman who took care of the house in Vine's absence at once told Jim **that a** lady who had come in a carriage was waiting for him in his sitting-room. Jim proceeded thither with agitation, and beheld, shrinkingly ensconced in the large slippery chair, and surrounded by the brilliant articles that had so long awaited her, his long-estranged wife.

Margery's eyes were round and fear-stricken. She essayed to speak, but Jim, strangely enough, found the readier tongue then. "Why did I do it, you would ask," he said. "I can not tell. *Do* you forgive my deception? Oh, Margery—you are my Margery still! But how could you trust yourself in the Baron's hands this afternoon, without knowing him better?"

"He said I was to come, and I went," she said, as well as she could for tearfulness.

"You obeyed him blindly."

"I did. But perhaps I was not justified in doing it."

"I don't know," said Jim, musingly. "I think he's a good man." Margery did not explain. And then a sunnier mood succeeded her tremblings and tears, till old Mr. Vine came into the house below, and Jim went down to declare that all was well, and sent off his partner to break the news to Margery's father, who as yet remained unenlightened.

The dairyman bore the intelligence of his daughter's untitled state as best he could, and punished her by not coming near her for several weeks, though at last he grumbled his forgiveness, and *made* up matters with Jim. The handsome Mrs. Peach vanished to Budmouth, and found another *sailor,* not without a reasonable complaint against Jim and Margery both that she had been unfairly used.

As for the mysterious gentleman who had exercised such an influence over their lives, he kept his word, and was a stranger to Stickleford thenceforward. Baron or no Baron, Englishman or *foreigner,* he had shown a genuine interest in Jim, and real sorrow for a certain shady phase of his acquaintance with Margery. That he had a more tender feeling toward the young girl than he wished her or any one else to perceive, there could be no doubt. That he was strongly tempted at times to adopt other than straightforward courses with regard to her is also clear, particularly at that critical hour when she rolled along the high-road with him in the *carriage, in obedience* to his suggestion that they should pursue Jim. But at other times he schooled doubtful sentiments into fair conduct, which even erred on the side of harshness. In after-years there was a report that *another attempt* on his life, during one of those fits of sick moodiness to which he seemed constitutionally liable, had been effectual; but nobody in Stickleford was in a position to ascertain the truth.

There he *is still* regarded as one who had something about him magical and unearthly. In his mystery let him remain; for a man, no less than a landscape, who awakens an interest under uncertain lights and touches of unfathomable *shade, may cut but a poor* figure in a garish noontide shine.

When she heard of his possible death Margery sat in her nursing-chair, gravely thinking for nearly ten minutes, to the total neglect of her infant in the cradle. *Jim, from the other side* of the fire-place, said: "You are sorry enough for him, Margery. I am sure of that."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "I am sorry."

"Suppose he were to suddenly appear and say in a voice of command, 'Margery, come with me!'"

"I believe I should have no power to disobey," she returned, with a mischievous look. "He was like a magician to me. I think he was one. He could move me as a loadstone moves a speck of steel. . . . Yet no," she added, hearing the baby cry, "he would not move me now."

"Well," said Jim, with no great concern (for "*la jalousie rétrospective,*" as George Sand terms it, had nearly died out of him), "however he might move ye, my love, he'll never come. He swore it to me: and he was a man of his word."

THE END.

BELOW SANDY HOOK.

THE narrow stretch of ocean beach lying between Sandy Hook and Long Branch, where not many years ago were to be found only scattered settlements of fishermen, now presents a series of attractive summer resorts. The rude shanties have mostly disappeared, giving place to elegant cottages, handsome villas, and commodious hotels. The Highlands, Bellevue, Seabright, Monmouth Beach, and other stations on the line of the railroad, are all places of popular retreat from the overpowering heat of our New York summers. At Seabright, as may be seen in our sketch on page 488, may still be found vestiges of the fishery settlements, and quite a large number of people are still engaged there, as well as at other places along the coast, *in their old* occupation.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A MISSISSIPPI judge calls his package of railway passes "unsolicited compliments to his official station." When his official station takes a free ride he goes along to keep it company.

A Sioux chief of the exclamatory name of Humph recently visited the Department of the Interior. He told Secretary Teller that he was travelling at his own expense, and had not come to beg money.

According to a Western school-teacher, the habit of chewing gum is productive of myopia among pupils. Being forbidden to chew gum during school hours, they seek to avoid detection in the illicit enjoyment of the enduring morsel by holding their books close to their faces, thus *bringing on short-sightedness.*

The non-appearance of the sea-serpent at the watering-places is giving rise to much discussion of the question whether landlords are becoming less enterprising.

Oscar Wilde writes of the Michael-Angelesque appearance of a London policeman. The appearance of the New York policemen is merely Michaelesque.

"Telephone receptions" are popular in the West. There will never be such a thing as a telephone tea-party so long as telephones continue to be so made that only one person can talk at a time.

A French experimenter with decapitated insects has discovered that many varieties live for a considerable time without their heads, and go running about as though they were hardly aware that anything is missing. Conundrum: Why is the Democratic party like an insect?

A rural justice of the peace sentenced a prisoner to pay a fine for fighting, whereupon the prisoner accused his Honor of stealing chickens with him, and taking them to a barber's shop to be cooked. The justice indignantly recalled the man, and imposed an additional penalty of a fine of thirty dollars *or* ninety days in jail. It is never safe to accuse the Court of stealing chickens; his Honor may have *reformed.*

It is set forth in behalf of Lake George *that* the lake never has been mentioned in any River and Harbor bill.

The first day's shooting in the international rifle match at Wimbledon was *on* the short ranges. The Americans led their English opponents by eighteen points on the 200 and 600 yards ranges, and were only ten points behind on the 500 yards range. They made sixteen more points than the English *team shooting* at the 800 yards range. On the 900 and 1000 yards ranges the Englishmen made up the twenty-four points they needed to make them even with the Americans and scored forty-five points additional. With the exception of the 500 yards range, the English riflemen got their advantage on the long ranges. At 900 yards and 1000 yards the Englishmen defeated the Americans by thirty-four and thirty-five points respectively. These figures seem to indicate that *the rifles* with which the American team shot were inferior in carrying power to those used by the English marksmen.

It has been decided that the negro who *permitted blood to be taken from his arm* for the purpose of transfusion into the veins of a man who was suffering from asphyxiation by illuminating gas shall be paid for the blood taken at the rate of about twenty-four dollars an ounce. His bill amounts to nearly two hundred dollars. The man who has the blood paid him five dollars for it and his services for several days as a nurse, and believed that he had settled in *full.*

The Boston *Advertiser* speaks a good word for the modern casino. The word, it says, no longer suggests the little dance-house of olden times, but *a play-ground of those who seek healthful* exercises in common. The enjoyment of the benefits which a casino affords is "a form of refined communism worthy of general adoption."

The strife to market the first bale of new cotton has resulted this season in the charge that the alleged first bale was not new cotton, but was of last season's crop. The bale was displayed in front of the Cotton Exchange, in Savannah, when a veteran expert came along and began *to* examine it. "It don't look like new cotton," he murmured; "it don't feel like new cotton; it don't smell like new cotton; and—it ain't new cotton; *for here's an old dried-up cockspur* in it." The charge of fraud was indignantly hurled back by the producer of the bale, and the end is not yet.

English purchasers of Confederate bonds will be interested in the information that *the* United States government is a large holder of those securities, which are now stored in the building of the War Department with other things that were captured when the rebellion collapsed. It has been suggested that the government can realize handsomely on the several bales of that *sort* of paper in its possession if English speculators are still in a purchasing mood.

A tenor of some repute named Monroe has gone mad over his pet hobby—whistling—*and* is confined in an asylum in France. This is the first authenticated instance of a confirmed whistler coming to grief. They usually whistle on serenely to the close of *their untroubled days,* while those around them take to the woods and become hermits, or stay to be sat upon by commissions *de lunatico inquirendi.*

Chief Moses, the untutored Indian, is not wholly untutorable if, acting upon his own observations, he can always come off so well as he did on the occasion of his latest visit to Washington. Having learned the uses of money, he asked the White Father for $150,000, offering to take trade dollars. The magnificence of his request had its effect, and he was able to enter into an agreement by which he is to have $1000 a year, and an extra $1000 with which to build him a house. Commissioner Price remarked that the worse an Indian behaves the more he gets, and it is feared that if Moses hears of this remark he will want to back out of his bargain and try again.

Yankee enterprise is again illustrated by a story which comes from New England. The State of New Hampshire pays a bounty of ten cents apiece for crows' heads, and a bright boy across the Massachusetts line has been making money by shooting crows and selling the heads for seven cents apiece to a New Hampshire *jobber* in the same article.

An association for the manufacture and sale of ballot-boxes "designed for the prevention of fraud at elections" has been incorporated in Massachusetts. Among the incorporators are ex-Governors, ex-Congressmen, "and other prominent men of both political parties." Optimists will be pleased to learn that this mechanical movement in the direction of political reform is not one upon which parties divide. Perhaps the time will come when, in lieu of other credentials, the Congressman-elect will take with him to Washington a paper signed by the president of this Massachusetts association setting forth that he was duly elected by the use of the patent fraud-proof ballot-box, and that, in the event of any preposterous person attempting to contest his seat, it will not be necessary to go back of the returns.

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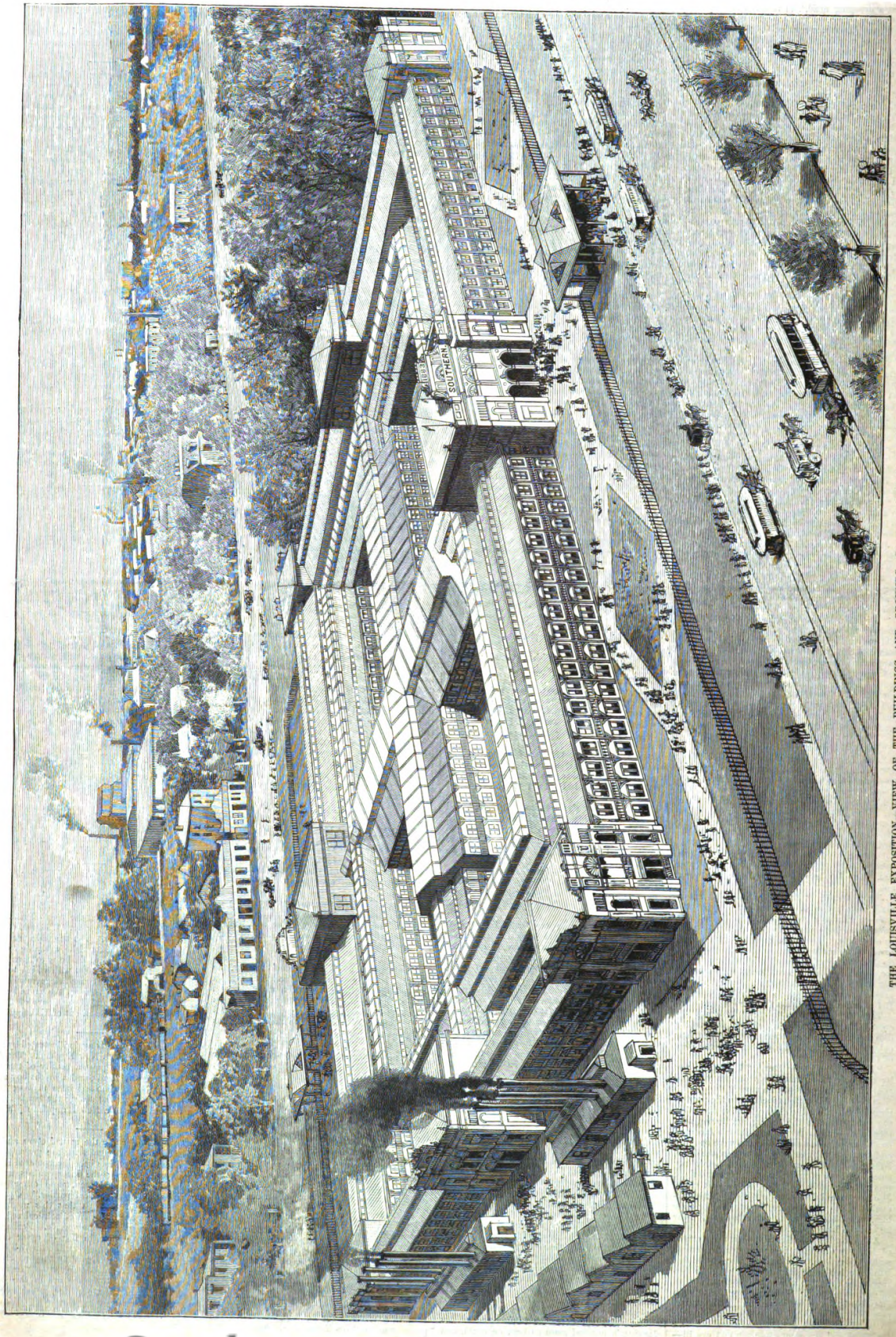

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.—VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 489.]

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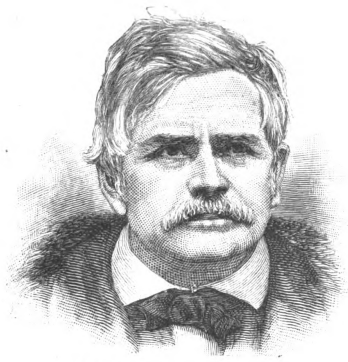
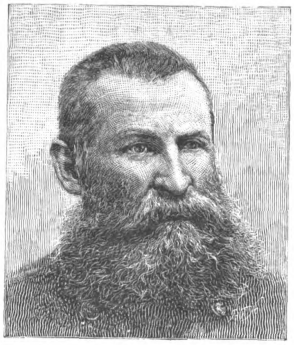
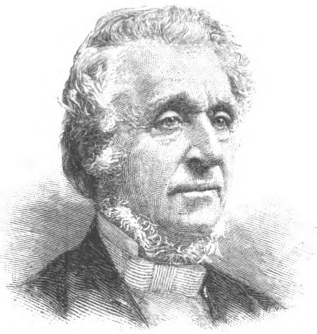


GENERAL ORD.—[See Page 487.]



GENERAL CROOK.
Photographed by Randall.—[See Page 487.]



WALTER C. PALMER, M.D.—Photographed by Richardson.

THE HON. MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

The Hon. Montgomery Blair, who died on the 27th ult. at his country residence, Silver Springs, Maryland, was the eldest son of Francis Preston Blair, and was born in Franklin County, Kentucky, on the 10th of May, 1813. His first ambition was to be a soldier, and he was accordingly sent to West Point, where he graduated in 1835. A few months' service in the Seminole war appears to have quenched his thirst for military glory, for he resigned his commission in 1836, and began the practice of law in St. Louis, Missouri.

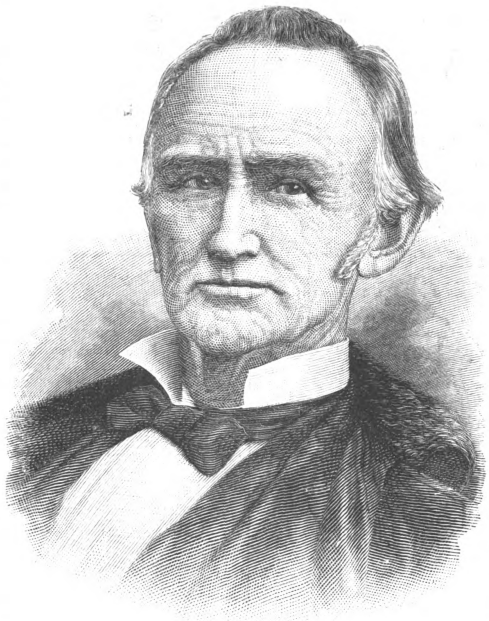
His ability as a lawyer was very marked, and in 1839 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Missouri, and from 1843 to 1849 he was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1852 Judge Blair removed to Maryland, and three years later he was appointed Solicitor of the United States in the Court of Claims. He acted as counsel for the plaintiff in the celebrated Dred Scott case; but having joined the Republican party after the repeal of the Missouri compromise, he was removed from office in 1858 by President Buchanan, who resented his change in political opinion.

Judge Blair presided over the Republican Convention of Maryland in 1860, and in 1861 President Lincoln made him Postmaster-General. While holding this office he instituted several salutary changes and reforms, and at one time created great excitement by an order excluding from the mails certain newspapers which had been presented by the Grand Jury of New York as disloyal sheets. The matter was brought before Congress, and the action of the Postmaster-General was approved.

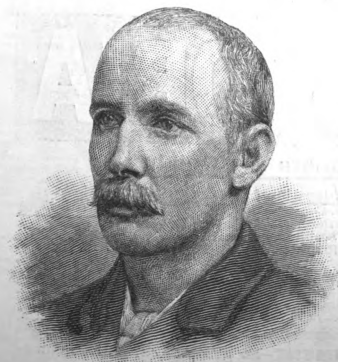
The year 1864 marked another turning-point in Judge Blair's political career. His views becoming too conservative to suit the demands of the Republican party, his resignation from the cabinet was requested and accepted, and thenceforth he acted with the Democrats. His brother, Francis P. Blair, Jun., was candidate for Vice-President on the ticket headed by Governor Seymour. After leaving the cabinet Judge Blair held no public office, but was prominent in party movements, and was especially active in the attempt to have the decision of the Electoral Commission reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is worthy of note that the Blair family, though slave-holders, were strong antislavery men, and ardently devoted to the cause of the Union. Francis P. Blair, Sen., was one of the founders of the Republican party, and the second son served with distinction in the Union armies. Personally Judge Blair was a very genial man, of simple habits and tastes and unaffected manner. It was one of his ambitions to write the life of General Jackson, who had left the material for this purpose to the elder Blair, by whom it had been turned over to the Judge. Public duties, however, prevented him from carrying out the design.

Judge Blair owned a fine house in Washington, besides his country-seat at Silver Springs. Here he owned a farm of six hundred acres, and was noted for his fondness for country life and pursuits.



THE HON. MONTGOMERY BLAIR.—Photographed by Brady.



CAPTAIN WEBB.—Photographed by Conly.

WALTER C. PALMER, M.D.

Dr. Walter C. Palmer, well known both as a physician and an evangelist, died at Ocean Grove on Friday, July 20. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-nine years, having been born in New Jersey, February, 1804. Nearly the whole of his life, however, was spent in this city.

After graduating at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he engaged in the practice of medicine with very considerable success. More than forty years ago he began the work of an evangelist, and for this purpose opened his parlors for a Tuesday-afternoon religious meeting, which was attended by Christians of every sect and name. The meeting, which was conducted jointly by himself and his wife, Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, became one of the features of the religious life of New York city. Up to the time of Dr. Palmer's death the attendance upon it of Christians from all parts of the world never diminished. The example of Dr. Palmer has been widely imitated, and weekly meetings of a similar kind are now held in all our principal cities.

Dr. Palmer's labors as an evangelist were not confined to New York. Accompanied by his wife he made extensive tours through the United States and Canada, holding religious assemblies, in which it was his aim to increase the faith and devotion of Christians, and to arouse attention to personal piety throughout the community at large. One of his most extensive tours, that through Great Britain and Ireland, lasted four years, and awakened great interest.

Dr. Palmer was never ordained; he was a plain layman who occupied himself in doing good to his fellow-men. For thirty-seven years he edited and published the *Guide to Holiness*, a periodical devoted to the advocacy of the view of Christian perfection cherished by himself and many other Methodists. He was a man of much catholicity of feeling, of a sunny temper, and was always disposed to look at life on its cheerful side. Up to the end of his career he enjoyed an unusual degree of bodily and mental vigor. He was in the midst of his beloved work of holding religious meetings at the time of his death.

CETEWAYO.

When the King of Zululand returned to his dominions last September, on his release from captivity, he found several powerful chieftains opposed to his restoration. Defeat and imprisonment had destroyed his old prestige. His military system had been broken up, and all the conditions of his country were unfavorable to a peaceful resumption of power. Almost from the date of his restoration he has been engaged in warfare with border chieftains, principally with Zibebu and Hamu, the latter his half-brother. The English had confirmed Zibebu in his position as an independent chief, and a large district in Northern Zululand was placed under his authority. Hamu, on the other hand, was under the jurisdiction of Cetewayo, and in uniting with Zibebu was guilty of rebellion. It was at first reported that Cetewayo had defeated the allied chieftains, but the latest news is that he has been killed.

Cetewayo was a savage of marked characteristics. In person he was large and powerful, jet black, with large and brilliant eyes, a beard, and small mustache. The lower part of his face denoted brute power and determination.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB.

The brave English sailor who in 1875 became famous because he had performed the unparalleled feat of swimming across the English Channel from Dover to Calais without the help of artificial means, and who on several subsequent occasions in both hemispheres showed that his fame had been both easily and honestly won, was lost on the afternoon of the 24th of July while attempting to swim through the Whirlpool Rapids of the Niagara River, two miles below the Falls. Besides being the greatest swimmer ever known, Captain Webb had received three medals for gallantly trying to save the life of a fellow-sailor who in 1873 fell overboard from the yard-arm of the Cunard steamship *Russia*.

Forty years ago a party of New York boat-builders, who had gone to Niagara Falls to build the celebrated little excursion steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, were sitting on the precipitous shore that overlooked the whirlpool. The waters of the river (at that point about a quarter of a mile wide) were whirling around as if in a huge bowl out of whose bottom the plug had been drawn; and presently from the centre of the circuit there spurted an angry stream about twenty-five feet high. The suction power of that vast whirlpool excited the curiosity of the spectators, and having felled half a score of trees, they made a stout raft, and floated it to the outer edge of the revolving torrent. The mass of wood was soon in rapid motion along the circumference, and a few minutes later was

KING CETEWAYO.—Drawn from Life.

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drawn into the vortex. Though diligently searched for, it was never seen again by those who had launched it. The next spring, when the tremendous ice-bridge of the Niagara River had broken to pieces, the same men saw a block of ice "as large as a brick house" float on the current until it reached the mouth of the whirlpool, where it seemed to be devoured as easily as a shark would swallow a child. Four of those boat-builders—Messrs. JOHN P. HATHORN and WILLIAM HATHORN, of this city, and GEORGE CODINGTON and JOHN YOUNG, of Geneva, New York—still live to astonish their friends with the marvellous story of the whirlpool, and one of them, after recounting it afresh to the present writer, added: "I would rather take my chances in shooting the falls than in trying to cross the whirlpool. If I had met WEBB before he went into the water, I should have said to him: 'For Heaven's sake, my friend, don't do it! If a raft of logs got sucked in, how can you hope to come out alive?'"

The last seen of WEBB he was holding up his right arm while disappearing in the fatal vortex. His body has not been recovered.

ROWDY EXCURSIONS.

WE are sometimes inclined to revile the police force, and we learn with frequency from the daily press that it is at once brutal and inefficient. But to understand how vitally necessary it is to the maintenance of order it is only necessary to remark the behavior of the criminal classes when they are temporarily relieved from all apprehensions of arrest or official clubbing. The picnics which still take place on Manhattan Island give scope for a comparative freedom of manners. One after another of the old resorts has disappeared, its site having come into use for building, and the places that once knew the rough and the female operative in their hours of ease know them now no more. Jones's Wood and one or two less famous urban ruralities still withstand the progress of improvement; and the belated passenger upon the Third Avenue horse-cars, bound down at one or two o'clock in the morning, still has occasion for wonder at the freedom of social customs as exemplified in flirtations of extreme desperation and in personal conflicts which are carried on with an equal candor and disdain of concealment. Since the elevated roads, however, the returning picnickers are seldom subjected to the austere and unsympathetic criticism of fellow-passengers less intoxicated and more sophisticated than themselves, since they still cling to the horse-cars, which they have almost altogether to themselves. The prudent conductor of the vehicle, who apparently shares the social standard of his passengers, does not interfere with the fighting, unless it be carried on with deadly weapons, and commonly regards the proceedings with an indulgent smile, unless his own passions are aroused by the refusal or delay of one of the performers to pay his fare.

These disorders, however, seldom reach a fatal termination, or anything more serious than a black eye and rent raiment. They only serve to show what might happen if these pleasing persons were altogether removed from any terror of the law. And this is precisely what does happen when these pleasing persons indulge themselves in a steamboat excursion to some suburban shore. The ordinary summer excursion, with a barge and a tug, is entirely democratic in its composition. There is no prerequisite to a participation of its joys except the payment of fifty cents. Establish a bar on a barge crowded with passengers of the humble but hardy variety which such an excursion would be likely to attract, remove from them for the day all terror of the police, and furnish no guarantee of order except the presence of a few deck hands, who, even if they be not naturally sympathetic with the rough, are inured to his ways by long experience, and whom he could readily overcome by power of numbers, and you have already a tolerably good assurance of pandemonium. Even when the roughs are in a numerical minority they can control the proceedings. As BURKE remarked of the Jacobins, "strong passions awaken the faculties, and suffer not a particle of the man to be lost." A very small sprinkling of this active element can keep a whole boatload of passive passengers in terror, the passive passengers being in the habit of trusting to law and order. They can not suppress the roughs without organizing for that purpose, and giving their whole minds to it, as the roughs give their whole minds to the business of destroying the pleasure and acquiring the portable property of their respectable fellow-passengers. This is not in most cases practicable, and even if it were, to spend the day sitting on a rough's head, and threatening to blow his brains out if he moves, does not fully answer the peaceable citizen's idea of a pleasure excursion, although the reverse of the process would give the rough himself a high degree of satisfaction.

Our artist has given the peaceable picnicker who takes his pleasure in promiscuous excursions a valuable suggestion in the way of making himself impervious to the assaults of his companions. The adoption of his suggestion would relieve him of much embarrassment. It is open, however, to the objection that the roughs might throw the heavily armed citizen about the deck for the Homeric pleasure of hearing how "his arms resounded as he fell." They might even go the length of throwing him overboard for the fun of seeing him sink. His condition would be like that of HORATIUS when

> "fast his blood was flowing,
> And he was sore in pain,
> And heavy with his armor,
> And spent with changing blows."

The roughs, however, would be deeply pained to see him fulfill the next lines:

> "And oft they thought him sinking,
> But still again he rose."

But there would be little chance that he would defeat their just expectations by floating.

Instead of intrenching himself in this manner, the peaceable citizen has another refuge open to him, and that is, not to go upon promiscuous excursions without any police. The terror of the rough is of old date. It must be twenty years since Mr. LELAND, in one of his Breitmann ballads, set forth the perils of roughs that encompassed the mild "Yarman" when he went to Coney Island on a steamboat. But the time when Coney Island was an Alsatia has already receded into a remote antiquity, and the citizen who longs for fresh air can no longer complain that it is necessary to take it in bad company or not at all. The boats of the Iron Steamboat Company and Mr. STARIN's boats for Glen Island, as well as the ferry-boats to Staten Island and other regular suburban lines, offer the excursionist a guarantee of safety and decency. It is at his proper peril that he rejects this guarantee and takes his chances on a promiscuous fifty-cent excursion.

The most outrageous excesses and disorders are committed upon excursions which are intended for the exclusive and almost avowed benefit of the criminal classes. No decent person has any excuse for joining in the aquatic pleasures of those bodies which are known to their own members as clubs and associations and target companies, but to the police more compendiously and accurately as "gangs." There are, no doubt, exceptions to their general disrepute, and whoever is quite sure that he has discovered an exception may violate the rule of not going. But the rule in regard to them was laid down by the patriarch: "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united." In these excursions the respectable element is not appreciable. They vary the fighting on board by descents upon unprotected coasts, which they ravage of all property easily portable or easily destructible. This season they have made descents upon the shore of Long Island, upon the neighborhood of New Haven, and upon the suburbs of the bay. A recent excursion of the something "Guards" to Staten Island was a riot from the departure of the steamer to the coming back of the same, and it was supposed for a time that the vivacity of the rioters had tempted them into murder, but this proved to be an error. We were about to write, unfortunately this proved to be an error. And there really is no particular reason why anybody should concern himself about these openly criminal excursions, except to secure decent neighborhoods from invasion. If the excursionists would only stay out upon the water and devote themselves to mutual extermination, there would be no occasion for regret on public grounds. Indeed, an unscrupulous philanthropist who held that the end justified the means would have a very plausible defense on moral grounds if he should scuttle a steamer crowded with excursionists of this variety many miles from shore.

SOMETHING ABOUT BREAD-MAKING.

BY the process of bread-making it is intended to convert the flour of certain grains into a cellular structure, in which it is most easily chewed, saturated with the fluids of the mouth, and digested. In order to arrive at this end, alcoholic fermentation is resorted to from olden times, by introducing the same in the dough by means of brewers' yeast. Thus a small part of the flour is converted into glucose, which again is transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The former is recognized by its peculiar vinous odor, exhaled by the loaves, when sufficiently raised. Both gases produce the raising of the dough—*i. e.*, the porous and spongy appearance.

By this fermentation the flour not only loses weight, but the bread also attains qualities which may injure the process of digestion.

In order to evade these inconveniences chemists have long ago searched to impart the spongy structure of the dough by other means than yeast, respectively by substances evolving gaseous bodies, or which in the oven are transformed into gases themselves. To the best known belong the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, certainly well known to all housewives. And with regard to most of the baking powders of the trade, they are mainly preparations containing these substances. However, it cannot be said of any of them that they exert a beneficial influence on the system, not to speak of the adulterations to which most of them have lately been subjected.

We are glad to learn that *Prof. E. N. Horsford*, of Cambridge, Mass., who held the chair of chemistry in Harvard University, invented some time since a baking preparation forming an exception to those spoken of, which has already attained universal reputation.

The idea by which Prof. HORSFORD was guided was not only to furnish a substitute for brewers' yeast, but also to provide those nutritious constituents of the flour lost in the bran in the process of bolting. These are the so-called phosphates, which are also the nutritive salts of meat, and of the utmost importance for the building-up of the organism. If we take into consideration that the nutritive value of wheaten flour is from twelve to fifteen per cent. less than that of the wheat grain, and that this loss is now restored by Prof. HORSFORD's invention, then we must look upon it as of the greatest national economic importance. As JUSTUS VON LIEBIG, said: "The result is the same as if the fertility of our wheat fields had been increased by one seventh or one eighth."—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE
Softens the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
A GOOD THING.
DR. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended Horsford's Acid Phosphate to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."—[*Adv.*]

DIRECTIONS HOW TO KILL
And clear out Roaches, Water-bugs, Beetles, Ants, Flies, Moths, Bed-bugs, etc., with "Rough on Rats." The dry powder, unmixed, should be sprinkled down the waste-pipe leading from sinks, cesspools, etc., and elsewhere about and upon sinks—when can be safely used. Repeat every night till all disappear. Mix it freely with sweetened water, also with brown sugar, and spread on dishes; and mix with cheese and smear about the cracks and crevices of sinks, waste-pipes, etc. Put a pint of Benzine in a bottle, add a 15 ct. box "Rough on Rats," put a quill through the cork, and douche the mixture where bugs roost—in mortices, nail-holes, cracks in walls, etc. When far back out of reach use a metal syringe. The "Rough on Rats" will remain as a permanent irritant, and Bugs will soon vacate.
For Flies and Mosquitoes: Put a teaspoonful of "Rough on Rats" in a plate of water slightly sweetened with molasses or sugar, to attract the Flies; stir it well several times, and stir it every day; set it up or suspend it in the room, out of reach of children. A plate in each room, kept well stirred up each day, will keep the place free from Flies and Mosquitoes the entire season.
For Bed-bugs: Mix with cheese or grease and smear about their habitations, and with Benzine as above mentioned.
For Moths: Sprinkle under and upon edges of carpets, and in bottom of trunks and drawers.
A mixture of Raw Eggs and Corn Meal, and "Rough on Rats," is sure to be eaten by Rats and Mice.
Get the genuine 15c. and 25c. boxes, made only by E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.—[*Adv.*]

A GREAT BOON.
MOSQUITOES OF NO ACCOUNT.
Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment stops the irritation immediately. Boarding-house keepers, where mosquitoes abound, buy it by the barrel and now boarders flock in numbers so as to be bitten and have the pleasure of being cured free of charge. Everybody is blessing Dr. Tobias for inventing the Venetian Liniment. All druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.
THE Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston will be mailed free to any address on application to LUCIUS TUTTLE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

STARIN'S GLEN ISLAND.
"IT is as near fairyland, probably, as any place in this part of the world."—*N. Y. Times.*
"The odor of new-mown hay, the perfume of countless roses, the soft breeze, the trim lawns, and the well-kept paths appeal to the visitors."—*N. Y. Tribune.*
Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, and Foot of 33d St., East River, and Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., N.Y., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

DR. FENNER'S ST. VITUS DANCE SPECIFIC.—One bottle always cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CHOCOLATES

Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

LUNDBORG'S
RHENISH COLOGNE.

THE ANTI-STYLOGRAPH
(HEARSON'S PATENT, U.S.A., JAN. 10, 1882.)
A self-feeding reservoir pen, writes continuously with any ink and by means of a pen with ordinary nib.

PENS TO REFILL, (Fine, Medium, or Broad Points), 40c. PER BOX.
MAY BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET WITHOUT LEAKING AND IS READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE
THE ORDINARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HAND-WRITING ARE ENTIRELY PRESERVED
$1.00 POCKET SIZE REQUIRES NO ADJUSTMENT
$1.50 DESK SIZE PEN RENEWABLE AT PLEASURE
FITTED WITH A NON-CORRODIBLE PEN.
Simple in construction and not liable to get out of order.
POCKET SIZE $2.50 FITTED WITH PALLADIUM PEN (IRIDIUM-POINTED) DESK SIZE $3.00
Flexible as Steel, durable as Gold.
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.
THOS. DE LA RUE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS & SOLE LICENSEES,
LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
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"THE OLD TICKET."

IN the purely speculative season of politics, like the present, when the chief object seems to be the avoidance of discussion of real questions of policy, surmises about probable candidates are natural. It is to this situation that we owe the talk about the "old Democratic ticket." There are papers which insist that Mr. TILDEN is craftily scheming to secure the nomination, and others which declare that he would be the strongest candidate. There are still others which impatiently assert that under no circumstances would Mr. TILDEN accept the nomination, although they hold him to be by far the fittest man in the country for the Presidency. These asseverations accompany the tales of his extraordinary physical vigor and marvellous health, and supply amusing reading in the dull season. But that Mr. TILDEN would be the strongest candidate for his party is improbable. The theory of his strength springs from the conviction that he is supposed to have been elected in 1876, that he was unjustly deprived of the office, and that the country will prove that it thinks him to have been elected in 1876 by electing him in 1884..

This is not only altogether too sentimental a view, even if its premises were correct, but it is based upon a misapprehension. It is undoubtedly the Democratic opinion that Mr. TILDEN was elected. But the better and more general opinion is that it can not be proved, and that the dangerous question was very happily settled by the Commission. What is called the popular majority is of no importance. The President is not elected by a popular but by an electoral majority, and the undoubted Democratic intimidation and false count in many States threw a fatal doubt upon the result, and the persistent assertion of the unquestionable and honest election of Mr. TILDEN does not make a general conviction. It would be unfortunate for the Democratic party to suppose that the American people would elect a President to "condone" such a very problematical "wrong" as this. There is really no feeling of this kind which could aid the candidacy of Mr. TILDEN in 1884. That would depend for success upon a situation much more unfavorable to him than that of 1876. There was then very great impatience and dissatisfaction with the Republican administration. The Whiskey Ring prosecutions, the BELKNAP trouble, the ascendency of certain distrusted leaders, were some of the causes which had produced great discontent within the Republican party and among independent voters. In such a situation the nomination of Mr. TILDEN was a fortunate stroke for the Democratic party. He was wholly unknown to the country until he was elected Governor of New York, and began his movement against the Canal Ring. This stamped him as a reformer at the very time that reform was especially desired, and made him seem to be the man for the hour.

Mr. TILDEN is an experienced politician, and he shrewdly held the campaign strictly to the line of reform. The acceptance by Mr. ADAMS of the Democratic nomination in Massachusetts swelled the cry, and favored the assertion that Democratic success really meant a kind of independent political regeneration. The circumstances were turned skillfully to account. It was a clever game, but it failed; and it can not be played again under changed circumstances. The campaign of 1876 placed Mr. TILDEN in some other lights before the country than that of a reformer. His strong Copperhead sympathies during the war; his silence under the TWEED ascendency in his party; the general impression of a want of patriotism in regard to his income tax; his personal management of the campaign, and the disclosure of the character of his agents in the business of the cipher dispatches—all these things are much more familiar to the public mind than any claim of reform that could be made for him; and in the absence of any personal enthusiasm for him, and with the changed public sentiment in regard to the Republican party, and the absolute public incredulity of Democratic reform, these would be most serious obstructions in his canvass. No close observer can doubt that as a Presidential candidate in 1884 Mr. TILDEN was very seriously damaged by the campaign of 1876. If he could be presented to the country next year with the same freshness and with the same ignorance of him in the public mind as in '76, his chances would be more promising. But those friends who really think him to be a great man and a wise statesman, and who are personally attached to him, prove their friendship by repelling the proposition of his candidacy next year.

HARMONIOUS PARTIES.

IF the two great political parties of the country can not agree among themselves, they agree with each other upon a very important question. The Virginia and Pennsylvania Democratic Conventions show distinctly the probable attitude of the party upon the tariff next year. There can be no issue without a positive and plain difference of opinion, and upon a comparison of the declarations of the two parties as thus far made it is evident that the Democrats do not really challenge the Republican position. The Kentucky Democrats opened the campaign with a deliberate refusal to take positive free-trade ground, and made a wholly unmeaning declaration which showed either cowardice or want of conviction. This was followed by the Iowa Democratic platform, which is the only unequivocal statement thus far made by the party. It favors "a tariff for revenue only, by a gradual but persistent reduction of protective duties." The Iowa Republicans in reply insisted "upon such revenue laws as will encourage American industries and protect American labor."

The Republicans of Ohio followed by demanding a tariff "which will provide a revenue for the government, and at the same time will protect American producers and American labor." The Ohio Democrats resolved that "we favor a tariff for revenue limited to the necessities of the government economically administered, and so adjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive interests at home, and afford compensation to labor, but not to create or foster monopolies." The Minnesota Republicans declared for "a system of duties upon imports so applied as to provide revenue for the necessary expenses of the government, and so adjusted as to encourage the development of the manufacturing and labor interests of the whole country." The Pennsylvania Republicans "unqualifiedly approve and demand that system of protection to home industry which has proved itself to be the basis of national independence, the incentive to industrial skill and development, and the guarantee of a just and adequate scale of wages for labor," etc.; and the Virginia Democrats, echoing Ohio, "favor a tariff for revenue so adjusted as to encourage productive interests at home."

The impression produced upon any fair mind by the declarations of the party Conventions thus far is that the Republicans favor raising a revenue in a way that will encourage domestic labor, and that the Democrats favor the same thing. It is true that the Republicans use the word "protection," and that the Democrats avoid it. But it is no less true that the Democrats take great care to emphasize the encouragement of domestic industry, and that Iowa alone, in which the Democrats have no chance of success, declares for a persistent reduction of productive duties, while Democratic Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia are silent. Certainly this situation does not forecast a contest between protection and free trade, nor even between a protective and a revenue tariff. It shows a deep conviction upon both sides that public sentiment demands that the customs revenue shall be raised in a manner that will encourage domestic industry; and encouragement and protection in a tariff are much the same thing. The Democratic platforms thus far merely re-affirm the remark of the Republican President in his last Message, that "only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government." No Convention has yet announced a sounder doctrine, or one more satisfactory to revenue reformers.

THE STATE AND THE CITIZEN.

THE telegraph strike was altogether too important not to have excited a great deal of discussion upon the old and constantly more pressing question of capital and labor, as well as of the other grave question of the power of the state to regulate such troubles. The charge of Communism in reply to every suggestion of state control is an easy and compendious resource. But there is in the nature of government a power which, although essential to the just objects of government, may be readily defined as Communistic. Whatever is essential to the safety of the state the state may rightfully do. This is implied in any constitution, however free and however carefully guarded. But practically in a free country it is the majority of voters which decides what the safety of the state requires, and it is the function of intelligent and wise citizens to impress upon the majority the principles which should determine their action. But such citizens will not deny that the state may properly subordinate the individual to the community.

What is called the right of eminent domain, the regulation of the sale of gunpowder and of intoxicating liquor, the support of common schools, the system of taxation, is an infringement of individual liberty by the power of the majority. The theory is that such exercise of authority is indispensable to the existence of organized society. The illustrations are innumerable, and the question always is, How far and under what inflexible restrictions shall this power be used? When the government is itself an employer, as in the case of an army and a navy, if a strike occurs—that is, if the employés refuse to do the duty that they are hired to do, except upon conditions proposed by themselves—the employer at once resorts to force. How far may the government interfere in the case of the employés of a corporation which the government itself charters and regulates?

It is agreed that free and honest bargains between man and man can be touched by government only when an attempt is made by one man to deprive the other of the stipulated service. But when the bargain is one seriously involving the public welfare, and is made by such large bodies of individuals that a combined and concerted interruption of the service is a public injury, may the state invade the perfect individual freedom to conclude such bargains by prescribing terms upon which the stipulated service, to which all private and public interests have adapted themselves, shall continue? Or shall the state prohibit such vast corporate aggregations of interest, and so baffle the possibility of general disaster by the interruption of such service? Or shall the consequences of such interruption, as, for instance, the sudden and universal suspension of railroad transport or of telegraphic communication, be accounted as smaller misfortunes than their prevention by law? Or, again, inasmuch as such vast interruptions, in the very nature of the case, involve the immediate probability of general disturbance and bloodshed, shall the community, or the state, or the government—whatever collective name may be preferred—wait until the violence begins? However such questions may be answered, and whatever the community may finally decide to do, there is no doubt, as we said last week, that the organized aggregation of capital will necessarily produce a similar organization of labor, and that the conflicting interests of the two will perpetually threaten the peace and welfare of the state, which it is agreed may properly provide for its own safety.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE duties of the National Civil Service Commission in carrying the law into effect have been of course immense and laborious. The Commissioners were compelled to deal at once with an enormous mass of details, and to provide for every situation and for all the questions which were sure to present themselves at the initiation of such a reform. The diligence of the Commission has been unremitting, and its work so faithfully performed that we are not surprised, but exceedingly sorry, to learn that Mr. EATON has been quite overworked, and is now seeking rest. Mr. EATON'S great familiarity with the principles and details of the reformed system makes his services of such peculiar value that we trust a little repose will soon restore him to his wonted vigor. His enforced inaction at this moment is the more to be regretted as the question of promotions has been brought to the attention of the Commission by an inquiry of the Secretary of the Treasury whether in the judgment of the Commission he can promote, at pleasure and without competition, from the nine-hundred-dollar clerkships, which are held largely if not chiefly by women, to the twelve-hundred-dollar clerkships. This is a very serious inquiry, which the Commission is reported to have answered in the affirmative.

Promotion is obviously a question different from that of original appointment. The rules approved by the President provide that there shall be "competitive examinations" of a "suitable character" for promotions. These words we suppose to have been intentionally used with the knowledge that in such competition seniority and efficiency and adaptability—that is, fitness proved by experience—should have a great, if not decisive, weight. The fundamental requirement in promotion, as in original appointment, however, is that all candidates shall stand upon the same footing, and that none shall have any illegitimate advantage. The spirit of the law, as of the reform, is fair play. It is in that spirit that the rule must be interpreted which provides that, until rules upon the general subject are promulgated, promotions may be made at pleasure in offices where examinations are not now held. This seems to us to dispose of the particular question asked by the Secretary, and adversely to the reported decision of the Commission. As examinations are now held in offices where clerks are employed at twelve hundred dollars salary, we do

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not see how promotions can be made into such offices at pleasure. In other words, the transfer of a nine-hundred-dollar clerk to a twelve-hundred-dollar desk, in an office where competition is already established, does not fall under the provisional exemption.

As the rules are not retroactive, promotions must be made from all employés in the lower grades of the service, however they may have been appointed. But equality of opportunity must be steadily observed. Promotions ought not to be made at pleasure from a non-competitive to a competitive grade. The practical operation of the reported decision will be that the Secretary in the case proposed will select for promotion from two classes—clerks already appointed by favor and with strong political support, and outside applicants who have succeeded in the competition. This is not equality, and it is in plain contravention of the spirit and intent of the reform bill. The Commission will undoubtedly soon reach a conclusion upon the whole subject, and it will undoubtedly see that promotion must be made in one of three ways—by selection at pleasure exclusively from those in the service, however appointed; by equal competition among employés; or by equal competition between employés and outside applicants.

THE CATASTROPHE ON THE ISLAND OF ISCHIA.

THE catastrophe at Casamicciola, on the island of Ischia, near Naples, appeals to universal sympathy, and it will be recorded as among the shocking events of history. The details of the sudden blow are terrible, and the event is the more appalling because it is of a kind against which no foresight could provide, and which gives no premonition of its approach. Italy is not one of the "earthquake countries," but this tragical disaster will invest it all with a vague apprehension. Ischia will be, of course, avoided by travellers, and the destruction of Casamicciola will practically ruin the island. It is noted mainly for its mineral springs and for the cultivation of grapes, and its bold and beautiful outline will be remembered by every traveller who recalls the bay of Naples. The explanation offered that the cause of the destruction was not an earthquake, but the subsidence of the earth, will not alleviate the feeling of horror and pain with which the story is read. The causes of such a subsidence are as occult as those of an earthquake, and its approach must be as impossible to foretell.

It is evident that Italy is deeply stirred by the catastrophe, and that its generosity in relief will be taxed to the utmost. All civilized countries will share the feeling, as at the time of the terrible earthquake at Lisbon, and the general sympathy will doubtless take a tangible form. It is at such times that man's humanity to man makes countless thousands prouder of their common human nature.

THE CHOLERA.

THE London *Spectator* wonders at the calm way in which civilized England read the first accounts of the cholera from Egypt, and of the cordons drawn around the doomed cities. It describes the condition of those cities, before the plague appeared, as loathsome beyond belief, mere heaps of filth and putrefaction, which necessarily bred the most deadly forms of pestilence; and, when the pestilence appeared, the cities were shut up to themselves, without food, medicine, doctors, pure water or air, or help of any kind, and left to fester in their own corruption—a situation to "drive English philanthropists frantic with indignation."

The *Spectator* says that the pestilence may be cholera, which was originally born in Lord HASTINGS'S camp under precisely such conditions, but that it is more probably choleraic fever, a frightful disease, as deadly as the plague, but which requires conditions, and does not move mercilessly around the globe, defying analysis and explanation. The writer ascribes much of its present ravage to the clashing of two civilizations, the Oriental and the Western. If either were supreme in Egypt the fate of the victims would be more tolerable. The Oriental, if left entirely alone, would bow his head to fate and die, but not unattended nor unconsoled, as in a cordoned city. If he were taken care of exclusively by Western civilization he would have all the succor that hygienic science can afford. But when the two conflict, science isolates him, indeed, but only to perish more miserably.

It is agreeable to see that our own authorities are promptly moving to take proper precautions. The Secretary of the Treasury has issued orders to prevent the entry from any suspected port of rags, which so often transmit deadly disease. There is no occasion whatever for any panic or serious apprehension, and the temperance and care which the fact of the frightful pest in Egypt will naturally produce will be among the most excellent preventives.

HONEST ALLAN CAMPBELL.

THE resignation of Mr. ALLAN CAMPBELL, Comptroller of the city of New York, did not surprise the community, although it was sincerely regretted. Complete physical prostration at a time when the duties of his office were greatly increased, and the situation demanded the utmost vigor and complete command of all his resources, was an adequate reason for his decision. One of the most incorruptible and independent of public officers, he found himself confronted with revelations of dishonesty in his office, which, of course, somewhat involved his official responsibility, but which, equally of course, were universally felt not to affect his personal character. He had performed his own peculiar duties with such economical care for the taxpayers and with such rigid fidelity that he may well be remembered as honest ALLAN CAMPBELL.

Among the important duties which recent legislation had devolved upon his office was that of membership of the Aqueduct Commission. The contest over the appointment of that body turned upon its patronage. A great sum of money was to be expended for a great public work. The professional and trading politicians naturally resolved to make it a huge job. The tax-payers and decent citizens desired that it should be accomplished economically and effectively. The result was the appointment of a board apparently divided between the two interests. Comptroller CAMPBELL, who was made officially a member, was a sure reliance of the friends of honest dealing. His resignation, although depriving the city of his vigilant and honorable service, left the Mayor free to appoint his successor without the jobbing interference of the Aldermen. The gentleman whom he has selected for the place has borne a high character for ability and integrity in the responsible positions he has filled.

The nomination of Mr. CAMPBELL as Mayor last year by citizens of all parties who felt that municipal government is not properly political, was a signal tribute to his independence and public spirit as well as administrative ability. The combination of political factions against him was, however, too strong, and Mr. CAMPBELL was defeated. But the result did not impair the value or weight of the honor of selection. He was the fitting candidate of an honest movement for better local government, and Mr. CAMPBELL retires from public life with the hearty regard and sympathy of the community which he has served so long and so faithfully.

PERSONAL.

A NEW YORK physician is fond of speaking to his friends of what he calls "the beneficence of ill health." Invalids, he says, do more brain-work than well persons. To the latter the mere pleasure of existence is a diversion, but the former find it easy to concentrate their attention upon the work in hand, and not being able to find pleasure anywhere else, look for it there.

—There is at least one dramatic critic connected with the daily press of New York city who preserves his independence by declining to accept free tickets to the theatres. He buys tickets when desiring to see a play. Moreover, he has no social relations with actors, actresses, or managers, neither seeking acquaintance with them personally nor allowing himself to be brought into their society. When he writes criticisms in a public journal he wishes to feel absolutely free to say what he believes to be the truth.

—Miss MARY ALICE PERRY, who died a short time ago, in her twenty-ninth year, was a bright young writer, whose first novel, *Esther Pennefather*, was published by the HARPERS. Some poems of hers, submitted by a friend to the late WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT —and nobody ignorant of Mr. BRYANT'S daily walk and conversation knows how many were the poems submitted to his critical attention—elicited the response, "Tell her by all means to cultivate her talent for poetry, but tell her also there is no money in poetry; she must do other literary work too." Miss PERRY was a student of political science, of botany, and of painting. Her early death was most deplored by those who best surmised the fine possibilities of her genius.

—An artist who saw FARRAGUT daily while Mr. PAGE was painting his portrait says that the great Admiral, though smaller than the average of his countrymen, appeared neither short nor tall, for the reason that he was proportioned ideally in the Greek sense, the length of the head being one-eighth that of the whole body. "FARRAGUT'S manner," he observes, "was that of a simple sailor, and his recital of his greatest exploits as easy, natural, and low-voiced as if concerned with matters the most uneventful."

—A New York sculptor has received a commission to execute a forty-thousand-dollar statue. "How much money ought he to make out of the job?" was asked of a brother sculptor. "If he possesses the slightest amount of business capacity," was the reply, "he ought to clear twenty thousand dollars above all expenses."

—The London correspondent of a leading New York journal writes that the critical verdict on Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL'S first appearance in that city was, "Can not sing—not remarkable either in respect of voice or training." Referring to our London files, we find something different. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL is the possessor of a voice excellent in quality and fair in power. Her acting was the chief attraction, and she enjoyed something like a monopoly of encores." The *Daily News* says: "Her voice is of excellent quality and of considerable volume and power, though apparently somewhat limited in compass. She never sings out of tune, and is guiltless of those faults of exaggeration and overemphasis with which some of her countrymen have been justly charged. It is certain that it is long since a more promising *débutante* has been welcomed to our stage." The *Times* says: "She has a good voice." The *Standard* says: "Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL has a remarkably pleasant voice, and sings very prettily. The young lady acts vivaciously." It would be impossible to quote four authorities that represent better the critical opinion of London.

—The story, extensively circulated in the newspapers, that M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, who prides himself on his knowledge of pictures, has been deceived about the paternity of a "superb Corôt" which he had bought of an art dealer, but which turns out to be the work of an obscure Parisian, reminds us that Mr. WINSLOW HOMER once painted a very respectable "Corôt," and kept it in his studio (he said) to be submitted to the admiring gaze—as he expected—of a well-known art critic who sometimes favored him with a call, and who was notorious for "bulling" the Corôt market.

—To hear the lessons in the Book of Common Prayer read in the sonorous voice of the Prime Minister of England has long been an attraction at Hawarden church, and when Mr. GLADSTONE is to be present the building is full of "occasional worshippers." The Premier's son, who is rector of the church, must feel sad, says an English editor, when he reflects upon the difference in the size of the congregation when his father is there and when he is not. "In short, the mobbing of the Premier at church is palpably disgraceful; and this is seen most clearly by people who do not live within measurable distance of Hawarden."

—A few months before his death Lord BEACONSFIELD said to Lord RONALD GOWER: "Life is an *ennui*, or an anxiety. For the self-made man life is full of troubles and anxieties from fear of losing the position or wealth he has obtained; for those born with these advantages there is nothing to strive for, and life then becomes a mere bore, an *ennui*, and a burden." The loss of his own position as Premier was too much to be borne with equanimity. "I have failed," he said; "and were BISMARCK [whom he admired] to come to England, I should not ask to see him, and he would not now care to see me."

—The late DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI expressed peculiar views concerning some modern novelists. THACKERAY he could hardly bear the name of; George Eliot was vulgarity personified; BALZAC was melodramatic in plot, conceited, wishy-washy, and dull. The one great and supreme man, the sole descendant of SHAKSPEARE, was ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

—"Every actor" (says Mr. HENRY IRVING) "has his secret. He might write volumes of explanation, and the matter would still remain a paradox to many. It is often said that actors should not shed tears; that tears are bad art. This is not so. If tears be produced at the actor's will and under his control, they are true art, and happy is the actor who numbers them among his gifts." Mr. IRVING disputes DIDEROT'S principle that the actor must not feel the part he is acting, "sensibility" being a disturbing influence.

—HENRY GOODWIN is the name of a parish beadle in London who was arrested for abusing EMMA MILLS, a pew-opener, while she was getting ready for service. He called her bad names, struck her, and said, "I will do for you; I have bought a six-chambered revolver, and I mean to do for you." "In fact," said EMMA to the judge, "he is a brute, sir." When asked if she had complained to the persons who employed her in the church," she replied in the negative: "It would be no use doing that, as he was the beadle." In the court of justice, however, his beadleship was less imposing. The judge, after informing him that it was "disgraceful in the extreme to find a person holding the position of a church beadle quarrelling in the sacred edifice," sentenced him to imprisonment for two months with hard labor. CHARLES DICKENS would have been interested in this case.

—To drinkers of claret: Mr. SANDWITH, British Consul in Crete, reports that though the wine produced in that island last year was very much less than usual, the quantity exported to France, "notoriously for the purpose of being manipulated and re-exported under the name of claret," is considerably in excess of that in the previous year. The price received for this wine of Crete was only seventeen and a half cents a gallon.

—The London *Academy* on Mrs. CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON'S *Anne*: "We venture to say that *Anne* is one of the most remarkable works of fiction that have appeared for many years. It is remarkable for its own sake—for animation of plot and variety of character; and it is remarkable as holding a place midway between the old American novel of incident and the modern American novel of analysis. . . .If the author can keep up to the high standard reached in this work, a great future is before her."

—A lady's-maid, on a voyage from Copenhagen to London, died of seasickness. She began to suffer greatly the day after the vessel sailed, and was found dead as the shore came in sight.

—Mr. GEORGE MACDONALD, the novelist, his wife, and seven of their children gave a representation of the "Christian tragedy" of *Polyeuctus the Martyr* in Steinway Hall, London, on the 7th of July. The performance seems to have been rather slow, although the five acts had been carefully "translated and adapted from CORNEILLE," and the hall was filled with an audience consisting mostly of ladies. The local critics suggest that "a little more vigor and variety" on the part of some of the performers might have neutralized some of the effects wrought by the hot weather; that many passages, doubtless intended to be impressive, would have been more striking if not spoken in a changeless monotone —"frequently whole speeches were delivered without a change of attitude, without a change of voice, without even a gesture"; and that perhaps, after all, the piece was intended to be a moral lesson rather than a dramatic entertainment. Mr. MACDONALD and his family are announced to do *Macbeth*, also, in similar style.

—The granting of a pension of $1250 a year to Prince LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE, who has recently been studying the local dialects of Cumberland, Yorkshire, and the Scottish Lowlands, does not give general satisfaction. "With all respect to the fallen fortunes of his dynasty," says the leading organ of the Liberal party, "we are unable to recognize that either his services, his talents, or his misfortunes designate him as proper to" receive a larger pension than was granted either to LEIGH HUNT or Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON. "If for purely personal reasons, into which it is not our duty to inquire, Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE was regarded as a fitting object of royal bounty or beneficence, the Victoria List, which is wholly under the control of the reigning sovereign, would have been the proper place for his Highness's name to appear."

—A New York woman declares that she never wishes so much to be a man as when she is standing on the pavement trying to stop a horse-car.

—A distinguished New York artist was speaking of an acquaintance who has won some reputation in the world of letters. "It is strange," he observed to a companion, "how smart that fellow is; why, I have known his father for forty years, and he is as stupid as they make them." "Well," mused the other, "it's not so very odd, after all: there's *your* son, now; *he* is bright."

—The German Postmaster-General, Dr. STEPHAN, is said to be a great humorist, and a foreign paper prints the following anecdote in which he plays a prominent part: His Excellency, who is an ardent Nimrod, had taken train for Königsberg to enjoy a few days' deer-stalking. On arriving at Dirschau, a town near his destination, he stepped into the station telegraph office to wire his safety to his wife at Berlin. The official recognized his chief at once, and with all obsequiousness began to write down his message. Suddenly the Morse instrument, used for service telegrams only, began to work, and very shortly his Excellency pricked up his ears, for he distinguished the particular clicks that represent his own name. A glance at the clerk's face, now deadly pale, induced him to inquire further into the purport of this state telegram, and when the clicking had ceased, he took up the paper ribbon, and read as follows: "Look out for squalls. STEPHAN is somewhere on the line. He will be poking his nose everywhere." The Postmaster-General smiled sardonically, and then went to the instrument and flashed back this reply: "Too late. He has already poked his nose in here. STEPHAN."

—A writer in London *Life* says: "I vouch for the truth of the following story, which shows us the ingenuity with which the Parisian cabman tries to extract coin of the realm from the guileless foreigner in his clutches. A young and lovely American girl hired one of these Gallic Jehus to drive her from her hotel to the Grands Magazins du Louvre. Arrived, she tendered him his fare—one franc fifty centimes, upon which the coachman demanded three francs. The young lady, *qui connaissait son Paris*, refused to pay the larger amount, and told her driver that it was his legal fare. "Ah, but if one has the responsibility of driving a young lady alone, the fare is double!"

—Mr. BROWNING is the hero of a pretty story which is far more interesting to read than any of the transactions of the Browning Society. The other day, at a garden party at which the poet was present, a young lady, who did not know the author of *The Ring and the Book* by sight, mistook Mr. BROWNING for a friend of her family with whom she was slightly acquainted, and under that impression went up and spoke to him. Mr. BROWNING, who did not know the young lady, saw that she was acting under a mistake, and good-naturedly suggested that she mistook him for some one else. "Oh no!" said the young lady. "You are Mr. ——, are you not?" Mr. BROWNING pleasantly denied being the gentleman in question, and the young lady, with many apologies, was on the point of retiring, when Mr. BROWNING added that he would tell her who he really was if he did not fear to alarm her. On the young lady's assurance that she would not be alarmed, the poet, with great gravity, said, "I am Mr. BRADLAUGH." The young lady smiled and shook her head. "I have seen portraits of Mr. BRADLAUGH," she said, "and I am sure you are not he." The poet then produced a card, wrote a few lines of verse on it, and gave it to the young lady on condition that she was not to look at it until she got home. Judge of her delight on finding that the genial unknown was the distinguished poet, and that he had enriched his visiting-card with a pleasant little epigram in which his own name was made to rhyme with the word "frowning," ingeniously introduced.

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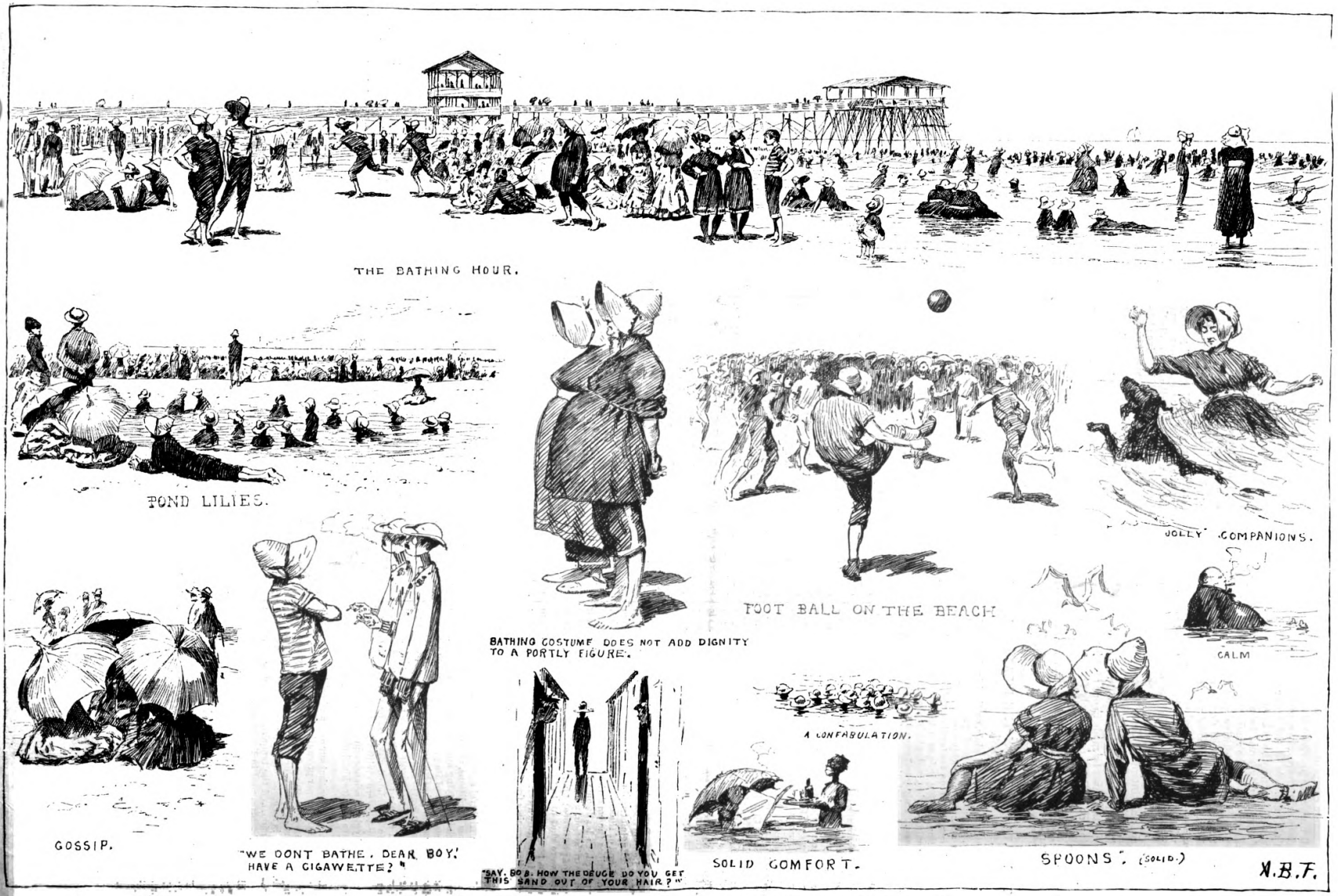

LIFE AND CHARACTER ON THE SANDS AT CAPE MAY.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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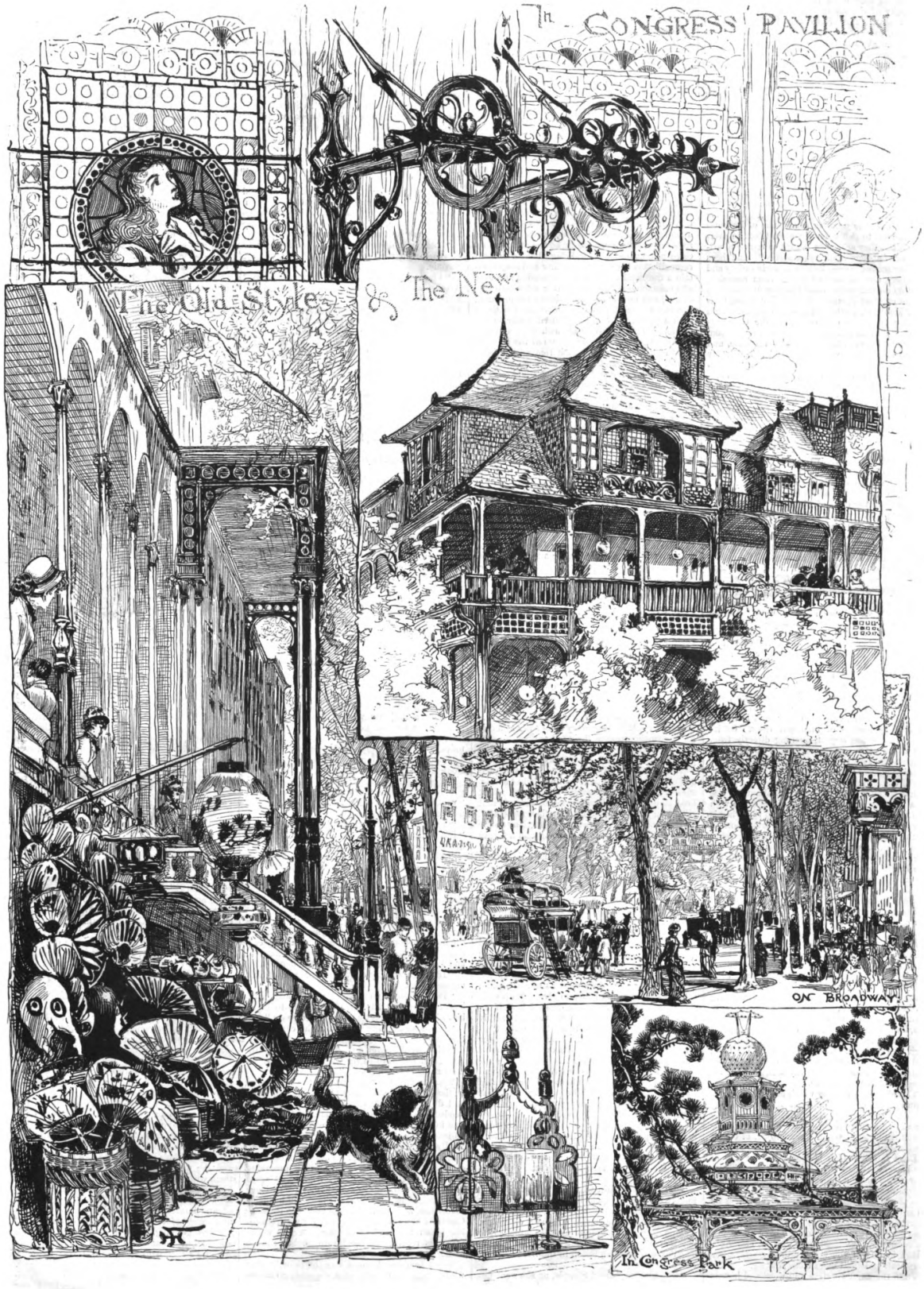

SARATOGA SKETCHES.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 502.]

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SARATOGA SURROUNDINGS.

OUTSIDE of the invalids who go to Saratoga for the express purpose of drinking its mineral waters, and the sporting men and women to whom its race track is its sole attraction, the majority of visitors become *ennuyé* after a very short stay. They have tasted of its several springs, exhibited themselves on the hotel piazzas, listened to the bands morning and evening until they are tired of them, attended several races in which they have taken but a languid interest, and joined the throngs of sitters and gazers who criticise the handful of dancers at the hotel hops. "Now what is left to be done?" and, "How are we to amuse ourselves during the remainder of the summer?" are questions heard with astonishing frequency.

He to whom the many pleasant homes of Saratoga are open, whose circle of acquaintances extends beyond the hotels, and who is invited to join the merry parties that are constantly being formed to visit one or another of the numberless charming resorts with which the Springs are surrounded, fails to comprehend how time spent here can hang heavily, or the place be voted dull. He knows that the peculiar attractions of its hotel life are apt to pall upon one when taken in overdoses, but they are very pleasant to return to after a brief absence amid other scenes. And these "other scenes" are so infinite in their variety and numbers, and so easy of access from Saratoga, that its central position amid them constitutes one of its chiefest charms. The St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal, and all Canada are almost within hailing distance on the north. Lake George is so near that its entire circuit may be made from Saratoga between breakfast and tea time, and Lake Champlain is equally accessible. The breezy heights of Mount McGregor and its many attractions are but ten miles away, and Burgoyne's battle-field, with the Green Mountains rising beyond, is within easy riding distance. On the west, with a railway from Saratoga into its very heart, lies the Adirondack wilderness, and Luzerne is but an hour's run by train. Nearer than any of these, and almost equally unknown to the habitué of the hotel piazzas, is Saratoga Lake, which most visitors only know from the glimpses they have obtained of it from the bank in front of Moore's. It may be easily reached by carriage or rail, and a certain knowledge of its beauties may be acquired from the deck of one of the little steamers that ply at frequent intervals between its several landings. But none of them can skirt closely its wooded shores, explore the innumerable little indentations of its coast, nor ascend the Kayerderossera, and follow its four miles of tortuous windings into Little Saratoga Lake, or Lake Lonely, as it is sometimes called. It is only by engaging a small boat and furnishing his own motive power that he who desires this more intimate acquaintance with these pleasant waterways can reach them.

Skirting the shore south from Moore's he will pass a number of picturesque cottages in and about which life is made a summer idyl. Of these the most notable is also the smallest and least pretentious. It is a little weather-beaten, unpainted structure, situated a few rods back from the lake, nestled amid towering elms, and containing but three rooms. It is surrounded by a rustic platform, or open piazza, and is nearly covered by masses of luxuriant vines. Of its three rooms the largest, opening directly from the piazza, is the main saloon and dining-room, in the back of which, opposite the entrance, stands an old-fashioned dresser displaying a brave array of china in many quaint designs. One of the rooms opening from this saloon is about the size of a ship's state-room, and, like it, is fitted with two berths, one above the other, and the other is the galley or kitchen. The interior arrangements of this tiny establishment closely resemble those of a yacht, its surrounding platform is called the deck, and its register for the names of visitors is the log. The owner and captain, a well-known Saratoga lawyer, boards his craft every Saturday evening, and cruises beneath his elm-trees until Monday morning. Each Sunday he entertains at a dinner prepared by his own hands a small number of guests, who are greatly honored by his invitations, which are much sought after by those who have heard of these novel dinner parties.

A mile further down the coast the Kayerderossera joins the lake. Above its crooked waters arching trees form an almost continuous shade, and its borders are fringed with beds of spotless water-lilies, behind which rise clusters of glowing cardinal-flowers and clumps of brown spear-like cat-tails. From its sedges long-legged blue herons, fluffy night herons, and occasionally a great snowy heron, startled by the advancing boat, wing their heavy flight. The wild-duck breeds here, and in hidden bays, among the dark green lily pads, she imparts to her downy ducklings the rudiments of their education.

The old red bridge by which an unfrequented country road crosses the quiet stream has long been a familiar and picturesque feature of the landscape, and in a preceding number of the WEEKLY our artist made it the subject of one of his illustrations.

Lake Lonely, which is four miles by way of the Kayerderossera from Saratoga Lake, though only about half a mile by land, is almost unknown to summer visitors to the Springs, though it is so near to them, so hidden from view is it by its environments of forest. It is, however, but a short walk from it to the main road leading from the village to the larger lake, and over this transportation back to the hotels may be easily obtained in one of the many public conveyances constantly passing to and from Moore's.

From these quiet waters and woodland haunts of shy aquatic birds the quick transition to the hotels, with their gay crowded life, is indeed startling, and the contrast offered is as vivid as can well be imagined. There nature's solitude almost unbroken; here the crash of orchestral music, the rush of wheels, the throngs of promenaders, and the glare of electricity.

With the opening of the races, several weeks ago, the season at Saratoga was fully inaugurated, and now its world-famed hotels and innumerable boarding-houses are the centres of that vast migratory population that annually transforms the quiet winter village into a bustling summer city, well meriting the often-applied title of "queen of American watering-places."

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF "KITTY," "EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY," "HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE," "DR. JACOB," "THE SYLVESTRES; OR, THE OUTCASTS," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

THE expected arrivals, however, did not take place that day, nor yet the next. When the morning of Stephana's fête dawned neither Christina nor Valerian had appeared. No wonder that a smile of dismay rose to Stephana's lips as she reviewed all she must do in one short day: receive a long-absent lover, bring about a difficult reconciliation between the mother and son, entertain a thousand and odd guests, preside at a long and ceremonious banquet, deliver a farewell discourse, and how many more duties lay to hand! But she was too happy to do more than smile at such a prospect. She had, indeed, never in her whole life felt so buoyed up with hope and joy. Looking back on the occurrences of the last few months, it seemed to her as if Heaven had been almost too kind, and some cloud must soon obscure this dazzling sky, or else the poets had not fabled who sang so movingly of man's allotted bliss on earth. What had she willed or even desired but was about to come to pass? One of the many darling schemes of years was already in part realized; for, happen what might, now at least she had rescued a thousand souls from a life, if not of despair, without looking forward. The fair world was about to smile upon a thousand more of her brothers and sisters, and one other spot in it transformed into a sphere of free manly struggle and endeavor. This achieved, how many other tasks she had to do!

Nor did it please Stephana less to contemplate the deed as part of Christina's doing, and the effect to-day's events might have upon her cousin's mind. Christina was to be brought face to face for the first time with the philanthropy that wears the shape of a conviction and a brotherhood. She had given alms all her lifetime; to-day she was to learn the meaning of poverty, and also of brotherly love. Would her mind be impressed? Stephana hardly knew.

There was, of course, another person uppermost in Stephana's mind that morning as she so beautifully arrayed herself for the matchless celebration. Valerian—how was it with him? Here she could but indulge in the brightest hopes also, for Valerian's service had of late not been of the lips only. He had shown her by the devotion of the past few months that he was willing to share her aspirations as well as her fortunes, and that to the best of his ability, if not as yet from the heart, he would further every one of her schemes for the amelioration of their fellows.

But devotion of another kind?—how was Stephana's mind affected at the notion that Valerian was come home, a happy lover, to claim the guerdon of his mistress's hand? She could here accord Valerian praise only. His letters, whilst breathing the most loyal devotion, were all that she could desire—reserved, dignified, respectful. The fact is, he had obeyed her injunctions to the letter, writing rather as a kinsman and a friend than a suitor.

Judging Valerian by his deeds and his written words only, therefore, Stephana felt more confident in him than she had ever been, and so kindlier toward him too. Yes, he would make an admirable steward of her fortunes, and a tower of strength, by virtue of his worldly wisdom and shrewdness, to a dreamer like herself. She should not regret the promise she had made him, although it must sever her from another friend dearer still. Every heart, indeed, was to be made happy but Markham's. This last thought was soon put away, for, after all, reasoned Stephana, my friendship shall do almost as much for him as love could do, had I love to give. With such thoughts as these, Stephana dressed herself almost like a bride, but for spiritual, not earthly bridals. This pure white robe, these white flowers on her bosom and in her hair, were worn for no love that claimed her as its own, no union of heart and heart, rather for the infinite love she bore all the world, and the marriage of hope and joy in a thousand hearts about to be celebrated that day. Most beautiful she looked when at last she came out of her chamber, "a spirit, and yet a woman too." To-day, in spite of that joyousness beaming in her eyes and playing about her lips, the spirit predominated over the woman. Hardly Stephana's self seemed there, rather some starry apparition that wore her likeness, destined to vanish with the rare occasion calling it into being.

If Stephana's brain was busy whilst she thus lingered in her tiring-chamber, what shall we say of the thousand and odd invited guests occupied at the same time in a similar manner? Christina, Valerian, Arthura, had their own thoughts, not to speak of the rest of Stephana's expected visitors. The day was to be an epoch in the lives of every one.

"Oh, Arthura," cried Steppie, as she went upstairs to dress first the children and then herself, "I feel so happy—I mean so miserable! I should be overjoyed to play the part of Hope in Stephana's allegory. But my heart is heavy as lead."

"You had better leave it at home, then, little mamma," Arthura said, her own heart now beating with wild hopes, now sinking within her. "We must be happy to-day, whether we will or no. It is our duty."

"I am sure I always try to do my duty," sighed poor Steppie. "And I certainly have felt less depressed since beginning to learn the part of Hope in the masque. I have even felt sometimes as if my low spirits were going altogether, and I was turning into a kind of Hope. Only to-day the old feeling comes back. I could sit down and cry. What if I should break down?"

"People never do break down," Arthura said, authoritatively. "You could not break down if you tried. The words will come of their own accord, as they do to actors on the stage."

"Well, actors do not break down, certainly," Steppie said, drying her eyes, for a tear or two had come. "And I suppose some are as nervous as myself."

"Everybody is nervous, of course," again urged Arthura—"the Queen when she reads her speech, the speakers in the House of Commons, the judge—but they say what they have to say, so really nervousness is of no consequence."

"Then you do not think that my tongue will cleave to the roof of my mouth?" asked poor Steppie.

"I have provided against such an emergency," Arthura answered, gayly, and forthwith produced a little silver pounce-box full of pastilles. "We will all take one just before our speeches begin. Then our tongues can not cleave, you know."

Steppie looked somewhat consoled.

"But there is another dreadful thing that might happen," she said. "What if my wings fall off just at a critical moment, or my wreath gets awry? People would laugh, and I should feel ready to sink into the earth."

"We will make wings and wreaths secure enough, never fear," was Arthura's reply, "although when anything of the kind does occur, it is invariably looked upon as part of the performance. Nobody at a play ever laughs out of season."

"That is certainly balm in Gilead," Steppie made answer.

And then the wonderful business of dressing began—a business the children would never forget as long as they lived. To discard the gear of actual real life, and put on the semblance of cherubs! To wear golden coronals, and garments soft as samite silvery white, to have azure-tipped wings, and badges embroidered with stars—above all, to carry little lutes, on which they had been taught to thrum a joyous note or two—how superlative, how unforgetable, was all this! Arthura went into the minutest particulars of each dress, giving Baby's hair a more cherubic curl, Walter's sky-blue mantle freer folds, Benjamine's coronal of roses a more careless look. As to Steppie, when all was finished she declared that she did not know herself.

Arthura's own appearance mattered little, she said, since she was going to help Stephana generally, without taking any part in the pageant. In spite of remonstrance she put on no white gown, but something that suited her far better, that, indeed, transformed the mere handsome girl into a majestic woman. It was a black gown, yet a summer gown, being light as gossamer, whilst by way of adornment she wore magnificent roses of deepest, richest red. Of the same color was the fan in her hand and the silk cloak thrown over her shoulders.

"Dear Arthura," said Steppie, embracing her, when for a moment they found themselves alone, "you will to-day see Mr. Hermitage. Are you not very happy?"

"I should be, I suppose," Arthura replied. "But remember we are only friends in the eyes of the world."

"All will surely come right now?" asked Steppie, anxiously. "Mr. Hermitage is free. He will marry you soon."

Arthura, by way of reply, merely kissed her stepmother, and gathering fan, gloves, and bouquet, prepared to go.

"We must think of other things to-day," she said. "And now I had better make haste and see how Mr. Constantine looks as Time. The carriage will be sent back for you and the children, and I shall be at the entrance on the lookout."

"If you could only convoy us! My heart fails me at the last."

"Dear little mamma, scold that foolish little heart. I promised to Mr. Constantine to be at hand in case a finishing touch is necessary."

"Could we not wait for you in the carriage at the door?"

"That would never do. The household is invited, and none are to see the masqueraders till their appearance in public."

Then, waving her hand gayly to the little group on the stair-head, she entered Stephana's carriage and drove off to Mr. Constantine's. She sorely needed the half-hour's solitude, for her brain was in a whirl. Valerian had come back again. Unless words stand for nothing, he loved her fondly as ever. Why, then, these misgivings, these vague forebodings? There had been no cessation of his letters, each and all breathing the same lover-like devotion. Again and again he had begged her to trust him and have patience with him. Obstacles stood in the way of his dearest wishes, he wrote. He was bound to consider Christina and Stephana; he was far yet from being in an independent position. A few weeks after his return, and the future would be made clear.

What troubled Arthura was the thought that whilst she loved Valerian still, she could no longer put absolute trust in him. She could but feel that he was concealing something from her now, and that it was rather Valerian's would-be than real self depicted in his letters. But love and hope are strong at twenty-four, and the [illegible] of seeing Valerian again was at least mixed with pleasure as well as pain. It was a radiant face and a gay voice that greeted Mr. Constantine, elaborately dressed as Time. The old man was in his sprightliest mood.

"The drooping beard and staff, wings [illegible] archal garments, are doubtless more [illegible] he said, "but the skeleton and inverted [illegible] were more in my way. So you are to [illegible] yourself. A discreet, a feminine choice! How sit in judgment upon me. Am I veritably Time indeed, the hoary sage, the awful monitor? Do I look too old ever to have had a beginning, and not human enough ever to come to an end? No trace of flesh and blood, no sign of mortality?"

"You are admirable indeed, sir."

"Ah, my speech shall be more admirable still, for I would learn no part, I wanted to be wise for the last time on my own account. 'Twill be a brief utterance, but a pithy, I warrant you. Well, are we ready? I am as impatient as a child before the curtain is drawn up at a play."

CHAPTER XLI.

IT was a world of roses, a world of sunshine, that awaited Stephana's guests that midsummer day, and much more. No sooner had they set foot within her precincts than a bewildering sense of novelty and splendor took possession of them. They were surely bidden to some royal pageant! This show could not be all for humble folks like themselves!

The avenue leading up to the sombre old mansion glowed with crimson and gold banners, but it was the house itself that had been most transformed. Stephana had lived the life of Italy. She knew how to dress up a place in gala fashion, and instead of glittering effects and glaring contrasts had attained a subdued richness of color and wealth of ornamentation really poetic. Gorgeous Oriental carpets, and embroideries garlanded with fresh flowers hung from every window, whilst the building itself seemed to rise from the midst of a vast flower bed, so profusely were stands of roses, lilies, and gladiolas placed round about.

If the house was all solidity and sumptuousness, the pavilion on the lawn was all lightness and airiness, a fairy palace raised for an hour, to-morrow to vanish without leaving a trace behind. This was also Stephana's handiwork, and she had chosen the pale glassy green hangings and silvery white decorations with a purpose. Nothing else could be in such keeping with the fresh foliage of summer. Her unsubstantial banqueting-hall looked, indeed, to belong to the world of blossoms and dew-drops and greenery around it; some flowery tenement sprung up in the night for merry-making of fays and elves, and no more real than they. Most surprising and enchanting was this dome of pale sea-green, sheeny with sunshine, as it met the eyes of Stephana's guests—one joyous surprise out of the thousand in store for them.

Among the first to arrive was Christina, who knew that Stephana would expect one concession from her. She must see Valerian before the business of the day began, and get through that so dreaded meeting which was to mean reconciliation. To her great relief she found Arthura already come, and putting her hand within the girl's arm, determined not to let her go till the meeting with Valerian should be over. Not even Stephana should compel her to see him alone.

"My dear Arthura," she exclaimed, looking at her from head to foot admiringly, "I am very glad to see you. Now do tell me why did you get out of spirits when you were with me by the sea? I would have taken you to Italy; I would much rather have kept you. But moody people drive me mad."

"I am very sorry I was moody; but I wanted to see my own people oftener. That was one reason," Arthura said, with perfect candor.

"Well, you may live with me again some day—who knows?" Miss Hermitage replied, growing more and more nervous. She saw Valerian approaching. "Don't leave me, my dear," she added. "There is Valerian; he will like to see you again."

Arthura, knowing as much as she did of her companion's history, understood the reason of that uneasy voice and sudden grip of her arm; but she also wanted a defense against Valerian just then. Miss Hermitage little knew how fain she was to break from her hold and hide herself. Valerian coming toward them, and every step that brought him nearer lessened her self-confidence and collectedness. To use Steppie's expression, it seemed indeed as if her tongue would cleave to the roof of her mouth. But no escape was possible. She *must* see him, yet how little could any by-stander have divined what was going on in the minds of that superb girl and the spare, pale, bright-eyed old woman leaning on her arm! Arthura's rich carnation came and went, but blushes may mean coquetry and pleasure only. Outwardly calm and unmoved she awaited her lover, just as Christina, whilst inwardly burning with feverish dread, showed no perceptible emotion at her son's approach. Alike to the maiden and the mother this young man coming up to them with such airy port meant destiny, bale or blessing as long as life should last. To outsiders, it was a mere meeting of old friends. Bare-headed, and bowing with a charming smile, Valerian now stood before them. Christina, of course, had his first greeting. She moved a step forward, and for an instant disengaging her hand from Arthura's arm, held it forward, trying to smile, though ghastly pale. Words failed her utterly.

But Valerian's careless ease helped her. Without the slightest agitation, holding his hat in one hand, with the other he took her own, then very gracefully and gently he stooped and kissed her on either cheek. A perfect actor in a play could

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not have done it better. "I am very glad to see you back again, and well too—well as ever," was all he said.

Then came Arthura's turn. Here once more Valerian's presence of mind was proof against all assail. The lover-like look of intense admiration was followed by a commonplace smile, an ordinary greeting, and a hand-clasp. Was she well? he asked; would Mr. Constantine soon appear? and so on. Meantime he had given Christina his arm, and by that little action indicated clearly enough the line of conduct he had laid down for them both.

There was to be no painful explanation, no bitterness, no useless harrowing up of feelings. But their old relations were to be renewed. It was his part to take care of her and make things pleasant to her as of old, hers to be suave and confidential. The pair, whilst thus exchanging kind little nothings, could not in the least tell what was going on in the other's mind. For none can measure his fellow, and here mother and son, though their characters were much alike, failed to guess even at the result brought about by this long and painful separation.

With Christina atonement for wrong-doing could only take one shape. There was a penalty to be paid, material, actual, of the earth earthy. Valerian had been wronged by her; he should now receive compensation. This was what she had to say to him, no more. The colossal fortune he had so skillfully helped her to enjoy should be his. The mother's duty should be acquitted by her so far. More she could not do, but this was surely all Valerian wanted of her; he was not sentimental any more than herself, and so long as they were pleasant and friendly toward each other, life might be smooth enough to both.

It seemed an easy thing to say, and here was the very opportunity. Arthura had turned to embrace Colette; no one was within hearing. Yet these little words, "Of course I will provide for you," how hard they were to get out!—impossible, she said to herself at last. Whilst this momentary conflict was going on in her own mind, Valerian was occupied in a similar way. He also wanted to get out a few words, the only expression of remorse that occurred to him, but utterance did not come. To Valerian as to Christina one kind of compensation for wrong-doing presented itself only. The bitter pain he had given her and the remorseless way in which he had carried out his purpose did not trouble him; it was the consequences that he felt in duty bound to atone for, the careless life of distraction so suddenly put a stop to, the pleasant relations with himself disturbed, the worldly discomfort he had brought upon her. "You look well," he began at last, and smilingly glanced at her bonnet of latest Paris fashion and dress of straw-colored satin fit for a queen. "Better than ever. This Italian journey has quite set you up, I hope." Miss Hermitage gave an uneasy little laugh. "I am well enough," she said. Then—it seemed to her a last chance—she got out the words that would have had a cruel sound in the ears of any but Valerian.

"I don't think I shall die yet; but when I do, what is mine will be yours, of course. I wanted to tell you so."

Valerian did not look moved, although in reality he was more nervous than herself.

"I want you to live and be happy. Never mind me," he stammered forth. "I am very sorry I disturbed your peace."

"Let us go to Stephana," Christina exclaimed, adding, in an undertone, piteously: "Say no more. We will never talk of these things; we will forget that they have happened. But here comes Stephana, and looking quite a picture," she cried, with a sense of relief. It was once more Valerian's turn to collect himself, and use extreme presence of mind. There was Stephana, his affianced bride; there was Arthura, his love, his secretly betrothed, and not a word must be breathed by way of explanation or excuses to either as yet. The threads must be unravelled to-morrow. The palinode belonged to another day. Stephana was his benefactress, and he had betrayed her only that he might the better serve her interests; Arthura was his love, and would forgive the temporary lapse when she learned all.

So, when Stephana had embraced Christina affectionately, he moved forward, paying as it must seem to outsiders hardly more homage than was due from such a guest to such a hostess. The beautiful hand held out so cordially was just raised to his lips, that was all. "Welcome, most welcome home!" cried Stephana, smiling sweetly. "What welcome can be good enough"—she turned gayly toward Christina—"since you have brought Italian sunshine, and you"—here she looked affectionately at Valerian—"you have brought tidings of a promised land?"

"If such a reception did not satisfy us, we must both be hard to please indeed," answered Valerian, already feeling as if the most difficult part of the interview were got through, and beginning to breathe more freely. What if Stephana in her excess of gratitude had bent down her fair brow to be kissed! And Arthura standing by! Oh that this day with its pitfalls and toils ready to ennesh him on every side were well over! this one day only; the rest he was ready to encounter.

Stephana, all composure and calm joyousness, divined nothing of what was going on in his mind. With an unconscious look of confidence she now let one fair white hand rest for a moment on his arm. To Valerian that exquisite touch seemed like a fiery grip; he felt himself growing sick with fear and apprehension. But Stephana merely said, with a charming smile, "Ask Arthura to show you our beautiful preparations whilst I act the cicerone to our cousin."

She now gave her arm to Christina; Colette had vanished. Valerian found himself with Arthura alone. He had never seen her look so superbly, so distractingly handsome, and although the moment before out of countenance and out of heart, he regained self-possession now. Arthura at least knew nothing of his imbroglio, and the mere fact of being able to whisper what he would in her ear seemed to make all things smooth. "May I come and see you to-morrow at your own home?"

"Will not Stephana want you?"

He turned round sharply and looked her full in the face, but nothing was there, he thought, to dismay him. The question was put out of girlish curiosity, perhaps not without a touch of natural jealousy, nothing more.

"And what if half a dozen to-morrows?"

The sweet sense of returning intimacy, and the conviction that nothing would be easier than to throw himself on Stephana's magnanimity, filled Valerian with growing self-confidence and ease. He was about to utter some lover-like rhapsody, when the blare of trumpets was heard at the gateway.

"That is the signal. Mr. Markham and his thousand have arrived," exclaimed Arthura. "We must not linger a moment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SHERWOOD BONNER."

THE news of the death of "Sherwood Bonner" (Mrs. Katharine S. McDowell) will bring to hundreds of her friends and admirers in this country and in England a sense of personal bereavement. The accomplished author of *Like unto Like* and the *Dialect Tales* died at her home in Holly Springs, Mississippi, on Sunday night, the 22d of July. She was only thirty years old.

To American literature the loss can be best estimated by those who were acquainted with "Sherwood Bonner" herself. To them the promise of her life had only begun to be fulfilled. They believe that she was capable of making her genius smile in the presence of coming generations, as the face of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire (to use Thackeray's words) "smiles at us through history." Judging her not alone by the little she has done, but by the possibilities that shone in her radiant personality, they expected for "Sherwood Bonner" a fixed and distinguished place in the hierarchy of American letters. Other writers, they would say, have sketched for us the picturesque life of the South, but she has done it in a style unlike theirs or anybody's else, seeing things in a light all her own, and recording what she saw with a distinct consciousness of having something new to tell. Where in modern art is a simpler, fresher, franker, truer sketch of social manners than "The Gentlemen of Sarsar" with which her book of *Dialect Tales* opens? or than the amusing adventures of "Hieronymus Pop and the Baby," from the opening lines, "'Now, 'Onymus Pop, said the nurse, that gentle boy, 'you jes take keer o' dis chile while I'm gone ter de hangin',' to the conclusion, where Hieronymus's father "reached down from the mantel-shelf a long thin something, shaped like a snake, and quivered it in the air. Then he walked out to Hi, and taking him by the left ear, led him to a wood-pile. And here—but I draw a veil"? The humor of the story would have inspired the pencil of John Leech, nor have its best points missed the interpretative skill of Mr. A. B. Frost. And when, in the "Gentlemen of Sarsar," the hero exclaims, "If courage is needed, I am the son of my State—the State that does not know how to surrender; as for tact, civility, address, urbanity, and downright stubbornness, these desirable qualities are surely mine by right of inheritance," no one who knew "Sherwood Bonner" would deny her claim to the possession of those very traits, or fail to see in that possession a part of the rich promise of her life.

For this clever woman had, to an extraordinary degree, the faculty of enlisting in her behalf the services of those who could help her, not only in concerns of business, but also in the fashioning of her literary work. She never made the acquaintance of a man of power, intellectual or social, without succeeding in making him feel that to oblige her would give him pleasure. To the charms of a ripe loveliness of person she added the attractiveness of a happy disposition, bright conversational gifts, and a truly feminine soul; and, as if to make "Sherwood Bonner" complete for conquest, Nature had given her a presence and a demeanor to command. In the light of herself as an interpretation, her friends understood perfectly the attitude and language of the Hungarians who on a memorable occasion exclaimed, "Let us die for Maria Theresa, our King!" She led others easily, and those whom she led were not inferiors, but equals.

And, most remarkable of all, this woman enlisted the admiration of women themselves. "She was like no other woman," writes an esteemed woman correspondent of this journal. "There was a tremendous vigor of mind and body about her, which, but for a beauty peculiarly fascinating to the sterner sex, would have made her appear masculine; but the golden hair, the flower-like complexion, the soft loveliness of her exquisite white hands, made one forget that she could be as sparkling in her wit as Mark Twain, and as bold in her speculations as Robert Ingersoll. She did not deal in the petty things of life. She was large in stature, large in mind, large in heart. Her physical health and vigor were simply superb; she laughed at fatigues and privations under which most people would have sunk exhausted. She had a wonderful power first of attracting friends, and then of attaching them to her. Longfellow, in the decline of his years, seemed to see in her the renewing of his youth, and he did not hesitate to declare that she would be *the* American writer of the future." We may add that in a letter introducing Mrs. McDowell to the Messrs. Harper and Brothers Mr. Longfellow said of her first work, *Like unto Like*, that "it has marked and decided merit, is beautifully written, and full of interest to North and South."

To the same esteemed correspondent whose generous words of eulogy are quoted above, we are indebted for some pathetic details of "Sherwood Bonner's" illness and death. "When very young she married, and two years afterward [about twelve years ago], owing to some pecuniary misfortunes, she came to Boston alone to prepare herself for a literary career. She did this through one of those strange, inexplicable impulses by which strong natures will, in defiance of all rule and opposition, seek a vent for their capacities. Her friends at first opposed her in every way; but her success proved her wisdom. Mr. Nahum Capen received her as one of his own family, and new friends among the noblest and the most gifted in the land sprang up for her on every side. It was only a little more than a year ago that her friends knew the grip of death was upon her, in one of those subtler forms against which human skill and human devotion are as nothing. Once more she came to Boston, and for eight months suffered the agonies of a daily death, her friends gathering round her and nursing her through the weary weeks and months of anguish. During the whole her wit and gay spirits, her hopeful courage, never once failed. She believed she would recover, and she made those about her believe the same. But this could not serve her, and in March she went home to die. Speaking of her last hours, an eye-witness writes: 'She died as she had hoped she might, "with dignity and composure," almost her last words being, "It is not death I dread."' It was not the first time she had faced it. In 1878, when the yellow fever was raging in the Mississippi Valley, she deliberately left Boston and went to Holly Springs, where its ravages were most deadly, and nursed her father and brother, each of whom, after a week's illness, died in her arms. She escaped the epidemic, but many believed that she then contracted the disease which afterward cost her her life. During her hours of suffering, her bravery, her patience, and her heroism were extraordinary. One who watched by her dying bed said: 'I have seen her smile when it would have been a relief to see her cry. She uttered no complaint, and no one heard her repine.' One day she gayly asked her friends what would be a suitable inscription for her tombstone; and from several that had been suggested, she selected this, 'She was much loved.' Surely no words could furnish a more fitting epitaph for the young life that had done so much, enjoyed so much, suffered so much, in little more than thirty years."

Of "Sherwood Bonner's" literary genius it is easy to speak. Certainly its sympathies were not pessimistic, and she would never have written, as did Tourguéneff, "It is not our fault if the life of to-day contains so much grossness and sensuality." Nor was she a censor of her times, like the author of *Mothis*, nor had she any deep conviction of the misery of the world, like the author of *Consuelo*. Nor did she hold Lord Houghton's theory that the literary instinct is akin to the military instinct, soldiers being among our best writers, or share Heine's ambition to be a brave soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity. A mere dreamer and a bookworm she could never have been, and she cared as little for fantastic writing, with its machinery of miracle, as for romantic writing, with its machinery of incident. A true child of her epoch, she was a simple naturalist in art, with a strong hand and a delicate touch. Life as she had seen it and lived it in the Southern States of the Union was the object of her attention, and she sketched it in the spirit and the *method of* a master. Her work, slight though it is, will live because it is true; and if any of our readers have not yet read *Like unto Like*, and the *Dialect Tales*, there is a pleasure in store for them.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE is a natural bridge in Arizona which, it is said, far surpasses the natural bridge in Virginia. Little is known concerning it, however, for no Learned Blacksmith has made it the scene of a thrilling story.

An idle telegrapher has been making computations as to the labor required of him when he is at work. He says that the Morse alphabet averages six motions to the letter, and, allowing that there is on the average five letters to a word, the average word requires *thirty* motions. If the operator sends thirty words a minute he makes nine hundred motions, which is at the rate of fifty-four thousand motions an hour. A day's work of seven hours' steady sending would necessitate some three hundred and seventy-eight thousand motions. Thus in less than three days he would make a million motions. "The expenditure of nervous energy, therefore," he says, "is something terrible—a fact which accounts for the 'short-livedness' of the telegrapher."

The play in the theatre at Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, on the night of the terrible calamity, was to have been a burlesque which opened with a scene representing an earthquake. The curtain had just risen when the mimic calamity gave place to the real.

A New York merchant, who lost patience while waiting for an answer to a message which he intrusted to the wires, remarked that the company had had ample time to get him an answer by mail, and he could account for so long a delay only by assuming that the company was waiting to take advantage of the reduction in postage which goes into effect in October.

"GENERAL TOM THUMB."

One more great man is taken from our midst—
Great in his smallness. Fare thee well, Tom Thumb!
Though History may record no deed thou didst
Worthy remembrance in the days to come,
Thou wert a mortal of no common mould,
And 'mid heroic names of high degree
Fame shall preserve one little niche to hold
A statue—nay, a statuette—of thee.
A small Napoleon, though no conqueror,
A "General," though not "made of sterner stuff,"
Thy glory was not won through tears and gore,
Thy size—or want of it—was quite enough.
The welcome guest in every royal court,
The cynosure of each admiring throng,
Plaything of princes—well, man's span is short;
And none can say that *thou* hast lived too long.
Honor and wealth and well-deserved repose
Lit thy last years; the only drop of gall
Was when some younger rival dwarfs arose.
Greater than thee in being still more small.
Farewell, Tom Thumb, and o'er thy tiny tomb
May tears as big and numerous be shed,
And votive flowers as plenteously bloom,
As if a giant, not a dwarf, were dead!

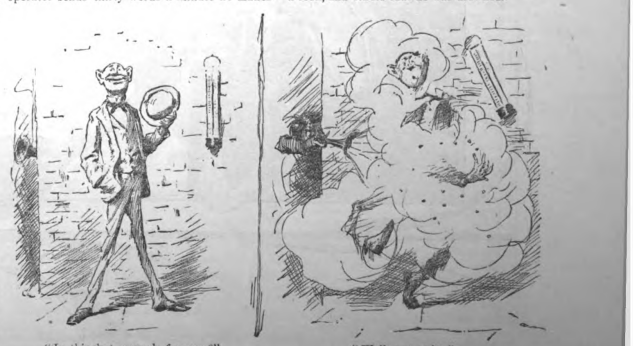
—*London Life.*

A telegrapher who is locked up in the Kansas penitentiary has signified that he is anxiously waiting for the signal to "go out."

To Democratic Congressmen who insist upon re-opening the tariff discussion next winter the Democratic Washington *Post* suggests that before going too far they "find out how many Democratic statesmen in each end of the Capitol will rise up, each with an 'infant industry' in his arms, and demand special protection for his special charge." This pen picture of a national legislative foundling asylum is worthy of serious contemplation.

An item from Dakota says that it costs eleven thousand dollars for a man to get a fair outfit for farming in Iowa, but all a woman needs to run a homestead in Dakota is an oil stove, three hens, and a rooster. This may be taken as an illustration of the advantages which the Territory has over the State, or as a tribute to the superiority of woman in controlling circumstances.

An examination by physicians of the body of Captain Webb failed to discover the characteristic evidences of death by drowning, and revealed no local injury sufficient to have caused death. The physicians came to the conclusion, therefore, that his death resulted from the shock produced by the water of the rapids "coming in contact with the submerged body with such force as to instantly destroy the respiratory power, and in fact all vital action," the shock being of sufficient intensity to "paralyze the nerve centres, partially desiccate the muscular tissues, and forestall death by drowning." From this they reason that no living body ever has passed through the rapids, and that none ever will, because it is impossible. The conclusions of the doctors who made the post-mortem examination are rejected by other physicians, of whom some believe that Captain Webb was killed by being dashed against a rock, and others that he was drowned.



"Is this hot enough for you?" "Well, not quite."

THE BOSS FOOL AND HIS FATE.

[*A little story that is far, far too good to be true.*

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THEKLA.

"Wo die Wassergeister hüten ohn' ermüden
Das Geheimniss ihrer Fluth."

It all happened in a country, no matter where—a country where the sun had a regular habit of rising and setting, where summer and winter shared the year fairly, where mortals laughed and cried, married and died, passed "out of *eternity* back to eternity" in the pitiful way which we know. That its happening affected the destinies of the world at large more appreciably than the flow of a slender stream increases a river's volume, none would assert; that it had better never have happened at all, who can decide?

"Caught at last, my doves, in a nest chosen with rare discretion!"

The words jarred the stillness of a forest at mid-day in August. Close upon them came a quick step crunching the undergrowth, and a woman lying half asleep in the shade started to her feet in vague alarm. "Oh, is it you, Dick?" she said. "Hush! he is asleep." She pointed to a man stretched at length beneath the trees.

The intruder hesitated a moment, then stepped close beside the sleeping man, and fairly shouted: "Asleep, is he? You are too cordial, madame, my sister. Perhaps I had better go away at once."

"Perhaps you had better *not* have *come* at all."

The retort came in no sleepy tones from beneath the rim of a straw hat tilted over a face buried in moss and ferns. The hat being impatiently pushed back, the two men stared at each other. The face looking up was Italian, handsome, but coarse. Its proportions were exact, as were those of the *superb outstretched figure*. The face looking down was young, smooth, and sunburned, in no wise noticeable except for its frank blue eyes. In the mutual glance there was distrust, almost aversion. The younger man kicked the soft earth viciously, then turned back to his sister.

"I came to see you because I couldn't stand it any longer. He has had you all to himself for a month. I will go away very soon—indeed I will."

His apology was so humble that his sister forgave the intrusion on honey-moon felicity.

"No, no, Dick; we are ever so glad to see you. Careno is sleepy and cross, that's all. Let us go away a little bit and talk."

She held out her hand, and he took it. They walked together some twenty yards, then sat down side by side. Dick Shirlaw watched *his sister's face* keenly, but she avoided meeting his eye, and kept looking restlessly over her shoulder toward her husband. The two gossiped lightly for a little while, but soon there was a pause, and the pause lengthened *into an* awkward silence. At last, with a choking expression of disappointment and grief, Dick got up and went to the edge of the wood. The tree line stretched out straight and defined for half a mile or more, skirting a valley. From Dick's feet a *smooth* grassy bank sloped into marshy meadows which spread to a river's brink—a river with sedgy shores, and fields of water-lilies sitting on heavy pads, the golden treasure of the sun stored in their fragrant cups. Dick swung forward from an oak *bough* and scanned the landscape. "We are trespassers," he said. "I'm sure this is private property, though I don't see a chimney, or a broken bottle, or any sign of human depravity. It's weird to completeness even at mid-day. There's a smack of Hans Andersen about the *narrow* valley in the high light, and the reeds and lilies, and depths of an impenetrable forest on the farther side; just the place where the 'Wassergeister hüten das Geheimniss ihrer Fluth.' And there *is* a water-ghost! Look!"

Madame Careno, glad to have her brother's thoughts diverted from herself, looked where he pointed. She saw a childish figure, draped in white, rising from *the knees* above the reeds. Nothing more, distinctly, except rays of light glancing from long braids of yellow hair. Presently the motionless figure swayed to and fro, and they saw that the girl was standing in a *boat*, grasping a paddle with both hands.

"King's daughter! Dornroschen! *Wasserrose* yourself, I fly to you!" cried Shirlaw, flinging out his arms with mock dramatic fervor, and springing down the bank.

"Stop, Dick! What in the world are you going to do?" cried his sister, in alarm.

"Waken the princess—learn the 'secret of the stream.'"

"No, no; the girl will be frightened to death—offended, insulted."

"Nonsense! it's a child. It will be very glad to take me into its boat and play with me. You may go and moon over your sleeping beauty."

Already with boyish impetuosity he was tramping over daisies and clover toward the slender white figure bobbing up and down on the bosom of the river.

Madame Careno went back to her husband.

Continued on page 506.

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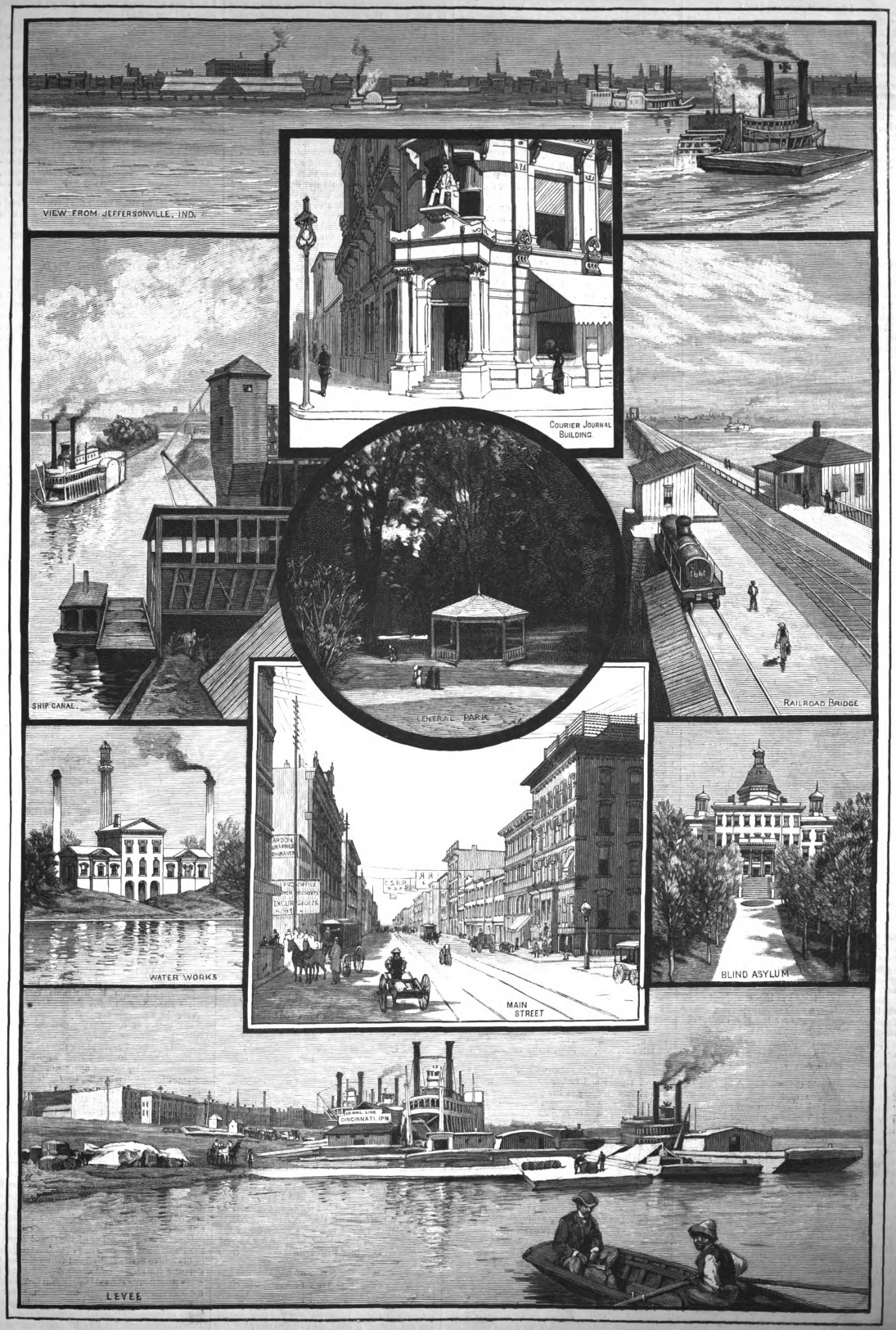

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION—VIEWS IN AND AROUND THE CITY.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 510.]

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THEKLA.

[*Continued from page* 504.]

"Has that confounded nuisance taken himself off at last?" he asked, irritably.

She smiled. She was in that stage of fatuity when she could smile at any insolence coming from the lips she loved, not disturbed that the insolence was insult to the brother who had cared for her from childhood. "He has gone off to the river, after a child in a boat. I couldn't stop him."

"Thank Heaven!" interpolated Careno.

His wife smiled again, radiantly this time, and, with a grace of toleration, said, "Well, Dick's a dear fellow; he is headstrong, and he makes dreadful mistakes sometimes, but—"

"Oh, don't apologize for him," said Careno, lazily, extracting a little more luxury from life by a rearrangement of his neck and shoulders. "He and I understand each other."

She forbore, and took to caressing her husband, until he grew restless, and raised himself on his hands and looked toward the river. "He seems to be *en mieux* with the child. He has got into the boat and taken the paddles."

Under the influence of her brother's safe remoteness Madame Careno had another visitation of grace. "Such a boy! Nobody can resist him. He has the sweetness of an angel."

"The effrontery of the devil," amended Careno, and his wife laughed outright.

The girl was now sitting in the boat. She had opened a large white umbrella, and as Shirlaw paddled gently, she gathered lilies.

"They land," said Careno, after a few minutes. "He fastens the boat; he helps her ashore. This is idyllic. He lifts his hat; they part. No; she makes a forward gesture. Do you see that she is costumed after Gretchen? This becomes exciting." He sat bolt-upright, and his wife shared his curiosity.

Shirlaw had taken the umbrella, and the two walked across the meadow, and halted beneath a conspicuous group of elms. Here, to the mystification of Careno and his wife, the girl knelt down, and having poured her wealth of lilies on some object they could not see, crossed her hands on her breast and lifted her face to the sky. Shirlaw stood beside her, bare-headed.

"A daughter of the *Sun-God*," said Madame Careno, "praying to be taken up to her father's burning breast."

"Beautiful idea!" sabi Careno, mockingly. "If she would carry *Dick* Shirlaw with her, and plunge him in eternal fire, I should be happy. Confound it! they're coming here. Why can't they let us alone?"

They were coming, and when *their* nearness forced acknowledgment, Careno stood up. Madame Careno had already risen, her face vivid with curious admiration. Even Careno's coarse handsomeness softened with an expression of homage to the girl approaching. She came straight up the bank, looking only at Madame Careno. Shirlaw fell back, his eyes dancing with amusement.

The girl stretched out her hand. "Madame," she said, "I am Thekla von Arnim; my home is on the hill beyond the river. This forest is mine, and the meadows and the marshes all are mine. Will you do me the honor to come with me now and rest through the heat of the day?"

Her fine face was gravity itself, and the composure of her manner quenched even Careno's perception of a delicate absurdity in her introduction of herself, and gave her invitation the force of a command. She showed no consciousness of informality, and her brown eyes, lifted to Madame Careno, seemed to the three worldlings too pure and frank to look from mortal maiden's face.

"We thank you," Madame Careno answered, in a stately way summoned to meet the emergency, and almost adding, "your Majesty." "We are only holiday strollers. Already we have trespassed on your estate, and we hardly dare intrude upon your hospitality."

"The pleasure will be all mine, madame. If you will come I will lead the way."

"My wife and I accept with great happiness your gracious invitation, Fräulein Von Arnim." Careno spoke, and his voice, the voice of a widely known operatic tenor, was pitched in sweetest key.

Thekla had not looked at him at all, and when she lifted her face, a flash of surprise, a spasm of fear and pain, passed over it. She turned abruptly toward Shirlaw, saying, "Follow me."

Madame Careno put her hand on her husband's arm: "I am almost afraid. There will be a drawbridge, and seven-headed giants, and fiery-eyed dragons."

"Nonsense," said Careno, nettled by that unflattering expression of Fräulein Von Arnim's. "There will be broiled chicken and Rhine wine. Probably Fräulein Thekla is a harmless lunatic; she is certainly a spoiled child. Come along."

Thekla and Shirlaw walked on silently. He was very young, and, besides, a natural and professional painter of a romantic school. He was quite satisfied to walk blindly, speechlessly into fairy-land by the side of his water-spirit. Thekla broke the spell strangely:

"Your sister is more beautiful than I."

Shirlaw experienced a severe shock, but he presently rose to the occasion, and dissented gallantly. His gallantry made no impression on Thekla. She went on, speculatively:

"She is much more beautiful. I saw the secret of her beauty, too; it was all in the look she gave to her husband. I wonder at that, and I am sorry. He has the eyes of men who have betrayed their friends, and brought misery everywhere."

Shirlaw's amazement at this bare statement of opinion was only less than his bitter sense of its justice. Still he felt himself bound to combat an instinctive repulsion against his brother-in-law.

"That isn't fair to Careno. He can't help his eyes. And what do you know of such men?"

She bent her head, and tears fell on her hands, clasped lightly before her. "I know them," she said at last, "through my father's pictures and books, and from his teaching. I have seen such eyes, too, in the imps of the water-lilies. There are angel sprites and devil sprites. They come up in the moonlight, and play and dance among the lilies. When I am miserable and sad the imps come up in crowds, and gibber and scream and pinch the angels and drive them away. When I am happy the angels float up and flap their shining wings, and drive the demons deep beneath the slime. You laugh."

Shirlaw had laughed unmistakably, but her reproachful glance sobered him.

"So Careno is a devil sprite," he said, and thought the child spoke more wisely than she knew. "And what am I that you show me such favor?"

She answered slowly: "When I saw you, when you asked to come into my boat, I was not afraid. You know I stared at you silently."

"You did—you did. I thought you meant to turn me into stone for my impudence."

"No; I was saying: 'He has the look my father would have had me trust. He belongs to the angel sprites, to the world of good men and women.' And you do, and your sister too. Am I not right?"

"No," he answered, hotly. "All wrong—all wrong. It is you who belong to the angels and to your father's world, which, as I take it, is a world of noble ideas and lofty images of beauty and truth. We are of a world so different I can not tell you, and I wouldn't if I could."

She stood still. "I am sorry. I have been mistaken. If you can teach me nothing, you need not come."

Her literal acceptance of his speech was discouraging, but Shirlaw was not to be thus summarily dismissed. His worldly wit came to his aid.

"Don't send me away. I can teach you one thing which *you* do not know."

"What is it?"

"The secret of my sister's beauty."

"Can you? Will you?"

"It is not very hard to learn, and the teaching does not need much labor or much time."

"Then you are not to go away," she said, and held *out* her hand.

Shirlaw just touched the tips of her fingers, and though he somewhat scornfully likened himself to the wolf in sheep's clothing, he went on through the gloomy wood until he came unto the castle where the king's daughter abode.

Careno's supposition about Thekla was not so far wrong; she was not a harmless lunatic, but she was a spoiled child. She had substantial surroundings, indicative of great wealth. From her infancy she had lived in the exclusive companionship of a thoughtful, bookish father, and the influence of his years and sorrows on her sensitive organization had borne strange results. In her household her whim was law, no one daring to protest against her direct manner and the calm command of her voice. Even the stout housekeeper, loud-voiced and important toward her staff of servants, shrank into servile insignificance in the presence of the "gnadiges Fräulein."

When Thekla sent to the village inn for the luggage of the strangers, and ordered the guest chambers thrown open, no comment was made, no questions were asked. The strangers themselves made only polite demur, since, as Careno said to his wife, "Windfalls are rare in the path of two opera singers and a landscape painter, and we can't afford to refuse such a chance."

And indeed Careno exerted himself to overcome Thekla's aversion, which he felt keenly.

For an hour after lunch on the first day he sang magnificently. He knew that his singing partly won her, and wholly overcame the elderly person who acted as Prime Minister to her Majesty. He *abandoned* himself to sensual enjoyment of the luxury spread before him. But to his wife and to Shirlaw this pleasure in creature comforts provided in so novel a way was impossible. To them day after day the spell of enchantment wove itself more closely about Thekla, about themselves, and their life with her; day after day the old life of falsehood and intrigue, of struggle and vanity, receded into dim perspective. Nearly a week had passed, and neither of them, excepting through the evidence of their eyes, knew more of Thekla than on the day when she rose as a ghost from the river. Careno, however, had many long and intimate conversations with the housekeeper, and *one* night, in a rare fit of talkativeness, he shared the results with his wife.

They were loitering about the hill-side, and not far off Thekla and Shirlaw floated on the river. The picturesqueness of the place under the mellowing radiance of the moon seemed a bid to all the elves and imps in fairy-land to come forth for an old-time revel. No flights of fancy disturbed Careno's practical and discursive vein.

"She is fabulously rich," he said. "Everything is hers, too, absolutely. And, do you know, that guileless old gentleman, her father, dead these three months, had such confidence in her that, in matter of marriage, he expressly gives her untrammelled freedom of action. The saving clause to his folly was putting the money outside of the possible husband's control. By the conditions of his will Thekla is to remain here until she chooses to emerge under the protection of a noble lord and lady appointed her guardians. Said lord and lady have made several descents, and tried to carry her off. They have also tried to invite themselves here with friends for prolonged visits, but the young person, with her appalling candor, has successfully frustrated their intentions. If her goings on of the last week could reach their noble ears, we would soon have a crowd of patrician wasps stinging us out of these uncommonly comfortable quarters. The deceased father, by-the-way, was an Austrian. Why he expatriated himself, and shut himself up with his baby daughter, I have not been able to find out. But he did; and he has educated the child himself, literally fed her on his own mind and experience. He shaped her intellect as a poet shapes the creature of his dreams; he kept her ignorant of the manners of people of her own time and class; he clothed her as great painters clothe their ideal women; and at the turning-point of her life he left her just ready to become the dupe and slave of the first good-looking fellow who makes love to her. The chance has fallen to that lucky dog my estimable brother-in-law."

His hard, mocking tone, so out of harmony with the surroundings and her own frame of mind, jarred on his wife, and the final sneer at her brother moved her to a show of mild resentment.

"Then the chance could not have come to a better or truer man," she said, and walked away from him to meet Thekla coming up from the river.

The girl's face was flushed and excited. "Listen, madame," she said, breathlessly. "I have here the home and all that was my father's. He lies there beneath the elms, and I have his memory in my heart. Your brother has told me that he loves me, and wants me for his wife. He says that in the autumn he will come for me and take me. He says that if I love him I will not care where I go, so long as he is beside me. Tell me what is right, what is best."

Madame Careno laid her hands on Thekla's fair, child-like head: "All you have here," she said, "you can come back to, and your father's memory in your heart can not be displaced. What my brother says is true. *If* you love him, he can give you life."

Without a word, Thekla recrossed the meadow. Madame Careno, watching, saw her hold out her hand to Dick, and he bent his head and kissed it in the moonlight.

The loveliness of summer had waned, the glory of autumn had faded, and the sodden earth waited sullenly for its mantle of snow. The pleasant meadow and marsh-lands were sere, the silver threads on the hills had swollen into roaring torrents, and instead of the blue lazy river a black flood hurried along, burying deep the water-lilies, and warning angels and imps into winter hiding-places.

The day was all that is gloomy and uncomfortable. Clouds banded together menaced the earth. A furious wind shrieked through the forest, whirling dead leaves down the valley before it, and stirring the hair and heavy drapery of Thekla, who knelt before the cross where in the summer-time she had laid her lilies. Her face, always sad and grave, told her story plainly. Too soon she had left her ideal world to learn the bitterness of what Madame Careno had glowingly portrayed as "life." She bowed her head on the cross for a minute, then, rising, confronted her lover. She gave a cry of surprise and joy.

"At last! They told me you had deceived me. They said you would never come. They said I was moping myself to death, and they tried to take me away. But I meant to stay. I meant to die here if must be." She burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands.

Shirlaw neither moved nor spoke.

She controlled her emotion, and stepped back from him. "You are changed," she said. "What have I done?" He had changed; and the change was not in his thinness or paleness, nor in the heavy marks under his eyes, but in that the fun had gone from his face, and in that his boyish *insouciance* had given place to the nervous self-consciousness of a man pursued by care. When his voice came to him he spoke vehemently:

"You have done nothing. It is the fault of the world—that world to which I would have taken you, Thekla, I can not do it. Any manhood that is in me, every spark of virtue and honesty left to me, revolt at bringing you into contact with the world as *I* know it. If the knowledge of its sorrow and sin must be yours, I at least shall not have it on my soul that I led you to it. I have come to bid you good-by."

As Thekla listened to him the dignity of her truthfulness and simplicity clothed her as a visible garment. She spoke slowly: "What sorrow could come to me like that of parting from you? What is the sin of the world to me? You are my world. You can not unteach the secret you taught. I have given you what your sister gave to—"

"Don't! don't!" he exclaimed.

"Ah! I knew," she cried. "The demon's face, the imp's eyes. For weeks I have seen no other. Cold and storm are nothing to him. He comes up and rides on the white-capped waves, and leers at me and mocks me hideously. What has he done? No matter; his wickedness does not concern me. You are not what he is."

"How do you know?" Shirlaw interrupted. "How do I know myself that I am not a liar, a coward, a brute? How do you know that I may not win you only to cast you aside and betray you, and send you broken-hearted to the grave? That is what he has done to my sister, Thekla. I hated him from the first. I told her, but she would not listen. She died, and I have no feeling but hatred of him, and scorn and distrust of all men, myself among them. I have come to tell you that I dare not take your life in my hands. You may go back to your books and pictures, and another than I shall take you from them."

He spoke with the fervor of passion, and she answered, quietly, "You mean that you don't love me any more?"

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, in blank surprise; and added, inquiringly, "Yet how should you know what it costs me to leave you?"

"Wait," she said. "I am no longer a child. I know that love may be given to a traitor, and that men may swear faith and troth, and swear falsely. If, in the face of that knowledge, I say I love you and trust you and will go with you, what will you say to me?"

He turned away. "Don't tempt me. It is better have let you think me a scoundrel and let me go. You will cry a little, and your heart will peace will come back."

He was leaving her, and she sprang forward. "You killed the child's life; you stole her peace. Neither can come back. Let me choose."

He looked at her; *he* lingered. "After all," he said, "he never loved her as I love you."

Then the summer sun shone through the clouds, the summer breeze rustled through the trees, and the scent of the water-lilies was wafted from the sparkling river. The angel sprites fluttered, danced, and sang, and the devils took themselves off helter-skelter to more congenial spheres, and the pain of death and the wickedness of the world ceased to be.

Perhaps it had much better not have happened; but who can picture the dreariness of life if it never did happen?

ANNIE ROBERTSON MACFARLANE.

ON CONEY ISLAND.

OUR artist went up to the top of the tall observatory on Coney Island a few days ago, and took a bird's-eye view of a portion of that popular resort, where thousands of people from New York, Brooklyn, and other cities find daily relief from summer heat. No beach in the world furnishes greater facilities for rest and refreshment. Easily reached by several lines of railroad and excursion steamers, with miles of safe bathing grounds, with hotels of every variety, from the cheapest to the most expensive and luxurious, Coney Island attracts visitors of every class. As a rule the beach is well policed, and in the daytime crowds of ladies and children resort there without fear of disturbance.

There is much complaint, however, of the presence of gamblers on the beach, who apparently play their tricks upon unsuspecting countrymen without hindrance *from* the police or from the proprietors of the hotels. They are a source of great annoyance to decent people; and although they are careful to make no disturbance, they should be driven from the island without ceremony or delay.

THE NEW SENATOR.

THE long contest over the United States Senatorship of New Hampshire ended August 2, on the forty-second ballot, by the election of AUSTIN F. PIKE. The decisive vote was as follows: Whole number, 315; necessary for a choice, 158. EDWARD H. ROLLINS, 1; AARON F. STEVENS, 1; WILLIAM S. LADD, 1; GILMAN MARSTON, 19; HARRY BINGHAM, 112; AUSTIN F. PIKE, 181. Mr. PIKE, having a majority, was declared elected United States Senator for six years from March 4, 1883. The announcement of the result was greeted with tumultuous applause.

The newly elected Senator is known in New Hampshire as a lawyer of ability and a politician remarkable for his shrewdness. He was born on the 16th of October, 1819, and was admitted to the bar in 1845, practicing principally at Franklin. He was elected to the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1850, 1851, 1852, 1865, and 1866, serving as Speaker the last two years. In 1857 and 1858 he was a member of the New Hampshire Senate, and for some months he was President of that body. He was Chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1858 and 1859, and was a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention which nominated General FREMONT in 1856. In 1873 he was elected to Congress, and at the close of his term he sought re-election, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate, Mr. SAMUEL N. BELL.

THE GRAND ARMY.

MR. ROBERT B. BEATH, the new commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, was born in Philadelphia in 1839. He entered the service as a private in 1861, and remained in the field until the close of the war. He was First Lieutenant in the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, First Corps, Army of the Potomac, and while serving in this capacity was wounded in the second battle of Bull Run. Being again promoted, he assumed command of a company of colored troops, and served with them in the Army of the James. In the charge at Newmarket Heights, Virginia, he was again wounded, losing his right leg, September 29, 1864. Being taken to the hospital, he staid there until 1865, when he was assigned to duty at Camp William Penn, Philadelphia, remaining there until able to join his regiment. He was mustered out in September, with a lieutenant-colonel's commission. After the war he removed to Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, where he entered into business as Secretary of the Anthracite Mining Exchange. In 1871 he was elected Surveyor-General of the State of Pennsylvania, and after his term of service returned to Philadelphia to engage in the insurance business, being now Secretary of the United Firemen's Insurance Company of that city.

Upon the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic he became one of the first members in his native State, and served four years as Assistant-Adjutant-General of the department. He was subsequently elected Department Commander by a unanimous vote. Becoming a member of the National Encampment, he served in it two years as Inspector-General, thoroughly organizing this department. He was Adjutant-General under Commander-in-chief HARTRANFT, and one year under Commander-in-chief LOUIS WAGNER.

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. F. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

I AM INTRODUCED TO THE FAMILY SKELETON.

"Uncle Bernard," I began, hesitatingly, "would you mind my saying what I think?"

"I should like you to say what you think," he answered.

"Well, then," I resumed, "I know that Mrs. Farquhar's opinion isn't worth much, and the Rector, I dare say, is not overwise, and of course neither of them is fit to advise you. Still, it does seem to me that she was right at first, and that he is right now. One calls a fellow who cheats at cards a blackguard, and so he is, I suppose; but this happened a long time ago, and he must have been very young then, and—and—don't you think he might have another chance given him? I am not such an ass as to pretend to tell you what your duty is; only I fancy that you may have been a little too severe upon this poor chap just because he was your own son. I feel sure that, if it had been any one else, you would have been the first person in the world to forgive and forget."

I fully meant what I said, and I said what I meant from no other motive than that I did mean it; nevertheless, I must admit that I was conscious of acting a disinterested part; and I was altogether taken aback when my uncle, instead of looking pleased with me, started to his feet with an impatient gesture and a flash of genuine anger in his mild blue eyes.

"Forgive and forget!" he exclaimed. "Have you known me all your life, Charley, only to say such a foolish thing as that? Am I vindictive? Have you ever known me bear malice against any one who had offended or injured me?"

I shook my head, somewhat abashed.

"Or do you suppose," my uncle went on, "that I, of all people in the world, have the pretension to forgive another man's sins? I thought you would have understood—I thought it would not be necessary to point out to you in so many words that I am doubly disgraced by Harry's ruin. Disgraced not only because my name has been dragged down into the dirt by my son, but because I failed to make such a disaster impossible. Consider the tremendous risk involved in cheating at cards, and the very small gain, in proportion to it, that a successful cheat can hope to make. Surely you must see how terribly wrong must have been my management of a young man who, rather than ask me for a few hundreds, or even thousands, would play so desperate a game as that! And if I could say to such a one, 'I forgive you from the bottom of my heart; the sin may have been yours, but the cause of the sin was mine; let us cry quits, and start afresh,' do you think I would not say it, and shake off a part, at least, of the load of remorse which I have been carrying about all these years, and which I must carry to my grave—and beyond it?"

He paused, drawing his breath quickly; then resumed his seat, and went on in a calmer tone. "I told you before that I don't know what you or any one else would have done in my place; I had to act as seemed to me right, and if it were to do over again, I could not act *differently*. It is *easy* to forgive an injury, but it is only in certain cases that one can blot out an offense. There are sins as bad as or worse than Harry's which it is perfectly possible to condone. A man may run away with his neighbor's wife, for instance, and resume his place in society when he chooses, if he will only show his penitence by deserting her. With regard to turf transactions, again, he may sail very near the wind indeed, and be pardoned; and there are many other slippery places through which he may walk with a tolerable certainty of being able to emerge from them in due season. But he must not be caught with a card up his sleeve and publicly thrashed. A man to whom such a thing as that has happened is a dead man, and no living being *can* resuscitate him. This, I know, is only conventional morality. I am not concerned to make an apology for it, though I think that, if you come to look into *them*, there is more to be said for the world's conventional rules of conduct than some people are willing to allow. What is certain is that, being in the world, we must submit to its standards. What was it in my power to do for Harry? Could I have kept him with me here, in the vain hope that at last he might live his disgrace down? Why, he would never have had the chance of living it down. There is not a man in the county who would have spoken to him—at all events, not a gentleman who would. To the very last day of his life he would have been pointed out as the man who, etc., etc. Neither he nor I could have borne it."

"Oh no," I agreed; "you couldn't have attempted that."

"Well?"

"Well, I should have thought a compromise might have been made. I should have thought that, after having been away for a great many years, he might have been allowed to come back. Scandals *are* forgotten, you know, and I suppose it is pretty certain that he would do nothing to remind people of the one that he caused."

My uncle did not answer just at once. "I have done my best to consider the whole question dispassionately," he said at length, "and I have never been able to think that it would be at all possible for Harry to recover his position. It is not likely that you and I shall ever talk again as we are doing now, and while we are about it, it is as well to say all. I have always felt that, if I had understood the lad better, I could have averted this terrible misfortune, and I don't desire to lessen my share of the responsibility; but it would be absurd to blink the fact that my errors of judgment will not account for everything. I have only too good reason to know that he is by nature cowardly, deceitful, and unprincipled. Theoretically one is bound to believe that it is never too late to mend; but all experience shows that there are certain natures—characters—whatever you like to call them—which never do mend, and I believe that his is one of them. When the crash came he was not ashamed; only frightened to death. He went away hardly concealing his satisfaction at having got off so cheaply. Since then he has made no sort of effort to retrieve himself. I know where he is now, and I know, more or less accurately, the kind of life that he is leading. I believe his case to be an absolutely hopeless one. Nevertheless, I will not say decidedly that he shall not be my heir. Of course I have made my will, and if I were to drop down dead to-morrow you would inherit everything, except a sum sufficient to produce the interest upon which Harry is now living, and which I have left in the hands of trustees for his use. But it is within the bounds of possibility that I may alter my will, and for that you must be prepared. There is just the shadow of a shade of hope that Harry might distinguish himself in some public manner, so as to wipe out in a measure his past disgrace. That is a very forlorn hope, still it must be taken into account. There is another hope, scarcely less forlorn, and that is that he might marry (though I can not imagine that any lady would marry him), and that he might have children. In such a case it would be a question whether I should be justified in shutting out my grandson from the estate. Now, Charley, you see how the matter stands; you see that, so far as you are concerned, you will have to shape your course so as to meet possible chances rather than probabilities; and you also see, I hope, that the less the miserable business is referred to between us in future the better."

I signified my assent, and a long interval of silence followed. "I can't help feeling sorry for the poor beggar," I said at last.

"It is not forbidden to you to be sorry for him," answered my uncle, a little coldly. I was almost angry with him for the moment; but when I looked at his poor old sad face, as he sat patiently there by the fireside, my irritation turned to pity, and I could not resist the impulse to get up and lay my hand on his shoulder.

"I'm awfully sorry for you too," I said.

He jumped up and began poking the fire. "Oh, well, thank you, Charley," he answered, briskly; "but you see I have grown accustomed to it; and there are plenty of enjoyments in life, after all. Life is not all tragedy, fortunately, and we couldn't make it so even if we would." He turned round, with that faint smile of his playing about the corners of his mouth and eyes. "Perhaps," he said, "you are not likely to fall into the error of taking too tragic a view of life." And then: "By-the-way, the Rector tells me that Oxford is going to turn out the weakest crew this year that ever disgraced the University. I trust that is a calumny."

I replied that the Rector obviously did not know what he was talking about, and showed how impossible it was that he, or any one else, could be in a position to judge a crew which had not yet been formed; but although we discussed the subject with much gravity for the next five minutes I was unable to rouse myself to that degree of interest in it which it merited, and when my uncle observed that I was sleepy, and had better go to bed, I did not contradict him, unfounded as the assertion was.

He spoke a few last words as he bade me good-night. "Now, we have had our talk, and it is all over. We may have to refer to it again some day, but it is much more probable that we shall never be compelled to do so. You are startled and a little puzzled just now, but that will pass. You won't forget it, I hope; you will soon cease to think about it, I know. And that is just what I should wish."

CHAPTER IX.

MY UNCLE IS DISAPPOINTED IN ME.

I was not altogether pleased with my uncle's quiet conviction that I should soon cease to think about the skeleton in the family cupboard which had been so tardily dragged forth from its hiding-place for my inspection; but the event proved him to be right in this, as I am bound to say that he was in most things. I did not think then, and don't think now, that he was right in having kept me all those years in the dark. As to whether he had been right in his treatment of his son, that is a point upon which I have never yet been able to make up my mind, and at this time of day it is hardly likely that I ever shall.

One judge, whose summings up, if somewhat difficult to forecast, were always decisive, and who was seldom disposed to indorse any act or deed of Mr. Le Marchant's with the stamp of her approval, was upon this occasion openly, not to say triumphantly, on his side.

"I have been delighted to hear," said Mrs. Farquhar, accosting me the next morning with a good deal of affectionate warmth, "that your uncle Bernard has at last made up his mind to do the right thing. It is what we should all be thankful for; for he is overgiven to vacillation, poor man, and just a wee bit obstinate besides, between ourselves. But all's well that ends well. Better a finger off than aye wagging, as we say in Scotland; he'll be easier in his mind now that he has chosen his heir, and knows who will come after him. And indeed I think he might have made a worse choice," the old lady added, nodding at me, and patting me on the back in an exceedingly flattering manner.

I thanked her, but pointed out that the finger alluded to in her graceful figure of speech could hardly yet be considered as having ceased to wag. My uncle, I said, had done nothing more than take me into his confidence; he had formed no final decision as to the disposal of his property, and had expressly warned me that he did not contemplate forming any. But Mrs. Farquhar listened to this disclaimer with a smile of amiable derision.

"Oh, ay; he would say that," she answered; and it was evident that she was in no mood to grudge unimportant concessions to a character feebler than her own. "It's just Bernard's way to make a show of leaving things open, and to pretend he can step out through the window after the door is locked behind him; but I'm not afraid of his breaking his neck in any such foolish fashion. Depend upon it, he would never have spoken to you about the matter at all if he had not known very well that there was only one course open to him. I believe he has really made his will, too?" There was an interrogative inflection in these last words.

"He can make another to-morrow," I observed.

"But he won't," Mrs. Farquhar replied, confidently. "He'll not do that; you may take my word for it. When duty and inclination pull the same way, it must be a very perverse man that would hold back." She added, presently, with a laugh, "I should know something of the way Bernard's inclinations pull him; haven't I been doing my best to get him to disinherit you for the last ten years and more? And all in vain!"

There was nothing surprising in Mrs. Farquhar's inclination and sense of duty (which always pulled harmoniously together) having drawn her in one direction for ten years, and then whisked round and hurried her in the opposite one at the end of them; but I was curious to know the cause of her inconsistency in the present case; so I put the question to her point-blank. She sighed and shook her head, saying that it was a long story, and that she would rather not go into it, now that it was all over; immediately after which she proceeded to relate it to me in all its length.

Mrs. Farquhar, it appeared, had from the first taken a much more lenient view of Harry's offense than his father had done. Cheating at cards was very wrong, of course; but it was evident that in her eyes this form of iniquity was not a great deal worse than many others into which young men are liable to fall, and that the punishment which had overtaken the culprit struck her as out of all proportion to his sin. She had therefore labored for many years to bring about the reconciliation which Christian duty, natural affection, and regard for the perpetuation of the family name had alike seemed to demand. She had corresponded with Harry pretty regularly; she had even seen him once or twice; she had always exhorted him to keep a good heart and bide his time; and if her efforts had been unsuccessful, it was because she had had to contend not only against my uncle's passive obstinacy, but against the active opposition of Mr. Farquhar, who, she allowed me to infer, had been a man of limited intelligence and uncertain temper.

"But I would never have let that discourage me," she declared; and I quite believed her. No! it was neither difficulty nor weariness that had caused her to swerve from her purpose, but the conviction, slowly and unwillingly admitted, that Harry was not one who could be safely trusted to maintain the credit of the Le Marchants. "I'm afraid he's just a ne'er-do-weel," she sighed, speaking sadly, yet with an undercurrent of resignation, which was almost satisfaction in her tone—"a ne'er-do-weel and—and a spendthrift. I should tell you that I have supplied him with funds from time to time, not knowing how large an allowance your uncle has been in the habit of making him, for he entirely deceived me as to that. And he has never done any work, or tried to do any. For some time past I have felt that I must give him up, and lately I have heard worse things of him. They say"—here Mrs. Farquhar lowered her voice to an awe-struck whisper—"they say he is—eh! well—given to his bottle."

This announcement did not shock me so much as she apparently expected that it would do. That a proscribed man, with no occupation, should take to drinking, was not very strange; nor could I see why one who had sunk so low as my luckless cousin had done should be abandoned as irreclaimable on account of one additional vice. But it was hardly likely that my theory of morals should accord with Mrs. Farquhar's, and it did not seem worth while to interrupt her. She went on to say that, after seeing me, she had come to the conclusion that—whether by good luck or good judgment she would not take upon her to determine—Bernard had made a happy hit in adopting me, and that she believed it to be the will of Heaven that I should occupy the place which Harry had forfeited.

I saw no reason to doubt the sincerity of Mrs. Farquhar's conversion. Without vanity, I certainly did consider myself entitled to a rather larger share of respect than my uncle's natural heir could lay claim to, and I also thought it highly probable that my personal fascinations had had their effect upon this appreciative old lady. What I did not quite understand at that time was her intense dread of riotous living in a pecuniary sense. It was, I believe, by no means her partiality for me, but her recent discovery that the man whom she had supposed to be an out-at-elbows pauper was really in receipt of a sufficient income, that had scared her, and led her to desert his cause. She was anything but an avaricious woman—indeed, she could be extremely generous upon occasion—but she loved order and economy, and would never have forgiven herself if she had been the means of handing over the Thirlby acres to a proprietor who would probably sell or mortgage them.

I did not get much more information about Harry out of her. She had ceased to answer his letters, she told me; she did not know where he was then, nor, for that matter, where he was likely to be at any given time. She knew that he was sometimes in London, because she had more than once met him there by appointment; but his usual custom was to wander about in foreign countries, "living by his wits, I fear," she said, with another sigh.

For a day or two my mind was almost exclusively occupied with Harry's fortunes and misfortunes; but as he was not again spoken of by any of those about me, and as I presently returned to Oxford, where I found numerous matters of importance to attend to, my uncle's prophecy was ere long fulfilled to the letter, and although I did not forget what I had been told, I ceased to think about it.

I can't look back on that period of my career exactly with pride; yet those were merry days, and, all things considered, I am not so much ashamed of the way in which I spent them as I perhaps ought to be. I was lazy and rather extravagant, but, except in these trifling particulars, I believe I did no great harm to myself or my neighbors. I was not selected to form one of the University eight; and at this distance of time I may say, what I could not have admitted then, that my exclusion was both a surprise and a disappointment to me. Being thus debarred from a safe outlet for superfluous energy, I fell back upon other forms of diversion, and devoted my time to playing the fool very noisily and enjoyably in company with sundry young gentlemen, who are now old gentlemen, and whom respect for gray hairs and honorable position forbids me to mention by name. I wonder whether Archdeacon Blank (so to call him) remembers that Easter vacation that we spent together, the incidents of which, as related on many subsequent occasions by one of us—I won't say which one—added so greatly to our joint renown?

I say that the future Archdeacon—who was a sad dog in those days, and liked to be told that he was so—persuaded me to pass that Easter vacation in his company, I having determined not to go home—for reasons. The truth was that I had promised to get Maud a dog, and, after due and anxious search, I bought that dog—as well bred a broken-haired terrier and as good a ratter as I ever saw in my life—and paid five pounds for him; and what better excuse for writing to her could I have than to tell her of the acquisition that I had made, and to dwell a little upon his noble qualities? Well, I got a most unpleasant snub for my pains. She did not even deign to answer my letter; but I received an illegible scrawl from the Rector, who informed me that he wrote in great haste (never did I know the Rector write otherwise than in great haste) to say that Maud was very much obliged for the trouble I had taken, but that really they had too many dogs about the place as it was, and that, upon the whole, she must ask me, with many thanks, to keep my new purchase for my own amusement. The Rector added, on his own score, that he hoped I didn't encourage the little beggar to worry cats—a cruel practice, and one which he understood was coming far too much into favor with young fellows. Not, mind you, that he had anything to say against a charge of shot upon occasion. Such a method of getting rid of a poaching beast of a tabby was merciful and necessary; but, etc., etc.

I hadn't the patience to finish his letter. I was very angry indeed, and my feelings were so deeply wounded that I resolved to punish Miss Dennison and myself by not showing my face in Thirlby before the summer. So Blank and I went off together in a high dog-cart, and we drove through several counties; and the games that we carried on and the scrapes that we got into and out of it would ill become me to dwell upon, since it seems that my former companion wishes all memory of *them* to be buried in oblivion.

George Warren, who at this time was reading hard for his degree, and had little leisure for desultory conversation, must have been bored almost beyond endurance by the love-sick Jeremiads which I inflicted upon him occasionally when under the influence of an access of low spirits. But he always listened to me patiently, and said what he could, in his quiet, sensible way, to console me. From all that he had observed he was inclined to think that Maud was favorably disposed toward me, and that the incident of her refusal of the terrier was one to which too much importance should not be attached. Nevertheless, it was his opinion—an opinion expressed with a good deal of proper diffidence—that Miss Dennison was not the girl to engage herself to any man until he had done something to prove himself worthy of her. To be a good judge of a dog was all very well, but it was not exactly the sort of gift which would be likely to earn for its possessor a distinguished career. "And you see, Charley, Miss Dennison—as far as I can judge—is just one of those ladies who would wish her husband to be a distinguished man."

I assured George that he knew nothing about women, and he at once admitted his ignorance; but I felt that there was something to be said for his view, and that at all events it would be desirable that Maud's future husband should be in a position to earn his bread, whether with or without distinction. George, who had a conviction, which I partly shared, that I could do anything that I really desired to do, suggested that I might make a beginning by reading for honors; but this method of achieving fame found little favor in my eyes. I was getting rather tired of Oxford, which I had never liked half as well as Eton, and I was eager to get out into the world and have done with preliminaries.

It was while I was in this disposition of mind that I received a letter from my uncle which excited and elated me considerably. "My bro-

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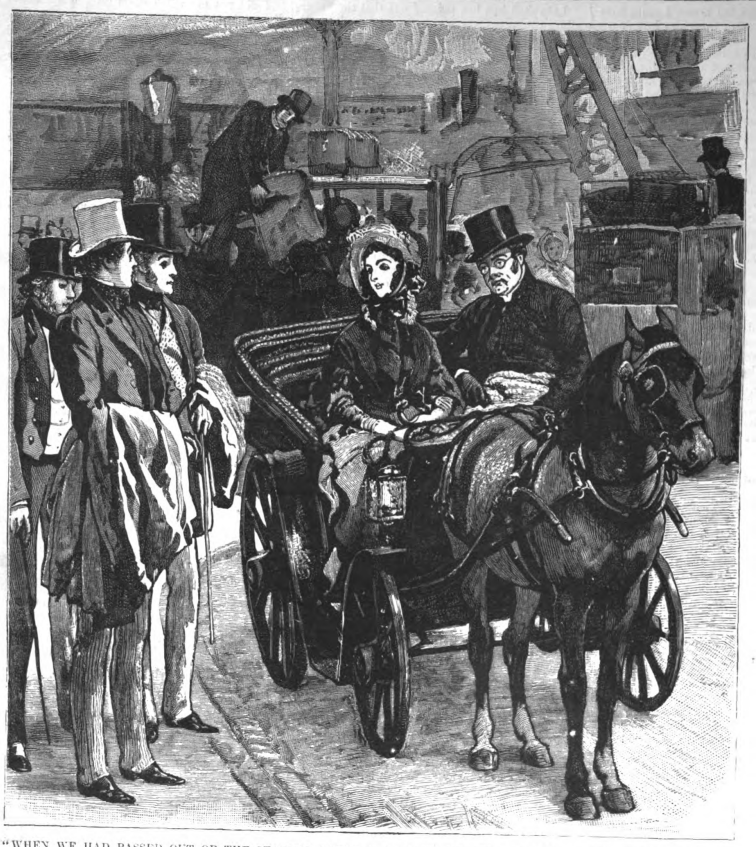


"WHEN WE HAD PASSED OUT OF THE STATION, THERE WAS MAUD HERSELF, SITTING IN THE PONY-CARRIAGE."

ther Tom," he wrote, "has been interesting himself on your behalf, and I have just heard from him that he has succeeded in getting your name on Lord ——'s list for the diplomatic service. He fancies—and I am disposed to agree with him—that this profession would suit you as well as another; possibly better than most. Write and tell me what you think of it. Diplomacy, as I dare say you know, brings no grist to the mill; but perhaps, under all the circumstances, we need not consider that an insuperable objection. If you decide upon adopting it, you will have to set to work upon certain special subjects without delay; for Tom tells me that the list is an unusually short one. I am not sure whether it might not be better for you to leave the University without taking your degree; but this and other matters can stand over until we meet."

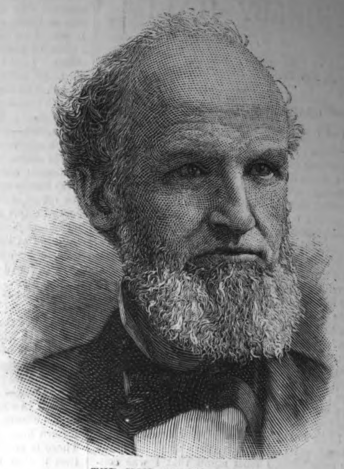
Nothing could have chimed in more harmoniously with my inclinations. In these days of democracy and telegrams and penny newspapers diplomacy has lost much of its prestige, and doubtless also something of its power; but thirty years or so ago it was more respectfully thought of. Echoes of the fame of some great professors of that art still lingered in the air; a few were living, and enjoyed a European celebrity; and although among these was no Englishman—or, at best, only one—there seemed no reason at all why the credit of the nation should not be retrieved by a young and brilliant addition to its staff of representatives abroad; while it was obvious that an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary would be a sufficiently distinguished personage to satisfy Miss Dennison's ambitious desires. "Perhaps a recruit Might chance to shoot Great General Boneyparty," I remarked to George Warren, who, in his dull, unimaginative way, had pointed out to me that ambassadors are commonly elderly men, and are not invariably selected from the ranks of the service which they adorn.

A few weeks after this George and I went down to Norfolk together. George had taken his degree—a second—and was in a mood of temperate triumph; but I, who was taking no sheaves home with me, except, indeed, a sheaf of unpaid bills, was in far higher spirits than he. George, poor fellow, was going to be a lawyer—to labor and grind in dusty chambers and fusty law courts through long years, and perhaps earn a mere pittance at the end of all; whereas I was going to be a gay *attaché*, to see the world in the pleasantest acceptation of that term, and to take my place by right in the innermost circles of its society. The difference between us was enormous; and he admitted without question the superior brilliancy of my destiny. I don't think it ever occurred to modest old George to doubt my superiority, even intellectually; and when a little deputation, composed of the Rector and some other neighbors, met us at the station, and greeted him with effusive congratulations and hand-shakings, he stared and stammered and looked appealingly at me, as if he thought—which no doubt he did—that they had got hold of the wrong man.

I did not grudge George his honors, academical or other; nor did I mind the Rector's looking over his shoulder to call out, "Now, Charley, my boy, you do as much—do as much, if you can!" which was the only greeting that he vouchsafed to me. It was not the Rector's applause that I coveted; and what, after all, was a second?—a distinction of which it was more than likely that Maud did not understand the meaning. And this suspicion of mine received speedy confirmation; for, when we had passed out of the station to the road, there was Maud herself, sitting in the pony-carriage, waiting for her father, and almost the first thing that she said to me was:

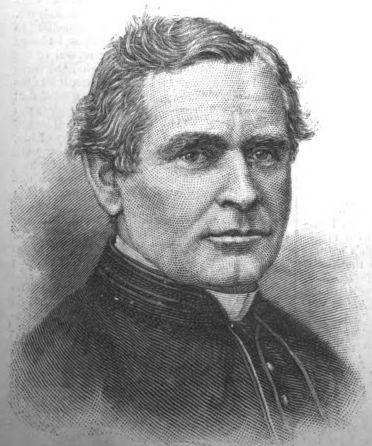
"What is it all about? I suppose George has done something wonderful; but an ignorant person would hardly guess it. If there are seconds, there must be firsts, and surely it is rather a poor compliment to a man to make such a fuss over him because he has finished behind a whole class of others. It is as much as to say, 'Who would have thought of your getting placed at all?' Now it would never have struck me, for instance, that I ought to congratulate you upon having nearly, but not quite, got into the University eight." And with that unkind and uncalled-for allusion she drove away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE HON. AUSTIN F. PIKE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. C. KIMBALL.—[SEE PAGE 505.]

SETH H. GRANT.—PHOT. BY BOGARDUS.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



MONSIGNOR CAPEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

ROBERT B. BEATH.—PHOT. BY PAULLIN.—[SEE PAGE 506.]

JAMES CAREY.—SKETCHED FROM LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

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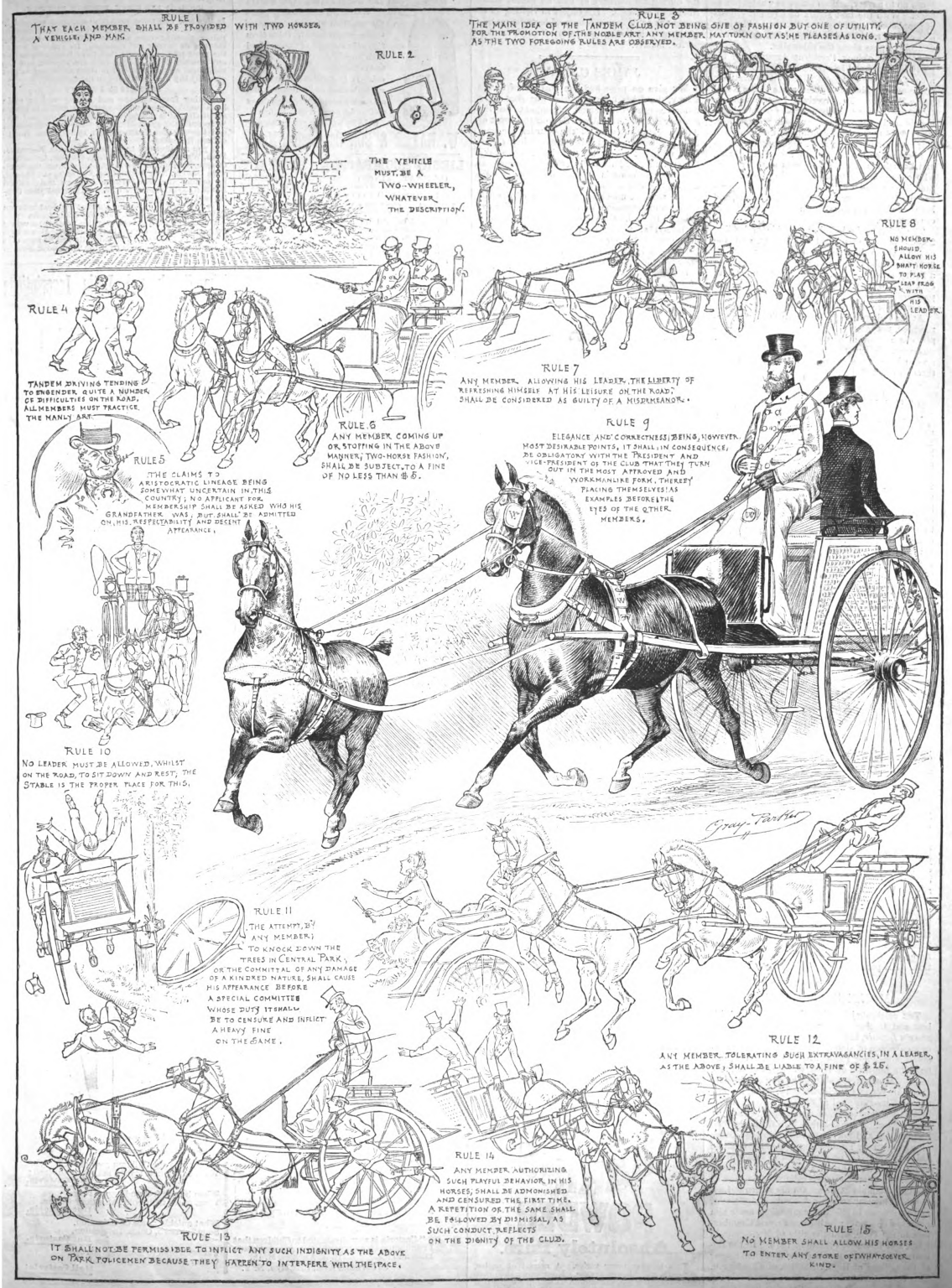

THE NEW RULES OF THE TANDEM CLUB.—Drawn by Gray-Parker.

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THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

On the 1st inst. the great Southern Exposition at Louisville was formally opened. The city was given up to gayety, and no business whatever was done. With the first streak of daylight crowds of people began pouring into the city, and by nine o'clock the main streets were so full that it was difficult to pass along the sidewalks.

At eleven o'clock President Arthur and his party left the hotel in carriages, accompanied by a body of police and local military organizations, and moved by the most direct route to the Exposition Building. They received a warm welcome the entire distance, the thousands of people shouting themselves hoarse as the visitors passed them. The President was kept continuously bowing from side to side of his carriage. Frequently the cheering became so intense that he rose, hat in hand, and bowed his acknowledgments to the people, who seemed unable to see too much of him. His face bore a genial smile that indicated the pleasure he felt in the reception tendered to him, and his appreciation of the warmth of a genuine Southern welcome.

The great main building, capable of holding 20,000 people, was filled completely, and the crowd was too thick for comfort. President Dupont of the Exposition welcomed the President in a fitting speech. The President responded, and concluded by starting the vast machinery and pronouncing the Exposition open. The crowd was wild with enthusiasm.

At the building every Southern State was represented, not alone by its citizens, but by displays in a more or less advanced state of completeness. When the President had made his speech he left the grand stand and took a tour through the building.

THE NEW COMPTROLLER.

Mr. Seth Hastings Grant, who was last week appointed to the office of Comptroller of New York, as successor to Mr. Allan Campbell, was born near Utica, in this State, in 1828. He is the son of the late Asahel Grant, M.D., who was for many years a missionary to the Nestorian tribes in Persia. Dr. Grant went to Persia when his son was seven years old, and the lad was sent with a colony which founded the town of Galesburg, Illinois. A year later he went to study in an academy at Waterville, Oneida County, New York. Four years afterward the lad returned to Galesburg, and although only twelve years old, he was offered a place as teacher in the school there. The offer was declined.

When Dr. Grant returned to America, in 1840, he placed his son in the Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, where he remained one year. Then he came to this city, and took up his home with the family of Professor John Torrey. Dr. Grant returned to Persia, and then young Grant entered Princeton College. After three years' study his health broke down, and he had to leave college. He became a clerk for Wiley & Putnam, publishers, where he remained three years, and was then chosen Librarian of the Mercantile Library.

After holding this office seventeen years, Mr. Grant resigned, and went into the real estate and brokerage business. He was engaged by Mr. Franklin Edson, who was Chairman of the Committee on By-laws of the Produce Exchange, to codify the by-laws of the Exchange. The Exchange was reorganized under the by-laws prepared by Mr. Grant, and he was made its first Superintendent. This position he filled for nine years, leaving on January 1 last to become the Private Secretary of Mayor Edson.

As Superintendent of the Exchange, Mr. Grant prepared the annual statistical reports of that institution. He also kept the deposits of all the dealers in "futures," amounting to over $50,000,000 a year. In these accounts, it is said, no error of any kind ever occurred. Mr. Grant is a member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and is Chairman of its Board of Deacons. He has been Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Vice-President of the American Bible Society. In politics he is a Democrat, but he has never been prominently identified with any faction. His portrait is given on page 508.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

The celebrated English churchman, the brilliant and fascinating Catesby of Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair*, has reached our shores again, after an absence of sixteen years. The Right Reverend Monsignor Thomas John Capel, D.D., was born in England, of Irish parents, October 28, 1836. After six years' study he was ordained by Cardinal Wiseman. In January, 1864, he was named Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Normal College at Hammersmith, of which he was virtually the founder. From this time forward he devoted his energies and talents to furthering the cause of education by establishing a Roman Catholic university. His labors were interrupted by ill health, which compelled a sojourn in the south of France, where he officiated for some time as English Chaplain at Pau. On his return to London his eloquent sermons, his consummate tact, and his success in effecting conversions made him a marked character; he became Private Chamberlain to the Pope, with the title of Monsignor, in 1868, and Domestic Prelate in 1873. In the following year he was unanimously appointed Rector of the College of Higher Studies, of Kensington. This institution had been erected by the sole energy of Monsignor Capel; the plan had been a favorite one of Cardinal Wiseman, but had not found favor in the sight of his successor, the present Archbishop of Westminster. Capel, in his zeal and confidence, took on himself heavy financial obligations, which, when the evil day came, he could only get rid of by going into the Court of Bankruptcy. Monsignor Capel has not written much, his chief work being *A Reply to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's Political Expostulation.* Monsignor Capel is well known to this country, for during his ministry in Pau he gained many American converts. His object in visiting us at present is to deliver a course of lectures on one of those ecclesiastical subjects of which he is a perfect master.

JAMES CAREY.

We give on page 508 the portrait of James Carey, the Irish informer, who was shot by a fellow-countryman named O'Donnell, on the steamer *Melrose*, near Algoa Bay, on the coast of Africa. The accounts of the murder are conflicting. On one hand it is surmised that O'Donnell was sent out by the "Invincibles" to take Carey's life, and as every effort was made to keep the informer's destination from public knowledge, this surmise impresses the English people with an uncomfortable sense of the discipline and determination of the secret order existing in Ireland. On the other hand, O'Donnell declares that although he sailed from England in the same steamer with Carey and his family, he did not know him to be the informer until after reaching Cape Town.

It is impossible to feel sympathy for the fate of a cruel, mercenary, and cowardly wretch like Carey. He planned the Phœnix Park murders, and saw them executed by the miserable tools whom he afterward, to save his own worthless neck, gave up to justice. There was great rejoicing in Ireland over his death; but it is difficult to see how it can benefit the Irish cause. Informers will always be ready, when face to face with the gallows, to brave a peril which they may escape.

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SUMMER TOURS.

The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

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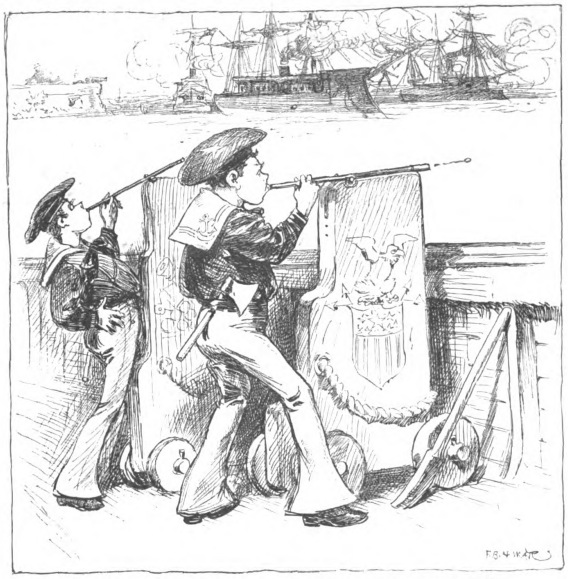

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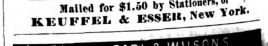

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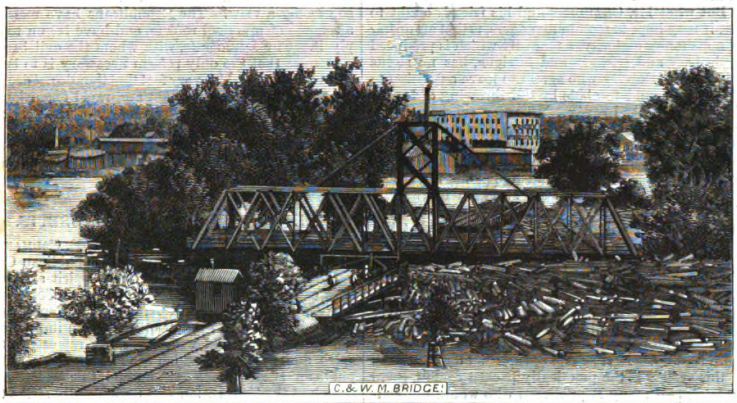
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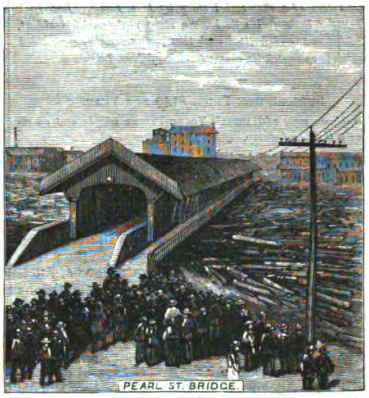
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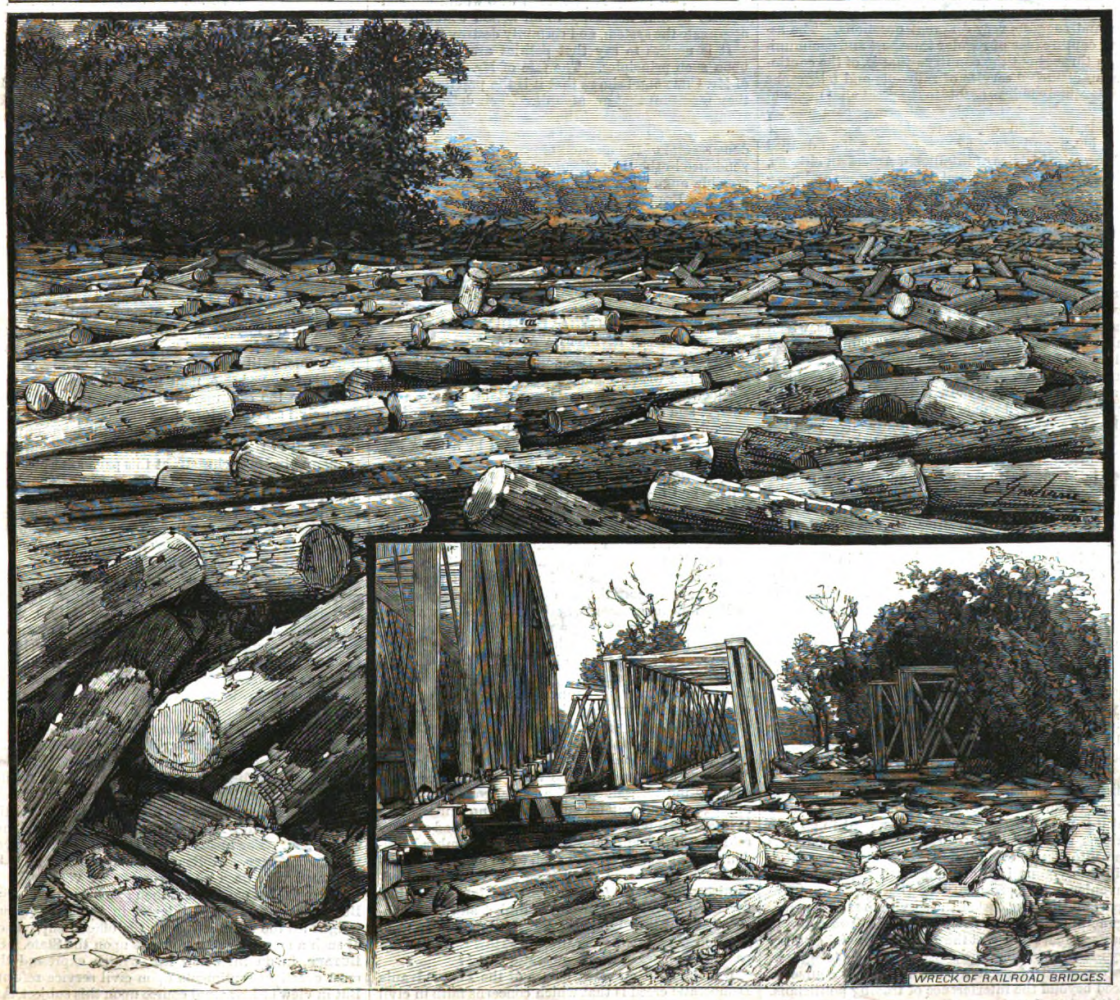
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POSTAL TELEGRAPHY.

THE telegraph strike has thus far commanded public respect by its firm and peaceful conduct. It has undoubtedly done more than any similar movement to concentrate general attention upon the power and the possibility of extensive organizations of intelligent and voting labor against similar organizations of capital. Factory labor is largely of foreign origin, and the associations known as trades-unions have been largely under the control of foreign traditions and leadership. But the telegraph operators, like the railway engineers, are chiefly American, and of characteristic American intelligence and feeling. This fact introduces entirely new elements into the situation, and suggests very different questions. The assured continuance of regular transport and communication throughout the country—that is, of the continuous undisturbed service of railroads and telegraphs—is absolutely indispensable to the great vital national interests. But that regular and proper continuance depends, not upon capital, considered as a separate force, but upon labor. That is to say, certain defined and organized bodies of intelligent American citizens, united by a common interest, hold the peace and prosperity of the country in their hands.

The word "labor" has hitherto described a huge ignorant mass of men and women, and "capital" the combination of intelligence and political power. But in America this distinction has largely disappeared; and as one of the two words covers an immense numerical superiority, the prospect is necessarily changed. Some method must be devised, independent of the will of one of the two interests, which shall secure the community against such a situation as that which has prevailed for three or four weeks. Fortunately the trouble began at the dullest moment of a dull season. But how if it had taken place at the most pressing hour of a busy season? How if it had been a strike of telegraphs and railroads in the midst of war? In that case the government would undoubtedly have taken both. But what does that mean? It means that the community, the people, the state, would have done what it held to be essential to the common safety, even if it involved taking private property, and conducting what is called business.

That is the whole principle involved in the question of postal telegraphy, which has been raised by the telegraph strike. The government conducts the Post-office, which is simply "business," and a telegraph supplement to the Post-office is only a question of expediency. Such interruptions as those arising from the strike produce not only incalculable inconvenience, but loss, and it is for the people to decide whether they shall be tolerated. They will be always possible and imminent under the existing conditions of vast counter organizations of labor and capital. They will become more probable as intelligent labor becomes more conscious of its power and capital more selfishly grasping. But the primary source of the situation is monopoly. To destroy the monopoly is of course to relieve the situation. The sneer that it is not the business of a government to go into business is only silly, because the government has gone into business. In the Post-office it has often deliberately gone into a losing business, because the convenience and prosperity of the people are more important than the cost of the service to the Treasury. A general strike of the telegraphs and railways would in a very short time cost the government and country very much more than the construction of a telegraph. The operation of such a work should of course be placed beyond the interference of trading politicians. But it is clear that the expediency of postal telegraphy has become a pressing and important question.

THE FALL OF THE CAUCUS.

THE election of a Republican Senator in New Hampshire has been very interesting as an illustration of the party independence of caucus control. The Republicans who refused to take part in the caucus or be governed by its decision have been very sharply rebuked by Secretary CHANDLER and the papers which agree with him. But a wiser course for him and for them to pursue would be an inquiry into the reasons why the caucus has ceased to command the respect and support of so many Republicans in so many States. The independent members in the New Hampshire Legislature, as in other States, are quite as good Republicans as Mr. CHANDLER, and they acknowledge the necessity of concession in order to maintain a party organization; nor are they less mindful than he that no better rule for the action of a party has been devised than that of the government of the majority.

But what Mr. CHANDLER and his friends ought to see, if they hope to remain managers, is that an unfair or a dishonest majority, a majority which is produced by bribery and trickery and intrigue, has no rights whatever. Nobody who agrees to leave a decision to chance is bound to abide by the throwing of loaded dice or of marked cards. Whoever consents to be governed by the majority contemplates only an honest majority, and he who in any way attempts to secure the greater number of voices by illicit means confesses by that conduct that he has not a fair majority. This is the key to the situation in the late Senatorial contests in New Hampshire and elsewhere. It was justly felt by many intelligent men that Mr. ROLLINS's position enabled him, under various forms of patronage, direct and indirect, to appeal to the cupidity or ambition of members of the Legislature, and in such ways virtually to buy votes. In a general and broad sense he was regarded as a representative of the leadership and control which rests upon bargaining, and which necessarily reduces politics to mere trading. And as one of the chief dependencies of this system is the practically packed caucus, there were a great many Republicans who would not consent to become accessory to an action which would aggravate the system, and certainly destroy the party.

It is useless to say that politics are not possible upon such principles. The fate of Mr. ROLLINS and of Mr. CHANDLER shows that it is the practices which they represent that are at fault. Their defeat in New Hampshire, like that of the New York Senators who sought a re-election two years ago, and the tremendous results of the election of last year, show an independence in the Republican party which is of the best possible augury for the future. The election of neither Mr. ROLLINS nor of Mr. CHANDLER would have been of advantage to the party, because it would have been the triumph of a kind of politics which has been the heaviest burden of the party, and which it is evident that vast numbers of Republicans do not mean longer to bear.

DEMOCRACY ACCORDING TO PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Pennsylvania Democrats, to whose action we alluded last week, re-affirmed the demand of the Ohio Democracy for the encouragement of domestic industry, and demanded also the entire abolition of the present system of internal taxation. Such abolition would leave the revenue to be raised by a tariff tax, and it is therefore the plan of the protectionist interest. But as the internal tax is laid upon superfluities and luxuries, and the tariff tax is levied upon necessities and raw material, the former is evidently more just. But the declaration of the Pennsylvania Democrats is another illustration of the fact that the Democratic party declines to make the tariff an issue. Every successive State platform which it proclaims shows more clearly that the Democratic party is clad in Republican garments, and seeks power by assuming as little difference as possible from the Republican party. But the animal which strutted in the lion's skin was not taken for the lion.

The Pennsylvania Democrats begin by asserting their fidelity to their "fundamental faith," and declare that they "uphold the sanctity of personal liberty." Indeed! and since when? The Republican party arose because the Democratic party despised the sanctity of personal liberty. They continue, loftily: "The people should only be taxed so much as is absolutely indispensable for the frugal conduct of their affairs, not one cent for surplus, and no unnecessary taxation." But the Republican President had already said it. In his annual Message last December President ARTHUR said, "Only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government; of late the public revenues have far exceeded the limit;" and he recommended that they be checked. The Republican Congress checked them accordingly. How is this an appeal for support of the Democratic party?

But the most amusing clause of the Pennsylvania Democratic creed is that which concerns faith in civil service reform. "They"—that is, the Democracy of Pennsylvania—"believe in that genuine and deep-reaching civil service reform which consists in the election to office of honest, intelligent, capable, and courageous public servants, who will faithfully administer their trust, and who will be held to strict accountability for such a discharge of it, and who will redeem and purge the departments of the general government from that corruption and fraud with which they have been permeated under Republican rule, and which that party has shown itself unable and unwilling to eradicate." This is the latest version of the Democratic demand for reform of the civil service, and it is simply turning out the Republicans. It is nothing whatever but a cry for the spoils, and there can be no doubt that a Democratic victory would be equivalent to a swift and clean sweep of the entire civil service, down to the laborers and scrub-women. The result would be so startling and disturbing that the country would vigorously protest. In the opinion of an earnest Democratic reformer nothing else will fully arouse the country. But we do not take so gloomy a view. The Republicans have matured a scheme of practical reform, and have begun to apply it. The Democrats, with whom the evil began, announce that the only reform necessary is to bring them into power. The very fact that they do not declare for the vigorous enforcement and rapid extension of the reformed system already established is the conclusive evidence of the Democratic abandonment of all reform except that which is accomplished by virtuous professions of the exceeding purity of the Democratic party.

THE CONTEST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE selection of Colonel CHARLES R. CODMAN as the president of the Massachusetts Republican Convention is an admirable sign of the spirit and purpose of the party in that State. Colonel CODMAN is a vigorous, sagacious, and independent Republican, whose independence does not make him impracticable or visionary, and who especially represents the spirit and perception which are indispensable to Republican success in Massachusetts this year. His speech at the Convention will undoubtedly strike the key-note of the contest, and show that there is really but one object to be sought at the election by honorable and self-respecting Massachusetts men, and that is the defeat of BUTLER. The Boston *Herald* well defines the sole issue as Butlerism. That word describes a spirit and methods and tendencies which are radically hostile to all that the word Massachusetts means in American history and in the hearts of Massachusetts citizens. The issue is perfectly distinct, and no one need misunderstand it.

Every voter who desires decent politics and the preservation of the good name of the State will gladly support any reputable Republican candidate who may be nominated against BUTLER. There has been some report of the unwillingness of certain Republicans to support this or that man because, although of undoubted honesty and ability, he may not be zealous enough in this or that movement of reform. It is incredible, however, that there should be many such, or that any man who is intelligently devoted to any wise reform should not see that all progress is impossible until the chief obstruction of any real reform is removed. A man may be a little too warm or a little too cool upon the temperance question or upon civil service reform; he may seem to be a little too strong or a little too weak upon the tariff or upon the repeal of the internal revenue; but these are not the issues in Massachusetts at this particular election, and a temperance or civil service reform Republican might as wisely have refused to vote for GARFIELD in 1880 because his views upon those subjects may not have been in every detail satisfactory as to reject a Republican candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts for the same reasons.

Votes at an election where there is a plainly paramount issue can be wisely cast only with reference to that issue. In the national election of 1860, when the overshadowing question was that of the extension of slavery, a man would have been crazy who should have refused to support Mr. LINCOLN because he might not have been sound upon the tariff. In 1864, when the real question was the vigorous prosecution of the war, to have refused to vote for him because he was too slow about emancipation would have been idiotic. So in Massachusetts at this election the commanding question is, Shall BUTLER be Governor? and this question must determine every man's vote. Some Republican candidate, indeed, may be nominated whose views upon certain subjects may not be wholly satisfactory to certain Republicans. But this need not repel them. For instance, BUTLER professes to favor woman suffrage. A Republican candidate may be presented who does not favor it. A voter who is friendly to that cause must then ask himself whether BUTLER'S profession of interest in the subject outweighs all the mischief which the official supremacy of such a man necessarily brings upon the State. So BUTLER, in an interview last winter, expressed the most excellent sentiments upon civil service reform. But in view of his actual course upon this subject, and of the whole conduct of his administration, can any honest civil service reformer really think that he

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serves the cause either by voting for BUTLER or by refusing to support an honorable and worthy opposing candidate who has made no such professions? We do not believe that there is a corporal's guard of such voters in Massachusetts who at this election would refuse their votes to a sound and honest Republican because he did not hold their precise views of civil service reform.

A WORD IN SEASON.

THE friends of the Niagara Falls reservation have thus far been singularly discreet in their conduct of the enterprise, and it would be unfortunate if the reservation should now be imperiled by extravagant demands. The report of the Commissioners will be presented to the next Legislature, and it will probably recommend the purchase by the State of the land essential to the design. There will probably be some opposition, as to every public project of the kind, and the conclusive argument for the adoption of the expected proposition of the Commission will be that the land to be taken is essential to the object contemplated.

This, it seems to us, should be borne constantly in mind by all friends of the reservation. An enlargement of the plan, however pleasant and desirable in itself, would probably defeat the main purpose. The proposition has proceeded from the first upon a definite line, according to the report of the Commissioners of the State Survey in 1880, which was transmitted to the Legislature by ex-Governor SEYMOUR, the president of the board.

The essential point is admirably stated in a letter to the *Sun* by Mr. J. B. HARRISON, the corresponding secretary of the association:

"I was convinced that the intelligent people of the State would provide for the preservation of the scenery about the Falls of Niagara if the matter could be presented to them plainly and honestly. But I do not believe they will favor the extension of the proposed reservation several miles down the river, past the village of Suspension Bridge, so as to include the region around the Whirlpool. The scenery there is not threatened with destruction, as it is near the Falls, nor is the State ownership of the land so far down the river essential to the interest or value of the scenery of Niagara. This enormous enlargement of the proposed reservation, and of its cost, if seriously urged by friends of the movement, would, I think, insure the defeat of the original enterprise, and should rightly have that result."

This passage undoubtedly expresses the views of the association, and of those who have been most persistent in advocating the enterprise.

THE OBELISK CRABS.

PROFESSOR A. C. MERRIAM, of Columbia College, has written a monograph upon the Obelisk crab inscriptions, which the HARPERS have neatly published, as becomes one of the most thorough works of archæological scholarship ever accomplished in this country. The obelisk known as the GORRINGE obelisk, from the gallant officer who raised it successfully and transported it to this country, originally rested upon four bronze sea crabs. Two had been stolen, and the two that remained were seriously broken and defaced.

The inscriptions upon them had been deciphered in Alexandria, and the interpretation had been accepted by European scholars. It was repeated in this country by Mr. FEUARDENT, who has for some years assailed upon archæological grounds the honesty of the Director of the Metropolitan Art Museum. The Alexandrian interpretation was also accepted by Commander GORRINGE, who claims, however, to be neither an archæologist nor an Egyptologist. The Alexandrian interpretation, however, was wholly inaccurate. The original pair of crabs having been deposited in the Museum, the Trustees referred the question of the inscriptions to President BARNARD, of Columbia, and he to Dr. MERRIAM, Adjunct Professor of Greek in the college.

Professor MERRIAM has shown the error of the Alexandrian rendering in a way perfectly satisfactory, testing his work at every point by contemporary facts already known, so that his essay is conclusive. He corrects dates and names, but with a modest courtesy and an appreciation of the peculiar difficulties which obstructed the previous examinations which are as honorable as his own scholarly spirit and skill are evident. The monograph is a credit to American scholarship of which we may well be proud. Professor MERRIAM has broken a lance with MOMMSEN, and come off victorious. For MOMMSEN, accepting the Alexandrian interpretation, had held that the temple before which the obelisks stood had not been erected to AUGUSTUS, but by AUGUSTUS to his father, JULIUS. To have corrected MOMMSEN is a bright laurel for an American scholar.

A SIDE LIGHT.

IT is amusing to see from a letter of the writer known as "Ouida" that the question of an international copyright is beginning to present itself in England in a new light. The competition of American fiction in the English market arouses at least the apprehension of Ouida. "What I want to know," she says, "is this: On what terms are American novels republished by London publishers? It is a question of vital interest to all English authors."

It is natural that she should think American novels to be overestimated in England, but she is not wrong in saying that the question is one of common interest to authors and publishers. It is very clear that if books were not written, publishers would not exist, and if authors were not rewarded, fewer books would be written. In two neighboring countries of the same language and traditions, but of different governments, as the literary supply becomes more equalized in any department, the question of copyright will inevitably arise from the side both of the writer and the publisher of books, and the attempt to separate their interests will be futile.

This is the precise situation for which the "arrangement" of which Ouida has evidently heard was proposed, and the opposition to which has come from some of one of the interested parties. It is a very sensible and practicable scheme, and by far the most promising that has ever been suggested. It is the English publishers that Ouida must persuade. English authors already agree with the great body of American authors and publishers.

OLD AND NEW.

WHEN Judge HOADLY returns from Alabama he will undoubtedly explain the statement of Mr. WOODWARD, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that the Judge told him that "MCLEAN had made his nomination cost *him* too much money." The fact that Judge HOADLY has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Ohio can not have changed the man, and whatever may have been said of him hitherto, his personal veracity has never been impeached. He stated in the strongest manner to Governor FOSTER that the story of his buying the nomination was an unqualified lie, and he demanded the name of the liar. The author of the story has now repeated it in detail, and Judge HOADLY can not rest upon his previous general denial.

The incident forecasts the character of the purely personal campaign which menaces us next year. Whoever may be nominated upon either side will be assailed with accusations which will at least trouble, if they do not persuade, many voters, and under which all questions of policy or administration will disappear. The ludicrous personal tattle about Mr. TILDEN is another illustration of it. Both the HOADLY and the TILDEN stories show the sweet harmony which prevails in Democratic circles, and which certainly is not surpassed by that of the Republicans.

Meanwhile Judge HOADLY'S "new Democracy" does not plainly appear. All that his nomination, which was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day, has yet accomplished is to show that the better spirit and hope of progress which he was supposed to represent are heartily hated by the old Democracy.

A LATE DISGRACE.

THE savage brutality of the mob in the draft riots, the frenzied delight in human suffering and the mad inhumanity which they revealed, were appalling to many persons who had not believed that in any American city in this year of civilization such barbarism was possible. It showed how absolutely cruel and fierce is a certain class of the population. But it was no stronger evidence of it than the spectacle of the late prize-fight at the Madison Square Garden.

Nothing could be more disgusting than the reports of that fight in the papers of the next day, and it was the more striking that the scene was not some noted criminal and notorious quarter of the town, but the very centre of its most refined population. Two men stood up in the presence of a vast ignorant and imbruted crowd, and, amid savage yells of excitement and fury, knocked and pounded each other until one, half blind and senseless from the encounter, was taken away.

The most significant commentary upon the incident is the fact that it was treated by the papers as an event certain to be of profound and especial interest to the intelligent public that reads newspapers. Elaborate descriptions of every repulsive detail were printed in many of the papers. Of course it was not news. Two men engaged in "knocking each other out"—that is, in beating each other to a bloody jelly—can be of no conceivable interest to intelligent and civilized people except as a curious illustration of the persistence of the brute in man, and of the most degraded forms of barbarism in the midst of civilization.

PERSONAL.

A PERSON who calls himself a "phrenologist and physiognomist" is decorating the front windows of some New York stores with photographs of eminent Americans, to which he has affixed certain written descriptions of character. "The long, narrow face and head," he writes in one instance, "are inclined to work for the interest of others as well as for their own. PETER COOPER and HENRY BERGH are examples." Then follow photographs of those two philanthropists. Persons about to marry will please take notice.

—The strength of marital affection in the United States navy is the subject of complimentary notice on the part of Secretary CHANDLER. He is compelled, however, for the expected good of the service, to issue a general order forbidding naval officers on cruising war vessels to transfer their families to places of abode where the said officers may see them more frequently and conveniently. But suppose the feminine heads of those families take it into their minds to travel where they please. Has the Secretary power over them too? Or does he assume that husbands are always bosses?

—In the column of "Wants" in a New York morning journal appears this unusual advertisement: "Can any one give a deserving young gentleman a situation? Is capable of assuming any office work, or would accept a light porter's position. Will work for a moderate salary, as he is in very great need. Best references given. Address," etc. As ill luck would have it, the compositor made a mistake in the number of the post-office box given as a part of the address. He set it up 071, omitting the figure for the thousands; and the unfortunate advertiser, who is "in very great need," must be put to the delay, if not to the expense, of advertising again, even his advertisement having turned against him.

—Mr. FRANK W. SMITH, of Toledo, Ohio, a Union soldier of the late war, has collected funds for the purchase of about fourteen thousand United States flags, which he proposes to place on the graves of the Union soldiers who lie buried within the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia. "It will take," he says, "thirteen thousand seven hundred and sixteen, allowing one flag for each grave. The remaining six hundred and eighty-four will be used in decorating a mound in memory of the twenty-four thousand two hundred and eighty-four other brothers who are buried in cemeteries near the Southern prisons." Mr. SMITH was himself once a prisoner within the stockades of Andersonville.

—We are permitted to quote an interesting extract from a private letter just received by Colonel KEATING, of the Memphis *Appeal*, from Mr. ALVIN C. VORIS, a lawyer of Akron, Ohio: "My attention was called to your attitude respecting the sectional feeling and differences of the different parts of our country, and especially between the North and South, by an item published in the Personals of HARPER'S WEEKLY of July 19. Permit me as a soldier of the late war, fighting against you and your people, to say that I regard such men as you as exhibiting the truest type of the American patriot. I am glad to know that you have the courage to openly and cordially urge upon your people the necessity of cultivating fraternal relations with the people of the North. Ever since the close of the war I have on all proper occasions advocated this policy, and in public at times and places when the contrary doctrine would have taken much better with the masses. But now our people are anxious to be friends with your people upon the broad plane of business—social and political reciprocity. I need not say to you I am a Republican, and about as black as they make them."

—As a companion piece to a description recently given in this column of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S Queen Anne villa in the suburbs of Philadelphia, we quote the following from a new book: "The appointments of Mr. CHILDS'S city mansion in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, reflect a sumptuous motive, and money was not spared by the architect, who had received *carte blanche*. The trimmings of the doors are of Tennessee and black marble, and the wainscoting of Lake Champlain marble, with small panels faced with Siena. The ceiling of the marble vestibule is of Carrara stone, and the marble for the walls from Lake Champlain. Most of the woods are rich foreign specimens, satin-wood especially. The drawing-room and music-room, separated by an arch with highly decorated pillars, are an adaptation of the French Renaissance style about the time of MARIE ANTOINETTE, and have wainscotings of mahogany-wood, immense wall panels of crimson satin, and ceiling decorations of elaborate papier-maché and fresco work, and when lighted by the magnificent chandeliers, with their profusion of Florentine glass pendants, present an effect of the most brilliantly elegant description."

—One of M. DE LESSEPS'S ten children has been very ill of typhoid fever, and his natural anxiety for the little fellow has been written about and telegraphed about as something strange. "While John Bull," says a Paris correspondent, "has imagined that M. DE LESSEPS was straining his heart about the second canal in Egypt and the fiery uplift of public opinion in England, the venerable engineer was concentrating all his energies upon the means for a sick child's recovery, and was bowing his white hairs with loving earnestness over a trundle-bed." Why should he not have been, unless the business of canal-digging destroys parental affection, or Frenchmen do not love their children?

—Speaking of the refusal of England to buy the Ashburnham collections of pictures and manuscripts, the London *Saturday Review* says: "There is nothing surprising in this conduct, nothing unusual, nothing peculiar to one or other of the great parties in the state. Lord BEACONSFIELD'S government, before annexing Cyprus, let the Cypriote collection of General CESNOLA be sold to America for a song. The Americans are now depreciating the value of their purchase: we wish they would sell it back at cost price. It is a matter of taste; but one single gem—an emerald engraved with the story of Boreas and Orithyia—seemed to us as desirable as even the Ashburnham MS. decorated by the pencil of PERUGINO and his great contemporaries. However, it is idle to make these comparisons with accuracy, because the country has lost the treasures which it would have been a pleasure to compare—the finest works of the generation before PHIDIAS and of the generation before RAFFAELLE. They are most probably going into the possession of people who do not yet seem quite capable of understanding the measure of their own good fortune."

—President GRÉVY compliments the Pope. "LEO XIII.," he says, "is not, perhaps, what may be called a Liberal, but he comprehends Liberal ideas, if he does not share them"—which is true of most persons of education; "he is an honest, well-meaning man"—which shows that the President must have been admitted into the Pope's closest intimacy, as the French say, else how could he have become acquainted with the foundations of his moral nature?

—One of the most picturesque towns of the Southern Tyrol is Primiero; but the traveller's sleep there is disturbed. Every half-hour during the night a loud voice is heard somewhat as follows, "Ur-r-r-r dieci ore, niente di nuovo"—that is to say, "Ten o'clock, and nothing new." It proceeds from the watchman, or sentinel, who makes his way through the streets announcing the periodic flight of time and the safety of things in general.

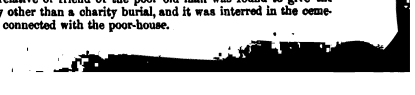
—The hero of WILKIE COLLISS'S latest novel, *Heart and Science*, is a doctor who practices vivisection; and one of its closing incidents is of a poor mutilated dog which, after being operated upon in the interests of science, refuses to go away from the doctor's laboratory (although the doctor tries to drive him out), but lingers in spite of all rebuffs, and licks his torturer's hands.

—"A Confirmed Diner-out" writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* against "the tyranny of champagne." At all London dinners, he says, the staple of the entertainment is that effervescent fluid, whether the meal is served at a private house or at a club, at a bachelor's rooms or at a hotel. "How well one knows the routine! First the glass of sherry after your soup, then the glass of hock (generally rather thin) after the fish, and then the inevitable. Every wine-merchant will tell you that champagne is the wine most fatiguing to the palate to taste; and if to taste, how much more so to drink continuously! On the other hand, the least irksome wine to taste is claret. Now, since at a London dinner party one is obliged to be two hours in a space more or less confined and hot, why should not clarets have a chance?"

—On the position of women in Germany, a British ex-consul, Mr. HENRY REEVES, writes: "Woman is made to perform every kind of degrading labor. She prepares the fields for planting; she drives the oxen and holds the plough; and not unfrequently she takes the place of the ox before the plough. She sows the seed and tills the soil; she shovels, she hoes, she reaps; she gathers the harvest; she threshes the grain and carries it to the mill; she grinds it at the mill; she markets the products of her small strip of land to buy bread for her children and beer for her lord and master; she does the work and the drudgery in the factories; she is the scavenger for cleaning the streets, and for gathering offal in the cities and highways for enriching the land. She does everything but play soldier and hang around beer shops and drink beer from early morn until late at night." But every adult American who has travelled in Spain, in France, in Italy, or in Austria has seen similar instances of the degradation of women; and on returning home, he has had to go no further than Harlem Flats to witness others like them.

—The city authorities of London have instituted a medal to be given to every member of the Fire Brigade who has served faithfully fifteen years. It would require a good many medals if all the merchants of New York city, who served faithfully fifteen years in the old Volunteer Fire Department, were to be decorated.

—An apt illustration of WILL CARLETON'S poem, "Over the Hills to the Poor-house," has occurred in Cleveland, Ohio. An old man named JONATHAN C. BOWLES died recently at the city infirmary, seventy-five years of age, childless, friendless, and alone. Years ago he was wealthy, and owned a large hotel in East Cleveland, on the spot where Adelbert College now stands, and later was an affluent merchant. He is said to have been twice worth $100,000, lost in real estate speculations, and to have always possessed a horror of going to the poor-house. Among the papers found in his moth-eaten old satchel was discovered a well-marked copy of WILL CARLETON'S poem, "Over the Hills to the Poor-house." Other things in his possession were $7000 in worthless stock certificates of a Colorado silver mine, a letter certifying that he was a good Methodist, and six cents. These were what remained of two large fortunes. No relative or friend of the poor old man was found to give the body other than a charity burial, and it was interred in the cemetery connected with the poor-house.



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SANDS POINT, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 519.]

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—(*Continued.*)

MY UNCLE IS DISAPPOINTED IN ME.

It was some days before I saw her again. Not that I did not make many attempts and invent divers ingenious pretexts to secure a meeting; but, from one cause or another, none of these proved successful; and when I did meet her it always so chanced that there was a third person present. For more than a week this constant ill luck pursued me. If I lay in wait for Maud in the village, all I gained by it was the privilege of sharing her society with Mrs. Bunce or some other intrusive old woman; if I walked over to the Rectory, there was no getting rid of the Rector; and although, upon these occasions, she was as friendly as ever, that was not what I desired. I wanted to see her alone, and I was not at all sure that I wanted her to be friendly. At least, I wished her to show some consciousness that there had been a coolness between us, and that it was owing to that coolness that I had absented myself at Easter; whereas she appeared determined to ignore both these circumstances. At the end of a fortnight it became evident that Maud was avoiding me purposely, and I was growing very indignant, not to say sulky, when the opportunity which always comes to those who wait came to me.

On the northeast shore of Thirlby Broad, in the part where the reeds and rushes are highest, and where the woods meet the water, there is a little quiet creek, in which, long ago, a rotten old flat-bottomed punt used always to lie moored. It was seldom visited, save by sportsmen, the treacherous nature of the ground over which it must be approached making it somewhat difficult of access; and indeed the spot has no attractions powerful enough to tempt any one into risking a wetting in order to reach it, unless it be at the hour of sunset, when, looking down the vista of reeds, you get a curious narrowed view of what looks like a lake of fire. Seen thus, as through a funnel, the distance is greatly exaggerated, so that to the eye of the imaginative spectator those dazzling ripples appear to stretch far away to the very edge of the world, and to lose themselves at last in the bosom of the great sinking sun himself. Some ragged stakes rise huge and black in the foreground, and in the middle distance is a tiny islet overgrown with bulrushes; but the opposite shore can not be seen, because of the mist which hangs over it, and which seems to form one with the red glory of the sky. Such as it is, that scrap of landscape has remained clearly stamped upon my memory, from which the outlines of many more notable ones have faded away; for it was at the spot and the hour which I have attempted to describe that I came unexpectedly upon Maud Dennison one still summer evening, and it was then and there that an interview of the highest importance and interest took place.

I had strolled down to the Broad to satisfy myself as to the well-being of some ducks which Bunce and I had left among the reeds as a decoy; and it is probable that if I had had the smallest suspicion that I was likely to encounter Maud in the course of my walk I should not have arrayed myself in my oldest clothes and a pair of high wading boots. There, however, she was, sitting in the punt, with her back turned toward me and her hands clasped round her knees, and I could not allow a mere question of costume to stand between me and the happiness of joining her. She started up from her contemplation of the sunset when the splash of advancing steps caught her ear, and, on recognizing me, made as though she would have disembarked and retired; but she did not act upon this impulse, because, for one thing, she could not have stepped upon firm land without some preliminary manœuvring with the punt pole, and, for another, I was not going to let her escape; and doubtless determination was written upon my brow.

"Why do you always treat me as if I had the plague?" I asked, reproachfully, after I had waded up to the side of the punt, and had been allowed the privilege of holding her slim fingers for a moment. "You would have bolted now if it hadn't happened to be physically impossible; you invariably do bolt as soon as I appear. I wish you would tell me why."

As she made no reply, I added, pathetically, "And I had such lots of things to say to you, too!"

She had resumed her seat and her former attitude, and was now once more devoting the whole of her attention to the sunset, instead of to me. "Say on," she returned, composedly.

"I will," said I, "as soon as you have answered my question."

She turned her head for a moment to inquire, "Did you ask me a question?"

"You know I did. I asked you why you always run away from me now."

"Oh, I am sure I never ran."

"You walked very fast, at all events. Honestly now: isn't it true that you have been trying to keep out of my way for the last fortnight?"

Maud hesitated for a short space, but at last made up her mind to say: "Oh yes; it is quite true, since you will insist upon knowing. I have my reasons for wishing to deprive you of my company just at present."

"And might I inquire what those reasons are?"

"No, you might not. They are stupid reasons. Or rather they are good reasons enough of their kind, only they can't very well be talked about without some embarrassment—which is certainly stupid. Does that satisfy you?"

"Not a bit," I replied.

"Ah, then I am afraid you will have to remain in a state of dissatisfaction. That will help you to sympathize with me, for if ever any one had cause to be dissatisfied I have. My power in the parish is a thing of the past: Mrs. Farquhar meets me and beats me at every turn. I suppose you know that she has quarrelled with the Ebenezer man, and is coming back to church, with a whole flock of parishioners at her heels. What makes it so humiliating is that I was bringing them round, one by one, and she knew it. She fights like Napoleon, by moving large masses, which is quite destructive of all the finer tactics of warfare. But I don't want to talk about my afflictions: let us hear one of the many things that you have to say to me."

I observed that, to begin with, I should very much like to know why she had scorned the dog which I had been at such pains to select for her.

"More questions!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I wish you would try to adopt some other style of conversation, Charley. I hate answering questions."

"And letters too, it seems," I remarked.

"My father answered yours for me. I didn't scorn the little dog at all; I was very sorry to be obliged to refuse him. But—well, I had a reason for that also."

"And also a reason that can't be mentioned?"

"A reason that it would be embarrassing to mention, as I said before. And yet," she added, after a momentary silence, "I don't know why I should allow myself to be embarrassed by it, after all: perhaps you may as well be told. It was only that Mrs. Farquhar came to call one day, and said disagreeable things about our being so much together. What she says is of no great consequence, perhaps; but it made me rather angry at the time, and I was determined that she should have no excuse for doing it again."

Maud delivered herself of this explanation in a perfectly unconcerned voice; but it seemed to me that a faint reflection of the pink sunset glow had found its way into her cheeks.

"So that's why you wouldn't have poor old Scamp!" I exclaimed. "Now I understand it all; and if you only knew what a weight you have lifted off my mind, you would wish you had spoken a little sooner. I left the poor little man up at Oxford, because I thought it would be unfair upon him to bring him into company where he was despised; but now I shall send for him at once, and I shall be very much astonished if you don't fall in love with him at first sight. I suppose you won't consent to accept him yet; but I consider that he is your property, and I shall hand him over to you as soon as we get rid of Mrs. Farquhar. And that won't be a very long time to wait, because I shall slay her with my own hands if she goes on behaving in this outrageous way."

Maud, with her chin supported by her hand, was gazing at the misty distance, and made no rejoinder for some minutes. "You ought not to speak against Mrs. Farquhar," she remarked at length; "she is quite devoted to you."

"I don't want her devotion," I returned, ungratefully.

"You may want it some day—though it is very uncertain whether you will keep it, I should think." And then, after another interval of silence, "You have been let into the family secret, I hear."

"Yes. Did you know of it all along?"

"I guessed what it must be; and then Mrs. Farquhar spoke about it quite openly. She thinks all will go smoothly now; her only fear is that you may be quixotic enough to hunt out the lost sheep and abdicate in his favor. She asked me whether I thought you were likely to be so irrational as to cut your own throat; but I told her I didn't know you sufficiently well to give an opinion. It was then that she began to make unpleasant speeches."

"I don't want to stand between father and son," I said, with a twinge of conscience as I remembered how my enthusiasm in this matter had cooled down. "I made up my mind from the first that I would bring them together again if I could. Don't you think yourself that I ought?"

She did not answer at first; but presently she said, slowly, "Yes, I think you ought."

"Then," said I, "you may be sure that I shall try."

"But I hope you won't succeed," she added.

"Why not?"

"Oh, one may wish one's friends to be heroic, but one is not bound to wish that they should be turned out into the cold."

"I shouldn't mind that a bit," I declared, "if you thought me heroic for doing it. Maud, there's nothing I wouldn't do to please you. I care a great deal more for one word from you than for all the houses and lands in Norfolk."

"Won't you catch cold if you stand up to your knees in water much longer?" she asked, altogether disregarding this hyperbolic compliment.

"What can I do?" said I. "I'm afraid I couldn't get into the punt without upsetting it."

"I beg you will not attempt any such thing. But I see no reason why you should not return to the bank."

"And shout across the water to you? No, thank you; I prefer to stay where I am. Maud," I continued, resting my arms on the edge of the punt, and looking up into her face (for the mention of the circumstance that our names had been coupled together by Mrs. Farquhar had greatly emboldened me)—"Maud, do you know why I kept away from Thirlby at Easter?"

"I can't imagine," she replied, with something disagreeably like a quiver of suppressed laughter in her voice. "What can have been your motive? Did you withdraw into a sequestered nook in order to carry on your studies without danger of interruption?"

"No," I returned, somewhat tartly; "I didn't. I went larking about the country in a dog-cart with another fellow. After the way you had behaved about Scamp, I was sure you didn't care to see me, and I wasn't going to come home only to be made miserable. So I thought I would enjoy myself and forget you; only of course I couldn't, and— But what is the use of my saying all this?" I broke off. "I believe you know it all; I believe you know everything, really."

"Know everything?" she repeated, turning round with raised eyebrows.

"I mean everything that there is to know about me. You know

"SHE DID NOT ANSWER; BUT SHE DID NOT WITHDRAW HER HAND."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

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that"—I came to a full stop here, checked by the thumping of my heart, and by the sinking sensation which always precedes a leap or a plunge; however, I conquered it at once, and ended my sentence in a perfectly unequivocal manner—"you know that I love you."

She made no reply, but sat perfectly motionless, with her head still turned away from me; and so long did this silence continue that at last I was obliged to repeat, in a tone of entreaty, "You do know it, don't you?"

"Yes, I know you think so," she said, quietly.

"Think so!" I cried—"*think* so! You might as well say that I *think* I am alive. If I can be sure of anything in the world, I am sure of my love for you. It began the very first day that I saw you; it has always been the same ever since; and it always will be the same as long as I live."

"I suppose people always say that when they are in love," Maud remarked, bending over the side of the boat, and drawing her fingers absently through the water. And I doubt whether she heard much of the eager asseverations which I proceeded to pour forth; for she jumped up abruptly while I was in the midst of my harangue, and said it was time to go home. "Will you pull the punt to the bank, please, and let me get out?"

"Very well," I said; "but you will give me an answer before you go?"

"Let me land first." And presently she laid her hand lightly on my shoulder, and sprang ashore, saying, calmly, "Good-night, Charley."

"And my answer?" said I.

She laughed as she looked down upon me from the bank. "You haven't asked me anything," she observed. "You have only been making statements, and they don't require an answer."

"Then," I returned, "I will ask you something now. Maud, whatever you may say, you know that I love you. Do you—can you—"

"That's enough," she interrupted; "I don't want you to ask any more. Supposing—only you are not to suppose anything of the kind, please—that I had an inclination to—to feel in the way you mean, I should consider it an imperative duty to stifle that inclination."

"An imperative duty?" I echoed, doubtfully, being unable to distinguish her features in the waning light, and having a painful suspicion that she was laughing at me.

"Oh yes; just as you feel it your duty to seek out young Mr. Le Marchant and put him in your place, you know. Duty so often compels us to turn away from brilliant prospects, unfortunately."

By this time I had scrambled up the bank to her side, and was able to convince myself of the mortifying fact that she was positively and literally laughing. "I must say that I did not expect you to make fun of me," I exclaimed, wrathfully.

"I am not making fun of you, Charley," she answered, "or at least only a very little. But don't you think it is better not to be too serious over it? In a few years' or perhaps a few months' time you won't look back upon it as having been a very serious matter yourself, and you mustn't be angry with me because I can see a little further into the future than you can. There is nothing wonderful in your thinking me perfection just now, because I happen to be the only girl of decent birth and education in the neighborhood; but it would be very wonderful indeed if you continued to think so after meeting numbers of better-looking, better-dressed, and cleverer women, as you certainly must do before you are much older."

"That wonder will take place," I declared, firmly.

"We shall see. In the mean time will you do me a small favor?"

"A thousand."

"You are too liberal; I only ask for one. It is that you will not refer to this subject again."

"That is absurd," I exclaimed. "I am willing to do anything in reason, but I can't perform impossibilities, and I don't think you ought to require them of me."

"Then you will drive me out of the county, that is all," she said, turning away. "The Savilles have asked me to go and stay with them, but I meant to decline, because I thought I should have a pleasant summer here, now that you and George Warren have come back, and very likely it will be the last that we shall spend together. Now, however, I shall be obliged to go, though it will be very inconvenient in many ways."

This threat brought me down on my knees, so to speak, at once. Sooner than that Maud should go away I was ready to consent to anything—almost anything. I promised to submit: all I entreated was that she would give me just one word of hope to keep me going, and that at least she would believe in the sincerity of my love. If she could not give me credit for constancy, I was sorry for it: only time could convince her that she was wronging me there. As for me, I knew that I could never change. "Whether you care for me or whether you forget me, Maud, it will always be just the same. There may be numbers of women in the world superior to you, as you say; but it is quite certain that I shall never think so; and I will not give up the hope of winning you some day until I find that you love another man."

I did not obtain much from her in return for a great many vows such as these; but she did not refuse to listen to me, and that, I thought, was a good sign. "It is agreed, then," she said at last, "that you are not to speak like this again."

"Until when?"

"Until—until—oh, I don't know. Until I give you leave."

"But that may be never," I said, dolorously.

"It may be never," she agreed, smiling. "Still, while there is life there is hope; and as you mean never to change, it won't matter if you have to wait some little time."

"You don't forbid me to hope, then?" I cried, eagerly.

She did not answer; but she did not withdraw her hand, of which I had managed to gain possession, and I repeated my appeal, "You don't forbid me to hope?"

I suppose that neither she nor I can have had all our faculties about us at that moment; otherwise we must surely have heard footsteps drawing near. Certain it is that we were both thrown into the most extreme discomfiture when my uncle's voice, close to my ear, said: "I don't know whether you are aware, Charley, that it is half past eight o'clock, and that dinner is over. My mother has sent me out to look for you, preparatory to giving orders for having the Broad dragged." And I believe that it was to spare our blushes that the dear old fellow pretended only at that moment to recognize Maud. "Bless me! can that be Miss Dennison?" he ejaculated. "My dear young lady, your father will be in a fine fright! You must allow us to see you home. On these long evenings one is apt to forget to look at one's watch."

I was too dumfoundered to speak, for I was sure that my uncle could not have helped overhearing my last words; but Maud, who should have found the situation even more awkward than I did, recovered herself with feminine rapidity.

"My father won't feel anxious, Mr. Le Marchant," she said, "because he has gone to Norwich to see the Bishop. And you must not think of seeing me home, thank you; I am quite accustomed to walking about by myself. It is much more important that you should take Charley back, and set Mrs. Farquhar's mind at rest."

My uncle, however, would take no refusal. His old-fashioned ideas of courtesy rendered it absolutely imperative upon him to escort belated ladies to their own door, and he was not the man to allow any inconvenience attendant upon walking through muddy copses and lanes in thin evening shoes to deter him from the execution of his duty. Presently, therefore, Miss Dennison set off homeward under efficient protection, she and my uncle beguiling the way with bland conversation, while I remained silent, and wondered what they were thinking about all the time. Probably neither of them was very sorry when the Rectory was reached; but they kept up appearances in a highly creditable manner to the last moment, and parted with the usual interchange of polite speeches.

When we had said good-night, and had turned our faces toward the Hall, my uncle did not take my arm, as it was his general custom to do when we were alone; and I knew that he was displeased with me, though he said nothing. Perhaps he was waiting for me to speak first. However, I thought I would leave it to him to break the ice; and after a while he did so in a manner which rather startled me.

"Charley," he said, "this will never do. I am sorry to have to say it; but I must say that I am disappointed in you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I owe you an apology for having played the eavesdropper," he went on, without noticing my interruption; "but I hope you know that I should never do such a thing intentionally."

I said I was quite sure of that.

"No; I should never have done it intentionally," he repeated; "and indeed I caught no more than two or three words. Such as they were, though, there was no misunderstanding them, and I am afraid I must take it that, when I came up, you were in the act of making Miss Dennison an offer of marriage."

"It wasn't exactly that," I murmured.

"Not an offer of marriage? Then, may I inquire what it was?"

"It was a—a sort of a—oh, *you* know," I answered, finding no accurate definition quite beyond me. "I didn't say a word about marriage; we never got as far as that; and of course I should have had no right to talk about marrying. One can't marry upon twopence-halfpenny a year."

"And do you think," asked my uncle, "that it is a gentleman-like or an honorable thing to speak to a girl of love when you are not able to speak to her of marriage?"

I answered, somewhat confusedly, that I had not thought of the matter in that way.

"That is exactly what I complain of," he rejoined; "you ought to have thought of it. I don't know what answer Miss Dennison may have given you—"

"She gave me no answer at all. That is to say, she only told me not to do it again."

"I am very glad to hear it. Still, it is no thanks to you that she has been preserved from placing herself in a false position. Even as it is, I don't see how she is to meet you again without great discomfort."

"But it is agreed that I am to say no more about it—for the present."

"Oh!—that is agreed?"

"Yes. And surely," I went on, in a somewhat injured tone, "you don't object to her personally. You wouldn't mind my looking forward to marrying her some day. You don't want me to go in for an heiress, or anything of that kind."

"My dear fellow, I am thinking of her just now, not of you. No; I have not the smallest objection to Miss Maud; on the contrary, I think that she is a very charming young lady, and that the man who wins her will be a particularly lucky man. Only, as you will not be either old enough or rich enough to think of marrying for some years to come, I doubt whether you will be that man; and therefore I say that it was a thoughtless and selfish thing to try and get an avowal out of her. Do I understand you to say that she is perfectly free?"

"Perfectly and absolutely. She gave me nothing approaching to a promise."

"Then," said my uncle, after a few minutes of silence, "I dare say we may be able to save her from further annoyance. I must think it over."

"But I don't consider *myself* free," I observed. "I told her that I should marry her or nobody, and I mean to keep my word."

"I have nothing to say against that: that is a matter which concerns you alone. All I wish to impress upon you is that you should hold your peace until you have something besides fidelity to offer."

"Well, I suppose you are right," I said. "I admit that I ought not to have spoken—only I couldn't help it."

"Ah, I think you could have helped it, if you had thought a little more of her and less of yourself, Charley," answered my uncle. He added, very characteristically: "Nevertheless, it is difficult for an old man to judge a young one justly. I am afraid I can't retract the meaning of anything that I have said; but perhaps the words I used may have been too harsh. If they were, I beg your pardon."

At the time I thought he had been decidedly too hard upon me. I don't think so now; but perhaps that may be because I am no longer young myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESPONDENCY.

[This sonnet was written by "Sherwood Bonner" only a short time before her death.]

A soul which, anguish-smitten, sought release
From its own thoughts through weary hours of night
Turned with new life to greet the morning light,
And read in golden lines the longed-for peace,
When suddenly, 'mid all the fair increase
Of hope, the new-found joys that round it pressed,
There stood, reproachful-eyed, a famished guest,
Whose wan, set look bade all delight to cease.

Will it be so hereafter? Shall we gain
The heaven we sought through life's long night of care,
Only to find some word, once heard in vain,
Some duty, in sheer exercise of prayer
Left unfulfilled, start up to meet us there,
Bidding us back to old remorse and pain?

WANTED—A DAUGHTER.

"An actress, sir? Never!" said Mr. Philander Greentree, in a voice that made the windows rattle in their frames.

And "Never" echoed his meek little wife, but in so faint a tone that it didn't disturb in the least the fly that was sitting on one of the pretty white puffs on her dear old head.

"And if you persist in being in love with the young woman, you must cease to be an inmate of my house," shouted Mr. Greentree. "And if you marry her, by heavens! I'll scratch you."

"Yes, we'll be obliged to scratch you," added the old lady, as mildly as she had spoken before, looking at the same time as though it would be utterly impossible for her to scratch any one under any circumstances whatever. Not that they meant scratching in the common sense of the word: scratching the young man's name from his uncle's will was the punishment they threatened.

"And I'll never give you a penny," thundered Uncle Philander.

"Oh, William, think of that!—not even a penny," said Aunt Tamasin.

"And I'll adopt a girl—I will, by heavens!" the old man went on, growing more and more angry every minute. "No more ungrateful boys for me. And she'll marry to please us, and her children shall be our grandchildren."

"My dear boy, consider," entreated the old lady. "How dreadful, how very dreadful, for us to have strange grandchildren!"

"Uncle and aunt—I suppose I must call you father and mother no longer," said the young man, slowly and firmly—"I am truly sorry to vex you, but I have plighted my faith to Miss Fieldbrook, and I can not and will not break it. She is an actress, but as good and lovely a girl as ever trod the earth—sweeter and lovelier than any girl it has been my lot to meet. And if you would only allow me to bring her here—"

"Bring her *here*!" repeated his uncle, stamping about the room in his rage. "Here, where your mother—I mean your aunt Tamasin—has lived in quiet, virgin—I mean quiet, holy—I mean quietness and peace, sir, for nearly half a century? How dare you even think of such a thing, sir? An actress capering around these apartments! Good heavens!"

"Twouldn't be exactly right, William, you know," said Aunt Tamasin. "I never was a caperer, and at my time of life I don't think I could get used to one. I don't, indeed."

"Oh, you dear, funny old mother—auntie—" began Will, with a smile, but encountering his uncle's wrathful eyes and frowning brow, he grew serious again, and said: "Well, if you positively refuse to receive Eva, I suppose we must part. I am very, very thankful to you for all you have done for me since I was left a fatherless and motherless boy; but give up the woman I love for a thoroughly unreasonable prejudice of yours I can not and will not. And so good-by. Uncle, will you shake hands with me?"

"No, I won't," replied Mr. Greentree, brusquely.

"Aunt, will you let me kiss you?"

"Of course I will, my dear boy," said Mrs. Greentree. "And if you change your mind, come back to us directly. We start for Greentree Cottage in a few days, you know, and I shall keep your room ready for you there all summer."

"No, don't, auntie dear," kissing her not once, but three or four times, "for I shall not change my mind, and perhaps, being one of the prettiest rooms in the house, my room may be chosen by your adopted daughter. And I hope from the bottom of my heart that she may spend as many happy hours there as I have. Good-by. Good-by, fath—uncle."

But Uncle Philander answered not by look nor word, and as the hall door closed after his nephew he exclaimed again: "An actress! By heavens! the boy's gone mad, and I wash my hands of him forever."

"Don't say forever," begged Aunt Tamasin. "Forever's a long time—a very long time, Philander. And, oh dear! how I shall miss him! Such a good child as he has always been ever since he came to us fifteen years ago! Better in some things even than you, Philander; for you know you always say bad words when I lose my spectacles, which he never did, but looked for them time and again with the patience of an angel." And taking off said spectacles, she proceeded to lose them once more by laying them on the back of the sofa, whence they dropped to the floor behind it, where, with the dreadful "depravity of inanimate things," they remained snugly hidden, while she wept silently in her large lemon-verbena scented silk handkerchief.

A few days after Will Greentree bade them "good-by" the old couple were installed for the summer season in their comfortable country house, Greentree Cottage. And to Greentree Cottage came, before they had been there a week, this note from one of their oldest and most intimate friends:

"NEW YORK, *June* 90, 1892.

"MY DEAR TAMASIN AND PHILANDER,—You told me, you will remember, just as you were leaving the city, that you would like to receive into your home this summer some young girl—the more friendless the better for your purpose—with a view, should she prove lovable and entertaining, to adopting her. Strange as it may appear, you had not been gone more than two hours when I met a young girl who I think will suit you to a charm. She is pretty, of cheerful disposition, tolerably well-educated, and naturally very clever; is an orphan and (her grandmother and only relative, with whom she lived, having died three weeks ago) homeless. I have spoken to her about your wish, and she is perfectly willing—nay, anxious—to come to you. And I am sure her companionship will add to your happiness, and help you to forget the disobedience of your self-willed nephew. Anyhow, receive her as a summer guest for my sake, for I loved and lost her mother; that is, she married the other chap.

"Faithfully yours, JAMES TOWNLY."

Mr. Greentree's face brightened as he read this note. "There, my dear," he said, handing it to his wife, "Townly—he always was the best and most reliable old chum a fellow ever had—has already found our daughter. For this girl will certainly please us, being heartily approved of by him. Pretty, clever, and cheerful."

"Yes, so he says," said his wife; "but he needn't have called poor William bad names, for all that. And I won't give her the boy's room. There's so many trousers and boots and base-ball and fishing things in it, that couldn't be of the slightest use to her, and would only be in her way."

"Do as you like about that, my dear," rejoined Mr. Greentree, who, to tell the truth, was secretly pining for the discarded one, and anxious to have some young life in the cottage; "but see that the room she is to have is got ready immediately, for I shall telegraph to Townly to send her at once."

And he did. And the result of the telegram was that the very next morning Miss Zerelda Ardemann made her best courtesy to the old lady and gentleman who wanted a daughter.

And never were any elderly people so quickly and entirely bewitched by any fair maiden as were Philander and Tamasin Greentree by this same violet-eyed, golden-haired, sweet-voiced, petite Zerelda Ardemann.

And as day followed day, and week followed week, she became more and more dear to them. She went through the house from morn until eve, warbling like a bird, and when evening came she sat at the old-fashioned piano and sang the quaint old English ballads that Tamasin used to sing in her youth, while Philander, brave in swallow-tailed, brass-buttoned blue coat, turned the pages of the music with gentle hand. She tripped lightly over field and meadow every day, and culled the loveliest of wild flowers, which with a grace that was all her own she arranged in vases and shells, and whatever she could find to hold them, until each room looked like a fairy bower.

And many a beautiful poem she repeated with rare skill in the gloaming, bringing the happy tears to the eyes of her delighted listeners. "Ah! if Will had only made *her* his choice!" the old lady would say to her husband at least a dozen times a day.

"By heavens! if he had," that impulsive individual would reply, "he wouldn't have waited long for my blessing."

The summer passed pleasantly, very pleasantly, away, and the advent of autumn found Mr. and Mrs. Greentree more in love than ever, if that were possible, with their charming guest.

"And do you think you could love us enough to call us father and mother, and to promise that when you give your whole heart to some one else you will not forsake us?" asked Mrs. Greentree of Zerelda one sunny September day.

"I know I could—I know I do," answered the girl, emphatically. "But I have a confession to make to you that I fear will turn you from me."

"My dear, it must be something very terrible to do that. But make it at once, and have it over. Philander! Philander! Zerelda has something to tell us which she fears will make us love her less. Please come and hear it."

Philander dropped the newspaper he was reading on the porch, and stepped into the [illegible]

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room through the opened window. Zerelda stood in the centre of the room with drooping head, but as soon as he had entered she tossed back the little ringlets that tried to shade the brightness of her eyes, placed her two little hands in the lace-trimmed pockets of her dainty apron, danced lightly across to where the old couple were now seated side by side, and said, in a voice fraught with innocent cheeriness: "After all, what I have to tell isn't so *very* bad. I *have* amused you both since I came here, haven't I?" And I can go away at once if you wish me to go." And then, dropping gracefully on one knee, and folding her hands in pretty entreaty, she said: "Please, sir, and please, ma'am, I am an actress, and my stage name is Eva Fieldbrook. But all that your friend Mr. Townly told you about me is true."

"An actress!" exclaimed Mr. Philander Greentree.

"Eva Fieldbrook!" said his wife.

"Then you *are* the girl that Will—" began the old man.

"That Will—" repeated the old lady.

"That Will— The same," replied Zerelda, demurely, still kneeling. "Please forgive me for being that girl."

But Mr. Greentree, without another word, bounced from his chair and tore out of the room. Zerelda sprang to her feet. "I'd better begin packing at once," she said, with a serious face. "I'm sorry to have vexed him so much. But indeed it wasn't my scheme at all. Mr. Townly and Will made it up between them. They thought that if you knew me you would—"

"And we do," interrupted the old lady, laying her hand lightly on her arm to detain her. "Don't you do anything in haste, my dear. You don't understand Mr. Greentree as well as I do. Sometimes when he seems most angry he is most pleased. I'm sure he don't want you to go away."

"Of course he don't. Who said he did?" asked the old gentleman, entering the room hastily again. I've just sent a telegram to Will telling him important business calls him here. There's another name for you, my dear—Important Business. Not as pretty as either of the others, but we'll find a fourth before we get through that will suit you best of all—Zerelda Greentree. How do you like it?"

"And I sha'n't have grandchildren the least bit strange after all," said Aunt Tamasin, a bright smile lighting up her dear good old face.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

SANDS POINT.

THERE is a striking contrast between the northern and the southern shore of Long Island. The latter presents long stretches of low, sandy beach, indented with bays and marshy inlets, and with few headlands or bluffs. The whole coast is admirably adapted to sea-bathing, and from Rockaway Beach almost to the eastern extremity there is a succession of popular summer resorts.

The coast-line of the northern shore, on the contrary, is most beautifully diversified. Here we find high promontories jutting out into the Sound, softly rounded wooded hills, with lovely bays winding in between. With the exception of the more romantic portions of the Hudson River, no fairer region for summer residences can be found within reach of New York, and no steamboat excursion route presents more attractions than the trip from New York to Sag Harbor. For a long distance the shore on both sides is visible from the deck, showing picturesque towns and charming private residences. Leaving the dock at Peck Slip, we pass under the magnificent Brooklyn Bridge, and catch the heavy rumble of carts and wagons, and the tread of horses' feet; pass the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and Blackwell's and Ward's islands; pass Ravenswood and Astoria, and through Hell Gate, now shorn of much of its ancient peril, and wind our way around some lovely wooded points into the smooth expanse of Flushing Bay. Further on are Riker's Island and Whitestone, and soon afterward we pass under the battlements of Fort Schuyler, and out into the Sound. A volume would be required to note all the points of interest which the trip presents.

For this time we stop at Sands Point, a delightful spot, of which our artist has given some pleasant glimpses in the sketches on page 516. It is about two hours' sail from New York, and when one has landed, and driven away from the dock into the lovely roads that wind through the untrimmed woods, one seems to have been suddenly transported into a new country, hundreds of miles away from the whirl and din of city life. Ever and anon we catch glimpses of elegant private residences, surrounded by well-kept grounds and gardens, inclosed by stone walls whose roughness is half hidden by luxuriant vines and plants. On every side are evidences of taste and refinement, combined with the pleasant comforts of rural life, without ostentatious display. The drives are simply charming. They wind round among the low hills, are overhung by trees, lead every now and then to pleasant and unexpected vistas, now to some picturesque village dating back to Revolutionary times, and now to some lovely expanse of bay or Sound.

The view from the bluffs immediately above the landing is one of the most beautiful along the coast. At times scores of sailing vessels and steamers, on their way to or from New York, cover the broad surface of the Sound, and present an ever-varying panorama. The scene is especially charming at evening, when the sun has gone down, and twilight deepens over the water. The stillness is broken only now and then by the splashing of some steamer's wheels, softened by distance, the call of the whip-poor-will, or the drowsy rustle of the trees. Not a sound to remind one of the din of city life invades this rural paradise.

Every year the number of business men of New York increases who see the value and the beauty of country retreats like Sands Point, and who seek them in preference to the glittering but wearisome life of fashionable resorts. The charms of cottage life, especially along the shores of sea, river, or Sound, now attract thousands of people away from the huge hotels where rest and privacy are impossible; and every year will see the beautiful situations along the northern coast of Long Island more and more thickly dotted with summer residences where men of business can find a genuine retreat from the daily drudgery of city life.

OYSTER AND CLAM FISHERIES.

WITH every recurring season the wholesale cost of oysters and clams is noticeably enhanced. To this date keepers of restaurants and eating-houses have been able to supply the public at prices which prevailed for many years past. The day, however, is near at hand when the patrons of these establishments must be prepared to meet a largely augmented tariff on their favorite roasts, stews, and broils. Apart from a growing scarcity due to the increased demand for home consumption, we are called upon to supply annually to foreign consumers thousands upon thousands of barrels. It is not to be wondered at that our oyster beds promise soon to rival those of Europe in barrenness. The efforts made abroad, regardless of cost, and under the protection and care of energetic governments, to encourage and foster the artificial propagation of oysters have been attended with such slight success as would lead us to suppose that attempts in a similar direction in this country will be productive of even less satisfactory results.

Where in Europe there were formerly hundreds of square miles of oyster beds, here there are thousands, consequently we may hope for a few years longer to enjoy the oyster at a price which will not be entirely prohibitive. The demand for this bivalve, however, is here so far in excess of what it was in Europe in the best years of its oyster beds that no comparison can be instituted on which to base a surmise as to the length of time necessary for the total exhaustion of our sources of supply. Whereas, abroad, oysters were always more or less a luxury for the rich, here they are consumed, either on the shell or canned, in every hamlet of the land from Maine to the Pacific coast.

So far back as 1860 ten million bushels were annually taken from the Chesapeake alone. Today probably thirty million bushels are withdrawn from the same beds. No natural increase can keep pace with such an exhaustive demand. What scientific research may develop in the future in regard to the artificial propagation of the oyster can not be foretold. The results so far attained do not present a particularly encouraging outlook. One locality is very much like another in the monotonous similarity of the criminal and reckless treatment of our fisheries; consequently in citing the case of the Great South Bay of Long Island we tell the story of them all.

When the Dutch retired from New Amsterdam, and the English secured possession of the entire territory of Long Island, large grants under royal patent were given to favored subjects of the crown. Some of these, where the land touched the edge of the numerous bays which flank the south side of the island, carried with them proprietary rights to the fishing and fowling of the adjacent waters. So slight a value was placed by the proprietors upon these privileges that in one case this right was relinquished, in favor of a town on the edge of a bay twelve miles long and two broad, for the sum of eighteen dollars. Could this privilege, later on, have been sustained and protected, it would have given to the owner a princely revenue.

In certain cases these original rights to the ownership of the products of the bays and estuaries were retained by the descendants of the first proprietor. This has given rise to litigation, to which as yet no end can be seen. Could the owners of these large tracts have foreseen the destruction of what promised to be of inexhaustible proportions? No one comparatively a few short years since could imagine that the magnificent native oyster and clam beds of the Great South Bay should ever come so near to barrenness as is the case to-day. The actual disappearance of the oyster from these waters might have already been accomplished were it not for the fact that the planting of this bivalve on leased lots under water has for a time postponed the evil hour.

Before the demand and consumption of the oyster became so enormous, a simple method of taking this bivalve was employed. The use of tongs was universal. Under its dispensation the exhaustion of the beds was practically impossible. The opening of new and profitable markets required the employment of more expeditious methods of taking the oyster from its bed; consequently the dredge—a bag-net with heavy iron jaws, towed in the wake of a powerful sail-boat—was introduced. If this instrument simply scraped up the oysters it would not be so harmful; but for every oyster which it captures the heavy iron jaws press to destruction a dozen into the mud. Through the use of the dredge the European oyster beds have become barren. The Long Island fishery showed no signs of exhaustion before the introduction of this trap. Immediately following upon its use the price of oysters commenced to advance from forty to sixty cents a tub (rather more than a bushel) to two dollars and fifty cents for the same measure. This increase in price, it is, however, but fair to say, was somewhat accelerated by the necessities of the foreign market, which absorbed the catch of the South Bay in preference to that of all others, from the fancied resemblance of oysters from this locality to the European sorts. Notwithstanding these demands the price of the "Blue Points" of Long Island has not enhanced in proportion to that of oysters taken from other well-known waters.

It has been supposed that the planting of oysters on lots under water, protected and cared for by particular owners, would in a measure restore the prosperity of the oyster fishery of the Great South Bay. As a set-off to this, oysters when planted as indicated appear to be subject to perils which do not assail them on their native beds. Diseases and vigorous foes, which were less destructive to the native beds, render this new industry of oyster-culture as precarious a crop as any grown upon the land. A drought is as fatal to it as to any agricultural operation, not in the actual destruction of the oyster, but in a loss of condition from the lack of supply of fresh-water from the numerous streams flowing into the bay. A rainy season is followed by a crop of fat and full-flavored oysters, while during one of light rain-fall they are tasteless, and mere bags of water. From the washings of the streams the oyster secures the food necessary for its full development and nourishment. Modern ingenuity has devised a remedy against the ill effects of a dry season. The oysters are placed upon floats and covered with fresh-water heated to a proper temperature by steam. A few days of this treatment transforms a flabby and watery oyster into one of aldermanic obesity.

While the cultivation of the oyster by planting has up to this time been moderately successful, it remains to be seen whether in the near future, in the face of the exhaustion of the native beds, it will be able to meet the enormously increasing demand. With the experience of the yearly enhancement in the price of oysters, it will be safe to say that those raised by cultivation will not be more than sufficient, as is the case to-day in Europe, to supply as a luxury the tables of the opulent.

The future of the hard-clam fishery is even more depressing than that of the oyster. Formerly that of Long Island was famous. "Little Neck" held with clams the same significance as "Blue Point" did with oysters. Moreover, it possessed an elastic expansion which enabled it to cover a large area of territory. We have clams to-day simply because they are not dredged, but taken with tongs, or raked on flats left bare by the receding tide. Were they as reproductive as the oyster, there could be no fear of their disappearance for years to come. Unfortunately the waters in which they are taken are limited in extent. A brief statement will show the decline in this fishery. What is said of the locality mentioned will apply to all. The clam beds in the Great South Bay of Long Island were once famous sources of supply. Ten years since a good daily catch for one man fishing with tongs from a boat was five thousand clams, slightly more or less. These sold from the boats at from ten to fifteen cents per hundred. To-day one thousand clams per man is a good average, and sell at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per hundred. Coney Island and similar resorts absorb during the season vast numbers of clams. Moreover, canning factories have been established. These send to all parts of the world steamed clams, or chowder.

We can not eat our cake and have it too, or, in other words, we can not supply with oysters and clams the immense and growing population of this country as well as that of foreign lands. To accomplish this feat we shall need a more intelligent supervision and care of our fisheries than has been accorded in the past.

GASTON FAY.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN Irish girl coming out of a Chinese laundry in this city said to her companion: "Me mother would scold me if she knew I took these collars to a Chinese laundry. She told me to take them to a citizen's laundry." And the girls went up the street discussing the merits relatively of Chinese laundries and "citizens' laundries."

The London *Engineer* says that if a man had in his legs the muscular energy and leverage of a flea, he could jump a mile in three leaps. But the flea would get away from him just the same.

Hanlan, the champion oarsman, naturally would be expected to know all that is worth knowing concerning shell boats, but he recently found a man in the West who could teach him something. He wagered a hundred dollars with this Western man that the latter could not stand, sit, and paddle around in a single shell from which the out-riggers had been removed, and the champion lost. Years ago, when the Yale and Harvard men used to meet annually on Lake Quinsigamond, it was considered a neat but not very difficult feat for an oarsman to bend over in his single shell and drink of the limpid water of the lake without losing his equilibrium.

A person bathing on the Long Island coast waded into a pit from which sand had been taken, and was drowned. The coroner's jury made a verdict recommending that the pit be filled up, and straightway proceeded to fill it up themselves. It is not stated what fields of usefulness these good and true men occupy; but if they can be spared, they should be taken and made a perpetual coroner's jury, with unlimited powers and liberal pay.

There is in Washington a Chinese laundryman of the name of Pin, who attends services at a Congregational church, and refuses to become a member of the Chinese secret society there. The others of his race are trying to drive him out of the city, but he holds his own and defies them; and, in the slang of the Melican man, that's the kind of a clothes Pin he is.

An Iowa poet has been egged by the populace. Paradoxical as it may seem, the mob was not infuriated by his poetry, but by sentiments which he uttered in prose concerning the "lynching" of a criminal.

"Hunt breakfasts" are popular in Newport. They are in vogue in New York, but are not extremely popular—perhaps because so many of those who are compelled to hunt for their breakfasts don't find the hunting very good.

Away off in Cape Town the relations between employers and employés seem to be arranged more nicely than they are in this country. One day in June six hundred convicts in the Breakwater cantonment "gently but firmly" refused to go to work. The account says: "With all politeness they informed the Superintendent of Police of this resolution, and he, with equal courtesy, referred them to the Public Works Department. No hint of coercion was breathed on one side, nor of violence on the other. An official of the government went down, promptly yielded the matters of diet which caused dissatisfaction, and the convicts gracefully agreed to work next day."

English visitors in the Catskill region, it is said, seldom ride in the stages, but almost invariably prefer to go on foot up and down the mountains. Some of the American visitors speculate as to whether their cousins from across the water do this for economy or because they think it fashionable to walk. The probability is that when they inhale the bracing air of the mountains they feel like walking, and that they give way to the impulse without thinking of economy or fashion.

In a yarn about an Indian going down the rapids at Niagara without injury in his bark canoe, an imaginative writer in the London *Telegraph* displays a knowledge of the characteristic philosophic bent of the Indian mind. The red man happened to have a bottle of fire-water with him, and as he neared the angry water he seemed to awaken for the first time to a full sense of his danger. "His life probably was lost," the story runs, "but there was still time to prevent the waste of good liquor; so he raised the bottle to his lips and took a drink proportionate to the occasion." The result makes the story useful for use in enforcing a moral; for, according to the narrator, the liquor gave him strength and courage, and, grasping his paddle, he guided his frail craft into comparatively still water.

Experiments in the use of the electric light in light-houses are soon to be made near this city. It is feared that the wavering intensity of lights thus produced will be a serious obstacle to their use, since it might result in mistaking for "flash" lights those which were intended to be continuous. Professor Morton, of the Stevens Institute, has been making tests with the view of ascertaining the highest degree of intensity obtainable in the incandescent light, which wavers less than the arc light, and has succeeded in producing a lamp of four-hundred-candle intensity. This, he says, is brighter than the arc lights usually used for street-lighting, and is sufficient for light-house purposes. It has been found that the lenses now used in the light-houses are not suitable for use with the electric lamps, and new ones must be ground. It will be necessary also to provide each light-house with duplicate dynamo appliances for use in case those regularly employed should fail. It is expected that the experiments to be made will settle the question whether the present electric lamps can safely be used in light-houses, and at an outlay within reasonable bounds. The electric light is used in light-houses both in England and France.

A MOUNTAIN GORGE.

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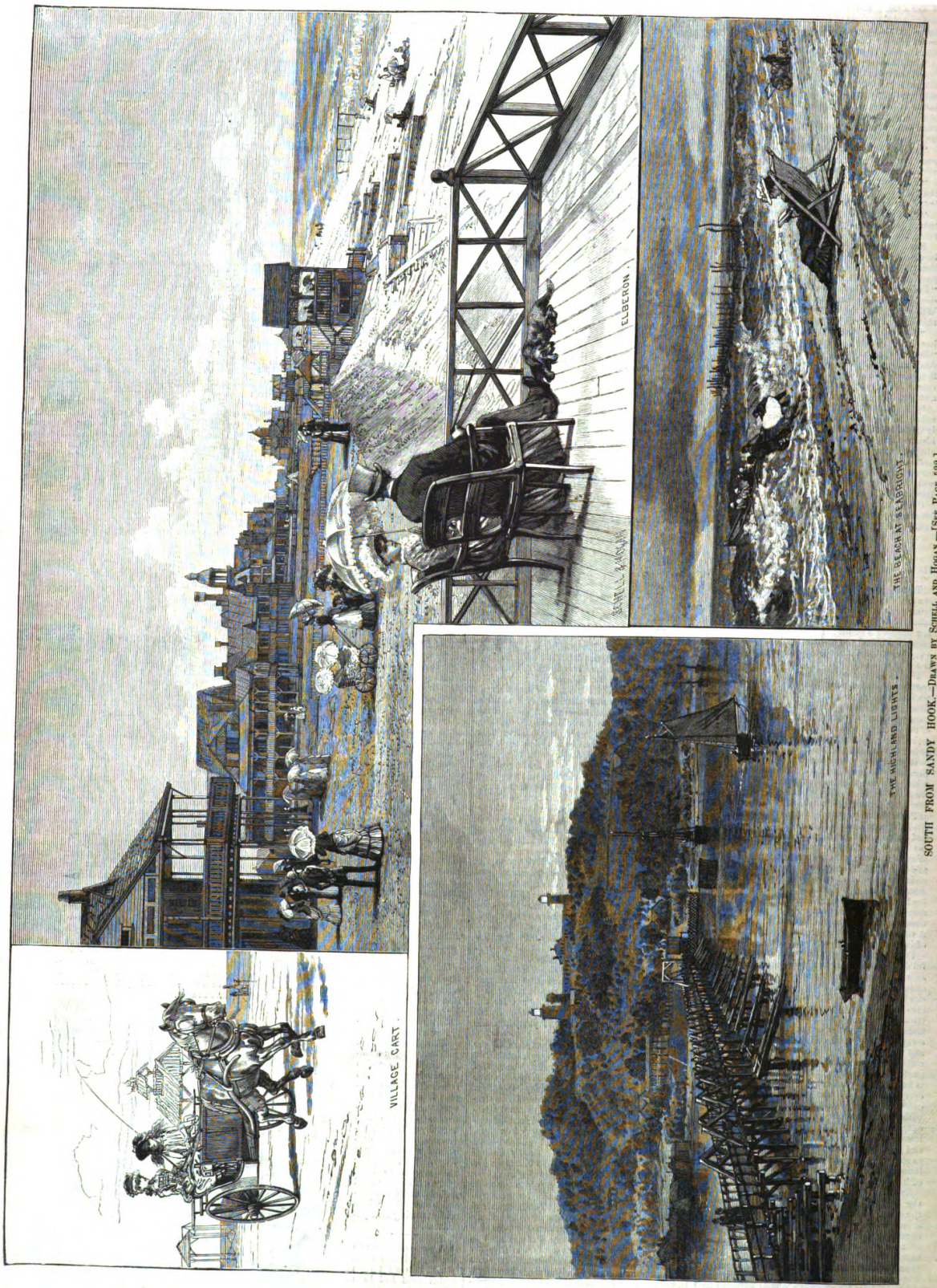

SOUTH FROM SANDY HOOK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 522.]

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THE MILL AND THE STILL.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.—[See Page 522.]

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A MEMORY OF THE SOUTH.

I see the white sails gleaming
Upon the summer sea,
And waves that pour in thunder
On isles of Caribbee.

Through moon-lit groves of orange
I hear the light guitar,
And tinkling fountains falling
Beneath the evening star.

She blew the cigarette smoke
From lips of dusky bloom,
And her dark eyes looked on me
As stars look through the gloom.

Oh, brown-armed Spanish beauty,
How could I choose but say,
"My heart will still be with you
When I am far away"?

Oh, sweeter than all music
Her answer murmured low:
"My love is in your keeping
Wherever you may go."

False lips that spake so fondly!
False heart I thought my own!
She married a Hidalgo
Before the week had flown.

Ah, well, long years have vanished,
Long years of joy and pain,
Since in my day of boyhood
I sailed the Spanish Main.

But oft, when night is falling,
I feel again the spell
Of tropic seas and islands,
And her I loved so well.

Through years and over oceans
My doom is still to say,
My heart is often with her
Though I am far away.

H. I. King.

THE MILL AND THE STILL.

By H. H. KANE, M.D.

So staple and universal an article of diet is bread, so important and abundant an article of commerce is grain, and so naturally is the one associated with the other that we scarcely ever give the subject of cereals as a source of liquor the consideration that it deserves. To the average individual corn and grain mean food, and chiefly bread; and to assert to such a one that grain is as great a curse as it is a blessing is almost invariably to call forth both surprise and indignation.

And yet it is true. Corn, typical of all grain, according to its subsequent treatment, according to the process to which it is subjected, comes forth, from mill or still, a blessing or a curse—bread or liquor. Both children of a common mother, the Cain and Abel of post-cereal life, they differ as essentially in every characteristic as do two human beings: the one bringing health, strength, and happiness to even the humblest homes, the staple food of all nations, the basis of all nourishment; the other, save in very rare instances and under peculiar circumstances, an unmitigated curse, bearing disease, dishonor, and even death into thousands of homes, blasting fair young lives, blunting every good attribute of mind and soul, prostituting honor, honesty, and integrity, deadening conscience, inciting to crime, leading to rags, squalor, and starvation, manning the gallows, peopling the poor-house, crowding the courts, and filling the prisons.

To it may be justly ascribed nine-tenths of all crime, suicide, poverty, and prostitution; from its deadly seed spring idiocy and insanity. Through its agency family ties are sundered, promising lives engulfed in debt and dishonor, friends and secrets ruthlessly betrayed, hopes and ambitions blasted, and God's masterpiece of creation—man himself—made a bloated wreck.

In no sense a food, alcohol will neither impart nourishment nor sustain life; but, on the contrary, its use invites, causes, and complicates disease, both organic and functional, poisons the blood and tissues, weakens the muscles, disorders the nervous system, and destroys the mind and faculties.

How marked the contrast between the two! the one in every sense life-giving, happiness-bestowing, body-nourishing; the other essentially a destroyer of all these, whose footsteps are invariably accompanied by misery, despair, and dishonor. Yet the difference is but a step—simply one of degree. The floured grain, moistened and kneaded, leavened with a touch of yeast, commences to ferment. The starch of the flour, through the agency of the yeast, breaks down into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, the latter penetrating every part of the loaf, and making it light and spongy. Then comes the heat of the oven just at the proper moment, killing the yeast germs, putting a sudden stop to all fermentation, and giving us the brown and fragrant loaves of bread.

Huge tanks and vats in which thousands of bushels of grain are soaking. The same leavening of the mass, the same fermentation and breaking down of the starch into carbonic acid and alcohol, but so treated and favored that the latter is yielded in the largest possible amount. No restraining hand of heat to limit the process at the point where food ends and liquor begins, but every endeavor made to obtain the latter. Then the gaping maw of the still, and the serpentine coil pouring forth its steady stream of liquor, man's worst enemy. Liquor is simply one step beyond bread in the same chemical process, yet how widely, terribly different in their effects upon man!

"I was made to be eaten, and not to be drank;
To be husked in a barn, not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing when put in a mill;
As a blight and a curse when run through a still.
Make me up into loaves, and your children are fed;
But into a drink, I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant the eater shall rule;
In drink I'm a master, the drinker a fool.
Then remember my warning—my strength I'll employ,
If eaten to strengthen, if drank to destroy."

The subject under discussion is a very wide one. Not only must we consider the evil that liquor does, but the waste of all the millions of bushels of good grain that would otherwise be made into food that it takes to feed the stills and produce the alcohol, or the thousands of acres of fertile land devoted to its cultivation that might be far better used in raising other foods if the demand for alcohol (liquor) did not exist. To how many destitute men and women and cheerless homes would their products yield plenty and happiness!

Economically, we must consider the millions of wasted lives, the impoverished, beggared, and starving families, the resulting crime, and the army of paupers, lunatics, and criminals, the heavy taxation that is required to support the prisons, hospitals, lunatic asylums, and almshouses, as well as the fact that the wages and the results of the industry of all these inebriates are lost to us, and that, were they steady, sober, industrious men, would be adding to general trade and prosperity. The sum thus lost and thus expended in restraining and providing for these individuals is enormous, aggregating billions yearly.

Who that has looked out over the acres of ripening grain, the stacks of golden corn, the sheeted white of the barley fields; who that has watched the sturdy harvesters, the lusty, healthy reapers shearing Mother Earth of her bounteous crops; who that has joined in the festivities of a "husking bee"—can for a moment hesitate as to which is the proper destination of the grain, the mill or the still? How like sacrilege it seems to throw such rich and golden products, capable of yielding so much strength and health and nourishment, into the yawning mouth of the still, to come forth a poison and a destroyer!

From the quaint old mill, with its whirring stones, its mossy wheel, and its swiftly flowing stream, it passes to the ends of the earth, carrying health, strength, growth, and nourishment to old and young, rich and poor—to all a blessing, to none a curse. The hungry laborer, the poor beggar, the chubby-faced golden-haired toddler with his huge slice and buttered fingers, the wealthy banker, and the houseless tramp, all welcome and appreciate it.

The cooling rain, the bright cheerful sunshine, the fertile fields, the grateful dew, the busy hum of insect life, the fragrance of the wild flower, the carol of the robin, the melody of the harvester, the creak and plash of the old mill-wheel—ay, even the happy smile on the miller's face—each yields its mite to nature's ever-recurring gift, that great blessing, crowned in the loaf, that season by season tells the tale of "Peace on earth, good-will to man."

Not so the product of the still: a deep, swift, and treacherous stream, dank with the chill of wasted lives, tainted and galled by the hopes and ambitions it has wrecked and the ties it has sundered, poisoned by the crime and lust of its victims, foul with the ooze of treacherous deeds, and clogged with clinging weeds of temptation, ever ready to engulf and swamp the thoughtless or unwary; flowing swiftly and resistlessly onward to but one end, destruction; engulfing hope, happiness, and strength; making parents childless and children orphans; manning the gallows and filling the prisons; sapping strength, individual and national, and sweeping thousands of good resolutions before its resistless current; marshy and treacherous its banks, where idiocy, lunacy, and crime flourish like rank weeds.

How chameleon-like in its aspects! At first how joyous and tempting in its many allurements to both youth and age; how bright and fascinating in its promise of forbidden pleasure and joys anticipated; how apparently small and insignificant as it winds its way in and out of the events of daily life; how cheerful in its frothing, foaming conviviality; how green the fields, luxuriant the shade, and tropically magnificent the flowers that deck its banks; how easy the sailing, how unheeded the ripples of warning against the prow, or the wrecks of other lives as they float hopelessly by!

With what reckless hilarity and *abandon* the pleasure parties glide along its smooth bosom, unmindful of how swiftly the shores are receding, and how near the gloom and despair that are slowly settling over them! Then, the first froth of joy gone, and with the terrible consequences of their action staring them full in the face, they awake to a realization of their dreadful fate, and with trembling hands endeavor to steer for land. Too late: already the ill-omened nightmare birds of debt, dishonor, and disgrace perch upon and rend the frail bark, whose thin boards alone separate them from the now foaming waters beneath.

Then is the terrible force and swiftness of the current realized; then it is that hopes and promises and good resolutions so often fail to turn the doomed craft from its course; then, too late, that the foulness and pollution of the stream are seen; then that the staring and ghastly faces of dead-and-gone hope, happiness, and ambition, dropping astern, are lost to sight forever. The banks no longer green and luxuriant, but brown and scorched; the air hot and sulphurous; thirst intense, craving, dominant; delirium imminent; the joys no longer joys, the pleasures now become burdens.

No longer the little rippling stream that the word "no" might at any moment turn from its course, but the angry, seething, troubled sea of drunkenness, the black clouds of despair, and the sullen roar of the mighty breakers of crime, disease, or dishonor, against which so many once promising lives have been dashed and hopelessly wrecked, and whose ghastly skeletons, strewing the beach or stranded high upon the shore, tell sad tales of misery, despair, neglect, and destitution.

Oh, for a breath of the cool fields where the golden grain is ripening! Oh, for a draught from the crystal stream that moves the miller's wheel!

SOUTH FROM SANDY HOOK.

The bold New Jersey promontory rising above Sandy Hook, and grandly guarding on the south the entrance to New York Bay, was known from time immemorial as the Highlands of Navesink or Neversink; but now, and since 1879, it is the Atlantic Highlands. Here stand the twin lighthouses whose flashing rays can be seen twenty-five miles out at sea, and the country about them, which has long been one of New York's favorite picnic grounds, is being rapidly covered with the cottages of one of its most charming summer suburbs.

At the foot of the Highlands flows the beautiful Shrewsbury River, its placid waters offering strong contrast to the restless billows of the ocean, from which it is separated by a strip of sand beach, so narrow as to barely afford room for a single railroad track, and across which ocean spray is frequently flung into the river. A little to the south, opposite the point of Rumsen's Neck, which divides the waters of the North and South Shrewsbury, the beach widens sufficiently to accommodate the pretty cottages and queer-shaped, hut-like fishermen's ice-houses of Seabright, one of the newest and most prosperous of the many summer settlements along the coast.

From Seabright an unbroken line of brown but picturesque cottages, separated by the railroad people into three divisions, known as North, Centre, and South Monmouth Beach, extends to Long Branch. Beyond Long Branch the line is again taken up by the Elberon cottages, quaintest and most fascinating of all the odd little châlet-like structures that have sprung up, as though by magic, along this wonderful coast. They are clustered about a hotel—the Elberon—which is only a magnified cottage, offering a proportionally larger number of gables, chimney-stacks, porches, and dormers for the consideration and admiration of its guests. The euphony of the name Elberon is pleasantly significant of the beauty often concealed beneath plain exteriors; for it is a direct derivation from the name of its proprietor and founder, Mr L. B. Brown.

Beyond Elberon for miles and miles the summer cottages and hotels extend, and the entire coast of New Jersey bids fair to be occupied in time by a vast populous cottage city. Thronging the broad avenues, by means of which these several distinct localities are connected, are vehicles of every description; probably as motley a collection as is to be seen in any part of the world. The carriage of the millionaire rolls smoothly along beside the rude cart of the farmer, and the low basket phaeton finds place beside the lumbering Tally-ho; but in point of numbers all must give way to the village cart, a two-wheeled abomination which is generally occupied by two young girls, whose fresh beauty almost redeems its ugliness. It is cheap and popular; no horse can look well between its shafts; consequently any sort of a horse can be impressed into its service. It is especially adapted to the young, or, rather, the young are especially adapted to it, on account of their excellent digestion, that enables them to endure its wretched *mal-de-mer*-ish joltings, and being devoted to the service of youth, it is freighted with more of genuine pleasure and solid enjoyment than any other style of vehicle; therefore, in spite of its ugliness and its discomforts, long live the village cart!

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

True enough, it was the blind magician and the troop he had enchanted with his wand; every soul now so triumphantly marshalled under his banners having been brought to believe, Markham himself could hardly say how, "in the Golden Age which lies before us and not behind."

That inspiriting sound of trumpets, usually associated in our minds with state pageantries that have no meaning, but echoed tumultuous joy, stirring a thousand hearts no more accustomed to excitement of such joyous kind than were the ears of these happy people to such transporting music. As one crowded car after another, each a veritable bower on wheels, came within the precincts, the band drawn up in readiness struck up a loud and triumphant strain. Then the garlanded and flower-bedecked carriages passed under a handsome triumphal archway, showing in golden letters the motto, "God bless the people!" whilst the banners floating on every side bore other inscriptions as new and as appropriate. What a welcome for those who had never in all their lives been welcomed before, who see even the most solemn occurrences of life daily passing before their eyes without any accompaniment to stamp them on the imagination and the memory! Alike birth, marriage, death, the greeting after long years, the supreme valediction, all come and go as mere breaking of daily bread and girding up of the loins for daily toil.

But to-day the order of things was reversed, and instead of princes, Stephana had bidden sovereignty of quite other kind with royal circumstance to enter her gates. Want and misery were made to smile, the brows of penury wreathed with flowers, and torpid pulses quickened for the first time with wine.

"Welcome! Welcome!"

This was the word that amid a thousand more of the same joyous significance met every eye but one of the happy hundreds soon peopling Stephana's grounds in every part. Markham was compelled to realize the bewildering scene by the light of inner vision only. Perhaps, indeed, he really saw more than any other present, every presumable feature in the scene being thus heightened by the imaginative faculty. The loud, merry strains of music, the animated voices, the ejaculations of wonder and admiration on every side, must have affected him in this way as, led by a little child, he made the circuit of the place, "to see everything," she had said, heedlessly, although, indeed, her artless descriptions made him see them and far more.

"Now," she said, "a beautiful lady is coming toward us."

"You have already described so many beautiful ladies," Markham answered, smiling.

"Ah! this is the most beautiful of all," answered the child. "She has hair black as a raven's wing, and something that shines in it like a little star, and her dress is all white, with another star that twinkles on her bosom. I think it must be an angel."

"I think so too," Markham made laughing reply. "But I know that lady. Take me to her."

In another moment Stephana was by his side, and gayly dismissing the child with a kiss—she felt in the mood to embrace every one to-day—she took his arm.

"I must keep you a prisoner," she began to Markham. "You are master of the ceremonies, you know, and there is no little marshalling to be done. In the first place, how are we to get all these good people together for the masque? It will be given at once, and as soon as all are seated I have ordered cool drinks to be handed round."

"If sitting room is provided, have no fear," Markham answered, drawing from his pocket a tiny musical instrument. "This is how I call my birds together," he said, straightway putting it to his lips.

The sound was not loud, but penetrating, and it reached the farthest recesses of the grounds. Like birds flocking at the cry of the caller came Stephana's guests, thronging round the pair, as motley a crowd as could well be conceived. Seven Dials can but trick itself out for a holiday in the best it has, and the bits of finery displayed here, not only by the womankind, but by the men, were outlandish enough. Here might be seen gowns of a fabric and pattern in high favor several generations ago, fashions of older date still, with flowers and faded ribbons that must have been worn by brides long since laid in their graves and forgotten. There was something extremely pathetic in the persistence with which anything that could be called personal adornment had been seized on and utilized. Stephana's guests, all, be it remembered, poorest of the poor, could not, when bidden to a feast, go a-shopping, as the phrase runs. They could only furbish up such gala garments and gauds as they already possessed—a brooch here, precious heirloom, in moments of direst want pledged and redeemed a dozen times, a watch chain there, which had seen the same vicissitudes, with white frocks for the children, white still after years of lying by in London smoke, and ribbons, dyed and re-dyed at home, knotting every little girl's hair. If the garb of these poor London people was pathetic, telling a tale of privation and endurance that the more fortunate part of humankind can not realize, much less imagine, for themselves, much more so were the faces of the wearers. Sorrow and pain spare none, care is written at some time or other on every brow, but what painter can depict, what pen can describe, the corrugations of pinching poverty, the pallor of want, the indelible marks of perpetual struggle and grinding anxieties read here? To-day a smile played on every lip, and a look of almost childish beguilement was seen in every face, but the suffering of a lifetime can not be forgotten in an hour. Even Stephana could not work such a wonder. These emaciated countenances were to be freshened and these enfeebled frames invigorated in the happy life beyond sea; but not in a day, not in a year even, barely in a lifetime. It was a work for the all-healer Time. The crowd had now gathered round Stephana and her companion, listening expectantly for what was to come. As yet this wonderful day was an enigma and a mystery to them, but by little and little they felt that all would be made clear.

"My fellow-guests," began Markham, feeling that a little pleasant raillery and banter would be well-timed, "we all know that when we are bidden to a feast, something is expected of us. People do not give us champagne and creams for nothing. Well, we have come here, first, to be made wise, and next, to be made merry, and any one who can help us in either matter is called upon to do so. Now our first business being to be made wise, we have all straightway to take our places demurely in yonder amphitheatre, and listen without uttering a syllable to what we shall hear.

"When the beautiful performance is over, any one who will stand up and say a few words about it and try to explain it to his neighbors will be listened to attentively. Then— But there are so many features in the programme that I can not enumerate them all. Enough to say that the most important after the fairy spectacle we are now going to witness is the banquet. Our

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hostess will preside, and will say a few words to you at the close. Away, then; let us hie to our places."

In an incredibly short space of time the vast pleasure-ground was cleared of the last straggler, and, like birds congregated together before the autumnal flight southward, Stephana's happy people in one compact crowd awaited the coming spectacle. There they sat smiling and wondering, unaware of the fact that they themselves made a spectacle of deepest interest to some of the by-standers. For this artless bewilderment, this intense, almost childish satisfaction at the prospect of amusement, painted on every face, was moving to behold. The very word amusement conveyed as yet but a dim and indistinct meaning to most of them. They felt much as a handful of their numbers had done when sent the year before on an excursion to the sea-side. The sea, the sea, what could it be like? To-day the feeling uppermost in every mind was of curiosity. A fairy masque, an allegory with music and singing, what was that? Perplexed and delighted, all of them for the nonce turned into five-year-old children, they sat with eyes fixed on the elegant stage before them, at present all silence and emptiness, soon to be turned into a scene of enchantment.

The little ones, found room for on the knees of their elders, were not more flushed with eagerness than they, as the blissful moment drew near. Even sherbet and strawberries lost their charm, and by-and-by impatience began to be manifested in a few timid taps of walking-sticks and umbrellas.

"*Won't* they ever come?" asked one child on the verge of bursting into tears.

"What *can* they be about?" said another.

Impatience, indeed, had reached the highest pitch, when at last the signal was given, the band played a short introductory movement, and the beautiful show began.

Stephana had purposely withheld anything in the shape of a programme or elucidation. The best part of a poem or of any imaginative work, she said, is that part we all find out for ourselves, and if our allegory is meaningless without such aid, no amount of explanation can make it clear.

And now the masquerade began.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was not at all likely that Stephana's audience should be alive to the elaborate structure of her allegory and the thought upon thought involved in the leading idea. What they saw and realized as one gorgeous procession after another with music and banners now passed before the proscenium and took its station on the stage was this:

First, heralded by joyous trumpetings, came an emblematic personage representing Britannia, superb matron and sea-queen, drawn in a car, all the insignia of empire there, and the accessories familiar to us all given on an imposing scale. As she was slowly and majestically wheeled to her station on the right hand of the stage a chorus of little boys, dressed as Jack Tars, sang a patriotic sea-song, and a gigantic union-jack was sent flying as if by magic high above the heads of the car.

The band now struck up "Hail, Columbia!" Next came Columbia. She, as beloved imperial daughter of an imperial mother, was fair and stately to see. Her brows showed a circlet set with thirteen stars, emblematic of the glorious Thirteen, whilst the shield she bore was richly emblazoned with the Indian's head and the figure of Liberty. The famous motto *E Pluribus Unum* was given in letters of gold.

Following Columbia came a gay and motley procession: little black boys and girls in bright dresses, red Indians in their war gear, and many other impersonations. They bore the national banner, and as they crossed the stage sang lustily in chorus:

"'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Rich and suggestive was the appearance of the stage now, the right side being occupied with the allegorical pageant of Britannia, the left with that of Columbia; and it seemed to the enraptured audience—although as yet not a word had been spoken by either of these majestic personages—that the spectacle was complete. Was it not enough to behold such an impersonation of Britannia, the foster-mother of every man, woman, and child present, in the spirit if not in the letter, the arbitress of every fate, the mistress of every destiny, the love of all? Fitting, too, was it that the no less majestic daughter should be there too—that blooming Columbia, emblematic of the new empire and the new destiny awaiting generations unborn beyond seas.

The pageant, however, was but half over, and scarcely was the hubbub of admiration and bewilderment hushed, when a third procession was ushered in to the sound of slow and solemn music.

No part of the performance surpassed the representation of old Father Time. There was Mr. Constantine, bald as an egg, a halo round about his head, a long white beard drooping on his breast, on one shoulder the emblematic scythe, whilst from both drooped wings. Very venerable and picturesque he looked, and very impressive the utterances that now dropped from his lips.

"Hail, sweet ladies and honest gentlemen all!" he said, and he leaned on his staff in the middle of the stage, and looked up with a keen, searching smile. "Ah! when Time was young 'twas but a few who got these gentle names, and now every mother's son and daughter of you claims 'em, and rightly, too. Let us be jealous of 'em, for they mean nothing, or what should belong to all—independence, a high mind, a spirit to protect the weak. Every Eve shall be a lady, every Adam a gentleman, ere old Time's beard is half a yard longer. Hearken, dear babes and bantlings, 'tis old Father Time himself speaking; ye won't hear him any more! Give me, then, two ears and an understanding, and ye'll go forth the wiser, my little babes and unbreeched urchins, my pretty sucklings and stammerers, for is not the oldest white-headed grandsire among you as a freshly weaned poppet to Father Time, who never had a beginning and will never have any end at all? Well," here he struck his staff on the ground, "one thing let me hammer into your understandings. These modern times have scotched a serpent, of most venomous bite too. Its name is Privilege. Privilege is under the heel of honest men. The future of the world shall belong to ALL! No more prerogative except of inner manfulness and sterling worth, no more rank but of merit and virtue! So look well before and after. Let the woman's standard be the man's also. Keep your minds pure, your bodies chaste. Be pitiful to the beast. Let each individual's soul be as the just ruler of a fair kingdom. For heed the admonitions of Father Time! Man is born no slave to evil, but *free to choose the good!* Hail, Columbia! worthier daughter of a worthy mother. Father Time turns to thee with the rapture of a young lover a-wooing. No stars in the heaven fairer than the thirteen that glitter on thy brow, since they symbolize the right of mankind over its own destiny, and the right of one the right of all! Take these children. School them to independence and virtue. Whip the foolish and the lazy. Place a fool's cap on the dunce. Spare not the birch. But, dear goddess and schoolmistress of the whole wide world, let none shame thee and their country—Father Time's all-hail, amen, and final God bless you!"

The most poetic and enchanting part of the performance was Steppie Sadgrove's impersonation of Hope. For weeks, nay, months past, she had conjured up before her mind's eye this much-dreaded yet much-coveted scene, when sadness should drop from her as by magic, and for once, if for once only, she should be transformed into Hope's living embodiment. Nothing but a feeling of exhilaration was needed to work the necessary outward change. Steppie's gentle features, almost infantine still in their tenderness of outline and delicacy, had little look of care or maturity about them: a rosy smile, a dimpling of the cheek, a soft brightness of the eyes, and the wonderful transformation was complete.

As Steppie now appeared, surrounded by little Loves, rosy, cherubic, like herself, intoxicated with joy, she seemed to tread on air, enamored for the moment of rapture and bliss. One idea and one only was present to her mind, one phrase echoed and re-echoed to her memory:

"And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair."

A lovely line it is, and lovely it made Steppie look, as it took almost demoniac possession of her now. That fair yellow hair of hers was tossed as ecstatically as the tresses of a Bacchante, her blue eyes shone with mild lustre, her lips were parted in a rosy smile. She seemed to herself to be smiling on all the world, to have come down from some upper region on purpose to smile, and for one brief moment it did seem to her as if she should go on smiling to the end of her life. Surely no transitory joyance, no hallucinatory exuberance, was this, but a passage from one condition of being to another, a kind of resurrection to a new, more sunny life.

Steppie, looking round her, and seeing all these sallow, care-worn faces lighted up by her own smiles, catching the reflex of her own matchless mood, for a moment surpassed herself. She was drunken, but not with wine; her heart was made glad by a stimulant of less gross kind as she now smiled away the sadness of her own and a thousand hearts. "Oh!" she whispered to Arthura, a little later, when, all excitement over, she wiped away the joyful tears from her flushed cheeks—"oh! I should be so happy if I were not so miserable!"

It were hard to say what part of the spoken programme delighted the audience most—Britannia's farewell charge to her children and the step-mother to whose care she now consigned them; Columbia's reply, worded in the same magnanimous spirit; the weighty monitions of Time; or, lastly, the sweet, joyful utterances of Hope.

They understood every word—so, at least, they thought—as one by one the speakers advanced to the front of the stage and spoke in stately monologue—Britannia's parting admonition, Columbia's welcome, Time's oracular utterance, Hope's artless oratory. What else could all these mean but that they were to grow better, wiser, and happier in the New World and the new life awaiting them? One long word sounded very much like another in their unaccustomed ears, but the mere sound was inspiriting and oracular. Yes, Scripture itself was no clearer. They were going to a better land, and first on this side of the grave, not the other. A Providence, after all, had been watching over them, and the good things of life were not henceforth to be the exclusive portion of the rich—that is to say, the envied.

With the same smiles of childish wondering enjoyment they now dispersed to enjoy the flowers and shrubberies till the banquet should take place. This pleasant interlude, no less grateful to hosts than guests, lasted upward of an hour, without anything that could be called an incident. The children fed Stephana's swans on their miniature lake, the young girls studied the beautiful dresses of the ladies, the old folks sunned themselves, the men curiously inspected the mechanical arrangements of the theatre and pavilion. All were silent, demure, and happy.

Of the banquet no need to say a word. There was nothing enigmatic or oracular here, only plain, unmistakable enjoyment and instruction of a solid kind. Every one of the unaccustomed cates before them conveyed not only a pleasure but a lesson. The best possible lesson in cookery, indeed, is a bidding to a well-cooked dinner, and nothing we can preach about moderation and good manners so effective as example.

Herein was matter for thought for the hundreds of guests whose meals had been all their lives taken anyhow—sometimes not taken at all, and under the best of circumstances so poor and scanty as to afford hardly a gratification.

The banquet drawn to a close, and some toasts drunk with those light sweet Southern wines which just exhilarate and nothing more, it was Stephana's turn to say a few words.

Lovely indeed she looked as she stood up to perform this duty, her dress pure white, diamonds flashing in her dark hair and on her bosom; just behind her, the pair forming a striking contrast, red rose and white, Arthura in her sumptuous dress, with its rich crimson roses, warm carnation in her cheeks and on her lips, while Stephana's pearly complexion was paler than ever.

It was a simple speech enough that Stephana made, but it went straight as an arrow to every heart. She said exactly what a kind, wise friend should say under such circumstances—nothing approaching the sentimental—all crystal clear, forcible, to the purpose.

As she came to an end she glanced at Valerian and paused. Then, blushing rosy red, she added, her voice clear as a bell, reaching every ear: "I have a last word to say, and I am sure it will please you all to hear it. I have already mentioned one true friend of mine and yours;" here she inclined her head toward Markham, sitting near. "I must not leave off without speaking of another, since to him both you and I are equally indebted. You must know whom I mean: this kind and indefatigable friend, who went as a pioneer into the New World to select fair lands for you, who will ere long—that I dare undertake to promise—visit you, to see how all is prospering; nor will he come alone. We shall have your hearty prayers and wishes meanwhile, I know, for *I may say to such good friends* and well-wishers, this trusty keeper of mine is to be something more. When I visit you in your new, happy world it will be as his wife."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE hour of separation had come, and yet Stephana's visitors lingered, as if unwilling to break the spell that bound them to her presence. All knew that there was now nothing to stay for. The last carmine streak had vanished from the western sky, the dews were falling, the signal for departure long ago given; but nobody stirred an inch in the direction of the gateway. It was a sweet place of peace and thanksgiving just now, this old-fashioned lawn, and as Stephana contemplated it her heart exulted within her. It seemed as if her dearest wishes were realized at last, and as if life had no more to give. Such moments of ecstasy happen to most of us once in a lifetime. Not the mere cup full to the brim of joy is raised to our lips, but a drop of elixir worth many brimming cups. First and foremost came the joyful conviction of having proved a kind of Providence to a thousand human lives. Thorns might spoil some of their roses; in these new waters 'twould not be all smooth sailing; but she had put each man, woman, and child in a fair way of holding up the head, showing, indeed, the true manly, true womanly, enriching of them mentally and bodily so far that they need envy none. Next to this satisfaction came the feeling that two lives at least, and these two knit to her by ties of kindred, were made better, if not consciously happier, by her means. Christina lived now in the light of truth, and need no longer dread imminent retribution and remorse. Such atonement as it was in her power to make she had promised, and whether or no she thought herself happier, she was so past question. The weight of secret wrong-doing was lifted from her conscience. She could look her fellows in the face.

Over Valerian, Stephana rejoiced most of all. She said to herself now that Valerian's soul was hers indeed, and that not only had she awakened a conscience in his somewhat shallow nature, she had also touched his heart. Long ago he loved her, but he was now in sympathy with her, a result she set more store by. Passionless herself, she had never yet been moved by any man's passion. Valerian's unswerving devotion, however, and uncompromising acquiescence in her wishes, did now in reality awaken a warmer feeling than mere cousinly affection. She was intensely grateful to him for all that he had done for her, and drawn to him by the sacrifices he had made on her behalf. All that he had to give was hers—time, inclination, talents of no mean order. Surely, surely she should be satisfied, and not exact loftiness of soul accorded only to the few!

It seemed to Stephana just then that it was unreasonable to do less than try to love this poor Valerian a little in return for loving her so much. And his life hitherto had been a series of disappointments and mortifications. She must endeavor to be a Providence to him also, for who needed one more?

Of Markham, Stephana thought tenderly and serenely. Here all was security and assurance. Markham's magnanimous soul could well be left to take care of itself; and if she could not requite a no less magnanimous devotion, she could comfort herself with the thought that at least he had inner consolations.

If, then, consummate happiness is any mortal's portion for a brief spell, Stephana tasted it at that moment. As her eyes rested on the quiet yet animated scene before her they filled with blissful tears. This twilight calm, the fair day shutting like a flower, the fairer dawn to come, all these awakened within her breast a sense of rapturous contentment, the deeper because it was impersonal.

While she lingered thus in a little summer-house on the highest ground of her domain, for a moment isolating herself from the scattered groups below, soft strains of music caught her ear. It was the music of human voices only, and the strains, low almost to indistinctness at first, soon swelled into a rich volume of sound that reached from one end of the garden to the other.

The song that had been begun on the spur of the moment by one of the company present is familiar to most, and if anticipatory had nevertheless a peculiar appropriateness. If strange in the ears of some of these London-bred children, the melody was not difficult to catch, and prompters were at hand:

"Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle."

So erelong this sweet and simple song—a song no more, but one vast harmony of more than a thousand voices—filled the place and caught the attention of careless passers-by in the streets without.

At first pensive and tender, soon rising to deep, passionate strength, the artless melody, with its moving words, might well bring tears to eyes unaccustomed to weep at mere words. Not one, however, of Stephana's guests was in tearful mood just then as they gave vent to their feelings in the words:

"What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

There was just a touch of sentiment, but hardly sorrow, in the minds of the emigrants as they now filed past her in little bands, directing their steps toward the garden gate, their minds being at last made up that they *must* go. On the longest day of the year who can say when night begins? And in the liquid pearliness of this exquisite twilight every feature of the picture was clear as in broad day.

There was Valerian, having Christina on his arm, whilst they halted listening to the song, Valerian joining in it. Not far off was Markham, led by a little girl, yet all the time leading the whole. And there was Mr. Constantine, his last word of wisdom spoken, yet so far overcoming his weariness as to wait for departure. And Steppie was there, a child among the children, a toddling thing held by each hand—all singing as if their very lives depended on it.

But where was Arthura?

The thought had hardly crossed Stephana's mind when she heard her name called, and looking up, saw her standing near. What a contrast the two presented! Stephana radiant, yet calm as this silvery twilight; Arthura atremble and aglow with passion, her cheeks red as the roses in her hair, her eyes bright as the jewel glittering in Stephana's.

Had not Stephana been intensely absorbed by her own tranquillizing thoughts she must have noticed the extraordinary excitement, almost wildness, of her companion, reined in for the moment, but evident nevertheless. Stephana was too happy to be alive to anything going on around her just then, and out of the fullness of joy could not resist taking the girl's hand, even kissing her, as a sister might have done in some ineffable moment that belonged to both.

"Oh!" she cried, "look at these happy people! Not one of all these hundreds of hearts but is mine! How rich, how more than blessed, am I to have such love, such benedictions!"

Arthura stood for a moment in painfulest conflict. The word was on her lips which would for once and for all shake these joyous confidences and dispel these blissful illusions. How could she say it? How could she hold her peace? It seemed to her as she paused thus, a thing of evil passions hateful to herself, love like hate within her bosom, that it was a bounden duty to turn and flee. What business had she among Stephana's hopes, beautiful as these large midsummer flowers shining out of the pearly light? Better, far better, to bury her own miserable passions, and let those who would delude themselves with dreams of love and loyal affection.

To Arthura's warm, robust nature there was sacredness as well as mystery about this pale, sweet Stephana; it seemed to her as if, like the mystic lady of the poem, "she had no companion of mortal race"; and now, with this burning hatred at her heart, and almost a craving for common vengeance, she still hesitated to speak out.

Had no Stephana been by, and deadly weapons at hand, she felt that she could have rushed forward to stab her lover's, false lover's, heart as he stood within ear-shot, outwardly calm and smiling, inwardly, it must be, at warfare with himself. The soothing influence of Stephana's presence, the cool evening hour, the mixed pathos and solemnity of these parting strains, for a while checked Arthura's vindictive mood.

But at last grief and indignation would have their way. Stephana must know all. She could not keep silence a moment longer.

"Stephana!" she cried, breaking from that sisterly hold, "all is not as you think. If there is wizardry in your eyes, use it now. Discover the fallen angel, the one black heart among all these, and smite him to the ground with scorn where he stands!"

Stephana started and looked at Arthura doubtingly, wondering if indeed she were smit with sudden craziness. But the truth of the girl's wild words was written in her face and in one other that shrank from their gaze now. Arthura's words he had hardly caught, but the meaning of this strange scene flashed across Valerian's mind then. Arthura's look of passion, Stephana's sad astoundment, the silence, the shock, were not to be misinterpreted. In a moment his position became clear to him. There was no place for a

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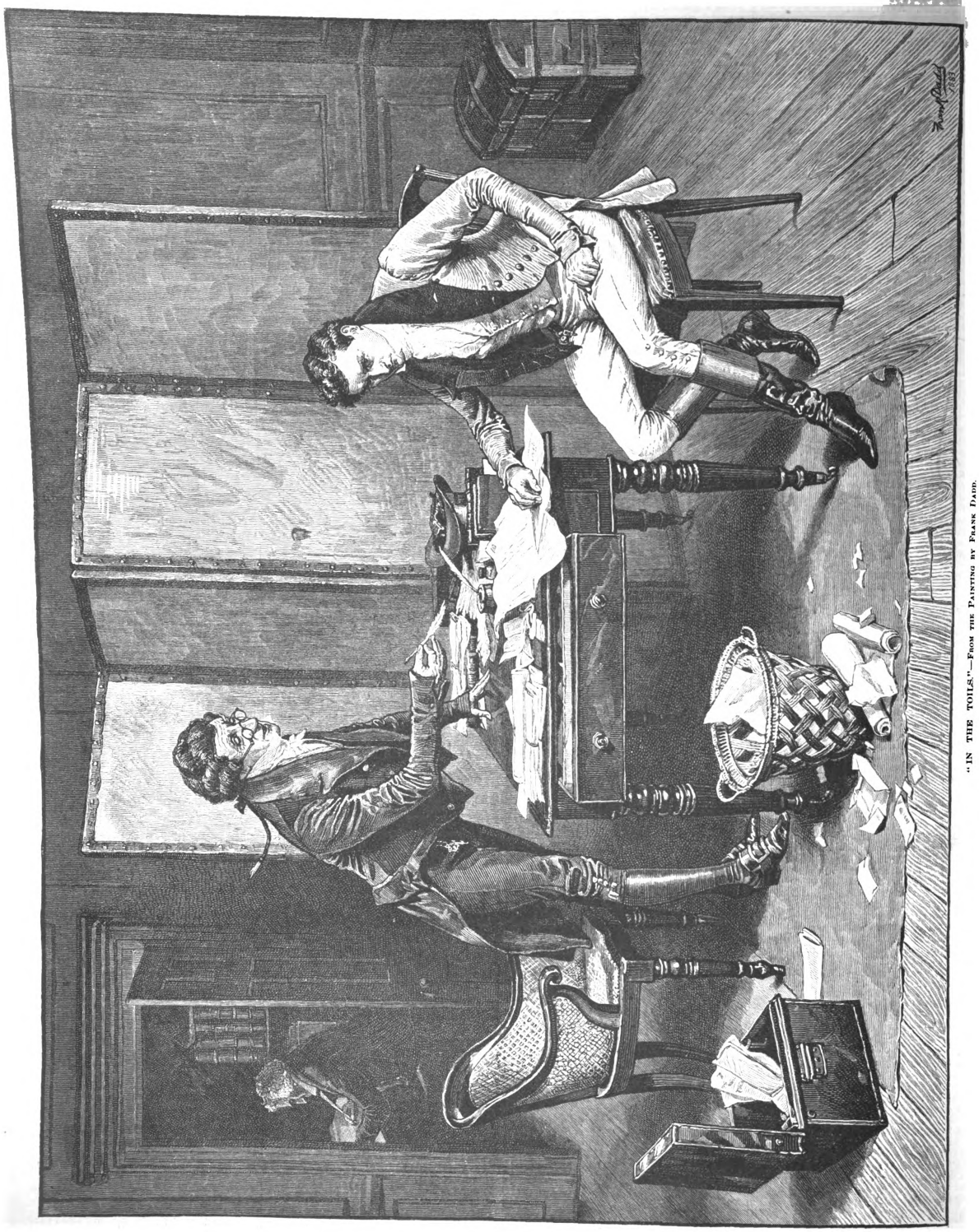

"IN THE TOILS."—From the Painting by Frank Dadd.

Valerian beside these true-hearted women. He had wronged both past forgiveness. Except for his mother, he was alone. She at least could understand the weakness and crookedness that had let him into this pitfall. She at least could never reproach him with cowardice and double-dealing. She was disarmed. They were quits. Valerian stirred not. His white face told no tale in that dim light; but had Stephana and Arthura been able to read it, some compassion might have been awakened on his behalf. For the first time in his life he was now brought face to face with himself—with meanness, with falseness, with worldliness. Yet in spite of all these, a higher aspiration, an instinct of better things, was his. He needed something better than the old life begun over again with Christina, deprived of all that had before made it bearable—Stephana's friendship, Arthura's love!

Valerian stirred not, although there seemed poltrooonery in inaction. Once he moved forward, as if impelled to say a word on his own behalf, but the faces of the pair were averted. They would perhaps turn from him as from a serpent, perhaps never speak to him again!

"Come," he said to his companion, "we are not wanted here any longer. Let us go home."

"Without a word of good-by to Stephana?" asked Christina, in a tone of surprise.

"At least we are not going to America!" he said, as he made this retort feeling drearily and bitterly how much wider and deeper the gulf between him and these two noble women than the broad Atlantic. Then he hurried her away, passing unobserved through the crowd of miscellaneous guests to the carriage that awaited them at the gateway.

So whilst Markham marshalled his little bands toward their gayly decorated cars, the burden of their song still kept up by those who remained in the rear, Stephana and Arthura were left more and more to themselves. And soon in that heavenly summer twilight, fragrant with lilios and roses, pale, silvery stars gleaming out of the pearly heavens, they found themselves alone.

The singing had now died away altogether, and the last stragglers had gone, Stephana's beautiful rose garden abandoned to its mistress.

With a sudden impulse, half of craving for sympathy, half of deep womanly compassion, Stephana now caught the weeping girl to her bosom, and the pair were fast locked in each other's arms. To both it was a moment of supreme valediction. One wept pure womanly tears, as if her heart were breaking over a lost love; the other, as an angel over a perjured soul she had tried to redeem.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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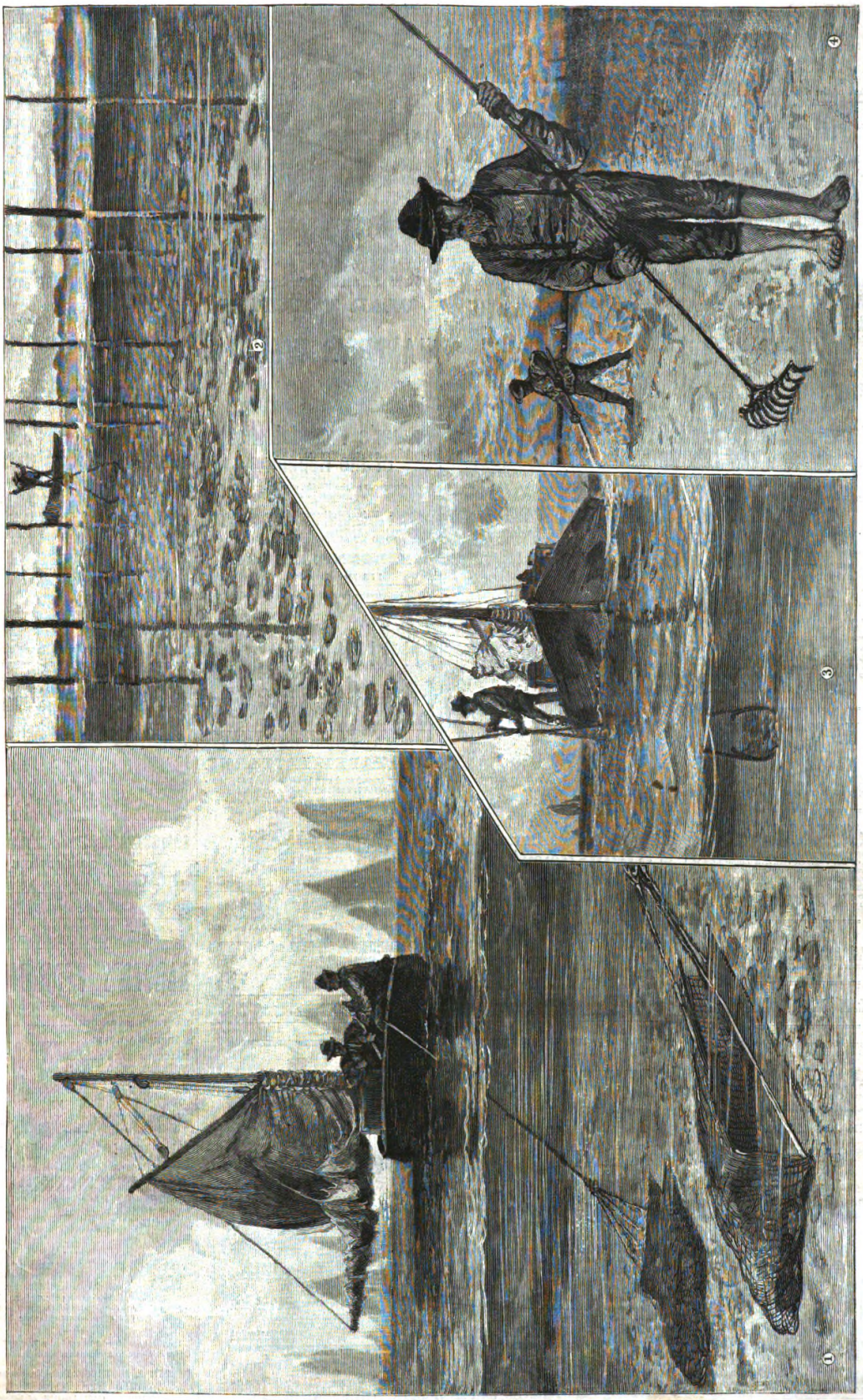

1. Dredging. 2. Oyster Lot. 3. Tonging Clams. 4. Clammer.

OYSTER AND CLAM FISHERIES.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 519.]

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A JAM OF LOGS.

In the latter part of July the picturesque city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was threatened with a serious but happily averted calamity. The Grand River, on which the city stands, at that place descends toward Lake Michigan with a fall of eighteen feet to the mile, and the current attains an impetuous velocity. About three miles above the city an immense boom of pine logs had been gathered from the upper waters and smaller feeders of the river. Heavy rain-storms, extending over several days, caused the river to overflow its banks, carrying away many dams and bridges. On Monday, July 23, the great boom gave way under the mighty pressure of the swollen river, and 60,000,000 feet of logs of all kinds and sizes were sent sweeping down toward the city

Just above Grand Rapids the progress of the logs was arrested by the large bridge of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad. The river on one side was a mass of logs, piled up in some places to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the water, and packed nearly to the river bed. So dense was this mass of logs that the water only forced its way through with difficulty, and backed up, flooding the country for miles around, and increasing tremendously the pressure, against which the bridge stood like a giant. On Thursday, the 26th, the bridge succumbed, and the immense mass of logs and water went tearing down-stream with terrible force. One large span, weighing one hundred tons, was carried one hundred feet down-stream on the logs. The bridges of the Grand Rapids and Indiana and Chicago and West Michigan railroads were torn out and swept down in sections fully four miles, but the large bridge of the Lake Shore Railroad, below the city, proved to be strong enough to withstand the pressure. It is estimated that 30,000,000 feet of logs were stranded on the river-banks. Had this bridge given way, at least 60,000,000 feet of lumber would have been swept into the lake, involving a great pecuniary loss.

There was considerable excitement in the city during the critical period, and the people generally were greatly alarmed at the threatened disaster. Hundreds visited the scene of the jam, and men and boys walked out long distances over the logs. When at length the news went out that the worst was over there was a feeling of great relief. The railroad officers telegraphed immediately for estimates for replacing the lost bridges, and it is hoped the repairs will be completed at an early day.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

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IS ALUM POISONOUS?

DR. HALL'S *Journal of Health*, in a recent issue, says:

"This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. It has not been considered immediately dangerous; although, if continued, it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from baking powders which contained alum, puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking powders.

"Under what conditions, then, does this substance—formerly used only for mechanical or medicinal purposes—become poisonous? They are certainly obscure, and at present we can only surmise what they may be. We suspect that the cause exists in the individual poisoned; some peculiarity of the constitution producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach, with which the alum combines and forms an active poison; or the secretions may be healthy but in unusual proportions, and that these less or greater proportions, in combination with the alum, constitute a poison.

"For example, two parts of mercury and two parts of chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous; but change the proportions to one part of mercury and two parts of chlorine, and we get corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison.

"Then, again, we know nothing of the causes of constitutional peculiarities. Why is it that one person can eat all kinds of green fruits and vegetables with impunity, while the same course might cost another individual his life? One person can handle poison ivy and sumac without being in the least affected; another is poisoned if he approaches to within ten feet of them. Out of a family residing in a malarial district, some of the members will suffer half the year with fever and ague, while the others will enjoy excellent health during the entire year. Foods that are wholesome to some persons are actually poisonous to others. This is especially true of some kinds of fish. There is no safety in taking alum into the stomach, as it is shown to be always injurious, and often dangerous. Baking powders properly compounded, and containing pure cream of tartar instead of alum, are more convenient than yeast; and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome, and far more palatable. We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder—who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of alum in baking powders.

"Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition has not been overestimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public.

"We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect.

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DONT BE A CLAM

Clams are not a proper model for a human being to copy after

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions;—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, *but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along*

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS.

A Clam is not a Good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

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A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will try new ways *that are endorsed by leading newspapers:*
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The Frank Siddalls Soap WILL do everything claimed. Statements to the contrary are untrue. —So Dont be a Clam—

Persons who allow articles said to be as good as The Frank Siddalls Soap to be forced on them must expect to be deceived SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

Even a person of only ordinary intelligence *will know for certain* that a Soap that is excellent for the skin cannot possibly hurt clothes

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FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—It is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag: use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantelpieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

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FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

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ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible: the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin: *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin: the lace never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes: it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—**IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT,** *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving team, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.
Send the full price **10** cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY."
Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake: *if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.
There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle

THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in luke-warm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. Any SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

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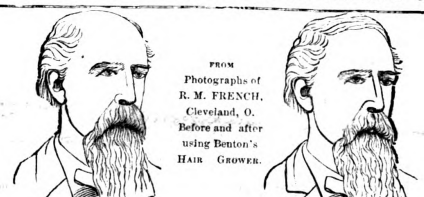

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MISS DIANA IN THE ADIRONDACKS—A SHOT ACROSS THE LAKE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

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THE POPULARITY OF THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

THE proposition of a postal telegraph—that is, of a telegraph supplementary to the Post-office—has been received with remarkable favor throughout the country. It is felt that the postal system should keep pace with the progress of invention and the increase of facilities. For the same reason that it availed itself of the greater rapidity of transport which was provided by steam, it should adapt the telegraph to its uses. If the government may properly send messages in the form of letters by railroad, which nobody denies, it may with still greater propriety send them in the form of telegrams by the telegraph, because by such means it can do the work which it undertakes to do more promptly and satisfactorily. The people of this country would certainly be unwilling to abolish the present postal system, and intrust the carriage of letters wholly to private enterprise, and for very obvious reasons. But telegraphic communication has now become essential, because the habits and business of the country inevitably adapt themselves to improved facilities, and the regularity and certainty, the cheapness and universality, which so satisfy the public in the present postal system, it will soon naturally require of the telegraphic service, and it will secure it, as it has secured the other, through the government.

Such a system would simply supplement the present postal service. The government would own and control the necessary telegraph wires, and the public would willingly pay the cost. That cost would not be the purchase of the existing telegraph property, because that is wholly artificial and extravagant. The nominal capital of the Western Union is probably five times the amount for which its property could be replaced in better working order. The government would buy existing lines only where they could be bought more cheaply than they could be built, and that, under the actual circumstances, would be impossible. To the general scheme only three objections are made. The first is that the government ought not to go into the telegraph business. But the reply to this is that for reasons of the public convenience and welfare, which are entirely satisfactory to the people, the government is already embarked in the letter-carrying and express business, and will properly undertake any other for which similar conclusive reasons can be urged. The second objection is that the government ought not to compete with private business and establish a monopoly. The reply is that a monopoly would not be established. The postal express does not monopolize the express business even of small articles; and although letter-carriage is in a certain sense a monopoly, yet the laws which protect it are evaded, the evasion showing that even the law can hardly maintain the monopoly. The postal telegraph would be merely a competition which would restrain the present practical monopoly and protect the community against the disaster arising from strikes and quarrels which private monopoly generates.

The third objection is that a postal telegraph would enormously increase the patronage of the government. To the defenders of the spoils system this would be no objection, but a conclusive reason for advocating the scheme. But to every intelligent man who justly estimates the perils of patronage, the proposition of its vast increase upon its present footing would be a fatal objection to any scheme, however desirable in itself. The evils and inconveniences which greater patronage would bring are greater than any which they would remove. The simple answer to this objection, therefore, is that a rational business system of conducting the public business—the selection, promotion, and removal of employés not by political influence, but by actual proved official merit or demerit—would not increase the government patronage, but, on the contrary, would promote reform in every other department of the government by showing the practical advantage of a business management of the public business. Moreover, the fact that the increase of patronage is felt by every sensible man to be a public danger is conclusive evidence of the nature of that which already exists, and of the desirability of prompt and reasonable reform. At the last session of Congress Senator EDMUNDS favored the proposal of a postal telegraph, and when Congress re-assembles he is sure to find that he is supported by a very powerful public opinion.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

THE Republican State Committee of New York have called the Convention on the 19th of September, at Richfield Springs. The officers to be nominated are the Secretary of State, Attorney-General, Comptroller, and Treasurer. But the chief interest of the Convention will be in observing how far the harmony of the party has been restored, and to this end to perceive the character of the new State Committee. The Committee which will be appointed at the State Convention will superintend the preliminary elections of next year for the National Convention, and it will have a very important influence upon the result of the national election in New York. Meanwhile from various authorities upon both sides of the party, from Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH and Mr. DEPEW and General SHARPE, and from journals which speak for both sides, we learn that harmony is established, and that all Republicans will heartily support the action of the Convention. The great defection, however, was at the last election, and Messrs. SMYTH, DEPEW, and SHARPE all supported the ticket, and many of the journals to which we allude advised its support. It is not clear, therefore, that their testimony respecting harmony can be accepted as conclusive.

The action of the City Committee and the scheme of primary elections for the Convention, as we showed when it was announced, undoubtedly favors the machine. It does not follow, perhaps, that the machine will use its advantage, because it has learned the disposition of Republicans to refuse to support what they do not approve. But the advantage given is suspicious, and therefore unfortunate. If the primary elections should turn out the old familiar delegates, the conclusion that they had been selected in the old familiar way would be so probable as injuriously to affect the general party feeling toward the Convention. As the machine spokesman, Mr. BLISS, advised the anti-machine majority in the Convention of 1881, so we should advise the machine in the primary elections of this year, to "go slow." The indispensable condition of success is that the Convention shall not only be, but shall be believed to be, a free Convention. Last year the machine was believed to have resorted to actual fraud, and the result at the polls is not yet wholly forgotten. This year the conviction that the action of the Convention represents the real sentiment of the party can alone unite the party at the polls. But that conviction, with a brave and progressive platform and a good ticket and a State Committee which is seen not to be the tool of a reactionary faction, will not only re-unite the party at the polls, but give it victory.

There is no reason whatever to infer from any event of the year that public confidence in the general principles and policy of the Republican party has declined. On the contrary, the trouble has been with certain men and methods in the party, and as the year has shown the most decided purpose to free the party from them, there has been a corresponding increase of confidence. That is a suggestive and hortatory fact for New York. The Senate to be elected this year will take part in the election of Mr. LAPHAM's successor. There is therefore every reason for Republican harmony. There is, however, but one way to secure it. That way is to provide an expression of the party will which every Republican will feel to be honest and free.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

UPON occasion of the President's recent visit to Chicago on his way to the Yellowstone Park the Chicago *Daily News* published a great number of letters from Republicans of every kind upon the ARTHUR administration. They agreed substantially that an administration which had been anticipated with apprehension had by its general course earned the approval of the country. This will hardly be disputed. Many things have been done in the exercise of the removing and appointing power to which just exception has been taken, and signal instances of flagrant disregard of sound principles of administration may be quoted. But certainly the clean sweep of one wing of the party that was expected has not taken place, and while the President's own sympathy with the Stalwart and machine wing may be unchanged, he has not chosen to manifest it in the way that the leaders of that wing have desired. Besides this moderation, the veto of the River and Harbor Bill, the Executive action under the PENDLETON bill, and the general tranquillity of the administration have relieved the country of all apprehension of disturbance or excitement.

This is the merit of the ARTHUR administration. It is, indeed, negative, and arouses no enthusiasm. The President's original nomination was not due to distinguished service, but to local and political considerations. That, of course, does not produce strong personal regard for a President, and the quiet course of administration does not excite it. The feeling, therefore, is undoubtedly passive. It is that of placid satisfaction that there is no reason for positive hostility. It is very much the kind of feeling with which Mr. MONROE's administration was regarded. This, however, is baffling to the politicians, and even alarming. For they know the value of the negative element in actual politics. In a political contest the man against whom nothing very definite can be alleged is always strong. Especially is this true in a contest which is mainly personal; and as that of next year will turn chiefly upon the general character, traditions, and tendencies of the two parties, the disposition, which is always decided, to select a candidate who can not be actively assailed personally as the most available will be stronger than ever, and it will naturally lend force to Mr. ARTHUR's candidacy.

This seems to us a fair statement of his position toward the nomination. And should his official conduct during the intervening months show a still more marked tendency toward the progressive spirit of the party, that position would doubtless be improved. Yet in the great body of the party we can see no reason to suppose a decided preference for Mr. ARTHUR's candidacy over that of Mr. EDMUNDS, for instance, who is also mentioned. Mr. EDMUNDS is undoubtedly, as we stated at the time that he was elected President of the Senate, the one Republican in the country who is universally acceptable to the party. His intellectual ability, his great public experience and knowledge, his absolute integrity, and his freedom from identification with factions and "wings" give him a unique eminence. Mr. BLAINE has undoubtedly a more enthusiastic following within the party. But to Mr. BLAINE there is also a very strong opposition. The party regard and confidence felt for Mr. EDMUNDS are universal, and should he be nominated, he would receive the vote of every man who for any reason desires to see the Republican party retain power. But nomination of a candidate depends upon circumstances which can not be foreseen, and upon influences which are incalculable. Nothing, however, can be plainer than that Republican success next year can not be secured by the manipulation of patronage, nor by the working of a machine, but solely by permitting free expression to the real sentiment of the party. To aim at this freedom in the primary meeting and the local convention is to do all that the individual voter can do to promote Republican victory in '84.

LIFE OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

THE *Life of James Buchanan*, by GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, like that of General DIX, by his son, Rev. Dr. DIX—two books which the HARPERS have just published—is a very important contribution to the history of American politics. Both memoirs contain valuable documents hitherto unpublished, and throw light upon some doubtful and obscure points connected with the war of the rebellion. No student of our politics can dispense with these biographies, which are but the precursors of the memoirs of other conspicuous actors of the war epoch, and especially that of Mr. LINCOLN, which has been too long delayed. Mr. BUCHANAN was a type of the successful Democratic politician during the final ascendency of that party, and he is as good a representative as could be selected of its general views and conduct in the most tremendous and vital conflict of our politics, the slavery controversy, which ended in civil war and a free Union. He was born in 1791, and he died in 1868. He saw the rise and growth of the slave power, its moral subjugation of public opinion, its total prostitution of our politics, its relentless purpose, and its nefarious spirit, and, as this book shows, he was its constant servant and abettor. He never uttered a word of rebuke or protest. In all the speeches and letters and conversations upon the subject which are here recorded there is no evidence of any kind, so far as we have observed, that he had the least perception of the unspeakable wrong of slavery, or of the eternal law which GEORGE MASON had pointed out in the Constitutional Convention, and which makes deliberate acquiescence and participation in such a wrong necessarily fatal to any nation. There is nothing which shows that it ever occurred to Mr. BUCHANAN that any American citizen had a right to regard slavery as other than a legal status which the Constitution recognized. Apparently he had not the least perception that even if as a citizen he could do little by direct political action, he was morally bound as a man to stimulate public opinion to make political action possible.

This moral blindness and indifference and ignorance of the necessary relation between morals and politics—a blindness upon which many abler men than Mr. BUCHANAN have prided themselves—was the key of his whole political career, as it is that of the conrse of the Democratic party. It was an endeavor to avoid the unavoidable and to eliminate conscience from politics. In all of Mr. BUCHANAN'S speeches there is incessant assertion of the legal rights of the slave-owner, but not a word of sympathy or indignation for the outraged human rights of the slave. He thinks no villain so black as the man who would imperil the "family altar" of the slave-holder by asserting the right of every innocent man to personal liberty, but he has not even mild disapproval for those who bred human beings for the market, and sold the husband from the wife and the daughter from the mother. There is no more curious and startling record in our annals of the imbruting influence of slavery upon a respectable and not ill-meaning mind than this *Life of Mr. Buchanan*. Unable to measure the force of a moral [illegible]

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pulse which he could not comprehend, and which he thought it wrong to indulge, or to understand the character of his countrymen, he was always treating a political situation which sprang from the most profound and powerful of human emotions in the spirit of a pettifogging lawyer, and seeking to compromise differences which were, in the nature of things, irreconcilable. Mr. BUCHANAN'S biographer regards him as a great statesman. But it seems to us fatal to such a claim that he was not able to see that the conflict was irrepressible and could not be compromised. Practical statesmanship required resolute withstanding of the encroachments of the slave power, and its rigorous restriction to its pound of flesh. The biographer's summary of the situation when the antislavery movement began also seems to us to be based upon a misconception, first, of the necessary tendency of slavery, politically and industrially intrenched, to expand and perpetuate itself; and second, of the fact that this was its actual policy.

When the slave power, whose malign spirit, according to our view, he had sedulously fostered throughout his career in Congress, rose in insurrection, Mr. BUCHANAN, who had sowed the wind, was appalled by the whirlwind. As President he denied the right of secession, proposed to abandon half of the free continent to slavery, in order to conciliate the slave-holders, and denounced the antislavery movement as virtually responsible for the contest. Yet had the slave-holders begun actual war during his term, he would, as he alleged, have done precisely what Mr. LINCOLN did in maintaining the authority of the government by force; and when the war did begin he held it to be the duty of all good citizens to sustain the LINCOLN administration. Upon this point the book will correct some current misapprehensions. Mr. BUCHANAN was not a secessionist, and while he sympathized with the slave-holders, he did not admit that secession was a constitutional or a reasonable remedy for their alleged grievances. He was unequal to his position, not because he connived at the treachery of individuals or at overt rebellion, not for any technical and perfunctory reason, but because he did not comprehend the real conflict in which he was involved. His successor, one of the great Presidents, had seen and said long before, and while yet unknown to the country, "A house divided against itself can not stand: the Union can not endure half slave and half free." We hope that the *Life of James Buchanan* will be widely read. It can not fail to show young Americans how easily political ambition may sophisticate the moral nature, and how plausibly infidelity to the cardinal American principle may be defended as a constitutional duty. It can not fail, also, to teach deep and wise distrust of a party whose chief tradition is the attempt, under pretense of peculiar respect for the Constitution, to convert a free republic into a slave empire.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

IN a very few words Collector ROBERTSON, of New York, the head of the office at which two-thirds of the foreign revenue of the country is collected, states how honestly he has observed the spirit of the reformed system. It is not wonderful that the spoils faction is indignant with the President. Collector ROBERTSON has held the office for two years, and he says:

"I have removed from office but seventeen employés since I have been Collector, and all of these removals were for sufficient cause. Eight were for intemperance, three were for continued absence without leave, one for neglect of duty, one for sleeping at his post, two for passing baggage without proper examination, and two upon charges in financial matters. Every appointment has been made under the operation of the civil service rules. When I became Collector there were sixty persons temporarily filling positions. These places have since been permanently filled by candidates who have passed the requisite examination."

Collector ARTHUR stated in 1878 that under his three immediate predecessors more than one-fourth of the persons employed were removed every year. The reports of Congressional committees show that during the three years' term of one of those predecessors, who was not a Republican, out of 903 officers employed 830 were removed, another made 338 removals in eighteen months, and another 510 removals in sixteen months. Upon Collector ROBERTSON'S showing it is plain that if reform is desirable, the Republican party must stay.

BRUTALITY.

IN a prize-fight two roughs, who have sneaked away to an obscure spot, pummel each other till one is so battered and bloody that he can not rise in the specified time, and the other is declared the victor. Principals, seconds, and witnesses are in momentary dread of the police, well knowing that, if caught, their arrest is sure. In a letter to the New York *Tribune* Mr. WILLIAM BLAIKIE has made it plain that the recent meeting in Madison Square Garden, in which SULLIVAN stood up and battered SLADE until he was insensible, was nothing less than a prize-fight, and a very rapid one at that. Generally one brute may take his time in pounding the other till he is insensible, and the longer the delectable business is carried on the better the on-lookers seem to enjoy it. But this time, as was widely announced by the press, in order to win, one had to disable the other—"knock him out," or "knock him silly"—"in four rounds" of three minutes each. The trainers, seconds, time-keeper, and referee, the twenty-four-foot ring, "first blood," "first knock-down," and the final "knocking-out" of one of the principals—everything, in short, which makes a prize-fight was there. Nor was this thing done in a corner, but right in the heart of the metropolis, and before one of the largest gatherings ever seen in this city.

The breach of the law of New York was complete, and we would like to ask District-Attorney MCKEON why the principals and those who aided and abetted in this brutal and degrading spectacle should not be arrested and brought to trial as soon as they can be found within this State. Police-Captain WILLIAMS knows them by sight, and can make one good witness for the county. We would also like to inquire why, by being present and countenancing this disgraceful business, the latter did not "aid and encourage or do any act to further a ring or prize fight." But the statute says this too is a misdemeanor. Then why should he not stand his trial also?

It is time for prompt, decisive, and vigorous treatment of this brutal work. If the reputable press will refuse its columns to all reference to it, it will cripple it very seriously. But if the District Attorney will do his simple duty, it will go far toward ending in this city and State, and probably throughout the country as well, one of the most cruel and inhuman practices mankind has yet devised, and seen fit to call sport.

"INDOORS AND OUTDOORS."

THE National Association for Sanitary and Rural Improvement, of which the Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS is president, and whose object is to diffuse information upon sanitary ways and means, and the details of improvement in the case of rural neighborhoods, has begun the publication of a small monthly journal, for fifty cents a year, which will be found a very useful and attractive monthly visitor "to all whom it may concern," that is, to everybody who wishes to improve rather than to let things drift until reform has become indispensable. *Indoors and Outdoors* is the title of the neat and comely little journal of the association, the list of whose officers comprises the names of many of the most eminent sanitarians and landscape artists in the country.

THE DULL AND DROLL SEASON.

JUDGE HOADLY has returned from Alabama, and he says to a *Herald* correspondent that he has had but one conversation with Mr. WOODWARD since his election, and that he did not tell him that his nomination had cost him $50,000. There was no allusion to the subject.

This statement of Judge HOADLY'S disposes of that matter. Now let Mr. TILDEN say whether he killed HANCOCK. The *Sun* has already offered $5000 to any one who will prove that it ridiculed its own candidate three years ago.

It is evidently the dull—but droll—political season.

AN AMUSING EXTREMITY.

THE chief contribution of the Democratic party toward the campaign of next year is an attempt to defame the dead GARFIELD by means of DORSEY'S statements, supplemented by similar anonymous allegations. As yet, however, no evidence has been produced. DORSEY says what he chooses, and vituperates at his pleasure. His stories have probably not affected the opinion of a single person in the country, while the repetition of them by the Democratic press as a telling argument against Republican ascendency, in view of the unqualified condemnation and repudiation of DORSEY by the Republican press, shows how curiously feeble is the Democratic assault. That unhappy party, which in the last twenty years has been at its wits' end to find some way of returning to the control of the government which Democrats sought to overthrow, apparently thinks that the true way is to call the roll of Republican rascals whom the Republicans have turned out.

PERSONAL.

THE project of getting JENNY LIND to sing in New York is again talked of in musical circles. A gentleman who had something to do with that eminent singer's first appearance in this country said, the other day: "I am sure that JENNY LIND would be a success if she returned to America. Everybody that heard her sing here thirty years ago would wish to hear her again, and everybody that ever heard of her would like at least to see her. Her upper notes are all gone, and she is more than sixty years old, but she sings with all the old fervor, and her heart is as large as ever. If Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, who is still her friend and adviser, could be induced to accompany her, I think she would be glad of a chance to return to this country. But Sir JULIUS is getting old, and dreads the sea."

—MR. WILLIAM DAVIDGE, the veteran comedian, expresses the conviction that the stage of to-day represents a development in a downward direction. The reign of "stars," he says, is one bad sign of the times. "A 'star' used to be an actor of celebrity in his or her own country; but now anybody feels at liberty to appear as a 'star,' and to be advertised as 'celebrated,' 'distinguished,' 'unequaled,' and so on. The best theatres would willingly present the best plays, but the public will not support them in so doing. You can't blame the managers for this state of things; the managers take their cue from the public. Formerly it was supposed that to become a successful actor required some natural ability and a good deal of training, but nowadays a fashionable beauty can use the dramatic profession as a short road to wealth. It is surprising how little real acting you see on the stage. Audiences don't seem to care for it any more. As for comedy, if a man blackens his face, wears a high collar, and puts himself through a course of antics, he earns an easy and remunerative reputation. IRVING is an excellent actor, no doubt, but a better manager, and he will set his plays superbly. But I don't think his Shakspearean *rôles* will be successful in this country; the popular ideal has been fixed by EDWIN BOOTH, and IRVING'S vast deviations from it are not likely to be appreciated."

—Monsignor CAPEL (he requests that his name be pronounced *Cay-ple*, and not *Capelle*) expresses to a reporter a wish to have been born a Jew, and then to have become a Christian.

—The few persons who know the facts of the case are always amused when recalling the "grand ovation" offered to Madame PATTI in Brooklyn last winter. On the occasion of her first appearance for the season the horses were taken from her carriage after the conclusion of the opera, and the vehicle in which she had taken her seat was drawn to her hotel by "the enthusiastic populace"—as the newspapers all over the country announced. The "enthusiastic populace," however, consisted of a score or so of Brooklyn stablemen who had been hired to perform the laborious service at five dollars a head.

—The point of view chosen by the photographer when about to place the instrument is a matter of such moment that pictorial artists who desire to use a photographic reproduction of a scene are getting into the habit either of owning or borrowing a *camera obscura* themselves, or of calling upon the services of some brother artist who possesses one. It requires an artist, they say, to put the instrument in proper position.

—A New York artist who crosses the North River twice daily, while going to his home in New Jersey or returning from it, says that the view of the metropolis from the middle of the river is finer at nine o'clock in the morning than when under the sunset glow. "The presence of hundreds of ascending streams of steam and smoke causes the whole city to seem like a thing of life, and exercises a strong and most agreeable effect upon the imagination." He wonders why all the ferry companies do not follow the example of painting their boats in browns or reds rather than in colorless, staring white.

—Under the head of "American Art Industry," the *Reichenberger Zeitung* of a recent date says: "Baron JOHANN VON LIEBIG has favored the New York section of our permanent Exposition with the temporary loan of two works of art presented to him by Mr. STANTON, which excite the interest of visitors, partly because they come from America—a country which has given us little opportunities to study its art industry, of which these are remarkably fine specimens. The first is a Christmas volume published by HARPER & BROTHERS, filled with magnificent wood-engravings. The binding, corresponding in taste to the contents, is ornamented with an impression in gold, of simple but noble design, which—apart from all difference of judgment regarding ornamentation—is very pleasing to the eye. The beautiful brown leather tone of the binding contributes essentially to the effect of the design."

—Mr. HENRY JAMES, in noticing the fact that ALPHONSE DAUDET, the novelist, has been accused of portraying living persons in his novels, declares that "the temptation to 'put people into a book' is one of which every writer of fiction knows something, and I hold that to succumb to it is not only legitimate, but inevitable. Putting people into books is what the novelist lives upon; the only question in the matter is a question of taste; the operation must be judged by the manner in which it is performed. DAUDET has been accused of doing the thing too boldly, and I believe that two or three of his portraits have provoked a protest."

—A few minutes after the failure of BALLOU & Co. was announced at the New York Stock Exchange, and when the members of that institution were particularly bent upon uproar, a gentleman and his little daughter entered the visitors' gallery to look upon the scene. "Are they *all* crazy, papa?" asked the youthful innocent. "Yes," was the quiet reply, "they are all crazy."

—Cardinal MCCLOSKEY has been resting at Atlantic City, where his chief diversion is riding in an open carriage. A correspondent describes him as above the medium height, and well proportioned, though uncommonly slight. Clear deep-set eyes burn with a steady glow under heavy bushy brows. A head, ample and strong, is crowned with beautiful silvery hair. His brow and cheeks have been deeply touched by Time; but among all the lines none are more clearly marked than those of firmness around the mouth. The rather thin lips are mobile, and nothing can be more assuring than the Cardinal's smile.

—An essayist in the *British Quarterly Review* for July, in an article on the relation of drugs to medicine, notices a certain trait of skepticism that has "run like a thread through the whole history of medicine in the best thought of every age. There have always been found physicians of eminence who have confessed to a want of faith in their own art. 'The best medicine is not to use medicine' of CELSUS has been uttered in every language by the most thoughtful men of every age. And with all the positive science of our own time, we find our best physicians saying the same thing." That eminent physician Dr. WILLARD PARKER once observed to the writer of this paragraph that the best way of curing typhoid fever was to put the patient in the open air, under a tent, and feed him on milk.

—Mr. EDWARD A. FREEMAN on the late JOHN RICHARD GREEN: "He used to say, merrily, that he wrote three kinds of articles in the *Saturday Review*. There were historical and topographical articles, which he said were attributed to me; there were light social articles, which he said were attributed to a lady of high rank who was believed to write in that paper; there were articles on matters in the eastern parts of London, which he said were not attributed to anybody, because nobody read them." It took Mr. GREEN only a day to write an article.

—The Rev. Mr. MACKONOCHIE, the English ritualist, has tried "to prevent religion from degenerating into asceticism" by establishing a weekly dancing class in his parish in London. He professes to have shown that "dancing can be enjoyed without drinking." Every other dance on the programme is a square dance, and every dance is extremely vigorous. Most of the dancers are engaged in large manufactories during the day. On the other hand, the pastor of the Methodist church at Bridgeville, New York, has declined to receive for the purchase of a bell some money obtained at "sociables" where the young people indulged in dancing.

—The Armenian convent on the island of San Lazzaro, near Venice, has been partly destroyed by fire. But the room where BYRON used to read the Armenian Bible is still preserved, as also are BYRON'S autograph, and Mr. RUSKIN'S *Stones of Venice*, presented to the convent by the author, who wrote on a fly-leaf his hope of being sometimes "remembered by the good brothers."

—The *Westminster Review* having read "with deep and grateful interest" Mr. BROWNING'S latest volume of poems, finds it "impossible to deny that he is a great poet, but there will be ever a division of opinion as to whether he is a great artist or an eccentric craftsman."

—In a speech before an English high school the Bishop of Manchester condemned what he called the system of cram, and declared that the Americans had found it to be a false educational basis. The Bishop's statement, we are sorry to say, will be news in some of our institutions of learning.

—The Governor of Gibraltar was dining with the Italian Admiral on board the iron-clad *Dandolo*, when suddenly the electric-light wire fused, and set fire to a bulk-head. The flames were at once extinguished, and the banquet went on. A similar accident occurred in one of the bedrooms of Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT'S house on Fifth Avenue shortly before the edifice was ready for occupancy. Electric sparks chased one another across the apartment, producing a beautiful exhibition of fire-works, but sadly scorching the silk hangings that decorated the wall spaces. Mr. VANDERBILT, on learning of the affair, and witnessing some of its results, immediately gave orders to have gas introduced into the house, and he has used it ever since for lighting purposes.

—M. VICTORIEN SARDOU, the French dramatist, having been prosecuted by a literary rival on a charge of plagiarism, defended himself in court by saying that the question, though a delicate one, was by no means new. "It is more than two thousand years old, and the good sense of the public has always solved it in the same way. Literary property resides in the particular form which the author has given to a general idea. This definition is not my own; it is the definition of everybody. How can it be otherwise? Humanity is always the same. It repeats itself unceasingly. It has always the same passions, the same follies, the same vices. The drama makes use of these passions, these follies, these vices, and consequently turns necessarily in the same circle. One can not invent a new man, nor paint him other than he is. We artists are constantly taking up the work of our predecessors, which we reproduce only with such modifications as are necessitated by diversities of social condition, language, and manners. It is not in the idea which we have made use of, but in the use which we have made of it, that the right of property shows itself. Consequently an idea, a subject, is the property of everybody. What belongs to the individual is the particular stand-point from which he looks at a subject, and the manner in which he places it in relief—the way in which he arranges his plot, groups his personages, and causes them to speak and act." After deliberating over the matter for eight days—according to French usage—the judges decided to acquit M. SARDOU.

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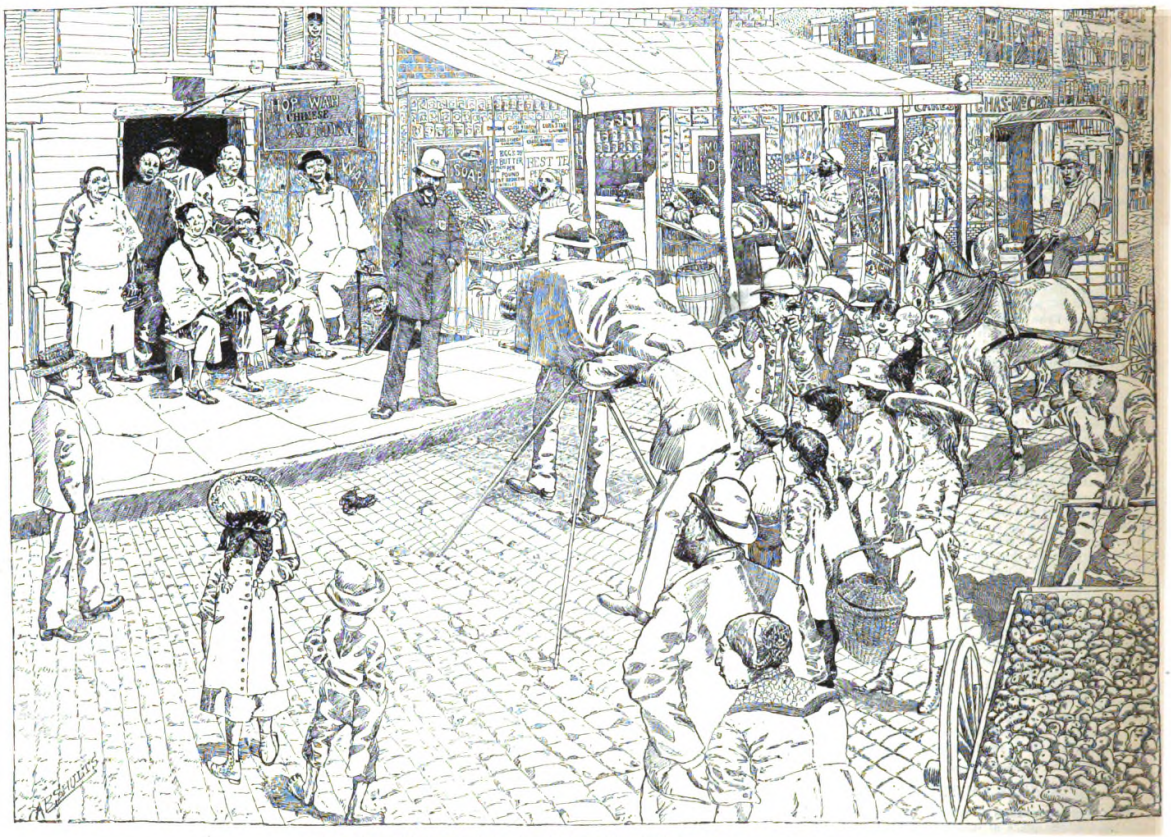

A STROLLING PHOTOGRAPHER IN CHINATOWN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by A. B. Shults.

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION—CENTRAL NAVE, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE CENTRE OF THE BUILDING.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 535.]

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER X.

GEORGE SUCCORS BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

Early the next day my uncle mounted his horse and rode away for some destination unknown, leaving a message to the effect that he would probably not be back in time for luncheon. It was very seldom that he absented himself from that meal, except when called away on magisterial business; and upon this occasion both Mrs. Farquhar and I were led to conclude that there was something in the wind. That that something was not unconnected with the discovery which had been made on the previous evening seemed to me more than probable; but Mrs. Farquhar, who was without that clew to the general situation, and who was afflicted with one of those restless minds which are forever probing into the causes of things, exhausted herself in conjectures, and plied me with abrupt queries, until I began to fear that, if she did not extract my secret from me, she would at least find out that I had a secret to be extracted—which would be very nearly as bad.

To escape from this danger I left the house, and walked down to the woods in search of Bunce, whom I found, as I had expected to do, in a clearing where a number of hen-coops had been set up for the young pheasants. Bunce, with his hands in the pockets of his old velveteen coat, was bending anxiously over some of the more delicate of his nurslings; and he said that that there bending and stooping was the very doose and all for the lumbago; also that the rearing of young birds was enough to break a man's heart, let alone his back. He further remarked that some men was ignorant of their business and a many was too lazy to attend to it; but that his motter was, Do your dooty, no matter what it costs you. If you didn't get no thanks, you should have bore in mind, if you was a sensible man, that you hadn't ought for to have expected none; such being the way of the world. He proceeded, with his usual modesty, to insinuate that he was himself the only keeper worthy to be so called in the county; after which he straightened himself up and made a slow examination of me from head to foot, as though to estimate the probability of my achieving a success approaching his in my own calling in life.

"So they're a-goin' to put you into the furrin ministerial business, I hear, Mr. Chawls," said he.

I replied that I was going into the diplomatic service, if that was what he meant.

"Ah! Well, I ain't seen no Ambassadors, not as I can call to mind; but I seen some o' them Colony Governors, with a deal o' gold-lace about 'em, and their cocked hats under their arms. Shouldn't ha' knowed 'em from Lord Mayors' flunkys myself. But there! it takes all kinds o' folks to make up a world, as they say. I'd rather ha' heard you was to wear her Majesty's uniform, Mr. Chawls."

"Well, I am going to wear her Majesty's uniform, Bunce."

"So you are, sir, to be sure. Though 'tis more like a livery, by my way o' thinking. And how long might you be likely to stick to that trade, sir, if I may ask?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," I answered. "All my life, I dare say."

Bunce shook his head. "'Tain't for me to speak," said he; "but accordin' to my notions, sir, your place is at Thirlby, and not in furrin parts. Squire he'll be that lonely, when you're gone, I don't know what we're to do with him. He do get terrible low at times—don't seem to take what I call a interest in things. What does he want to send you off out o' sight for? 'Tis my belief as that there old woman's at the bottom of it, with her everlastin' schemes and minoovers. Take care as she don't play you some dirty trick, sir, soon as your back's turned. Clear enough it is to me what she's a-drivin' at, and if she could get her own way, you'd never have a acre o' this here property to call your own, Mr. Chawls."

"I know what you mean, Bunce," I said; "but you're wrong. I'm getting rather tired of hearing my chances of inheriting this property talked about; but at the present moment Mrs. Farquhar is quite as anxious that I should get the place as you can be, and a great deal more so than I am myself. I don't mind telling you that much."

"So you may think, sir—so you may think. But, Lord love you! you don't understand the plaguy ways o' women yet. And she's a deep one, she is. I wouldn't trust her no further than I could see her—no; nor yet as far! And as for not bein' anxious to get Thirlby, why, that's a kind o' foolishness as you'll find yourself grow out of wonderful quick, sir. There's worse things in this wicked world than a fine old house and a nice estate and a good head o' game and—"

"And an unrivalled gamekeeper to look after it, eh?"

"Many a true word, sir, is spoke in jest," remarked Bunce, sententiously. "Squire knows what these here coverts is now, and what they was twenty years ago, though he never cared much for sport hisself. And here he comes. Now I'd lay half a crown to a sixpence he don't so much as ask a question about them young birds."

Bunce would have won his bet if he had found a taker; for my uncle, who presently joined us, contented himself with inquiring civilly after Mrs. Bunce's health—as if Mrs. Bunce had ever been known to be anything but well—and led me away without even glancing at his pheasants.

"I have been to lunch with the Warrens, Charley," he said, as soon as we were beyond the range of Bunce's sharp ears, "and I am glad to say that I have concluded an arrangement which I hope you will think satisfactory. I wrote to you, as you may remember, some time ago, that I doubted whether it would be worth your while to return to Oxford and take your degree; and what happened yesterday quite decided me to carry out a plan which I had already been turning over in my mind, and to send you abroad for a year or thereabouts. Before you can enter the diplomatic service you will have to pass an examination in modern languages and a few other subjects, which is not a very hard one, I believe, but which will require a certain amount of reading up; and I fancied that you would get through this necessary work more profitably as well as more pleasantly if you were travelling with a tutor—"

"A tutor!" I interrupted, in dismay; for the truth was that this proposition appeared to me to cast a cruel slight upon the dignity of my years.

"A coach, if you prefer the term—some one to read with you. I did not mean to suggest that he should take a birch in his portmanteau. Well; it occurred to me that George Warren might be willing to see something of foreign lands before settling down to his profession; so I rode over this morning and laid my proposal before him and his father. They were both very ready to agree to it; only George had some conscientious scruples on the score of his teaching capacities, which I made so bold as to overrule. Now what do you think?"

"Oh, if it's only old George—" I said. "I suppose it is quite decided that I am to go, in any case?"

"Well, yes; unless you can bring forward some very good reason for your remaining in England. And even then," added my uncle, with a smile, "I am afraid I should have to drive you out of Norfolk for some time to come. I deplore the necessity, and so, no doubt, do you; but it exists, and we can't escape from it."

Under these circumstances, I thought I might as well give a gracious assent. In the course of the night and morning I had considered my position, and had found fair ground for hope in the fact that Maud had not said No; which she might so easily have done if she had not contemplated saying Yes at some future date.

During the intervening period it would perhaps be rather to my advantage that I should keep myself out of sight. Moreover, since it appeared that I was to be allowed no choice in the matter, I felt entitled, without self-reproach, to admit the thought that it would not be bad fun to knock about the continent of Europe with so docile and pliant a companion as I knew that George would prove. What I did not quite anticipate was my uncle's announcement that we were to start in three days' time. I pleaded for a little longer delay; but he was inexorable; and when he asked me why I wanted to put off the evil day, I had no answer to give.

Maud must have understood perfectly well the cause of my forcible removal from the scene; but she expressed her surprise and regret, when we met, as naturally as if she had never in her life sat in a punt among the reeds of Thirlby Broad; and she and my uncle bore themselves toward one another with so elaborate a show of innocent unconsciousness that I could hardly watch them together and keep my countenance. Mrs. Farquhar, on the other hand, neither understood nor approved of the hasty decision which had been arrived at, and gave it as her opinion that Bernard had just taken leave of his senses. Did anybody ever hear of such a thing as removing a young man from the University in the midst of his career, and throwing him headlong among all the temptations and dangers of those dark Popish lands! She protested against such madness with all the power of her tongue up to the end; and I greatly fear that my poor uncle had a bad time of it with her after we were gone.

At the last moment I transgressed so far as to whisper, impressively, to Maud, like Charles I. to Bishop Juxon, "Remember!" My exact meaning may not have been more clear to her than that of the ill-fated king has been to historians; nor, for that matter, did I know very well myself what I meant; but the fact was that I had not the opportunity to say more than one word, and this seemed as comprehensive a one as could be chosen. She smiled very slightly, but did not favor me with any other response, verbal or tacit; and so we parted.

I see her now as I saw her then, standing upon the steps at Thirlby in the morning sunshine, while I scramble up into the dog-cart in which George has already taken his place; I can see the Rector, who has just arrived, in a desperate hurry, as usual, mopping his forehead with a brilliant silk pocket-handkerchief; and my uncle, looking up at me a little sadly; and Mrs. Farquhar, with her cap adrift, owing to natural agitation; and the impassive Cooper in the background. From the gates of the stable-yard hard by Bunce and half a dozen other friends of humbler position grin their farewells and their wishes for a pleasant journey and a speedy return. It is difficult to believe that this happened more than thirty years ago, and that the place which once knew all those kindly faces so well knows them no more.

Thirty years ago travelling abroad was not the commonplace, matter-of-fact sort of business that it is to-day. Railways there were; but they were few in number, and did not extend very far south; national types were more strongly marked, or were, at any rate, more perceptible to the tourist; the tourist himself was a person of distinct individuality, with whom, as he wended his leisurely way, people stopped to speak, instead of being, as he is now, one of a horde, whom they stand aside to let pass; inns were good or bad, cheap or dear, as the case might be; they were not all bad nor all dear; coffee was still to be had in France; good manners had not yet gone out of fashion in Italy, nor honesty in Switzerland. In other words, I was twenty years of age in the middle of the present century; whereas the century and I are both becoming a little *passés* now. I say that the Continent was a far pleasanter place to wander over in the year 1852 than it is in 1883, and I don't care who maintains the contrary. As for my companion and me, we set foot upon it at Calais with sensations of wonder and delight, such as I can not conceive any young man of the present day capable of experiencing. Everything was new to us; and in search of further novelty we had only to move where we pleased and as far as we pleased, east, west, or south; for our instructions had been of a vague and liberal order. The only restriction laid upon us bore reference to Paris, in which gay city my uncle considered that a stay of three or four weeks at the outside would be enough for all legitimate purposes; and I sup-

"SHE SAID A FEW RAPID WORDS TO THEM IN ITALIAN."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

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pose that was why we headed for Paris at once, and remained there to the last day of our permitted month.

At that season of the year Paris was, of course, empty, socially speaking; but its attractions were not lessened, so far as we were concerned, by the absence of the fashionable world. The streets were full of people, whose costume and gestures afforded us endless merriment; in the theatres, whither we repaired on most nights, in order to improve our knowledge of the language, were crowds sufficient to render the air almost unbreathable; the *cafés* were thronged with noisy politicians, who harangued for or against the tottering Republic, and whose several views reached us by fragments above the clatter of the dominoes and the click of the billiard balls. Once, while we were sitting on the Boulevard des Italiens, an obliging neighbor pointed out to us General Cavaignac striding by with his head in the air; and once, from our window, we saw the Prince-President driving past in an open carriage, looking gloomy and impenetrable, as usual. He was not so fortunate as to earn our approbation, I remember, in the matter of personal appearance. "There is a good deal more of the owl than the eagle about *him*," George said, contemptuously. "He may be a first-rate conspirator; but if he attempts to play the game of dictatorship over this disrespectful nation, he'll get that melancholy head of his chopped off as sure as he's born!"

We were domiciled in the Rue Louis-le-Grand, in a house which was subsequently razed to the ground, together with many others, during the piping times when Baron Haussmann was Prefect of the Seine, and when the potentate whose fate George had so rashly forecast had become a full-fledged eagle, with no fear of the Germanic variety of the species before his eyes. The street was narrow, as most Parisian streets were then; but it was a lively one, and I spent a good deal of the time in looking out of window which I ought to have employed in studying Wheaton's *International Law*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and Hallam's *Constitutional History*, all which works were spread out invitingly for me on the table every morning by George, who was more successful in getting up subjects himself than in inducing me to follow his example. "You will be plucked, to a dead certainty," he would sigh sometimes; but I assured him that there was no cause for alarm, and that, when the critical moment drew nearer, I should throw myself into my work, and accomplish what I had to do, though not after his fashion. Some people, I pointed out, overcame obstacles by sapping and mining; others annihilated them by a *coup de main*—he belonged to the former, I to the latter class. I don't know whether he was convinced by this reasoning, but doubtless his commonsense showed him the uselessness of arguing against it; for, in truth, he had no authority over me. All he stipulated for was that we should at least go through the form of reading for a few hours every morning, and to this I could not reasonably object. In the afternoons and evenings we wandered abroad, studying Parisian life and manners under various aspects.

Wherever we went—and chance took us into some queer places—I was haunted by a vague expectation of encountering my castaway cousin. That I should come across him sooner or later, in Paris or elsewhere, I was convinced; and as often as I saw a seedy out-at-elbows Englishman I began scanning his features eagerly in the effort to trace in them some resemblance to those of my uncle. With a few of these disreputable persons I made some excuse to scrape acquaintance, and I remember in particular one raffish-looking half-tipsy youth whom we chanced upon at a *café chantant*, and who responded to my advances with the utmost cordiality. I really thought he had quite a Le Marchant sort of look about the eyes and mouth, and the trifling detail of his being at least a dozen years too young did not strike me at the moment. Only after he had begun to scatter his h's about in a reckless manner was I reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he could not be the man of whom I was in search. It then seemed to be about time to shake him off, and I accordingly signaled to George to get up; but my friend would not be shaken off at all, accompanied us down the Champs Élysées, addressing me as "ole feller" in a loud voice, and finally requested the loan of twenty francs, at which price I was glad to be rid of him.

When he had stumbled away into the darkness George ventured on a mild remonstrance. "What possesses you to speak to these cads, Charley? One would think you had some private reasons for forcing your company upon every drunken loafer within reach."

I replied that I had such reasons, and proceeded to explain what they were, while George plodded along beside me and listened in silence. He knew the whole story of my uncle's calamity—indeed, it appeared to me that everybody in Norfolk except myself had always been acquainted with it—and he did not express any surprise at the quest which I had undertaken, only a sort of tacit disapproval.

"And when you have got him, what will you do with him?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Make friends with him, I suppose."

"Yes; and then?"

"Oh, well, then I must try to arrange a meeting between him and my uncle."

"I see."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic about my plan," I remarked, with some impatience.

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," said George, musingly. "It's a noble project, no doubt; but then, you know, I am one of those commonplace people who can't, as a rule, appreciate noble projects. I think, if I were in your place, I should let well alone."

"If things were well as they are, I would let them alone," I answered; "but they are not. They are well for me, of course; but one isn't to consider one's own interests above and before everything. I should have thought you would have understood that. Maud did at once. She quite agreed with me that it was my duty to find out this unfortunate fellow and let him have another chance, though she acknowledged that she hoped I should not succeed."

"Miss Dennison," said George, "takes the romantic view of the case; and that is quite right, and what one would wish her to do. She has a noble and generous nature herself; she would like to be able to think that you too were generous and willing to sacrifice your prospects rather than be partner—sleeping partner even—in an injustice. And yet, you see, she doesn't go the extreme length of wishing you success; she wants you to have the glory of being disinterested, but not the inconvenience. As for me, I am quite content to follow her lead. By all means go on looking for your cousin; only I hope you won't find him. And indeed I don't think you will."

"That remains to be seen," I remarked.

"But supposing that, by some queer chance, you should find him," pursued George, "you will then, as you say, have to lead him home to Mr. Le Marchant, who is not likely either to thank you or to change his mind at your suggestion; and again, supposing that he does change his mind, the odds are that the son will turn out to be altogether irreclaimable, and then there will be another quarrel and another scandal; and again, supposing that all goes smoothly, that the son behaves himself, and that the father is delighted to have him back again and consents to cut you adrift—then what will you have left to marry upon? I really do think that you had better leave well alone."

I thought this rather cynical of George; but, to tell the truth, I was not very disconsolate at my failure to discover Harry in Paris. If he chose to turn up, well and good, and I should then, I hoped, know how to do my duty; but, after all, I had not come abroad to seek for him.

When summer was fading into autumn we set our faces toward the south, journeying by rail as far as the train would take us—which, if I remember rightly, was not beyond Lyons—and thence dawdling on to the Mediterranean, stopping at places where nobody dreams of passing a night now, and enjoying the color, the picturesque out-door life, the wines, and the songs of windy Provence as Sterne and the old travellers used to enjoy them, and as no traveller will ever enjoy them again. At Nice we made another long halt, and it was not until the last days of October that we struck a bargain with a *vetturino*, who was to take us by way of the Cornice road to Genoa, whence we proposed to travel by easy stages toward Rome.

I see by my Bradshaw that a railway now runs through that lovely district, and I am told by many friends that the little white villages which used to be dotted along the coast-line are now more or less lively watering-places, with the conventional big hotels and the usual winter population of invalids and idlers. I should doubt whether these things can be an improvement, but to me personally it is of no consequence. I have never revisited the Riviera, and I never shall. In the year 1852, when George Warren and I drove along its shores in the brilliant autumn sunshine, and looked down upon "bays the peacock's neck in hue," where bare-legged fishermen sat mending their nets, or out upon distant headlands clothed with the silvery olive, I thought to myself that I would return thither *on* my wedding trip; but circumstances interfered with the realization of this scheme, and now I should be very sorry to destroy a happy memory by a stupid attempt to refresh it.

It was on the evening of the second day, I think, that we drew near to the little town of Alassio, where it was intended that we should spend the night. As we entered the dim, narrow street it became evident that the place was in a state of commotion. Above the rattle of our wheels and the clatter of our horses' hoofs we could distinguish a confused din of shouts and oaths and cracking of whips, which grew clearer presently, when our driver pulled up, being unable to advance further on account of the crowd of gesticulating inhabitants which blocked the way. We both stood up and looked over the heads of the excited population. In front of the inn were drawn up two travelling-carriages, facing in opposite directions, and each with its four horses harnessed; but the four postilions had dismounted, and were dancing round one another in the vacant space between the two vehicles, flourishing their whips, and exchanging threats of a most terrible and blood-curdling nature.

"What is all the row about?" George inquired of our *vetturino*, who shrugged his shoulders, and said: "It is a difficulty about the horses. They both want to get on, and there are only four fresh beasts to be had, so they are quarrelling. It often happens like that—*che vuole!*"

"Did you ever see such a set of capering fools?" exclaimed George, who had a fine British disdain for all foreign methods of carrying on hostilities. "Why can't they set to work with their fists, if they mean fighting? Upon my word, I've a great mind to go and show them the way. I don't suppose they do mean fighting at all, though."

However, he did them an injustice there. Even while he spoke a whip-lash, either by accident or intention, fell right across the cheek of one of the postilions, and this was the signal for a general onslaught. Immediately there was a yell and a screech, and in another moment the whole four of them were locked together in a struggling mass, making free use of their whips, and also, so far as one could see through the cloud of dust that they kicked up, of their nails and teeth. The riderless horses began to plunge; the occupants of the further carriage bundled out on to the road in affright; in the other one, a lady whose back was toward us sat looking on at the fray with perfect composure and indifference, paying no attention to her courier and maid, both of whom had jumped down, and were entreating her to do likewise.

"By Jove! she's a cool hand," I said, admiringly. "An English woman evidently. Oughtn't we to go and offer to help her?"

George's insular reserve asserted itself at once. "Oh, I think we had better not interfere," he answered; "she might not like it. I'm quite game to go and separate those lunatics, though, if you choose."

But I had an inquisitive desire to see the lady's face, and at that time of my life I was seldom afflicted with shyness. I stepped up to the side of the carriage, took off my wide-awake, with my best bow, and asked whether I could be of any assistance. "Had you not better get out?" I said. "Nobody is holding your horses, you know."

She turned her head, and took a slow survey of my humble person, which disconcerted me a little. "Thank you," she answered, in a cool, pleasant voice; "but my horses are much too tired to run away. The other people have got the fresh ones, unfortunately. No; I don't know that you can be of any use. Unless," she added, as an afterthought, "you would knock one of those men down: then we should be two to one, which ought to give us a better chance. Or perhaps your friend would like to do it; he seems to be eager for the battle."

These last words, spoken in a somewhat louder key, caught the ear of George, who was much more at home in the art of self-defense than in that of making polite speeches. He waited for no second hint; and in the twinkle of an eye one of the postilions was sprawling on his back, with the soles of his huge boots in the air.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the lady, in great vexation, "he has knocked down the wrong man! How very stupid of him! Now we are done for."

There was no doubt about that. In the midst of the uproar aroused by George's unlucky intervention the enemy quietly vacated the field. The dusty post-boys hoisted themselves into their saddles, the travellers resumed their seats, and presently the rival carriage rolled away toward Oneglia and San Remo, the crowd falling back on either side to give it passage. Meanwhile the guardians of law and order, who had hitherto kept modestly in the background, came forward in the shape of two *carabinieri*. These made a prompt capture of George, and were leading him away—presumably to the lock-up—when the unknown lady stopped them with an imperious gesture. She said a few rapid words to them in Italian, the sense of which I was unable to catch, but which had the effect of causing them at once to relinquish their prisoner. Then she turned to George, who was looking very angry and crest-fallen.

"I have told these men that I am on my way to Turin, and that I shall see his Majesty there—which is true," she said. "I also told them that you were a personage of distinction—which is probably not true, but that can't be helped—and that they would certainly be put to death if they meddled with you. Perhaps you had better give them some money, though. Not *too much*; ten *lire* each will be ample." She added, as she stepped out of her carriage, "You should not be so hasty. If you had taken the trouble to ask me which were my postilions you would have saved your money, and I might have been able to continue my journey."

"I am very sorry," said George, half laughing, half indignant.

She smiled. "Oh," said she, "you meant well; and, after all, it does not much matter. It is only spending a night here, and I suppose they can give me rooms." With which she marched into the inn, followed by her courier and maid, leaving us to arrange matters with the *carabinieri* and the bruised postilion, the latter of whom was naturally much annoyed at the treatment he had received, and assessed his injuries at two napoleons.

"What an extraordinary woman!" ejaculated George, as we entered the dark, musty-smelling inn, after discharging the various claims made upon us—what a very extraordinary woman!"

"She certainly is not ordinary," I agreed; "but I don't know that she is any the worse for that. I wonder who she is? Did you notice that she said she was going to see the King of Sardinia?"

"She said she would see him at Turin; but then so might you or I, you know—in the street," observed the cautious George. "I didn't much like the look of her myself," he added.

"I am quite certain that she is a lady," said I, decisively; "one could tell that at once by her voice. And I must say that I did rather like the look of her."

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure. She has cost me a lot of money, and all the skin off my knuckle," observed George, ruefully. "I don't care if I never see her again."

I said I should be very much disappointed if we didn't see her again, and added that I was determined at least to find out who she was before she left.

I very soon obtained the desired information, for in about a quarter of an hour the courier whom we had seen below appeared at our door, and handed me a card bearing the name of Lady Constance Milner, beneath which was scribbled in pencil, *will be glad to see Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Warren at dinner at seven o'clock, and begs that they will not trouble to dress.*

"H'm! it hasn't taken her long to find out who *we* are, anyhow," growled George. "She might have told the fellow to wait for an answer, I think. Suppose you write her a line to say you're sorry we can't go."

I replied that I should certainly not do anything of the kind. Lady Constance undoubtedly meant to be civil, and it was no fault of hers if George had barked his shinbones while falling upon his friends instead of his enemies. Of course he could do as he liked; but I intended to dine with her.

At seven o'clock, accordingly, I and my reluctant companion descended to the first floor, and were shown into a large bare apartment, with a stone floor, and walls painted in rude frescoes. Our entertainer rose from her chair by the window to receive us. She was a fair-haired woman, extremely tall, and holding herself in such a manner as to show every inch of her height. In the carriage she had not struck me as being young; but I saw now that her age could not much exceed five or six and twenty. She had a slight natural droop of the eyelids, and also about the corners of the eyebrows, which gave the upper part of her face a somewhat supercilious expression; but this was contradicted by her mouth, which was rather large, and which wore a bold, frank smile. One noticed these details before asking one's self whether she were handsome or not. Probably nine people out of ten would have called her so, although she had not much beauty of feature. What she had was an air of distinction, an admirable figure, and a travelling dress which fitted her like a glove.

"Please sit down," she said. "I thought, as we are the only people in the inn, we might as well dine together. I can't offer you a good dinner, of course; still, you will fare a little better with me than you would have done alone, for my courier, Antonio, is a universal genius, and I have sent him down to the kitchen to see what he can do. He found out your names for me, but I don't know which is which. Is Mr. Warren the one who gave my postilion the black eye? Ah, I thought so. You are both of you at Oxford or Cambridge, I suppose?"

Her manner was a trifle patronizing; she implied a little too clearly, perhaps, that our names and history were matters of the most complete indifference to her; yet I did not feel offended. It was evidently natural to her to talk like that; there was no affectation in her good-humored nonchalance, and if she did not care about cultivating our acquaintance, neither were we so very anxious to cultivate hers. Chance had thrown us together for one evening, and there was no reason why we should not get what amusement we could out of that chance, without committing ourselves in any way with regard to future relations. I took her civilities as I supposed that she intended them to be taken, and perhaps that was why she and I got on swimmingly together during the dinner, which amply justified her boast of Antonio's skill.

George, on the other hand, did not get on with her at all. As a general thing, George disliked and distrusted odd people. Oddity, in his eyes, was *primâ facie* evidence of a lack of respectability; and respectability was his idol. Besides, as he told me afterward, he had an instinctive feeling that this woman was dangerous; and when I inquired, "Dangerous in what way?" he replied that he didn't know, but that he maintained his opinion. While dinner was going on he scarcely spoke at all, keeping his eyes fixed upon his plate, and devoting himself chiefly to the staying of a healthy appetite. Once I saw Lady Constance give him a long look—such a look as she had honored me with when I had first accosted her—but that appeared to satisfy any curiosity that she may have felt as to my friend; for she took no further notice of him, except once, until the time came for her to wish him good-night.

Before that time she had heard a good deal about me and my belongings. She inquired whether my uncle was a brother of General Le Marchant's, whom she said that she knew slightly; she gratified my vanity by remembering perfectly well that I had been Captain of the Boats at Eton; she found out that we proposed to spend the winter among the cities of Southern Italy, and expressed a gracious hope that we might meet at Naples, whither she herself was bound. When I told her that I was destined ere long to enter diplomacy, she became more interested. "It is an amusing game," she said; "perhaps as amusing a game as there is. Only, to enjoy it, you should take it up as an amateur; the professional people are tied hand and foot with red tape, and generally get sick of their trade before they have learned it. I know some thing of diplomacy from their point of view; for my brother is Minister at one of the German courts, and my husband was in the service at one time."

"And he has given it up?—your husband, I mean," I inquired.

"He has given everything up: he is dead," she answered, quietly.

I felt myself becoming hot all over. "I—I beg your pardon," I murmured.

"Don't mind me," she answered; "you couldn't be expected to know that I was a widow, and mistakes of that kind are a great deal more disagreeable for the person who makes them than for the person about whom they are made. Still, if you are going to be a diplomatist, you will have to acquire the art of conversation. I'll make you a present of an excellent rule in rhyme:

> 'If you your lips would keep from slips,
> Five things observe with care:
> To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
> And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.'

Mr. Warren would probably suggest as an amendment, 'Never speak at all,' but we can't be all Trappists."

This was the one occasion upon which she addressed herself to George, who replied that he thought it a very good plan not to speak, unless you had something to say.

Very soon after this we took our leave, or, to speak more truthfully, received our dismissal. Whether Lady Constance Milner was a great lady

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who was accustomed to be surrounded by obedient vassals, or whether it was only that she considered us to be very little people, I had, of course, no means of telling, but she certainly treated us very much as a good-natured, easy-going sovereign might be expected to treat her subjects, and, when she had had enough of us, sent us away without any ceremony.

"Good-night and good-by," she said; "for I shall probably have started before you are up to-morrow morning. If you should find yourselves at Naples or Palermo in the early part of the winter, we may, perhaps, meet again, and I hope you will call upon me."

With these last words she turned away, and resumed the chair by the window where she had been sitting when we made our entrance, and Antonio, a grave black-bearded functionary, held the door open and bowed us out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CROSS UPON THE SPIRE.

THE ship came slowly sailing in
Beneath a gloomy, threat'ning sky,
And round her, by the tempest lashed,
The waters of the bay rose high.
Long had she been upon the sea,
And many battles had she fought
With fearful storms and mighty winds
That her destruction cruelly sought;
And, bravely keeping on her way,
Had safely through all perils passed,
And yet nor moon nor stars shone out
When she drew near to port at last.

"It may be *I* have brought ill luck,"
Said one who by the captain stood,
"As Jonah did. They used to say
That ne'er with me came aught of good,
And it was but the truth they spoke.
I was a wild and reckless boy:
In me my father had no pride,
In me my mother found no joy;
I grieved the hearts I should have cheered,
And spurned the help of friendly hands;
And then, disgraced, I fled to roam
For ten long years in foreign lands.

"And not one word to kith nor kin
I sent. I knew them glad to be
Free from the shame and wretchedness
That in those days were part of me.
Ay! shame so heavy that at last
Its weight a mother could not bear:
And he is lost indeed—almost—
Of whom a mother can despair.
Almost—not quite, thanks be to God!
For I have, friendless and alone,
With His help, striven manfully
For youthful folly to atone.

"And now I ask my doubting heart
(I know they live) will they again,
They who once loved me, smile on me,
Or do I welcome seek in vain?
All omens have forbidden hope,
Strong powers have delayed our bark,
And as we near the land to-night
Around us everything is dark."
"Not everything," the captain said,
With pointing finger. "Friend, look there!"
And lo! a wondrous cross that seemed
By spirit hands held in the air.

Above the sleeping city, like
Stars blended in a beacon-light,
It brightly shone, and welcome gave
To all who came from sea by night.
And many, hurrying on deck,
Cried, "Ever blessed be those who made
Their church uphold the sacred sign!"
And many wept, and many prayed,
And he, the wanderer, feared no more
The shadow of his early sin,
As toward the cross upon the spire
The ship went slowly sailing in.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

ON page 537 our readers will find a picture, engraved from a drawing by THOMAS MORAN, of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone—the finest view in the National Park. The sketch was made for HARPER'S WEEKLY at a spot about two miles below the Great Fall, which plunges in an unbroken volume over a precipice about 450 feet in height.

This wonderful region, where President ARTHUR and his party have sought recreation and sport, is yearly attracting the attention of an increasing number of American and foreign tourists. "Its natural forms," says a writer in a recent issue of the London *Times*, "surpass the wildest efforts of the imagination in their grotesqueness, and the coloring of its rocks and cliffs, of its waters, streams, and pools, is represented by observers as baffling all description and almost defying credibility."

The same writer, referring to some unique features of the Park, says: "The whole district is a very Tophet of strange volcanic agencies. It is without exception the most remarkable region of geysers and hot springs in the world, its only possible rival being that of Waikato, in New Zealand. Besides the cold pure water springs, which are abundant throughout the district, Mr. NORRIS enumerates the following distinct varieties: cold medicinal springs, warm mineral (often poisonous) springs, warm medicinal springs, foaming or laundry springs, terrace-building springs, and pulsating or spouting geysers. The latter are literally innumerable, and are found in every variety and in every stage of development and decay, incipient and distinct, active and quiescent, mud-geysers and 'paint-pots'—where the mineral deposits dye the contents of their natural receptacle with every conceivable variety of color—and geysers of the ordinary intermittent type, which constantly send forth a column of water and steam to the height of 250 and sometimes 300 feet. Even these are not so remarkable, perhaps, as the terrace-building streams, which are formed by the issue of water, heated by volcanic action, through tortuous passages in cretaceous limestone. The water becomes charged with dissolving portions of the rock, and on reaching the surface it is discharged in pulsating throbs, each of which deposits a thin corrugated lamina of the calcareous substance held in solution. This slow but ceaseless process has resulted in building up beautiful scallop-bordered bathing-pools along many thousands of feet of terraced slopes which occupy the mountain-side. Traces of iron held in solution tint these formations with their own peculiar coloring in vertical banding, and the whole effect is described as beyond conception beautiful. The Mammoth Hot Springs, on the banks of the Gardiner River, are the most remarkable active springs of this kind to be found in the Yellowstone Park, but there are many others on a smaller scale, and even the Mammoth Springs themselves are insignificant compared with those, now extinct, which in some far distant time have covered the Terrace Mountain and enormous ranges of cliff along the Yellowstone with the crumbling remains of similar pools on the most gigantic scale."

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

THE Southern Industrial Exposition, which was recently opened with great *éclat* by President ARTHUR, has not disappointed the hopes of its promoters. It is the largest and most important enterprise of the kind ever undertaken in a Southern State, and has received a hearty support from every section of the country. The attendance is steadily increasing, and its influence on the commercial and industrial interests of the South can not fail to be most salutary.

MISS DIANA IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THIS week's front-page picture is not a fancy sketch of what might happen, but an illustration of what actually did happen last summer in the Adirondacks. The young lady who made the successful shot, and thus killed her first deer, is well known in New York society, and, were her name to be mentioned, many readers of the WEEKLY would say, "Why, I know her well; but I never heard that she was a good rifle-shot."

The killing of this particular deer was not the result of an accident, nor was the shot made at such short range as to render a miss impossible. Assiduous practice had trained both eye and hand, until to make a bull's-eye at a hundred paces was no uncommon feat for Miss Diana. She had gone on several hunts, and familiarized herself with their details, so that when her turn came, and from the lonely "stand" that she had occupied for several hours one cool September morning she saw the coveted game swimming within rifle-shot, she did not become so excited as to throw away her opportunity by a premature shot, as many a sportsman would have done in her place. She waited until the deer had reached shore, and half emerged from the water, then with the coolness and steadiness of a veteran she fired at the broadside so fairly presented, and before she could note the effect of her shot through its smoke a cheer from the hunters who had been following the deer across the lake announced its success.

Miss Diana might have killed a deer long before this if she had consented to assume the position often taken by the cowardly deer butchers from the city who frequent the Adirondacks, and allowed herself to be rowed in a boat up to the exhausted animal while far out in the lake, and surrounded by other boats beyond the possibility of escape. With the true instinct of a man she scorned such a method, and preferred to take the chances of a long shot at a moment when one more bound would have lost the deer to sight amid dense underbrush.

Queer stories are told in the woods of the Northern wilderness of the devices employed by certain city visitors to obtain a shot at a deer, and thus furnish a sort of foundation for a series of boastful lies that shall last them a lifetime. One that is well vouched for is of a dandy sportsman, whose only recommendation to human consideration was his money, who offered his guides a hundred dollars to place him so that he could kill a deer. As a result, they drove one into the lake, surrounded it with boats, and as one of the guides reached over and held it by the tail, the noble-minded hunter, with the instinct of a butcher, placed the muzzle of his gun to the head of the struggling animal and blew out its brains.

As a rule, the less city sportsmen have to say of their hunting exploits in the Adirondacks, the more they will be respected by their friends who are acquainted with the true history of the adventures in question.

In contrast to this unsavory incident a good story is told of the unexpected success of another deer made by a woman. Some years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen were camping in the Adirondacks, and one day several of the gentlemen engaged in pistol practice. One of them offered his pistol, a Derringer of large calibre, to one of the ladies, and asked her to try a shot. Although she had never fired a pistol, she expressed a willingness to do so, provided he would fix a target for her to aim at. Taking the first object at hand, which happened to be his own hat, the gentleman pinned it to a tree a few yards distant, and stepped aside. The lady pointed the pistol, shut her eyes, pulled the trigger, and made a bull's-eye, the big bullet tearing out the entire crown of the hat, which was his only one, and could not be repaced until the return to civilization. To this day her claims to marksmanship are based upon that one shot, for she has never fired another.

A short time since a Michigan school-teacher was trained by a friend in the ways of woodcraft until she too succeeded in killing a deer with a fair shot. Sinking back in the canoe from which she had fired, with a sigh of relief and happiness, she exclaimed: "There! I've killed a deer. Now if I can only shoot a bear I shall be ready to die and go to heaven."

As Miss Diana has again visited the Adirondacks this summer, and is now encamped with a party of friends in one of the wildest sections of that wild region, the chances are that she will return to the city in the autumn bearing other antlered trophies to add to those already won.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Queer Misinformation.—A strange Case.—Selling a Wife.—Idiotic Anger.—A solitary Survivor.—A Case of Bathos.—Irish Anecdotes.

A FRIEND who came over in the Channel packet the other day overheard the following conversation between a French lady passenger and the stewardess:

"What is that high cliff called?"

"Shakspeare's Cliff, ma'am."

"And why Shakspeare's?"

"Oh"—after a moment's reflection—"because a brig of that name was wrecked. See, there is a hole in it which her bows made before she went down."

My friend thought it only right to undeceive the French lady as to the origin of the name of Shakspeare's Cliff; but he might just as well have spared his pains: the lady preferred to believe the local authority. The moral of the story, however, remains behind. My friend, who is a trustworthy person, though he dines out a good deal, tells me that at whosesoever table he narrates this anecdote only about one person in six sees anything ludicrous in it! As to the ladies, he finds only one in six have ever heard of Shakspeare's Cliff, one in ten who knows where it is, and only one in twenty who knows why it is so called. I have myself put the question to a young lady who has recently *taken honors* at the university, and she had never heard of Shakspeare's Cliff. I wrote to you some time ago of the Harrow monitor who had "distinguished himself" at that establishment, and had never heard of Cherbourg; but that strikes me as a much less curious case. The Shakspeare Cliff matter shows an amount of ignorance in the so-called educated classes which is simply amazing; for if they know nothing about the literature and geography of their own land, what are they likely to know? And yet there is an idiotic demand from some people that ladies should be taught Greek. The fact is, the education which is really worth anything is what people teach themselves by hearing, reading, and thinking; beyond "the three R's," little to the majority of mankind can be *taught* with any benefit at all.

A very strange "case" has been admitted into Huddersfield Infirmary. A boy bitten by a cat, and hearing the possible consequences of it much discussed by foolish persons has developed certain symptoms of hydrophobia, but other symptoms always observed in that disease he has not developed. He "looks about in a furtive manner, and scratches the floor," but exhibits no loathing at the sight of water. It is supposed by the doctors that he is not poisoned, but frightened. Prisoners put in beds *supposed by them* to have been occupied by cholera patients have died of cholera; sensitive persons, sitting with their backs to a huge window frame, and thinking that the window was open, have caught cold. But can mere apprehension produce hydrophobia?

Some people are always rubbing their hands with mischievous glee at the ease with which Mr. Gladstone is "drawn," as the slang phrase goes, *i. e.*, is persuaded to answer any accusation or remonstrance made to him. He is certainly not a badger in this respect. But there are other eminent personages who share his weakness. Because somebody asserted that the debate upon the Deceased Wife's Sister bill in the Lords was cut short because it was time for the Prince of Wales to go to his dinner, the Bishop of Winchester has actually written to say that their lordships did not rise so early "from that unworthy motive." If he had left matters there, the thing would have been ludicrous enough; but he goes on to say that the debate was shortened for the sake of peers with weak stomachs, who could not postpone their usual dinner-time. Surely even the Peers might have sacrificed something for the sake of defending all that (according to the Bishop) is "time-honored and valuable." Or, since they have no Jew among them now, why could they not have eaten a ham sandwich to stay their stomachs?

English husbands do not dispose of their wives by auction or private contract so often as Frenchmen imagine, but they do do it occasionally. An instance of it has just taken place at Wakefield, remarkable for the very reasonable terms on which the lady went. She was offered for sixpence, and eventually parted with at the wholesale or trade price of fourpence-halfpenny, her four children remaining with her husband. This is the "lowest transaction" as yet recorded in wives—or in husbands.

Public attention has been very properly drawn to the idiotic conduct of certain young Irishmen in Liverpool, who, on visiting a representation of the Phœnix Park tragedy in wax, could not restrain themselves from knocking Mr. Carey's head off. Nothing of course could be more mischievously impotent; but it is comforting to reflect that what now only excites contemptuous ridicule was in the good old times a thing to be applauded. Folks were hung in effigy by authority; nay, even the bodies of eminent men of one political party were taken out of their graves and suspended in chains by the other. It is the spread of education and intelligence which has saved us from such spectacles, and taught men to abstain from these vicarious brutalities.

The only survivor of the Waterloo Banquet is the Earl of Albemarle, a nobleman of eighty-five. It is hardly possible to conceive the sad sense of survivorship being more strikingly brought home to one than in this case. Who of us does not remember the picture of that historical entertainment which used to take place year after year with lessening guests at Apsley House? Even to us to think all are now gone but one is a melancholy reflection: what, then, must it be to the sole survivor?

An Alderman and passed Lord Mayor has been run over by a donkey-cart and barrow. This is perhaps the most extreme instance of bathos that has ever been recorded. The famous epitaph—

> "He met his fate, and it was thus,
> He was run over by a 'bus,"

was once "capped" by a friend of mine as follows:

> "She met her fate, and it was worse—
> She was walked over by a hearse."

It is generally very dangerous to preface a good story by saying, "I am going to tell you one of the very best things you ever heard in your life," but in this case I am not afraid to venture even that. An English traveller in Ireland, greedy for information, and always fingering the note-book in his breast pocket, got into the same railway carriage with a certain Roman Catholic archbishop. Ignorant of his rank, and only perceiving that he was a divine, he questioned him pretty closely about the state of the country, whiskey-drinking, etc., etc. At last he said, "You are a parish priest yourself, of course?"

His Grace drew himself up. "I *was* one, sir," he answered, with icy gravity.

"Dear! dear!" was the sympathizing rejoinder; "that accursed drink, I suppose!"

It is a great consolation to find that Ireland, despite its woes and wickedness, still supplies us with good stories. A clergyman of that nation was (just before the disestablishment of the Irish Church) created a bishop. The parish priest, who was a great friend of his, met him returning from grouse-shooting, immediately after his elevation, and with delicate irony congratulated him upon "the step he had gained in his profession." Then, unable to resist the temptation of giving him a keener thrust, he added, "But I can't say I remember that the apostles went out grouse-shooting."

"I don't know about that; there is no record," was the good-natured reply; "but at all events they were fishermen."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

A LADY has a pug-dog, also a cat, of which the dog was always very jealous, chasing it about whenever it saw it. Not many weeks since the pug astonished its mistress by coming up to her, sitting up and begging, then barking, and running a little distance from her, till it appeared evident that it wished to persuade her to come with it. It continued to beg and to run on in the same manner till it led her out into the garden, to the foot of an apple-tree, against which the dog raised itself on its hind-legs and barked vehemently. On looking up, the lady saw the cat with a trap on its foot, evidently in great pain. She got it down and relieved it of the trap, the dog showing the greatest joy; and on the cat being placed on the ground, the dog, which before had never done anything but hunt and worry it, licked it all over and over, and ever since they have been the best of friends.

A dog had a kennel in the yard of a house which was overlooked from one of the windows. A lady (my informant) saw this dog hiding some of its dinner in a corner behind the kennel, and this performance, she noticed, was repeated for a day or two. On the third day the dog was missing some little time from the yard, but before long it was seen to return, followed by a small, half-starved canine friend, which it took up to the store of hidden food, and stood by, wagging its tail with evident pleasure, while the strange dog consumed it.

The following is of a different nature. In Ceylon the large Lambur deer is hunted by dogs, the huntsmen going on foot. The deer generally comes to bay in a stream among the hills, and the huntsmen, guided by the sound of the dogs, make their way to the spot as quickly as they can with knife or spear to end the combat. Sometimes, however, as the distance or the form of the hills prevents the sound of the dogs at bay from being heard, the huntsmen do not arrive, and the deer, if strong, may escape, or is, perhaps, killed by the dogs. On one of these occasions the owner of a pack of hounds (who related this to me) lost all sound of the hounds, and came back home to breakfast. After this he sallied forth again, thinking he would go to a distant part of the jungle, where he imagined the pack might have taken the deer. Before he had gone a mile or two he met two of his pack by themselves coming straight for home. They no sooner saw their master than they expressed the greatest delight, and at once turned round, went before him, and led him straight through several miles of jungle, to where he found all the rest of the pack, with a large buck Lambur at bay. They were quietly waiting round it, preventing its escape, and on seeing their master the jungle at once resounded with their voices, as they went in with renewed energy at their quarry, till the knife of their master put an end to the battle. Now it is perfectly clear that these dogs had agreed among themselves that two of their number should go home and fetch their master while the rest kept the deer at bay.

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THE FOREIGN EXHIBITION AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 539.]

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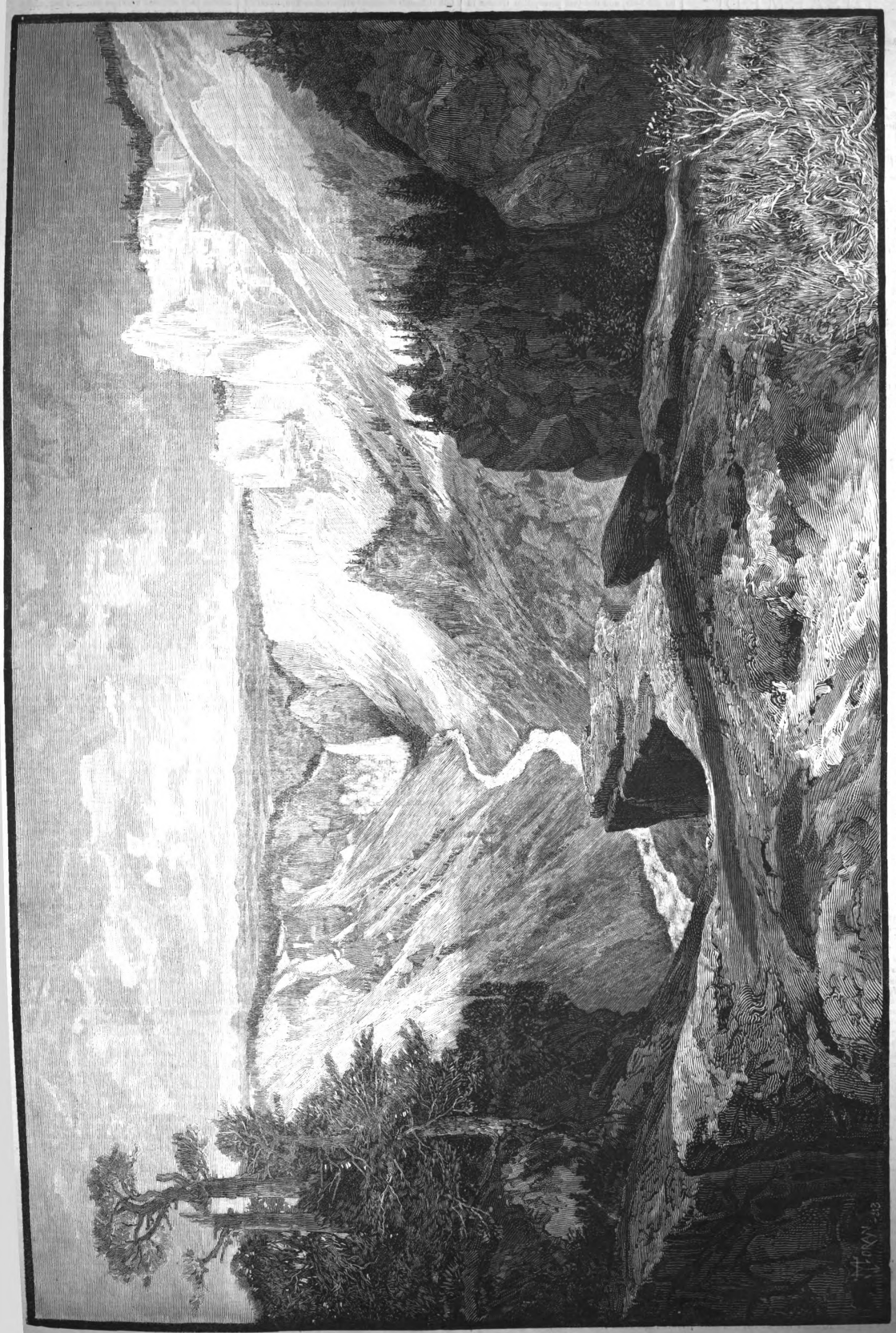

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER, IN THE NATIONAL PARK.—DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

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"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

At the eleventh hour Markham had yielded to Stephana's request that he should accompany her little colony to their new world. It seemed to him a small concession to make after so many, and as much of his heart as was not with Stephana's self was in her work. He went off cheerfully, therefore, feeling, perhaps, a secret sense of relief at the notion of being out of England for the next few months.

Nothing definite had been said on the subject in his hearing, but he could not doubt that on his return he should find Stephana wedded to Valerian. The thought was unendurable. The vessel had sailed, then, and Markham with it. So at least Stephana believed. She had seen him, indeed, embark in the docks; she had received a pencilled farewell from the Nore; she imagined him now in mid-ocean, surrounded by the dear people he so loved to entertain, telling stories interminable, as a minstrel of old.

What was her amazement, a few days after the hoisting of the blue-peter, to hear Markham's voice in the corridor!

It was late in the evening, and she sat alone in her favorite room, an upper chamber, from which she could not only hear the turmoil of the great world of London, but could see as if from a mountain-top the ceaseless ebb and flow of the busy crowds below. Generous spirits should ever live on airy heights, and thus take in larger vistas of the human bee-hive seen at work, and of which they form a section.

Stephana, catching on a sudden the voice of her blind friend, rose joyfully and went out to greet him. Never in all her life had she felt in such need of him as now. She almost forgot the inexplicable nature of his appearance in her pleasure.

"You have come back?—you have come back to me?" she cried, as she led him into the room.

"Could I stay away?" he asked. "You remember my promise made nearly two years ago? You have but summoned me, and I obey the summons."

"I did not write. There was no means of communicating with you," she answered, amazed. Then, on a sudden recollecting what had transpired on another parting in this very house and in this very room just seventeen months ago, she cried, joyfully, "I *remember*—I *understand*. Yes," she answered, taking one of his hands, and letting him feel the tears he could not see, "I have wanted you, my friend. I am very desolate."

"There was more than a vague feeling of loneliness. There was an invocation, a summons. But let me tell you everything, and you shall then say whether or no I have been dreaming," he said, stirred with deep, unutterable contentment. "Listen, then, to my story. We were at anchor off Plymouth two nights ago, about this very time, and in another hour or two the pilot-boat was to return to shore with letters, and we were to be fairly under sail. I sat alone, my head bowed on my breast, lost in thought, while the rest amused themselves with watching the lights and general bustle of the town. As I sat thus the confusion of voices around me seemed to die away on my ears, and in the silence and stillness—imaginary, of course, for the hubbub of voices and commotion was indescribable, only in my reverie I heard it not—all was hushed about me, then, for a little space, and on a sudden—it was as if the voice were close by—I was called by name, and the voice I heard was yours."

He raised his head, with a look of intense, passionate joy, as if light *must* break upon the darkness for an instant, and for once—for once only—the face of his beloved would be revealed to him.

"Oh!" he cried, "I seemed to see you then as I seem to see you now. There were tears on your cheek, as there are at this moment, and your voice was one not of farewell, but of greeting—of earnest entreaty and appeal. Once, twice, thrice I heard the words, 'Markham, Markham, will you, too, abandon me?' they said. Yes, you can not deny it. They were thine. The moment so vehemently desired, so sweet to think on, that I said it should more than console me for my misfortune, had come. In spirit thou hadst claimed me."

Stephana was silent; a nobler emotion than pride checked her utterance. All that sympathy and compassion had said so long on Markham's behalf a deeper feeling was saying now; yet she hesitated. Other promptings made themselves heard also.

Even in her forlornness and disenchantment she did not feel wholly to belong to herself, much less to Markham. Valerian's lapse seemed a warning that all wedded to the general weal should stand alone. The work she had set herself to do needed less love than a steady purpose to aid her own uncompromising self-abnegation, to keep her company. "Oh!" she said, imploringly, leaning her own soul on his, trying to make him understand these inner conflicts, "what does the rest matter? You and I surely should not think of ourselves."

"At least, then, tell me that I was not dreaming. Two nights ago, at this very hour, you did indeed in spirit call upon my friendship, my love?"

Ah me, for Markham that he could not see that fine blush mantling her pale cheeks! The sigh he did hear, and the just perceptible tremor in her voice told him more.

"Your summons must mean all or nothing," he went on. "You have discovered Valerian's inadequacy. All is over between you and your cousin?"

Stephana was silent.

"I felt all along that it must be so," Markham added. "Heaven forbid that I should judge another! In one point only I hold myself worthier of you than poor Valerian. My soul lies open to your own as a book. Read it by the light of a midsummer-day. No words there my own love must not see."

"You are my best, dearest friend," Stephana murmured. "Is not that enough? When the best thoughts of two beings are in perfect unison there is a marriage of souls."

"But a marriage of souls is no bond," Markham answered, almost bitterly. "Your home may not be mine. Any accident may divide us to-morrow. I measure the height and depth and length and breadth of the sacrifice I ask at your hands," went on the blind lover. "You shall not make it in vain. You will give heavenly consolation to a darkened life. Your best requital will be the joy of another."

"If I yield I should belong to you, to the calls of duty no longer," Stephana urged.

"May not love sometimes be highest duty? And think not you can live alone. That cry of desolation I heard two days ago still rings in my ears. Stephana, beloved, you need me even as I need you."

He stretched out his hands to find her own in the night perpetually about him, and Stephana let him clasp them. He had come to her in a time of such desolation that she could not choose but cling to him. And for the first time, perhaps, she realized to the full what the loneliness of his own life must be—compelled even to trust himself to others in the least little thing, to be led hither and thither as a child, the beauty of the human face, the miracles of art, the joyous, shifting revelry of the visible world, hid from his gaze forever and forever and forever. Was she not bound to become as the light of the eyes to the much-tried, heavenly, patient soul?—whilst striving to do good to many lives, to be a guardian angel to this one? Lastly, Stephana could but feel that Markham was the only being in the world who had ever really understood her. The subtle spiritual gifts she felt conscious of were matched here. All the influence she could exercise over her fellows Markham could wield too, but by different means. That voice of his had power to fascinate and to soothe, even as her own eyes were said to do; and by some strange faculty, akin to those with which she was endowed, he could read her thoughts and anticipate her most secret wishes. Oh! was there not something better, higher, deeper even than love here—some voice of destiny, which is the voice of God?

And in that moment of uncertain, joyous hesitancy Stephana's thoughts went farther still, for let it not be supposed that the act of turning a thousand poor London artisans into landed proprietors seemed to her more than a stepping-stone to better things. This was a mere piece of beneficence, the gratification of a magnanimous whim. Her notion of doing good had a deeper root, and was based upon keener insight into the truth of things, than hand-to-mouth philanthropy. And to attain her purpose could she have a better helper than Markham, the man of stainless soul, of more than womanly tenderness, of a courage that dreaded no ridicule, no rebuff? Yes; they were surely brought together for good. Valerian! Valerian! Was it of such poor stuff the world's reformers are made? And Stephana saw all things clearly now—the mysterious call to England, its reference to Valerian, the meaning of the heraldic emblazonry, the blank scroll. Her mission had been to restitute Valerian in his right; to unburden Christina's bosom of secret wrong; to reconcile mother and son; and last, yet first, to awaken in Valerian—the heir of the Gossip-Hermitage family—a conscience for the adequate disposal of his fortune. All this was done. Was she not free now to think of herself? Was not her deep, unconfessed love for Markham a call that should be followed also?

"You have said it," she said. "I do need you—not only now, but always."

It was surely no unmanliness that brought the happy tears to Markham's withered eyes then. His hitherto irremediable ill seemed healed. He needed the light no longer. Enough of brightness, sweetness, and beauty was now to be his portion. For a moment he took her, lover-like, in his arms and pressed his lips to her forehead. "Kind God in heaven!" he whispered, "what have I done to be made so happy?"

"Nay," Stephana retorted, as she sat down by his side; "say, rather, what shall I do in return for being made so happy?—if, indeed, the service to which you are binding yourself can be called happiness at all."

Markham smiled on the sweet task-mistress he could not see, and would fain have prolonged this lover-like confabulation—would have tried to win yet another promise ere he went.

But in love, as in friendship, Stephana swayed him to her will. Love is made up half of mystery, half of expectation, and she knew well enough that as lovers they should never be happier in each other than now. Seven years, and seven years more, he must serve his apprenticeship to love, if to her it should seem good.

CHAPTER XLVI.

If Stephana had vanquished herself, another victory yet remained to be won harder still. That first disillusion of her life had made her afraid of love, and at the root of her wavering toward Markham from the first was this feeling of distrust. His love for her was of long ago; but although strangely attracted to him, not only by the tenderness of his nature—have not all rare men the tenderness of a woman?—but by his misfortune, she had ever repelled it, fearing lest her own, if once awakened, might suffer disillusion. A woman can understand but one man in the world—her lover; and Stephana feared that even Markham's character might not bear that fearful scrutiny, that terrible ordeal, the life of two that becomes the life of one. Now she doubted no longer. Markham's existence was to be consoled by the sweetness of home, domesticity, nearness; and in return he was to be her helper, adviser, fellow-worker. At least, if she gave much, she should receive more in return. But that other reconciliation on which her mind was bent—how should she make peace between Arthura and Valerian? The palinode was to be spoken, the kiss of peace accorded. But by what means was a real reconciliation to be brought about? A few days afterward Valerian came to see her. He had nerved himself up to this interview, which was to be the prelude of one with Arthura. He *must* see her, must pour out his soul to her, and only Stephana could help him.

"Let us be friends, my cousin," were Stephana's first calm, re-assuring words. "And let us both forget and forgive. There can not be another syllable to say."

She held out her hand, but Valerian did not raise it to his lips. He sat down opposite to her, haggard, ill at ease, remorseful. "Perhaps you are right," he replied. "Little use to talk of what is done, and can never be undone. Thank God, we are cousins," he added, with a grim smile. "You are bound to exercise Christian charity toward me, if for no other reason, because I am of your own blood."

Stephana smiled. How Valerian's nature showed itself in every deed and word!

"To my thinking, that were a reason for hard judgment—at any rate, implacable justice," she made reply. "But what conceivable right has any human being to judge another, unless when brought face to face as criminal and judge?"

"You will not turn your back upon me, then?" Valerian asked, humbly. "You will not wholly give me up?"

"Are you not my kinsman?" said Stephana, again smiling. "Relatives are bound to each other for weal or woe." Her cheerfulness somewhat took Valerian aback.

"Have I not received you to-day friendlily as of old?"

Valerian was dumb.

"We have turned a new page. Let neither of us ever so much as once glance backward," Stephana said. "What you have to do now is to make peace with Arthura and regain her confidence."

"Will you help me?" Valerian asked, fully understanding his position with regard to Stephana. They were cousins. They would never be anything more.

"Because, if you will," he said, eagerly, "I shall take it as a sign that you forgive me and trust me still."

Stephana perused him narrowly.

"Of course I will," she said at last, "and of course you will prove worthy of *trust*—where Arthura is concerned," she added, quickly; "for, dear Valerian, let us now by common consent bury this ignoble little past and think of what is coming. This very day I will go and see Arthura."

Then they talked of many things—of Christina, of her plans, of her gratification at having seen Arthura again. Stephana had to tell Valerian to go, so relieved was he to be able at last to talk to her with perfect openness. And when he did go, it was with a much lighter heart than he had come. Stephana's lofty-minded pardon arose, doubtless, from entire indifference to himself. That was humiliating. But it smoothed the way. It made welcome possibilities seem near.

That same day Stephana drove to Russell Square, about the time she felt sure of finding Arthura. The pair had not met since the passionate confidences of the festive evening. It often happens that the complete outpouring of heart and heart is followed by a feeling of shyness. As far as Valerian was concerned, neither Arthura nor Stephana could reveal anything more; and perhaps both felt a little sorry and a little womanly shame at having already said so much. Arthura's proud secret was out. She did, indeed—did once—love this shallow, plausible, vacillating Valerian with all her heart; and Stephana, in her indignation, had shown with what hopeful affection and interest she had for a short space clung to him, and with what whole-heartedness she had believed in him.

When they met to-day, therefore, it was with a shrinking on both sides, and, at least on Arthura's, a disinclination to personal talk. Hardly were the first greetings over before Stephana declared her errand. Sitting close to Arthura, holding the girl's hands in hers, and fixing on her those beautiful dark-brown eyes, that seemed to soothe even when they inspired a feeling almost akin to awe, she said, smiling quietly, "You will never, never guess what I have come to say to you."

Arthura lifted one of Stephana's hands to her cheek and kissed it passionately. The only strong, beautiful, righteous thing in the world just then, the girl thought, was this fair, mystic creature, whose business seemed the consolation of others.

"I have come to say that you must marry Valerian," Stephana added, still in the quietest voice, while she watched her companion.

"Ask me rather to marry the coward that has run away from battle! But not Valerian. And he would not dare to do it. He would fear me."

As Arthura uttered these words, with red cheeks and unusually bright eyes, it did seem indeed as if any one who had wronged her might tremble with fear then. Just such passion and outraged feeling as hers turn trembling, faint-hearted maidens into vengeance-dealing furies. Her tall, slight figure was drawn up, and her young face dark with angry passion.

"If I am wicked, I will do other penance for it," she cried, weeping bitterly. "And I will follow your behest, Stephana, in all else. There is an evil spirit in me now. I almost feel as if it would be sweet to me to make Valerian suffer. Were he drowning, I should, perhaps, withhold the rope that might save his life. But I will do him no harm, if you keep him out of my sight; only I must hate him in peace for a little while."

Stephana waited till the passion should be over, without a word. Arthura went on, weeping: "I did shameful things for his sake. I lied—not with my tongue, but with my acts—out of love for him. How kind Miss Hermitage was to me, to us both! And all the time we were deceiving her. You, too, you were kinder than the angels, and he let me, he made me, act lies to you. Oh, Stephana! never talk to me of marriage at all. There may be other Valerians in the world. I can be happy as I am."

She threw herself on her knees by Stephana's side, still shaken with passion. "I will ever love you as if you were something more than an ordinary mortal," she said, laying her head on Stephana's bosom. While she lay thus Stephana leaned over her tenderly, as a mother tending a feverish child, lifting the hair from her hot brow, fanning the hot cheeks. But it was the quiet magic of her eyes that did at last, and by little and little, calm the girl's wild mood. After a time the passion spent itself, and she lay in her friend's arms, pale and listless, an image of sorrow, but of vindictiveness no longer.

"I am very wicked. You must drive the demon out of me," she said, looking up into her companion's face, as if sure of reading there, if a sentence, with it absolution.

"You will marry Valerian," Stephana repeated, as she spoke feeling the thrill of dismay that ran through Arthura's frame.

"Listen to me," Stephana said, using all the fascinations she was mistress of, compelling Arthura to look into the depths of her persuasive eyes. "Valerian would fain make reparation. Will you not let him do so?"

"We should hate each other. Life would be intolerable to both of us."

"Hear me out," Stephana interposed, gently; "and when you have heard to the end you will see that I am right, and that you are wrong. Valerian was never in the spirit, only in the letter, unfaithful to you, and for such unfaithfulness I was greatly to blame. I never for a moment dreamed that he might be in love when I acceded to a request made years before he knew you. There was weakness, duplicity, in Valerian's behavior, if you will, but not changeableness. He never loved any woman but yourself. Our marriage was to have been of friendship only. Think for a moment on the various motives that may actuate a man with which love has nothing to do. Valerian had his way to make in the world. There were many reasons why, at that juncture in his affairs, he could not openly go against my wishes. His very love for you drove him into double-dealing. He wanted to secure my goodwill—which meant worldly fortune—just because he loved you and wanted to marry you."

Arthura listened, unconvinced. Stephana went on, more encouragingly still: "I have seen Valerian. He has poured out his heart to me as brother to sister. And here he must be true, since every word is proved by his deeds. It is in my heart, not yours, that resentment should exist, since he made use of my kindly feelings toward him in order to serve his own purpose. I have no rancor. He never cared for me at all except as a possible benefactress. I shall always be as ready to help him as I have been."

Then she added, with a generous glow on her pale cheeks:

"You must marry him, dear Arthura, if you have any heart and soul at all. All is now made up between him and his mother. He will some day inherit her enormous wealth. But the only value it can have in his eyes now is the prospect of sharing it with you and yours," she said, smiling insinuatingly. "Think of it, Arthura! These little step brothers and sisters you love so dearly are to be made participators of Valerian's good fortune. He will act the part of father to them."

"Did he say so?" asked Arthura, with a childish expression of contentment.

"He did indeed. And there is another consideration which I think you will understand. Would you have Valerian's wealth squandered as Miss Hermitage squanders hers? Will you not help him to use his fortune as a conscientious, high-minded man should do? You are not worldly, I know; you do not care to be rich."

"Ah!" Arthura said, the bright, audacious spirit re-asserting itself at last, "I see it all, Stephana. You are using wizardry. You will make me marry Valerian, and when we are rich you will make us do exactly with his money as you like."

"Would you mind that?" Stephana asked, playfully.

"Not if the children had new shoes when they wanted them, and there was never a baker's bill," rejoined Arthura. Under this new aspect of affairs cheerfulness seemed possible once more. Valerian, the benefactor of Benjamine and Walter and Baby, was suddenly transformed into a bearable person!

CHAPTER XLVII.

All that a penitent lover could say for himself Valerian said next day as he sat opposite the proud, listless Arthura. She had not at first a word to utter, but glanced at him, from time to

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time, with a timid, deprecatory look, much as if she were asking herself whether indeed he could ever become again the Valerian of old to her. It was not till Valerian began to dilate upon the children that Arthura realized the future he was building up was to be her future as well.

She even smiled as he spoke of Walter's prospects—how the high-spirited boy should be made a naval cadet, and have the dearest wish of his young heart realized, and he should be a gallant sailor. Then he talked of Benjamine and Baby. They should have as much money spent upon their education as she desired; a dowry should be assigned to each. Nor was Steppie forgotten. Her small means should be enlarged. She should have more change, more country air, and no pinching, no bills. Then, when lover-like eloquence had done its utmost, and he also sat silent and listless, she asked, very plaintively,

"Will you be good to me?"

What a rebuke these artless words conveyed to Valerian's mind! They revealed to him all that he had lost, all that must so painfully be regained as, step by step, and little by little, he might perhaps, in some remote future, win back that generous, trusting affection.

There seemed nothing more to say; but how much he knew remained to do! To Arthura was assigned the hard task of forgiving bitter wrong; to Valerian one harder still. For forgiveness is ofttimes accorded in a day, an hour; but the reparation for wrong-doing is the up-hill toil of years.

"Take me to see Miss Hermitage," said Arthura, on a sudden; and Valerian drove her back at once, and left the pair together. He knew well what she had to say to his mother.

"My dear Arthura!" cried Miss Hermitage, for so she was called still—the secret of a lifetime was to accompany her to the grave—"I am very glad to see you, now that you have recovered your spirits;" and with some surprise though no rebuke she let the girl clasp her round the waist and kiss her again and again.

"Dear, dear Gossip! I did want to say something to you. It was very wrong of me to deceive you about Valerian—"

"Talk of something more entertaining, my dear," said Miss Hermitage, characteristically. "I hate disagreeables. When you are married to Valerian you must live next door to me, you know. I must be amused. Why are there so many dull people in the world?"

"A world full of dunces is better than a world full of demons, anyhow," said Arthura.

Miss Hermitage laughed.

"Always an unexpected answer from you; and most people say exactly what you expect. It is so wearisome! Why do they do it?" she said, querulously. "Why so dull?"

"Because people are not made to order, I suppose."

"Ah!" laughed Miss Hermitage again. "I am not overfond of my cousin Constantine. We two have quarrelled like cat and dog all our lives. But I would give ten thousand pounds this moment to make him ten years younger. He is so unexpected!"

Arthura's fingers still toyed with Miss Hermitage's elegant ruffles, faultless head-gear, and small hands, on which sparkled diamond rings.

"I wish I were like you!" cried the girl, forgetting for the moment all about Valerian, only recalled to the humorous side of the old life with him under their patroness's roof. "So neat," she went on; "so exquisite, so perfect to look at! You will let me dress you for grand occasions, as I used to do, won't you?"

"Well," Miss Hermitage said, good-naturedly, "I suppose the next fine clothes I have to buy will be for Valerian's wedding. You will do him credit, my dear, and I can not see why you two should not get on together without scratching each other's eyes out. I hope you don't expect more. But Stephana, now, she will change her mind a dozen times. An angel from heaven would not satisfy *her!* And I know well enough Stephana's machinations," Miss Hermitage added, wickedly. "When I am gone she will make Valerian play philanthropic ducks and drakes with my money. She is bent upon that. Well, it won't matter to me. The world may wag as it pleases when I am in my grave."

"Don't talk of your grave, Gossip," Arthura said, kissing the neat, ivory-complexioned cheek.

"Why, what does it concern you where I am?" Miss Hermitage said, with her little cynical laugh. "It is impossible you can care about me."

Arthura looked shocked. "I always love people who are kind to me," she said, with a flushed face and tears in her eyes.

"Had you not better go and talk to Colette?" said Miss Hermitage, growing uncomfortable. "She is dying to see you. But don't make her cry."

"Was Mademoiselle Colette in love with Valerian, then?" asked Arthura, again mischievous.

"How preposterous you are! But you know Colette always sheds tears when she hears of marriages. She is so sentimental."

True enough, when the warm-hearted little French woman had received Arthura's palinode she did burst into a fit of weeping.

"You will love each other dearly, won't you?" she murmured as she shed tears of joy—"like Ursula and John Halifax, in my favorite novel. Won't you, now? Christina says it is all twaddle-dee-dum and twaddle-dum-dee. But I am sure I am right and she is wrong. How can two people help being fond and happy when they have taken each other for richer for poorer, for better for worse?"

"I don't see that it follows," answered Arthura.

"But how beautiful it sounds!" went on Colette. "'To have and to hold, in sickness and health.' You will be like Ursula, won't you? And if Valerian is not precisely a John Halifax, you will try to make him so?"

"I won't promise till I have read the book," Arthura made reply. She was not addicted to the circulating libraries.

"Humph!" said Mr. Constantine, when the news was conveyed to him. "As usual! The unexpected about to happen, the unlooked-for brought about! Well, women must fall in love and fall out of it. Men must take to themselves wives and sit for the inevitable unflattering portrait. But really, now, my Prospera matched with Mr. Hiable, and my beautiful Mystic with any of mortal kind! 'Tis past all bearing. Why is love ever a will-o'-the-wisp, leading into quagmires? But we wise heads may prate. No one listens to us. The wise marriages are still made in heaven—the whole history of woman is summed up in the tale of Titania and the ass's head. There must be a compensation somewhere, if we could but find it out."

Steppie, of course, had her comments. "Oh dear! oh dear!" she cried, between laughing and crying. "I could dance for joy, although my heart is as heavy as lead. Stephana happy, Arthura happy! The poor children provided for. No more bills! Every one happy but poor me. And I am happy, if I could but know it. But I never shall know it—never! never!"

THE END.

THE BOSTON EXHIBITION.

THE Boston Foreign Art and Industrial Exhibition is rapidly getting into shape for the official opening on the 3d of September; but, like all previous experience on similar occasions, not a little work will remain to be done before its exhibits are in complete order. Although England and France for various reasons fail to do themselves justice on this occasion, other countries more remote, and with whose art, manufactures, and products we are less familiar, are sending representative exhibits of varied interest and special importance. In consequence Boston will present on this occasion an exhibition much more novel and instructive than if those great countries had taken up all the space they might legitimately have claimed. Ireland, however, is occupying the post of honor for Great Britain in almost a distinctive national sense, and her exhibit of local manufactures, art, and antiquities is likely to surprise Americans. Among the objects sent are bog-wood ornaments, hair ornaments, saddlery, a jaunting-car, furniture, marbles, woollen and linen goods, drawings, ecclesiastical sculpture, fancy needle-work, illuminated manuscripts, national antiquities, whiskeys (of course), and an autograph letter of DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Japan makes perhaps the most conspicuous exhibit of all countries, being a governmental affair. It embraces both her ancient and modern art and art industries, giving a complete view of her past and present civilization. Among other novelties she provides a regular tea and saki house, and fourteen of her gentle sex to be engaged in work of various illustrative sorts of Japanese handicraft.

Germany forwards a large mass of goods, including paintings on porcelain, china-ware, bronzes, jewelry, glass-ware, metal-work, imitation armor, wax modelling, and a number of paintings by GRUND, STURZHOFF, MOEKER, BRENDEL, RETTICHE, to mention a few names.

France consigns some stained-glass windows, furs, and skins, engraved glass, porcelain, an exhibit of the Panama Canal Company, and a miscellaneous lot of her usual manufactures, besides a hundred and fifty paintings or more.

Holland indulges in one-year clocks, carpets, liquors, and Dutch sundries, and paintings; Portugal, choice wines, artistic china, silver, furniture, carved wood, antiquities, etc.; Spain, clay figures, artistic iron, wines, and a few paintings—names not yet received; Norway figures with a model of the famous antique Viking ship, skins, etc.; Turkey, rugs and a café; Algiers, Oriental jewelry; Egypt, a model of the great Pyramid; and our neighbor Colombia forwards a collection of aboriginal American pottery, several thousand pieces, the oldest yet discovered.

The Italian section, as a whole, is confined almost exclusively to art objects and artistic merchandise, with a few characteristic products of the country. Its modern art in sculpture and paintings is represented by some of its most eminent artists. In painting, by VINEA—a brilliant example — TITO CONTI, EDWARD GELLI, COSTA CIARDI, GLISENTI, SALTINI, TAMBURINI, SORBI, TORRINI, CIPRIANI, JOVIS, NONO, BRADLEY, CARELLI, RICCI, Professor GATTI, ORFEI, BELLEI, and other names that give honor and distinction to its new school, and whose works to our amateurs will be an unexpected revelation of its recent competitive progress as regards the French schools, which it excels in coloring. ALBANO, ANDERIENI, LAZZARINI, UDNY, TROJANA, PANTA, BARCAGLIA, and others send some excellent sculpture, mostly of the modern picturesque character, although Professor LAZZARINI's "Victory," dedicated to the American people, is of the classical type, and a spirited, beautiful work. The King of Italy has presented to the Italian section a fine marble bust of himself — an uncommon compliment, showing his interest in the exhibition and friendliness to our people. But the object that will perhaps most attract our people in this department is the late EDWARD THAXTER's group, called "Love's First Dream." In material and mechanical execution it is entirely Italian, MR. THAXTER, who was a native of Portland, dying immediately after making the model in clay. To my judgment, as a work of delicate, poetic fancy, harmony of motive, and workmanship, carrying out perfectly its playful idea in an original, expressive, and graceful form, it is a masterpiece of its kind, excelling in original invention and sentiment anything in this line our own school has yet produced.

Among the most noteworthy exhibits, Dr. SALVIATI's Venetian glass, both new forms and reproductions *of the* ancient, and mosaics, including the portrait of President GARFIELD, *which* he presents to the American nation, stand pre-eminent for beauty and variety. Signor GUGGENHEIM, of Venice, the eminent antiquarian, sends examples of his artistic furniture, and an album of original designs provided by him from 1874 to 1882 for the interior decoration and furniture of the palace of Count PAPADOPOLI on the Grand Canal at Venice, each room being after a separate art epoch, from the sixteenth-century classical Italian Renaissance down to the LOUIS XIV., XV., and XVI. French periods—a work of much interest to architects.

Besides bronzes, majolica, and the usual specialties of Italian industrial art, there is a series of masterly reproductions of the masterpieces of Maestro GIORGIO and his son, of Gubbio, from the chief museums of Europe, with the gold and ruby lustres and designs so faithfully reproduced that only experienced eyes can distinguish them from the originals, which now cost from $1000 to $5000 a plate.

The Retrospective Art Department is varied and valuable. In paintings, commencing with good representative types of the Byzantine period, say about A.D. 1200, it presents a fair series of genuine old masters, from GIOTTO down to the best period of Italian art.

In sculpture there are: an unusually fine specimen of LUCA DELLA ROBBIA, "Virgin and Child," in a tabernacle from a suppressed convent near Sinigaglia, and, what is still rarer, a casket in glazed terra cotta of archaic, semi-Saracenic designs, antedating LUCA's work, showing that he did not invent, as supposed, his famous glaze, but only improved on an older invention derived from the Arabs.

A bronze reproduction of the famous Borghese "Gladiator" in the Louvre, one of the finest Greek statues extant, will interest all lovers of classical art. But the most remarkable archæological treasures are the two famous sarcophagi found in the winter of 1842–3 on the estate of the Prince of Canino, LUCIEN BONAPARTE, in the Roman Maremma, by his widow, on the borders of the stream Fiora, site of the ancient Vulcia. Both are about seven and a half feet long by four wide and high. One is of the rare and precious Oriental alabaster, with figures in the best style of Greek-Etruscan sculpture, and the other of tufa stone, more archaic and purely Etruscan, with inscriptions, of which I have just received a translation from Professor MILANI, Director of the Archæological Museum at Florence.

There are some rare pieces of silver of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the CELLINI style of design; a silver statuette of Ceres, antique Roman; an iron inkstand inlaid with gold; the drinking cup of MATTEUS CORVINCIO, King of Hungary, set with gems, repoussé and chiselled work of the fifteenth century, with his great battles, dates, and inscriptions on it; beautiful old Vienna porcelain from S. DONATO, Sèvres and Saxon ancient porcelains, old Murano glass, antique trunks, fifteenth to seventeenth century, bass-reliefs in *pasticcio* of the Umbrian school, fifteenth century; Portuguese, Flemish, French, and Italian tapestries, some wrought in gold; fine needle-work pictures in silk and gold by nuns of the seventeenth century; and what should particularly attract ladies and interest manufacturers, a collection of antique laces made by the Signora ARRIGONI, of Milan, during twenty-four years past, of the Flemish, French, English, Spanish, and Italian schools, 150 pieces; also about 500 specimens of stuffs, satin, silks, velvets, brocades, brocatelles, etc., from the year A.D. 1250 to the end of last century, with embroideries of all kinds, church vestments, Madonna robes, table covers, costumes, head-dresses—in short, a great variety of textile fabrics, some of exceeding richness and beauty, and just what is needed for our industrial museums for the advantage and instruction of our own manufacturers.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

NEARLY all the unexploded bomb-shells that were casually left on Southern battle-fields twenty years ago have been investigated by inquisitive persons. But there are a few muskets that have remained loaded since the strife ended, and these are being discharged gradually by the generation that has come into existence since 1865, and therefore doesn't know that they are loaded. The latest fatality of this kind happened in an Alabama village a few days ago.

As the science of legislation progresses the advantages of having two parties in every legislative body become more apparent. The Democrats of the Georgia Legislature have been seriously embarrassed because of a lack of Republicans for "pairing" purposes on circus days and other festive occasions.

In an Iowa county a man and his wife are both candidates for the office of School Superintendent, the man as the Republican and the woman as the Democratic nominee. It being settled that the honor of the position will be enjoyed in any event by the family, the anxiety of the opposing candidates centres on the problem relating to the care of the baby during the ensuing term of office.

Two sections of a railway circus train came in collision on a road in the interior of the State a few days ago. In a car of one of the trains was the large and experienced elephant Bolivar. He was not injured by the crash, but as soon as his car had come to a stop he broke it open, and gathering up with his trunk a small English *coach-dog*, which is his inseparable companion, he moved off to a safe distance.

Bicycling young men have taken to riding down Mount Washington on their wheels. By-and-by some ambitious youth will make a record that will stand, but he may not remain among mortals to enjoy his triumph.

There was held in Pittsburgh recently a meeting of proprietors of museums in the larger cities of this country, the object of which was to establish a uniform scale of salaries paid to "living curiosities," to the end that the ruinous competition which has prevailed hitherto may come to an end. Unless the curiosities combine and prove the stronger, the people may be relieved of the burdens imposed by those grasping monopolists, the albinos, the living skeletons, the giants, midgets, and so forth.

It is explained by competent authorities in Wall Street that the reason why a panic like that of the memorable Black Friday did not follow the recent break in the stock market was because few outsiders were interested in the results. This was as it should be. As a preventive of the recurrence of Black Fridays the absence of novices in stock gambling proved so effective that no other need ever be sought for.

"There was a long debate," says the cable, "characterized by much obstruction on the part of the Irish members." Similar tidings are frequently sent in reports of proceedings in the House of Commons. There are certain characteristics which cling to a son of the ould sod, whether he be in Parliament or driving a dray in front of a New York street car.

Speaking of the recent festivities of a party of wealthy and exuberant young men in the Casino at Newport, which produced something of a sensation, a discriminating writer says, "The spree was English in its appointments."

The death of Captain Webb in the Whirlpool Rapids of the Niagara River seems to have intensified the fascination of that spot for the adventurous. A man is already on hand with a life-preserving contrivance in which he proposes to intrust himself to the mercy of the torrent.

One result of the President's vacation trip through the wilds of the far West is to furnish names to places along the route. It is not probable that those who come after him will try to improve the work of so illustrious a nomenclator, and it may be expected that Camp Crosby and Camp Stager and the various other halting-places of the party will some day be the city of Crosby, the city of Stager, and so on. While these names are preferable to some that have been made by translating Indian names into English, they are not picturesque nor characteristic. The preservation of the Indian names of localities in the United States has given to the nomenclature of the country a unique and pleasing feature, which will always possess considerable historical value.

Writers of gossip from the places of summer resort differ widely as to the characteristics of the visitors, taken as a whole, at any given place. But it is easy to infer, from statements that are intended to be favorable to the proprietors, what class of visitors is most desired by those pecuniarily interested. It seems to be the most acceptable to write that "the guests at this popular resort" are mainly "people whose social importance is so well assured that they feel under no obligation to make a display of their wealth." To mention the "blaze of diamonds in the spacious drawing-room" is the polite way of conveying a hint of vulgarity, and to speak of the "excursion throngs" is to put the resort very low in the scale of respectability.

HE HAD BEEN WARNED ABOUT PLACING HIS HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW. HIS TRAIN IS TO LAND HIM AT THE RACE TRACK, AND HIS COMBINATION RAILROAD TICKET WAS IN HIS HAT BAND. [*A fact.*]

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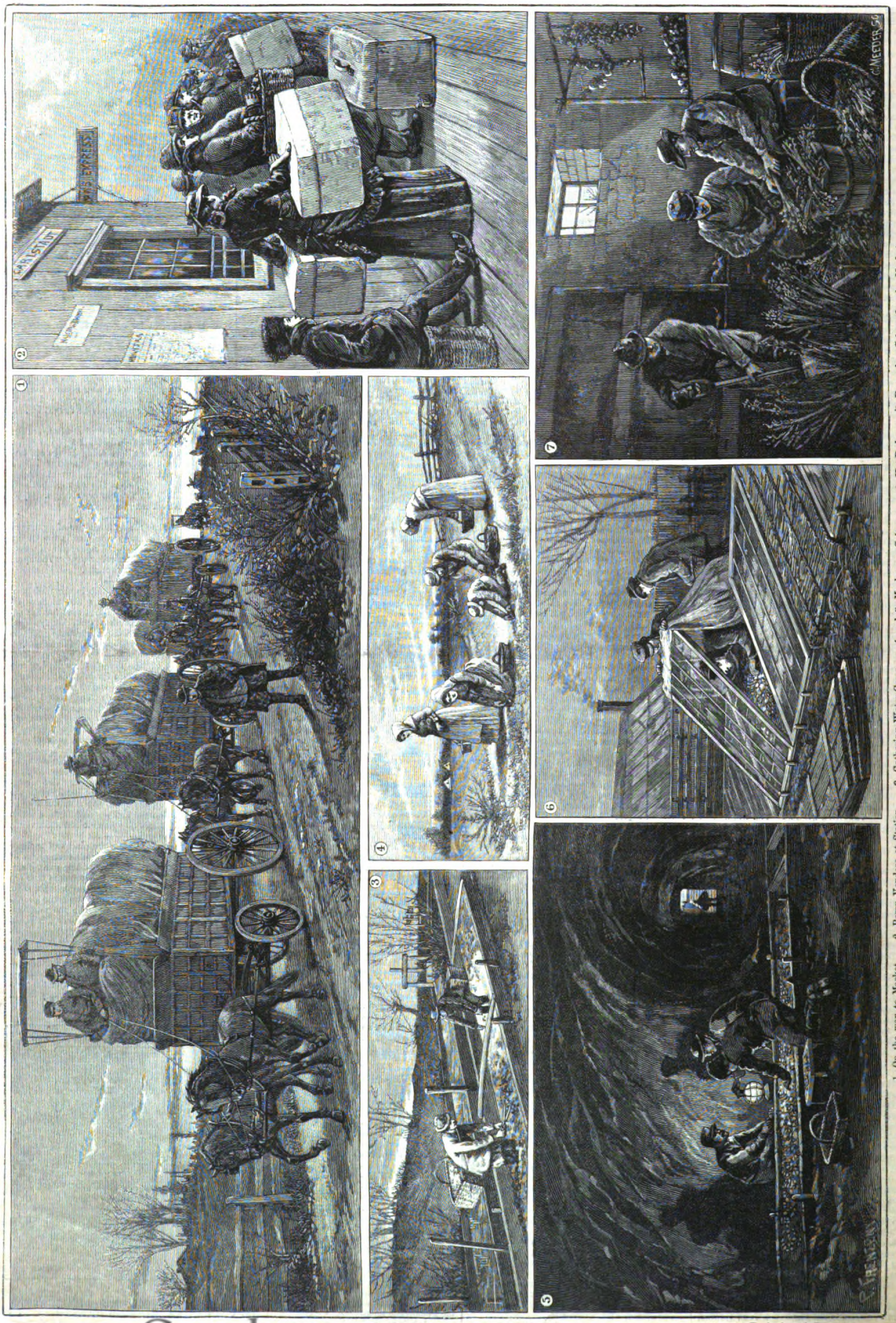

1. On the way to Market. 2. Berry Venders at Station. 3. Gathering Water-Cress. 4 and 5. Mushroom Culture. 6. Hot-Beds. 7. Preparing Celery for the Market.

GARDENING FOR NEW YORK.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 541.]

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GARDENING FOR NEW YORK.

LONG ISLAND from one end to the other, Staten Island, New Jersey, Westchester County, and a large part of Connecticut are the points from which New York receives the greater portion of its vegetables. From their convenience of access farm lands within driving distance of the city are given up exclusively to raising of garden truck, consequently they have increased enormously in value. The owners of these farms stubbornly resist the encroachments of the growing city, and only yield to corporate exactions or extravagant offers of money. Many individual fortunes are the result of the tenacity with which these cultivators of the early beet and succulent cabbage held on to their lands until they became enveloped within the limits of a great and fast-spreading city.

There is probably no business in which the profits are so certain as in that of market-gardening. Now and again a bad year intervenes, but prosperity is the rule. The truckman, like the sailor, is a natural pessimist: atmospheric conditions are seldom or never favorable—it is always too dry or too wet; but at the end of the year he generally finds himself the possessor of a considerable sum over and above his expenses. Taken as a whole, the percentage of failure is not so great as in trade and other branches of agriculture.

Garden truck which is raised within a radius of twenty miles of New York reaches its market by wagons. These are of large capacity, drawn usually by two horses. They are packed on the farms in the afternoon. Earlier or later in the evening or night, according to the distance of the farm from the city, they start for their destination, which for the greater part is in the immediate vicinity of Washington Market. They arrive mostly between midnight and daybreak. By sunrise Greenwich, Washington, West, and the streets adjacent and at right angles thereto are filled with truck wagons disposing of their contents. By eight o'clock the business of the day, so far as they are concerned, is usually over. Many attempts have been made by the authorities to dislodge the truckmen from the streets. Where so much capital and ready money is involved it is needless to say that all efforts in this direction have resulted in failure. Most of the large wholesale dealers have contracts with the truckmen for a regular supply of vegetables. In this case the cultivator sends his stock directly to the shop of the dealer, but the large majority avail themselves of the street market, and dispose of their stuff to the first comer. Those who send their truck to market by wagon must necessarily invest a considerable amount in plant. It is only those who are thoroughly well established who can afford the equipment which this mode of transport necessitates. Moreover, there must be incurred a large outlay for labor, for no crop requires more sedulous care and watchfulness than vegetables. It would appear to be a matter of pride with the truckman to send all he raises to New York. This is a talismanic word of much potency with him.

Frequently they do so when a more profitable market might be found in their own neighborhood. The writer, who resides in a locality noted for its truck farms, purchases all his vegetables at first hands from a dealer in the city. He can do so at lower rates, including all charges for freight and packing, than he can grow them on his own ground or purchase from the farmers in his immediate vicinity. There are enthusiasts who speak of the delights of having a garden. The cheapest, surest, and most satisfactory garden is to be found in the shop of a vegetable dealer in the city.

A branch of garden "trucking" which has been comparatively recently introduced, and which promises to assume very large proportions in the future, is the raising of vegetables for the market under glass. Nowhere is this more scientifically and successfully accomplished than about Boston. The finest qualities of winter lettuce and cucumbers come to the New York market from that place. One need but to glance from a car window on any of the lines of railway diverging from this city to see how extensively the system has been introduced in our vicinity. The profits of this kind of gardening are very large. It is, however, the high art of agriculture, for it involves a special training which comes only from years of close application and study. Ceaseless watchfulness and care are demanded. A score of perils unknown to the open-air gardener are always present to destroy in an hour the labor of months. The proprietor must be on the alert day and night. He must be a close student of the thermometer and barometer. A sudden icy gale may arise in the night and tear out a dozen panes of glass. The fire in his furnace may burn out, and his plants be chilled and killed. He can not trust his subordinates; he must give a careful personal supervision. If he succeed, however, his profits more than repay him for his care. But his anxieties do not end when he has successfully harvested his crop. The transportation of such delicate products during freezing weather requires extreme nicety in packing, for he is not assured of his pay until the articles are delivered in good condition to the dealer. In consequence he is obliged to employ special messengers to guard and protect his treasure. One frequently sees, during the winter months, at our suburban stations groups of individuals zealously watching large hampers. These contain radishes at twenty-five cents for a small bunch, or cucumbers at a dollar each, or lettuce at equally extravagant figures, or strawberries at seven or eight dollars a quart. In the matter of strawberries, however, this price would seem excessive. The writer, who has a greenhouse, tried the experiment of raising them from a few plants. His success was phenomenal. With no particular care they bore most profusely, and were exceptionally fine in size and flavor. In connection with the raising of truck under glass it may not be generally known that the best pie-plant or rhubarb which comes to the New York market during the winter is cultivated at Quebec in hot-houses. Attention is also being called to the growing of asparagus by this artificial means. It is somewhat singular that the higher the latitude the finer the flavor of vegetables grown under glass.

The influx of a large foreign element has brought with it great numbers of accomplished gardeners. To them we are indebted for the improvement in the quality of our vegetables. To them we are indebted for the excellence of our celery, for the cultivation of the mushroom and of the water-cress, for the introduction of a variety of salads which a few years since were to the masses entirely unknown. These men are specialists. Some excel in the cultivation of the cauliflower, and devote themselves exclusively to that. Others are expert in the growth and preparation of celery. Only those who have as amateurs given attention to the care of this plant can appreciate the skill which gives to us that vegetable as we see it in the market, white and crisp, during all the late autumn and winter months. Its bleached quality, almost to the very tip of the stem, is the despair of the novice who does not care to pass the greater portion of his leisure in some dark cellar.

The water-cress, which is found in nearly all running spring water, was up to within a few years looked upon by most people as a worthless weed. Under the fostering care of gardeners from Europe, it is now one of the great luxuries of the market. In its natural state the water-cress is apt to have an earthy taste, unless taken from very pure water. With the care now bestowed upon it, by diverting the cold water of springs and keeping the sluices clear, it has lost that flavor, and has become crisp and pungent. It comes to market packed in miniature bushel baskets. The same may be said of the mushroom. Those formerly used here were imported in tins from France. Now they are grown here in large quantities in caves and cellars. In its natural condition the mushroom thrives in the full blaze of sunlight. For its artificial propagation darkness appears to be the most favorable condition for its development. Now and again the markets are profusely supplied with the ordinary field mushroom, as in the autumn of 1881, when we had a dry summer followed by a wet autumn—conditions exceptionally suitable for the growth of this fungus. It is not improbable that in the near future many varieties of vegetable fungi now rejected as poisonous will become available as articles of food. A German chemist has discovered forty sorts which are edible.

Enthusiasts are fond of extolling the beauties of a vegetable garden. The practical man will derive more pleasure from visiting one of our wholesale truck houses during the winter months, where are stored in tiers one above the other vegetables raised under glass from as far north as Quebec, and in the open air at the South and the tropics. Modern means of transportation have obliterated the seasons, so far as the enjoyment of garden stuff is concerned. Endowed with the fairy wand of wealth, the citizen of New York may enjoy in the depths of winter vegetable products which but a few years since were attainable only in their season. The pleasure of anticipation is gone, but the power of realization has come.

"WHAT DE OLE WOMAN SAY NOW?"

AUSTRALIAN ANTS.

THE little "sugar ants" are well known to most dwellers in towns, and even in central Melbourne sometimes prove a nuisance to housewives, by invading any saccharine matters that may be left uncovered. They owe their popular name to their fondness for this article of food. If a small heap of the same is placed in their way they seldom stop to eat it on the spot, but carry the prize away, crystal by crystal, evidently for the benefit of the general population.

Fond as they are of sugar, they are still more partial to honey, and will readily leave the former for the latter. This is not carried away, but eaten wherever met with. So attractive seems this ambrosia that even the queens are tempted out to partake of it. Before depositing the honey I once or twice introduced some stranger ants, which were immediately attacked. While the fight was going on I placed the honey near the belligerents, who, as it seems, having more taste for the pleasures of a terrestrial Valhalla than the turmoil of the battle-field, let go their antagonists to feast with their already nearly gorged *confrères*. On one occasion two combatants fell into the honey. The stranger, owing to superior strength, escaped, and was followed by a little crowd of his enemies. The object of the pursuers, however, did not seem to be the further punishment of the interloper, but simply to despoil him of the dainty which he was carrying away adhering to his legs and body.

If a working ant fell into the honey he was left contemptuously alone to escape as best he could. On two occasions, however, I noticed queens who had similarly come to grief. These, strange to say, were pulled out and cleaned by three or four of the adjacent workers. With respect to queens, there seems to be a good deal of gallantry displayed toward them, altogether independently of nation or race. I have never, in fact, seen a strange queen mo-

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lested when placed among hundreds of a thoroughly hostile tribe. I once noticed another remarkable fact with respect to the behavior of ants toward strangers. I had placed some ants fully a quarter of an inch in length upon a board surrounded with water. Soon afterward I brought home a number of tree ants, together with some twenty or thirty queens and several hundred pupæ, placing my second find at the opposite end of the same board. I fully looked forward for a fight, and so there was, but not as was expected. The tree ants at once began to seize and carry off the pupæ, and in the direction of the stronghold of their gigantic fellow-prisoners. Queens, as before stated, were allowed to pass unmolested, as also, in most instances, were unladen ants, but an ant bearing a pupa or egg in its mandibles was at once assaulted and nipped by some assailant. The pupa was, of course, dropped, the despoiled bearer thereof creeping away, badly, sometimes fatally, wounded. Singular to say, the dropped pupa was never appropriated by the attacking party. His object seemed to be murder, to which he was incited for some unknown reason, and not robbery.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

COUNTRY-HOUSE DRAINAGE.

THE drainage of our city houses is not as yet made an entirely municipal affair, and regulated by the city authorities, as is the case in the larger towns of modern Europe. Yet the drainage of town houses is in an important sense a public or common interest. Unlike most country dwellings, the city house is not an independent unit. It is connected with a more or less complicated, and a less or more efficient, system of drains and sewers, which in theory are supposed to provide good drainage to the house without requiring the occupant's individual care and attention. Whether they do or not, the drainage of his house is a delegated function. It may be delegated to the city engineer or to the owner of the estate; but the occupant feels that his responsibility is at most a divided one. His house forms but a single joint or node of the spreading subterranean root whose ramifications underlie the town. Too often, indeed, it is rather a plant that is fed upon the odors and poison of decay from below. The city dweller, in a word, is committed to a pre-existent system of drainage, and he can seldom be sure whether the drains are more active in carrying away foul matters from the house or in bringing in fouler gases *from the sewers*. Whether his family survive or fall victims to typhoid fever, the city resident can not feel that the result is wholly of his own bringing about. He is comparatively powerless before all this pre-existent subterranean machinery, which, indeed, as a concealed and a complicated thing, he seldom understands. In our cities scarcely one house owner in ten, scarcely one tenant in a hundred, has any effective knowledge of what his house drainage is or should be. Nor is this surprising, the subject being one of real technical difficulties, from which the only escape is to remove plumbing of every kind from within the living-rooms of the house as far as that may be possible.

But in the country the case is a very different one. The principles of good drainage are the same everywhere; but the conditions of drainage in the country and in the city are not the same. As a rule, the country resident must create the drainage of his house, whether for better or for worse. Usually no sewers or drains are near him, nor is the skilled artisan always at hand. The responsibility of the house drainage thus rests upon him, and it will be his fault if typhoid fever creeps in by his drain-pipes. Every country householder must be his own sanitary engineer. Before indicating the main systems upon which he has to depend, I may say that, for getting rid of sewage in the country the earth-closet is generally the best method; and in houses where the other drainage required is small, no system of pipes may be required.

Whether in city or country, the object of house drainage is twofold:

1. To remove all foul matter from the house the moment it is produced.

2. To prevent the return of noxious gases through the pipes which carry off the foul matter.

Except where the earth-closet is in use, the drainage of a country house is usually into a vault or cess-pool — an undesirable vicinage, and one which is the less desirable as it is the closer. The cess-pool is yet in general use in quarters where it is surprising to hear that it is even tolerated. When Windsor Castle was put in order as a residence for Queen Victoria, "upward of fifty cess-pools," says Engineer Stanger, "full and overflowing, were found in the basement." These have been removed, but London is full of cess-pits. Boston is praised as the most beautiful American city. What kind of drainage has it? In 1881, according to the estimates of its own Board of Health, no less than the almost incredible number of 30,000 vaults were still in use, and of these 20,000 are closed vaults, having no connection with the sewers. Boston is in this respect a community of the early Middle Ages. Now, in the country, cess-pits must often be used; but the question for the country householder is how he can get the benefit of the nineteenth-century engineering in avoiding their dangers, and how to do this at moderate expense.

Where sewers do not exist there are two main ways of removing the sewage from the house: (1) by the cess-pool; (2) by surface drainage.

The old form — indeed, I may still say the ordinary form — of cess-pool is a hole dug in the ground, and either not lined at all or lined with loose stone or "honey-comb" brick-work, through which the sewage soaks away into the soil, or whence it is removed at longer or shorter intervals; sometimes, as in the case of barracks, at intervals of many years. During all this time pollution of the soil is going on. The filth accumulates below the absorbent range of grass roots, and quite out of reach of the oxidizing power of the air, and sooner or later the neighboring streams or wells will be polluted. A cess-pool of this sort is a more and more dangerous neighbor the longer it lasts.

What is the remedy? Every cess-pool that stands near a human habitation should be made (*a*) as tight as puddling lined with brick-work in cement can make it; (*b*) it should be made *small*, so as to require frequent cleansing; (*c*) it should be properly covered, with ventilation through a charcoal filtering screen; and (*d*) when it is connected with the house there should be a water trap in the connecting pipe. Lastly, between this trap and the house, adds Galton, the constitution of the house drains should be so arranged as to insure that any gases which may pass the trap may be diluted with fresh air.

These precautions will render the cess-pool little dangerous. Without them, one is liable to such an experience—one by no means unfrequent—as that which was recently described by Dr. Folsom, the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health. Typhoid fever had broken out among those who drank the water from a certain well. The water had no bad taste or color, but it contained the germs of typhoid, and these germs were proved to come from a privy vault one hundred feet distant from the well.

Of surface drainage, the alternative method for the country house, I will speak in another paper.

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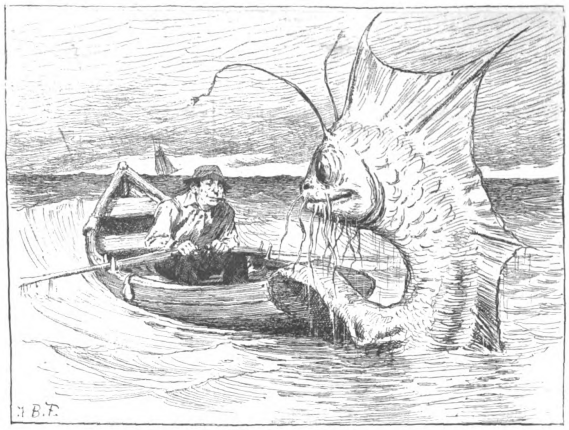

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1393. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY.

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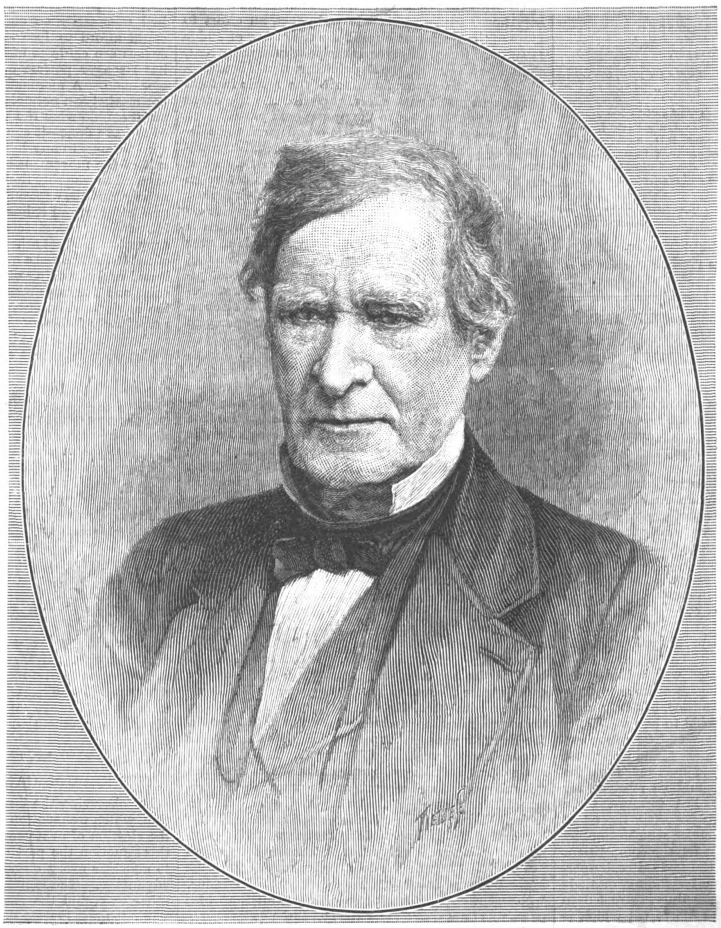
THE LATE JUDGE BLACK.

AFTER a very painful illness, during which he manifested the fortitude, cheerfulness, resignation, and wit that his friends would have expected of him, Judge JEREMIAH SULLIVAN BLACK died at his home in York, Pennsylvania, at 2.15 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of August, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. About a week previous he underwent a severe surgical operation, the results of which superinduced pyæmia. His last words were a prayer, uttered while his wife was kneeling by his bed: "O Thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being, and in whom I have ever trusted, grant, if it be Thy will, that I no longer suffer this agony, and that I be speedily called home to Thee. And, O my God, bless and comfort this my MARY." Having kissed his wife good-by, he turned over on his side, and in a few minutes was dead.

The Judge's strong religious convictions were frequently expressed in the presence of his family and friends during the closing days of his life, and the very hour he died he assured his son CHAUNCEY that he had no fear for the future, so far as he himself was concerned. "I only wish," he added, "that I was as comfortable about what I leave behind in this world." The grounds of those convictions he had already publicly set forth in an article entitled "The Christian Religion," in the *North American Review* for August, 1881, in answer to certain aspersions of Colonel ROBERT INGERSOLL, which were printed in the same number of that periodical, and had been previously submitted to Judge BLACK. "Why," he asks, "should I, an unlearned and unauthorized layman, be placed in the position" of meeting such a challenge? "The explanation is easy enough. This is no business of the priests. Their prescribed duty is to preach the Word, in the full assurance that it will commend itself to all good and honest hearts by its own manifest veracity and the singular purity of its precepts. They can not afford to turn away from their proper work, and leave willing hearers uninstructed while they wrangle in vain with a predetermined opponent. They were warned to expect slander, indignity, and insult, and these are among the evils which they must not resist."

The bar loses one of its most distinguished members and the Democratic party one of its trusted representatives and advisers in the death of Judge BLACK. He received his title as long ago as 1842, when elected to preside over the judicial district of Somerset County, Pennsylvania. Nine years afterward he became Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, and still later the Chief Justice of the Commonwealth. He was appointed Attorney-General of the United States on the 5th of March, 1857, by President BUCHANAN, during the last four months of whose administration he filled the office of Secretary of State. Since that eventful epoch Judge BLACK has practiced with extraordinary success the profession of the law, earning an extended and enviable reputation both as a counsellor and a pleader. His legal knowledge was excelled only by the astuteness with which he could make use of it, and when arguing a case before a jury the ease and dignity of his bearing were illumined by the advocate's mastery of his hearers' sense of the ludicrous. During the celebrated contest over the will of the late Commodore VANDERBILT, Judge BLACK's humor caused frequent merriment in the court-house, and constituted a chief attraction for the throng that had gathered to listen to the proceedings. In other notable forensic events in various cities of the Union his well-known figure was conspicuous.

Judge BLACK used a singularly nervous and forcible style of writing, and possessed a fine capacity for worrying an opponent. If any man ever had the courage of his convictions, he was that man. Opposition always inspired him. He was by nature a leader and commander; he set out for himself, and expected others to follow. The secessionist statesmen who thronged the White House and the national Capitol during the last months of the administration of President BUCHANAN found the attempted management of Judge BLACK a bigger contract than they could handle. Though a Democrat of the Democrats and a champion of State rights, he officially advised the President that the nation had rights too, and that one of these rights was the right of self-preservation. The presence in the cabinet, at that tempestuous and most disheartening hour, of a Democratic statesman whose heart beat to the music of the Union was worth something, as we now look back upon it; and although Judge BLACK remained a bitter and relentless foe of the reconstruction acts and of many other Republican measures, and although he continued to the last a stout Democrat of the old school, there probably is not a Republican journal in the land that has not recognized in his death the death of a true statesman and patriot.



THE LATE JUDGE BLACK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

AT the mention of the word catacombs our thoughts fly back to those early ages of the Church when the first followers of the doctrines of Christ hid themselves from the fury of the Roman emperors in caves and dungeons of the earth, since then known as catacombs, and of which many specimens are found in Rome. But the Catacombs of Paris mean nothing of this kind. It is comparatively of recent date—namely, under the Empire—that the removal of the bones from the overcrowded cemeteries and convent burial-places to these subterranean passages earned for them the name of Catacombs.

These so-called Catacombs form but a small portion of the immense excavations or stone quarries which undermine a great part of Paris. These vast quarries, of ancient date, from the white stone of which rose the beautiful city of Paris, have been from time to time the rendezvous of thieves and smugglers, who marauded the capital, retreating to their dangerous hiding-place where none dared attack them. A highly interesting novel, styled *Les Catacombes de Paris*, written some years since, though somewhat colored with the sensational excitement necessary to attract the interest of the public, graphically describes these gloomy vaults as having been for some days the prison of a young and beautiful girl, who was seized and conveyed thither on leaving the celebrated convent of Val-de-Grâce, under which these *carrières* extend. The lady is sought for in vain; and at length the distracted lover penetrates into these dark caverns, where he discovers his *fiancée* among a gang of counterfeit-coiners, who for years have been the occupants of these gloomy dungeons.

During the period of the first French Revolution numbers of people fled for safety to these vaults, to seek refuge as it were in the bowels of the earth from the political strife and crime at that time so fiercely contending in the gay capital. We see in the Catacombs the remains of the chapel and high altar erected by these refugees, where, with sorrowing hearts, they attended daily the service of the mass. A little later an alarm is given; the beautiful Palace of the Luxembourg, under which these quarries extend, has been seen to totter; and in order that the loved palace of the Medici may not be ingulfed in the abyss upon which it has been discovered to stand, steps are taken to form a complete staff of workmen, whose sole duty consists in inspecting these ancient cavities and keeping them in thorough repair.

The visitor to the Catacombs finds himself in a court-yard facing the entrance, and one of a crowd of several hundreds of persons. Each awaits his turn of admittance within the little barred door, near which stands the ticket collector, the officer employed to count each individual who descends and duly register the total in his ledger, and the bright-eyed little French woman who provides each visitor, for a small gratuity, with the necessary *bougie* (candle), without which no one is permitted to enter; and though somewhat roughly fixed at the end of a long wooden handle, it helps to cast a ray of light into the darkness within the silent walls. There is a Babel of voices all around; and it is some time before the crowd of visitors, with the guide at the head, holding aloft his flaring torch, are fairly launched into the Catacombs. After descending fifty or more stone steps, worn and slippery with decay, we pass through long narrow passages, apparently hewn out of the stone. We dare not linger, but must follow rapidly the long line of figures wending their way through these dark vaults. Here and there in the long corridors are passages barred off, and known as dangerous. At certain curves and corners a sentinel, with torch upheld, stands to call out in deep sonorous voice, "A droite toujours" (Keep to the right); and we all, hurrying on to we hardly know what, find ourselves in a square vault of considerable height, along each side of which are stacked the bones of those long since departed. A weird sight! High-born descendants of noble houses may be here; yonder skull may once have worn the regal crown of France, forgotten and unknown, beside whose remains may rest those of the poor beggar boy who came to beg his bread at the convent door, and died there, tended by the Sisters' care. The taste displayed in the arrangement of the bones is truly wonderful. There is nothing to offend the eye. In perfect order, not one out of its appointed place, the dreary spectacle of human nothingness is there presented; and as we pass from one spot to another along the almost interminable passages, the eye ceases to be shocked by the ghastly picture. Upon each side, from time to time, a tablet may be seen, describing the locality from which the bones were taken, and date.

After having wandered among these dreary vaults of death for two hours or more, we find ourselves at the point from which we started, and, ascending the narrow staircase, rejoice once more in fresh air and genial sunshine.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

THE HARPER ART COMPETITION.

NEWCASTLE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, *August* 6, 1883.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—The committee appointed to award the prizes in the art competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" desire to report, as follows:

We have carefully examined each one of the 338 drawings submitted to our judgment, and have unanimously agreed that, in consideration of the quality of these works, we are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever. A small proportion of the drawings were found to be of sufficient artistic merit to warrant their selection for engraving, but not one of these adequately illustrated the idea expressed in the poem.

With sincere regret at the necessity of this decision, we have the honor to be,

Your obedient servants,

R. SWAIN GIFFORD,
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"THIMBLE'S LAST HUNT,"

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THE RESULT OF THE HARPER ART COMPETITION.

SOME months since the Messrs. HARPER announced an offer to young American artists which has become familiar by its publication at the head of this editorial page. It proposed an award of three thousand dollars for the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn," upon the condition that in the judgment of three most competent artists, whose names were announced, the drawing should be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The designer was to be an American artist of not more than twenty-five years of age, who should be bound by an honorable understanding that the reward should be devoted to art study in the best American schools, and to a sojourn abroad of at least six months for study of the old masters. The object of the offer was to promote the interests of American art by stimulating a generous competition, and by aiding some young American artist whose work, in the opinion of competent and impartial judges, should justify such assistance.

The chief condition mentioned was indeed stringent. The offer was not a proposition to accept the best design that should be submitted, but only some one that the judges should decide to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The announcement naturally excited great interest, and by the 1st of August, which was the date mentioned as the latest upon which drawings could be received for consideration, the committee had received three hundred and thirty-eight designs. After the 1st of August twenty-three were received, which were, by the terms of the offer, too late for the competition. The names of the judges are the guarantee, by personal character and professional standing, of their fitness for the discharge of the duty intrusted to them, and they have submitted the report which is printed at the head of this page. The Messrs. HARPER naturally share the regret expressed by the judges, but from such a decision there is no appeal. The competition, however, will be re-opened, but under conditions somewhat modified by suggestions of the judges. Among the modifications is the selection of another subject for illustration in place of the "Christmas Hymn," and announcement of the subject and conditions of the competition will be made next week.

It will be observed that the report states that only a small proportion of the drawings were found to be of sufficient artistic merit to warrant their selection for engraving, and it is therefore fair to assume that they were in great part the work of amateurs or mere beginners, and in not awarding the prize to any competitor the judges evidently decided that even the drawings which were meritorious enough to be engraved were not, in the sense of the offer, adequate illustrations of the poem, and none of them, therefore, could receive the prize. As a poem so essentially picturesque challenges the designer to cope with a rare and subtle literary skill, the young artist, conscious of a power as yet undeveloped, might instinctively shrink from the contest, and it is very possible, therefore, that some drawing which modest genius undervalued, but which might have won the prize, was not submitted. For such reasons it would be unfair to regard the drawings which were offered as an indication of the promise of all our artists under twenty-five years of age, and the re-opening of this interesting competition will undoubtedly produce results all the more satisfactory because of the unexpected results of the first trial.

BECALMED.

THE political apathy is so profound that there will be a general disposition not to regard the result of the autumn elections as indicative of the real tendency of the country. There are already signs of hedging. When Judge HOADLY was nominated in Ohio it was announced by the Democratic press that he would of course be elected, and that his election would settle the Presidential election of next year. But we observe that the same authorities now suggest that Judge HOADLY'S defeat would signify nothing, so far as next year's election is concerned, because Ohio is, after all, a Republican State. This shows a decidedly lower temperature. It is, in fact, an effort to prepare the Democratic mind for the defeat of Judge HOADLY. Such, however, is the political apathy that, should he be elected, the Republicans would doubtless find a satisfactory explanation of the result in local issues, and await with cheerful confidence the event of the national appeal to the people next year.

There is really no great national question to be determined next year except that of honest and economical administration. There is no Southern question, no financial question, no tariff question, no foreign question. We mean by this that the Democrats, whatever their probable course would be, propose no definite policy upon any of these subjects which is opposed to that of the Republicans. In fact, ever since the war they have been constantly advancing in professions to the Republican ground, and adopting the Republican policy as it was approved at successive elections by the people. What the election of next year will determine, therefore, is the party to which the country will confide the administration of a policy which is already established. The probabilities of the result may be easily inferred. For they depend upon one consideration, and that is whether the Republican party has gained or lost popular confidence since the last election. At that election the verdict was decisive. The Republican majority was not large, but it was very significant. General HANCOCK received only seventeen votes in the Northern States. It was the "solid South" that gave him his vote. May it be fairly held that the Republican course since that election has affected Northern sentiment unfavorably, and not only that, but so unfavorably that the country would prefer to take the inevitable risk of an administration whose real strength would lie in the Southern States? If the situation in this country were like that in England it would be difficult to calculate such probabilities. In England, when there is dissatisfaction with the course of one party, the professions of the other must be accepted, because they can not be tested. Fortunately with us both parties are constantly upon trial, and the voter can measure the real value of professions. The Democrats, for instance, declare that they will administer the government more economically and honestly than the Republicans. We are not obliged to take their words, because we have their deeds. The Republicans control the national government. But if we are not mistaken the Democrats are in power in twenty-six of the thirty-eight States of the Union. Let us look at their administration in one of them.

Maryland is a Democratic State. It voted for HANCOCK. It is sure for any Democratic candidate next year. What arguments does it offer for general trust in the Democratic party? The Democratic Governor, who seems to be much more of a patriot than of a partisan, states that during the last three years Democratic Legislatures have expended the State money improperly to the amount of half a million of dollars. During the same time delinquent Democratic officers have withheld from the State more than seven hundred thousand dollars. Newspapers have been practically bribed to silence by extravagant payments for publishing the laws. The Governor charges the Legislature itself with shameful extravagance in its own expenses, and he states that he reduced the cost of the public printing from $67,000 in 1879 to $25,800 in 1880, limited the allowance to each county for the publication of the laws to $600, decreased the number of Legislative employés from 105 to 54, and reduced the general Legislative expenses, exclusive of printing, from $133,070 to $105,846 77. This is one State in which Democratic economy of administration may be studied in detail. In Massachusetts the advantages of Democratic ascendency may be seen in the character and career of General BUTLER, the chosen representative of the party. But while thus the Democrats have been showing the precise value of their professions, the Republicans by their general conduct at the last session of Congress, and by the overthrow of the boss and caucus systems, have taken actual steps to purify administration, and it seems to us undeniable that upon the whole, and in contrast with the Democratic party, the Republicans have gained and not lost public confidence since the election of 1880. If this be true, there is no reason to suppose that the Republicans in 1884 will lose any State that they carried at the previous election.

THE RESULT OF THE LATE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

THE telegraph strike ended as quietly as it had proceeded. The leaders, seeing that the movement had failed, advised a return to work wherever it was possible. They disclaimed all knowledge of the violence shown in cutting the wires, and all responsibility for it. In every such disturbance of established system there will be miscreants to turn the situation to mischief. But liberty can not be held responsible for the crimes committed in its name. The operators had an undoubted right to decline to work for unsatisfactory wages, and though illicit advantage of the situation may have been taken by others, or by some of the striking body, the strike itself was justifiable, however mistaken.

As we pointed out at the beginning, the company had necessarily an enormous advantage, because it could afford to lose time and money. At present strikes are contests of endurance, and a corporation has stronger powers of endurance than a body of workmen. A monopoly which also controls the labor market can not only determine the rate of wages, but it can do what the Western Union is now reported to have done—it can refuse to employ any person who belongs to any labor organization. Yet the result of the movement is not to be regretted. It has exposed thoroughly the methods of the telegraph monopoly, and the exposure has certainly not conciliated public favor, and it has immensely stimulated public interest in the postal telegraph. Indeed, the powerful support which that scheme received during the month of the strike showed a much more general demand for it and understanding of it than had been supposed to exist, and forecasts some Congressional action upon the subject. The argument in opposition has been exceedingly feeble and futile, and has mainly served to show how little is to be said against the proposition.

But we repeat what we said last week, that no such scheme ought to be entertained until it is settled that the increase of the number of public places which it would necessitate should not add to the existing evils and dangers of patronage. In a service requiring the special knowledge and diligent habits which are essential to the successful and profitable operation and management of a telegraph the reformed system of appointment by competition and probation would be indispensable, unless it were proposed to plunge into the utmost waste and extravagance. And should a postal telegraph under government control be established, does any intelligent man really think that it would be more American and less aristocratic, more economical, and more agreeable to popular institutions, to limit the employment of the operators to a term of four years, in order to dismiss them more easily at the end of it? There is no subject upon which it seems to be more necessary to free our minds from cant than this. If, therefore, the strike should lead, as now seems most probable, to the adoption of a government postal telegraph, it would have dealt a powerful blow at the system of monopoly which is a cause of serious apprehension to a large body of intelligent citizens.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR '84.

BY observing the figures of the last national election, which we mention elsewhere, it will be seen that the election of next year is sure to be very close. In this situation the part of wisdom for Republicans is to consider every circumstance and to secure every advantage. The Republican party can succeed in no other way, and the vital point to remember is, that while it must largely depend upon its general tradition and character and service, the selection of a candidate is of critical importance. The question is not so much who can be nominated, but who ought to be nominated; and that being seen, the practical aim should be to make the nomination practicable. There are several superstitions about a nomination which ought to be discarded, but which are generally and amusingly accepted as final. Under the circumstances, such superstitions must be disregarded or the result will be imperiled.

Thus there is a fancy that the candidate must not be taken from a small State, because his own local capital of electoral votes will be too small. This is a sentimental theory which the facts do not sustain. The instant that the candidate is nominated he represents the cause and the party, and he is weak or strong by his personal and public record, not at all by his State or the number of its electoral vo[illegible]

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Mr. TILDEN was not a strong candidate because he lived in New York, nor did the fact that he lived in New York increase his vote in that State. He was strong solely because there was dissatisfaction with the Republican administration, and because he was believed to be a reformer. In 1880 General HANCOCK was no stronger a candidate because he was by his residence at the time a New-Yorker, or because he was a native of Pennsylvania. He was not defeated for local reasons, but because confidence had largely returned to the Republican party, and because he was not thought to have especial qualifications for the Presidency. The fact that Mr. BAYARD lives in Delaware, and that Delaware has but three electoral votes, does not make him a weak or undesirable candidate of his party. He would be no stronger a candidate in the country or in New York if he lived in the State. His strength would be derived solely from his public standing and his personal and political character.

This is equally true of the Republican side. President ARTHUR would not be a stronger candidate because he is a New-Yorker, nor Mr. EDMUNDS a weaker because he lives in Vermont. The question of "locality" certainly did not affect Mr. BLAINE'S candidacy either in 1876 or 1880. All the men whose position may be said to make them possible candidates owe it to their prominence. In the public mind and in the party regard they are not especially identified with any State. They are representatives of the party. In the selection of a Republican candidate, therefore, all these fanciful considerations must be dismissed. The sole considerations must be public and private character and general party confidence and regard. The man whose public course and large public ability have won for him a commanding position in the country, who is free from all entanglements of faction, and who is personally and officially without just reproach—if such a man there be—should be the Republican candidate.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

THE American Library Association is composed of the leading librarians of the country, who wisely meet to compare views in regard to the practical management of libraries—a subject in which the public is profoundly interested. The object of a good librarian is to devise methods of making his library in the most convenient way most useful to the largest number of persons. This includes cataloguing and arranging books and all the other details, of which the good regulation is indispensable to a prompt and satisfactory use of a large library.

There is no position in which skilled intelligence and special training are more necessary than in that of a librarian. Yet it is generally regarded as a snug and desirable sinecure for invalid scholars and professional men. This view is a most serious obstacle to the proper use of a library, and a cause of endless vexation to any efficient librarian. His assistants are very likely to be selected from motives of pity and mere favor, and the library becomes a kind of hospital for the sick and feeble.

We are glad to see that the Library Association has taken up this subject, and by adopting the following resolution has taken a long step toward securing greater efficiency in libraries:

"*Resolved*, That efficiency in library administration can only be obtained through application of the cardinal principles of an enlightened civil service, exclusive of all political and personal influence, appointment for definitely ascertained fitness, promotion for merit, and retention during good behavior; and that in the opinion of this association in large public libraries subordinate employés should be selected by competitive examination, followed by probationary terms."

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

THE article by ex-Mayor GRACE in the current number of HARPER'S MONTHLY upon the government of cities in the State of New York has naturally attracted a great deal of attention. The author has had the immense advantage in preparing such an article of actual experience in the administration of the government of New York, and he has tested for himself the confusion and weakness of the whole system. The laws relating to the city of New York fill a large octavo volume of more than seven hundred pages, and contain about 2150 sections—a body of legislation, as Mr. GRACE says, about as large as the entire civil code of France. The laws affecting each city in the State are different. There is no municipal system whatever.

The root of the mischief, in the opinion of the ex-Mayor, lies in the want of a wise determination of the manner and the method of State interference with the municipalities, and the remedy lies in securing actual "local self-government" by a general law applicable to all cities. This would promote the growth of the municipal spirit which is as essential to good local government as public spirit, in its large and patriotic sense, to good national government. The cities should not only elect and appoint their own officers, but they should be supreme, with due regard to the welfare of the State, over all things which affect themselves alone.

Political parties have no proper place in municipalities, because cities do not have political policies. But a community which is politically divided, and which is accustomed always to vote according to those divisions, can not easily disregard them at an election involving patronage and place and emolument. Indeed, it was to this tendency and its consequences that the modern legislative interference in the city government of New York was first largely due. But Mr. GRACE is entirely correct in his view of the indispensability of vesting great responsibility in the local Executive. That is a simple and obvious guarantee, under our general system, of efficient local administration, and it is the one of which the city of New York has never been permitted to avail itself. The paper of Mr. GRACE is a very timely and valuable contribution to the general discussion, especially as it is in the city of New York that the feasibility of any system must be tested, since any scheme which is practically successful here would be equally so in all cities.

MR. JENKINS JUSTIFIED.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, in some heat, to ask why Mr. Jenkins, in announcing that a dinner is to be given to some distinguished guest, says that twenty "covers" will be laid, when he means twenty plates. Our correspondent surely forgets the old story, "Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony." He might as well ask why the list of dishes is called a *menu* instead of a bill of fare; or why we read upon those interesting papers, or porcelain, or satin, or silk, or other precious substance, *croquettes* of sweetbread, or baron of lamb *à la Montmorency*, or a fricassee of chicken *à la dauphine*.

He may justly ask, and with equal heat, why not print the bill of fare in the language of the guests, or at least in some one language, and not in a hotchpotch of two languages. He may—indeed he probably will—go so far as to insist that it is a ridiculous affectation. But he will overshoot the mark in so doing. To say covers for plates is a convention, and a convention is a tacit agreement that a thing shall be done in a certain way. The reason of the agreement is usually found in convenience.

Moreover, in this special instance the word cover is given by English lexicographers as equivalent to plate. The phrase to lay a cover is therefore as good English as to set a plate, although in actual conversation if a man should ask another at table to pass him a cover, he would undoubtedly receive the cover of a dish in return. Yet in speaking of a dinner it is permissible to speak of the covers as indicating the number of the guests. The justification, however, is convention, and Monsieur CHARLES GARNIER writes to Monsieur FRANCISQUE SARCEY, only a month ago, in the Feuilleton of the *Temps*, in Paris, "If God invented life, man invented convention, and it is not his worst work."

THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE steady progress of Mr. PARNELL'S success in the Irish election, and his unbending hostility to the most friendly English administration which Ireland has known for many years, show how deep and strong is the Irish feeling, and that the question of Irish independence is ripening. This question is quite independent of Mr. PARNELL'S purposes or wishes. The power to evoke spirits does not necessarily imply the power to lay them, as MIRABEAU learned in France a century ago.

There is apparently so total an alienation of feeling between the two peoples that, under the circumstances, no friendly understanding seems to be possible, and the Irish question promises to supersede all others in testing the resources of British statesmanship.

A BOOMERANG.

THE Democratic campaign which is carried on by printing DORSEY'S stories about General GARFIELD, without a solitary attempt at evidence, makes havoc of those in whose interest the warfare is waged. It is not easy to see whether the chief object of the performance is to defame General GARFIELD or to extol Mr. CONKLING. But, whatever the purpose, it succeeds in presenting Mr. CONKLING in the most unhappy light. The substance of the story is that Mr. CONKLING was hired to support the candidates of his own party by the promise of certain places for his friends and a general control of patronage in New York. It would not be possible to represent a man who professes peculiar loyalty to his party in a more pitiable and contemptible position.

But, that all consistency may be wanting, the assertion is also made, equally without evidence, and we presume equally without affecting the belief of a single human being, that there was no Treaty of Mentor, and that Mr. CONKLING loftily disclaimed all knowledge of the wicked ways of the campaign. There was never any proof whatever offered of what was called the Treaty of Mentor; in other words, a corrupt bargain between General GARFIELD, Mr. CONKLING, and General GRANT. Anonymous assertions at this time neither prove nor disprove it.

But that the head of the late Republican machine in New York knew nothing of naughty political tricks is a tale hardly worth telling. He may have professed to hold his nose in the lobby while the tricks were played, because that seems to have been a favorite attitude of that statesman. But that he supposed his lieutenants to be what he and they would call Sunday-school misses may be believed upon the remoter star routes, but it is a tale which would produce a smile among "the boys" themselves.

PERSONAL.

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S new pair of alleged fast horses from Kentucky were not bought for speed at all. They are nice-looking Kentucky browns, sixteen hands high, and able to cover a mile in three minutes and a quarter. The Governor expects to use them before his carriage. He keeps twelve horses in his stables.

—The construction of the projected suspension-bridge across the Harlem River a few hundred yards above High Bridge is still delayed on account of legal difficulties. The Westchester County terminus will adjoin the grounds of the late WILLIAM B. OGDEN, whose beautiful and extensive country-seat is in finer condition even than during his lifetime. Mr. OGDEN used to consider his name a corruption of "oak-den," that is to say, the hole in the oak where CHARLES II. hid himself. It was a favorite boast of his that if by any chance he should lose his money, he had plenty of friends whose loans would soon set him on his feet again.

—The stone used in building the nearly finished Catholic church at the northwest corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue was originally a part of the lower extremity of the Croton Aqueduct. It was sold by the city at public auction, when that portion of the aqueduct became useless on account of the erection of the Central Park reservoirs. It went less than dirt cheap, because the Irish contractors who were expected to compete for it declined to make any bids when they had learned that a Catholic priest wanted it to make a new church out of. Probably not a public building of any size in New York city has cost less than this large church.

—OSCAR WILDE, in short hair and a yellowish business suit, lounging about the stage of the Union Square Theatre, is believed to have parted forever with his remunerative picturesqueness. A quondam admirer laments that the money-making æsthete should have pricked his own bubble.

—The Rev. WILLARD PARSONS, of the *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund, has been prevented by ill health from being as active as formerly in the interests of that admirable charity, of which he may be called the father. It was when pastor of a church in Pennsylvania, about eight years ago, that he conceived and first put into execution the idea of giving the children of the teeming tenement-houses two weeks of fresh air in the country. The *Tribune* this year has already collected more than fifteen thousand dollars for the purpose.

—One of the oldest and most successful American caricaturists is Mr. FRANK BELLEW, whose contributions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have entertained millions of readers. Mr. BELLEW is about fifty-five years of age, tall and slight, and, like most humorists, grave of countenance. His pencil and pen are still as busy as his sense of the ludicrous is acute.

—The financial reverses of Mr. E. C. STEDMAN, poet, critic, and broker, have awakened the deep sympathy of his wide circle of friends. One of the latter, while unearthing a lot of private papers the other day, found a printed copy of the *menu* of the dinner given by Mr. STEDMAN at the University Club to his London publisher, Mr. CHENEVIX TRENCH. On the back of the *menu* were the autographs of the guests of the occasion. May the genial host live to give many more such dinners, and to cultivate literature afresh!

—The Rev. WILLIAM M. BAKER, who died in Boston on the 20th of August, was the successful author of several novels, of which *The New Timothy*, *His Majesty Myself*, and *Blessed Saint Certainty* were the most noteworthy. He had been a pastor in Boston since 1874, and was a graduate of Princeton College, in whose environs some scenes in his books were laid.

—The late Mr. WILLIAM WIRT SIKES was one of the number of clever journalists who have represented this country abroad. While in the midst of his duties as United States Consul at Cardiff, Wales, he took time to write the history of Welsh folk-lore, and to entertain and instruct his fellow-citizens through the magazines and newspapers. Such men are better stuff for consuls than pot-house politicians are. Mr. SIKES was the husband of OLIVE LOGAN.

—That veteran American landscapist, Mr. ASHER B. DURAND, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday on the 21st of August at his home in South Orange, New Jersey, in the midst of most beautiful rural surroundings. He is in the best of health, and takes his daily walk in the woodlands.

—Lord and Lady ROSEBERY having announced their intention of starting on a trip around the world, an English journalist remarks that it is not so very long ago that any one who had been further afield than the more accessible parts of Europe felt justified in posing as a professional traveller, and was an object of curious and most respectful interest in London drawing-rooms. "But we have changed, and so have those round whom we used to gather. Railways, ocean steamers, ample leisure, increased curiosity, good hotels, new facilities for sight-seeing, enhanced safety, fashion, and a desire to follow it, have so multiplied the number of travellers that the difficulty is nowadays to find any one who has passed his life within the bounds of his own country."

—About two weeks before his death Judge BLACK wrote to Colonel A. K. MCCLURE, of Philadelphia, respecting Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS'S new *Life of James Buchanan*: "I thought of saying something of CURTIS'S good faith and veracity, in which I have the most implicit confidence. I have not read his book, but I am sure it contains nothing about me or anybody else that he does not believe to be true. He confided to me his general plan of treating the subject, and showed me some chapters in MS. I dare say he has not spoken well or ill of me, but he has left me without cause of complaint on either score."

—The Duke and Duchess of Teck, who recently sold by auction their furniture, plate, etc., to the great scandal of some of their relatives, are said to be already indebted to the benefactions of those persons in the sum of $150,000.

—The bust of FIELDING which Minister JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is soon to unveil in a town-hall in England will cost only six hundred dollars, only half of which amount has yet been collected—a fact that may be offered to those who disparage American sluggishness in the matter of the pedestal for the BARTHOLDI statue.

—The biographer of General SKOBELEFF, the distinguished Russian chieftain who died last year, says that he used to eat with his soldiers with the common spoon out of the camp kettles, and that no one was more careful to see that the camp kettles were in their right places. It was not only the superb military genius which his soldiers admired, but his sympathy, his affection, his homely brotherliness. He went to visit a transport of soldiers who were badly wounded. One of the moribunds recognized him. "Oh!" said he, "there is our own one, our SKOBELEFF." The others heard the name. "Hurrah! hurrah!" they tried to cry out; but so weak and wavering were their voices it reminded one of death more than of life.

—Sixteen young ladies, aided by two young lads, played baseball at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, a few days ago. They wore jaunty little white cloth hats, shoes of the regulation style, untanned belts, and white dresses with trimmings either blue or red. The occupant of first base (according to the Philadelphia *Times*) did honor to her position. When the ball was carefully tossed to her, so that she could put her hands down and scoop it in, she took hold of it gracefully, and sent it back to the pitcher; but if it came at any speed she quietly stepped aside, and smilingly let it pass. So, indeed, it was with most of the fielders. The most promising "flies" slipped through their lovely little hands like water through a sieve, but still they smiled and contentedly ran after the playful ball, as though it were just as well to deliver it at one time as at another. There was no unladylike hurrying. Miss MILLER, as a pitcher, was gentleness itself.

—One of the latest and most striking examples of the pernicious quality of "society journalism" is the following from the London *World*, of August 8, addressed to Mr. EDWARD A. FREEMAN, the historian: "There is no matter so petty that you can endure to be crossed on it with equanimity. If any one—man, woman, or child—stands in your sunlight, you express your resentment with a vehemence that would have caused HERACLITUS himself to smile. The explanation probably is that dyspepsia, moral if not physical, has become to you a second nature. If your housekeeper or your hostess inadvertently presents you with any article of diet that you do not altogether approve, you wax as vituperative, of them and of it, as you chronically are of Mr. FROUDE himself. Those who have had the privilege of breakfasting or dining under the same roof have seen you explode with fury, and then relapse into a settled and—thank Heaven!—silent melancholy, because your tea has not been to your taste, or some one has anticipated you in receiving your favorite slice of bread or cut off the joint. Crabbed, harsh, and sour as the cider of your own county, you have all the susceptibilities, whims, and fancies of a hysterical girl."

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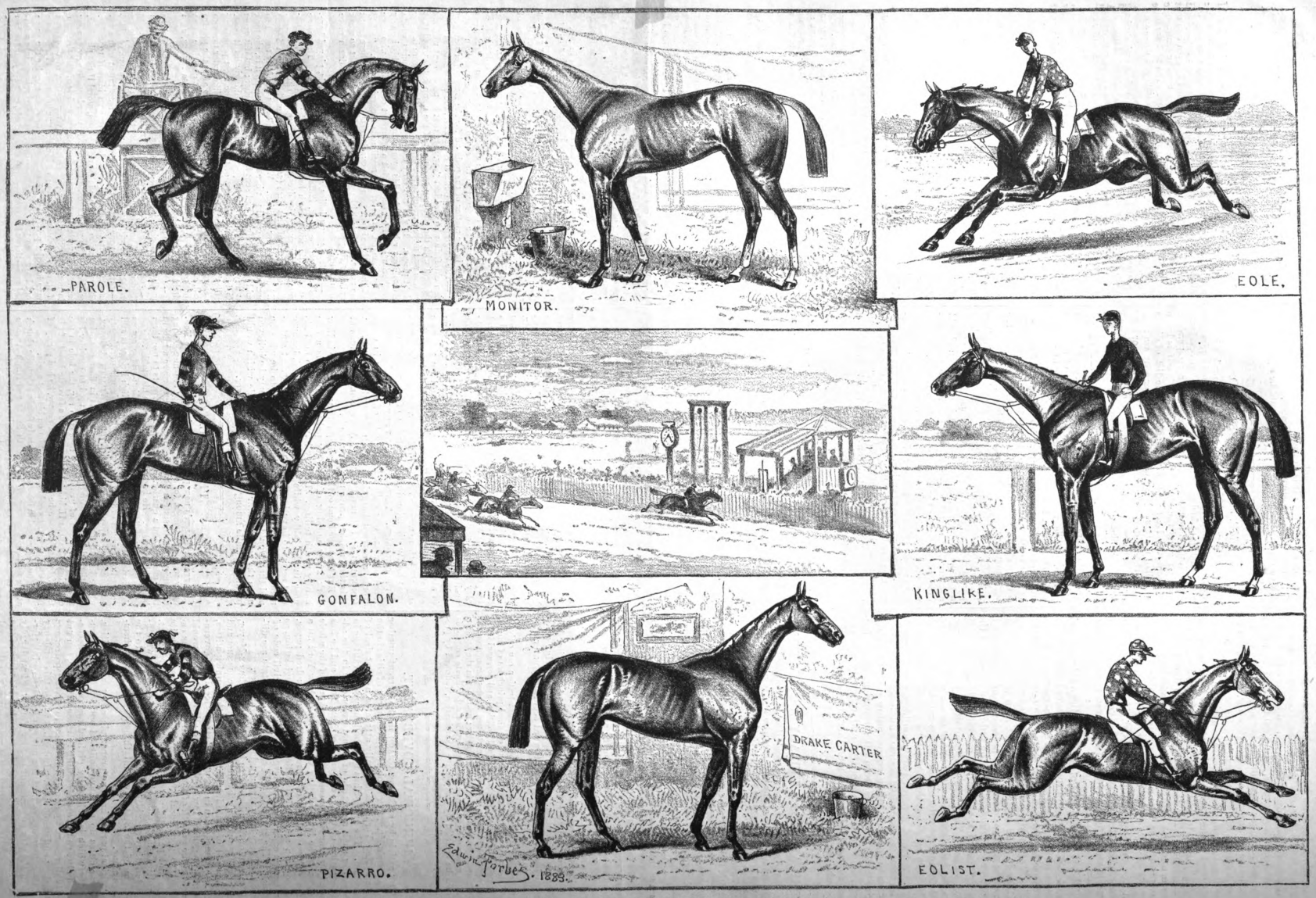

MONMOUTH PARK RACES—THE OMNIBUS STAKE AND THE ALL-AGE CHAMPIONS, AUGUST 18.—Drawn by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 551.]

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. F. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

AT NAPLES.

Lady Constance was as good as her word. The slipshod waiter who brought us our coffee the next morning told us that the Signora Principessa (that being apparently the lowest rank that his imagination could assign to her) had started shortly after daybreak, and must now be well on her way to Genoa. "For so grand a lady, she was not too generous in her presents," he said. "We poor servants prefer gentlemen like your Excellencies, who travel without a courier, and give us what you please with your own hands. Couriers are all thieves, and that Antonio is a Neapolitan, which is worse. He would not pay the bill—no, not the half of it; and the *padrone* appealed to the Signora Principessa herself when she came down-stairs. But she got into her carriage, paying no more attention to him than if he had been a little dog barking at her, and away she went like the wind! It seems she is in a great hurry to reach Turin, where she is to have an audience of his Majesty—so that Antonio says."

In our case there was no need for so much haste. We did not want to tear through the country like Queen's messengers, and could not have done so if we had wished it; for our heavy old equipage was not built for speed, and our horses only broke into a lumbering gallop when passing through a village, and after having been urged thereto by a great deal of whip-cord and bad language. Between-times they and their driver dropped into a state of coma; and so we jogged on, swaying, creaking, and jingling through the sunshine and the dust, and did not reach Genoa until the evening of the second day after leaving Alassio.

Before we arrived in the City of Palaces I had proposed to George a slight modification of our original plan. I said *vetturino* travelling became rather monotonous work after a day or two, and he signified that he agreed with me. I went on to observe that the sea afforded a speedier, healthier, and really in many ways pleasanter means of reaching one's destination than the high-road; to which he replied that, for his part, he should be just as well pleased to put off Florence until the spring, and to take the steamer from Genoa to Civita Vecchia.

"Yes—or Naples," I suggested. "Don't you think it would be better to see Naples first?"

He responded with a "No!" so abrupt and gruff that I was obliged to ask him what he meant.

"It's such bosh!" he said, quite angrily. "What's the good of it?"

"What's the good of seeing Naples? Well, I must say, George, I never expected to hear you ask such a question as that."

"That's not what I mean. I mean, what's the good of following that woman about? You know very well that you only want to go to Naples because she said she would be there."

"I don't deny it for a moment," I answered. "That woman, as you rather coarsely call her, interests me. I should like to see more of her; and I'm afraid that, if we don't refresh her memory pretty soon, she will forget all about us."

"And a very good thing, too!" cried George. "I should have thought that a man like you, dying of love, as you always say you are, wouldn't have cared so much about running after strange faces."

"I hope you don't mean to accuse me of falling in love with Lady Constance," I laughed.

"I didn't say so; though I'm not so sure that she mightn't turn your head, if she chose, for all that. She isn't very young, it is true, nor very good-looking either, to my mind, but she has a way with her which a great many people would think fascinating. You are the best judge of your own feelings, of course," continued George, pensively; "but it seems to me that if I were in your condition I shouldn't be interested in persons of that kind. In fact, I should rather avoid society."

"But you are not in my condition," I observed; "and, what's more, I don't believe you ever will be. If by any miracle you ever should forget what is due to yourself so far as to fall in love with somebody whom you are not allowed either to see or to correspond with, you will understand that a little society is exactly what one needs to keep one up to the mark. One reason why I want to meet Lady Constance Milner again is that I think she would be the sort of person who might introduce one to the best class of natives, and get one invitations to balls, and so on."

"We came abroad to read, not to go to balls," said George, still very glum.

"Then we might as well have staid at home," I retorted. "To the best of my belief, I was sent to the Continent to get some idea of what other nations and kindreds and languages were like; and one can't do that unless one makes acquaintances."

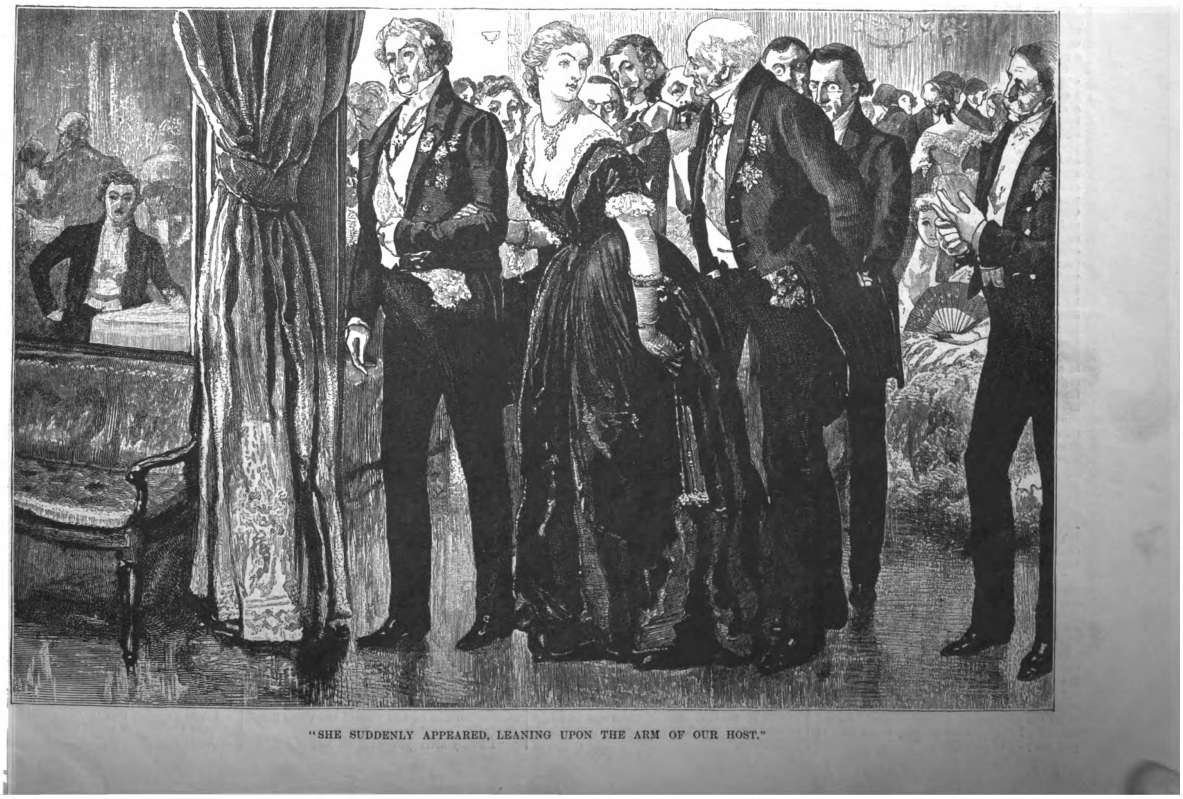
As I have said before, my companion had no power to prevent me from following my own devices; but what strengthened my hands and completely took the wind out of his sails was a most opportune letter from my uncle, which I found awaiting me at Genoa, and in which I was strongly urged to cast aside the mixture of exclusiveness and shyness that deprives most Englishmen of half the pleasure and profit of foreign travel.

"I hope," wrote he, "that you don't look upon Italy as a mere succession of beautiful pictures to be enjoyed during play-hours, and that you mean to study people as well as books and scenery. Italy, like other countries, is full of human beings; and at the present time there must be some rather curious human beings among them, by all accounts. I should like you to see a few of these, if possible, and at all events to lose no opportunity of talking to Italian men and women of all ranks. Tom tells me that he has written about you to some of his friends in Rome, and also to our Minister at Naples, whom he knows a little; so you must not fail to call at the Legation when you find yourself in King Ferdinand's dominions."

I read this extract aloud triumphantly. "You see, he particularly mentions Naples," I remarked; and George, in his customary practical spirit, only replied that he supposed we might as well go out and make inquiries about steamers now.

My uncle's letter was in all respects an agreeable one. It was full of odds and ends of home news, such as I suppose he knew that I should enjoy reading, and one item in particular gave me great satisfaction. "Your terrier Scamp has shifted his quarters to the Rectory. After your departure he attached himself to Miss Dennison, whom he now absolutely declines to leave; and, as I understand from her that you intended at one time to make her a present of the dog, I presume that you will not object to this apparent transfer of his affections."

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN CHURCH, ENGINEER OF THE NEW AQUEDUCT.
Photographed by L. Colburn.—[See Page 555.]



"SHE SUDDENLY APPEARED, LEANING UPON THE ARM OF OUR HOST."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

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It seemed to me that a good deal was implied in the above sentences. The obstacles in the path of my happiness—which, to be sure, had never been of a very formidable kind—already, I thought, began to show symptoms of tottering. I went on my way through the glowing sunlight and deep shade of the Genoese streets with a light and hopeful heart. I suppose it is because I was so happy there that I have always kept a grateful memory of the stately old city, of the busy port, of the narrow by-ways, of the chaffering silversmiths from whom we bought filigree bracelets and brooches (does anybody wear such things nowadays, I wonder?), and of the palaces and collections of pictures, every one of which George insisted upon visiting, with the conscientiousness of a true Briton. George was not yet educated up to the old masters, and honestly confessed that modern art had greater charms for him. He was, however, doing his best, by study of authorities, to rise to a higher critical level, and he was to be seen daily wending his way through one or other of the galleries with slow, creaking steps, with an expression of countenance at once painstaking and puzzled, and evidently trying very hard to realize in what the correggiosity of Correggio consisted.

When we had exhausted Genoa, we took ship and sailed southward, arriving at Naples, after many stoppages at intermediate ports, in the beginning of December. My first care was to leave my card at the Legation; and the next day I received an invitation to a ball, at which, as I heard from the head waiter at our hotel, all the great world of Naples was to be present. To this festivity I betook myself alone, George, who had not chosen to call with me, and who consequently had received no invitation, composing himself for a quiet evening with his pipe and his books, and remarking, sardonically, as I started, that he would not change places with me for five pounds.

The Minister received me in a very friendly manner, asked after the General, begged that I would not hesitate to make use of him in any way during my stay in Naples, and then handed me over to a young attaché, who conducted me into the ball-room and offered to introduce me to partners. He himself did not dance; for in those days fashionable young men were supposed to be in a state of chronic exhaustion, and to be scarcely equal even to the effort of articulate speech; but he was so kind as to say that, if I liked rushing about the room like a maniac, he should be delighted to find me any number of yoke-fellows. I confessed to being fond of dancing, and after glancing at me and murmuring that he supposed I shouldn't care about married women, he presented me to various Neapolitan belles, in whose company I spent the evening pleasantly enough, although, owing to my very recent acquaintance with their language, our conversation was for the most part limited to monosyllables.

I searched the throng in vain for the tall, commanding figure of Lady Constance Milner, and, as time went on, I was forced to the conclusion that she had either deferred her visit to Naples, or did not share my tastes in the matter of balls; and this was rather a disappointment to me, for I had quite counted upon meeting her. However, long after I had ceased to speculate upon the causes of her absence, and was in the supper-room, taking a little refreshment preparatory to moving homeward, she suddenly appeared, leaning upon the arm of our host, and surrounded by quite a galaxy of starred and ribboned personages.

She was dressed, I remember, in black satin, with ornaments of rubies and diamonds; and as I watched her deliberately eating her ice, while a swarm of men, young and old, clustered like bees around her, I realized that, as George had said, she had "a way with her which many people might think fascinating." Indeed, it was abundantly evident that many people did think so. I drew a little nearer to the group, and caught fragments of their conversation, which was carried on in French—a language which Lady Constance appeared to speak with perfect ease and fluency. They were talking of the proclamation of the Empire in Paris, the news of which event had just reached Naples, and I observed that every word the lady said was listened to with eager attention, and that more than one leading question was put to her; as though her interlocutors believed her to be more behind the scenes than they were. They did not, however, as far as I could judge, get a great deal of information out of her. She treated them very much as she had treated a humbler individual at Alassio—not exactly with contempt, but with a good-humored unconcern which was not very far removed from it, and she made no attempt to suppress or conceal several hearty yawns.

"No," she said, in answer to one of her questioners, "he is not going to imitate his uncle—at all events not just yet. He will grant an amnesty for political offenses, and reduce the standing army; and, now that the Republic is dead and buried, you will all feel much easier. Europe has got a reprieve, and you can congratulate yourselves upon it, if you like. As for me, I am a revolutionist."

The British Minister made a grimace, and one of the ribboned gentlemen smiled, and said, "Beware, madame; the walls have ears."

"I thought we were all *carbonari* here," returned Lady Constance, carelessly. "His Majesty was wearing the colors when I was last in Naples. They are pretty colors, and, after all, *cela n'engage à rien*. Whatever colors we may choose to deck ourselves out in, we shall not make the world turn round the other way, and sooner or later democracy will swallow us all up. It stands to reason that it must."

"Ah, dear madame," sighed a fat old man, with many decorations on his coat, "if you are to be the Goddess of Reason of the Universal Republic, I shall ask for nothing better than to play the part of Robespierre."

"I doubt whether either you or I will be in a situation to play any part at all when the Universal Republic is established," Lady Constance remarked. "Let us console ourselves with the thought that we are not likely to be hanged or guillotined. Transition periods are tedious; but they have their advantages."

While she was speaking, her eyes, roving hither and thither, had rested for a moment upon me, and she had testified to her recognition of me by a slight nod and a smile. But nothing further than this was vouchsafed to me in the shape of notice; and presently she moved out of the room, followed by her group of satellites, while I remained behind, with an uncomfortable impression of having been slighted. She might at least have shaken hands, I thought.

But, as it happened, I did get speech of Lady Constance before going away; for while I was standing in an anteroom adjoining the ball-room, which was crowded with people saying good-night to our host and hostess, and while I was waiting my opportunity of doing likewise, she suddenly walked up to me, and in an easy, conversational tone, as though we had only parted an hour or two before, asked, "Well, what have you done with the bear-leader?"

"Do you mean Warren?" I inquired.

"Yes. He is your bear-leader, is he not? Have you sent him to bed, and broken loose for the night?"

"Warren is not exactly my bear-leader," I felt it proper to explain. "We are old friends, and he is with me just now more as a sort of traveling companion than anything else."

"I see. A guide, philosopher, and friend, appointed by the home authorities, with general instructions to keep you out of mischief. I am sure he will do his best, and almost equally sure that he will fail. Especially in a place like Naples, where there are no wholesome amusements for young men. What made you come here?"

I don't know what possessed me; but I felt a sudden impulse to tell the plain truth, and I obeyed it. "We should have come here anyhow," I said, "to see Vesuvius and Pompeii and the Museo Borbonico; but I came a good deal sooner than I had intended, because I thought that perhaps by doing so I might see you again."

At this she seemed to be greatly diverted. "Really," she said, "I begin to think that your countenance belies you, and that you are rather an original young man. By-the-bye, we may as well sit down as stand." And, stepping into the ball-room, which was now rapidly becoming deserted, she seated herself on a sofa in one of the embrasures of the windows, and motioned to me to take the vacant place by her side. "I must tell you," she began, in that high cool voice of hers, which always sounded a little above one's head, "that there are two things on earth for which I have a passion—truthfulness and originality. What you said just now sounded truthful, and it was certainly original—all things considered. That is why I led you in here, to the great astonishment of my friends, who are now craning their necks through the doorway and trying to make out what in the world I mean by such behavior. Probably, though, you will turn out a disappointment, as so many others have done. I roam about, like another Diogenes, searching highways and by-ways for truthful and original people; but I very, very seldom find any. Truthfulness and originality combined are a great deal more rare than you might suppose. I don't possess either quality myself, and perhaps that is my reason for setting such store by them."

I had no means of judging of Lady Constance's veracity, but I thought her decidedly original, and I ventured to tell her so.

"Oh no," she answered, shaking her head. "To strangers, I know, I have a certain appearance of originality, but it's purely superficial. I have lived all my life in a commonplace groove, and I have never managed to get out of it, though I have made frantic and even ridiculous efforts at times to strike out a line of my own."

"What sort of a line?" I made bold to inquire.

"I can't go into particulars; it would take too long. But, speaking generally, my object has always been to say and do exactly what I thought right, without regard for convention, pedantry, or prejudice."

"It seems to me," I remarked, "that one couldn't adopt a better standard."

"Unfortunately, I seldom act up to it when it comes to the push. Who does? This poor old world is smothered under mountains of stupidity and custom, like the Titans under Vesuvius and Ætna, and I don't know who is to drag it out and set it on its legs again. Every now and then there is a heave and an explosion, and some lives are lost, and orderly people are scared; but nothing comes of it, and presently things begin to lumber along in the old way once more. It is inevitable, perhaps, but it is deadly dull. Individuals are like the world and the volcanoes: they can't always be in a state of eruption."

"I suppose not," I agreed, thinking to myself that it would be rather uncomfortable if they could. "I must say," I added, by way of keeping up my character for truthfulness, "that, as far as I have got, I haven't found the world so very dull."

"You will, though, some day," she returned, with one of her undisguised yawns.

"Well," I said, "of course I know very little about you, Lady Constance; but, from what little I have seen, I should have thought you led anything but a dull life."

"I wander about and I see a great many new faces," she answered, "which is amusing in a way. The alternative would be to shut one's self up and read books; but I haven't enough patience for that. I prefer to study people, stupid as they often are. Here at Naples I am besieged by crowds of visitors, some of whom are certainly curious types, though the majority are as dull as ditch-water."

She rose as she spoke these last words, and I seized the opportunity to remind her of the permission which she had given me at Alassio. "You were so kind as to say that I might call upon you."

"Did I say that?" she asked, carelessly. "Well, come, by all means, if you choose; I am staying at the Hôtel Crocelle. But I think, do you know," she added, after a short pause, "that you had better not come."

"Why not?" I asked.

She laughed. "If I tell you, you will think it such a capital joke that you will never be able to keep it to yourself."

"I give you my honor that I won't repeat it to a soul," I declared.

"Well," she said, "after all, I don't much care if you do. It is only because I have observed that nearly all very young men, as well as old ones, end by losing their hearts to me. The mature and middle-aged generally come off scathless; but it appears that my charms have some property which is peculiarly fatal to the extremes of age and youth."

I confess that this candid statement startled me a little. Was it customary in fashionable society, I wondered, for ladies to allude to their conquests in that matter-of-course way? At any rate it would not do to look taken aback; so I said I could well believe that: my only wonder was that there should be any men, or class of men, able to resist Lady Constance. "Indeed," I added, "there must be something quite extraordinarily attractive about you which is evident at first sight; for George Warren, who is not at all an observant person in general, found out at once that you were what he called 'dangerous,' and told me so. He was most unwilling to let me come to Naples on that account."

"Ah," she said, "did I not tell you that that excellent young gentleman would never be able to keep you out of mischief?"

"But I shall get into no mischief by calling upon you," I said; "because it so happens that I have the best of all safeguards against falling in love with anybody."

"Dear me! Are your young affections already engaged, then?"

I nodded. "I'll tell you all about it some day," I said, encouragingly.

She burst into a hearty peal of laughter. "Oh," she exclaimed, "there is no doubt about it!—you are a genuinely original young man. Pray come and see me very soon, and let me have a full description of your Dulcinea."

"I certainly shall not say a word upon the subject if you turn it into ridicule," I replied, much offended. "I only mentioned it now to show you that your warning was unnecessary in my case."

"After that rebuke," remarked Lady Constance, "I had better go away and hide my confusion. I laughed at you, and you snubbed me; so now we are quits. Come and see me when you have nothing better to do, and I won't laugh again. In the mean time, will you be so kind as to go and find Antonio for me, and tell him that I am coming down?"

I obeyed; and presently Lady Constance followed me to the entrance-hall, escorted by my friend the attaché, who helped her into her carriage, and returned, looking very pale and sleepy.

"Hope you've enjoyed yourself," he said, wearily.

"Very much indeed, thanks," I answered, as I struggled into my great-coat. "By-the-bye, can you tell me who Lady Constance Milner is?"

He sighed. "Oh, don't you know?" he asked, in a mildly reproachful tone.

He evidently meant me to understand that it was really too bad to bother people with questions at that hour of the morning; but I wasn't going to let him off, for I was thirsting for information, and I thought I might very likely have no other opportunity of acquiring it. So I said: "No, I don't know anything about her. I met her for the first time a couple of months ago on the Riviera, when she was on her way to see the King of Sardinia, I believe."

"She's always on her way to see some king or other," he remarked. "That's her *spécialité*—feminine diplomacy, your Madame De Lieven—that sort of thing." He sighed again, and then embarked upon a condensed explanation, dropping his words out one by one, as if speaking was very hard work. "She's a sister of Rossan's—man who's at — at — oh! What's-the-name-of-the-place, you know. Married Milner, who died of fever at Rio some years ago. Knocks about Europe now, hatching plots and getting into trouble with the police every now and then. Amuses her, you know, and don't hurt anybody else. You needn't tell her I said so, though. Must you really be going? Good-night, then, and—"

"I suppose she has plenty of money?" I observed.

"Who?—Lady Con? Lord bless your soul, no! Poor old Milner had nothing, and she had rather less, I should think. You won't take anything before you start?—brandy and soda, or something? Well, good-night, if you *will* go. Mind you let me know if I can do anything for you while you're here."

And, having persuasively led me out into the street, my friend turned and disappeared into the house with an agility of which I should hardly have supposed him capable.

This rather disparaging account of the lady who had excited my curiosity so greatly did not alter my opinion that she was a remarkable and distinguished person, nor lessen my desire to follow up the evidently favorable impression that I had made upon her. But I was a good deal surprised, on coming down to breakfast the next morning, when George announced in a tone of satisfaction that he had "heard the whole history of that Lady Constance Milner."

"Directly after you went off last night," he said, "there came a knock at the door, and who should walk in but Mowbray! You remember Mowbray of Balliol? He is here in his father's yacht, and he happened to see our names in the strangers' book; so he came up on the chance of finding one of [illegible] at home, as he sails this morning. We began talking about one thing and another, and quite accidentally I happened to mention our friend's name; and very glad I was that I had done so, for it appears that Mowbray knows her well. He said she was a queer lot—those were his very words: *a queer lot*. And I am bound to say that it entirely confirms my own impression of her," added George, triumphantly.

"Well," I replied, "I dare say she is a queer lot; I never said she wasn't, did I? It remains to be seen what you and Mowbray understand by the expression."

George proceeded to formulate his accusation deliberately. "She is very eccentric—well, that one could see for one's self. She is mixed up, Mowbray tells me, with all sorts of disreputable people and secret societies. She lives in a most extravagant style, although nobody can imagine where her income comes from, as her father was only an Irish peer with an encumbered estate, and her husband had no fortune. She seems to have married this Mr. Milner, not from affection, but on account of his talents, for she is a woman of boundless ambition" (here George spread out his arms and opened his eyes very wide to illustrate the unlimited nature of Lady Constance's aspirations)—"boundless ambition, and it was generally thought that he had a great future before him. However, he had the bad luck to be appointed as Chargé d'Affaires to some place in South America, where he took fever and died. Since then the widow has been searching diligently for a successor to him; but she has not taken one yet, because nobody of sufficient importance has seen fit to come forward."

"Now how can Mowbray possibly know that?" I protested.

"Oh, he says that if any rich man had proposed to her, she would undoubtedly have accepted him. But that is her affair, not ours. What, I think, does a little concern us—or at least you, for I don't count in matters of that kind—is that, without a hint or suggestion from me, Mowbray strongly advised our having nothing to do with her. He says she is a restless, disappointed sort of woman, whose one passion is love of power. Not being able to obtain the political power which is what she covets more than anything, she falls back upon that kind of power which I suppose that all women of certain personal advantages may possess, if they choose, and devotes a great deal of her time to getting silly people to fall in love with her. Mowbray assured me that he could name at least a dozen young fellows who had become half crazy about her, and whom she had cast aside like old gloves as soon as she grew tired of them. Now what," asked George, rapping the breakfast table emphatically with the blade of his knife—"what is one to conclude from all that?"

"I know what *I* should conclude," I said, "and I should not mind laying a trifle of odds on the conclusion being a true one. I should conclude that Mowbray himself was one of that blighted dozen. And now I may as well tell you that I met this deadly enchantress at the ball last night, and had quite a long chat with her."

"Ah," remarked George, "I was prepared to hear that. And you are going to tea with her this afternoon, I presume."

"No, not this afternoon. But I hope I may some other day."

"Oh, very well. You can't say you haven't been warned, anyhow."

"No, I can't indeed," I answered, thinking of the other warning which I had received, but which I did not feel myself at liberty to mention; "but I did not feel myself much like to know why these solemn admonitions are addressed to me in particular. Am I so desperately inflammable that my friends must hang on to my coat tails, and haul me back out of danger, whenever a moderately pretty woman heaves in sight? Considering everything, it does seem to me that you are at least as likely to fall a victim as I am."

"That's nonsense, and you know it," returned George. "If Lady Constance were the only woman in the world, I shouldn't look twice at her."

"Exactly: you're asbestos, whereas I'm mere tinder. All the same, I think you might have recollected that my heart isn't my own to dispose of."

"I do recollect it," answered George; "that's the very reason why I want to keep you out of this woman's clutches."

"Upon my word, George," I exclaimed, getting rather warm, "you are as thick-headed an old mule as ever I had to deal with! Can't you understand that women are not always thinking about making conquests? At any rate, Lady Constance won't try to make a conquest of me, for I told her about Maud myself last night."

"Good Lord!" cried George, looking annoyed and rather disgusted. "You don't mean to say that you actually mentioned Miss Dennison's name to *her*?"

"I mentioned nobody's name; though I dare say I should have done so if she had asked me. Why on earth should I not? Is it a disgrace to love Miss Dennison?—or is she disgraced by my loving her? The fact is that you can't understand any nature that differs from your own. If you were in love, you would probably shut yourself up and suffer in silence; but I am not like that; I prefer to have a little sympathy and encouragement when a fellow-creature is kind enough to offer them to me. And I hope you don't imagine that I am likely to yield to Lady Constance's fascinations at the very time when I am talking to her about the only woman in the world whom I have ever cared for, or shall care for."

I fully expected that George would have been crushed by this, and would have made a proper apology for his unworthy suspicions; but not at all.

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He only shook his head, and muttered that such things had happened before now. His obstinacy ended by making me really angry. I observed, with cold dignity, that I was sorry he should have so poor an opinion of me. I was not aware of having done anything to justify the notion that I was either a scoundrel or an idiot; but, of course, if that was the view that he took of my character, there was no more to be said, and we had better change the subject. Thereupon he did beg my pardon, assured me that nothing had been further from his intention than to make accusations of any kind against me, and admitted that he had been hasty and unjust.

"And when you know Lady Constance a little better," I added, "you will admit that you have done her an injustice too."

"Perhaps so," answered George; "but I don't feel disposed to admit that yet; and, to tell you the truth, I have no wish to know her better."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SITUATION IN UTAH.

It is more than a quarter of a century since the Republican party placed in its platform for the first national canvass in which it was seriously engaged a spirited denunciation of polygamy, as, with slavery, one of the twin relics of barbarism, which it was the duty of the republic to restrain or to abolish. For more than twenty years the Republican party has been in possession of the government, and slavery, by far the more formidable and extensive of the two evils, has been abolished, and has become, even as to its most serious effects, as much a thing of the past as the law of entail or the colonial aristocracy. Yet Mormonism, with its peculiar institution, is in numbers, and apparently in unity and energy, more powerful than it was when the ardent leaders of the young liberal party launched at it their bitter and sounding condemnation. Brigham Young, the great leader, has departed, and many of the apostles and disciples of his strange religion have followed him. But "the Church" has grown apace; its members have increased and multiplied and peopled the fertile valley and the hills their leader selected for their home; thousands of converts, men and women, from the hardiest races of Europe, have been brought across the seas; universal suffrage, in which even the women—the ones obviously the most degraded by polygamy—have shared, has only increased the influence, the discipline, and apparently the stability of the Mormon organization. Nor has the Republican party failed to try to carry out its pledges of hostility to the disgusting evil against which it declared war at the outset of its brilliant career. In 1862, in the midst of the most trying difficulties of the war for the Union, Congress paused to enact a law which made polygamy an offense against the statutes of the United States, punishable by fine and imprisonment. Later laws were passed to secure juries unprejudiced in favor of the crime, by whom those accused of it should be tried. And finally, in the spring of 1882, a law was enacted intended to take political power from the hands of polygamists, disfranchising them, forbidding them to hold office or to act as judges of election, and providing for a Commission to conduct elections in the Territory of Utah in accordance with these requirements.

This is usually called the "Edmunds law," after the eminent jurist and legislator who was its chief champion in the Senate, and who is reputed to have been its author. Whatever experience, acuteness, trained judgment, and perfect sincerity of purpose could do to insure an efficient law may be assumed to have been contributed to this one. Under it two elections have been held in Utah, one in the fall of last year for a Delegate in Congress, and one in August of this year for a Territorial Legislature. The second was by far the more important, because the Utah Commission continues in office, by the terms of the Edmunds law, only until the "Legislative Assembly of said Territory shall make provision for filling the offices"—namely, election offices, which the Commission was appointed in the first instance to fill. The result of the election is a practical failure of the law to accomplish its purpose. Those actually guilty of polygamy, it is believed, were excluded from the polls and from the Legislature, but of those who voted and of those who were chosen to the Legislature a large majority were in cordial sympathy with polygamy as a religious institution, were wholly under the influence of the leaders who preach and practice that institution, and can be relied on to upset any calculations as to the extirpation of polygamy by disfranchisement or by exclusion from office. The population of the Territory is about 144,000, of whom 70,000 are females. About 100,000 are natives, and the remainder are of foreign birth. In this population, at present, the Mormon Church reigns supreme. Careful observers believe that its rule is strengthened by the laws which have been passed to break it down. The policy of the government is looked upon to be one of persecution, and those at whom it is aimed are regarded as martyrs, and the wrongs as well as the blood of the martyrs have proved to be the seed quite as much of a false Church as of a true one.

Yet in spite of the apparent failure of this last and heaviest blow directed at the offensive feature of Mormonism, there is much evidence that polygamy is doomed, and that, though the immediate effect of recent action has been to strengthen it, it is slowly but surely giving way. The railway has opened up the secluded retreat of the Mormons to the enterprise, not to say to the greed, of the frontier population which presses toward it from both sides of the continent. The forces of free discussion, of trade, of the press, and of political activity are working. The Mormons are not in fact, and can not long believe themselves to be, a people physically "set apart." The number of them who actually practice polygamy is believed to be growing relatively smaller. Even when it was most common it was far more of a business arrangement than a religious one, and passion had even less to do with it than superstition. Now, as an economic institution, it is far less adapted to the mode of life which the Mormons are being gradually forced to lead, the active, varied, commercial, and industrial life which is indirectly shared even by the tillers of the soil, than it was to the purely agricultural and semi-patriarchal existence which prevailed before mines and railways and trade invaded the chosen land. Polygamy never has been practiced in any considerable community not either agricultural or pastoral, or else one in which the general labor was servile, and as the Mormons are forced by the competition of the restless "Gentiles" into the numerous activities of actual American life, they will be compelled to abandon the awkward and costly family arrangement necessary to polygamy. They may make a violent struggle, and polygamy may go down in blood, as slavery did, but it is as surely condemned by the resistless economic laws of modern society as was its "twin."

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SURFACE DRAINAGE.

An eminent artist of my acquaintance lives in what may be called an eminent house, for it is perched upon a hill that overlooks one of the finest river views in the country. I can not, however, describe its beauty, or the picture will be recognized, and I shall not be left at liberty to mention a less attractive and yet a more important feature of the place—its system of *gravity drainage*.

It is of a kind not infrequently employed in isolated country places, where, as in this case, there are ample grounds that slope away from the mansion. The drainage is conveyed away by trapped pipes to a distance of sixty or seventy yards from the house, where it is discharged into a thicket upon the hill-side, and is oxidized by exposure to the air. Thus far it has proved innoxious to the occupants of the house.

This plan is a not uncommon and a very simple one, but it is not the best one. Its defect is that it keeps up a continuous drainage; and the ground at the point of discharge being thus constantly saturated, the air has a constantly diminishing chance to follow and to oxidize the sewage that soaks into the soil. An intermittent flow is much preferable, for by this system the ground is allowed to become at least partly dry between the successive discharges of the sewage. How, then, shall an intermittent discharge be procured so as to give the air and the sunlight their fair opportunity? Philbrick describes as follows a plan which he has tried with great success in a house which he occupies during the summer months. (See figure accompanying.)

Disposal of House Drainage by Surface Irrigation.
[From *Philbrick's Sanitary Engineering.*]

"A tight cess-pool is made about one hundred feet from the house, of a capacity to hold one week's accumulation of sewage. When filled, the fact is indicated by an overflow discharging behind the stable, which pipe (not shown in the cut) also serves as an air vent.

"A trench was dug about one hundred and fifty feet long from the bottom of the cess-pool, its bottom graded so as to drain the cess-pool on to the surface of the ground at this distance. A four-inch stone-ware drain was laid and buried in the trench. Just below the point where the pipe passes through the wall of the cess-pool, a common four-inch brass-faced water stop-gate was set in the pipe with a four inch pipe set upright from its top to the surface of the ground, through which a key can be inserted to open and close the gate. By opening the gate the whole contents of the cess-pool are discharged at will on the surface at the lower end of this pipe in five to ten minutes. At this point of discharge lies a plot of land used as a kitchen-garden. While the sewage is flowing a man with a hoe guides it here and there between the rows of pease and corn, so as to secure a tolerably uniform irrigation. The soil is light and sandy, and absorbs the whole in half an hour. The garden shows the benefits of this application.

"Were this plan to be used during the whole year, it would require more land and a greater distance from the house to avoid offense. But where the character of the soil, the slope of the surface, and the direction of the prevailing winds all combine to favor this method, it has proved very satisfactory. The amount of attention required in this case is trifling, being only about ten minutes once a week. The apparatus is all durable, and not likely to get out of repair."

In cases like this the action of gravity is sufficient to distribute the sewage; but more frequently some sort of pumping apparatus is required.

Another system of intermittent distribution may be mentioned here, though it is not exactly surface drainage; it is that of Mr. Rogers Field, an English engineer. It is to distribute the sewage about a foot below the surface, in porous drain-pipes with loose joints. These pipes are filled at each discharge from the flush tank or cess-pool, and the sewage soaks away from the joints of the pipe while the cess-pool fills again. Philbrick adds: "In some places this plan has worked well, while in others the joints of the pipe or the pores of the soil, or both, have apparently become choked with the solid particles held in suspension by the sewage to such a degree that the absorbing power of the soil around the pipes has become impaired. The result is that the sewage bursts up to the surface, and becomes a nuisance near the lower end of the system of pipes. The fault can perhaps be remedied or avoided by a thorough under-draining of the soil, and by taking proper pains in laying the drains, and providing sufficient surface of land for absorbing a given amount of sewage. Different localities and different soils give very different results, and it becomes very largely a question of judgment in matters of detail to adjust the parts of this system so that it will work without annoyance."

It must be borne in mind that in any system of gravity drainage the trapping must be attended to with especial care, for the reason that sewage gases are somewhat lighter than the air, and always tend to find their way backward into the house.

The material now generally used for drain-pipes is glazed stone-ware. The drain-pipes must be laid with extreme care. The builder's watchfulness with respect to them can not cease even when they are delivered unbroken, and perfect in form and quality, upon the ground. He must watch his workmen to be sure that no piece is cracked, or badly jointed, or unevenly bedded, *as it goes into the ground.* Careless workmen are constantly undoing the most scientific engineering; and a fault in the drain-pipes, when once committed and concealed—deeply buried away from sight under-ground—may not be detected for months or years, and then only by resulting sickness in the family. In fine, as I said at the beginning, he who lives in the city is committed to the drainage system that already exists. Whoever builds an isolated country house takes the responsibility of good drainage upon his own shoulders.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

AT MONMOUTH PARK.

One of the most interesting races of the season took place at Monmouth Park, New Jersey, on Saturday, August 18. It was for the "Omnibus Stake," so called because any one having a horse engaged for that stake could start, provided he was not disqualified by being in the forfeit list, or having been ruled off for wrong-doing. To encourage sales of yearlings by breeders and others, $3000 out of the $10,000 added to the race was so divided as to give $2000 to the nominator of the winner and $1000 to the nominator of the second.

On page 548 we give the portraits of the five competitors in the third race of the day—Drake Carter, Eolist, Kinglike, Gonfalon, and Pizarro—with those of three other famous horses, and the finish of the race, which was won by Drake Carter. The scene that followed his return to the saddling paddock was one of the greatest enthusiasm. Not only did the stable boys cut up their accustomed capers, but many of the old-timers found themselves shouting at the success of the Kentucky colt, whom the jockey brought back looking decidedly tired and jaded, but not as much so as some of the others. Within an hour after the race the winner was purchased by Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD for $17,000.

ITALIAN EDUCATION AND AMERICAN.

It is only twenty-two years since Italy was one of the worst-educated of nations. Once the source of intelligence and progress, it had been suffered to fall into the extreme of barbarism. It was in March, 1861, that the first Italian Parliament assembled at Turin, and Rome and Venice were still excluded from the new nation. One by one, as when some venerable statue of antiquity is renewed piece by piece, limb by limb, Italy's dissevered members were gathered together. Piedmont, in 1848–9, formed the basis of the new structure. Lombardy, Naples, Tuscany, were added in 1861, Venice in 1866, and Rome in 1870. It is plain that in this busy and dangerous period of creation there had been little leisure to attend to the wants of education. One of the first aims of the new nation was to teach its people the value of unity and freedom. The Italian Parliament founded a system of public schools; monasteries were turned into school-houses; the funds of superstition devoted to new uses; the liberality of the government directed to the cultivation of the people.

The Italian Parliament began an inquiry into the condition of education. It was found that the great majority of the people knew little more than the brutes around them. More than seventy and perhaps eighty per cent. could neither read nor write. The first educational reports were startling. As compared with its sister nations, Italy, the land of Virgil and of Dante, has done least for the spread of knowledge. In Germany nearly every one was educated. In distant Scandinavia and fenny Holland, sung and contemned by the Italian bards, knowledge was almost universal. England, France, even Ireland, had their national schools and a promise of mental improvement. In united Italy there seemed none. For the great mass of the people it was a schoolless land, or if there had been any attempts at teaching, they had failed perfectly. Monks and priests had done nothing for the people. And when, twenty years ago, the Italian government introduced its system of public schools, it found that it had before it the unexampled task of educating nearly a whole nation. Of twenty-five millions of people two-thirds had probably never entered a school.

What the Italian government sought to do was to teach its people to read and write. It aimed to lay the foundation of elementary knowledge. Its aim is still unattained. But the sincerity of its labors and its great sacrifices to the claims of the intellect have not been without remarkable results. In some parts of Italy ignorance prevails almost undisturbed. At Girgenti, in Sicily, seventy-seven per cent. of the children between six and twelve were reported by the recent census unable to read and write; at Cosenza, in Calabria, seventy-three per cent. But in other parts of the country, where good schools have been established, the progress is remarkable. In ten years (1871–81), at Piacenza, the number of illiterates has been reduced one-half; in other provinces the results are equally great. The common schools of Italy are steadily raising the condition of the people. In the European states it is usual to estimate the progress of education by the number of conscripts who can read and write. Every year in Italy the number increases. In the conscription of 1866, sixty-eight soldiers out of every hundred were wholly ignorant; in 1880 the number had decreased to fifty-two. Italy is still behind the other European nations in elementary knowledge. In Germany there are scarcely any illiterate conscripts; in France, fourteen per cent.; and Austria, thirty-nine. But the active zeal of the Italian Parliament in educational affairs is everywhere evident; its public-school system at Rome and Naples is scarcely ten years old; its general system not twenty. Yet in twenty years the progress of public education has been steadily onward, and the new generations of Italians will soon be as generally instructed as those of any other land.

American educators are necessarily stimulated to new efforts by the example of European lands. In the generous race for knowledge it will not do for us to suffer ourselves to be outstripped in zeal. Yet even Italy is pressing fast upon us. In twenty years it has nearly overtaken us. Weighed down by heavy debts, covered with military and naval establishments, it has yet been able to reduce the proportion of its illiterates by about twenty-five per cent. In 1871 forty-two per cent. of men over six years old could not read and write; in 1881 only thirty-five per cent. A still greater decrease is shown among persons from six to twenty. I do not know that we have done as well. Our recent census shows a dark educational picture. Several millions of children in the United States have no teachers provided for them. And while Italy is everywhere planting its public schools in the darkest regions of ignorance, our government seems powerless to help its people.

But fortunately this great question of education can no longer be left unanswered among us. It rises above party, above sect. The cause of free education is that of the people. They are everywhere demanding knowledge, and on mental equality rests the hopes of freedom.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

"Good-by, Jennie; the road is long,
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bogs and the marshy moss.
So keep in the foot-path, Jennie;
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing
And a kiss of mother-love;
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On, on in the narrow foot-path—
Nothing could tempt her to stray;
So the moor was passed at night-fall,
And she'd sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
And she, smiling, said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking, as I went,
Over the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they only could keep the foot-path,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day.
They'd have sunlight all the way.
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls black on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay?
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.

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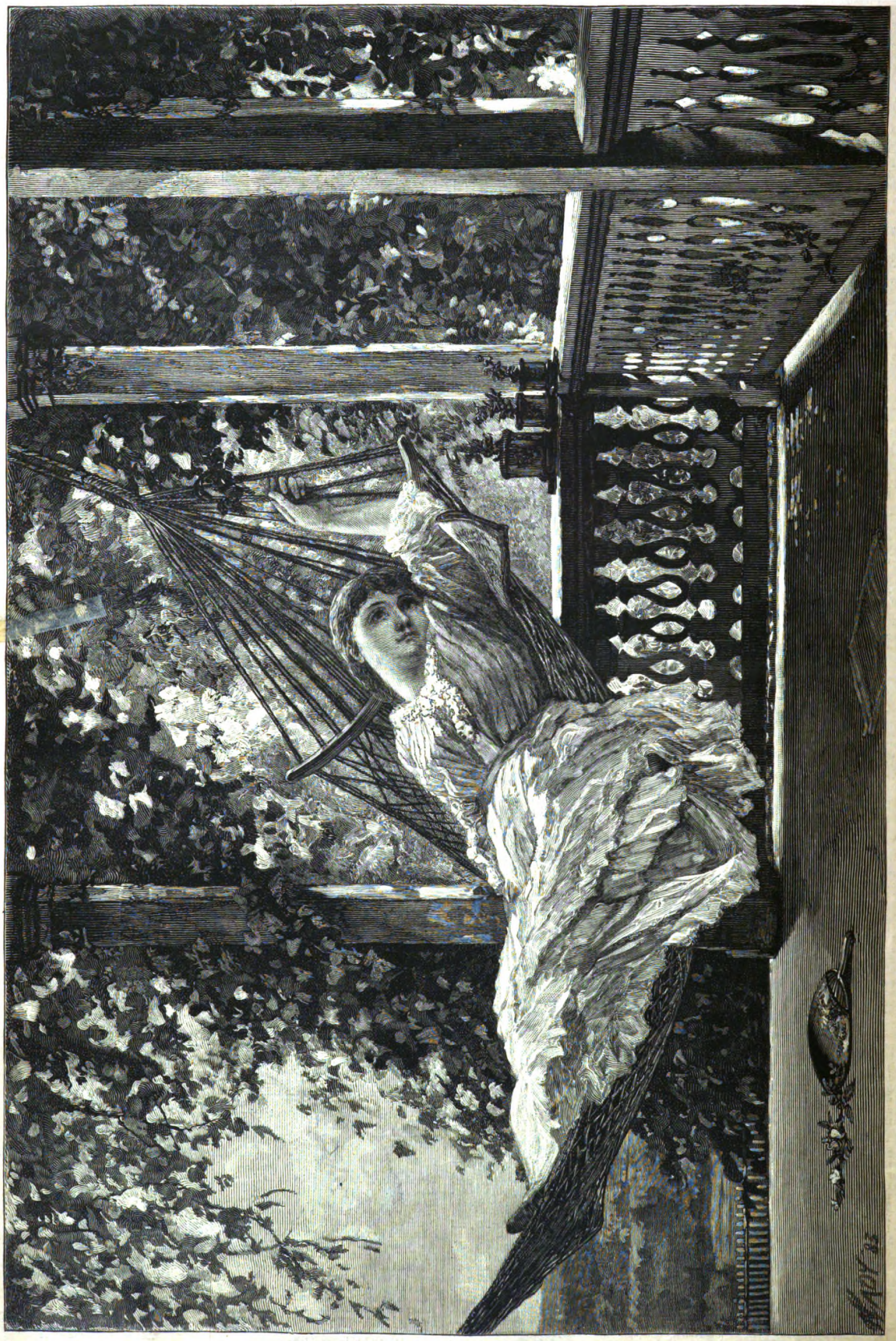

A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.—Drawn by Henry N. Cady.—[See "Miss Courtenay's Nephew," Page 554.]

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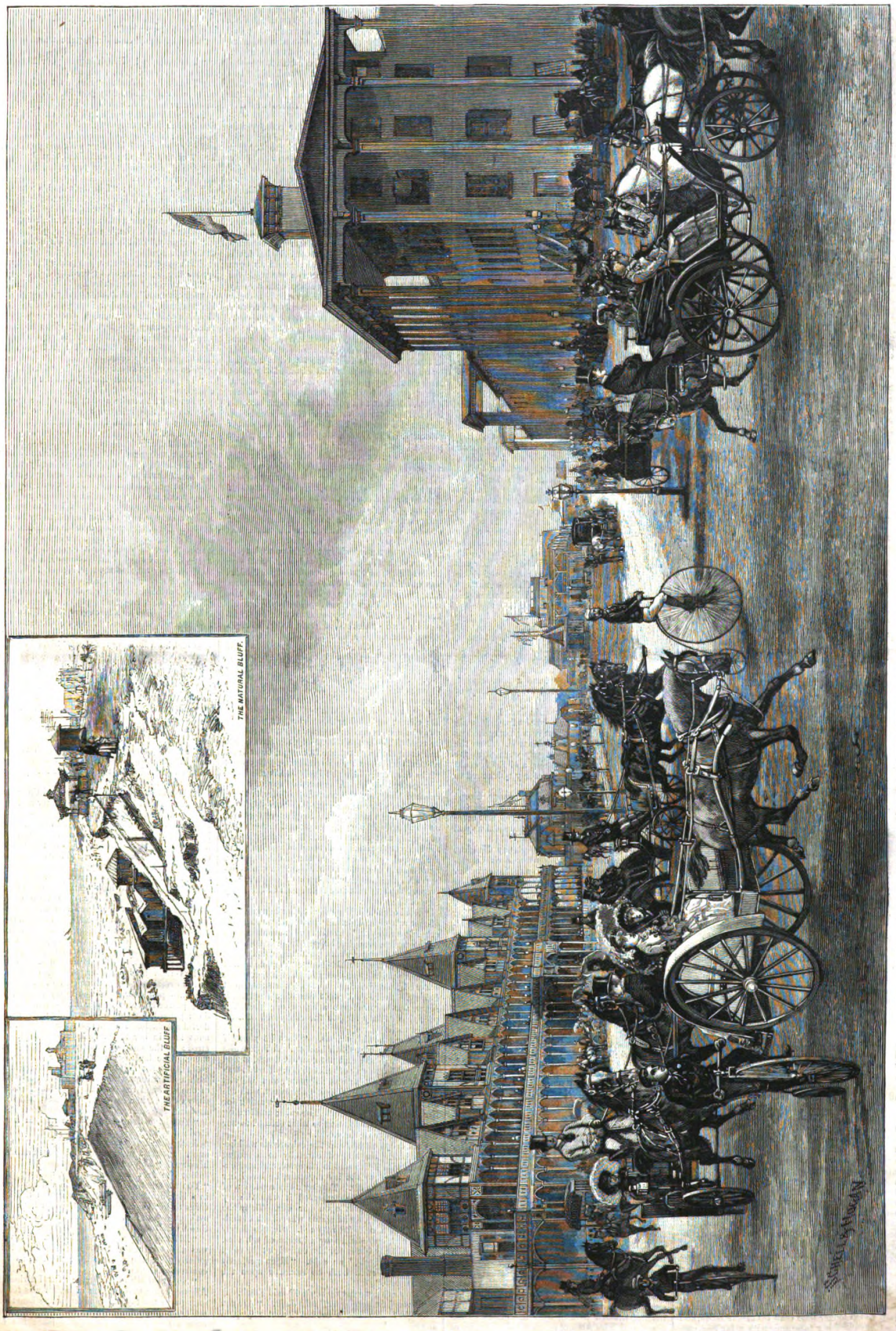

LONG BRANCH—WEST END.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 555.]

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VOLUME XXV

MISS COURTENAY'S NEPHEW.

By Mrs. FRANK McCARTHY.

A young girl was swinging in a hammock one midsummer day. The leaves rustled softly in the languid air, the little birds trilled low and lazily, the gaudy full-blown flowers of the jaded season blazed and burned away in the noontide heat, and all the insect world piped drowsily with the music of the spheres. Perhaps the young girl in the hammock was the fairest blossom of them all. Her eyes matched the blue of the summer skies, and her hair took all the tints of the yellow grain waving in the adjoining field. Her lips were red as the lady-apples upon the favorite tree of her aunt Griselda Courtenay, whose country-seat, perched high among the bosky groves that overlooked a wide and swift-flowing river, Miss Edith Gray was now gracing with her beauty and enlivening with her wit. She was dressed—but why should I go on repeating the fashionable chronicle of the day? Upon the hour this periodical was due at the nearest post-office the young lady in question would order her village cart, would drive like mad down the steep and rocky road to the little country town, would pounce upon the rather sleazy sheet, and passing over stirring news of political significance, of flood and fire, of shipwreck and pestilence, and all the divers calamities that keep the world at its proper average, would devour with trembling lips and bated breath the latest intelligence from the fashionable world. The light in her eyes would leap to a glow, the color would deepen in her cheek, and a fluttering sigh would escape from her lips as she read of what Miss Edith Gray wore, and how she looked, and where she went, during the week that had gone by. For although this young lady dressed in purple (and any other color, for her complexion was amenable to all the shades in the rainbow) and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, she was a poor orphan, and dependent upon her aunt Griselda Courtenay for all these luxuries. And this dependence grated sorely upon the delicate sensibilities of Miss Edith, and she hoped much from the capabilities and caprices of the aforesaid fashionable world.

When she was a little girl, and studying hard at the fashionable seminary where Miss Courtenay had placed her, she resolved to be a teacher, and in this way repay Aunt Courtenay all the money she had expended in her behalf. But as the years went on, and she found the life she had chosen for herself a grim and rayless one, poorly paid, and miserably abused, she altered her mind. When she had reached the age of eighteen, and the educational resources of the seminary had been exhausted in Miss Gray's behalf, and her aunt Courtenay had come to consult her about her future, they both agreed that she had better not enter further upon the pursuit of that kind of knowledge—that there were other paths of wisdom which were more full of pleasantness, if not of peace.

Her aunt Courtenay couldn't take her eyes from the face and form of her niece.

"I think you will do well in society," said Aunt Courtenay, with the air of an oracle. And Edith bowed dutifully. "You have your future in your own hands, to make or to mar," her aunt added, gravely. Edith bowed even more dutifully than before.

"I will try to repay all your generosity in my behalf," she said; and from that day forth she bent all the energies of her mind and the advantages bestowed generously upon her by nature to cancel her heavy obligations to her aunt Courtenay. Every social triumph she scored as a point against this burden; and when at last she brought to book (if I may be allowed the expression) the most eligible *parti* of the season, and Mr. Conrad Belden resolved to range himself, she lay back in her hammock and uttered a sigh of relief, and immediately began counting off upon her rosy fingers the different methods by which she promised herself not only to wipe out Aunt Courtenay's score against her, but leave a margin of indebtedness from Aunt Courtenay.

These moments were the happiest in her life; and if her future lord, as he swung gently to and fro the cords of the hammock, watching furtively the while the timid toying of her taper fingers, the color rise in her cheek, and the light in her eyes soften almost to tears, if he thought all this becoming emotion was due to the feelings aroused by the new bond they had entered into, he was partly in the right, as without this bond, and what lay behind it, she was powerless. And, as she was not devoid of gratitude, she was really fond of the origin of her long labored for and at last secured happiness. Her strongest passion, however, had been her hatred of obligation to her aunt Griselda, and the probability that she would be able to put that aside took considerable of the zest out of her life. She began to take very little interest in the fashionable chronicle of the day, and scarcely knew from one week's end to the other what was the opinion of the contemporaneous Jenkins as to her appearance and attire. A faint element of boredom crept into her existence, which increased rapidly as she found always the one hand upon the cords of her hammock, inhaled the fragrance of the one excellent brand of cigars, and listened to the same prattle of manly adventure hour after hour. Once in a while, when the day was rainy, and her future husband, with his inward antennæ stretching longingly to the billiard-room, still remained dutifully by the side of his betrothed, Edith Gray wondered what she would have to live for when her aunt's debt was paid.

It was now the height of the season, and Miss Courtenay, having secured the future of her penniless niece, turned her attention to a vagrant nephew who had been a pensioner upon her bounty a much longer time than his cousin Edith, and had devoured her substance with a far less considerate conscience. The plan of marrying this scapegrace to an heiress had sometimes presented itself to her mind, but never so strongly as now that Edith's success had established a precedent. Miss Courtenay had the promise of a short visit from a Brazilian heiress, and determined to avail herself of this opportunity, as heiresses, even from Brazil, were largely exported just then to foreign markets. Miss Courtenay resolved to give her nephew this last chance to retrieve his fortunes, and if he refused to profit by it, she told herself for the hundredth time, she would wash her hands of him forever.

"Your cousin Jack Courtenay will arrive this evening," she said to Edith, "and if you will do what you can to aid matters between him and Miss Alfiero, I shall be under great obligations to you."

These last words were pleasant to Edith's ears, and she listened eagerly to the somewhat pathetic recital of the misdoings of her irreclaimable cousin.

"He has squandered my money all these years," said Miss Courtenay, and Edith winced at the similarity of her cousin's condition to her own, "and if he refuses to benefit by the opportunity now offered him, I am done with him. Miss Alfiero is an excellent young woman, and her fortune is in her own hands."

Notwithstanding this prejudicial narration, Edith's heart warmed to her cousin. She was not so rich in relatives that she could afford to lose the hope that her kinsman might at least prove worthy of a compassionate interest. Did they not suffer under the same galling necessity? And if it was so unbearable to a woman, what must it be to a man! How his spirit must chafe, and his very soul grow bitter within him, under the cold and abhorrent patronage of this heartless and mercenary old woman of the world! How Edith longed to help him, to comfort him! She had never seen him, but he was her cousin, her dear cousin! Her incipient boredom was put to rout. Her hammock hung idle and empty to the languid breeze all the long afternoon. Con Belden betook himself to his male companions with the new zest born of an off-duty delight. Edith, for the first time since her engagement, took a warm interest in her toilette. She decided at first upon a combination of pale blue satin and silver brocade. For jewels, the large white pearls, a princely gift from her betrothed, wound about her throat, and the silver sinuous folds of her ruby-eyed serpent coiled in and out of her yellow braids. Then she blushed for this sordid temptation, and wore a simple robe of India mull, with a bunch of pale roses at her waist; her hair was knotted loosely at her neck, and not a jewel shone upon her save the engagement diamond, as "the badge of her servitude." And lo! when the heavy carriage rolled up to the portico, there appeared but the one traveller, but he had luggage enough for ten. There were many trunks, and light dressing portmanteaus of undressed leather, and smaller ones with strong silver clasps, fishing-tackle of quaint and expensive variety in bamboo coverings, hunting gear from the plainest to the most costly description, and a man-servant, laden with the most approved wraps and traps of modern necessity.

And this was her poor cousin Jack!

A shout of delight welcomed him from the male guests, the feminine interest being none the less deep that it was not so pronounced. Even the sallow cheek of Miss Courtenay warmed to the hearty embrace of her nephew, and Edith could see that her whole rigid anatomy quickened to the coming of the prodigal.

He had the cold blue eyes, the stone-colored hair, of the Courtenays, and their high nose, but his mouth was sensitive and womanish, and there was an irresistible air of almost comical appeal about him that disarmed criticism.

Scene: side balcony at Courtenay Heights. Time: early morning, week after Jack Courtenay's arrival. Miss Edith Gray reclining in her hammock; her cousin, Jack Courtenay, with one hand upon the swaying cords, in the fingers of the other a cigar cold even to the ashes.

Edith. "I am so disappointed in you! You really hug your chains. The iron of this degrading servitude of ours has never entered your soul."

Jack. "I can't seem to help it, Cousin Edith. It's a beastly lack of principle and delicacy on my part, I suppose; but I'm afraid I was born so."

Edith. "Do you never feel ashamed to accept so much from one upon whom you have no claim?"

Jack. "You hit rather hard, Edith. She is our aunt; blood is thicker than water."

Edith. "Is it thick enough to need the application of a leech? And when will you turn your attention to the turbid stream of Miss Alfiero?"

Jack (*with suppressed wrath, but finished politeness*). "Thank you for reminding me of a somewhat neglected duty. You have been candid enough to explain to me your exalted motives for accepting the hand and money of my friend Belden. Such heroism is infectious." Exit Jack Courtenay.

Edith tilts the hammock perilously to look after her cousin. She sees him join Miss Alfiero upon the lawn, then throws herself back in the hammock and covers her face with her hands. Two big round tears roll from under her fingers upon the point appliqué at her neck. At that moment Mr. Jack Courtenay passes the balcony with his companion.

Miss Alfiero. "Qu'a-t-elle, votre belle cousine?"

Jack (*tugging nervously at his mustache*). "Hum—ah—mal de tête."

Miss Alfiero (*mischievously*). "Hum—ah—mal de cœur."

Jack feels that organ of his own thumping against his ribs, but he never looks back, and holding the red parasol over the mottled complexion of Miss Alfiero, pursues his massacre of the French with her.

On the 23d of August Miss Courtenay proposed a picnic to a wild part of the country, where, after some tedious and rather perilous climbing, a fine view could be obtained.

Miss Courtenay had her own ideas of picnics, and used some Machiavelian ingenuity in pairing people off for the drive. She also superintended the preparing and packing of the hampers. Miss Courtenay believed in combinations—the power of nature softened and restrained by the resources of civilization. Time was passing, and the polite precision of conventional life admitted of some ruinous delays. Miss Alfiero was due elsewhere in September.

Ten miles from the Heights the country was one wild unbroken forest as far as the eye could reach. The party alighted, and began on foot the ascent to the plateau. A narrow pathway had been hewn for the accommodation of pioneers encumbered with the trappings of civilization. They went singly, and in a sort of silence born of the novelty of their surroundings. It was dark, but not because of the decline of day. Invisible birds sang in the impenetrable gloom. The resinous odor of the pines mingled with perfumes unknown to the nostrils of the habitués of towns. Half-way up the ascent the barricade of green gave way. They had reached an open vista in the woods, where luncheon was ready for them, served in delightful precision upon a rocky ledge which Nature seemed to have made to order for the purpose. Delicious water leaped from a rocky spring; the attendants stood with corkscrews in hand. The unloosening of the hampers freed also the tongues. Miss Courtenay was congratulated upon the delightful surprises she held in reserve. She had sent the wagon of supplies by way of a hidden path that admitted of wheels. Miss Courtenay preferred to have this informal repast prepared without the espionage of her guests. But at this point Nature had placed an impassable barrier to these gentle courtesies. She lifted a warning hand to the violators of her solitudes. The intruders upon her secret places pursued their pleasure at their peril.

Half the party remained at the ledge of rocks, a few reached the plateau, and only two went beyond. In truth only one of these went with that spontaneous eagerness in piercing untamable depths that belongs either to the hunter or the hunted. Edith's sole desire was to fly for a while from everybody and everything that reminded her of what she now considered an inevitable and eternal misery.

Jack Courtenay, without wishing to intrude upon a desire for seclusion which he could well understand after his long drive with Miss Alfiero, was unwilling to allow his cousin to venture alone into these treacherous wilds, familiar to him from many hair-breadth escapes in boyhood. He knew of a ravine, the approach to which was hidden by dense thickets of underbrush, where a slight opening to a new field of adventure beyond, veiled artfully by the parasites of the wood, might tempt his sweet cousin to a dangerous, perhaps fatal, fall to the jagged depths below. Stealthily pursuing her light footsteps through the forest, sometimes losing sight of her, then catching a glimpse of her white drapery in the distance, Jack Courtenay held steadily to the chase; and at length, as she had wandered away in a direction that was unfamiliar to him, he resolved, although reluctantly, to overtake her and compel her to retrace her steps, or at least remain within his safe surveillance. But even while the resolve shaped itself in his mind she disappeared again. A suppressed cry of terror reached him, then the crackling of dry bushes; the sudden whirr of a terrified bird over his head made his heart stand still. He plunged forward, and was himself almost precipitated to the depth of a gully that yawned at his feet. Half-way to the stony bottom he saw a crumpled mass of white drapery, and gathering his scattered wits together, he at length discovered that his cousin was clinging with the desperation born of despair to a hickory sapling that had taken root in the steep side of the ravine.

"Hold on, Edith," he called to her in as matter-of-fact a tone as he could command, "and I will come down to you." And slipping over the edge of the ravine, swinging himself from one sapling to another, leaping, sliding, catching at anything that offered itself to his fleeting grasp, he at last reached a point a half-dozen feet below her, where a huge bowlder enabled him to get a substantial footing. From that point the rock descended, sheer, and bare of even a lichen, one unbroken precipice of fifty feet, to the rocky bed of a diverted torrent.

Jack extended his arms. "Now let yourself go," he said. But Edith held on. A little while ago, although she had not courted death, it had seemed the one way of relief to her. Now it was full of terror. She was so young, and life was sweet—so strangely, wonderfully sweet, with the arms of her cousin Jack Courtenay waiting for her there below! "Come," he said; and loosing her hold, she fell fainting to what seemed to her the one refuge in the world.

Cold drops oozed from the calcareous wall beneath him. He slipped carefully to a sitting posture with Edith still in his arms, and stretching his hand to the icy moisture, he laved her forehead, her hands. Tearing away a portion of her filmy dress, he saturated it with the icy liquid, and wrung it upon her lips. Then she opened her eyes, and became what Jack considered all of a celestial rosy red. He was sorely frightened, and shaken by all sorts of miseries. This maidenly blush put him entirely at his ease.

"Don't wriggle," he said. "Keep perfectly quiet, or we shall both be smashed upon the rocks below."

"How shall we get up again?" said Edith.

"I was just wondering," said Jack. "Are you all right? No bones broken? Got any pain anywhere?"

"A little—in my ankle."

"Which one? Right, if you can."

"Oh! oh! I can't."

"I was afraid so," said Jack. "That's a sprain."

"Well, suppose it is," she replied. "I might have broken my neck."

"In that case," said Jack, "this would be over."

"You monster! I wish it was you that Alfiero had tumbled down the gully."

"I don't," said Jack. "She must weigh well on to a hundred and fifty pounds. We should have come to grief from sheer avoirdupois."

In the mean time Jack had torn another portion off her dress, and, wetting it on the rock, had bound it tightly around her ankle, first cutting away her shoe and stocking with his penknife. To all of this Edith had submitted bravely.

"Jack," she said, "have you asked Miss Alfiero to marry you?"

"No," he replied; "I haven't had a chance. You have spoiled a fine opportunity to-day. But don't disturb me; I'm laboring with an idea."

"Then take your arms away. I don't want to be held as if in a vise."

"Certainly," said Jack, letting his arms suddenly fall.

Edith sat erect, but an ashen pallor again overspread her face; her eyes closed.

"I am dying," she faltered.

"Oh no, dear," said Jack, "not by a long shot." He hastened to bathe her face with the healing liquid within his reach, and saw once more a faint color creep into her cheek. The shadows were deepening around them; it was already black in the depths below. He had gathered Edith again in his arms.

"See here, my sweet cousin," he said.

"Yes, Jack," she murmured, with her eyes still closed.

"I'm going to make a struggle to take you to the top of this infernal ravine. Now I may stumble; I don't think I shall, but I may. Will you risk it?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Then here goes." And lifting himself to his feet, he shifted his light burden easily to his shoulder. Everybody knows it is easier to climb a hill than to descend one. Jack Courtenay had the experience of a practiced hunter, and his muscles were like steel. Then he was buoyed up by a strange new feeling he had never known before. This girl hanging over his shoulder, with her clothing torn in shreds, her arms bare and bleeding, her bandaged foot steadied upon his arm—this girl was his little cousin Edith.

When they reached the top she had fallen into a sleep of exhaustion. Jack wrapped what there was left of his light summer coat about her, and, plunging on, reached the plateau when it was quite dark. But he knew every foot of the way, and reached the ledge of rocks, where he was overtaken by some of the jaded pleasure party, who had been hunting for the fugitives in all directions that were safe to pursue. Rapidly explaining the situation, Jack led the way with his unconscious burden to the open road, where the carriages were still waiting. Jack placed Edith in the rather cold protection of his aunt, and mounting the box, took the reins, and drove carefully home.

Con Belden invited Miss Alfiero to a seat in his buggy, but not knowing even a broken sentence of French, Spanish, or Portuguese, which were the only languages at Miss Alfiero's command, the drive homeward admitted of leisure for quiet reflection with them both.

At last the weary cavalcade reached Courtenay Heights. Night had fallen, and dinner had been waiting a whole half-hour. The guests flew to their rooms to make their hurried toilets, knowing what a momentous matter a delay of this kind was to Miss Courtenay. Jack lifted his cousin from the carriage, carried her carefully up the steps, put her gently upon the bed in her own room, and left her to the care of her trusty maid. He cast one hurried look upon her, full of conflicting emotions. But her eyes were closed. She was white as the pillows she was propped among. Then he ran up the stairs, two at a time, knowing so well that distraction or delay from one of his aunt's carefully devised dinners was the one grievance that rendered her desperate. He was dressed and descending the stairs again in less than half an hour. As he passed his aunt's dressing-room he fancied he saw through the half-open door Miss Courtenay herself, sitting perfectly erect in her high-backed chair. Jack paused, for this was certainly a most wonderful spectacle. Dinner upon the table, and his aunt still in her room. She must be ill. He strode to the door, and entered. Yes, she was there. She had not removed her hat or her gloves, but sat bolt-upright, gazing at nothing, with a stony impassibility. She had the aspect of one who had received a mortal blow. When she saw Jack her features were convulsed for a moment, and she trembled from head to foot.

"You have betrayed me," she said, in a low, strained voice.

Jack closed the door, and went over to his aunt. He tried to take her still, gloved hands in his own. "You are ill," he said.

But she drew her hands away, and repeated, "You have betrayed me." Then she continued, in a low, broken voice: "Your cousin Edith refuses to keep her engagement. You have been making love to her, and tempted her to the overthrow of all my plans."

"Did she tell you so?" said Jack. His voice was also strained and harsh. They looked singularly alike, the aunt and the nephew, as they confronted each other.

"No," said Miss Courtenay; "but I divined it. All was going well till you came. I was foolish enough to trust you. You knew my heart was set upon this match. How could you deal me such a blow? Why didn't you leave the girl alone? She at least was dutiful. I could have

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borne your own trifling with the most important duties of life. I have grown to expect nothing but scoffing frivolity at your hands. But you might at least have left me the one serious triumph. But it is over now—all is over. There will be a disgraceful *esclandre;* you will give all these people food for amusement—at my expense I have loved you better than anything in the world. I wanted her to marry so that you could have *all*. And you have betrayed me."

She had drawn off her gloves now, and thrown them upon the floor. She had thrown her bonnet upon the table. How old she had suddenly grown! How shrivelled and wrinkled were the hands she wrung together! Her proud high features seemed to shrink, and her face change before his eyes to a senile helplessness and despair. He could not bear it.

He knelt by her side, and spoke in hot, hurried tones. "See here, Aunt Griselda," he said, "you do me an injustice; but we won't stop to talk of that. I have done you a hundred; my whole life has been an infamy. My love for Edith has taught me that. I do love Edith with my whole heart and soul. But I have never told her so, nor will I, without your consent. Further than this, I'll go down to-night, while the poor child is lying helpless yonder, and offer my worthless carcass to the piece of merchandise you have brought from Brazil for my benefit. What little love Edith may have nourished in my behalf will be snuffed out like the flame of a candle. Her pride will do the rest. She will keep to her compact with Belden, and I will retire with my swarthy conquest to the swamps of Brazil. You at least will be triumphant and happy."

His aunt had never taken her eyes from his face. "I ask," she said, "will you do all this for me?—on the honor of a Courtenay?"

"We won't mention the honor of the Courtenays," he said, with a cynical sneer; "but I'll stick to my word. Mark you, I'm not sure that we sha'n't trip up with the Alfiero. There's always more or less of risk in these speculations."

"Never mind the Alfiero," said Miss Courtenay. Her face had regained its strength of expression. She began smoothing her hair and making little touches to her toilet as she talked. "The Alfiero's red parasol has been my *bête noire* for many a day; it has spoiled many a well-chosen effect for me. You have not yet dined?"

"I have no appetite," said Jack, grimly.

"But you will give me your arm to the dining-room? We will stop on our way at Edith's door. I will remain outside while you make my peace with her. Tell her I send you to her as my apology. If she wants you, she can keep you forever. I've changed my mind, Jack: we'll keep the Courtenay property to ourselves. There's enough for us all. I've been a wicked woman, Jack. Do you go and make my peace with Edith. I was a little harsh with the poor child last night. I hope it's not too late to make my peace with God. You had an awful look in your face just now—a horrible, murderous look. I don't think the Alfiero would have been safe with you, Jack."

He arose to his feet and lifted the old lady in his arms. He strained her to his breast till her old bones cracked within her.

"Shall I carry you to Edith's door?" he said, rapturously.

"Thank you, no," she gasped; "I'll walk, Jack. Dear me! I wonder what will the world say?"

"Hang the world!" said Jack. I'm afraid he used even a stronger expression.

But there was an elopement and a murder in that night's news from the world that caused the Courtenay affair to fall flat. Edith still swings in her hammock at Courtenay Heights, but with her is a little blue-eyed fairy with long golden curls. Near by a handsome old lady sits erect in her high-backed chair, and as she gazes upon the beautiful child a dreamy speculation is in her dim old eyes, and I fear she has already begun planning out the future of her little grandniece Griselda Courtenay; for "the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done. . . One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the *world* abideth forever."

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN CHURCH.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN CHURCH, the recently appointed Engineer of the New Aqueduct, was born April 7, 1836, at Angelica, Alleghany County, New York. He is the eldest son of Mr. JOHN B. CHURCH and MARIA SILLIMAN, daughter of Professor BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Jun., and granddaughter of JONATHAN TRUMBULL, WASHINGTON'S friend and comrade, and the original "Brother JONATHAN." On his father's side Mr. CHURCH is descended from old Knickerbocker stock, such as the SCHUYLERS, VAN CORTLANDTS, VAN RENSSELAERS, LIVINGSTONS, etc., while among his mother's ancestry was numbered one of the "goodly company" of the *Mayflower*.

Mr. CHURCH was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1856, and at once entered upon the profession of civil engineering. He was employed for a time on the New Haven Railroad, then in making the original topographical survey of Central Park, and later was appointed Topographical Engineer of the Hydrographic Survey of the Croton River and Basin. He was engaged, also, under General GEORGE S. GREENE, in the construction of the great reservoir in Central Park, and was afterward placed in charge of the Croton Aqueduct as resident engineer. This important position he held continuously up to the time of his recent appointment, excepting for a short period during the civil war, when in the army as a captain in the Twelfth New York Regiment, and as Topographical Engineer in the Army of the Potomac.

Mr. CHURCH'S long and faithful service in connection with the Croton Aqueduct, and his familiarity with the entire system of the New York water supply, peculiarly fit him for the new field of duty to which he has been called. It is worthy of note that Mr. CHURCH'S great-grandfather, JOHN B. CHURCH, was President of the Manhattan Company, the first water company of the city, and that his great-great-grandfather, General PHILIP SCHUYLER, brought to this country and presented to the city the first plans for sewerage of New York.

LONG BRANCH.

So many causes have operated to bring the name of Long Branch before the public that its reputation is, perhaps, even more wide-spread than that of Saratoga. During President GRANT'S administration it was virtually the summer capital of the country, and a view of its sun-lit sea brought comfort to the death-bed of President GARFIELD. It has been the scene of important cabinet meetings, and of protracted sessions of Congressional committees. In the palmy days of FISK, TWEED, and their followers, Long Branch became notorious for its profligacy, and for the lavish expenditure of money and ostentatious display of wealth made by those mushroom millionaires. At that time its reputation was so unsavory that many pious persons termed it the "Devil's Stronghold." To this day the rural visitor to New York whose curiosity impels him to run down to "the Branch" does so with feelings similar to those with which he first steps inside a theatre.

The Long Branch of to-day is, however, a far different place from that of twelve or fifteen years ago. Then it was an isolated cluster of hotels, bounded on either side for miles by stretches of lonesome beach, of which the solitudes were unbroken by human habitations. Now it forms but a small part of the great cottage city that extends, with almost unbroken ranks, from Sandy Hook to Barnegat, and which during the summer months transforms the once desolate wastes of yellow sand into scenes of abounding life and ceaseless activity.

Most of the cottages and hotels composing this city by the sea are picturesque buildings of unique design; but, while their interiors are triumphs of decorative art and good taste, their exterior coloring, from one end of the New Jersey coast to the other, seems to have been ordered by one mind, and it the mind of a man who had successfully cornered the brown paint market. For fifty miles there is no relief from the dull monotony of brown, save by varying shades of the same. Instead of the cheerful, bright red roofs of New-England sea-side cottages, the shingles of these sombre occupants of New Jersey sands exhibit only a reddish tinge of the all-pervading color.

What the houses lack in color is partly compensated in design, and by the surroundings of those situated a short distance back from the coast, where the landscape gardener has found opportunities for the exercise of his art. The country between Long Branch and the Shrewsbury River, including Rumsen's Neck, is a revelation of what may be accomplished in the way of landscape by the combination of nature and art supported by wealth. Its roads are hard, smooth, and well shaded, and for miles the adjoining grounds, in the midst of which are set architectural gems of chalet-like cottage or more pretentious dwellings, evidence the most skillful cultivation.

Long Branch, being the oldest of the coast settlements, retains many hotel buildings which, while comfortable and well located, are relics of the time when every carpenter was his own architect, and houses were built and added to in compliance with the exigencies of their occupants, rather than with a view to external appearance. In contrast to the severe simplicity of these reminders of the past are the gaudy structures which, under the name of "club-houses," have recently been erected by gamblers for business purposes, and in which their trade is carried on day and night with an ever-increasing run of custom.

That peculiar imitation of young manhood recently classified as the "dude" seems to find Long Branch a congenial haunt, and there attains the perfection of his species. The sensation of this summer's season at the West End Hotel has been the appearance of the "Prince of the Dudes," a being whose sole apparent object of existence is the display and rapid change from one to another of various costumes of gorgeous raiment. His ambition in life seems to be that of impressing the spectator with his utter helplessness and inability to perform, unaided, any act demanding physical or mental exertion. Long Branch is, however, so easily accessible from New York that a large number of business men of the city find it convenient to run down every evening to their summer homes on its breezy coast, and thus the young women of its hotels and cottages are not entirely dependent upon the feeble-minded dudes for masculine society or for partners at the hotel hop.

The constant tearing away of the fine bluff, which is the pride of Long Branch, by winter storms, is the cause of great uneasiness to hotel proprietors and cottage owners. Early in this century houses stood three hundred feet east of the present bluff, and the coast-line was still beyond them. When the ocean encroaches another three hundred feet it will have swallowed the sites of all the existing hotels and cottages. With this prospect before them, it would seem as though the owners of this valuable property would make every effort to save it. As yet, however, along the whole face of the Long Branch bluff but one such effort has been made. This is in the shape of a carefully filled embankment, having a slope of one and a half to one, its face covered with turf, and the whole resting upon a massive sea-wall of masonry. On page 553 our artist has given an illustration of this artificial embankment, and, in contrast to it, one of the natural bluff, its face furrowed by deep gullies, which are used as depositories for tin cans and all forms of rubbish and unsightly refuse.

In 1734 JOHN SLOCUM, of Rhode Island, wrestled with the champion Indian wrestler of New Jersey for possession of the land now occupied by Long Branch. The match was catch as catch can, best two out of three falls to win. The white man was victorious after an exciting struggle, witnessed by half a dozen men of his own color and a great concourse of the red-skins. Much of the land thus gained remained in possession of the SLOCUM family until thirty years ago, when the scene of the great wrestling match began to show signs of its destined greatness as a watering-place, and they disposed of it to speculators.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN explanation of the fact that many of the bodies of persons drowned in Lake Winnipiseogee are never recovered may lie in a discovery recently made by a professional diver in those waters. While searching for the body of a drowned man, the diver walked into a bed of quicksand in the bottom of the lake. In the centre of the bed a cold spring bubbled up. He felt himself sinking into the sand, and gave the signal for his helpers to draw him to the surface. It is believed that if the body of a drowned person should rest on the quicksand surrounding one of these springs it would be engulfed, and would never appear again.

An unusual feature in modern warfare is the employment of elephants by the Annamites in their struggle against the invading Frenchmen. Being unable to hold their earth-works against a recent attack, instead of spiking their cannon, they hitched elephants to the guns and hauled them off in short order.

The London *Telegraph* commends the National Park in the Yellowstone region to English travellers in the United States. "When the European stranger reaches the Mammoth Hot Springs of the Gardiner River," it says, "he will be more than repaid for having travelled five thousand miles from England to see them," and, "upon arriving at the Yellowstone Park, he will be amazed at the marvels which give it the name of Wonderland."

A congress of Americanists recently assembled in Copenhagen. An Americanist is said to be a student of early American history. Not to be behind the countries of the Old World, America should convene a congress of Europeanists.

The closing exercises of a school in Honolulu consisted in part of the production of *Pinafore* by Hawaiian children. The *Hawaiian Gazette* speaks highly of the children's proficiency in English and of their acting.

There is considerable interest in the Sandwich Islands in the matter of quick passages by steamship from San Francisco. The best time yet made was that of the new steam-ship *Mariposa*, which recently went from San Francisco to Honolulu in five days and twenty-one hours. As she steamed into the harbor, past the king's boat-house, his Majesty, who was seated on the veranda, exchanged a wave of recognition with Colonel Spreckles, the owner of the vessel.

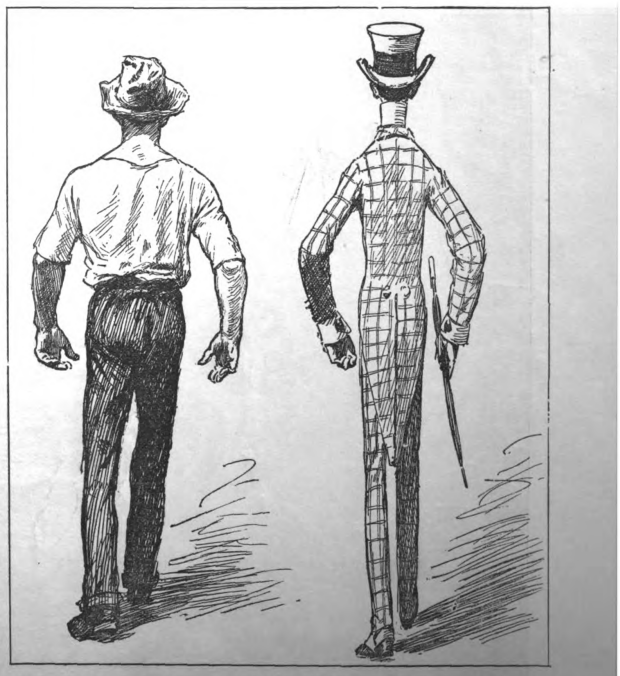
Governor Jarvis, of North Carolina, has accepted the invitation of Governor Butler to attend the opening of the Foreign Exhibition in Boston. The Governor of North Carolina will have an opportunity to say to the Governor of Massachusetts that it is a long time between drinks drunk by the Democratic Executives of those States to each other's health.

In the literature of summer resorts a new term has made its appearance. The public is informed that a large number of "society solids"—whatever they may be—have arrived at a well-known New Jersey resort.

The telegraph brings information that the huntsmen of the President's party in the far West brought into camp on a recent evening three antelopes, a bear, several grouse, and a slow rabbit. A good many persons who have not been educated as sportsmen will ask what a slow rabbit is, and whether the designation is of a species of rabbit, or applies to only the individual rabbit that was brought in on this occasion. If the latter, then the inquiry as to whether huntsmen who can bag antelopes should consider an unfortunate and exceptional rabbit worth their powder suggests itself.

It seems that Cetewayo, the Zulu king, is not dead. He has recovered from the wounds he suffered in the battle between his forces and the insurgents, and has requested Queen Victoria to order an investigation as to the treatment he received. Perhaps he desires to have England punish his enemies if they are found guilty of hurting him. When he reads, or has read to him, the verdict of the English press to the effect that his supposed taking off was an event not wholly without compensating advantages, and therefore not to be deeply deplored, he may reconsider his request for an investigation under British auspices.

A most remarkable story comes from a watering-place in France. M. Gratien was about to make an ascent in a hot-air balloon. A young woman who was to ascend with him was seated in the car, and the aeronaut was holding with his right hand a cord which was attached to the balloon. Suddenly the aerostat broke away, the cord in M. Gratien's hand became entangled around two of his fingers, and he was snatched from the ground and carried to a height of some eighteen hundred feet. Vainly he tried to haul himself up and loop the cord around his arm, but he became exhausted, and hung limp by the two fingers while the balloon was blown along for a distance of about four miles at that great height. The young woman in the basket fainted. As the air in the balloon cooled, the car descended till M. Gratien's body touched the ground, and, still held by his fingers, he was whisked over the rough country for half a mile, through thorny bushes. The yarn has it that the aeronaut suffered no internal injury, and will probably recover.



EXTREMES MEET.

Why should the extremes of hard work and indolence have the same effect on the human elbows?

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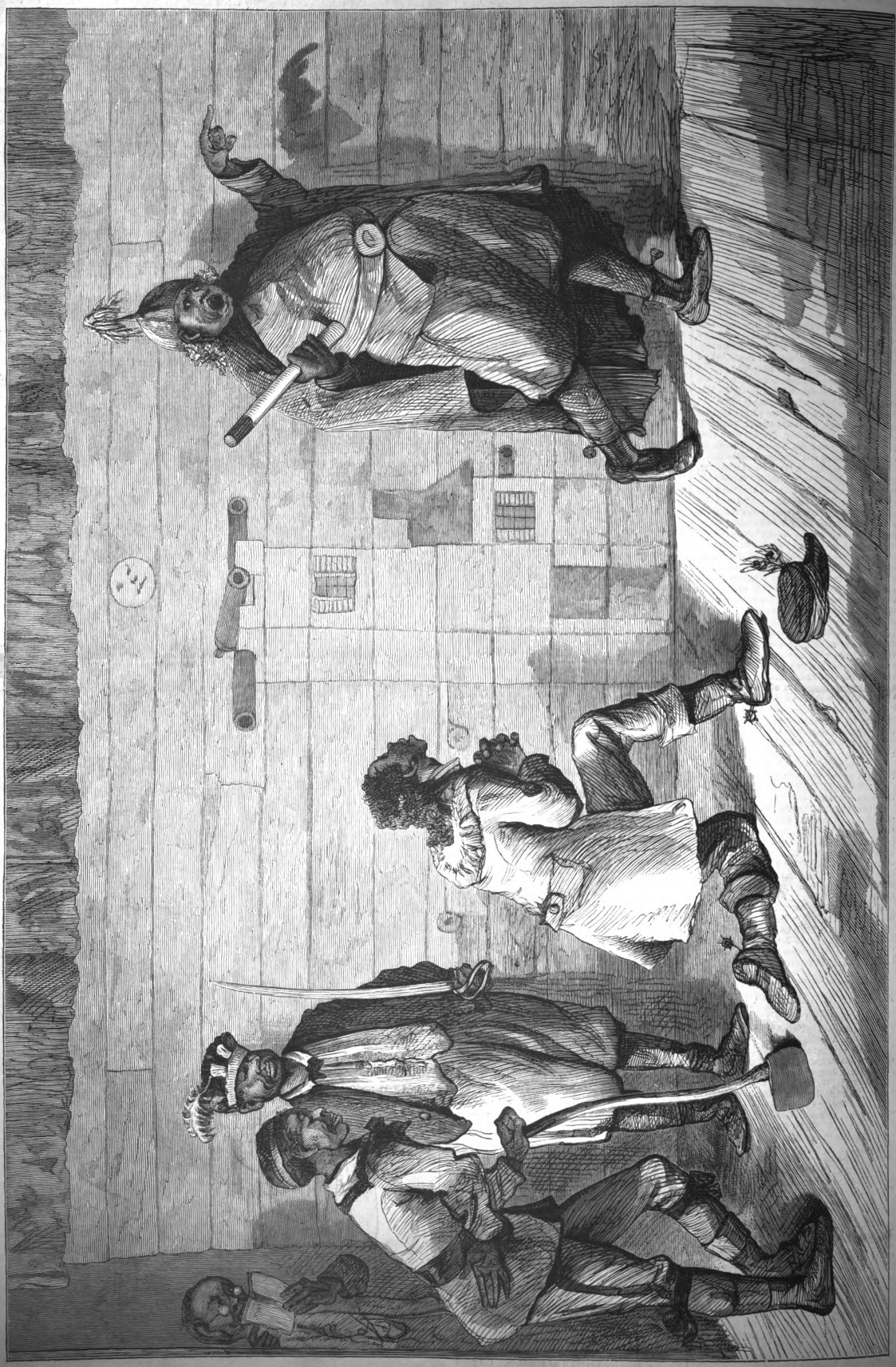

THE ENGLISH MANIA FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS INVADES BLACKVILLE.—Drawn by Sol. Eytinge, Jr.

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THE COUNT OF CHAMBORD.

HENRI CHARLES FERDINAND MARIE DIEUDONNÉ, Count of Chambord, Duke of Bordeaux, and—to thousands of devoted followers—HENRY V., by the grace of God King of France, was born in Paris September 20, 1820. In the March of that year his father, the Duke of Berri, had been assassinated at the Opera-house by LOUVEL. As his wife, a princess of the Neapolitan branch of the house of BOURBON, wept over him, the dying prince exclaimed, "Take care of yourself; think of the infant you are carrying beneath your heart." It was thus that France learned of the approaching birth of an heir to the throne of St. LOUIS from the lips of a dying man, amidst blood and sobs, in a proscenium box of the Opera. His birth was announced by the traditional one hundred and one cannon. The boy grew up in a cold, melancholy home. The King was sad, the Dauphin gloomy, the Dauphiness had still around her the atmosphere of the Temple and the Reign of Terror. The only cheerful person near the child was his mother, and the Tuileries seemed like the abode of spectres save when the young prince enlivened the gloom by his laughter and movement. He was a pretty child, full of vivacity, and it was charming to see him, with his blonde hair and the ribbon of St. Louis across his breast, galloping before the battalions of the Guard. When CHARLES X. had to fly, the boy refused to move, and clung to the legs of a table till removed by force. Forty-eight hours later CHARLES X. resigned the crown to the Duke of Angoulême, and the duke demised it to the child. For twelve hours he was King of France, and documents still exist, "in the name of the King HENRY V.," dated Rambouillet, August 1. The young prince was soon the sole survivor of the royal exiles. He travelled, and learned much, wandering around the confines of that native land which he could not enter, and dwelling in England, Germany, and Italy.

The revolution of 1848 came. An officer high in the military hierarchy said, "If the King will mount his horse, General DE CASTELLANE and the army will follow him." But HENRY V. did not mount, but remained in his voluntary exile. Since then his life has been spent between Frohsdorf and Görlitz. During the Empire he foresaw the shipwreck of the Bonapartists, and after Sedan he issued a proclamation calling on the nation to rally round him and repulse the invader. In 1871 he dated a manifesto from Chambord in which he assumed the title of King. But his nearest approach to the throne was in 1873. The Orleanist princes acknowledged him the head of the house, and as the only representative of the monarchical principle in France. Deputations of ardent loyalists went to Frohsdorf and returned with accounts of the concessions he was ready to make; the Bishop of Orleans directed his clergy to pray for his restoration; even the carriages for the royal entry into Paris were prepared. But HENRY again declared that he would listen to no conditions, give no guarantees, and reckoned on implicit obedience; nor would he have any flag but the white flag of the BOURBONS. With this declaration his last chance of regaining the throne perished forever, and the supporters of his cause have been waiting for a less impracticable successor.

The Count of Chambord was lame from a fracture of the leg, and was very corpulent. His face was intelligent, his forehead high, his eyes blue, his manners simple and gracious. The late Empress of Russia described him as "the first gentleman of the world."

THE LATE COUNT OF CHAMBORD.

The Count died peacefully at Frohsdorf on the morning of August 24, after an illness of several weeks. The portrait given herewith is engraved from a recent photograph.

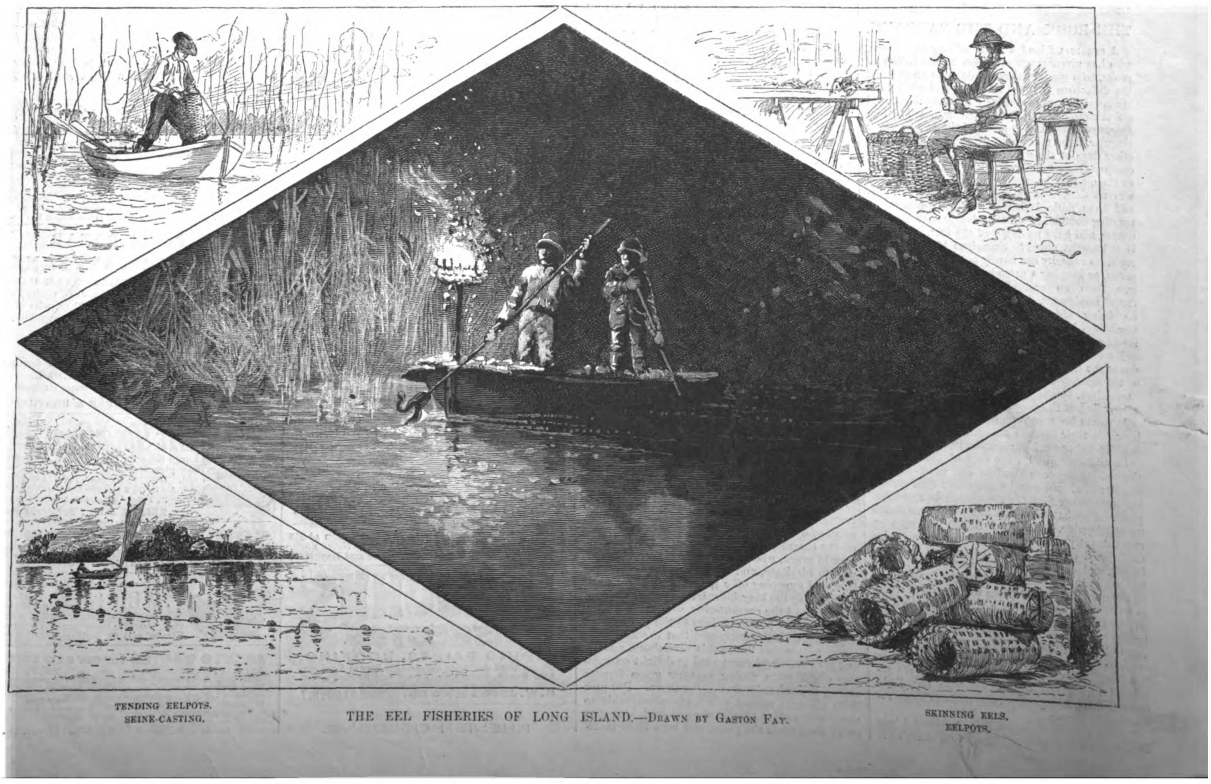
EEL FISHERIES.

ANCIENT records, in alluding to articles of food, give considerable prominence to the eel. The Italians have always devoted great attention to this particular fishery. The numerous lagoons of the Po where it enters the Adriatic have always been famous for the superior qualities of their eels and lampreys. The various Italian cities are supplied from those waters. In Great Britain and the northern states of Europe eels are also taken in great numbers. Those taken in the sandy shallow bays of Long Island are, however, superior to all others in delicacy of flavor. The silver eels from those once favored waters have long been celebrated, particularly when prepared by the famous caterers scattered along its southern shores. This is due not so much to the superior skill with which they are cooked as to the fact that they go from the water directly to the frying-pan, before the oil peculiar to them has had time to become rancid. It was supposed up to within a few years that the supply of eels in the Long Island waters was exhaustless. At this time it looks as if a few short seasons more of the ruthless pursuit of them would render them only a memory of the past.

New York, since it has become so large a distributing centre for articles of food, finds the supplies of eels which were formerly received from Long Island and other contiguous points no longer adequate even for the local demand. Stimulated by the yearly enhanced price paid for these fish, the Long Island eel-men have almost exhausted their once prolific fishing grounds. It is well known that the eel is a most copious breeder. If these fishermen had been content to pursue it only as an article of food, it might to-day be as numerous as ever. The transfer of the immature and partly grown specimens to the soil as a fertilizer has wrought a mischief which can never be repaired. Or, again, had they been content formerly to use the methods for taking it now in vogue, the exhaustion of the fisheries would not be so near at hand. Not only is this true of those of Long Island, but of all the waters from which eels are taken.

The use of the net is a powerful factor in the exhaustion of all fisheries. In none more so than that of eels. When the demand for this article of food first became pressing, seines were first employed with very great profit, it not being uncommon to capture six or eight hundred dozen of marketable eels at a single cast. When a diminution of the supply no longer made these profitable, the eelpot was substituted. This is a cylindrical wicker structure a couple of feet or more in length. At one end is a funnel through which the eels enter; at the other, a movable cover, admitting of the removal of the fish and the baiting of the trap. In the larger bays these pots or traps are sunk and buoyed, while in the smaller estuaries they are fastened to poles driven into the sand or mud of the bottom. One fisherman will sometimes tend a hundred of these traps, running them in the morning to take out the eels, and again in the evening to set and bait them. For many years succeeding the disuse of seines this method of taking eels has been fairly successful and profitable. It might to-day still continue to be so had the smaller eels, of which large numbers are always taken with the marketable kind, been returned to the water for another year's growth, instead of being thrown upon the fields for the propagation of the crops. Under such a system it is not surprising that eels are scarce, and selling to-day at eighteen and twenty cents a pound, as against five and six cents a pound a few years since. It will also in a measure explain why waters which not long ago were considered exhaustless in their supply of eels are becoming worthless and barren.

Another and a powerful factor which has accelerated the decline and exhaustion of the eel fishery is the practice of sweeping the shallow water near the shore with fine-meshed nets. These catch in large quantities the small fry—the food of the eel. A larger portion of these are, as in the case with the small eels, used for fertilizing purposes. This wasteful destruction of bait is alone sufficient to account for the growing scarcity not only of eels, but of all other varieties of fish which feed upon the same. From the window of his residence on the edge of one of these Long Island estuaries the writer sees row upon row of eelpot stakes, the traps attached to which have not been baited for days on account of



TENDING EELPOTS. SEINE-CASTING. THE EEL FISHERIES OF LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY GASTON FAY. SKINNING EELS. EELPOTS.

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inability to find bait—the small fry spoken of above.

Those who formerly followed with profit the eel fishery are now lamenting the decline of the same. Had these eel-men shown a common prudence and forethought, or would they do it even now, the end would not be so near.

The halcyon days of this class of men was before the completion of the net-work of railways which now covers Long Island. They then held the monopoly of the supplies of fish for the New York market. The eel fishery gave employment to large numbers of men, most of whom have gone into other and possibly less profitable pursuits. It developed a set of specialists in the profession, who devoted themselves exclusively to the skinning of live eels. A great rivalry existed between these experts. Matches of absorbing interest arose from it. In these, rival eel-skinners were pitted against each other as to which could skin the greater number of eels in a given time. These contests were exhilarating breaks in the monotony of Long Island life. Any one who has attempted to pick up a live eel will appreciate the dexterity which enabled these operators to skin a fabulous number of dozens within a certain time. These once famous manipulators have retired.

Again, the eel fishery gave employment to a large number of teamsters, who transported the products of the same to market. Ice was not used in those days. The eels, after being skinned, were put in bunches of a dozen each and immersed in the water of cold springs. At night the teamsters loaded their wagons from these sources. By early morning the eels were for sale at the city markets. From the eastern end of the island the journey occupied two or even three nights. During the warm hours of the day the eels were unloaded from the wagons and placed in springs near which the teamsters always halted. Eels then were sold by the dozen, and fetched less than what a single pound now costs. To-day, if the local supply of eels to the New York market was withdrawn, it would not sensibly affect the supply, so much has the eel fishery of Long Island declined. Rapid transit and refrigerator cars have opened new sources of supply, which in their turn, through profligate waste, are certain to be speedily exhausted.

A few years past, when the bays were frozen over, it was a common sight to see scores of men armed with eel spears fishing through the ice. Eighteen and twenty dozen of large eels was no uncommon catch to each man. The winter fishing is no longer profitable. Again, two men in a boat at night, by the glare of a [illegible] at the bow of a boat, could [illegible] the same with large eels [illegible] in the shallow waters near the shore. Professionals now seldom avail themselves of this method of taking eels. It is mostly resorted to by amateurs, who are content if, after half the night spent in pushing about the shores, they secure eels enough for a single meal.

There is a remedy for all this. There is no reason why the eel fishery, considering the enormous prolificness of the eel, should not be restored to its pristine vigor. The remedy is impracticable, however, under our corrupt legislation and nerveless enforcement of the laws.

G. F.

THE ROOK AND THE SABBATH.

A CLERICAL friend, a rector of long experience, who has given much attention to the habits of rooks, tells me that these birds quite understand the difference between Sundays and week-days. He speaks more particularly of those that breed about churches, and their behavior, noted by him scores of times, is fair proof of the fact, however singular it may seem. Shy enough during the other days of the week, on Sundays they will be comparatively tame, permitting nearer approach, as though they knew that on the Lord's day there was no danger of their being molested. I myself have noticed their air of fearlessness or trusting confidence on this day greater than on others, and have no doubt of the fact. But how is it brought about? Sagacious bird as is the rook, its sagacity can hardly be equal to counting seven, or keeping a calendar. That it can tell a gun from an umbrella, or walking-stick, or farm implement, is a fact well known; but its being able to distinguish Sundays from week-days is a still greater stretch of reasoning intelligence.

My friend offers an explanation, which is no doubt the true one, that the birds are made aware of the sanctity of the day, or rather its safety to themselves, by the ringing of the bells, and the [illegible] ing of the people for worship.

It would be worth noting whether they also lay aside their shyness on occasions when there is a funeral or week-day service in the church.

In relationship with the fact of the rook distinguishing between Sundays and week-days is another of almost equal singularity: their choosing trees in proximity to the church as a nesting-place. For that they show this preference seems unquestionable. Proof of it may be seen at many country churches, where there are rookeries established on a scanty lot of trees of no great height, and easily accessible to the birdnesting boy, while in the near neighborhood are clumps of tall ones, just the sort one would expect rooks to build upon, showing not a nest. Nor can it be shelter that rules the selection. Often the trees by the church are in exposed situations, and the nests blown off to their last stick during the autumn equinoctials, whereas on other trees, only a few hundred yards distant, they would have remained throughout the winter with but little damage done, and so saved the labor of their rebuilding in spring.

It would seem, then as though these birds have a knowledge [illegible] to a church affords them protection, which it usually does, both from gun and nest-robbing boy, partly from the force of public opinion, and, at times, fear of the vicar.

ULSTER SUPERSTITIONS.

A WOMAN who had been in many ways helped by the wee folk found that her dreams foretold their gifts. Night after night she dreamed that she found a heap of golden money beside a great stone in a certain field. At last she went to the field, and found not only the stone, but the money. She took some, and returned for more from time to time. But her conscience grew troublesome. She feared she might be defrauding some one, and so she weakly babbled her doubts to her neighbors. The result was that the gold vanished, and never again did she find one single coin beside the stone of her dreams.

A poor woman dreamed nightly of being told by the fairies that if she would dig in the dry moat of a fort she would find a treasure of gold. She told her dream to her sons, and begged of them to dig for her, but for a long time they laughed at her fancy. At last they agreed to dig, so that she might cease from troubling them, and they did indeed find a buried treasure—not, however, of gold or money, but an exquisitely chased silver bell inclosed in outer cases of bronze, which is now to be seen in a well-known antiquarian collection.

A certain woman in a "very gentle" (fairy-haunted) district of Ulster had only one eye, and her neighbors told her story thus: "When very young she was so beautiful that the fairies loved her well, and at last carried her off to their country. To her, bound by their charms and spells, the fairies' home seemed a place of dazzling beauty—the true fairy-land of old stories and of poetry. Her work was light, for she was only asked to wait on them as they moved about their palaces. One day she was standing by as they washed in sweet-smelling oil, and she idly dipped her finger in the oil. By chance she put the wet finger to her eye, when suddenly she saw all the surroundings she had fancied so beautiful to be only the nooks and mossy corners under a gentle thorn. The splendid carving was the twisting of the gnarled old roots, and the country of the fairies was but her father's field. Being no longer bewitched, she easily reached her home, and was said to be the only human captive ever restored from fairy spells to a human hearth. But she found that the magic oil had made one eye all-powerful to see the generally unseen pranks of her old captors. For a long time she feared to speak of what she saw, and would sit still while the room was crowded with fairies, who played all sorts of tricks on the unconscious people around. But one day her caution failed her. She was at a country fair, and as she bought something at a stall she could see the whole place crowded by these sprites, who were robbing sellers and buyers, and injuring the wares. As one ill-favored old fairy twitched something from under her eyes she screamed with indignation and pushed him away. He turned, and raising a little wand in his hand, rushed furiously at her, and put out the eye that had been bathed in fairy oil. She never any more looked on a fairy, and was regarded till her death with much respect and awe by her neighbors."

Another tale, concerning a man yet living, seems to show that these powerful enemies can be daunted by any one daring enough to defy them. A small farmer in the north had upon his farm a "very gentle" wood. He duly respected the fairies, and would not permit any of their trees to be meddled with. Therefore he expected their good offices in return. His finest and favorite cow, however, was suddenly attacked by the sort of illness that is generally regarded as the effect of spells. He looked at his suffering cow and her untasted food, and went straight to the wood, where, in a loud voice, he three times repeated this sentence: "If my cow does not get better before night, there will not be one gentle bush standing in this wood by to-morrow evening." And after uttering this threat he was not astonished on going home to find the cow in the byre eating her mash, and as well as ever.

If these powerful small people make concessions at times, they are more apt to demand them, as the following tale proves: In the parish where the gentle wood still remains undesecrated, any passer-by may see near the high-road a farm-house, close to which grows an old thorn, surrounded by a very high wall. The effect is so strange that a question is nearly always asked, and always thus answered: "The people who lived in the farm always had a respect for the thorn, which was very gentle, and the fairies who crowded round it 'had a great wish' for them, and would do anything for them. But the farmer and his wife grew old, their daughters married, and servants had to be hired to do the work. Soon after these changes the good people ceased to befriend the house—the cows gave less milk, the butter would not come, the crops were poor. The old people fretted over the change, but failed to guess its cause. One gray morning, as the farmer was leaving for his work, he met on the threshold a very grave and dignified little man in green, who did not reach more than half-way to his knee, and who told him, with a low bow, and sweeping off a plumed hat, that he had been sent by the king, his master, to make a formal complaint of the servant-girls, who threw all the sweepings and potato parings at the roots of the old thorn. Now it happened that the king's favorite palace was under this very thorn, and he and his queen and court used to delight on summer evenings in sitting in their green bowers among the twisted stems of the thorn. But now their pleasant retreat was made abominable to them, and unless things were altered king and court must leave the place, and take their blessing from the farmer and his people. On this news the farmer vowed a vow to the small ambassador that he would at once repair the damage done, and make it impossible for anything in future to annoy the wee folk. The wall was built, the kind offices recommenced, and were never withdrawn; and on summer evenings the faint sounds of fairy talk and mirth could reach the ears of those who never dared to peep over the wall of solid stone which still encircles the crooked old tree, and averted the fairies' threat of 'bad luck by the bushel.'"

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"Two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda to a quart of flour" was formerly the standing direction in every kitchen for making light biscuit, cake, etc. It has been found of late that the old rule won't work, double this quantity of cream of tartar being frequently required to produce the former result, and even then, owing to the great variation in strength of the best cream of tartar that can be purchased at the stores, uniform results can no longer be depended upon in its use.
The cause of this inferiority of modern cream of tartar is explained by the Massachusetts State Board of Health, and also by the New York State Board of Health, which, in a recent examination of 27 samples of cream of tartar, claimed by dealers to be of the best quality, found them adulterated with alum, terra alba, phosphate of calcium, etc., from 3 to 93 per cent. Five samples were adulterated with terra alba to such an extent that they were really terra alba with a little cream of tartar added. In the soda examined, from 17 per cent. of carbonate of lime to 25 per cent. of ground gypsum were found. Of course it is impossible to produce light or wholesome bread with such stuff as this for a leavening material, and the best cooks, if relying upon its use, must frequently fail in their work. The old formula, therefore, no longer to be relied upon, must give way to new methods.
Science, fortunately, comes to the aid of the cook in this dilemma with the ever-ready baking powder; but here again the greatest care is necessary, in selecting a baking powder, to avoid one that may not only spoil the work of the cook, but will make the cookery produced an instrument of danger to the health. Most of the baking powders and bread preparations of the market are made either from the very cream of tartar above described, from alum, which is poison, or from phosphates derived by disgusting processes from the solution of old bones in sulphuric acid, and hence their use is attended with the same inconvenience and dangerous results that follow the use of adulterated cream of tartar. The only way to overcome these difficulties would seem to be in the selection of a baking powder of a thoroughly well-established reputation, whose absolute purity, wholesomeness, and effective power as a leavening agent have been confirmed beyond contravention. The Royal Baking Powder meets this want more nearly than any other, and has been recommended by the Government chemist as the most acceptable and perfect substitute for the old-fashioned cream of tartar and soda. It is undoubtedly pure, and its merits have given it a sale probably equalling that of all other baking powders combined. Its manufacturers have an advantage over all others in possessing facilities for obtaining pure materials. They refine their cream of tartar direct from the imported crude grape acid by means of patented processes, exclusively their own, by which the cream of tartar is rendered absolutely pure and uniform in strength. In addition to this, they employ a number of expert chemists who thoroughly test every pound of ingredient used, and admit no material into the Royal Baking Powder compound until they have demonstrated it chemically pure. As a consequence, the action of this powder is always uniform, as well as of the highest degree of power, and never fails to produce light, sweet, wholesome, and palatable bread, biscuit, or cake. With its universal market, and the great magnitude of its sales, this company finds it to its interests to adopt these extraordinary methods, which no baking-powder maker whose market is limited to a single state or locality can afford.

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GOING TO THE DOGS.

Good-bye, old comrade! On many a morn
The echoing notes of the huntsman's horn
Have called us to fields of merriment,
Where the fleet hounds followed the anise scent.

Your gallant spirit was loath to wait
While the farmer's boy flung back the gate;
But, though you vaulted so free and far,
You caught a fall by the topmost bar.

It was death to you, and no sport to me,
For I'm left in the lurch while the rest ride free;
And here I must leave you and pick my way,
Over fences and ditches, as best I may.

You shall not be buried, my gallant steed!
On your once fleet limbs the hounds shall feed;
And in them, as by proxy, you ne'er shall lag,
But still follow the trail of the anise-bag.

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45,231,420
Being an average circulation of One Hundred and forty-six thousands, three hundred and eighty copies.
146,380
for each day of publication.
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Henry C. Lynch
Wm. H. Miller
Robert Warren
Clerk of the City and County of New York and Clerk of the Supreme Court First Judicial District City and County of New York

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1394.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

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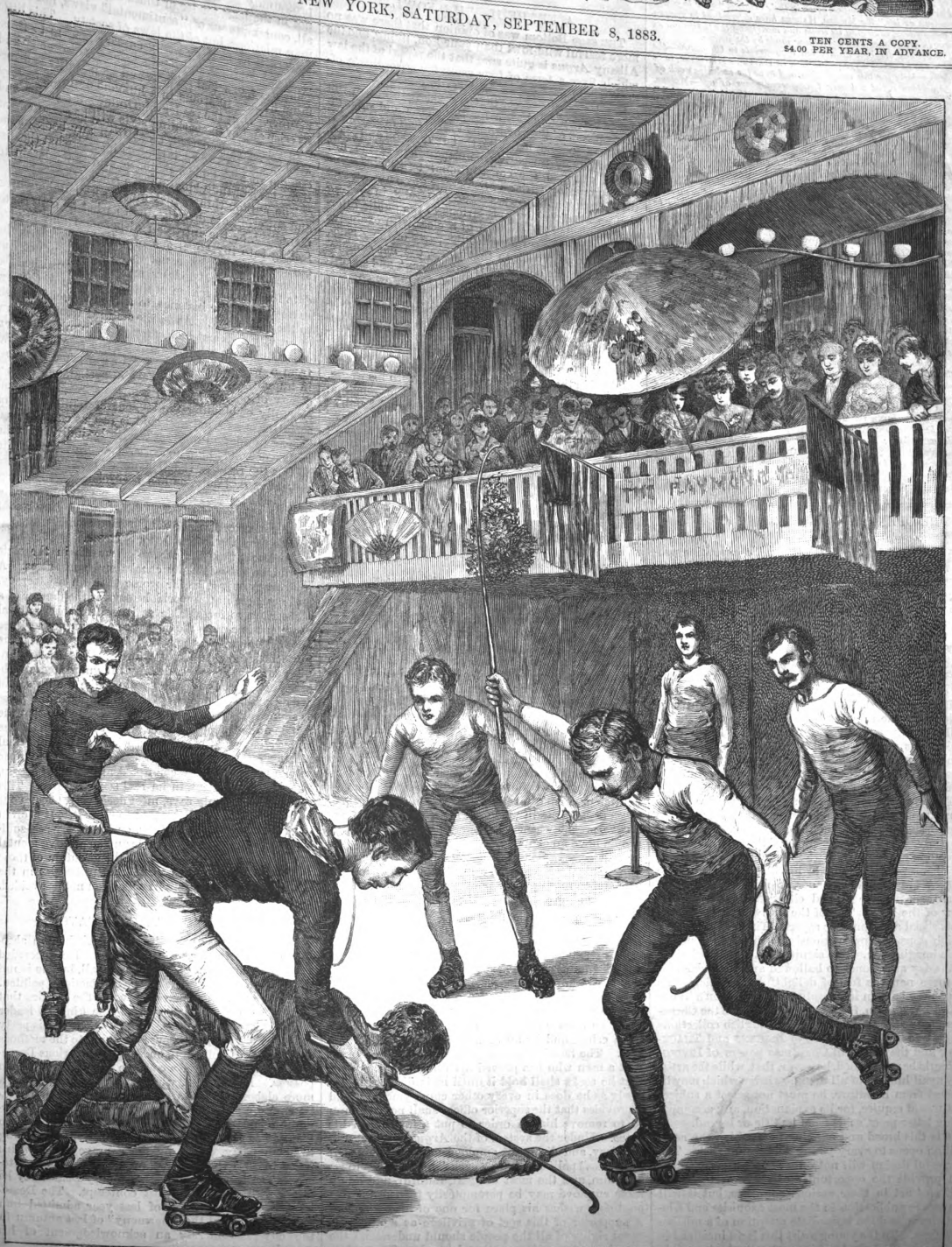

POLO ON ROLLER SKATES AT NEWPORT.—DRAWN BY C. W. WELDON.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September 1*] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March 1, 1884, addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December, 1884; and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500; *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE HARPER ART COMPETITION.

WE stated last week that the art competition proposed by the Messrs. HARPER would be re-opened, and the detailed announcement of the re-opening appears in this paper. There is one change in the plan which will commend itself at once to general approval. It is proposed that the prize shall be awarded to the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas, and suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The treatment is to be left to the artist, limited only by this special reference, and the successful drawing will be engraved for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1884. The other general terms and conditions are the same as before, and the same judges will serve upon the new competition. Their report, which was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 1, was a clear and conclusive statement of the reasons of their decision, and it may be profitably studied by all who propose to compete.

The new competition is open to all American artists of not more than *twenty-seven* years of age, with the same honorable understanding of the prosecution of art study. It is an opportunity of the greatest advantage to every young artist in the country, and one which may well stimulate his best endeavor. The subject proposed is one of the richest suggestion. Christmas may be treated either from the point of view of the Bible story of the nativity, or from that of its social and domestic aspect. There is no subject which appeals more variously to the poetic and artistic imagination. The significance and associations of the day are at once so hallowed and so tender that its mere name is full of delightful suggestion. Its scope may be seen in literature from MILTON'S hymn to DOMETT'S poem, from the old carols and the Christmas songs of good cheer of which English collections are full, to the holiday tales of DICKENS and THACKERAY and the beautiful Christmas papers of IRVING. It should be understood, however, that, while the artist may avail himself of all the knowledge which may be derived from literature, he must not select a subject that would require, for its explanation, any accompanying letter-press, aside from its title or legend.

It is this broad and enticing field which the competition opens to every young American artist. The successful design will not only secure a prize which will provide the opportunity of study of the great works of art in their various countries, but it will also secure publication in the most exquisite and adequate form, and the immediate attention of a million of readers. To the young artist this is an inestimable advantage. It launches him under the best possible auspices upon a promising career, leaving the further successful prosecution of his voyage where it must always finally rest, upon his own energy, industry, and ability. It will be observed that the terms of the new competition, which should be carefully read, contain a new condition. In addition to the payment of the first award for the design which shall be found most suitable, three other awards of $500 each will be made, according to fitness and excellence, and such successful designs will be published in HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE respectively. These last awards, however, will not be subject to the condition of art study, etc. We shall await with high expectation the results of this offer.

A FEARFUL WILD-FOWL.

THE sage Bottom was of opinion that there was no more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living, and the Albany *Argus* is quite sure that the repeal of the law which fixes a term of four years for subordinate offices would produce an aristocratic class. It necessarily holds, therefore, that the Constitution in not prescribing a fixed term for the clerks and subordinate officers of the government favors an aristocracy. It must also hold, logically, that JEFFERSON and MADISON, in their unsparing condemnation of the law which changed the constitutional tenure betrayed their sympathy with an aristocratic government, and that BENTON and LOWNDES and CALHOUN, in seeking the repeal of the law as injurious to the public interests, advocated the creation of a class with exclusive privileges. These fathers of the party of the *Argus*, it appears, according to that paper, did not comprehend the nature of a popular government, and according to the same authority, if its reasoning be correct, not only is the Constitution an aristocratic instrument, but the *Argus*'s own business is conducted upon aristocratic principles. We presume that the *Argus* employs reporters, compositors, pressmen, and other assistants so long as the relation is mutually satisfactory. While the honest and sober and efficient employé in the *Argus* office is satisfied with his wages, and the *Argus* is satisfied with his work, he remains; and we have no doubt that the *Argus* would laugh as heartily at the solemn assertion that its system of employment was an aristocracy fatal to American institutions as all intelligent men laugh at its grave proposition that the same system applied to the transaction of the public business would produce an aristocratic class.

What is an aristocracy? It is a privileged class, a class which enjoys exclusive advantages. It has certain prerogatives which belong to it as a class, which are transmitted by descent, and which are not attainable by others. Does the *Argus* mean to say that any civil service reform association has ever made a demand for exclusive rights for any class of citizens; or does it mean to plead guilty to the amusing absurdity of saying that a body of workmen who hold their places by satisfactory service for ten years or more, but who may be summarily dismissed at any moment, constitute an aristocracy? The reform movement demands that the minor administrative places in the government service shall be open upon perfectly equal terms to the whole body of citizens, and shall be filled by those who show themselves to be the best fitted for them, and that the persons employed shall be dismissed when their service is unsatisfactory. The system which the *Argus* defends shuts out from those places all citizens, however deserving and competent, except a little circle of dependents of a few politicians, who can retain the most unfit and idle of those dependents in place. Under the system of the *Argus*, probably ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the people have no chance whatever of entering the public service. Under the reformed system, the whole non-political service is open to all who choose to compete and to rely upon their own merit, and not upon the favor of a boss, to enter the service and to remain in it. The system defended by the *Argus* is the cast-off rags of despotism, royalty, privilege, and personal favoritism.

The *Argus* and all the other supporters of the un-American and exclusive spoils system try to produce the impression that the reform proposes by the repeal of the four years' law to give to the government employé a vested right in his place, and to provide that when he is once in he can not be turned out except for a crime, and by an indictment, trial, and conviction. The fact is that the reformed system proposes that a man who has proved his fitness for the place that he seeks shall hold it until he is dismissed, precisely as he does in every other employment. And it provides that the superior officer shall not be tempted to remove him in order to put a favorite in his place. Under the system of the *Argus* the most useless, lazy, and dishonest employé may be retained if the "boss" politician who "backs" him chooses to retain him, and the most diligent, faithful, and admirable employé may be peremptorily turned out if a politician wishes his place for one of his own men. A supporter of this sort of privilege as against the equal rights of all the people should understand the meaning of the phrases that he uses. The public business of this country is not the property of a few political bosses. It is the concern of the whole people, and their interest in it is that it shall be transacted honestly, intelligently, and economically. It is because the people see that the system advocated by the *Argus* is neither honest, intelligent, nor economical—by which we do not mean, of course, that the office-holders are dishonest—that they have determined to change it.

THE MUTUAL DUTY OF SOCIAL CLASSES.

THE series of papers contributed to HARPER'S WEEKLY a few months since by Professor W. G. SUMNER has now been collected and published by the HARPERS in a neat little volume. It contains barely 170 pages, and it merits very careful attention. Professor SUMNER is a bold, aggressive, positive writer, profoundly assured of the justice of his own views, not in the least tender of those of others, and, above all, contemptuous of "sentimental" views, not of human relations, but of the laws of society. This little book will be held by many cursory readers to illustrate the coldness and hardness, even the cruelty and selfishness, of social science, and its inability to determine human relations in a humane and satisfactory manner. But the reader who follows it closely—and its crisp and even sparkling style will be sure to draw him on—will find that, more than any book of the kind which he knows, it shows him just what the discussion of social laws proposes, and the relation to those laws of individual human conduct.

The author thinks that much social unhappiness and suffering are directly due to what he calls sentimentality, or the intrusion of personal and private feeling into investigations of actual law. It is the object of social science, not to prescribe conduct, but to study and elucidate laws, and having furnished the data for a wise decision of the application of the law in any particular instance, to leave the decision itself to the individual. As in the natural world, the law of gravity does not and can not distinguish between objects, and an apple falls from the tree or a child from a window in obedience to the same force, so in human society the laws are impartial, and the necessity of observing them is just as imperative, and the folly of blaming the student and interpreter of social laws as cruel and cold is just as conspicuous. The accumulation of great wealth by individuals the author does not hold to be wrong. But because he alleges the right of the rich man to be rich, he does not assert or imply, as has been charged, that combined aggregations of wealthy men may not be dangerous to the community. Indeed, there is no recent plainer statement of the dangerous tendencies of great wealth than that of Professor SUMNER.

He holds that the power of wealth in the state should be restrained by checks and guarantees. A plutocracy might be far worse than an aristocracy, and nowhere in the world, he says, is the danger of a plutocracy so formidable as it is here. Its natural opponent is a republican democracy, and experience already shows that the serious contest is between the plutocratic and democratic forces. Wealth by cunning combinations can destroy the guarantees of liberty. It can buy legislatures to make the laws, and bribe courts to interpret them, and muzzle the press to silence exposure. But this is only to say that the people do not choose honest and fit legislators. The remedy is with the people, and it is a sure and final remedy, except in one contingency, which is, that the people themselves are corrupted, and then, of course, popular government, in its real sense, expires. This little book not only says, most decisively, Clear your mind of cant, but it helps you to clear it. It is often what the Germans call *keck*, or brusquely self-sufficient; but it is a very valuable and suggestive mental appetizer, and it is well worthy the attention of those who wish to be guided to definite principles in the treatment of great questions which can not be avoided.

THE DEMOCRATIC DICTATOR.

THE Democratic party in New York has an absolute dictator in Mr. JOHN KELLY. He succeeded TWEED as the head of Tammany Hall, but he is not TWEED, and is not as black as he is sometimes painted. He is an excellent representative of the politics that spring from patronage, and of the kind of leader which is known as a boss. He is master of his party in New York simply because he unites to the methods and morals of politics upon which the various Democratic politicians agree a courage which none of them possess. Mr. TILDEN, who is his only rival, has a more elaborate system of cultivating personal relations and maintaining a wider organization of information and details, but Mr. TILDEN never dared to bolt and to give victory to the opposition by dividing his own party. It is by the courage that split his party in 1879 that Mr. KELLY governs his party today. The insurrection of the County Democracy he treats with perfect and just contempt. The Democratic State Convention of last year admitted him and his men, and the "harmony" of last autumn in the city was merely an acknowledgment of his ascendency.

There is the same cry for harmony now, and the regret which is expressed in Democratic papers that

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harmony was disregarded by the State Committee at Saratoga means only the fear that Mr. KELLY may decide to bolt again and prevent all chance of party success. Democratic harmony means merely unconditional surrender to JOHN KELLY. The late action of the State Committee was puerile, because it was sheer bravado. Probably not a single member of the Committee, as a delegate to the Convention, would vote against the admission of Tammany, although his vote in the Committee branded Tammany as irregular if it did not unite with the County Democracy, which every Democrat knew that it would not do. Mr. KELLY knows, and every Democrat and Republican in New York and in the country knows, that the Convention would not dare to exclude Tammany. The Buffalo *Courier* says that the vote of New York is indispensable to Democratic success in 1884. Mr. KELLY casts 40,000 votes. Without them the Democratic party is beaten. To shut Tammany out of the State Convention is to lose those votes. The Convention would not dare to do it, and Tammany will be admitted.

Mr. KELLY is the one courageous man in his party. If it does not do what he thinks that it ought to do, he defeats it. What other Democratic leader does the same? What Democratic club or hall, except Tammany, dares to bolt and scratch and kick? What Democratic association, except Tammany, ever resolves in regard to its party, as the Third Ward Republican Association in Brooklyn resolved the other evening, "to drive from office every unworthy incumbent, be he Republican or not"? Of course "unworthy," in the mind of Tammany—if such a phrase may be permitted—means only not useful to Tammany. But the action is the same. It is the feeble bravado of independence and reform upon the part of "respectable Democrats," followed by the most servile acceptance of the things against which they organize and protest, which leaves them in so pitiful a plight by the side of Tammany. "The woods are full" of Republican scratchers and kickers and bolters, but the only Democratic kicker is Tammany. Yet Tammany controls its party, and the Democrat who openly defeated his party four years ago is its absolute dictator to-day. It is a striking illustration of the political value of mere courage and independence, even for the most selfish purposes. Thus it appears that the way proposed to the country to get rid of Republican rascality is to intrust the government to a party which can be successful only by reporting at that head-quarters of purity and reform, Tammany Hall.

IMPRISON PRIZE-FIGHTERS.

THE prompt and energetic action of Governor CRITTENDEN, of Missouri, and Governor GLICK, of Kansas, and their Attorney-Generals, in letting SLADE and MITCHELL know that even training for a prize-fight would send each to State-prison, has so alarmed these fellows that they have concluded to quit the country entirely, and go to Mexico. We are pleased to see such wholesome measures and so desirable a result following quickly on the position taken in our columns a fortnight since. There are far too many swindlers, thieves, and other criminals of Western Europe here already, without inviting the most brutal and ruffianly class of them all, and rewarding them with columns of free advertising and thousands of dollars of gate-money, and enabling them to open fashionable rum-shops, and lure our youth to associate and drink with them. If the Associated Press would notify its correspondents that any reference to these degrading exhibitions, or to those who take part in them, would be followed by their dismissal from the service, the columns now devoted to bloody dog-fights, and bloodier man-fights, in newspapers claiming to be respectable, could be used for encouraging many a reputable work, often of large public benefit, about which they are now silent.

There are dissolute classes in every city, ready at the briefest notice to welcome such shows, to rob and pillage, to hang negroes to lamp posts, and do what they can to replace order with anarchy, the moment the strong arm of the law is drawn back. For such as these we have to keep, in this city alone, nearly three thousand police constantly on the watch, at an expense annually of millions. But the favorite pastimes of these criminal classes, and the descriptions of them, are most dangerous things to set before our youth, and all respectable men should do their part to keep them out of sight, and to discountenance any paper which talks about them, and panders in any way to the classes which enjoy them. An editorial paragraph deprecating such work is lost on the reader the moment he sees five times as much space in another part of the same paper devoted to a minute description of the affair itself. If the editors of the daily press, and the Governors of all the States, will do their duty as vigorously as did the two gentlemen named, the MACES and SHERIFFS, the WILSONS and MITCHELLS, will soon learn to keep away from the United States, and to spend their days in Mexico, England, and other congenial lands, where creatures of their stamp appear to thrive.

LOW TIDE.

AMONG the graver offenses which are alleged against the Republican party is "junketing." The word describing the crime is not felicitously chosen, for WEBSTER defines junketing as feasting in secret, and it can not be truthfully alleged that the President is fishing in secret, or that Secretary CHANDLER takes trips in the *Tallapoosa* by stealth. The fact, however, remains that the President has gone a-fishing, and that Secretary CHANDLER has gone a-sailing in a revenue-cutter. Moreover, the other Secretaries are somewhere, and the government is apparently "running itself."

It is not alleged that anything is going wrong, or that the presence of the President and the cabinet in Washington during the vacation would make the slightest difference in routine work, nor can it be said that the Secretary of State in Newport, or the Secretary of the Navy at a New Hampshire navy-yard or upon a cruise, are so far from Washington that a catastrophe might occur before they could reach the capital. All that can be truthfully said upon the subject is that it is the dull—and droll—political season; the season, in fact, of political drivel and "emptins."

Some inquirer in Connecticut asks the *Herald* to tell the real truth about Mr. TILDEN'S force and vigor. The *Herald* replies that certainly it will do so with pleasure. Mr. TILDEN is a good man, and weighs about a hundred and fifty pounds. That is the way in which the *Herald* treats a great and good statesman. Then a Republican journal states that it is whispered about that the Democratic Governor of New York has gone junketing to the North Woods, and that junketing is obviously not exclusively a Republican crime, and that it is not positively necessary to turn out the Republicans in order to suppress junketing. Meanwhile, Mr. TILDEN treats with mysterious and suspicious silence the question whether he killed HANCOCK, and from time to time an anonymous writer details the private colloquies of General GARFIELD and DORSEY to show the utter baseness and rascality of—GARFIELD. The ship of state is in the very doldrums of political inanity. Happy the people which has no annals!

AN UNCROWNED KING.

IT was a harmless gentleman and a pathetically droll figure in the history of the time who lately died at Frohsdorf. He was perhaps the only King who ever passed a long life, with all the pleasure and adulation, and without one of the cares and responsibilities, of royalty. He was as reverently honored by the legitimists of France as if he had sat upon the throne, and their homage was even more sublimated by the fact of his deprivation of the actual crown. Those who saw and knew the French pilgrims returning from a visit to his Majesty describe them as full of a kind of tender exaltation, as if they had been caught up in beatific vision.

This is very droll when one thinks of the placid fat gentleman, who enjoyed his dinner, and passed his time in hunting and religious observances and receiving the flattery of those who regarded him as a kind of sacred being. He has been always highly commended for his fidelity to his belief that God really designed him to be the supreme ruler of Frenchmen, and also for his steady refusal to assert his right by force of arms. He has been certainly the most gentle and undemonstrative of royal exiles and pretenders. But it is not improbable that he preferred the pomp and form of royalty to its actual substance. He was evidently not a man of energy, and of what the French call initiative; and a life of the perilous excitement and agitation which that of a French king must be could have had little charm for the mild and eupeptic HENRY.

When his opportunity came, and without intrigue or effort of his own, he put it aside, and declined to mount the throne, upon a plea of objection to the national flag—a flag which at the moment was doubly dear to French pride, because it had just been covered with defeat and misfortune. Such an act at such a time showed as much disinclination to wear the crown as inability to grasp the situation. It certainly showed his entire unfitness for the position which he piously held to have been divinely allotted to him. His death leaves as the representative of the old royal house of France an intelligent and accomplished gentleman in full sympathy with his time, and whose position may serve his country by constantly reminding it that there is a living and able head of an anti-republican tendency, if at any time the republic by extravagance or by reaction should dissatisfy France.

PERSONAL.

THE *Athenæum* prints an interesting budget of letters written by Lady BYRON, Mrs. LEIGH, and Lord BYRON. It thinks the time has come when the scandalous legends that have sullied the fair fame of the poet, his wife, and his sister should be finally dissipated; and it believes that no one can rise from the perusal of these letters without feeling that the stories long current are baseless.

—Both the public and Mr. WILLIAM BLACK are to be congratulated upon the announcement that Mr. BLACK'S next novel, which will be begun in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February, will be illustrated by Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY. The title of the work is *Judith Shakspeare, her Love Affairs and other Adventures*, and the scenes are laid in and near Stratford-upon-Avon, a region with which Mr. ABBEY'S travels and studies have made him familiar, but his main qualifications are his alert imagination and delicate sympathy.

—Mr. E. G. HOLTMAN, a foreigner in Japan, got to like both rice and pickles, not even excepting the infamous *daiko*, "a half-putrid, half-salted preparation of large horse-radish, and the finest thing in the world to make rice go down; for if you take a piece and chew it well till the taste is all over your mouth, you would, I believe, eat anything else in the world afterward to get rid of the taste again."

—M. RENAN professes to think very lightly of literary glory. "I tried to care for literature for a while, only to gratify M. SAINTE-BEUVE, who had a great deal of influence over me. Since his death I care no longer. I see very well that talent has a value only because the world is childish. If the world had a strong enough head, it would content itself with truth. Literary skill has injured me more as a *savant* than it has helped me for itself. I have never in the least rested on it. I have always been the least literary of men." Yet it is entirely to his extraordinary literary skill that M. RENAN is indebted for the vastness of the audience that he addresses.

—Mr. ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW describes COUTURE as a short, thick man, with a great shock of iron-gray hair protruding from under his old straw hat; eyes small, but very bright, set in a rather heavy and puffy face of a pale and sallow hue; nose large, with open and very sensitive nostrils; clean-shaved, save for a heavy, drooping gray mustache, which concealed a large, sensuous mouth; finally a receding chin, almost lost in a thick neck, suggestive of apoplexy. "Not a handsome man, certainly," continues Mr. LONGFELLOW; "at the same time, despite his small stature, he gave you a sense of power that was unmistakable. There was a flash in his eyes that revealed the sacred fire, and you felt that he was no common man, as his outward aspect might lead you at first to imagine. He was ungraceful, but with a certain old-fashioned courtesy, especially with ladies, that made up for the want of polish." It may be added that Mr. LONGFELLOW'S picture of his father's house at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been accepted by the Prince of Wales.

—Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER writes that during his stay in Tangier he was often attended in his strolls by a charming boy in a ragged gown, handsome, and with the breeding of a prince, who, having picked up a little French and a little English, aspired to earn a few coppers by being a guide. "You know Mark Twail?" he asked, by way of scraping acquaintance on his first appearance. "Yes, I know Mark Twain very well. Do you?" "Ya-as; he friend to me. I guide to him. He vely good man, Mark Twail." "Why, you young rascal, you weren't born when he was in Tangier sixteen years ago." "Oh, ya-as, born enough. Me know him. He vely good man. Plenty backsheesh."

—The awards to American artists at the Munich International Exhibition are as follows: Mr. DAVID NEAL becomes *Hors Concours*, and Messrs. E. A. ABBEY, T. E. ROSENTHAL, WILLIAM M. CHASE, and F. JUENGLING receive medals of the second class.

—President ARTHUR reached his zenith as a fisherman when, at one cast in a tributary of the Yellowstone, he landed three trout weighing together four and a quarter pounds, and at each of six other casts he landed two specimens almost as fine.

—The Arab of the desert is pronounced by a recent traveller to be a continual fraud and sham, with his haughty, frowning air, his gravity and laziness, his courage and courtesy, these qualities being only a mask to hide a soul which is often mean, grasping, cowardly, and treacherous, and which only his brother Arab knows how to estimate at its true value.

—The feeling of the average American frontiersman toward his neighbor the Indian is expressed by a far Western newspaper as follows: "By a 'good Indian' we mean a dead Indian."

—Young Mr. ARTHUR, the President's son, is described by a Block Island correspondent as a meek-mannered prince, with long slim legs, a stoop in his shoulders, a brier-wood pipe in his mouth, a heavy lower jaw, and a resemblance to his grandfather, who preached in New England thirty years ago.

—"Miss WOOLSON," says the *Academy*, "is American—very American—but in the best sense. *For the Major* is a book few Europeans, if any, could have written, concentrating as it does such nervous power and earnest sentiment upon purely domestic incident. The old Major, dimly conscious of his failing mind, the sickly little boy, his pretended pupil, but really his playmate, and the faithful women who jealously hide from the world, and even from himself, the secret of his imbecility, form a truly pathetic and truly beautiful group, very difficult to draw, but very well drawn indeed."

—It is reported that Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT has offered Miss THURSBY $10,000 a year to sing in the choir of St. Bartholomew's church on Sundays. Miss THURSBY will sing in concert also the coming season. The average salary of a singer in a quartet choir of a New York church is six hundred dollars a year.

—The Rev. H. J. LYNCH, a Catholic clergyman of Lakeville, Connecticut, has incurred the ill-will of some residents of that charming village by erecting a large crucifix, twelve feet high, in front of his church, and in full view of the street. The objectors have prepared an address in which they ask him to use his influence in procuring the removal of the image, because "such a display is not in harmony with American ideas and customs, is shocking to the sensibilities of many, and entirely at variance with the sentiments and wishes of a great portion of the people of this community."

—Victoria has sent two hundred dollars for the relief of the sufferers by the catastrophe at Ischia—"A catastrophe," he writes, "which is more than an Italian catastrophe; it is more than a human catastrophe: it is a universal catastrophe. I feel touched. I send my mite." But the sorrows of the poor in any city of the world on any day of the year are really more pitiable. Only they are less picturesque.

—Miss ELLEN TERRY, the leading lady of Mr. HENRY IRVING'S company, will receive a salary of $1500 a week while playing in this country. Though she is an actress of the first water, the sum is considered very large. Yet Mrs. LANGTRY, who is not an actress at all, earned more than twice as much.

—Lord CAIRNS, whose son, Lord GARMOYLE, is to marry Miss FORTESCUE, the actress, has bought up all the photographs of that lady that were exposed for sale in the shops, and has asked her not to sit again for her portrait. It is not said whether the negatives of those photographs have been purchased too.

—The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS has been visiting a monastery in the Pyrenees, and Monsignor CAPEL has been lecturing in Brooklyn on "Life in a Cloister."

—A visitor at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, finds that at the hotel it is unnecessary to lock things up. "Even cigars lying on the table are not coveted by the porter. The doors are all open by day and by night, and nothing is touched. The porter coolly walks into your room in the morning, takes away your boots, blacks them, and brings them back. It gives a New-Yorker a curious sensation—this leaving everything open. The same trust in human nature pervades every part of the place. Down in the bath-houses, if you can not make change, it is no matter—pay it to-morrow. At the cigar stand, if you have not the requisite quarter, it will do as well next time you call."

—Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD has invested fifteen thousand dollars in an Artesian well just dug in the cellar of his new building at No. 1 Broadway. It is expected to discharge fifty gallons of pure cold water a minute the year round, from a depth of twelve hundred feet. Though situated only about five hundred feet from the Bay of New York, this well has not a drop of salt water.

—M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER condemns the French school-books as irreligious and partisan, and has written a pamphlet on the need of religion in social life. "So long," he says, "as the world moves amid the awful silence of mystery, and our life is given over to evil, so long as death hovers over the objects of our love, and children are carried by it from their parents, stoicism can only serve for a few unbending hearts, and there will be temples and dogmas, prayers and priests."

—Mr. HENRY JAMES, on a recent visit to Chambord, in France, where the late "Henry V." hailed from, found it a strange mixture of society and solitude. Its park, now disfeatured, is twenty-one miles in circumference. The towers, the turrets, the cupolas, the gables, the lanterns, the chimneys of the palace, look more like the spires of a city than the salient points of a single building. A little village clusters within view of the stately windows, and a couple of inns near by offer entertainment to pilgrims. The palace itself is a wilderness of empty chambers—a royal and romantic barrack. Its exiled owner had not the means to keep up four hundred rooms; he contented himself with preserving the huge outside. The repairs of the prodigious roof alone must have absorbed a large part of his revenue. The great feature of the interior is the celebrated double staircase rising straight through the building, with two courses of steps, so that people may ascend and descend without meeting. Impressive as it is, the Château de Chambord seemed to have a little stupidity. Its chief contents are BOURBON portraits, hideous tapestries from the ladies of France, and a collection of military toys used by the late Count in his infancy.

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THE CANOE CONVENTION.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 571.]

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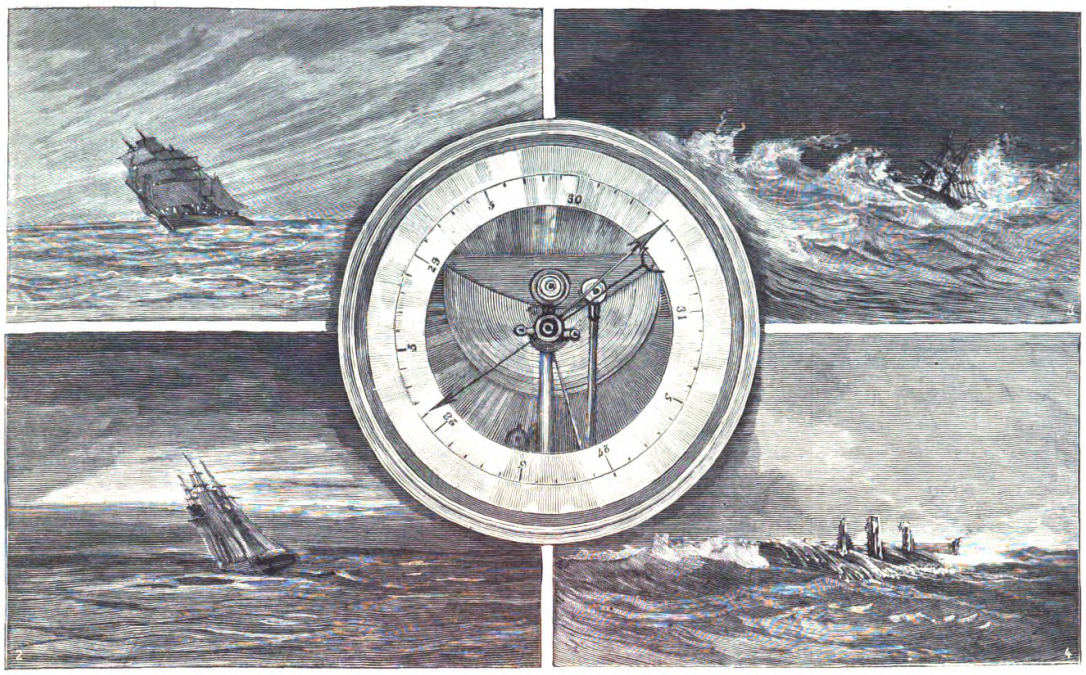

1. Skirmishers. 2. The Advance. 3. The Conflict. 4. The Victory. 5. Barometer.

AUTUMN AND WINTER CYCLONES.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 574.]

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

The island of Java, the scene of the recent terrible earthquakes, lies south of the island of Sumatra, separated from it by the Straits of Sunda, and extends to the eastward 640 miles, with a width varying from 36 to 126 miles. Two mountain chains extend the whole length, broken by rich valleys, which yield sugar and the highly prized Java coffee. Numerous volcanoes show themselves along the mountain chains, but are not often in eruption, though earthquake shocks are of common occurrence.

The city of Batavia, on the north side of the western end, is the seat of government for all the Dutch possessions in the East, and has a population of 120,000 inhabitants, European and Javanese. It is beautifully laid out, with wide carriage drives on each side of canals shaded by luxuriant tropical foliage.

Anjer, recently swept out of existence, is also on the western end of the island. It was a town of about 800 or 1000 inhabitants, who derived support principally by supplying vessels in the China trade with fresh provisions, water, etc. They stopped there for that purpose and for orders, as it is in communication by telegraph with Europe and China. Situated on a low point of land only a few feet above the sea, it fell an easy prey to the tidal wave.

The unpaved streets of the town were wide, and the low thatch-roofed houses were embowered in graceful foliage, effectually protecting them from the rays of the mid-day sun. On the extreme point, a short distance from the sea, was the old landmark so well known to all East Indiamen, the great banyan-tree, which towered above all surrounding objects, rendering it conspicuous many miles at sea. It was the largest tree of any kind known in the East, and although not attaining the height of some of those found in the Yosemite Valley, it had a much greater bulk. It was 170 feet in height; the trunk, or rather the assemblage of trunks, was 23 feet in diameter, while the dense foliage spread in a circle of 192 feet in diameter. The ladder shown in the picture was used to reach a house built on the closely knitted branches sixty feet from the ground, yet completely hidden from view.

The captain of a steamer which was in the Straits of Sunda during the eruptions reports that ashes fell on the deck of his vessel to the depth of eighteen inches, and that he passed masses of floating pumice-stone several feet in depth. It is estimated that 10,000 persons lost their lives at Tjiringin, and that the total number of persons killed by the eruption and tidal waves was 30,000.

On the lowlands of Batavia, where the waters have receded and quieted down, hundreds of bruised and mangled bodies are lying exposed. A sanitary corps has been formed, and the corpses are being removed and buried as fast as possible, in order to prevent the breeding and spread of contagion. The Straits have become dangerous to navigation on account of the formation of new islands.

"THE STRANGER PUSHED BACK HIS CHAIR, SCRUTINIZED ME DELIBERATELY, AND LAUGHED TOO."—[See Serial "Thirlby Hall," Page 566.]

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THE MILKING HOUR.

You good old Boss, stand quietly now,
And don't be turning your head this way.
You're looking for Donald, it's plain to see,
But he won't be here to-day.
Nobody came with me, dear old Boss,
Not even to carry my pail; for, you see,
Donald's gone whistling down the lane,
And Donald is vexed with me.

And all because of a trifling thing:
He asked me a question, and I said "Nay."
I never dreamed that he would not guess
It was only a woman's way.
I wonder if Donald has ever learned
The motto of "Try and try again."
I think, if he had, it might have been
He had not learned in vain.

And there needn't have stretched between us two,
On this fair evening, the meadow wide,
And *I* needn't have milked alone to-night,
With nobody at my side.
What was it he said to me yester eve,
Something about—about my eyes?
It's strange how clever that Donald can be;
That is, whenever he tries.

Now, Bossy, old cow, you mustn't tell
That I've cried a little while milking you;
For, don't you see? it is nothing to me
What Donald may choose to do.
If *he* chose to go whistling down the lane,
I chose to sing gayly coming here.
But it's lonely without him, after all;
Now isn't it, Bossy dear?

I—hark! who's that? Oh, Donald, it's you!
Did you speak?—excuse me—what did you say?
"May you carry my pail?" Well, yes; at least,
I suppose, if you try, you may.
But, Donald, if I had answered No,
Do you think it would have occurred to you
Not to be vexed at a woman's way,
But to try what coaxing would do?

M. D. BRINE.

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

FOR the third successive year, notwithstanding the objections of a considerable section of tennis-players, the annual lawn tennis championship has been held at Newport. The desire to change the *venue* to some ground in the near neighborhood of New York was a praiseworthy expression of local pride, but any one who has attended the Newport tournament, and who has had an opportunity of contrasting the conveniences offered by the Casino with those provided by any club in the New York district, would in candor be forced to acknowledge that the committee of the National Association was right in withstanding the desire for change. Apart from the conveniences of the Casino for players, it would be difficult to imagine a fairer scene than the lawns presented during the four days on which the tournament was held. Lawn tennis is a pastime enjoying a social prestige higher than that bestowed upon any other game or sport which may be indulged in without great expense; and this prestige should be maintained, if for no other reason than that it is almost the only out-door game of merit in which both ladies and gentlemen and children can take part. It can never, probably, be as popular (in the exact sense of the word) as base-ball, but it does not need to be so. The two games are entirely distinct; and while New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and other large centres of population are the natural centres of the game of base-ball, lawn tennis finds its most suitable head-quarters at the beautiful city of cottages on Narragansett Bay.

Although the tournament of 1883 was a thorough success, there were some elements of disappointment, chief of which was the comparatively small number of entries for the two events of the meeting. This may be in part explained by the absence from the country of some of the best players, and partly by a feeling that the winners of last year are still so far ahead of their rivals that real competition was out of the question; and it seems hardly possible that more than a fourth of those who took part in the games could have entered with any expectation or hope of winning championship honors. Still, though only one can win, the benefit to each individual contestant, and so to the game itself, can not be measured only by the chance that only one person has of winning the prize. The champions of years to come are among the younger of the defeated competitors, while those who are older in the game, and whose day is now passing, should be credited with a fine public spirit in encouraging the younger players by their presence.

But notwithstanding the small number of entries, the standard of play was so high as to promise well for the future of lawn tennis in this country. Mr. FARNUM, of Philadelphia, is young, and gives every indication of becoming a more than usually good player, even among the best. Mr. FOXHALL KEENE is still younger, and is already a first-class player, with an ease and grace of style that promise well. Mr. HOWARD TAYLOR, although defeated in the tournament by FARNUM, has already won the championship at Harvard University—an institution from which not only Mr. SEARS, the champion, but also at least two of the next best players have come. These young men, not yet out of their teens, are the coming champions. On the other hand, some excellent players, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. VAN RENSSELAER, CONOVER, M. POST, M. PATON, A. NEWBOLD, G. M. SMITH, and H. POWEL, play as well now as it is probable they will ever play. In such a game as lawn tennis youth is a factor of supreme importance.

For three successive years Mr. RICHARD D. SEARS has held the lawn tennis championship of the United States. He is a young man, twenty-two years old, and graduated in the class of '83 at Harvard University. His record as a tennis-player has not been approached in this country, he having suffered defeat only once where a prize or an honor was to be bestowed. This was in the match for the Harvard championship of last year, which was won by Mr. J. S. CLARK, one of the two brothers who lately faced the famous RENSHAW brothers, the English champions, across a net, and were thoroughly and honorably beaten. It is not probable that Mr. SEARS will figure as a tournament player after the present season, except to defend his championship, nor is he likely to improve much in his play, although this year's form shows a marked advance over that of last year. His game is particularly graceful and accurate, his judgment excellent, and his facility in recovering apparently hopeless returns wonderful. It is difficult, in view of the fact that he is actually the best American player, to say in what respect he is weak; but if he were matched against the best English players it would probably be seen that his play is not sufficiently aggressive to prevail in the best company. In this respect, indeed, he seems to be inferior to his closest competitor, Dr. DWIGHT. In the final match for the championship between these two gentlemen it was a noticeable fact that while the latter played mainly from about the service-line, depending almost entirely on his skill in volleying, Mr. SEARS took up his position nearer to the base-line than to the service-line; and although the greater distance from the net gave him a better chance to make sure of his returns, the position of his opponent, about midway in the court, enabled the latter to play a severer game. If the two players were equal in other respects, the aggressive attitude of Dr. DWIGHT would probably be the means of reversing their respective positions as victor and vanquished.

Dr. DWIGHT is a physician practicing at Boston, and is about ten years older than Mr. SEARS. In addition to being the second amateur tennis-player in America, he is the popular and hard-working president of the National Lawn Tennis Association, under whose rules and auspices the Newport tournament directly, and indirectly all other open tournaments, are held. To his energy the success of the recent meeting was mainly due, and it is not too much to say that to him the game of lawn tennis owes much of the success that has attended its adoption in this country. It was a matter of great regret that the work officially devolving upon him in connection with the Newport meeting naturally rendered him less fit than he would otherwise have been to maintain the great effort which his match with Mr. SEARS required. Not, indeed, that the result would probably have been different, but the fight would have been closer. As it was, the first two sets went to Mr. SEARS easily, his opponent winning but two games out of fourteen. In the third set, however, Dr. DWIGHT played brilliantly, the score of games standing at the close of the tenth game "five all." Then ensued the closest game that has ever been witnessed in an important match, for, being a final match, with the games at "five all," two games had to be won in succession by the same player before victory could be claimed. The eleventh game was scored by Mr. SEARS, his opponent counting only one ace; but the next game was called for DWIGHT, *bringing* the score back to "deuce games." Again the latter played *a game*; but Mr. SEARS, playing brilliantly, won the next, and the score was called "deuce games" again. The fifteenth game of the set was also won by Mr. SEARS, but so determined was the play of Dr. DWIGHT that it was only after a game that lasted several minutes, during which no less than twenty-four aces in all were scored, that the match was decided in *favor of* SEARS, by three sets to none. In the last set nine games fell to the winner and seven to the loser; and in the last game of the last set Mr. SEARS won thirteen aces and Dr. DWIGHT eleven, "deuce" having been called nine *times*. In the first set the winner scored twenty-eight aces against the loser's twenty-three; in the second, twenty-nine against thirteen; while in the third set the winner made fifty-five aces against fifty-three for the loser. A closer set than this could hardly be possible.

But though such stern antagonists for the single-handed championship, these two gentlemen play together as partners in the double-handed game, and at Newport they had little difficulty in sweeping everything before them for the second year in succession. Their only American rivals are the brothers CLARK, who are now abroad. Had they been able to take part in the Newport tournament, this invincible pair of brothers would have made a hard fight with the actual winners, and would very likely have beaten them, seeing that they have already done so twice. As it turned out, the final match in the doubles was the hollowest of defeats, for the losing pair, Messrs. A. VAN RENSSELAER and A. NEWBOLD, won *only* four games out of twenty-two. The circumstances under which they played, however, were such as to modify any adverse criticism that might be made on their display on that occasion, and their pluck is worthy of all commendation. A voyage of ten miles across Narragansett Bay in an open cat-boat, and with a rougher sea rolling than had been known on the coast since the March gales, was sufficient to have upset the mental as well as physical equilibrium of even the strongest men; but as the weather prevented the Narragansett Pier boat from running on the day set for the final match of the doubles, Messrs. VAN RENSSELAER and NEWBOLD were obliged to make this hazardous and inconvenient trip or forfeit the match. No wonder, then, that in such a state of disquietude they were unable to push the winners. But even had they been in the best condition, the final result would hardly have been different, for the winning pair played a stronger game than they have ever before exhibited, and in fact it is doubtful if even their late conquerors, the CLARKS, could have won against such play. In this match, at least, Dr. DWIGHT played more brilliantly than his partner and subsequent victor, and showed himself to be second to none as a double-handed player.

If the apprenticeship is long and the contest stern, the rewards are both handsome and costly. Mr. SEARS, by winning the singles, acquired a handsome silver cup given by the National Association; a bronze plaque given under conditions by two Philadelphia gentlemen; a silver cup presented by the governors of the Newport Casino, to be played for as often as the National Tournament is held on their grounds; and the "Horsman Trophy," a full-sized lawn tennis racquet, ornamented with gold and jewels, and strung with harp strings. This handsome trophy was presented last year by Mr. E. I. HORSMAN, of New York, and is to be played for every year until it has been won three times, not necessarily in succession, by the same person. Mr. SEARS has won it twice, and there seems to be a strong probability that a year hence he will be justified in proudly regarding it as his own personal property.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. F. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MILLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

GEORGE LOSES A PENNY.

WHEN King Ferdinand II., by the grace of God and the will of nations more powerful than his own, ruled over the Two Sicilies, it used to be the custom of all well-to-do Neapolitans, as well as of the numerous strangers who dwelt within their gates, to drive up and down the Chiaja for a matter of three hours every afternoon. The Chiaja, as everybody knows, follows the curves of the most beautiful bay in the world, and is, or at all events was, as hot, dusty, and malodorous a strip of highway as ever poor slaves of fashion were condemned to frequent. The slaves of fashion, however, swallowed the dust and the bad smells without apparent inconvenience. Lady Constance Milner took her turn of the tread-mill conscientiously with the others. At regular intervals her carriage, with the swarthy Antonio on the box, passed beneath my post of observation; and I was not long in discovering that her last appearance invariably occurred between half past four and a quarter to five; at which hour I concluded that she was in the habit of going home.

At five o'clock one evening, therefore, I took my way to the Hôtel Crocelle, and was gratified to hear from the hall porter that Lady Constance had just returned from her drive. All the greater was my disappointment, on reaching the first floor, when Antonio, who was sitting on a chair in the passage, reading a newspaper, rose and blandly informed me that her ladyship did not receive. Now, as the sound of several voices was distinctly audible through the door over which he was mounting guard, it was pretty clear that Antonio had not been instructed to make this reply to all applicants; still, since I had given no notice of my coming, I could not very well complain of the door being shut in my face, and I left my card, remarking that I should hope to be more fortunate on some future occasion. Three days later I accordingly presented myself again at the same hour, and was again met with the same discouraging announcement—"Her ladyship does not receive." This time the buzz of conversation on the other side of the door being just as loud as before, I ventured to point out to Antonio that, whether her ladyship received or not, she was *entertaining visitors at that moment*; to which he replied, "Yes, sir," with an impassive countenance.

"Well," I said, impatiently, "will she receive me if I call to-morrow?"

"I can not tell you, sir."

"Can't you ask?"

"Impossible, sir."

I turned away, and took myself off in deep disgust; and it is quite possible that Lady Constance would never have had another opportunity of cultivating the writer's acquaintance if George had not displayed such bad taste in exulting loudly over what he was pleased to call my rebuff. As he chose to take up that line I said I would very soon show him that *I* was not so easily rebuffed. "I'll lay you ten to one in whatever you like that I am admitted into her drawing-room this very afternoon," I added.

George answered that he never betted, but that, for once in a way, he didn't mind taking a franc to a penny about it; and I set off, fully determined to attain my object. Antonio was ready for me with his usual formula; but I had a practical rejoinder to cut him short with. I held out a napoleon, which he promptly grabbed and transferred to his pocket. "And now," said I, "you will be so good as to take my card to Lady Constance and say I am waiting."

The man looked doubtful. "Her ladyship is rather particularly engaged this afternoon, sir," he said.

"I don't care two straws about that. It isn't that I am specially anxious to see her," I explained; "but *I* have a wager upon it; and in fact, if you don't deliver my message, I shall open the door and walk in unannounced."

Antonio raised his eyebrows slightly, but made no further objection. He was absent for about a couple of minutes, during which time I am free to confess that the tide of my audacity turned and began to ebb with alarming rapidity; but when he re-appeared it was only to hold the door open, and I entered, hoping for the best.

The room in which I found myself was a long one, and presented an aspect of rather more luxury than one is accustomed to associate with the *salons* of hotels. At the further end of it Lady Constance was standing, tall and erect, holding my card between her long, shapely fingers, and talking to a gray-headed man whose back was turned toward me, and who was warming his feet by the fire. I advanced, uncomfortably conscious of my person, and eager to explain what certainly wore the appearance of a rather unwarrantable intrusion.

"I'm afraid you must think it very cool of me to force my way in like this," I began; "but you were so good as to say that I might call—and this is the third time that I have been, you see—and—and I thought perhaps there was some mistake—"

Lady Constance paid no attention whatsoever to my breathless excuses. She stopped talking for a moment to hold out her hand to me, requested me to sit down, at the same time pointing to a somewhat remote chair, and then resumed her own seat and her conversation with the stranger. They spoke in a language which was wholly unknown to me, and were evidently as little affected by my presence as if I had been deaf and dumb.

This cavalier treatment at least gave me time to cool down and to recover my self-possession, so that I did not find it as embarrassing as I might have done under ordinary circumstances. I thought I would sit the other visitor out, and as soon as his inning was over, mine might begin. In the mean time I took stock of the apartment, which, with its stands of hot-house plants, its Oriental and Spanish rugs, its piles of books and newspapers, and its bronzes and other knick-knacks carelessly deposited here and there, seemed characteristic enough of its temporary mistress. It was the habitation of a nomad, but of a nomad with a well-lined purse; and I was wondering what Mowbray and others could have meant by representing Lady Constance as a person without fortune, when my musings were disagreeably interrupted by the discovery that the couple beside the fire were talking about me. Lady Constance looked me full in the face, said a few words, and laughed; and then the stranger—a man of something over middle age, with a weather-beaten, wrinkled face, and an unkempt beard and mustache—pushed back his chair, scrutinized me deliberately, and laughed too.

I was furious; but what could I do? To get up and walk away, without having spoken a word, would be too ridiculous, and I had not the courage to offer any observation. There was nothing for it but to sit still and wait for the end. I suppose I must have sat there for at least a quarter of an hour, smoothing my hat, and feeling quite wretched, before the stranger got up. Lady Constance accompanied him to the door, talking earnestly as she went, and then, returning to the fire-place, stood, with her elbow resting on the mantel-piece, looking down at the glowing logs.

When she broke silence, it was to say, persively, as though there had been nothing in her previous conduct or mine which called for remark: "The worst of these people is that one can never by any possibility tell whether they are speaking the truth or not. It is so essential that they should be able to lie readily that lying becomes a second nature to them, and from never knowing for certain who are their friends and who are their enemies, they end by suspecting everybody. I sometimes doubt whether the system is altogether a good one."

She looked up at me half interrogatively as she ceased speaking; so I said that, upon the face of it, the system did *not* seem to be a very good one.

She laughed. "You can hardly judge of it yet, I suppose," she remarked. "Do you know who that man is who has just left the room?"

I said, "Not in the least."

"And if I told you his name you would probably be none the wiser. His name in Naples is Herr Müller, and he just manages to keep body and soul together by giving music lessons; but three years ago he was commanding an army in Hungary, and he might be a rich man now, I believe, if he had chosen to make terms with the Austrians, as others did. The word 'patriot' is out of favor nowadays; yet it would be a fine thing to be a patriot in the sense that that man is one. He has given up literally everything for his country—his time and his health and his money, and, as some people would say, his morality into the bargain. To die for your country is still very well; but there are hundreds and thousands of men who are ready to do that much. Herr Müller goes a great deal further. He has plotted for his country, he has lied for her, he would kill or steal for her as a matter of course. If he thought Hungary would be in any way benefited by my death he would assassinate me without a moment's hesitation."

"I should think a man of that kind would be a rather uncomfortable sort of friend," I remarked.

"He is not my friend. He is nobody's friend except Hungary's. He only comes to see me because he thinks I can do something for Hungary."

"And can you?"

"No. But I like to hear him talk, and he gives me information; though, as I told you just now, I can't be sure whether it is trustworthy information or not. For the moment, things look about as hopeless as they can for him and others like him; but their cause will triumph in the long-run, I fancy. I don't know whether

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

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you believe that truth is great and will prevail?"

"I am quite certain of it," I said, decidedly.

"Yes; at your age one is quite certain about most things. Upon the whole, I agree with you; but then, as Pilate so naturally asked, 'What *is* truth?'"

"I don't altogether understand what you mean," I said; "but it doesn't appear to me that conspiracies and assassinations are likely to do much good to any cause."

"The secret societies are more formidable than you imagine, though. I have never belonged to one myself; but I have had opportunities of observing what they can do, and I know that they can at least frighten the authorities. No government can suppress them, and no bad government will be able to sleep comfortably while they exist. Therefore I am inclined to think that the conspirators will wear out the bad governments, in spite of the fact that most conspirators are fools, and some are ruffians."

"And do you help these fools and ruffians?" I asked.

"So people say."

I did not like to press the question further; though I was becoming more and more interested in this singular woman. I was, however, sufficiently at my ease by this time to recur to the subject of my unceremonious entry, and to offer a somewhat less incoherent apology for it. "I'm afraid I interrupted you," I said, in conclusion.

"Well," she answered, with a smile, "I think you must have seen for yourself that you did not do that. Even Herr Müller, who is suspicion incarnate, was convinced that there was no danger in talking Magyar before you. I am not at all offended; indeed, I rather admire your self-assertion. It is a great gift; only you should be careful of abusing it. Another time, if Antonio tells you that I do not receive, I must ask you to take him at his word; but most likely he will not tell you so again. If I remember rightly, you were to come here with a view to expatiating upon the perfections of some charming girl, with whom you are violently in love. Please be so kind as to put another log upon the fire, and then you can embark upon your narrative. I am all attention."

"Upon second thoughts," I said, after complying with her request, "I would rather leave that subject alone. It would not interest you."

"To be honest," she replied, "I don't think it would; one love affair is so very like another, unfortunately. Nevertheless, I am quite willing to be bored for a quarter of an hour. I can't give you a longer time than that, because I am going out to dinner. By-the-way, you might as well dine with me to-morrow, if you have no other engagement, and bring Mr. Fisticuffs with you."

"Fisticuffs, as you call him, is by way of not going into society," I answered; "but *I* shall be delighted to come, and I will deliver your kind invitation to him."

"Do; and tell him, at the same time, from me, that if he refuses to go with you into the gay world, he will be neglecting a very important part of his duties. He has been put in charge of a perishable piece of property, and unless he restores it to its owners in good condition he will be held responsible, as sure as we live in a world of injustice."

Whether this argument, which I duly reported to George, had any effect upon him, or whether, as he himself averred, he was anxious to see what a gang of conspirators and cut-throats looked like, I can not say; but he decided, rather to my surprise, to accompany me to the Hôtel Crocelle on the following evening, and went away confessing that Lady Constance did not appear to be so black as she was painted.

Lady Constance tickled my vanity as much as anybody's, though I was not quite prepared to admit that at the time. I stood upon a different footing with her from that of the mature Lotharios who adored her, the assorted specimens of humanity who ate her dinners, and the conspirators whom she half distrusted and who wholly distrusted her. I was her friend; to some extent even her confidant. I was with her at all hours, in public and in private; it was I who escorted her to the Opera, and called her carriage when she left a reception or a ball; it was to me that new arrivals who wished to be presented to her most commonly addressed themselves. All this was naturally flattering to the self-love of a young and inexperienced member of Society, and I could not but be aware that I was the subject of a good deal of remark, and of some envy. Indeed, she told me as much herself, with that frankness which was one of her chief attractions.

"Do you know," she asked me one day, "that all Naples sets you down as my devoted slave?"

"All Naples is not very far wrong," I replied, gallantly.

"Apparently not. Does it never strike you that you are treading upon rather dangerous ground?"

I answered that I hoped it was not rude to say I didn't see the danger. "I told you long ago why it was that I could not fall in love with you," I added.

"You are a very confident young man," she returned, laughing. "But, without falling in love with me, you may very easily fall in love with the life that I lead, and find a return to buttercups and daisies and curds and whey a little insipid after it. If that happens, don't blame me."

"I certainly shall not blame you in any case," I declared; "but it will not happen. For one thing, I shall probably never return to the buttercups and daisies for more than a month or two at a time, and, for another thing, I love the country a thousand times better than any town. This sort of thing is very exciting and very good fun, and I like talking to the people whom I meet at your hotel; but it is not for the sake of meeting them that I go there, all the same."

"Is it not? Then may I ask why you do go there every day? If you could give a perfectly truthful answer it might be interesting."

I considered for a moment, and then gave her what I believed to be a perfectly honest answer. "I suppose what you mean to ask is, Why do I consider it such a privilege to be constantly in your society? Well, of course you know that you are very clever, and that you have the gift of making everybody like you, and so on; you are told that scores of times every day. But it seems to me that you are something much more than clever and charming. It seems to me that you care a great deal more for everything that is worth caring for than other people do who make much louder professions. You are always trying to rise above the pettinesses of commonplace life; and indeed you do rise above them, although you live in the midst of them. You give to the poor and say nothing about it; your sympathies are all with the weak and the oppressed and the poor devils who are out of luck. You are just as kind to the ragged patriots who are not over and above civil to you in return as you are to ambassadors and courtiers. I haven't seen much of the world yet, it is true; but I'm certain that there can't be many people like you in it." I blushed as I concluded my profession of faith, which, to be sure, was a trifle more high-flown in tone than I had intended to make it at starting.

"Dear me!" said Lady Constance, "so that is the conception that you have formed of my character? Now see how far my love of truth carries me: I am going to shatter this pleasing vision at a blow. What should you say if I told you that the money which I so generously bestow upon the poor is only a small part of what I make out of the oppressed and ragged patriots?"

"You make money out of them?" I ejaculated, considerably staggered.

"Exactly so. Not out of their purses: there would be a material difficulty about that, apart from the immorality of the proceeding. But I have made, and hope to make again, handsome sums out of the information they give me. In point of fact, I gamble on the Bourse and the Stock Exchange. I sometimes hear of impending events a day or more before the rest of the world hears of them, and I profit by my knowledge. Does that shock you?"

Lady Constance was not greatly lowered in my esteem by the above disclosure. I knew nothing of Bourse transactions; but it appeared to me, upon reflection, that this form of gambling was no more reprehensible than getting a good tip about a horse and then backing him, which has never yet been held to be anything but a prudent course of action. Besides, her openness disarmed censure.

What I did not quite expect, and yet ought certainly to have expected, from my fascinating friend, was caprice. She had so accustomed me to look upon myself as a necessary participator in all her movements that I was not only astounded, but seriously affronted, when she announced to me, in a casual way, at a crowded reception, where I met her one evening, that she intended to leave for Palermo the next day.

"Surely this is a very sudden decision!" I exclaimed.

"I always make my decisions suddenly," she answered, and turned away to talk to somebody else.

I was more than half inclined to march off home, asking no further questions, and commending her inwardly to the devil; yet, after all our intimacy, I felt that it would be a melancholy thing if we were to part in that way; and so, later in the evening, I took another opportunity of approaching her. "Is this really to be good-by, then?" I asked, sorrowfully.

"Oh," said she, laughing, "we are sure to meet again. People are always turning up. I generally find it much more difficult to avoid my friends than to encounter them."

"I hope you don't want to avoid me," I said, tentatively; "because the fact is, I was rather thinking of moving on to Palermo myself."

For a moment she turned upon me a look of unmistakable impatience and displeasure; but it vanished at once. "Yes?" she returned, coldly. "I thought you were going to Rome." And without giving me time to make any reply she took the arm of one of her elderly admirers and left the room.

After this it may be thought that if I had possessed any sense of self-respect whatsoever I should have abandoned all idea of proceeding to Sicily; and such was, indeed, my own view of the matter until the following afternoon, when I went to the Hôtel Crocelle to inquire whether Lady Constance had really left, and was informed that she had started that morning, accompanied, among other friends, by a certain Mr. Sotheran, which news caused me to change my mind. For, at the risk of seeming to imply too much, I will confess at once that I was jealous of this Mr. Sotheran. He was a middle-aged man, reputed to be very rich, and known by all who frequented the entertainments at the Hôtel Crocelle to be profoundly enamored of their hostess.

Therefore (though the relation of cause to effect in my conduct is not, I admit, very clear), I determined to pursue Lady Constance's party—not immediately, but as soon as I could do so consistently with a due regard to appearances. I remained at Naples for three weeks, feeling more bored than I had ever done in my life before; but at the expiration of that period I felt myself entitled to make a move, and accordingly took passages for my Mentor and myself on board the Palermo steamer.

An angry man was George Warren when I broke the news of our impending departure to him. All his dormant suspicions of Lady Constance revived, and he worked himself up into something as nearly resembling a passion as his sober nature could compass.

I kept my temper, and George, poor fellow, recovered his after a time, and consented to cross the sea with me, perceiving, I suppose, that he could not really do otherwise. It was impossible to make him understand that my feelings for Lady Constance were simply those of friendship, and I pardoned his absurd assertion that she had made me the laughing-stock of Naples, merely remarking that there were more things within the range of human sentiments than were dreamed of in his narrow philosophy.

He had his revenge when we reached our destination. Lady Constance and her friends were indeed at Palermo, and occupied the first floor of the very hotel in which we were lodged; but, alas! when I went down-stairs on the day after our arrival to pay my respects, I was received by the imperturbable Antonio with his old inhospitable announcement: "Her ladyship does not receive."

I waited for no second repulse. I bolted up the stairs to our room on the third floor, two steps at a time, and indignantly told George what had occurred. "I've had enough of this," I said. "Either I have offended Lady Constance, or else, as you say, she is sick of me. Anyhow, I shall not trouble my head about her any more. Let's be off to Catania."

"What?—without seeing the Cathedral of Monreale or the Palatine Chapel!" exclaimed George. "I am delighted to hear that you have come to your senses, Charley; but, all the same, I wouldn't rush into extremes, if I were you. We may never be in Sicily again, you know."

"Very well," I answered; "go and see your sights, and may they make you happy! I want to get out of this. Come on to Catania when you have done your duty to Murray, and you will find me there reading hard at Adam Smith."

As luck would have it, a coasting steamer was just about to get under way for the ports on the other side of the island. I packed up hastily, went on board of her, and was soon gliding over a glassy sea toward the Straits of Messina. At Catania—a dusty, melancholy town, built upon the hard black lava which poured down upon it from Ætna and more than half destroyed it two centuries ago—I spent a couple of solitary days, during which time I am afraid that I reflected more upon the fickleness of women than upon the *Wealth of Nations*. But on the evening of the third day a most surprising and delightful incident occurred. I was walking pensively down the principal street about the hour of sunset, when I received a smart tap on the shoulder from the handle of a parasol, and, turning round, found myself face to face with Lady Constance herself.

"I saw you from a shop on the other side of the road, where Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Sotheran are driving hard bargains with a curiosity dealer," she said; "so I thought I would cross and inquire whether you had had a quarrel with Mr. Warren; because we left him at Palermo."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, "how do you come to be here?"

"We drove," she answered; "and oh, what a tedious drive it was, to be sure! To-morrow we go on to Syracuse, and the next day we return by way of Taormina and Messina. Don't you want to see Taormina? I can't offer you a seat in our carriage because of Mr. Sotheran's legs, which are particularly unmanageable, and have to be packed sideways; but I should think you could easily hire a horse and ride over to meet us."

"Of course I should like it of all things," I answered, with some hesitation; "only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, honestly speaking, I am rather surprised at your wishing for my company. I thought I had been so unlucky as to displease you, or else that I had bored you beyond endurance."

"What can have put such a very strange notion into your head?" said she, talking through a yawn, and looking down the street. "There is Mrs. Gilbert waving excited signals to me. I suppose she has succeeded in making some hideous purchase. Is it understood, then, that we meet the day after to-morrow? I shall insist upon starting from Syracuse at break of day, because Mr. Sotheran loathes early rising, and you may expect to see us at Taormina by noon or thereabouts. Good-night—*a rivederci!*"

And presently her tall figure disappeared into the recesses of the curiosity shop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MUNICH INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION.

Of the many art exhibitions for which the year 1883 has been so remarkable, probably the most interesting is the one held in this city. Coming as it does after the others, it has the great advantage of being the recipient of almost all the best works which formed the principal attraction at Rome, Vienna, Amsterdam, Berlin, and Paris. It is especially interesting to Americans from the fact of a separate department being allotted to them. But whether the feeling on the part of Americans who visit our exhibit will be one of unalloyed satisfaction, after passing through the other magnificent halls, is a question. That our show is a meagre one must be confessed; but it is a move in the right direction, and much praise is due to those who, in the face of so many difficulties, have brought this about, and to the munificence of individuals, without which nothing could have been done. One thing is certain: no one can go through our rooms without being convinced that there are some American artists who reflect honor on their country, whose works, if not strictly of the first rank, approach it closely.

Our department might have been made an epitome of history had it embraced examples of early French and Spanish experience, colonial and Puritan life, or the Dutch occupancy of New York: these subjects would have been of general interest to all Europeans, and their want is generally commented upon. Suppose the case of an ordinary chance visitor to our department. He comes to the portal, and sees over it the word "Amerika." "Ah!" he says to himself, or perhaps to his frau, "now we will see something new; that young, fresh country, full of pulsing life, must certainly produce something worth seeing." He passes in, and rubs his eyes in amazement; he must have made a mistake, and got into some alcove or side hall of some of the other departments, for he sees nothing, generally speaking, but reflexes of Continental schools. The familiar faces of peasants confront him, incidents of German life, French landscapes, events from English history and romance, Holland scenes, etc., and among them all a few, a very few, distinctively American paintings, which in conception and execution are in the right direction. Much of this peculiar condition of our exhibit is due to the fact that the work of American artists residing abroad is stronger than, and to a certain extent overshadows, the rest, and gives to the entire collection the essentially foreign tone alluded to. Those who are studying, of course, have the excuse that they must paint what they have about them, and what their teachers feel themselves competent to criticise; but the men whose reputation is already established, who can pick and choose what they wish, should not so completely ignore the claims of their birth-place for some recognition; in fact, they should be chiefly instrumental in leading younger effort into new fields, and not divert it, as they are doing at present, into beaten tracks. Any foreigner would have greatly preferred to have seen Mr. Bridgman's studies of Indian rather than of Arab life; his great ability would have made the one as picturesque and attractive as the other, while his work would have had the additional charm of being original and not hackneyed. While English history and literature are, as it were, a part of our own, yet if Mr. Neal and Mr. Rosenthal had displayed the same grasp and conscientious study in conceptions more purely American, their paintings would have added greatly to the representative character of our exhibit; as it is, they add greatly to its honor and the general estimate of its worth.

Mr. Rosenthal's picture is the largest and most important work in our department; it represents the scene in "Marmion" where the recreant nun is brought before a synod of nuns and friars for sentence and immurement. Though Mr. Rosenthal's forte is more particularly simple and pathetic subjects, he has in this case produced a large composition full of dramatic force and power. The conception of the subject, the arrangement of light and shade, the way the great difficulties of such a picture are overcome, all indicate fine imagination and great artistic ability. Fault, however, may be found with the blackness of the shadows, and the want of that gray, mysterious quality which adds so much to the beauty of Israel's pictures, and with the rather conventional handling of the faces.

Mr. Neal's contribution, though smaller in size, about divides the honors with Mr. Rosenthal's painting. The title, "Oliver Cromwell visits John Milton of Ely," explains to a certain extent the action or idea of the work, though not wholly, for Cromwell, coming in unperceived, stops to listen to Milton, who is playing the organ in an alcove concealed from Cromwell's view. The intent listening attitude of Cromwell is admirably expressed, and there is, besides, a great deal of rugged strength and character in the face and figure; the contrasting figure of the poetic Milton is also conceived with delicacy and refinement. Altogether it is a work of originality and excellence, the color especially being exceedingly good.

Other work in the way of portraiture also stands out conspicuously, especially the contributions of Mr. Chase, Mr. Wier, and Mr. Beckwith. Of the productions mentioned, Mr. Chase's portrait of Mr. Duveneck (painted before the artist left Munich) is a very fine specimen of tone effect in color. This work would of itself be sufficient to establish Mr. Chase's reputation in any community of artists. Mr. Wier's portrait of Professor Wier is a strong, excellent piece of work, and evinces marked improvement over his head of a peasant girl, which is evidently an earlier effort; however, with the portrait the fault must be found that it is too sketchy, and not studied with sufficient care; in comparison with the portraits of Professor Cannon, of Vienna, it looks like the commencement of a powerful composition, and one regrets it is not carried farther.

In landscapes several fine examples present themselves. Mr. Quartley's marine is a fresh, vigorous, thoroughly American picture, fit to rank with any work of a like nature in the entire Exhibition; Mr. Quartley is to be heartily congratulated for having so well sustained the honor of his country. Mr. Inness's landscape with cattle is also the production of a ripe artist; if his greens were as true to nature as his drawing of animals and trees and the general composition of the peaceful scene submitted, it would meet with greater admiration than it at present excites. When a landscape of this description is compared with the cattle pictures of Hermann Baisch, it fails in strength and out-door effect. Mr. Fisher's "Spring" represents an orchard decked with blossoms, a few graceful tree forms rising above the general outline; in the foreground cattle and sheep. This landscape is thoroughly studied and admirably painted, though a trifle heavy.

The black and white collection can not be too highly commended, the artists being remarkably excellent in originality, imagination, and all those qualities which make such work interesting and valuable. Among so many almost perfect in their way and peculiar style it is hard to discriminate. The wood-cuts are simply unimpeachable, and the illustrated books exhibited in taste and execution can not be surpassed anything on this side of the water. E. F.

MUNICH, *August* 14.

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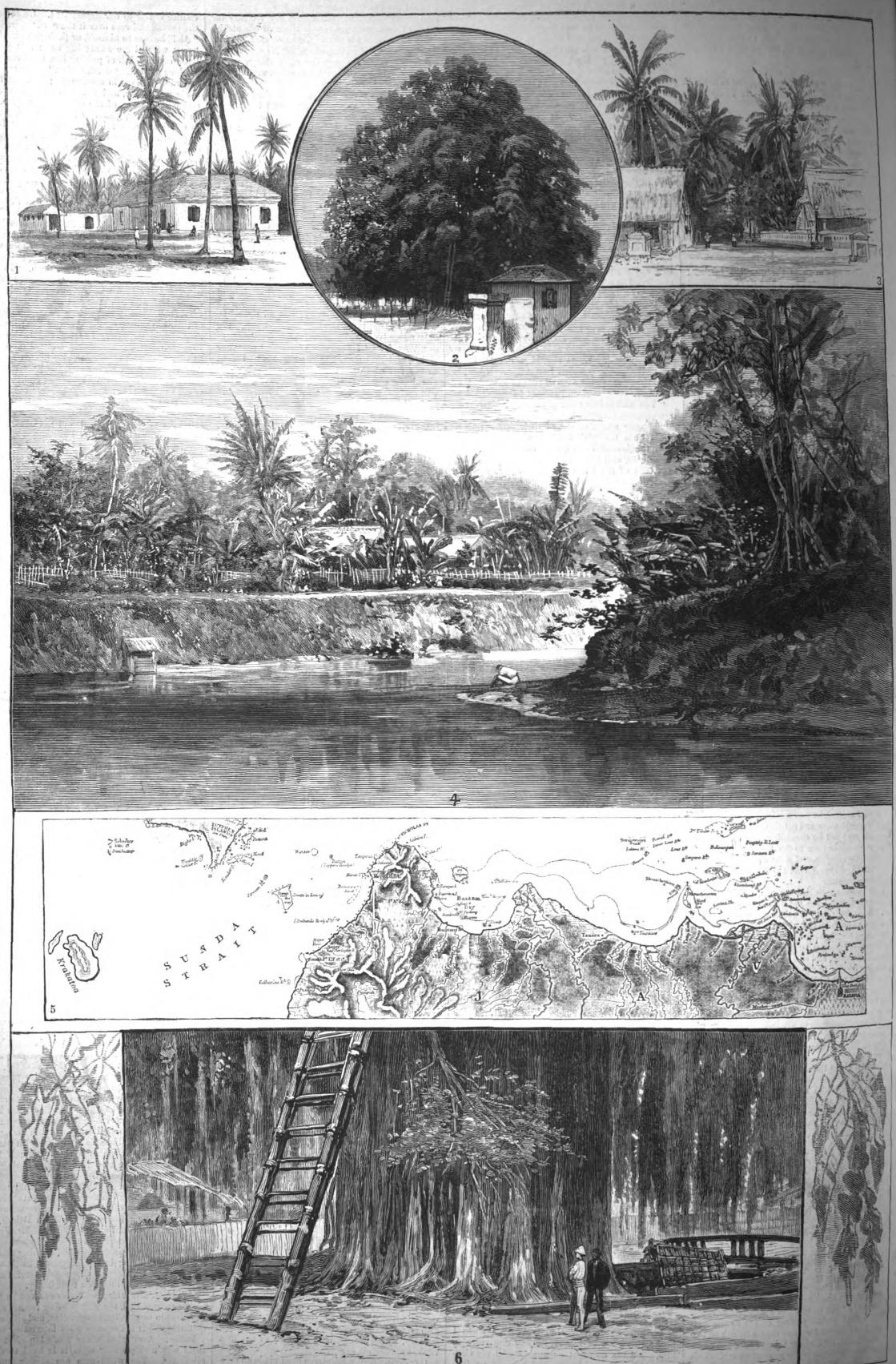

1. Telegraph Station, Anjer Point. 2. Great Banyan-Tree, Anjer Point. 3. Private Residences. 4. In the Rear of Batavia. 5. Map. 6. Trunk of Great Banyan-Tree, Anjer Point.

ON THE ISLAND OF JAVA—THE SCENE OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—From Recent Photographs.—[See Page 565.]

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DESIGN FOR A BOOK-COVER.

ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGUS.

BUST OF CICERO.

HUNTING CUP.

LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.

ART OBJECTS IN THE BOSTON FOREIGN EXHIBITION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

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LOVE'S SWEET RED ROSE.

No wind that blows can ever harm
Love's sweet red rose.
The north wind will not it molest,
The south wind rocks it on its breast,
And east or west all winds are best.
Love's sweet red rose
From every wind receives some charm,
Takes richer scent, or tint more warm,
And fairer grows.

No frost love's splendid flower can blight,
No cold can kill;
Its roots are far away from harm,
Deep in the heart all safe and warm—
The tender heart that has a charm
For every ill.
And so the flower is crimson bright,
And sweetest perfume day and night
The rose leaves fill.

No storm that blows can hurt the rose—
The rose love plants;
If skies be black and overcast,
It bravely stands through rain and blast,
And fairer shows when storms are past.
The rose love plants
Through every tempest stronger grows,
In coldest seasons sweetly blows,
And perfume grants.

Then plant the tiny crimson bloom
Of love's sweet rose.
If skies are blue, if tempests lower,
'Twill sweeter be from hour to hour,
Till life and love are but one flower
That grows, and grows,
Deep in the heart's most tender gloom,
Till all is beauty and perfume
With love's sweet rose.

A DISH OF NUTS.

I.—IN WHICH THE NUTS ARE REMEMBERED.

"THE train must be late."

"Trains always appear to be late to impatient lovers."

"Am I an impatient lover, then?"

"You know best."

"I know nothing, except—"

"Except what?"

"That it is five o'clock, and the pony *may* bolt when he hears the shriek of the locomotive."

"Good gracious, Iris! Let me get down."

Iris laughed, and Mrs. Bemrose descended to the ground with all the haste possible to her middle-aged ankles.

"You do not mind my waiting on the platform for the dear boy instead?" she inquired, with one of her vague glances around, while rearranging her mourning garments of widowhood on her plump person.

"Not in the least," rejoined Iris, in reckless mood. "If the pony leaps a ditch or a fence at sight of the train, we will go together."

"Iris, how can you say such wild and horrible things! I will get a man to stand beside the phaeton."

Then Mrs. Bemrose gained the platform, her gait a toddle peculiar to fat ladies, and she forgot to summon "a man" in conversation with a neighbor.

The girl remained alone in the phaeton, a smile on her lips, and a curious sensation of pain in her heart. She looked straight before her at the pony's ears, which were pricked nervously from time to time, and she thought, "I wonder what *he* would do if we had an upset?" The person thus referred to was Mr. Cowper Debenham, now expected by the train.

A modern railway station is not an effective frame for a heroine, but such romance as is possible to the situation became centred in Iris Gordon by common consent of the manufacturing town where she had been born and still lived. She expected Cowper Debenham, to whom she had been engaged for two years.

"How cool she looks! I should be all in a flutter," thought the young person in the telegraph office, envious of the phaeton, and keenly observant of the trimming on Miss Gordon's hat, while rebelling at Fate.

"Her beau's comin' home, Tommy, mother says," piped a small boy, kicking his bare feet on the platform with a recreant companion.

"My eye! I should like to scare her hoss," retorted Tommy, meditatively.

Mr. Mulooly lounged over the fence of an adjoining coal-yard, swarthy and grim, a short pipe between his teeth, and paid his tribute to beauty with national gallantry.

"She's a fine lump of a girl, anyhow," he soliloquized.

All the world is a stage, and Iris thus received her meed of criticism from her little public.

Then the train arrived, the pony shivered but stood firm, and Cowper Debenham appeared, tall, slender, elegant, in a commonplace throng.

"How are you, Iris?"

"Welcome home, Cowper."

Such was the public greeting of the lovers. A wave of bright color overspread the girl's face, but her words were few, and none of the flutter considered indispensable to the occasion by the young person of the telegraph office was perceptible in her manner. The effusive animation of Mrs. Bemrose overwhelmed all minor phases of reticence and embarrassment.

"I must tell them about my luggage," said Cowper, slowly, and with a languid intonation.

"Bless me! are you not well?" cried Mrs. Bemrose. "He looks pale and thin, Iris."

"Thanks, I am perfectly well," replied the young man, with a faint little laugh. "Rather bored away from home, you know, and a trifle used up with the club life of Paris and London."

"Naughty boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bemrose, admiringly.

Iris bit her lip and remained silent. The ladies waited while Cowper strolled back along the crowded platform to give those orders concerning his luggage of which he had made mention. To accomplish this duty he was obliged to fit an eyeglass into one eye, which he did with a dexterity revealing long practice, and to unbend toward the porter, who consented to carry the boxes and portmanteaus of the traveller on a hand-cart, after some deliberation.

"I don't mind doin' it to oblige ye, Cowper," said this friendly native, extending a brown hand in greeting. "I guess Iris is mighty glad to see ye back hum agin; she's been lookin' kinder down and peaked lately."

Cowper winced, and withdrew his white fingers from the warm grasp of the railway functionary, with some murmured acknowledgment.

"I wonder if we shall ever understand distinctions of class in America?" he muttered.

The town took keen note of him meanwhile.

"Well, I declare!" said the young person in the telegraph office, thrusting her head through the window to inspect him.

"Hooray!" cried the small boys, with juvenile instinct of enthusiasm and derision blended.

Mr. Mulooly removed the pipe from his lips, and unable to recognize any reason why a cat may not look at a king, ejaculated, with Celtic humor, a single word—"Bedad!"

The train rushed on once more, the phaeton disappeared along the village street, and Gordonville resumed its usual avocations.

Cowper had returned home after his second European tour. That was the note rung through many changes on this eventful day; even the pony's hoofs, trotting soberly homeward, were in unison with the cadence humming in the ears of his young mistress. Cowper had been intensely English on the first occasion, while a few moments in his company now revealed a fine flavor of the Boulevards, the Champs Élysées, and the Bois de Boulogne. The month was June, the meadows were green, and the warm breeze was perfumed by the wild flowers of the hill-side, while the twin rows of elm-trees shading the main street, pride of Gordonville, wore a first delicate foliage of early summer. Iris awaited recognition of familiar objects, but none came.

"You drive well," said Cowper, in his languid accents. "Why do we turn to the right instead of to the left? The English always turn to the left, while the Continental races choose the right. Now we are of English descent."

Iris laughed, but her gray eyes grew dim beneath their long and silky lashes.

"Have you forgotten the factory, Cowper?" she inquired, with a certain sharpness in her tone, and indicating a long building with her whip.

"As if we could ever forget it!" retorted Cowper, peevishly, and with undeniable ingratitude, since all the money in his purse had been gleaned from this ignoble source.

He again fitted the glass in his eye, and surveyed the building with the cool and studied disapproval which was his usual expression, especially in his native land. He belonged to the class of young men which is the fine flower of this century, and may be designated as without nationality, cultivating *ennui* as a mood, vacuity as an expression, and a general uselessness in existing at all as a profession. Irascible elders are wont to classify this golden youth as "snips," when not resorting to stronger terms of comparison. In the present case the factory stared back at Cowper Debenham with clang of machinery, sharp peal of bells, puffs of steam from pipes, and rows of twinkling little windows, as if rejoicing like a giant in strength and vitality, and with an odor of hot oil inseparable from its activity. Clearly the factory, where were fashioned axes and ploughs, had the best of it on the peaceful June day, for Cowper Debenham could not have existed without it, while the great hive of industry would have hummed and throbbed on just the same without him. Lofty conceit is perceptible in the golden youth returning home to Russia, to England and Ireland, to Italy, and even to America from foreign parts. The Frenchman alone expands in his beloved Paris, centre of the universe, after exile in other lands, where the pretty French actress pines with hunger on Regent Street, scorning roast beef, according to sympathetic critics, and the Gallic tenor laments his favorite dishes, in the columns of *Figaro*, in such howling wildernesses as New York. Cowper Debenham bore such a fresh impress of his brand, so to speak, that Mrs. Bemrose was awed into comparative silence, and Iris found herself indisposed to harmless prattle.

"Where is John?" demanded the new arrival, at the gate.

Why did Iris manifest sudden interest in giving her pony sugar from her pocket?

"John should be here," replied Mrs. Bemrose. "He is such a busy fellow, you know. Iris will make one of her famous strawberry short-cakes for your supper, dear boy."

"Iris is very kind," said Cowper, slowly. "You dine early, of course. I have been dining at eight o'clock recently."

"Eight o'clock in the evening!" cried Mrs. Bemrose.

"Yes; that is rather late," admitted Cowper. "Half past seven is a better hour for the theatre and opera; the Prince of Wales intends to adopt it."

Mrs. Bemrose was stupefied. As for Iris, a sensation of cold pervaded her frame, like the sudden breath of an autumn wind.

"What is that—thing?" exclaimed Cowper, pausing on the gravel-path.

Iris raised her head defiantly.

"My fountain, designed by a Gordonville genius, and John had it placed here for me. Is it not pretty—the Cupid holding a shell for the falling water?"

Cowper raised his eyebrows and shoulders.

"A pink monster, a fat baby, my dear Iris. What a horror to have under one's eyes! I rejoice that my rooms are on the other side of the house."

"You must not abuse my Cupid," said Iris, quickly.

"What nonsense are you talking, O returned traveller?" said a clear voice. "The fountain is a very pretty thing. You could not design as good to save your life."

Such was the greeting of John Cleaver, easy, natural, and not devoid of a certain grace of manner, although the speaker wore the striped shirt of a mechanic. Iris darted an oblique glance expressive of dissatisfaction at John's attire. Surely he had brought himself nearer the level of the "hands" than usual, on the day of Cowper's return, in the matter of heavy boots, striped shirt, and black cravat knotted loosely about a massive throat. There was no element of the fine gentleman in him.

"You should have been at the depot," she said, petulantly.

"I could not leave work," he retorted, stiffly.

A close observer might have detected that the eyes of these two met like the swift crossing of weapons. Warmth of liking for a school-mate and bosom-friend dawned on Cowper's neutral face.

"How are you, John? Shall we embrace in the German fashion, or rush into each other's arms like Frenchmen?"

"Much obliged, old fellow. I should hate to be kissed—by a man."

"Sly dog!" laughed Cowper.

"Besides, I have not travelled," added John, with a touch of irony in his tone.

"Why do you not travel?"

"I have not the time, and would rather save the money," said John, curtly.

Cowper shrugged his shoulders, and entered the house. He had studied the gesture before the glass. "You always were an incomprehensible fellow, John."

"Commonplace is the term," echoed John, steadily.

Greetings of welcome were over at last. Mrs. Bemrose, Iris Gordon, Cowper Debenham, and John Cleaver had dwelt beneath the same roof in harmony for many years, linked together by circumstances, while claiming no mutual relationship. Their history was not devoid of interest, at least to Gordonville and the surrounding country. Each new-comer learned it speedily. The fathers of Iris and Cowper respectively had met on an emigrant ship outward-bound from Liverpool—two shabby young men, with a few shillings in their pockets, and heads full of intelligence. Chance had thrown them together, and mutual sympathy cemented a life-long friendship, taking the form of partnership. Gordonville, the noisy factory, the large house, built of wood, with a wide piazza in front, were the results of their industry. Henry Gordon and Thomas Debenham had not lifted their eyes above axes and ploughs in their day, and glad enough they were to be able to fashion them. Cowper wore Poole coats and Paris boots in his time, while Iris had a phaeton, a grand piano, and had learned French at a fashionable boarding-school. The wheel of fortune had turned a trifle for these young people in the muscular grasp of their seniors. Both parents had married, and lost their wives. When the cashier, Mrs. Bemrose's husband, was crushed in the fall of machinery, the widow had become an inmate of the Gordon house, and was given an interest in the manufactory which had so cruelly despoiled her. When John Cleaver's father, the manager, died, he said, "Let my savings remain invested in the business until John is a man, and can choose for himself." The partners had consented, and John joined the family circle. The years had swept away Henry Gordon and Thomas Debenham even as the night wind swept the leaves which fell from the maple-trees planted by their own hands before the door. Faithful to each other in the firm tenacity of an upright and honorable manhood, they had schemed that their kingdom should remain undivided in the marriage of their children. The arrogance of prosperity had characterized their projects.

"We shall never be moved, our name will endure," they had reasoned, bending over the fire, two hale old men: and the night wind, death, had swept them away. The youth and maiden loved each other, and when the terms of his father's will were fulfilled, in education and foreign travel, Cowper Debenham, whose mother had been an invalid, fond of writing verses, was to become the head of the house, with Iris as his wife.

Mrs. Bemrose presided at the supper table, wearing her best cap, which imparted to her head a curious resemblance to a cauliflower, and surveyed her young companions with maternal benevolence. Mrs. Bemrose, by nature hazy, had already evinced extraordinary aptitude in getting all Cowper's descriptions wrong, and hopelessly muddling facts. Opposite sat Iris, slim, erect, her cheeks flushed in proportion as the strawberry short-cake before her had acquired a brown and crisp aspect. She was a girl of nineteen, whose gray eyes, lustrous black hair, and mobile features had gained her readily the reputation of being the beauty of the region. Heiress, leading lady of Gordonville, high-spirited and impulsive, Iris was seldom characterized by that somewhat vague term, "a sweet creature." She wore a white dress and a crimson rose in her corsage. A diamond engagement ring flashed on her well-shaped hand. Cowper sat on the right, tall, slender, pale, with features of a beautiful regularity, save for the defect of small eyes placed too near the bridge of the nose, and a thin voice with *languid intonations*, which penetrated a listener's ear like steel. On the left was John Cleaver, a square-set young man with a good head, a close-cut brown beard, and a pair of hazel eyes, keen, brilliant, and frank in expression. Mrs. Bemrose placidly contemplated this trio as she poured the tea and ate the short-cake.

"Lucky young people to have such a home," she meditated, little realizing that the heart of each rebelled at the chain which held them.

The room was low, dark, and old-fashioned; the stiff portrait of Thomas Debenham on one wall confronted a stiff portrait of Henry Gordon on the other, a tall clock ticked in one corner, the house cat purred, with a bland expression of countenance, and surveyed the table. The open windows admitted the summer breeze, perfumed by the roses of the garden, and a ray of the setting sun gilded the brass ship on the clock.

The luggage of the traveller afforded as much excitement as a Christmas stocking hung in the chimney in anticipation of the gracious visit of Santa Claus. Cowper had bought with the lavish prodigality of a tourist in fresh fields. There were scientific books for John Cleaver; a shawl of Roman silk for Mrs. Bemrose; innumerable trinkets for Iris; pictures, statuettes, bronzes, and mosaics for himself. Cowper opened with especial tenderness a case of studs and scarf-pins of eccentric design, representing spiders, beetles, crabs, hammers, mice climbing ladders, and frogs—a harvest gleaned in the shop windows of Paris, Geneva, and Milan.

"Here is a blue Jersey for Iris," said Cowper. "I shall be glad to see you dressed a little more like English girls."

"That is eating humble-pie indeed, if American women are to learn to dress from their English sisters," retorted Iris. "The Jersey is a charming garment—according to Mr. Punch. So be it, Cowper! I shall lace dreadfully about the waist, on this model, you know, and wear a mob-cap, and shoes many sizes too large."

"Iris can not be improved," said John Cleaver, impulsively.

"Foreign fashions are always interesting," murmured Mrs. Bemrose.

"Yes," assented Cowper. "Only you must not put on a hat wrong side foremost just because it comes from Paris. I have taken the liberty of ordering a costume for Iris on the Rue de la Paix."

"The toilet of a true Parisienne, quiet and elegant, or an eccentric dress adapted for exportation?" inquired Iris, mockingly. "Why not make a Viennese, a fashionable lady of Berlin, an Italian, of me?"

"Impossible. There is a finish about those women which you have not yet attained," drawled Cowper, piqued by banter.

Iris went to the piano, and soon her sweet voice was heard singing the old ballad,

"Do you know the truth up in heaven, Douglas?—
Douglas, tender and true."

John Cleaver stood in the window listening. The moon was full, and made long shadows on the grass.

"The last time I heard 'Douglas,' it was sung by the famous Lady Scrapmore—amateur concert for charity at the Albert Hall, and all that," said Cowper.

Iris left the piano abruptly; her fingers had struck discords.

"I have news for you, Iris. The railroad is completed, and another territory opened to the world. My friend Hampton proposes to give a town on the line my name, and I have decided to christen the infant city in the wilderness Gordonville." John was speaking in the window.

Iris was interested. Cowper was now exhorting admiring Mrs. Bemrose on accent and idiom, and the means whereby one may disguise American individuality as much as possible.

"I intend to go out there, Iris. Why not? I do not wish to remain here—always."

"Going away to live, John?" Iris swayed forward, and a cloud seemed to pass before her eyes.

John's arm caught and drew her to him. Surely, in the magic moonlight which rendered the girl so fair and the young man so noble in his profound emotion, their faces touched.

"When shall we learn to call a parlor a drawing-room?" said Cowper, in the background. "The parlor is a room back of a shop, or the place were nuns receive visitors in a convent."

An hour later the house was silent. Cowper yawned in his chamber and soliloquized:

"How dull life is here! Of course I am fond of Iris, but I wish she had the style of Lydia Welch. Heigh-ho!"

Then he slept the sleep of a bored man who is comfortable while rendering others unhappy. Iris sat at her own window for hours, lost in thought. John Cleaver plunged into the woods, and rambled about until sunrise.

A month elapsed, during which Cowper made the family uncomfortable by comparisons, criticisms, and innovations. Iris, belle of Gordonville, was forced to tread the red-hot ploughshares of perpetual suggestions in manner, dress, and use of speech. Cowper found John's coat of rustic cut, and John in turn was hurt by Cowper's change of bearing. Like George Eliot's hero, Cowper's mind "was furnished as hotels are, with everything for occasional and transient use," and a European tour had excluded not only Gordonville, but the whole American continent.

"Shall we ever cease to deluge ourselves with ice-water?" he mused at the breakfast table one morning. "I wish you would not eat hot cakes, Iris. I fancy your complexion suffers."

The girl's eyes flashed. She went to the bookcase and took down a volume. Cowper laughed softly. One would have inferred that he enjoyed irritating another, such was his own discontent.

"What book have you there?" he drawled.

"Edmond About's *Maître Pierre*."

"Ah, and what interests you in it?"

"A dish of nuts," said Iris.

II.—IN WHICH THE NUTS ARE PRESENTED.

Two young men crossed the meadow, with guns over their shoulders, in pursuit of squirrels. October sunshine bathed the land, and October frosts had seated the foliage. Iris, carrying a feather

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duster, sought Cowper's apartment, where Mrs. Bemrose permitted no clumsy menial to enter. On the threshold she paused and blushed vividly. John Cleaver's Spartan chamber, with its books, riding-whips, and guns, should be first arranged, she decided. John was soon to leave home. This duty fulfilled, she returned to the sybaritic retreat of Cowper, hung with blue silk curtains, redolent of perfume sachets, and crowded with exquisite trifles. A Turkish dressing-gown was thrown carelessly over a chair, and the contents of a pocket had fallen on the floor. Iris stooped and picked up an envelope, from which the letter had slid out, and a photograph. The written page, of recent date, clearly verged on a love-letter, while the photograph, taken by electric light, was the portrait of a young lady in a ball dress worthy of Worth.

"Lydia Welch," Iris read. Surprise, humiliation, rage, and a great joy filled her soul.

That night the moon was again full. Iris had been indisposed all day. At nine o'clock a radiant form dawned upon the young men, smoking on the piazza in the moonlight, and dazzled them. Iris stood there, clad in white silk and lace, pearls in her ears and hair—quaint ornaments worn by her mother at her own bridal.

"A whim," she explained, airily. "It is my birthday, you know, and I have prepared a little supper. Come."

Cowper, spurred to gallantry by her brilliant beauty, kissed her hand. John Cleaver turned away his head in silence.

In the dining-room a true feast was spread—salad, sandwiches, cakes, fruit, and ice-cream. A large covered dish, like a soup tureen, occupied the centre. Candles in candelabra not only lighted the delicacies prepared, but illuminated the face and graceful form of the hostess.

"I am to serve everybody, and the dish in the centre must remain covered until the last," said Iris, gayly.

Mrs. Bemrose and Cowper ate their salad placidly. John Cleaver, pale to the lips, watched Iris, detecting feverish unrest beneath assumed hilarity.

"Cowper approves of foreign customs," said Iris. "There is one I greatly admire. Yes, I found it described in Edmond About's *Maître Pierre*. Listen. In the Landes a suitor presents himself before the peasant girl he wishes to marry. Her parents understand the object of his visit without any irksome discussions about marriage settlements and a mutual adoration. He does not criticise the bride-elect, nor seek to remodel her on the pattern of the women of other countries, because he finds her perfect. I have reason to believe he never alludes to Paris toilets and the manners of London society. The suitor and his friends are politely received, and invited to remain to supper. The bride elect has the right to place a covered dish in the centre of the table. At the close of supper she reveals the contents to all the world. If the dish contains nuts, and she offers them to the suitor, she rejects him, and he departs. What a charming form of *congé*, giving the mitten! All explanations are avoided. You are right, Cowper; some foreign fashions are worthy of imitation."

Iris uncovered the dish in the middle of the table. It was filled with nuts. A sudden stillness pervaded the room.

"Cowper, I offer you some nuts, after the custom of Les Landes," she said, and her face grew cold, severe.

Cowper stared in stupefaction. Iris heaped his plate with the nuts by a quick movement.

"My dear girl, I do not wish it," he finally expostulated.

"But I wish it!" she retorted, imperiously.

"You mean to throw me over, Iris?"

"Now you are a mere commonplace American, Cowper. I offer you a dish of nuts in the fashion of Les Landes."

Cowper reddened; he understood even in his bewilderment. "Our parents desired our marriage," stiffly.

"Our parents did not require us to be unhappy. Marry Lydia Welch, whose photograph and letter, dated last week, I found on the floor in your room this morning."

"She would not have me," he exclaimed. "She is a tremendous heiress and an awful coquette. I travelled with her party. You are jealous, that is all. I much prefer you."

"Thank you," said Iris, haughtily.

Mrs. Bemrose sat blinking like an owl in direst consternation. John had escaped by the window. Half an hour later a white-robed form glided to his side, and a tender face looked up into his.

"Was the farce well played? Cowper was even unfaithful to me; but I forgive him because—"

"In Heaven's name, what does it all mean?" cried John, hoarse with passion and doubt.

"Are you going alone to the infant city in the wilderness, John?" she whispered, tremulously.

"Will you go with me?—share my fate? Oh, my love, what have I done to deserve such joy? Now I know why you were named Iris in your cradle," replied the young man, in a vibrating tone, full of tenderness.

Mrs. Bemrose and Cowper appeared in the open doorway.

"Dear freinds, we have decided to desert the old nest, and found a new Gordonville in the far West," said Iris, placing her hand within the arm of John Cleaver, and always with that tinge of mockery in her voice. "We were made for pioneers, and not to adorn society, perhaps."

A flood of exclamations, questions, and tears on the part of Mrs. Bemrose. A hand-shake, intended to be magnanimous, on the part of Cowper Debenham, who felt the breath of that cold night wind which had chilled the heart of Iris Gordon on the day of his return home, and earlier had swept the parents away. What was the cable wrought by Thomas Debenham and Henry Gordon but a rope of sand, after all? Mrs. Bemrose, shorn lamb, otherwise comfortable widow, alone beheld the solace of the situation as guardian of the old house in the future.

THE BOSTON FOREIGN EXHIBITION.

SOME OF THE ART OBJECTS.

The Bonaparte Sarcophagi.—The Etruscan sarcophagus is eight feet long by four wide and four high, and is made of the rare and costly material, Oriental alabaster, with alto-relievos on the ends and sides, and two full-length recumbent figures on the cover—husband and wife embracing each other in the still sleep of death. The sides represent battle scenes, one being a fight between Amazons and male warriors, which I trust is no allusion to any domestic strife of the married couple now reposing in such affectionate embrace on top, forming a souvenir of domestic happiness, which is the greatest of human blessings in any age. They had died, probably about the same period, in the full maturity of years, and there they still lie, after their rest of twenty-five centuries, more or less, unobservant of any outer world, regarding each other with steadfast love and a look of vitality that prompts the spectator to gently waken them and ask for the story of their lives. If the alabaster tell the truth, it would prove an edifying tale, doubtless, for husbands and wives of every race and age, confirming the sculptor's motive so admirably rendered, and proving the kinship of all humanity by a touch of nature's eternal truth.

The sculpture is of the Græco-Etruscan order, of the period when there was a combination of the elements of both styles of art. What can be the meaning of the griffins and lions tearing to pieces a bull at each end, with Etruscan inscriptions over and at the sides of the griffins, it is mere conjecture to try to interpret, but probably has some reference to incidents in the life of the Lars, or lord, whose riches, or the gratitude of fellow-citizens for services rendered, enabled him to be buried with his wife in so magnificent a sarcophagus.

The other sarcophagus is of the highest and purest order of native Etruscan art, of perhaps greater antiquity than the other, one side only and the ends and top being richly sculptured. The procession of figures of both sexes, with the central couple in the prime of life grasping hands, would seem to indicate the contemporary departure of a distinguished citizen and his wife for the lower world by sudden death, and their attendants with chant and music bearing to the tomb the usual furniture, provisions, and gifts for their use in their new home. On the cover of the sarcophagus, which unfortunately is exasperating weak in two, is more graceful and equally loving attitude as the other, intensely gazing into each other's eyes, we see the effigies of those whose bodies long ago mouldered into dust within the sarcophagus.

"Love's First Dream," a Group in Carrara Marble by the late Edward Thaxter, of Portland, Maine.—This work was modelled in clay in Florence in 1880 by the author, and executed after his death by Italian workmen in a remarkably pure block of marble. It represents the first dream of love of a young maiden—a trite subject in itself, but so treated as to be fresh and interesting, from the gracefulness of the pose, the delicate fancy of the thought, the purity of its sentiment, fineness of modelling, and, above all, from its perfect sympathy with the taste and feeling of our own time in sculpture. About it there is the limpid atmosphere of the natural world of today, refined and made poetical, genuinely human, yet carrying with it enough of the æsthetic symbolism of classical art to make clear at first glance its exceptional loveliness of form and idea. A young girl just budding into ripe womanhood, of that delicate type and conformation that distinguish America above all other countries, with closed dreamy eyes, and limbs relaxed in gentle slumber, is having her first sensations of love's bewitching power, unconscious whence they come. She is slowly rising and floating like a bubble skyward from a bed of roses, which amorously cling to her swaying form and partially hide one foot, her lovely head bent forward and downward, encircled by her white beautiful arms, which form a frame-work for it, like a bird's nest in a sheltered niche, with her rich tresses, agitated by the upward motion, tossing and rippling over her virgin breast and shoulders. Resting on the back of her head is a perfect sprite of a baby Cupid, with shrewdest, brightest features, in which innocence and mischief are equally balanced, and sparkling joy predominating. He has entangled his prey in the meshes of his net, which drapes itself like a running stream around her exquisite form, and with one hand lifting up the end of the net, and the other dimpled arm pressing it to his breast, he is soaring up, up, to the visionary land of fancied mortal bliss. The lines and gradations of curves are skillfully felt and carried out, producing an undulating, ascending action, alive with sensuous repose, as the girl, intoxicated with sweet conceits, mounts upward, drawn by the irresistible beguiling power of the pretty sprite of Venus. As a work of art of our own school it is of highest excellence in its line of fancy, and makes us regret profoundly the sudden extinction of a youthful genius—for Mr. THAXTER was only twenty-four when he died—which had so much promise for its reputation. Mr. T. was then thinking out a companion group to represent the reverse of this motive—the catching of Cupid by a wide-awake maiden and imprisoning him in his own devices. Italy has sent the Boston Exhibition some creditable native sculpture of a similar character, as, for instance, BARCAGLIA'S "Love Blindeth," and the Girl and Butterfly; but these do not quite come up to THAXTER'S work, although very spirited and beautiful.

Bronze Bust of Cicero, Life Size, Mounted on Antique Porphyritic Marble.—This portrait of the great Roman orator, which is vigorously and broadly modelled, seemingly after nature, comes from a noble family in North Italy, who kept it in a niche in their villa near Chiari from a remote time. Nothing more is definitely known of its history, and opinions of experts are divided as to its date. Some, including the eminent sculptor ALBANO, of Florence, and Professor CONTI, Inspector of the Uffizi Gallery, consider it to be "*scultura della migliore epoca Romana*," which, if correct, would make it contemporary with CICERO himself. Others believe it to be the work of some distinguished sculptor of the fifteenth century. All agree, however, in pronouncing it to be a genuine powerful likeness of CICERO, worthy of the best Roman period.

Especially worthy of mention are a German hunting cup in silver, partially gilt, of the seventeenth to eighteenth century, a rule of workmanship, elegant and graceful in form, and a specimen of Italian tool book-binding of the best Renaissance period, in red morocco and gold—a very beautiful specimen of an art much in repute among book collectors.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

CANOEING AMONG THE KANUCKS.

ABOUT the middle of last month the steamer *Norseman* carried a novel cargo across Lake Ontario from Charlotte, at the mouth of the Genesee River, to Port Hope, in Canada. It was a cargo of canoes and their paraphernalia, canoeists, and an infinite variety of camp equipage, all consigned to Stony Lake, in the province of Ontario, Canada. A journey of several hours by rail directly north from Port Hope, and a short cruise of fifteen miles across the island-dotted waters of Stony Lake, brought the canoeists to the bold, rocky, and forest-crowned promontory that had been selected as the scene of the Fourth Annual Encampment of the American Canoe Association. White tents, already erected, gleamed among the trees, and high above them floated the blood-red flag of Great Britain and the Stars and Stripes side by side. A little higher than either of these waved the banner of the association, a triangular burgee of three bars, red, white, and red, bearing the letters A. C. A.

Soon after the arrival of the Americans from the south side of Lake Ontario new clusters of snowy tents dotted the rugged promontory, and many more bits of gay bunting were fluttering in the evening breeze. Among them was the red, white, and red flag of the New York, the oldest of the canoe clubs; the crimson field and blue diamond of the Knickerbockers; the great blue banner, bearing the word "Mohican" in white letters, of the Albany men; the single white star on a red and blue field of the Springfield (Massachusetts) Club; the colors of the C. C. C., as blue as the waters of their own Lake George; the flags of the Philadelphia, Rochester, and Saratoga clubs, and many other club and private signals, contrasting vividly with the white tents, the blue waters of the lake, and the dark green of the forest, and forming a brilliant combination of colors such as has been unknown to this Canadian wilderness since when, more than a century ago, it was traversed by the gayly caparisoned troops of France and England.

As the shades of evening fell, camp fires blazed from every island and jutting point as far as the eye could see, and cast their long tremulous reflections of ruddy light across the dark waters; for the great A. C. A. camp was the centre of attraction for many smaller groups, of from one to half a dozen tents, in which whole families and scores of invited guests were making merry holiday. After supper the sounds of music were borne on the heavy night air from the several camps, and soon twinkling lights of many colors began to dart back and forth among the islands and across the bosom of the lake.

For a paddling race there is certainly very little to be done after the long days of practice, that have hardened the muscles to the consistency of steel, and given their owner the wind of a pair of bellows, have passed; but for a sailing race the preparations seem never to be completed, no matter how much time is allowed. No sailing in the world is so delicate, nor requires such a quick eye, perfect self-control, and good judgment, as that of a canoe. The little craft of two feet and a half beam, and perhaps nine or ten inches depth of hold, often carries a hundred feet of canvas in her mainsail and half as much more in her mizzen. To give her stability under this great spread of sail, she must be ballasted by a hundred or more pounds of shot in twenty-five pound bags. In coming about, if this weight is not instantly shifted to the other side as the mainsail swings over, a capsize is certain. The crew, who must attend to the steering, the sheets and halyards, the shifting of ballast, the reefing of sails when this becomes necessary, and many other details of sailing which occur during a race, is like the famous crew of the "*Nancy*, brig," and is composed of but one man. In a blow it often occurs that he must brace his feet under the lee coamings and throw the whole weight of his body outside of his boat to windward to aid his ballast in keeping her right side up. At the same time he must steer and trim sheets, with spray in clouds flying over him and drenching him to the skin. If at such a critical moment a sheet or halyard, or his steering gear, or almost any bit of his rigging, should part, he would probably capsize, and at any rate stand a good chance of losing his race. Therefore it behooves him to know his boat and her capabilities thoroughly before entering the race, to shift her sails until they exactly balance and she will almost steer herself, to know to an ounce how much ballast she needs, to have every rope in the most convenient possible position, and to test every inch of his spars and rigging. No species of sailing craft so shares the personality of its owner as the canoe. Timidity and want of practice, or lack of confidence in his boat, are shown by the frequent taking in and shaking out of reefs, repeated luffings, and an uneasy shifting of the owner's position with every movement of the canoe. The bold and skillful canoeist, on the other hand, makes up his mind before starting what sail his boat can stand during each particular race, directs her course with unerring certainty from point to point, and maintains from start to finish the position that experience has taught him is most likely to insure her safety.

A beautiful example of this complete sympathy between canoe and master was shown in the first sailing race of the regatta, which was magnificently won by the *Snake*, of the Mohican Club, of Albany. She is a new and very beautiful boat, and differed in rig from all others at the meet by carrying a jib in addition to two lateen-sails. It was not her jib, however, nor her lines, that won for her this as well as several other races, but the superb manner in which she was handled. At the finish of the first race, which moment our artist has happily illustrated on page 564, she was heeled over before a beam wind that blew half a canoe gale, carrying everything that could be crowded on her. Her master, lying far out to windward, refused to yield an inch to the main-sheet that tugged and strained in his hand, and she rounded the home stake in a smother of foam and spray, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the spectators, winner by half a mile of her maiden race.

The last night of camp life, like the first, was one of unrestrained jollity and fun. An audience of six hundred staid and sober Canadians were convulsed with laughter by the performances and songs of the "Centipede Minstrels"—a camp organization composed entirely of Americans. The camp dude was paraded in feminine garb, a fair Canadienne distributed the prizes won in the races to the victors, and at last, standing with uncovered heads, the whole assembly made the forest aisles ring with a grand chorus of "America" and "God Save the Queen."

DEFECTIVE INSPECTION.

IT is a perfectly laudable and legitimate object for the government of the United States to pursue to secure the safety of passengers on steam vessels. It ought to be an object that can be attained, and if the government were to go about it in the right way, there is no doubt that it could be attained. But the explosion of the boiler or boilers of the steamboat *Riverdale* is a perfectly conclusive proof that the present methods do not work. The *Riverdale* was an old vessel, and had been lengthened once, and repaired several times, and had borne several names. All this threw some suspicion on the condition of the boat, but, so far as appears, she was as safe as government inspection could make her; nor is there any reason to suppose that the inspection was not made thoroughly in accordance with law. The boilers of the *Riverdale* were only four years old. They were examined in June, and a certificate of soundness, both as to them and as to the hull, was given in July. In short, everything that the government can do was done to secure the safety of the passengers.

It amounted to nothing. When the steamboat was pushing slowly up stream, having slackened speed to allow another boat to get away from the dock where she expected to get most of her passengers, and when there was only twenty-two pounds of steam on boilers guaranteed to carry forty-five pounds with entire safety, one boiler or both exploded. The hull was torn to pieces amidships. The bottom appears to have been blown out, and in from three to five minutes she sank. Five persons lost their lives in various ways, mostly by drowning, after being injured by flying timbers, and several were badly wounded. It was about 3 P.M. of August 28; the river was thronged with steam-tugs in the vicinity of Sixteenth Street, where the explosion occurred; there were but few passengers aboard, and so, thanks to prompt rescuers, the loss of life was relatively small. Had the accident occurred later, when the passengers had come aboard from Twenty-second Street, where most of them take the boat, which ran to the river towns as far as Nyack, or had the accident taken place of a holiday, or even on a Saturday, it is probable that the deaths would have been many. They might easily have made the disaster one of the most terrible that the waters around New York have ever witnessed.

As it is, the occurrence was bad enough to attract very serious attention to the condition of the law regulating the inspection of steam-boilers. It shows that in this case at least the inspection was absolutely worthless, and that it may be so in a great many, perhaps in a majority of cases. It appears to show, too, not defective administration of the law, but a substantial defect in the law itself. The law was apparently strictly observed, and its requirements proved of no avail. To this extent the law is useless. It awakens false confidence, and until it can be made efficient it is obviously worse than no law at all. The only suggestion as to the cause of the disaster which is plausible is that the *Riverdale* used both salt and fresh water in her boilers, and perhaps both at once, and it is claimed that if this were done the bottom of the boilers would become corroded and weakened in such a fashion that the injury could not be discovered by inspection. This is a suggestion that should be carefully examined, as indeed should every other conceivable, when the boilers of the wrecked boat are raised, and there is a chance for a thorough investigation. But it is greatly to be feared that no investigation will bring to light clearly the cause of the accident. The facts in the case, however, should call the attention of Congress to the necessity of strengthening the law, and this can not be done by simply making it more severe. It must be done by making the destruction of life and limb more costly to the owners of steamboats.

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Rises at 5 A.M., and rushes down to the pier only to wait four hours in a broiling sun for the boat, which is, as usual, delayed. Discovers that that odious Jones man is going too.

Gets a seat in the boat between two old women, who discourse all the way down the bayou on the "awfulness" of men in general and their own husbands in particular—

while that long Jones man is making himself agreeable to Arabella in the bow of the boat.

Arrived at the landing, the party take wagons for the picnic grounds. Just enough seats for all but one. Tops is relegated to a seat in the tail of a wagon, because he is *so* good-natured. Swallows his feeling with a lot of dust.

Walks for half a mile across a stubble field, loaded like a porter, because he is *so* obliging. Jones said, "Let's each take something." So *he* took Arabella and a pint can of milk.

Tops is sent to a spring half a mile off with small boy to fetch water. Carries both buckets back because the boy said he was sick and had a sore foot. Tops said afterward he didn't believe that boy was sick at all.

Being *so* obliging, is requested to make the lemonade. Tops wanted to know if they *really* expected him to make it with one lemon.

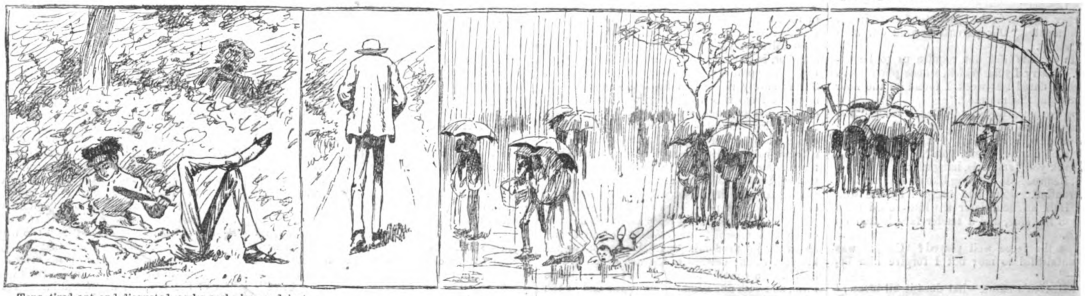
Climbs a tree to fix the swing. Gets into difficulties. While it is all he can do to hold on at all, that beast Jones stands below and shouts to him to "make it good and strong, Tops."

Gets a few moments alone with Arabella, and was just about to remonstrate with her on her cruel treatment of him, when the comic man of the party has to have *his* turn.

It was mean of Jones to yell "Snake!" when Tops was in the middle of a blackberry thicket.

The elderly and serious members of the party, accompanied by the accordion fiend, insist on Tops joining in a little singing. Tops hates singing.

Gets a chance to take Arabella for a row on the lake, and thought everything was lovely at last, when that brute Jones came along, and, Arabella displaying some timidity, volunteers to go along and hold her in the boat.



Tops, tired out and disgusted, seeks seclusion, and just as he finds a retired nook is startled by the voice of Jones, saying: "Hallo, Topsy, old boy! Is that you? Come in! it's all right; *we're engaged!*"

Tops goes home—

just in time to avoid the usual picnic shower. It is suggested that the band play a few lively tunes to raise the spirits of the party.

Tops said afterward the only part of the day he really enjoyed was when he was seated dry and comfortable on the boat, and saw the above procession file down the road.

THE MISERIES OF A GOOD-NATURED MAN AT A PICNIC.

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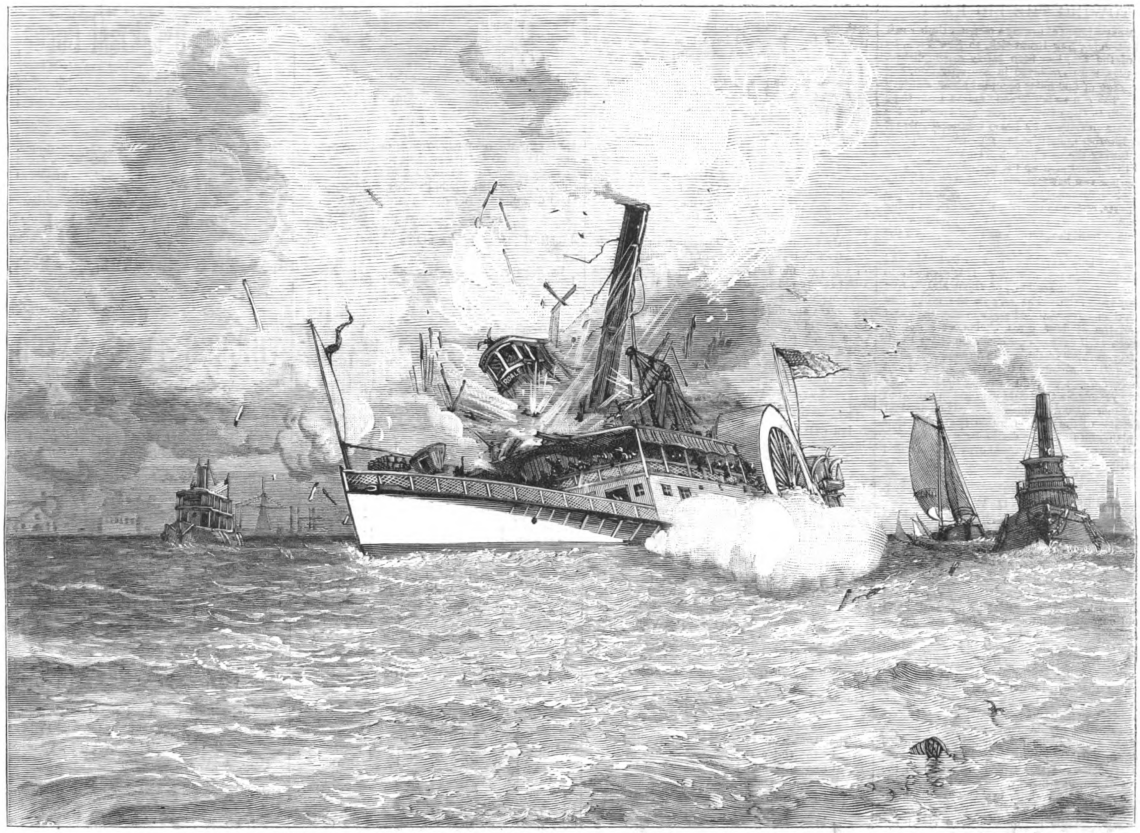
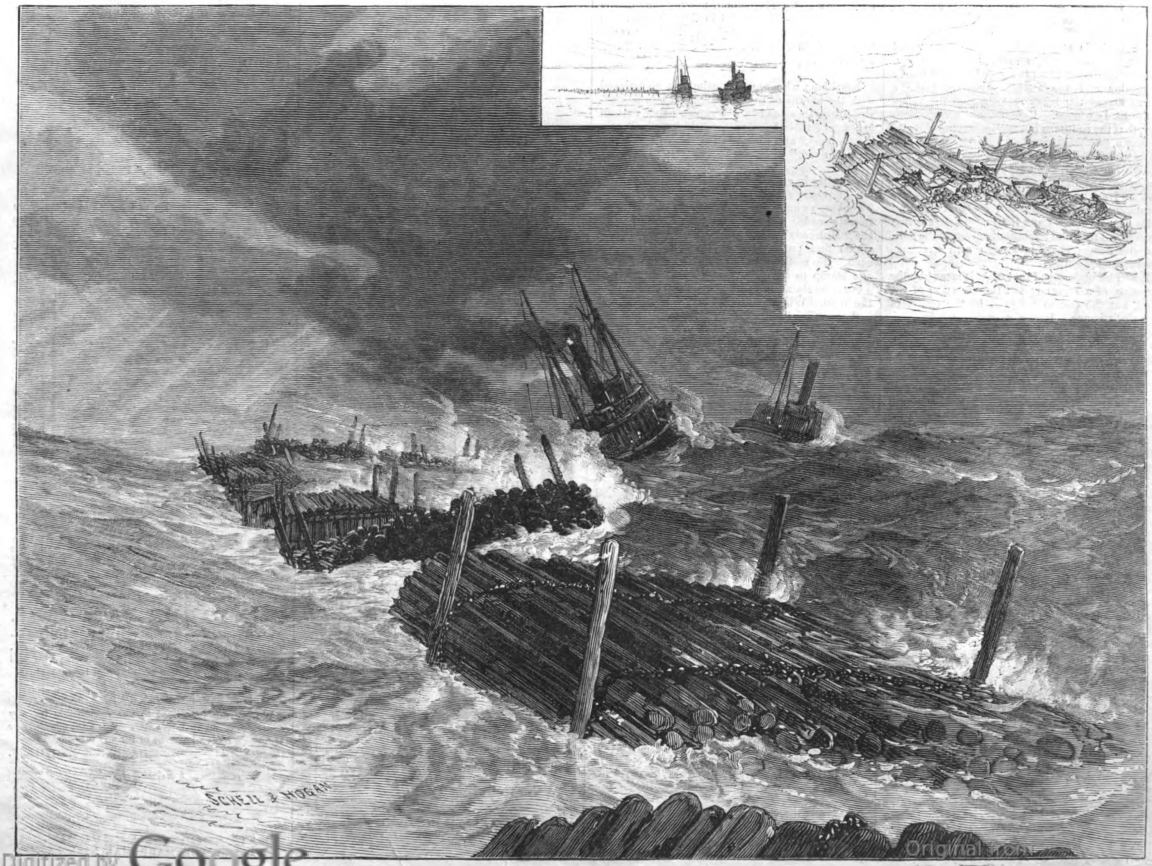


THE EXPLOSION OF THE EXCURSION STEAMBOAT "RIVERDALE."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 571.]



THE OCEAN VOYAGE OF A LUMBER RAFT.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 574.]

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TOWING THE BIG RAFT.

THE experiment of towing a monster timber raft from St. John, New Brunswick, to New York, by way of the sea, has been safely accomplished. Two tugs were employed in the operation, and the voyage of 600 miles occupied about eighteen days. The course lay directly across from Cape Elizabeth to Cape Cod. Early in the voyage the tow-boats encountered a heavy northeast gale off Cape Elizabeth, and the hawser with which they were towing the raft parted. This caused delay until they could pick up the parted line and pass to the tow two hawsers, one leading to each tug-boat. Several times the boats were obliged to put into ports, owing to the rough weather. During the running time an average of sixty miles a day was made until the Sound was reached, when the adverse tides lessened the speed.

The raft is 800 feet long and 30 feet wide, and draws over eight feet of water. It is divided into eleven cargoes, or sections, of about 500 65-foot spiling logs each. The cargoes are cribs, into which the logs were rolled and stored. Over and around the sections great chains were wound. Between each cargo there is a wide space to allow free working of the raft in a rough sea. The cargoes weigh about 250 tons each, and it would have cost about $25,000 to bring them here by sailing vessels, as the boats engaged in this kind of transportation demanded extra pay on account of the size of the raft. Captain ELLIS said that the plan of tug-towing would be generally employed next season, and would eventually succeed the sailing vessels' trade.

AUTUMN AND WINTER CYCLONES.

THE genesis of the brief Western hurricane and the cyclonic storm of our coast is the same. In the first the barometric depression is abrupt and precipitous, while in the other the gradients are longer and of a more gentle slope. The inrush of the moist warm air of the Gulf of Mexico and a cold current from the north into a centre of precipitous barometric depression sets in motion the fierce and destructive whirlwinds which in a moment level to the ground solidly built towns. Witnesses of these phenomenal tempests have observed that within the focus of the funnel-shaped cloud which is an invariable accompaniment of these whirlwinds the attraction of gravitation has for the moment appeared to be suspended. Objects which it touched as it bounded along the earth were not leveled or swept along with it in its course, but flew upward into the vortex of gyratory meteor.

The autumn and winter cyclones are accompanied by no such violent commotions of the atmosphere. While a funnel-shaped cloud frequently precedes these gales, it flies at a considerable altitude, and rolls majestically on in the face of the advancing gale. While the winds are violent they increase gradually in force and shift slowly, unless it be immediately at the centre of the gale.

The cyclonic storms which sweep our coast usually have their origin in the Caribbean Sea. Those which come from the regions of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific generally make a course across the lakes and through the valley of the St. Lawrence. It sometimes occurs, however, that the southern hurricane, instead of maintaining a northeast course along the South Atlantic and Middle States, is deflected by an area of high barometer, and sweeps up the Mississippi Valley toward the lakes and the St. Lawrence. Now and again it happens that a storm centre advancing along the coast and one from the West unite near or about Cape Henry. Then it is that a redoubled fury and impetus are given to the gale, and the Jersey shore is strewn with wreckage from stranded ships.

It will be understood that what is meant by the direction of a storm is not the direction of the wind, but the course followed by the centre of the disturbance. Hence a cyclonic storm advancing up our coast in a northeast direction does so in face of northeast or opposing wind. The wind may continue in this direction, hourly increasing in force, for two or three days, and a shift will not occur until the centre of the gale has passed, when the wind will change to south and west, if the centre has passed to the north and east or to the east; and north or northwest, if the centre has passed to the south and southeast. The barometer is a tolerably accurate guide in this matter; for if the fall is deep and rapid, the chances are that the storm centre will pass near by to the north, but if the fall of the mercury is but a trifling and slow one, the chances are that the storm centre will pass to the south. There are exceptions to this, however, as was shown in the gale which visited the Middle Atlantic coast in March last, the one coincident with the prophecy of the Canadian WIGGINS. On this occasion the storm commenced with great violence at southeast, accompanied by a phenomenal and rapid fall of the barometer, from 30.10 to 28.95. The steady and hurried drop of the mercury indicated a violent shift of wind into south and west. Had this occurred, and the reacting winds been of corresponding force, the destruction of property would doubtless have been very great, particularly on Long Island. Instead of this, the wind suddenly shifted to the north. As a rule, when the wind backs into this quarter, there is a correspondingly rapid rise of the barometer, but on this occasion, to make it the more exceptional, the barometer continued low for several days, with moderate winds.

As another proof of how, on occasions, the indications of the barometer will be entirely at fault, the recent great tidal wave on the Middle Atlantic coast affords a notable instance. As a rule, a high barometer is accompanied by low tides, and the contrary by tides exceptionally full. In accordance with that which usually prevails, the barometer being considerably above the normal, the great tidal wave of August 29 had no right to be. It should have been accompanied by a severe barometric depression. As stated, the contrary was the case. In fact, the tide on our coast on the day specified attained a height as great as that of which we have any record.

The relation of our autumn and winter storms to those which assail the European coast has not until within a brief period been determined. By close, patient, and intelligent research the Meteorological Bureau of the New York *Herald*, in the face of the ridicule of foreign meteorologists, has conclusively established the fact that the cyclonic gales which leave our shores are identical with those which devastate the European seaboard. The forecasts from observations carried on by private enterprise are so accurate that several days in advance the date of the arrival of one of our cyclonic gales on the English or French coast is foretold almost to an hour. With all the vast machinery at its command the government observers and forecasters can not supply as accurate data as to the possible arrival of a storm at a given point in our own territory as that given by the compact and thoroughly equipped Meteorological Bureau of a daily metropolitan journal.

GASTON FAY.

POLO ON SKATES.

POLO on roller skates, instead of ponies, has become a favorite pastime in Boston, Newport, and other cities where commodious rinks afford facilities for the game. It is played subject to the usual rules, and offers the same opportunities for excitement and the display of pluck and skill.

The game shown in our picture was played in the Olympian Club rink at Newport, Rhode Island, and resulted in the victory of the Alphas. Their play was throughout steady and fine, though now and then inferior to that of the Newports. This is the first defeat which the Newports have experienced at home.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ACCORDING to a writer in Saratoga, one of the most notable visitors at that resort this season was a bride, who was accompanied in her walks for exercise on the hotel piazza by a black-and-tan dog that wore two-thousand-dollar diamond rings in its precious ears.

The Democrats of Massachusetts will be the first in the Union to choose delegates to a National Convention in 1884. They will be about the last in the Union to choose delegates to an Electoral College.

A mine was opened recently in Manitoba which had been known for many years to the Indians, but they believed that the Great Spirit would kill any one who should reveal its location to a white man. At last a Frenchman married one of the daughters of the tribe, and in time she told him where the treasure was hidden. Nothing could be more natural than the way the golden secret leaked out.

Brazilians who are not intimately acquainted with the idioms of the United States will be puzzled when they read in a Western paper that an attaché of their legation recently "made Washington howl," and that, "in fact, he tried to paint the town red."

A writer in an English paper tells how collectors of postage stamps have been cheated by an ingenious swindler. The dealer in bogus postal relics gave his attention to making imitations of the "Mulready" envelope, genuine specimens of which find purchasers at about thirty dollars each. His method was to affix an ordinary postage stamp to the forged envelope, address it to a confederate at another office, and commit it to the mail. When it arrived at its destination it had the official stamps of "date" and "place of postage" thereon. With these evidences of genuineness, and with the ordinary postage stamp ingeniously removed, the bogus envelopes easily found buyers.

In Cincinnati, a few days ago, Mr. Barnum's elephant Queen, the mother of the youngest of baby captive elephants, killed a man by crowding him against a wagon as he was passing her. Her keeper gives her a reputation for noteworthy cunning when he says he is almost positive that Queen killed the man purposely, and that she is capable of doing so in a manner calculated to leave the impression that it was only clumsiness on her part.

A Canadian writer makes the somewhat alarming statement that at the present rate of consumption the supply of pine and spruce in the United States will be exhausted in less than seven years. He says that the amount of pine alone cut in this country annually is ten billion feet, and that the entire supply uncut is not more than eighty billion feet.

A dispatch chronicling the death of a priest named Czvitkovicz says that he was better known as Father Alexander. The good man would have been better known by almost any other name than Czvitkovicz.

The milk of the three cows in Sitka, Alaska, is sold at eighty cents a quart. Sitka seems to be a promising field for men with patents for sinking Artesian wells.

The first person appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury Department under the operation of the new civil service rules was a Connecticut girl. Her standing in the recent examination was 89.96. Next to her was a young woman candidate from Indiana, with a standing of 85.75. The second and third in respect to standing were candidates from Virginia and Louisiana, whose markings were 74.75 and 73.75 respectively. The successful competitor is twenty-four years old, and was graduated at Vassar College.

The Queen of England is criticised somewhat sharply in some quarters because she has offered pardon and a reward of twenty-five hundred dollars to the thieves for the return of jewels valued at one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, recently stolen from among the treasures of Lady Trevor. The critics hold that her Majesty's offer is an overture for the compounding of felony.

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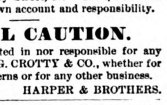

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1395. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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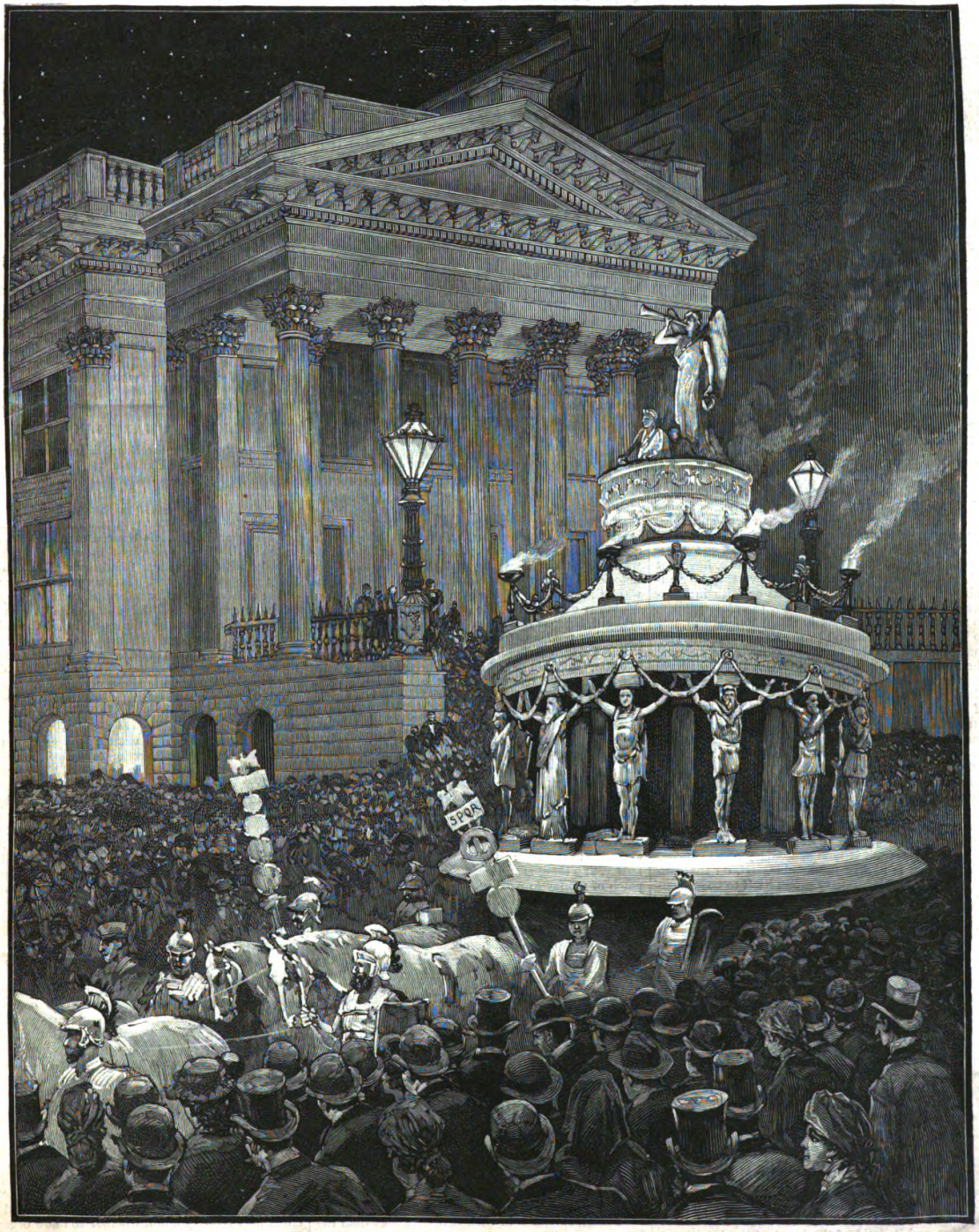

THE CINCINNATI FÊTE—THE GRAND PROCESSION OF THE ORDER OF CINCINNATUS.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 588.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December,* 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

REPUBLICAN DUTY.

AS Mr. SHERMAN S. ROGERS well suggests in his admirable letter upon the Republican situation, the protest of last year was not a riot, it was a revolution. The Republicans who would not vote for Mr. FOLGER, or who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND, have not joined the Democratic party, nor have they any admiration for Democratic traditions or faith in Democratic reform. But they do not therefore propose to sustain everything that is called Republican, nor to hold themselves bound by the action of an illegitimate majority. The methods which have enabled the late bosses to control the party in this State have been those of disfranchisement and fraud. How completely they belied the party was shown by the defeat of Messrs. CONKLING and PLATT in the same Legislature which in the very height of the boss supremacy had made Mr. PLATT the colleague of Mr. CONKLING. The sentiment of the party hostile to the debased and debasing politics represented by those Senators expressed itself so emphatically and sternly that a machine majority did not dare to defy it, and many an unwilling slave of the machine was delighted to be emancipated from its degrading control. As Mr. ROGERS plainly and quietly says, if the condition of Republican success is boss supremacy and methods, that success is highly improbable. If, on the contrary, the Republican party shows itself to be as firmly resolved to abolish machine politics and methods as it was to exclude slavery from the Territories and to maintain the Union unconditionally, its success is assured.

The Democratic party counts for success upon the discredit of those methods and men in the Republican party which the Republican party has in great part discarded. The Democratic press gratefully extols Mr. CONKLING as the greatest and best of Republicans because it knows that it was what Mr. CONKLING represented which weakened the Republican party, and made Democratic success probable. The overthrow and repudiation by the party of that kind of management, the independence of the caucus, the submission of the machine in New York to the free primary, the enforced retirement of Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH from the chairmanship of the State Committee, the establishment of the reformed civil service system, the prohibition of political assessments, and the prodigious protest of last year's election, in which Republicans by inaction permitted an unprecedented Democratic victory, are all signs of a Republican revival which has only to be developed to restore to the party its old prestige, and its hold of the heart of the intelligent and industrious "plain people," as Mr. LINCOLN used to call the great mass of citizens who make this country what it is. It is only necessary that the feeling and purpose shown during the last year or two should be allowed to mould the action of the party. The history of that time shows that passivity and evasion will not secure victory. The country has reached a point where the Republican party need not tell what it has done, but say what it means to do. The Democratic party does not profess to have a policy. Its plan is to keep silence. It fears that a declaration of principles and a policy upon actual questions would breed factions and imperil a success desirable for the plunder of place, and nothing more. It takes no ground upon the tariff, none upon civil service reform. It skulks and shuffles, and hopes to slip into power unobserved, under cover of a cry of Republican rascality.

The way to meet this conduct is to show to the country that the courage and independence which have grappled with boss rule and disabled it are but earnests of a party purpose. To the Democratic negative campaign the Republicans must oppose a positive campaign of reform. If there are no other great questions upon which parties may divide in their appeal to the country, let the Republicans make reform of administrative and political and party methods their battle-cry. Let them rely in their platform declarations and in their measures and nominations upon the popular intelligence and courage, as they have shown themselves during the last two years. Professional politicians, and especially bosses, despise the people. They believe in bribery and selfishness and ignorance, but they are utterly incredulous of public spirit and independent intelligence as springs of political action. They are constantly put in the wrong by experience. But they do not heed. They offer any excuse, any explanation, but the true one, which is self-respect and patriotism. The record of the Republican party shows that it has always been strong when it had a high purpose and confidence in the people. When it became the prey of tricks, and "regularity," and hurrahs for the grand old party without the spirit to keep it grand, it began to decline. But it has shown the will and the power of recuperation. Let the Convention of this year prove to the State and to the country that it is again, as in its earlier day, and under the new conditions, the party of political progress and reform.

MONEY AT ELECTIONS.

THE letters recently published requesting money from the Republican National Committee during the campaign of 1880 are such as the records of all parties would supply, and they have furnished a text for many excellent articles upon the use of money at elections. There is nothing in the letters which suggests an illegitimate use of money. But such misuse is always suspected. The story of Mr. TILDEN'S "bar'l" is notorious, and while the sums that he contributed toward the expenses of his own campaign have been doubtless exaggerated, the story of the "bar'l" was believed, because there is no question that there is an increasing tendency to nominate candidates who are "able to contribute liberally to the expenses of the election," and to use the money corruptly. In New York, Democratic candidates for the bench are reported, and are universally believed, to have been assessed enormous sums by the Democratic party managers, and to have paid them. That the money was honestly devoted to the honest expenses of the election, nobody believes. Great sums have been collected by both parties from their office-holders. In the *Life* of General DIX, just published, are letters written by him, when he was Postmaster of New York, protesting against the Democratic assessment levied upon his clerks, and we have seen similar letters written under the Whig *régime*, when HUGH MAXWELL was Collector of the Port. In the autobiography of THURLOW WEED there is an extraordinary story of the dispatch of money to Albany to affect an election forty years ago; and such a statement as the following, which we take from a recently published letter, is so familiar as not to be in the least surprising, and is, indeed, accepted as a recognized method in politics. The writer is speaking of the factional fight in the Democratic party:

> "Mr. FLOWER will, it is said, furnish any funds which may be necessary for the success of the movement at the primary meetings, and in securing delegates of the right stamp. The freedom with which the barrel was tapped at Syracuse may be taken as an indication of the way this campaign will be conducted, if a triumph seems likely to be won. It is rumored that money has already been sent into two counties, to assist in procuring the election of anti-MANNING delegates."

The corruption here suggested has been the practice of all parties, and happily public opinion is beginning to correct it. The stringent legal prohibition of political assessments upon office-holders is largely due to the exposure of Mr. JAY HUBBELL'S performances two years ago. Yet Mr. HUBBELL merely did more efficiently what all parties authorized and approved. The press everywhere took the matter up, and no journals were more emphatic in their denunciations than the Republican. The country, upon the plain presentation of the outrageous practice, resolved that that particular abuse should cease, and it has been effectually checked. Nowhere was it more vicious than in Pennsylvania. Within two years we published in these columns the insolent [redacted] of the chairman of the State Committee of Pennsylvania to a postmaster, threatening to report him to his superior officer if he did not instantly pay the sum demanded. The Committee's circular this year states that the Committee is compelled to call upon the friends of the Republican cause for the necessary funds, that the laws of the State and of the United States prohibiting assessments shall be faithfully observed, and that it asks of the recipient of the circular as a Republican citizen for such contribution only as he feels that he can and ought to make.

Here is one of the most monstrous abuses of practical politics, the correction of which has been begun by its exposure and the consequent demand of public sentiment, and all within two years. This simple fact should show the most skeptical that every reasonable reform of the kind is possible, and that there is nothing more contemptible than the "pooh! pooh!" of what are called practical politicians. But it should do much more than this, and it will do more. The same public sentiment which has effectually demanded the prohibition of political assessments will now require a plain statement of the objects to which the money raised for "campaigns" is devoted. There are many necessary expenses of elections. But they are of a kind which are familiar and readily computed. In every county there are plenty of persons who know how much money can be honestly spent for printing, for carriage-hire, for meetings, etc., and who will not be deceived by false charges. Cheating, indeed, can not be abolished by law, but in this case it can be reduced to its lowest terms. It is stated that Mr. TILDEN gave a check for $20,000 as his contribution to the National Committee of his party in his Presidential campaign, and that General BUTLER paid largely in Massachusetts last year. It is desirable upon the highest public grounds that it should be known whether such sums are used to corrupt voters, and when the whole amount collected is ten or twenty times twenty thousand dollars, the desirability of publicity is increased. The time has arrived for knowing the manner in which election moneys are expended.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES IN NEW YORK.

THE new plan for the Republican primaries made by the Committee of Eighteen was found, in the light of the new law regulating primaries, to leave the old situation absolutely unchanged. The new plan contemplated the voting at the primary of any Republican who was entitled to be enrolled after the November election. But it left the old machine otherwise untouched. It now appears that under the new law nobody but the members of an association can lawfully vote at a primary. As this exclusion was one of the chief abuses to be reformed, the discovery that the new arrangement did not reform it was very amusing. For a moment it seemed that the old machine would be obliged to resume its course, and grind out the same old grist of delegates. As such a result, under all the circumstances, was equivalent to defeat at the polls, the situation was perplexing. But the machine leaders or lieutenants hastened to the rescue. Mr. O'BRIEN proposed that the associations should summarily amend their constitution to the effect that all Republicans who voted the Republican ticket at the last Presidential election, whether they are enrolled in the associations or not, should be permitted to vote at the primaries.

This amendment will probably be adopted by the necessary number of associations, so that every voter who in 1880 voted for the Republican electors, or if then absent or too young, who intends to act with the party at the election of this year, and who will engage not to take part during the year in the primaries or caucuses of any other organization, may vote at the Republican primaries in the city this year. This is as liberal a provision as is now possible. But the original error lay in the failure to provide for the immediate disbanding of the associations. The machine system rests in great part upon them. While they exist in their present form they discredit and obstruct all action, and as their dissolution is necessary, the reorganization, which has been plainly indispensable ever since the catastrophe of last autumn, should have been effected in time to permit the dissolution. That omission, however, can not now be repaired, and although it is not evident that many Republicans who have been hitherto disfranchised at the primaries will now vote, the barrier has been removed so far as voting is concerned.

The action of the late machine in removing the barrier, like the reported remarks of Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH in declining to be a candidate for the chairmanship of the State Committee, shows that the results of the last year's election have been blessed to the machine. It has discovered that Republican voters are not "cattle" to be driven, and although the chastened machine may secretly doubt whether the new organization and its leaders will carry the State, it must be sure that they can not lose it so overwhelmingly as the machine lost it in 1882. Meanwhile, the machine

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must be aware that if the primaries turn out the old machine men, it will be evident that harmony is in great danger of postponement.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THE question of competitive examinations for promotion in the civil service is now under consideration by the Commission, and it is one of the most important of their inquiries. It is stated that Mr. EATON and Postmaster-General GRESHAM have no doubt that the reform bill provides for promotion by such examination. The national bill, however, is not explicit upon the subject. But the New York State bill says, plainly, "Promotions from the lower grades to the higher shall be on the basis of merit and competition," and the context shows that the word "competition" is intended to mean competitive examination. The provision, however, of "merit *and* competition" as plainly intends that merit, or the record of actual service, shall be taken equally into the account. This, indeed, is only reasonable, because the object of the competitive examination for admission to the service is to frustrate mere favoritism as well as to ascertain comparative fitness, while actual fitness is ascertained by probation. Once admitted to the service, the daily discharge of duty by an employé is a constant competition and probation; and the superior officer, it is assumed, in an office from which political influence over appointment is excluded, will naturally desire to place the best and most efficient men in the higher and more important positions.

It is, however, urged, and not without reason, that as the superior officers are appointed at pleasure, they may promote by favor, and that at present, when the service has been filled by favor, there could be no guarantee that unfit men would not be promoted, and for unworthy reasons. This was doubtless the consideration which led the framers of the bill to provide for competition. But this does not affect the important fact that the peculiar kind of merit which should insure promotion in the grades of the same class of employment is determined by actual service or probation rather than by a fixed examination, and this fact requires that in computing the results of examination very great weight should be given to the record of service. Indeed, a daily register or record of service in every office would be of the utmost value in settling relative claims to promotion upon the ground of merit.

The remarks upon promotion made by the Commission appointed two or three years ago to inquire into the operation of the reformed system in England are very sensible, and well worthy consideration as the result of great experience. It is unquestionable that in the English service incompetent men have been promoted, upon what Mr. EWALD calls "the sickening claims of seniority," simply to the display of their own inefficiency, and the discouragement of all below them. In the English service the alternative for promotion is seniority or merit, and the Commission emphatically prefer merit:

"We think [they say] that in the public service *promotion should depend solely upon merit*. The public offices are now divided into classes, and promotion consists in the removal from an inferior to a superior class as vacancies arise in the latter. It is the practice in several public offices to take the list of clerks in order of seniority, and to promote the first man who is stated to be not unfit for promotion. Although this plan is undoubtedly an improvement upon promotion by mere seniority, it is nevertheless, in our opinion, open to serious objection. Promotion should be a stimulus to merit. *A man should be promoted, not because those above him are unfit, but because he is the best man for the place.* If this course is pursued, no man is branded as unfit, and it would not at all follow that the senior man passed over for one promotion might not be the fittest man for the next. It is urged, however, by many that promotion by merit would in many cases degenerate into promotion by favoritism. No doubt this is possible if heads of departments, setting aside justice, are so foolish as to prefer comparative inefficiency to the best service and assistance they can get. But the alternative lies between seniority and selection, and we have no hesitation, both in the interest of the public service and of the public servants themselves, in strongly recommending that the latter system should be followed. *The greatest possible publicity should be given to all promotions, and the partiality of individual judgment should be guarded against by the heads of departments calling into council the officers responsible for the work of the clerks from among whom promotion is to be made.*"

THE VIOLATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE.

IT is to be hoped that something more is necessary to warrant the desecration of SHAKESPEARE'S grave than the consent of the vicar of Stratford. That extraordinary personage, according to the telegraphic report, has authorized the exhumation of the dust of the poet in order to compare the bust that stands above the grave with the skull. The suggestion was made by Dr. INGLEBY, of London, who is a life trustee of the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford-upon-Avon, who wished to photograph his face and to take a cast of his skull.

There is a grotesque absurdity in the proposition which makes it almost incredible, and ought to be conclusive to prevent the desecration. It is hardly possible that an intelligent man, such as the vicar of Stratford must be presumed to be, would wish to be branded with everlasting contumely as the man who not only defied the melodious curse of SHAKESPEARE, but outraged the enlightened taste and feeling of the English-speaking race, and it is not surprising that the bishop and the local authorities have protested.

The alleged object of the proposed removal is ludicrous. SHAKESPEARE has been buried for 267 years. There is a type of head and face which, in all its diversity, is universally accepted as his. The authentic correction of any faults in that likeness is now impossible, and even if the skull exists unchanged, any variation of form from the received head would be unimportant. Nothing but a most morbid curiosity could be gratified by the violation of the grave, and the good sense of England should prevent such an outrage.

Meanwhile it is but fair to believe that the vicar of Stratford has been maligned, or, if not, to await his own defense of his remarkable conduct in granting a permission which was refused with emphasis by the authorities of the Church to Miss DELIA BACON some years ago when she sought to "dig the dust enclosed here" in order to aid, by possible discoveries, her famous contention that BACON was SHAKESPEARE.

THE CROWN OF FRANCE.

THE tenacity of the old BOURBON royal claim in France is not greater than that of the STUARTS in England. King CHARLES I. was beheaded in 1649, and a century later, in 1745, the rising for the Pretender took place in Scotland, which was finally defeated at Culloden in 1746. It was in 1793 that King LOUIS XVI. was executed in France, and it was only in 1830 that his brother CHARLES X. ceased to reign. Since then the empire of the second NAPOLEON has risen and vanished. France has not lost the habit of monarchy, even if it has lost the taste for it, and the union of the elder and younger royal line in the grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE brings forward some of the ablest and most sagacious of French politicians. The legitimist or royal party, from being the most feeble and chimerical of all parties in France, has now become one of the most intelligent, practical, and powerful.

The claim of the united French BOURBON line, however, can be attacked at one point. The Spanish BOURBON may make trouble. The ORLEANS family descends from a younger brother of LOUIS XIV., but the Spanish BOURBONS spring from LOUIS XIV. himself. This direct line, however, upon obtaining the Spanish crown in 1713, absolutely and forever renounced all claim whatever to the French throne. But as the direct line, by the abrogation of the salic law, has been deprived of the Spanish crown, which was the consideration of the renunciation, it is supposed that DON CARLOS, its representative, may yet pretend to the French sceptre.

This is the fly in the ointment of the grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE, because a certain number of the French legitimists do not forget that he is also the great-grandson of the Duke of Orleans who voted for the execution of his cousin, LOUIS XVI. No crime could be more dreadful, no stain upon a royal hand more indelible, and this party would favor the claim of DON CARLOS. But the Orleanists have proved themselves to be patriots, and there is little probability of a revolutionary plot or manifesto from them. They will doubtless hold themselves in reserve as a possible resource in a day of trouble.

PERSONAL.

APPRECIATION of Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON'S *Anne* does not seem to diminish with the lapse of weeks. Our latest foreign mail brings us a long review in the London *Life*, which nevertheless regrets that it has not room "to vindicate the high opinion which we have formed of this novel by copious extracts and comments. To say that Miss WOOLSON is never incoherent, never obscure, and, with all her uncommon power of producing highly finished pictures of persons and of things, never tedious, would be to give her only half her due. Her pages teem with ripe wisdom and with ready wit. All her characters, down even to the most subordinate, have a distinct individuality. Style, that excellent quality for which English readers in general care so little that it is neglected with impunity by the modern English novelist—style, the passport to immortality, is among the striking merits of Miss WOOLSON'S latest work." So great is the popularity of this novel in England that several editions of it have been sold, and a new one is about to be issued by the London publishers.

—Mr. HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, the distinguished historian of the Pacific States, has issued an interesting souvenir of the recent Bancroft Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar in San Francisco. Its handsome title-page is engraved on steel to show a gallant knight in suit of mail and fully armed riding a magnificent charger, and its contents are photographs of the building that holds Mr. HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT'S vast historical library, and of the publishing house of A. L. BANCROFT & Co., the façade almost entirely covered by picturesque decorations representing the doings and the insignia of the knights.

—The Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the Congregational church in Montclair, New Jersey, has issued a circular with the following announcement: "It has been thought advisable by the many friends of our pastor to purchase for him a tricycle, and the Young Ladies' Missionary Society has been requested to take the matter in charge, and have the machine in readiness for him upon his return." The price of the tricycle will be $160, and its object is "to enable the pastor to reach his widely scattered parishioners more easily."

—MARY ANDERSON'S opinions about some well-known actors have been considered worthy of a cable dispatch from London. IRVING, she says, is a great artist, but his drawl jars on an American; Miss TERRY will surely please "our people"; EDWIN BOOTH stands alone, and is above criticism; JOSEPH JEFFERSON is another incomparable. As to Miss ANDERSON herself the London critics exhibit commendable discrimination. They seem to recognize the facts that she is a bright, ambitious, and prepossessing young woman, of excellent reputation and moderate educational advantages, who means well, and who may become an interesting actress, but is not a dramatic genius.

—MONCURE D. CONWAY has been travelling in a Pullman car across this continent. "I entered upon the long journey," he says, "with dismal forebodings. I had just listened to OSCAR WILDE, who spoke of the dusty desolations of this journey of days and nights, of the monotony of the scenery, of the meals, so called. I am bound to say I never had a pleasanter journey. Everybody becomes harmonized here. Even the conductors look on at the whist-players, and flirt a little with the ladies intrusted to their care. The officials become communicative, the children make friends all around, and by the second evening each sleeping-car has become, as it were, a little hotel parlor filled with friends apparently on a picnic."

—Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS writes: "The publication of the *Life of James Buchanan* was followed within a week by an amount of criticism such as I do not remember to have seen bestowed on any similar book in the same space of time. I was much gratified by the extent of the interest that appears to be taken in the work and its subject. For what was complimentary to the author I feel grateful; to what imputed literary fault or short-coming I trust I have been suitably attentive; for what assailed me in a bad spirit no one will expect me to care."

—The portrait of Mr. TILDEN, lent by himself to the Louisville Exhibition, is described by a correspondent as representing "that venerable statesman in the full glow of health and spirits. His cheeks are ruddy and rounded, his figure is upright, his eye is shining with youthful hope and animation, and altogether it is the perfect picture of the muscular and glorified TILDEN recently made known by the graphic pen of Mr. WATTERSON. It was through the persuasion of that editor that the sage of Greystone at last consented to send his likeness, and it is at this shrine that the loyal Kentuckian first pays his *devoirs*."

—A writer in the *Contemporary Review* speaks of the Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral as the finest piece of commemorative sculpture which has ever been done by an Englishman. It is unfinished, because the money to cast its chief figure is begrudged by the nation. Accordingly it lies in a side chapel, though designed to stand in the middle of the nave. "The truth is, we don't know an artist when we have got one; we let him make fire-places for a living, and die a broken-hearted bankrupt, and when he is dead we grudge to his memory even that poor justice which would complete the work of his genius; and whilst we jingle in our pockets the few pounds which our stinginess has saved us, we think we are an artistic nation and a pattern to mankind." The artist was ALFRED STEVENS.

—It now appears that during the late war in the Transvaal the leaders of the Boers detested Lord WOLSELEY and Sir BARTLE FRERE, but fell in love with Sir EVELYN WOOD from the very first, and did not conceal their admiration for him. Sir EVELYN has long had the credit of being in the good graces of Queen VICTORIA and the Empress EUGÉNIE, and at present his cup must be full.

—One of EDGAR ALLAN POE'S French critics has traced a resemblance between the poet and some of his creations, similar to that usually supposed to exist between Lord BYRON and such characters as Childe Harold and Manfred, and notes especially POE'S resemblance to his "Man of the Crowd," whose peculiarity was that he could not remain alone, but must have somebody to talk to.

—The father of FRANZ LISZT, the pianist, was a steward to Prince ESTERHAZY in a small village of Hungary; his mother was the daughter of an artisan, and possessed a kind heart and a pious soul. Her early religious teachings are said to have greatly influenced her son, even to the present time. At six years of age the boy FRANZ was taught by his father to play on the piano, and was seen to point with admiration to a picture of BEETHOVEN which hung on the wall, and to express a desire to be like *him*. At the age of nine years he played in public, and was pronounced a wonder.

—"The games of children," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "are handed on by a private and unbroken tradition of their own. A very interesting book, *Games and Songs of American Children*, by Mr. W. W. NEWELL (HARPERS, New York) proves not only that American children inherit old English rhymes and rounds, but that the old English rhymes are practically European, and have their parallels among most nations on the Continent. Mr. NEWELL'S book is full of the blossoms of legends."

—The American school-boy sees no objection whatever to the course of the Paris Municipal Council in making a grant of $7000 for the purpose of sending a certain number of pupils from each high school on a foreign tour for the improvement of their minds.

—The latest infant prince of the German royal family having been baptized in water brought directly from the Jordan by his papa, has the satisfaction of squealing in a cradle of carved oak one hundred and six years old. Most mothers would prefer a fresher bed for their darlings.

—WAGNER'S wife still refuses to see visitors, and the house where she lives, and where WAGNER used to entertain his friends, has the appearance of being closed, although the great composer's grave in the garden close by has become a place of public resort. The grand theatre which he built is situated on a hill in the outskirts of Baireuth, and surrounded by well-kept lawns and by secluded groves of fir-trees.

—It is claimed that Queen VICTORIA has not forgotten the exhortation of the Duke of Wellington, "Never let the command of the army out of your family, madam, if there is any one of age to hold it." But the old soldier's caution does not count for much in a country ruled by a House of Commons.

—The art of translation, observes a reviewer, has become very fashionable in our generation. Instead of the old school cribs, done in the shabbiest way, and with the lowest views, by ignorant or unsuccessful creatures on the outskirts of scholardom, we have now the most prominent professors and fellows of colleges and school-masters essaying themselves in this field. Some content themselves with turning classical prose authors into idiomatic and lucid English; others are more ambitious, and appear as poets for the purpose of reproducing the poetry of another age and tongue. Mr. WHITELAW, the most recent translator of SOPHOCLES, says, "It is, I believe, increasingly felt that a good translation is a commentary of the best kind."

—The feeling against the Jesuits in England in the early part of the seventeenth century has been set in a fresh light by many curious details collected by Mr. HENRY FOLEY. He has found a certain caricature in which the King of England is represented as holding the Pope's nose to a grindstone, while the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London turn the handle rapidly, to the quick lessening of that facial feature. He mentions a bill brought into Parliament to compel the Catholics to wear a red hat or party-colored stockings, so as to be hooted at whenever they appeared in public.

—A clergyman relates that a lady recently told him that honey was good for stings, and, in fact, "for most things, because it is extracted from all the different kinds of herbs," and so must contain all the virtues of the same.

—A new *Complete Letter-Writer*, in which occur models of all sorts of possible epistolary communications, has been given to the public. Two of the models concern the needs of a young lady who has received a proposal of marriage from a widower. If she has decided to accept his proposal, she assures him that he was entirely correct in supposing that "I have been very much interested in you and in your sweet children"; but if she has determined to refuse him, she expresses her sorrow "that the friendly interest I have taken in you and in your dear little children" should have been misconstrued as something tenderer.

—The African slave-trade is still active in Mozambique Channel. The British vessel which has gone thither to suppress it captured recently a small craft of sixty-three tons, on board of which one hundred and three miserable, half-starved wretches, eighty of them women and children, were packed like sardines. One old woman, who had a baby with her, became insane after her removal. The British officers ordered the fire-hose to be played indiscriminately on them all every morning in the interest of cleanliness. One hundred and twenty pounds of rice, treacle, and sweet-potatoes were cooked together. When the poor creatures saw the food, they went into it hands and feet, each fighting and biting another in the struggle to get as much as possible.

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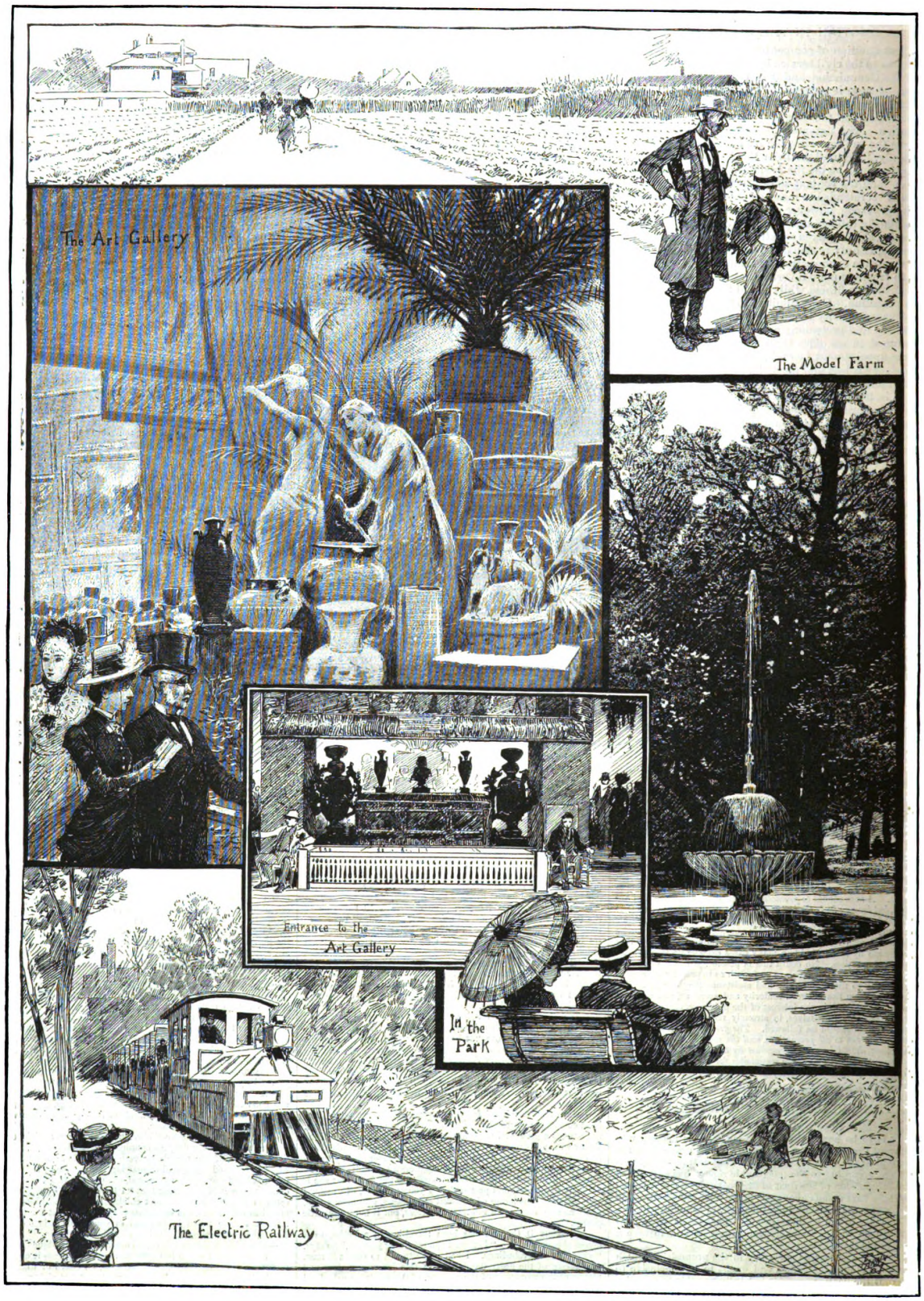

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 590.]

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R. D. SEARS, THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

THE LATE A. V. STOUT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

TAORMINA.

A WORLDLY-WISE old lady, who deals in epigrammatic axioms, said to me, the other day, "A woman who wants to have admirers, and keep them, should take care never to finish her sentences." This art—if art it be—was undoubtedly one of which Lady Constance Milner possessed the secret. In her words and actions there was a dash of the mysterious, an apparent inconsequence, which stimulated curiosity, and led people who might not otherwise have felt any absorbing interest in her to dog her footsteps in a somewhat undignified manner. When a lady is your intimate friend one day, turns you away from her door the next, and crosses the street on the third to make a rendezvous with you, she naturally presents herself to you in the light of a problem; and if you are a person of orderly mind, you do not like to pass problems by without making at least an attempt to solve them.

This was what I said to myself as I rode through the gates of Catania in the early morning. I wanted to know what it all meant; I had a perfectly legitimate desire to hear the answer to the riddle. The simple explanation that Lady Constance liked admirers, and knew how to secure them, was not one that recommended itself to me at that unsuspecting age. Only I felt it necessary to my mental satisfaction that I should be able to give myself a distinct reason for what I was doing; because, upon the face of it, it did seem rather absurd that I should have risen from my bed with the lark and set off on a twenty-mile ride in order to keep an appointment which, as I very well knew, Lady Constance, for her part, was quite capable of forgetting.

I would not, however, allow my mind to dwell on the latter painful possibility; I preferred to take it for granted that all would happen for the best in the best of worlds. The small patch of the world over which I was riding on that clear spring morning was, indeed, lovely enough to put the most relentless pessimist to silence. The sun's rays fell aslant upon the white high-road, upon the ripening corn fields, upon the dark green glossy leaves and golden fruit of the orange groves; but in the folds of the hills the morning mists still lingered, drawing a pale blue gauze over the chestnut woods, above which towered the shaggy shoulders and glistening snows of Ætna. The black-browed Sicilian peasants—a merry, stunted, half-starved race, bearing in their persons the mark of centuries of misrule, and upon their faces no symptom of any discontent therewith—threw me a familiar *buon giorno* as I jogged along; every now and again one of the gayly painted carts peculiar to the island rattled past me, or a bare-legged boy, driving his herd of goats before him and blowing his shrill pipe, as in the days of old Theocritus, paused to lift a pair of startled brown eyes upon the stranger. The azure Mediterranean, heaving sleepily, made murmurings among the rocks and headlands where Acis wooed Galatea, where Polyphemus pastured his flocks, and where, as I am told, the shriek of the railway engine is now to be heard several times a day. At that time there was no talk of railways, nor perhaps much knowledge of their existence, in Sicily. The ancient classic island seemed to have been forgotten by our bustling century; and in the soft, sensuous repose of those early hours one could almost expect to

> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

My route lay along the highway to Messina, which skirted the coast, and which would have been a pleasanter road to travel if it had not been quite so stony and dusty. I was only able to quit it when my journey was nearly at an end, and when I turned aside to scale the heights upon which the village of Taormina stands. My rough little pony had not struck me as a very promising mount when I hired him; but he accomplished his six or seven miles an hour without inconveniencing himself, and the consequence was that I reached my destination long before noon. I stabled my horse, and, seating myself under the veranda of the inn, looked out upon a view of which readers shall be spared any detailed description. Taormina, with its red-roofed houses, its tall campanile, and its ruined Saracenic keep in the foreground, the blue sea and the silvery fringe of the bay far beneath, the shadowy lines of the woods and hills in the middle distance, and, far away, Ætna rising snow-crowned against the sky, a white plume of smoke drifting from his cone—many readers, doubtless, have seen these things for themselves. Others, who have not seen them, would perhaps prefer to get on with the story, and take their vicarious enjoyment of scenery from more skillful pens than mine. I suppose that the view from the terrace at Taormina is the most beautiful view in the world. It is, at all events, the most beautiful that has come within the range of my experience, which has not been a limited one.

I sat gazing at this marvellous prospect for an hour or so; and then, I regret to say that it began to pall upon me. I was hot, I was tired, I was hungry, and when the sun had reached a point directly above my head I became wrathful into the bargain. In vain I strained my ears and my eyes; there was not the faintest indication of approaching travellers, and the only crumb of consolation that I could discover to set against the bitterness of my disappointment was in the thought that at least George Warren need never know what an ass I had made of myself. However, just as I had given up all hope, and had made up my mind to go in-doors and devour any food that I could lay hands upon, a scrambling noise as of hoofs made itself heard, and immediately the imposing figure of Antonio, astride upon a donkey, appeared on the stony track beneath me. Behind him three more figures, similarly mounted, came into view, one by one: first Mr. Sotheran, holding up a white sun-umbrella, and mopping his manly brow; then Mrs. Gilbert, a pretty little brunette, who was believed to have a husband in India, or some other remote spot; finally, Lady Constance herself, yawning as usual.

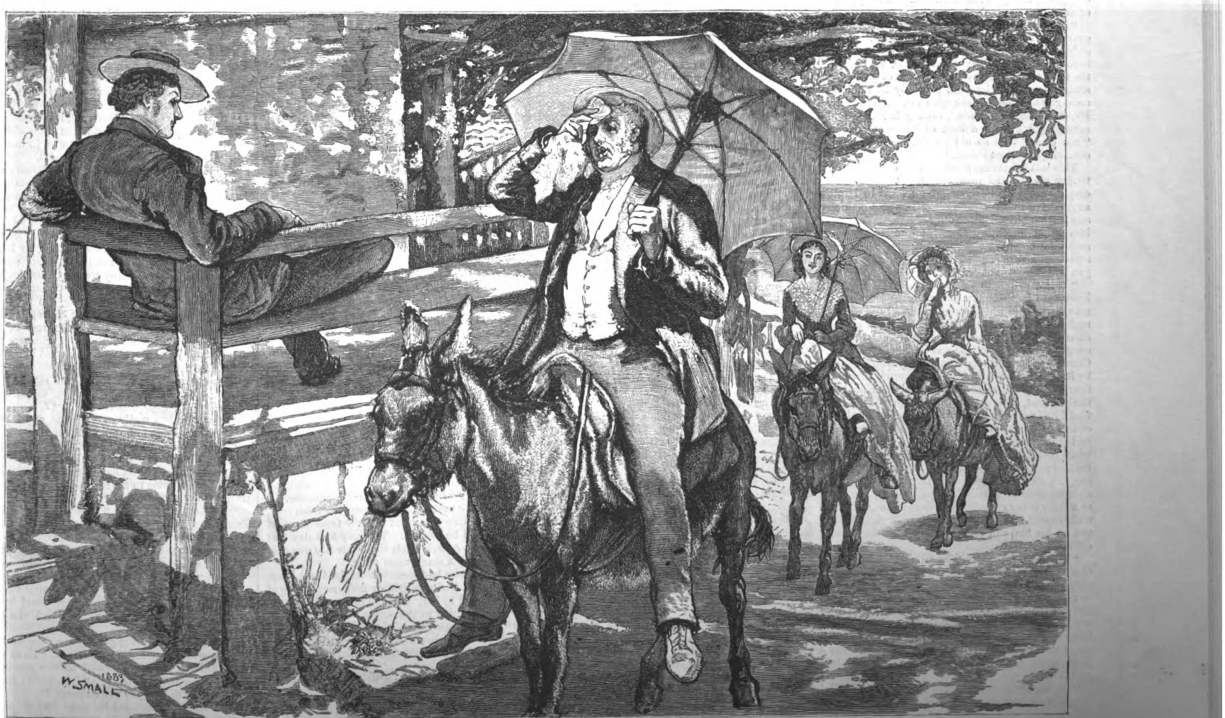
Mr. Sotheran dismounted slowly, shook hands with me, and then directed attention to the landscape before him with a circular sweep of his arm, as who should say, "Very creditable indeed." If he had not been rather out of breath, he might even have put this sentiment into words; for it was his conviction that the entire continent of Europe was a sort of show got up, with more or less of success, for the benefit of British tourists. He was a large, heavy man of about fifty, with a broad, ruminating countenance, iron-gray whiskers, a pompous manner, and a white waistcoat. At that moment he was suffering a good deal from the heat.

Mrs. Gilbert, who affected a childish vivacity of manner which, if I remember rightly, went out of fashion at about the same time as ringlets, clapped her hands, and informed me that she felt as if she were in heaven. She really must get out her sketch-book at once. "Now, Mr. Maxwell, will you find me some nice shady place from which I shall be able to see *everything*?"

"I don't know what other people may be going to do," Lady Constance said, "but I don't mean to stir from this spot until I have had something to eat."

To which Mr. Sotheran replied, cordially: "Just so, Lady Constance, just so. I quite agree with you."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.



"HOLDING UP A WHITE SUN-UMBRELLA, AND MOPPING HIS MANLY BROW."

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So Antonio unpacked the luncheon basket, and the people from the inn brought us out wine and salad and a pair of skinny chickens, and soon a mellow calm descended upon the souls of us all. The only thing that disturbed me a little was that I could not see how I was to get Lady Constance away from her companions, in whose presence it was impossible to say all that I wanted to say; nor was she apparently disposed to give me the desired opportunity. When, after luncheon, we climbed up to the ruins of the Greek theatre above the village, she chose to walk on in front with Mrs. Gilbert, leaving Mr. Sotheran and me to entertain one another, which we did with mutual ill-will. I don't think Mr. Sotheran honored me so far as to consider me a possible rival; but he must often have found me very much in the way at Naples, and I am bound to confess that I had neglected no chance of making myself disagreeable to him.

The half-forgotten race which once colonized the hill-promontory of Tauromínium were surely the envy of their more famous and wealthy neighbors on the sea-board. Dwelling on those serene heights, secured by nature against attack, and removed from the din and bustle of commerce, what can they have had to do through all their sunny days but to cultivate refinement and enjoy the good things so lavishly provided for them by the gods? They are gone into infinite space—they and their history; but their great open-air theatre is hardly to be called a ruin even now. Many of the slender columns are broken, it is true, and the semicircular tiers of seats are overgrown with grass and wild flowers and brushwood; but that clear, dry atmosphere has preserved the brick-work and the chiselling of the capitals almost intact, and imagination is called upon for no great effort to see the building as it used to be before Vandal, Saracen, and Norman came to disturb the old world's peace.

Standing upon what had been the topmost row of places, with the glittering Straits of Messina at his back, and the panorama of sea, plain, and mountain, closed in by Ætna, before him, Mr. Sotheran cleared his voice, referred to his guide-book, and said what the occasion appeared to call for. Nobody paid much attention to the historical sketch with which he was so kind as to favor us; but when he wound up by observing, "These constructions must have possessed remarkable acoustic properties; it is difficult to understand how an audience seated where we are now can have heard the voices of the actors on the stage—" when, I say, he reached this point in his discourse, Lady Constance broke in upon him with a certain animation.

"Very difficult indeed," she said. "In fact, I can hardly believe such a thing possible. Suppose we were to test it? Won't you just go down to the stage, Mr. Sotheran, and recite something? And then, when you have done, we can tell you whether you were audible or not."

Mr. Sotheran made an ugly face. "I should be delighted," he said; "but—well, the distance is considerable, and after having climbed up here once—"

"But nothing obliges you to climb up here again."

"No, no; of course not; very true. I was only going to suggest that Mr. Maxwell is a younger man."

"Mr. Maxwell," answered Lady Constance, gravely, "is quite incapable of recitation. Probably he has never made so much as an after-dinner speech in his life; whereas you, who are in the habit of addressing large bodies of your constituents, must understand perfectly well how to manage your voice in the open air. And surely, Mr. Sotheran," she added, raising her eyes and surveying him with a look of innocent wonder, "you can not be so old as you make yourself out. At least, not infirm."

This unkind thrust touched the poor man in a tender place. He answered, in a tone of some displeasure, that he had not intended to imply anything of that sort, and set off, without making any further objections, to obey orders. We heard him scrambling down from ledge to ledge; presently he emerged upon the grass-grown stage, struck an attitude, and in a stentorian bellow began Hamlet's soliloquy.

"To be, or not to be?" he shouted. I don't know that he was more ridiculous than any other man, with a tall white hat in one hand and a sun-umbrella in the other, would have been in such a situation, but it must be supposed that the incongruity of the spectacle was too much for Lady Constance, for she appeared to be quite overcome by it. She allowed him to get through three or four lines, and then broke into peal after peal of the heartiest, most unrestrained laughter—a thing that I had never known her do before in the whole course of our acquaintance. Her merriment infected me so that I too burst into a loud guffaw, while pretty little Mrs. Gilbert lowered her parasol and tittered behind it, without, perhaps, knowing very well what the joke was. The "remarkable acoustic properties" of the ruin did not fail to convey these cheerful sounds to the ears of the unfortunate spouter below. He stopped short, put on his hat, and stalked away with an air of offended majesty.

"Please go after him, Mrs. Gilbert," said Lady Constance, as soon as she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak. "The proper place for you to take your sketch from is the castle; and if you will say something civil to poor Mr. Sotheran he will fetch water, and rub your paints, and do anything else that may be required of him. As for me, I think I had better stay where I am for the present, and follow you when he has had time to cool down."

"Oh, Lady Constance, I should never dare!" Mrs. Gilbert protested. "I am sure he is dreadfully angry. And, besides," added the little lady, with an arch look, "I don't think he cares very much about hearing civil words from me."

"That," replied Lady Constance, coolly, "is a question about which there may be two opinions. My own belief is that Mr. Sotheran is one of those deplorably wicked persons who care a great deal about civil words from any pretty woman, married or single."

Mrs. Gilbert, with a little scream, declared that, under these circumstances, she couldn't think of following Mr. Sotheran. Notwithstanding which she made up her mind to run the risk without much additional persuasion, and departed, after entreating us to come and interrupt the *tête-à-tête* very soon. Mrs. Gilbert considered herself to be an irresistible flirt, and, for anything that I know to the contrary, may have had good grounds for holding that opinion.

"Ah, well!" said Lady Constance, as soon as we were alone, "it was very amusing. Did you ever see a man look such a stupendous fool?"

"Upon my word, I think you were rather hard upon the poor beggar," I could not help saying.

"It is wholesome discipline for him to be laughed at," she answered, calmly. "Also, I wanted to get rid of him, and there was no hope of doing that in any other way than by offending him. I shall make friends with him again this evening."

"You often do want to get rid of people, don't you?" I asked.

"Very often."

"And are they always ready to come back when you want to make friends with them again?"

"Always."

There was a quiet smile upon her lips, as she made this statement, that provoked me into saying, rather rudely, "Well, I know one man who would very soon get tired of being slapped in the face."

"Then why should he expose himself to the risk of such an indignity?"

"If I exposed myself to it, it was not intentionally, I can assure you," cried I. "How could I guess that, after allowing me to spend the best part of every day with you at Naples, you would refuse to receive me at Palermo?"

"Mr. Maxwell," said Lady Constance, turning her head toward me and looking at me from beneath her drooped eyelids, "do I owe you any account of my actions?"

"Yes," I answered, boldly; "I think you do. One doesn't pick up friends and throw them away without giving a reason for it. I never asked for your friendship—"

"Indeed?" she interrupted. "I was under the impression that you had asked for it rather imperatively."

"Well, at all events, you gave it to me; and I want to know why you withdrew it so suddenly."

"If there is anything else you would like to know," said Lady Constance, "I hope you will kindly mention it. Once for all, Mr. Maxwell, if you really care about my friendship, you must be content to take me as I am, and not to catechise me. Nothing is so wearisome as explanations; and with the best will in the world, I should often find it difficult to explain my conduct. For the matter of that, I doubt whether you could always give a rational account of your own, if called upon. Now shall I tell you something that will put you in high good-humor? When I found that you had left Palermo in a huff, I organized this expedition for the express purpose of catching you up and obtaining your gracious pardon. Are you pleased?"

Truth compels me to state that I was ridiculously pleased, and doubtless my speaking countenance expressed as much to my companion; for she remarked, with a slight laugh: "Ah, I thought that would be satisfactory. Satisfactory for the moment, I mean; because the day will probably come when you will know me better, and will regret very much that I didn't let you go about your business."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" I asked.

"Should I have said it if I had expected you to believe it? No; I don't expect you to believe it. Who ever believes the truth? It is the one incredible thing—the one unattainable thing—the one thing worth living for! You and I both worship truth in our different fashions, and neither of us will ever do more than catch a glimpse of it; but you are more fortunate than I, because you will probably be satisfied with seeing a part, whereas I want to see the whole. After all, perhaps the best way is not to think about it. We are sitting up here in the sunshine, you and I, and we are alive now, and shall soon be dead: that, at any rate, is a truth that can't be disputed. In a few years we shall have turned to dust, as the people who built this theatre two thousand years ago and more have turned to dust; and then all our thoughts perish. Why can't we take life as I told you just now to take my friendship, without asking tiresome questions about it?"

She had dropped these sentences one by one, with a pause between each, gazing dreamily at the distant hills, and evidently only putting fragments of what was passing in her mind into words. I could not quite follow her; I was unable to fill up the blanks; I certainly was not conscious of having ever asked myself questions, tiresome or otherwise, about the meaning of life. But it was pleasant to lie there in the still, warm air and listen to her.

"Let us enjoy the fleeting hour," she went on; "it won't last long. To descend to details, you will be trotting back to Catania before the sun sets, and I shall be discussing politics with Mr. Sotheran, and pretending to believe that he knows what he is talking about."

Her words, and still more her tone, were full of flattering inferences. At times I was a little afraid of Lady Constance; but at this moment I felt that I might say anything to her; and what I said was, "I hope—I do most earnestly hope that you won't marry that man Sotheran."

"I also hope that I shall not," she answered, coolly; "but one can't tell what events the future may bring to pass. If you are going to talk about Mr. Sotheran, I am afraid I shall not enjoy the fleeting hour at all."

"I don't want to talk about him," said I. "I don't want to think about him. I would a thousand times rather talk about anybody else. About you, for instance."

"About me?" repeated Lady Constance, abstractedly. "Well, to be sure, it is a subject upon which you haven't acquired much information as yet. I wonder whether it would interest you to hear a little more of what I am and have been?"

"I can't conceive anything that would interest me more," I exclaimed. "You don't mind telling me, do you?"

"No," she answered; "I don't mind telling you."

Was it imagination, or was there an inflection of tenderness in her voice, and the faintest possible emphasis laid upon the last word? To me, at all events, it appeared that I could detect some such change of tone; and the effect of it was to make my heart beat, and my breath come and go more quickly.

It was the story of her life that she began to relate; a story not differing in the main from that with which I was already acquainted, though, as was but natural, somewhat differently told; the story of an eager, enthusiastic girl, with high aspirations, with unsatisfied yearnings, with great powers of which she was conscious, but could find no means of exercising; of a husband who had died young, yet had lived long enough to chill and disappoint her; the story of a restless, half-disenchanted woman, who had tried in various ways to set a crooked world straight, and was trying still, though no longer with much hope of success. She spoke with a good deal of earnestness; sometimes with a touch of emotion. It was a singular autobiography and confession that she unfolded as she sat there among the ruins in the mellow sunlight—an appeal for sympathy; a sort of creed; a vague system of philosophy—I don't know what strange jumble of ambition and benevolence and cynicism and superstition. I can not recall all that she said; probably, if I could, it would not be worth recalling. What I can recall as vividly as though the experience were one of yesterday is the extraordinary impression that it produced upon me. What I can recall is that while she was talking a new Lady Constance seemed to become revealed to me, and that with that revelation came the further, and, as it appeared to me, the terrible one that all my heart and soul had passed into her power. What I do recall with humiliation and shame is, that when she ceased speaking I caught her cool white hand and pressed it fervently to my lips. I knew what I was doing; I knew that I was false to Maud, false to my duty, false to myself; but I did it all the same. And to this day I believe that I did it in obedience to a force which I was powerless to resist.

All this, I have no doubt, sounds sufficiently fanciful and exaggerated. Treacheries such as that to which I have just been obliged to plead guilty are of daily occurrence, and, upon the whole, most people are disposed to contemplate them with a lenient smile. A young fellow who has plighted his troth to a girl hundreds of miles away finds himself, on a sunny afternoon, in the midst of exquisite scenery, alone with a handsome woman who talks a pack of metaphysical rubbish to him, and he forgets himself and kisses her hand. Of course he ought not to do such *things*; but human nature is human nature, and we were all young once, and what is the use of making mountains out of mole-hills? Nevertheless, I do not pass among my friends for a fanciful man. I say that in making that mute declaration to Lady Constance I felt as morally degraded as if I had forged a check; and when I assert that in thus degrading myself I was moved by an overpowering influence which I can not define, I believe I am keeping strictly within the domain of facts. Mesmerism and electro-biology are facts, I suppose. No one, at this time of day, will dispute the capacity possessed by certain men and women of imposing their will upon others. Whether Lady Constance Milner imposed her will upon me that day voluntarily or involuntarily I can not feel certain; but that some influence out of the common was brought to bear upon me I am firmly convinced.

There was no need for any words to pass between us. I said nothing, and she, for her part, only looked at me—a trifle compassionately, as I thought—and remarked, "Ah! I warned you of what would happen." And then Mr. Sotheran, accompanied by Mrs. Gilbert, appeared in the arena beneath us, and shouted out that it was high time to start.

"I suppose you will let me come and see you at Palermo *now*?" I said, as we rose and prepared to scramble down from that fatal eminence.

Lady Constance had resumed her ordinary demeanor. "Oh yes, if you like," she answered, indifferently. "That is, of course. Why should you not come?" But when we had accomplished about half the descent she paused, and said, in an altered tone: "Blame fate; don't blame me. I have done the best I could to keep you from coming to grief like this; but I knew from the first that it would be useless. The very first day that I saw you at Alassio I felt that your life was destined to make a mark upon mine."

So that, if she had electro-biologized me, it appeared that I had unwittingly done something of the same kind to her. I had a dreary little laugh over the absurdity of the notion as I followed her down to the grassy spot where Mrs. Gilbert and her sketch-book were waiting for us, Mr. Sotheran having carried his offended dignity away to the inn.

But when I had said farewell to the company at Giardini, where they had left their carriage, and had turned my horse's head once more toward Catania, I did not feel inclined to laugh at all. Was I in love with Lady Constance? I could not have answered the question any more than I could have said why so insignificant a circumstance as the kissing of a woman's hand should have raised a barrier between me and Maud Dennison which I felt to be insurmountable and eternal. I don't remember to have once considered the possibility of my ever marrying Lady Constance; all that I knew was that I was bound to her, that she would be able to dispose of me thenceforth in any way that she might think fit, that I had destroyed all my old hopes to put in their place something that was not so much a hope as a necessity. In spite of all the warnings that I had received, in spite of all my self-confidence, I had been captured as surely as ever Ulysses was captured by Circe. When I thought of this I almost hated Lady Constance; though the next moment I reflected that, after all, it was no fault of hers. Since I had parted with my self-respect for her sake, surely the least I could do was to try and preserve my respect for her; and, indeed, she had given me no reason to accuse her of having made me her slave out of mere wantonness.

I rode back to Catania in such a condition of bewilderment that there were moments when I almost doubted my own identity; and if anything could have added to my wretchedness it would have been the sight of George Warren standing in front of the hotel and anxiously awaiting my arrival. "Gracious goodness!" thought I to myself, "what is to be done now? Shall I tell the truth, or let him find it out? Find it out he certainly must before long; for even he won't be able to help noticing that something is the matter."

As it turned out, however, he noticed nothing. He ran down the steps to me with the beaming countenance of one who bears glad tidings, and began to tell me his news before I was out of the saddle. "There's a letter for you from Mr. Le Marchant; and I have heard too. He wants us to go back to England at once. It seems that there are likely to be vacancies in the diplomatic service very soon, and he thinks you ought to lose no time in putting yourself in the hands of a crammer. I came on here to tell you about it; and if we start to-morrow morning, we shall be in plenty of time to catch the next steamer from Palermo to Marseilles."

George was radiant. I asked him why this sudden curtailment of our journey gave him so much pleasure, and he replied that he supposed everybody was glad to go home. Years afterward I heard that he had taken upon himself to write to my uncle, advising my removal from the peril of Lady Constance's enchantments, and that this excellent pretext for our recall, coming just in the nick of time, had gladdened his honest heart more than any prospect of embracing his multitudinous brothers and sisters again would have done.

As for me, I was certainly not glad to be going home, for the bare thought of meeting Maud made my heart turn cold; and yet I was by no means sorry to be leaving Sicily. Not that I had the least hope that change of scene would effect any change of mind in me, but I felt that it would be a relief to get away, and accustom myself to the altered order of things. "However despicable a creature one may be, one can't be off with the old love and on with the new in the course of a few hours," I thought.

George made no inquiries about my excursion to Taormina, nor did I think it necessary to tell him what he had probably divined already, that I had met Lady Constance there. We had other things to do and talk about; we had our packing to accomplish; and when we reached Palermo there were old examination-papers to be overhauled, and numerous presents to be purchased for the households of Warren and Le Marchant. If my melancholy and crest-fallen mien did not escape George's observation, he was forbearing enough to ask for no explanation of it.

We had only one clear day at Palermo; and in the afternoon I, of course, went down-stairs to say good-by to Lady Constance, whose return, as I had heard, had taken place only a few hours before our own on the previous day. I found her drawing-room full of visitors, and she received the intelligence which I brought her, as I had known that she would receive it, quite unconcernedly. Before so many strangers nothing but commonplaces could be exchanged; but when I rose to take leave of my hostess, she rose too, and with that calm disregard of conventionality which distinguished her from the rest of the world, accompanied me to the landing, where Antonio was, as usual, on guard. She sent him away upon I forget what errand, and as soon as he was gone asked, abruptly, "Have you strength of mind enough to retreat, or has your uncle really sent for you?"

"My uncle has really sent for me, and I have no strength of mind at all," I answered, gloomily.

"Well, well," she rejoined, with a short laugh, "strength of mind, or a capital substitute for it, will come to you if you have patience and wait."

"Will you write to me?" I asked, after a momentary hesitation.

"No," answered she; "I never write letters except on matters of business. But we shall meet again before we are much older."

She held out her hand to me as she spoke, and for the second time I raised it to my lips. And without more words we parted. I did not even ask her when or where our next meeting was to take place, so sure was I that there could be no escaping the mysterious fate to which she had made allusion.

While I was standing pensively on the landing George came running down-stairs. "Have you been bidding a fond farewell to our eccentric friend?" he asked, briskly. "I suppose I ought just to look in and pay my respects."

And shortly afterward he came into my room to say that he had done his duty, and had found Lady Constance in one of her most unapproachable moods. "There were lots of people in the room; but she didn't introduce me to any of

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them, or take the trouble to say a word to me herself, so that I spent a very uncomfortable five minutes. However, I was so glad to think that that was the last I should see of her that I didn't care twopence about her incivility."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANDREW V. STOUT.

By the death of MR. ANDREW V. STOUT, ex-President of the National Shoe and Leather Bank, the city loses another of those old merchants whose prosperity for more than half a century has been coincident with her own, and whose names represent the qualities that have made New York great. Mr. STOUT died at his summer home in Bernardsville, New Jersey, on the 5th of September, of paralysis, after being in feeble health for about a year, and after having tried in vain to renew his energies by a visit to Europe and a sojourn in the South. His age was seventy-one.

Mr. STOUT was a native of New York city, and for ten years a teacher in her public schools, where he saved money enough to start himself in business. As a wholesale dealer in boots and shoes, under the firm name of STOUT & WARD, and afterward of A. V. STOUT & Co., he carried on a very successful trade, and in 1855 was elected to the presidency of the Shoe and Leather Bank—an institution which owed its existence and prestige more to him than to any other man, and with which he was associated during an entire generation. To speak of the Shoe and Leather Bank was for many years only another way of mentioning ANDREW V. STOUT. In the popular estimation the bank was the man, and the man was the bank. Many other financial enterprises were glad to enroll his name. He was a director in the Phœnix Fire-insurance Company, in the Mutual Gas-light Company, in the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, in the Loan and Improvement Company, and in the Broadway Insurance Company.

During the Mayoralty of FERNANDO WOOD Mr. STOUT was appointed City Chamberlain, and for six years he received and disbursed $35,000,000 annually, without mistake or loss. But politics, save as a field where the good citizen must sometimes serve the state, had no attractions for him, and after resigning his Chamberlainship he declined to accept public office. The war found him a Democrat, and made him a Republican and an Abolitionist.

Mr. STOUT was a trustee of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, a trustee of the Drew Theological Seminary, and a trustee of the Wesleyan University. So long ago as 1828 he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a contributor to its interests and charities. Recently he gave $50,000 apiece to the two educational institutions just mentioned. He leaves a widow, a son (JOSEPH S. STOUT), and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of J. N. EWELL, of this city, and the other the wife of A. F. SOUTHERLAND, of Chicago.

THE CINCINNATI FÊTE.

On the evening of September 6 the streets of Cincinnati were thronged with gay crowds, gathered to witness a procession of twenty-five tableau floats, allegorically illustrating as many consecutive periods in the history of Rome. Although this pageant, conducted under the auspices of the Order of Cincinnatus, was not a part of the Exposition, it had the sanction and co-operation of the Commissioners. The floats were prepared at great expense by the same artisans who made the properties for the late Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans.

The line of march was two miles in length, and over its full extent the sidewalks were so densely thronged as to render pedestrian travel impossible. Long before the procession began to move, every window on the line of march was filled. Platforms were improvised in front of all business houses. At all the cross streets carriages filled with people were stationed. Gayly colored flags fluttered from nearly every window, and house fronts were profusely hung with Chinese lanterns. It was half past nine when the procession started. The cars, tableaux, and costuming were splendid, and made a fine impression.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

LOCATED in the geographical centre of the State of New York, thirty miles south of the city of Utica, is one of the loveliest little valleys in the world. It is but a shallow, hill-surrounded basin, lying at the head of Lake Canadarago, a body of crystal water five miles long by about a mile of average width, which forms one of the sources of the Susquehanna River. The surroundings of this basin are unexcelled for the natural beauty of their scenery in the State; it is 1700 feet above sea-level, and nearly 1200 above the valley of the Mohawk; but all these advantages count for little beside those afforded by its possession of nearly a score of mineral-water springs, among which are white sulphur springs that rival in quality those of Virginia. In writing of Richfield Springs, some years ago, Mrs. STOWE says:

"We visited Richfield, and passed a day very pleasantly. It is a village of hotels and boarding-houses, and it was said three thousand visitors were there summering. There is a spring there whose waters we should think would be sufficient to frighten anybody away that ever tasted them, evidently either sulphurated or phosphorated hydrogen. One would think that it must have been bored down into some antediluvian stratum of spoiled eggs. Yet drinking of this spring appears to be one of the things to do in Richfield. We understand that ladies enamelled with bismuth, arsenic, and other minerals have occasionally been turned all sorts of colors by the vapor of this spring.

"What if there were a moral test of all shams equally searching! For the rest, Richfield has a high, pure air, which is said to be very health-giving; and it is a fact, we are told, that people who once begin to go there come back year after year with increasing interest."

Mrs. STOWE was told aright: those who once go to Richfield and place themselves under the spell of its charms never seek to escape from the influence that draws them back year after year to the enchanted abode of health, content, and rest. It is in this way that summer society at Richfield assumes a distinctive character, and is so bound by ties of long acquaintance and sympathy that the stranger outside the circle is apt to characterize it as proud and exclusive. This is true in a sense, though not as these terms are generally understood. Talent, genius, or recognized merit of any kind will effect an entrance into Richfield society that is denied to mere wealth or pretentious display. Of this its members are justly proud, and their exclusiveness is but the desire to bar out from their congenial community the discordant elements that clamorously seek admittance.

The unpleasant odor of the sulphur springs which, as Mr. STOWE truly says, suggests an underground deposit of very badly spoiled eggs, exists as strong to-day as when she wrote, and as it had for centuries before. The first person to take advantage of the medicinal properties of the principal of Richfield's sulphur springs was an Indian doctor, or medicine-man, who lived alone on one of the two islands in Canadarago Lake. Every night he secretly visited the spring which he had discovered on the mainland, and conveyed a portion of its waters to his lodge. Every day during office hours he received patients for whose ailments he prescribed the one all-healing remedy. Like many another of his profession before and since, he waxed prosperous and proud, until he audaciously compared his own power to that of the Great Spirit, whereupon the latter hurled a thunder-bolt that sank the proud doctor, together with his island, to the unfathomable depths of the lake. This is the story that is told to account for the disappearance of one of the Canadarago islands, which did very mysteriously sink to a great depth early in the present century.

During the French and Indian war the commandant of the English troops stationed at Albany ordered a party of sappers and miners to this place to search for sulphur, of which he was greatly in need for the manufacture of gunpowder. They were directed to the spring by an Indian guide, and made a large excavation about ten feet east of it, but failed to reach the coveted deposit.

In 1820 Dr. HORACE MANLEY bought an acre of land, from the midst of which flowed the famous waters now known as the "Manley Spring," for $75. He at once proceeded to prepare the spring for public use by excavating to the bed-rock and tubing. In order to guide themselves to the spring, Dr. MANLEY's workmen fastened a white handkerchief to a pole by the road-side. A traveller from a distance, who knew nothing of the spring, seeing this signal as he rode that way, supposed it to indicate the presence of small-pox, and for self-protection attempted to hold his breath until he had passed the infected locality. His powers of endurance proved insufficient, and directly opposite to the spring he involuntarily drew a breath of the tainted air. Checking his horse, he exclaimed, in tones of horror and despair, "O my God! I've catched it!"

The Richfield Hotel, which was the first to receive visitors to the springs, was opened in 1816. The Spring House, of which a view is shown on page 585, was built in 1823 upon ground immediately adjoining the famous Manley Spring. The present structure, which is capable of accommodating six hundred guests, is the direct outgrowth of the 1823 building, which was 30 feet by 40 feet, and two stories high. The New American, which is the only large rival of the Spring House in the village, stands directly opposite to it, and was built, in 1851, upon the site of the Old American, built in 1830, and destroyed by fire in 1850. This hotel could never successfully compete with its rival across the way, because the other possessed a sulphur spring; while, like the poor little pig in Mother Goose, "it had none"; but a propitious fate waited upon its fortunes, and in 1865, according to the local historian, "a rich and copious sulphur spring was discovered in the basement of this hotel, which, upon analysis, was found to be identical with its older compeer of the Spring House directly opposite. Large and commodious bathing-houses were at once constructed, and supplied from this spring, and this house now offers," etc.

The question naturally suggested is, How did that spring succeed in hiding itself from all observation in a hotel basement for thirty-five years?

The price of board in the first Richfield Springs hotel was $1 25 per week; but, with the discovery of new springs, the price has been raised.

Aside from its springs, Richfield offers more beautiful drives, excursions, pure air, and solid social enjoyment than almost any other resort that can be named. Among its charming excursions is the twelve-mile drive around Canadarago Lake, which lake SETH GREEN has pronounced to be the best stocked with fish of any lake of its size in the State. Waiontha Mountain is, according to a recent writer, "a hill among an ocean of hills." It is but two miles from the Springs, and upon its summit stands an observatory seventy feet high, the view from which the reckless hotel statistician declares to be "one hundred miles in extent." The same authority notes the air at this altitude to be "full of electric life and vigor."

Otsego Lake, made famous by the pen of COOPER, and called by him "Glimmerglass," is but six miles from Richfield, and is connected with the hotels of the latter place by a tri-daily line of Tally-ho coaches, which add much to the life of the quiet country roads as they dash by.

Ten miles from the Springs are the wildly beautiful Van Hornesville caves and water-falls, an idea of which our artists have attempted to convey on page 585.

The pastimes nearer at hand are to be found on the tennis lawn—the courts of which are always occupied—in the row-boats on the lake, in the dim moon-lit aisles of the "Pine Walk," on the hotel piazzas, or at the hops which are given on alternate nights at the rival hotels. These, although aided by excellent music and capital floors, are very sedate affairs, and more enjoyed by the sitters and gazers through the windows from the piazzas than by the performers, who are terribly conscious of the observation and its accompanying criticism.

A gentleman recently returned from Richfield says, "Take it all in all, it is about as pleasant a place in which to spend an idle month as I know of, and there is more going on there than in any quiet place I ever struck."

The latter part of this criticism will probably acquire extra force next week, when the members of the State Republican Convention gather amid the quiet scenes and sylvan beauties of this favored village.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE authorities at Port Natal ordered that a vessel be procured which could be used for towing ships into the harbor in all sorts of weather, for throwing water upon fires along the water front, for carrying fresh-water in large quantities to ships, for succoring vessels in distress at sea, for dredging along the coast in search of lost anchors and cables, and for blowing up hostile vessels, after the manner of a torpedo-boat. With much labor such a craft has been constructed and launched at Aberdeen. A Yankee builder would have rejoiced to receive such an order, and undoubtedly would have been ready to construct a vessel which could be put not only to all those uses, but in a pinch could be used as a saw-mill, a cheese factory, and a cider-press.

Some flippant persons who were not invited to go to the National Park with Mr. Rufus Hatch's party of dukes, reporters, marquises, and other noblemen have been concocting stories of impossible tribulations suffered by Mr. Hatch. That gentleman will hardly feel called upon to deny, upon his return, the statement that one of his titled guests purchased necessary and intimate articles of vestment at a store in the picturesque wilderness, and had them charged to his entertainer. The story that another of the noblemen delayed a procession in a Western city by claiming precedence over those of lower rank is equally absurd. The informal associations incidental to camp life undoubtedly have heightened the esteem in which Mr. Hatch held his guests, as well as that in which they held him, and have added strength to the bonds of friendship between this country and the several monarchies represented in his noteworthy party.

Night sessions of the House of Lords are sometimes characterized by that spirit of readiness to appreciate anything in the way of diversion which has become a characteristic of late sessions in Washington. It was in the course of a recent late sitting that Lord Fortescue asked the government to introduce into the Agricultural Holdings Bill "some provision for alleviating the great hardship now suffered by the family of any clergyman if he died while occupying his glebe, as many clergymen have latterly found themselves reluctantly compelled to do." His lordship's way of putting it produced "roars of laughter."

Not long ago a writer indulged in speculation as to the military strength of China in the event of the full resources of that empire being drawn upon. His conclusion was that China could raise an army large enough to overrun and subdue all Europe by sheer force of numbers. The impending struggle to dislodge the French from Annam will afford an interesting view of what the Flowery Kingdom has learned of the methods of war in the years since its people began to profit by the experience of nations more advanced.

"Is there any one left in America?" asks a correspondent in Paris. The city, he says, was never so full of Americans. All the English spoken on the streets, in shops, and at the theatres is the English of Americans. Very few English people are in Paris at this season.

On the centennial of the recognition by Great Britain of the independence of the United States the Toronto *Globe* recalled the grim jest of George III., who said that England's reason for celebrating the peace was "because things were no worse." The verdict of the world, said the *Globe*, is that things would have been a great deal worse if the King and his counsellors had won a triumph; for "the clock of the universe would have been put indefinitely backward had the American colonists failed in their struggle, and it is difficult to say which of the contestants would have suffered most from such a disastrous ending."

An old post-office employé says that in nearly every instance of the sender writing "In haste" on the envelope the State is omitted from the superscription, and if the sender writes "In haste" in two corners he usually leaves off both the State and the post-office.

Announcement was made in a Roman Catholic church at Atlanta, Georgia, a few Sundays ago, that the male children of Catholic parents should be sent to a school in the basement of the church conducted by the Sisters, and that parents who continued to send children to the city schools would be deprived of the sacraments. About a year ago a similar order affecting the girls of Catholic parents was issued, and was obeyed by all except one family. There is to be an effort on the part of the Catholic Church to secure a division of the money devoted to the public schools in that city.

The three bakers of Cork who were arrested by officers of the British government on the charge of having explosives on their premises were discharged after a brief hearing. It is a scientific fact that yeast and baking-powder are among the mildest of explosives.

The American student of the name of Lennig who killed a fellow-student in a duel in Germany and fled to Switzerland has been released from arrest. This action was taken by the government on the ground that duelling is not named in the treaty as an offense for which persons may be subject to extradition.

Members of the President's party in the Yellowstone region were enabled to verify the statement that it is possible to capture a trout in the waters of a lake there, and, without detaching it from the hook, fling it into an adjacent geyser and boil it to suit the angler's taste.

The opening of the Foreign Exhibition in Boston was an auspicious and polyglot occasion. M. Duval, of the Paris Municipal Council, spoke in the French tongue, Commissioner Haas in the German, Commissioner Hoolagee in the Japanese, Loo Wen Shih in the Chinese, and M. Labarière, representing Spain, in the Spanish. There were also addresses in English. A Boston paper's account of the exercises was printed under the following head-lines, which are reproduced *literatim*: "Vivat Ars et Industria—Eröffnung der Ausländicher Ausstellung—Une Grande Concours Attend les Cérémonies d'Ouverture—Tributos Cordiales al Espiratu del Dia." It is presumed that the Latin, in which no address was made, was thrown in in lieu of head-lines in Japanese and Chinese. It would not have been difficult, however, for the writer to prepare lines in those languages which would compare favorably with the others.

Old Mr. Perkyns, a very nervous old Bachelor, is very fond of driving. "But dreadful Accidents happen with Horses every Day," says he; and, acting on these fears, he has set up the above Team.

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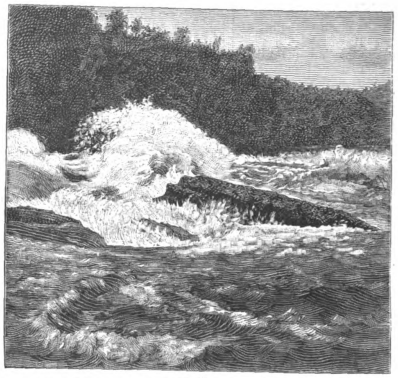


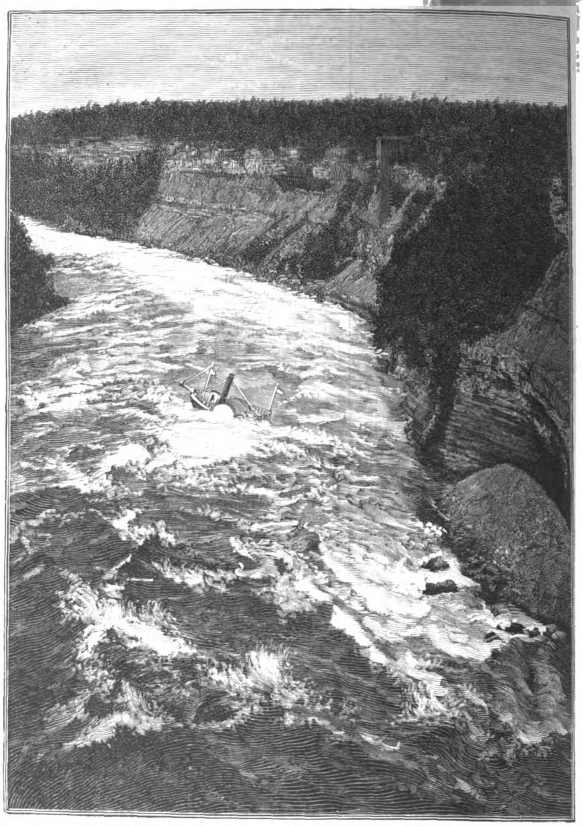
THE RAPIDS AT LOW WATER, SHOWING ROCKS.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

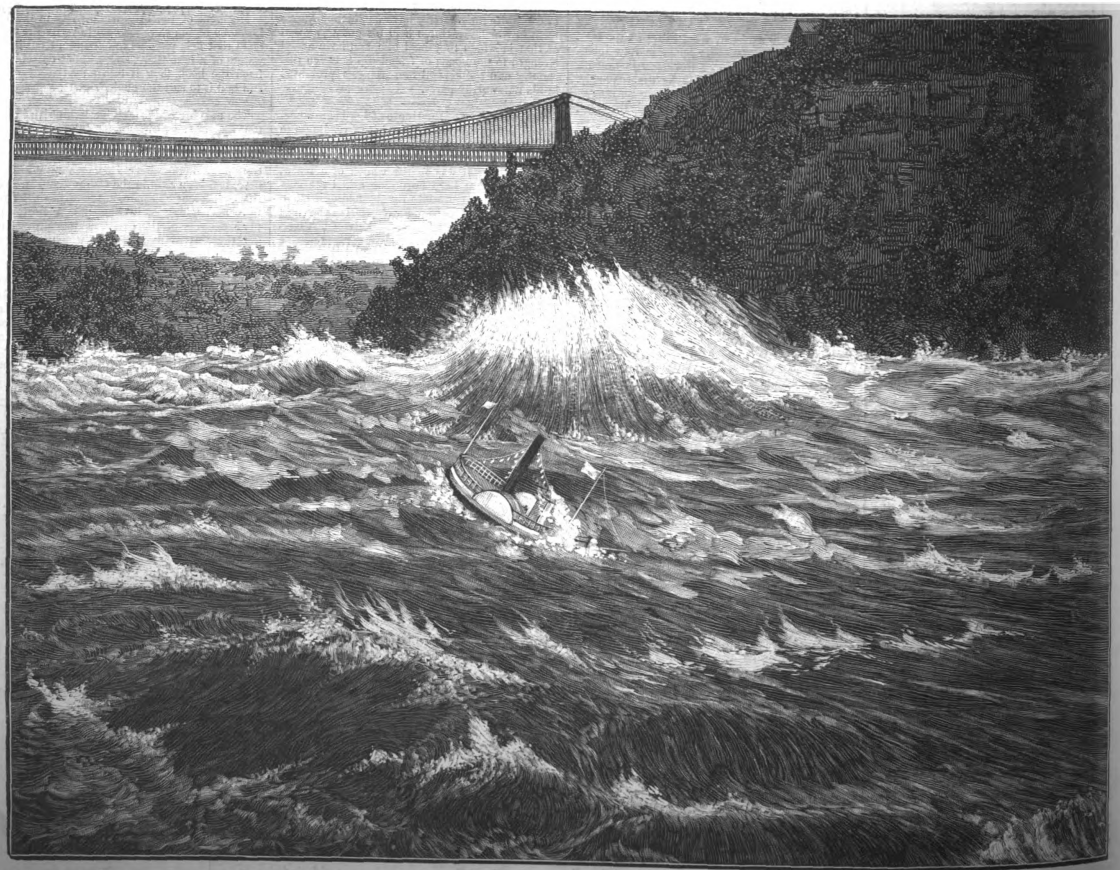
AN enormous crowd of eager spectators gathered last week on the banks of the Niagara River to witness the passage of the new *Maid of the Mist* through the rapids where the daring Captain WEBB was drowned. An old barge was built up to resemble the stout little craft which made the same dangerous trip in 1861. It was, however, an imitation only. There were no wheels in the paddle-boxes, the figure in the wheel-house was made up to resemble a pilot, and the stove-pipe smoke-stack emitted smoke from a cast-off stove. The boat was fifty-two feet long, sixteen wide, and eight in depth.

Soon after two o'clock on the afternoon of September 6 the vessel was towed out from the old *Maid of the Mist* landing. After some difficulty she was headed down the stream, and soon attained an astonishing rate of speed. She passed under the old railway suspension-bridge in good style, but was whirled stern foremost soon afterward on a tremendous wave. Several revolutions were made before the whirlpool was reached, but never for a moment while in the rapids did the vessel seem in danger of going to pieces, or of being engulfed.

The vessel was headed up-stream when she arrived at the whirlpool. On entering, two revolutions were made in a twinkling, and then the boat shot swiftly to the Canada side, going so far as to be out of the power of the circling waves. It looked for a time as if the vessel would be kept hedged in by the maelstrom. Her revolutions were slow, and she was in sight of the multitude all the time. The water dashed and roared and whirled, seemingly with fury enough to destroy any object coming within the dreadful circle. Finally a number of venturesome spectators climbed down the ledge of rock on the Canada side, and by means of poles pushed the boat off. Then she was taken into the channels, and literally hurled through the water to the open river beyond. She went rapidly with the current to Lewiston, where she was boarded and examined, and was found to be practically uninjured.



IN THE RAPIDS—FROM THE RAILROAD SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.



IN THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

THE PASSAGE OF THE NEW "MAID OF THE MIST" THROUGH THE NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY BY GEORGE BARKER.

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RICHFIELD SPRINGS, NEW YORK, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROSNER AND MINOR.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF STRIKES.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

THE progress in material comfort which has been made during the last hundred years has not produced content. Quite to the contrary: the men of to-day are not nearly so contented with life on earth as their ancestors were. This observation is easily explainable by familiar facts in human nature. If satisfaction does not reach to the pitch of satiety, it does not produce content, but discontent. It is therefore a stimulus to more effort, and is essential to growth. If, however, we confine our study of the observation which we have made to its sociological aspects, we perceive that all which we call "progress" is limited by the counter-movements which it creates, and we also see the true meaning of the phenomena which have led some to the crude and silly absurdity that progress makes us worse off. Progress certainly does not make people happier, unless their mental and moral growth corresponds to the greater command of material comfort which they win. All that we call progress is a simple enlargement of chances, and the question of personal happiness is a question how the chances will be used. It follows that if men do not grow in their knowledge of life and in their intelligent judgment of the rules of right living as rapidly as they gain control over physical resources, they will not win happiness at all. They will simply accumulate chances which they do not know how to use.

The observation which has just been made about individual happiness also has a public or social aspect which is important. It is essential that the political institutions, the social code, and the accepted notions which constitute public opinion should develop in equal measure with the increase of power over nature. The penalty of failure to maintain due proportion between the popular philosophy of life and the increase of material comfort will be social convulsions which will arrest civilization, and will subject the human race to such a reaction toward barbarism as that which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. It is easy to see that at the present moment our popular philosophy of life is all in confusion. The old codes are breaking down; new ones are not yet made; and even amongst people of standing, to whom we must look to establish the body of public opinion, we hear the most contradictory and heterogeneous doctrines about life and society.

The growth of the United States has done a great deal to break up the traditional codes and creeds which had been adopted in Europe. The civilized world being divided into two parts, one old and densely populated and the other new and thinly populated, social phenomena have been produced which, although completely covered by the same laws of social force, have appeared to be contradictory. The effect has been to disturb and break up the faith of philosophers and students in the laws, and to engender numberless fallacies amongst those who are not careful students. The popular judgment especially has been disordered and misled. The new country has offered such chances as no generation of men has ever had before. It has not, however, enabled any man to live without work, or to keep capital without thrift and prudence. It has not enabled a man to "rise in the world" from a position of ignorance and poverty, and at the same time to marry early, spend freely, and bring up a large family of children.

The men of this generation, therefore, without distinction of class, and with only individual exceptions, suffer from the discontent of an appetite excited by a taste of luxury, but held far below satiety. The power to appreciate a remote future good in comparison with a present one is a distinguishing mark of highly civilized men, but if it is not combined with power of persevering industry and self-denial, it degenerates into mere day-dreaming and the diseases of an overheated imagination. If any number of persons are of this character, we have morbid discontent and romantic ambition as social traits. Our literature, especially our fiction, bears witness to the existence of classes who are corrupted by these diseases of character. We find classes of persons who are whining and complaining, and who use the organs of public discussion and deliberation in order to put forth childish complaints and impossible demands, while they philosophize about life like the *Arabian Nights*. Of course this whole tone of thought and mode of behavior is as far as possible from the sturdy manliness which meets the problems of life, and wins victories as much by what it endures as by what it conquers.

Our American life, by its ease, exerts another demoralizing effect on a great many of us. Hundreds of our young people grow up without any real discipline. Life is made easy for them, and their tastes and wishes are consulted too much. They grow to maturity with the notion that they ought to find the world only pleasant and easy. Every one knows this type of young person, who wants to find an occupation which he would "like," and who discusses the drawbacks of difficulty or disagreeableness in anything which offers. The point here referred to is, of course, entirely different from another and still more lamentable fact, that is, the terrible inefficiency and incapability of a great many of the people who are complaining and begging. If any one wants a copyist, he will be more saddened than annoyed by the overwhelming applications for the position. The advertisements which are to be found in the newspapers of widest circulation, offering a genteel occupation to be carried on at home, not requiring any previous training, by which two or three dollars a day may be earned, are a proof of the existence of a class to which they appeal. How many thousand people in the United States want just that kind of employment! What a beautiful world this would be if there were any such employment!

Then, again, our social ambition is often silly and mischievous. Our young people despise the occupations which involve physical effort or dirt, and they struggle "up" (as we have agreed to call it) into all the nondescript and irregular employments which are clean and genteel. Our orators and poets talk about the "dignity of labor," and neither they nor we believe in it. Leisure, not labor, is dignified. Nearly all of us, however, have to sacrifice our dignity, and labor, and it would be to the purpose if, instead of declamation about dignity, we should learn to respect, in ourselves and each other, work which is *good* of its kind, no matter what the kind is. To spoil a good shoemaker in order to make a bad parson is surely not going "up," and a man who digs well is by all sound criteria superior to the man who writes ill. Everybody who talks to American school-boys thinks that he does them and his country service if he reminds them that each one of them has a chance to be President of the United States, and our literature is all the time stimulating the same kind of senseless social ambition, instead of inculcating the code and the standards which should be adopted by orderly, sober, and useful citizens.

The consequences of the observations which have now been grouped together are familiar to us all. Population tends from the country to the city. Mechanical and technical occupations are abandoned, and those occupations which are easy and genteel are overcrowded. Of course the persons in question must be allowed to take their own choice, and seek their own happiness in their own way, but it is inevitable that thousands of them should be disappointed and suffer. If the young men abandon farms and trades to become clerks, book-keepers, etc., etc., the consequence will be that the remuneration of the crowded occupations will fall, and that of the neglected occupations will rise. If the young women refuse to do house-work, and go into shops, stores, telegraph offices, schools, etc., the wages of the crowded occupations will fall, while those of domestic servants advance. If women in seeking occupation try to gain admission to some business like telegraphing, in competition with men, they will bid under the men. Similar effects would be produced if a leisure class in an old country should be compelled by some social convulsion to support themselves. They would run down the compensation for labor in the few occupations which they could enter.

Now the question is raised whether there is any remedy for the low wages of the crowded occupations, and the question answers itself. There is no remedy except not to continue the causes of the evil. To strike, that is, to say that the workers will not work in their chosen line, yet that they will not leave it for some other line, is simply suicide. Neither can any amount of declamation, nor even of law-making, force a man who owns a business to submit the control of it to a man who does not own it. The telegraphers have an occupation which requires training and skill, but it is one which is very attractive in many respects to those who seek manual occupation. It is also an occupation which is very suitable, at least in many of its branches, for women. The occupation is therefore capable of a limited monopoly. The demand that *women* should be paid equally with men is, on the face of it, just, but its real effect would be to keep women out of the business. It was often said during the telegraphers' strike that the demand of the strikers was just, because their wages were less than those of artisans. The argument had no force at all. The only question was whether the current wages for telegraphing were sufficient to bring out an adequate supply of telegraphers. If the growing boys prefer to be artisans, the wages of telegraphers will rise. If, even at present rates, boys and girls continue to prefer telegraphing to handicraft or housework, the wages of telegraphers will fall. Could, then, a strike advance at a blow the wages of all who are now telegraphers? There was only one reason to hope so, and that was that the monopoly of the trade might prove stringent enough and the public inconvenience great enough to force a concession, which would, however, have been speedily lost again by an increased supply of telegraphers.

Now let us ask what the state of the case would be if it was really possible for the telegraphers to make a successful strike. They have a very close monopoly. Railroad men have a much less effective monopoly. Six years ago they nearly arrested the transportation of the country for a fortnight. They were unable to effect their object. More recently the freight-handlers struck against the competition of a new influx of foreign unskilled laborers, and in vain. The printers might make a combination, and try to force an advance in wages by arresting the publication of all the newspapers on a given day, but there are so many persons who could set type, in case of need, that such an attempt would be quite hopeless. In any branch of ordinary handicraft there would be no possibility of creating a working monopoly, or of producing a great public calamity by a strike. If we go on to other occupations we see that book-keepers, clerks, and salesmen could not as a body combine and strike. Much less could teachers do so. Still less could household servants do so. Finally, farmers and other independent workers could not do it at all. In short, a striker is a man who says, I mean to get my living by doing this thing and no other thing as my share of the social effort, and I do not mean to do this thing except on such and such terms. He therefore proposes to make a contract with his fellow-men, and to dictate the terms of it. Any man who can do this must be in a very exceptional situation. He must have a monopoly of the service in question, and it must be one of which his fellow-men have great need. If, then, the telegraphers could have succeeded in advancing their wages fifteen per cent. simply because they had agreed to ask for the advance, they must have been far better off than any of the rest of their fellow-men.

Our fathers taught us the old maxim, Cut your coat according to your cloth. The popular discussions of social questions seem to be leading up to a new maxim—Demand your cloth according to your coat. The fathers thought that a man in this world must do the best he could with the means he had, and that good training and education consisted in developing skill, sagacity, and thrift to use resources economically. The new doctrine seems to be that if a man has been born into this world he should make up his mind what he needs here, formulate his demands, and present them to "society" or the "state." He wants a congenial and easy occupation, and good pay for it. He does not want to be hampered by any limitations such as come from a world in which wool grows, but not coats; in which iron ore is found, but not weapons and tools; in which the ground will produce wheat, but only after hard labor and self-denial; in which we can not eat our cake and keep it; in which two and two only make four. He wants to be guaranteed a "market," so as not to suffer from "overproduction." In private life and in personal relations we already estimate this way of looking at things at its true value, but as soon as we are called upon to deal with a general question, or a phenomenon of industry in which a number of persons are interested, we adopt an entirely conventional and unsound mode of discussion. The sound gospel of industry, prudence, painstaking, and thrift is, of course, unpopular. We all long to be emancipated from worry, anxiety, disappointment, and the whole train of cares which fall upon us as we work our way through the world. Can we really gain anything in that struggle by organizing for a battle with each other? This is the practical question. Is there any ground whatever for believing that we shall come to anything, by pursuing this line of effort, which will be of any benefit to anybody? If a man is dissatisfied with his position, let him strive to better it in one way or another by such chances as he can find or make, and let him inculcate upon his children good habits and sound notions, so that they may live wisely, and not expose themselves to hardship by error or folly; but every experiment only makes it more clear that for men to band together in order to carry on an industrial war, instead of being a remedy for disappointment in the ratio of satisfaction to effort, is only to court new calamity.

JOE BARRETT'S CONFESSION.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

ONE seventeenth day of August, not many years ago, a party of four, consisting of Joe Barrett and his wife, their most intimate friend Phil Somers, and Miss Maude Mortimer, a young lady they hoped he might be induced to consider the future happiness of his existence, stood quite alone upon a narrow strip of sand on the Long Island coast, not far from the great metropolis. Joe Barrett and his wife had long ago been given over by their relatives and friends, and the genial circle of society they adorned, as an old-fashioned couple that prolonged their honey-moon to a most unprecedented and unheard-of period. They had lately celebrated their silver wedding, and for the amusement of others and the romance for themselves would have gone through with the original ceremony again had it not been for a serious obstacle. The clergyman was still alive, and vigorous for his years, and Phil Somers, Joe's best man at his wedding, was yet his best friend, but the pale pretty little bridemaid had vanished long ago off the face of the earth, and become one of that shadowy band to which "we call, and they answer not again."

There was a rumor that if she had lived she would have become the wife of Phil Somers, thus making the happiness of the four complete. It was currently believed that because of this tender and romantic episode of his life Phil Somers had remained a bachelor. In his younger days this apparent halo of soft regret and unappeasable longing lent a melancholy grace to his already pleasing exterior, and many a damsel endeavored to console him; but although he was gentle and even chivalric to all womankind, he remained, to all matrimonial intents and purposes, unconsoled.

And here he was, a bachelor still, fifty years old, getting rather grizzled about the temples and crow-footed about the eyes, bronzed by his partiality for the open air, thin but muscular, tall but straight; while Joe Barrett and his wife might both pass for "fat, fair, and forty," though they were not so many years Phil's juniors.

And here they were, plotting as lively as ever for Phil's connubial bliss. The present victim of their toils, although no longer in her first youth, would have seemed so in any other light but the critical one of sun against sand; and now that thick bands of gray clouds lay heavily across the sky, tempering the brilliancy of the sun's rays, and the young lady had pulled her veil about the outlines of her face, Miss Mortimer seemed at the heyday of her charms.

While waiting for dinner, which was in process of preparation in a long low hostelry a dozen furlongs or so inland, they had strolled down to the water's edge, and, true to the plan in hand, Joe Barrett had pulled his wife's chubby hand through his arm and trotted her away from Phil and the young lady.

"Let's leave them alone together for a while," said Joe. "It seems a propitious time for love-making, and I hope something will come of to-day's trip, Polly; I'm getting awfully tired of working like a pack-horse for Phil's happiness."

While strolling along, they indulged in a spirited conversation about Phil and the matrimonial projects in which they had been engaged on his account. At last Joe remarked, looking fondly at his wife: "I'd be the happiest fellow in the world if Phil could be happy too."

His wife shook his arm impatiently.

"See here, Joe," she said, "I think you are absurd about Phil Somers, and you may as well understand, once for all, that if this thing falls through, I'm not going to bother about his marrying at all. It's none of your business or mine. I don't believe he wants to marry, anyway. Some natures are so constituted that they can only love once, and I believe all the love Phil had to give any one was squandered long ago on our dear little bridemaid. After all, there's something very sweet and touching in his remaining faithful to the one memory all these years."

Joe shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. He picked up a stone, and sent it savagely whirring over the water.

"Polly," he said, "I think I'll take a plunge in the sea; it will tone me up, and give me an appetite for dinner. There's a bathing suit in one of the little cribs behind us."

"Look at that big black cloud, Joe."

"I won't stay in long, Polly." He gave his wife a tender squeeze, looked down upon her with an expression that seemed to say he'd kiss her if it wouldn't shock Miss Mortimer's sense of propriety, ran up to the bathing-house, and, to the surprise of Phil and Miss Mortimer, presently disappeared in a huge green wave that covered them with its spray.

"Joe is a regular water-dog," said Phil.

Miss Mortimer made no reply. She had not come down to the sea-shore that day to listen to laudations of Joe Barrett and his wife. Miss Mortimer felt that she had no time to lose, and was resolved to waste no words upon Joe Barrett's maritime proclivities.

Phil, however, kept his eyes upon Joe as he swam out to the open sea, and went on talking about him without requiring any special reply.

"Joe is a little impulsive and reckless, perhaps," said Phil, "but he's a capital swimmer."

"It is growing cold," said Miss Mortimer, contracting her shoulders in that graceful way that some women have of making even a shiver attractive.

Phil remembered with remorse that her wrap was hanging forgotten upon his arm. He hastened to put it about her shoulders, but the wind, which was rising to a gale, made the effort a prolonged one.

"Don't you hate the wind?" said Miss Mortimer, coquettishly.

"I am never ungrateful," said Phil, capturing the ends of the shawl again, and holding them fast this time about her slender form. A keen look of incipient triumph flashed from Miss Mortimer's eyes. Phil's words always seemed to mean so much more than they said. And she could not, unfortunately, see that his eyes were still looking fixedly over her head upon the water beyond the surf.

A shaft or two of wild light flashed down upon the scene. An ominous rumble from the clouds mingled with the roar of the sea. Suddenly the earth and sky were enveloped in a blinding glare. In this spectral light Phil distinctly saw Joe Barrett fling his arms wildly aloft, and disappear in the darkening waste.

Phil threw off his shoes and his coat as he ran to the sea, and Miss Mortimer had great difficulty in rescuing his vest, which was nearly carried out by a returning wave. Her costume was drenched with the spray, and she nearly lost her footing; but she saved the waistcoat, which contained Phil's watch and other valuables. Then she hurried to the shelter of the bathing-houses, for the rain now began to fall heavily. Through the blackness of the storm she saw the white face of a woman. Miss Mortimer knew it was Mrs. Barrett running wildly down to the water, but she attempted no remonstrance. She had made up her mind that of the party of four that went down to the sea that day two would probably never return, perhaps three. It was impossible to say what might happen where such impulsive people were concerned.

Some men from the inn were now hurrying to the scene of peril, and finding it impossible to induce Mrs. Barrett to seek shelter, had thrown about her a rough tarpaulin, from the harsh folds of which her haggard face and wind-blown hair was a sorry sight to see.

The two bodies were now coming in atop of the foaming surf, with no help or hinderance of their own, and closely locked together, were swept swiftly ashore with other prey of the elements. They were narrowly rescued from the greedy maw of the returning wave, and carried with all speed to the little inn, where everything was in readiness to restore consciousness to the one, and foster it in the other.

The storm passed away as suddenly as it came. The pale glow of twilight deepened into night. There was no moon, but the stars shone over the bay and the harbor and the dusky little promontory. To look at the gentle ripples of waves lapping lazily along upon the soft white sand, Phil could hardly believe that so little time ago two men had been done almost to their death. He could scarcely stagger out into the wooden porch of the inn to breathe the cold sea-scented air. And as for Joe, God only knew what would befall him. He had been brought back to life, but not to consciousness. Polly had managed to get word to the town physician, but the way was long, and the sand was heavy.

It must have been about midnight: Phil could not tell the exact time. His watch was in his waistcoat, under Miss Mortimer's head, in the bed of the landlady. Phil had told them not to awaken Miss Mortimer; under no circumstances; he was so glad she was asleep—and it would be impossible to say *how* glad he was. The latch of the door clicked behind him. Phil's heart sank.

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He was afraid Miss Mortimer had, after all, been awakened. But a faltering, uncertain step reached him, and the cold little hand of Polly Barrett clutched his arm.

Any one but Phil would never have known her. The last remnant of her soft round comeliness seemed swept away with the storm. All her womanly crimps and fripperies were gone. She wore an ill-fitting gown of the landlady's. Her whole face was of a wan gray pallor, like the waves under the cold light of the stars.

"Is Joe better?" stammered Phil. "Does he know—"

"He knows everything, and perhaps he's better. Oh, Phil! Phil!" Polly repressed her sobs, and motioned Phil to the door. "He is determined I shall try and get some sleep, and that you shall watch with him for a while. As if I *could* sleep! But go to him, Phil; don't thwart him—go!"

Phil went in to Joe. He will never forget the low-ceiled room, the two wooden chairs, the pine table, whereon a mop of ragged wick flared from a saucer of oil, the bottle of liquor within reach, and the coarse green glass, the grim old clock in the corner ticking off the seconds, and Joe's ghastly face and motionless form upon the camp cot in the corner. Joe tried to stretch out his hand to Phil, but it fell back heavily upon the patchwork quilt of the landlady.

"You did your best, Phil," he said; "you brought me ashore, but the trouble was done out there; something seized me, God knows what—paralysis, cramps, palsy—who can tell? Anyway, I'm done for, old man. I can't move a muscle below. It's a mere question of time, Phil, and we can't afford to lose any."

"I hope you're wrong, Joe; we'll know better when the doctor comes. You were right not to tell Polly. But she must come to you, Joe."

Phil would have gone at once for Polly, but something in Joe's face held him back.

"Hold on a bit, Phil. I didn't send for you and drive Polly away to tell you something that you'll both know soon enough. There's a burden on my conscience, Phil; it's been lying there like a plummet of lead all these years. Listen to me, and don't interrupt me if you can help it. Give me some of that stuff from the bottle, and when I grow weaker give me more."

Phil lifted Joe's head and put the glass to his lips; then he sat down upon the edge of the cot, leaving his arm between Joe's neck and the pillow. Joe could feel Phil's pulse now, and the loyal heart of his friend beating close to his own.

"It's twenty-five years, Phil," said Joe, "since that night we drove down to the shore here and had that talk together. You remember it, Phil?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Ah! you've remembered it too well, Phil; I've tried hard enough, God knows, to make you forget. The sun was sinking over yonder in the west, and sky and sea were all aflame. Some fleecy clouds dropped low over the old shed where we had ordered some clams. I remember when I saw Polly that night. The dress she wore was like a stab to me; it was of some soft floating material that reminded me of the woolly clouds over the old shed. You didn't eat the clams, Phil. You dallied with the shells, and turned them over with the queer old fork they had given you. And all at once you put them aside, and lighted a cigar, and turned your face to the sea, and began to talk of a woman you secretly loved. Now give me some wine, Phil."

Phil put the glass again to Joe's lips. "Don't talk any more, Joe," he said. "Let me go for Polly."

"Not yet," said Joe. "You were a handsome fellow, Phil, twenty-five years ago. As you went on to talk of the woman you secretly loved, some sort of a light shone upon your face from the splendor in the west that made it like that of an archangel. It seemed to me that no woman could withstand you. My heart grew like a lump of ice. My first thought was to walk out in the water and strangle myself; my next was worthy of Judas Iscariot. It was a resolve to betray you. I must have been tempted by the devil, for, as God is my judge in this awful moment of my life, I never dreamed before that night that you and I were in love with the one woman. I got upon my feet and shouted, 'She is mine!' glaring upon you with a dogged, resolute stare. 'Have you, then, asked her to marry you?' you said, and your face still looked like an archangel's, while mine must have been inflamed with the passions that beset a man beyond his strength. As I repeated, 'She is my promised wife,' the words seemed to leap from a throat of fire; it was the first downright, hideous, malicious lie I ever uttered, for I had not yet asked her—*I had not yet asked her;* but when I *did* ask her, upon that very night, the next lie slipped easily from my perjured throat, though it was a worse one by far. For I told Polly, Phil—I told her before I asked her to marry me—that you had confessed to me your love for her friend, the poor little girl that afterward became our bridemaid. Whether it was my guilty conscience, that makes hell enough for any man, I fancied I saw something in Polly's eyes that told me, had it not been for my treachery, your chance would have been better than mine. Now take your arm away from my neck, Phil, and curse me if you will—my story is done."

The pulse at Joe's ear leaped and tugged as if it would burst an artery, but Phil's voice had the old tender ring.

"You might have spared yourself all this," he said. "I think Polly has proved who it was that she loved."

"Ah, after that night, Phil, yes. Polly is not the kind of woman to make the misery of men. But I cheated you of your chance—I cheated you of your chance!"

"Be it so, Joe. I forgive you, and I love you all the same. Now throw off the burden, and live for Polly's sake and mine."

"Too late, too late," faltered the failing lips. They refused to touch the glass. The limp body fell back almost lifeless in Phil's arms. Then Joe aroused himself once more, and called for Polly in a harsh, strained voice that reached her despite the roar of the sea. She flew to his side, but was only in time to catch a few indistinct, disjointed sentences. With a last effort the dying man lifted the hands of his wife and his friend, joined them together, clasped his own about them, and so the three remained till the soul of Joe Barrett fled.

"And if there could be such a thing as witchcraft," said Miss Mortimer to some friends, the other day, "Joe Barrett's widow would have been burned at the stake long ago. She was pretty well on in years when Joe died, and I'll leave it to anybody if she don't look like a blonde mummy now. Phil Somers has that air of distinction and elegance about him that he might marry almost anybody; Joe Barrett's widow is old and ugly and sick and poor, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if Phil Somers would marry her yet."

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION.

MR. RICHARD D. SEARS, whose portrait is given on page 581, enjoys the distinction of being the first and only lawn tennis champion of the United States. The championship was instituted in the summer of 1881, and was won by MR. SEARS, who succeeded in defending his title to the honor in the following year, and again in the National Tournament lately held at Newport. In partnership with DR. JAMES DWIGHT he holds also, for the second year, the four-handed championship; and while at Harvard, from which university he graduated last June, he won the lawn tennis championship at that place. MR. SEARS has one qualification necessary for a good tennis-player, namely, a temper which apparently nothing can disturb; and while this has doubtless won him many a hard-fought match, it has certainly gained for him an unbounded popularity, not only among those whom he has met on the tennis field, but also among all who have come within the influence of his sunny disposition. MR. SEARS is destined for the profession of the law.

THE OLD COURT-HOUSE, ALBANY.

THE OLD CAPITOL IN ALBANY.

By FREDERIC G. MATHER.

AT the time of the Revolution the old stockades of Albany had been extended both to the northward and to the southward of their earlier limits. Close by the original South Gate, on the northeast corner of Broadway and Hudson Avenue (we prefer to use the modern names of the streets), was the old Stadt Huis, or Court-house. This dingy yellow brick building—without positive record as to its origin—had long been used as a public hall, court-house, and jail. In front of it stood the pillory and whipping-post; while within its walls had been confined many a prisoner for debt, many a British sympathizer, and many a convict under sentence of death for burglary, incendiarism, or the passing of counterfeit Spanish dollars.

To share a building with such forbidding surroundings came the government of the State of New York in 1797. In that musty building LIVINGSTON and LANSING were Chancellors; JAY, MORRIS, LANSING, LEWIS, and KENT were Chief Justices; and VAN VECHTEN and METCALF were District Attorneys. Here ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S eloquent protest against the common law of libel did not save HARRY CROSWELL, but it forced the enactment of the law as it now stands. Here the Sedition laws were abolished, and here PHILIP SCHUYLER had his revenge upon BURR by succeeding him in the United States Senate.

The Albany of that time was solidly built no more than half-way up the State Street hill, and the extent along the river-bank was scarcely half a mile. A few of the streets were paved with cobble-stones, while the Rutten Kill and other creeks flowed down through the very heart of the city. The shad and herring fisheries flourished, and transportation was figured by the "skippers" at so much for a barrel of rum as the unit of measurement—a bushel of wheat serving as the unit in these more modern and degenerate days. The battles between the wide and the narrow sidewalks had just been fought, and the community was stirred to its depths by the decree of the Council that gutter-spouts should not project over the walks. The old Dutch Church cumbered the ground at the junction of State Street with Broadway, and all about it stood loads of hay waiting for purchasers. Market-houses were then located in Broadway, near Maiden Lane, and in State Street, about half-way up the hill. ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., was preaching in a new Presbyterian church in South Pearl Street until, in 1804, he accepted the presidency of Union College, with almost the same breath that he delivered an oration upon the life and death of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, son-in-law of the gallant PETER SCHUYLER, whose death was recorded in the same year. AARON BURR had already left the more humble abode in James Street to occupy the mansion in Washington Avenue—now the Fort Orange Club—where, in an upper room, he plotted against the life of the individual and the State.

From the first occupancy of the old Stadt Huis by the State it was evident that the quarters were too limited to be shared for State, county, and city purposes. Therefore, in 1804, a law was passed entitled "AN act making provisions for improving Hudson River below Albany, and for other purposes." This was a very common form of wording the titles of bills in those days, when "an act to supply New York city with pure and wholesome water" meant also the incorporation of the Manhattan Bank in the said city. The bill, among the "other purposes," provided that the State should pay $10,000 toward the erection of a new building; that the Stadt Huis should be sold, and the proceeds applied thereon; that the city and county of Albany might raise $6000 between them to supply deficiencies; and that—as was common at that time as a means of raising money for colleges and schools—certain managers of lotteries should also raise $12,000 for the same general purpose. The Commissioners for the erection of the new building were JOHN TAYLOR, DANIEL HALL, PHILIP S. VAN RENSSELAER (then and for several years afterward Mayor of Albany), SIMEON DE WITT, and NICHOLAS QUACKENBUSH. The old Court-house was sold for $17,200, and matters had so far progressed that the corner-stone of the State-house was laid on the 23d of April, 1806. The Albany *Register* ("published by JOHN BARBER, printer to the State, at Faust's Statue") has nothing to say about this interesting local event, although one may read in its columns very savage things about the Federalists, and also speculations as to the Presidential prospects of DE WITT CLINTON, of New York, JOHN LANGDON, of New Hampshire, and JAMES MADISON and JAMES MONROE, of Virginia. The *Daily Advertiser* of April 23, however, has this brief note:

"On Wednesday, the 23d of April, the corner-stone of the State-house was laid by HON. PHILIP S. VAN RENSSELAER, in presence of the Chancellor, Judges of the Supreme Court, members of the corporation, State-house Commissioners, and other citizens. The site on which this edifice is to be erected is at the head of State Street, on the west side of the public square. It is to be built of stone, one hundred feet by eighty, on an improved plan embracing much elegance with great convenience and durability."

Of course the new building, like all public buildings, cost several times the amount of the original estimate. In 1814, on their final accounting, the Commissioners took the one per cent. of moneys expended, as allowed them by law. These expenses footed up as follows, according to certain papers accompanying the Message of Governor CLINTON in 1819:

Paid by the State	$73,485 42
Paid by the City	34,200 00
Paid by the County	3,000 00
Total	$110,685 42

Thus we see that the five Commissioners devoted themselves to the interests of the State for a space of ten years, and received therefor the munificent aggregate of $1100, or $22 each for every year of service! Verily that was a day of small things, as compared with the phenomenal expenditures upon what is known as "the New Capitol."

The new structure was called the State-house, until, in 1809, the Legislature decreed that it "shall hereafter be known as the *Capitol*." "Pinkster Hill," the twin of "Arbor Hill," was the name by which the knoll selected for the Capitol had been called for many years. Hither had flocked the slaves at every Easter-week of merry-making to decorate their booths and shambles with wild honeysuckle or May-apple—a custom that was forbidden by the Council of the city after the Capitol was built. As a preparation for more sightly approaches to the new edifice the State ordered the corporation of Albany to clear the scrubby pine and huckleberries from the hill, and grade the same as the Commissioners of the Capitol should direct. The approaches must have been bare enough for many years—the elm striplings, now giant trees, affording no protection from the scorching rays of the eastern sun.

The building is an oblong—90 feet upon the eastern or main front, and 115 feet on the side. The bare expanse of wall upon the longer sides is broken by no retreating or projecting masses, save the throwing up of a gable in the centre. The sky-line is sharply delineated with a "hip roof," out of the centre of which arises a cupola—Ionic and Doric combined—surmounted by a dome holding a statue of Themis. In front the sombre walls of Nyack freestone are relieved by window trimmings and an Ionic portico, in tetrastyle, of gray marble from the Berkshire hills. It shakes the observer's faith in the fathers to discover that the forty-foot columns are merely veneers of marble upon piers of brick, and that they have been reeded, instead of *fluted*, in order to make the deception more easy. The entablature of this portico of great pretensions is of wood, and the pediment (in the *tympanum* of which the State arms have, very properly, never been placed) is of the same ignoble material. The *acroteria* which seem to promise so much have never held the statues for which they waited so long, while the apex of the pediment supports an urn, also wooden, and totally innocent of decoration.

Whether the architecture is correct or not, let others dispute. It was orthodox enough when it was built. We may interest ourselves in the quaintly carved doorways upon the north and south sides, the strangely proportioned round-topped windows in the story above, the mural *ornaments* with flowers and fruits still one story higher, and the half-moon windows in the gables which overlook all these specimens of stone-work handed down from a day when carving was in its infancy on this side of the Atlantic. The sundial upon the southeast corner must claim our notice, the weather-beaten and storm-eaten bequest of a stone-cutter to the State when SIMEON DE WITT was Surveyor-General, in 1823. Nor must we overlook the iron "dogs" that have remained in the imposing Ionic columns of the portico ever since that day in 1825 when they supported a temporary platform on which LAFAYETTE received his numerous visitors. As a whole, the exterior of the building remains precisely as it was originally built, save that the rear, or western, wall was moved outward about twelve feet in 1854. This wall contains a tablet with the following inscription:

ERECTED
Pursuant to a law of the State
passed March, 1804.

PHILIP S. VAN RENSSELAER, Mayor.
ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN, Recorder.

JOHN TAYLOR, P. S. VAN RENSSELAER,
SIMEON DE WITT, DANIEL HALE,
Commissioners.

Anno 1807.

From the steps of the eastern or main front Governors SEYMOUR and FENTON received regiment after regiment at the mustering out in the stormy days of 1863–5. Covered by this lofty portico, many a political orator has harangued the crowd below; while within the round-topped doorway was the imposing hall or vestibule which offered an open space fifty-eight feet long and forty feet wide, before the front corners were taken into two of the adjoining rooms. As it originally stood, this hall—with its squares of Italian pavement and its double row of Etruscan columns—was a noted place for political gatherings. Here a great throng listened to the eloquence of HENRY CLAY; and here, upon the broad landing of the stairway, SEWARD took the gubernatorial oath from WALWORTH, last of the Chancellors. No room in the State of New York—and perhaps no room in the country—can tell so many and such interesting stories of political adventure and intrigue as the Executive Chamber in the southeast front of the building. A single window of large proportions is all that either of the outer sides can show, while the inner sides are occupied with heavily cased doors. An old-fashioned fire-place in the corner is all that remains to relieve the plain surroundings. Yet from within these walls TOMPKINS prorogued a Legislature lest it should incorporate the Bank of North America; CLINTON, criticised for holding so many offices in his grasp, first proclaimed an annual Thanksgiving, fought the "buck-tail" braves of Tammany, sustained himself against TALCOTT and all others who denounced his "personal politics," vindicated his canal policy, refused cabinet positions, and died in the traces, because his duty was to the people of New York; YATES, with equal honors, divided the terms of CLINTON; VAN BUREN rested but a year on his way to the cabinet, the Vice-Presidency, and the Presidency; THROOP declared that, of all parties, the Jacksonian Democrats alone conserved the public good; MARCY, bosom friend of VAN BUREN, protested against the era of speculation which brought on the panic of '37, while he guided the "Albany Regency" through the prosperous days that carried BUTLER into JACKSON'S cabinet, made VAN BUREN the successor of JACKSON and, in later years, made himself POLK'S Secretary of War and PIERCE'S Secretary of State; SEWARD, first triumph of the Whigs, commenced a national career. BOUCK, WRIGHT (nominated to pull POLK through), YOUNG, FISH, HUNT, SEYMOUR, CLARKE, KING, MORGAN ("the great War Governor"), FENTON, HOFFMAN, DIX, TILDEN, ROBINSON, and CORNELL—all of these distinguished Governors occupied the Executive Chamber in turn.

Since 1831—the date when the city and county of Albany sold their rights in the building to the State—the Adjutant-General occupied the corner room directly opposite the Executive Chamber, and from this head-quarters went forth the orders that put New York troops in line for the Mexican war and for the war of 1861–5. Closely connected with this room are the names of DIX, KING, PRUYN, TOWNSEND, READ, HILLHOUSE, SPRAGUE, IRVINE, ARTHUR, MERRITT, and MARVIN.

The original Senate-chamber was a room in the southwest corner of the building, 50 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 28 feet high, the galleries being lighted by a row of windows above. In this box-like apartment the Senate of 1823 refused to confirm Governor YATES'S nominees for Judges because they were "suspected of political heresies." The Senate, however, did not hesitate to appoint the State officers after a "Legislative caucus." Here also took place the bolt of "the seventeen Senators" in 1824, which resulted, first, in the election of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS to the Presidency, and finally in giving the election of Presidential electors over to the people—a movement that led to the machinery of nominating conventions.

After the removal of the city and county courts and offices to the new City Hall, in 1832, the Senate occupied the front room in the upper story—a chamber 50 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 22 feet high to the springing of a shallow dome. Chancellors KENT, LANSING, SANFORD, and WALWORTH, and a host of legal lights, had already made a name for this room ere their departure. In one of the anterooms General HULL had been placed on trial for the surrender of Detroit, while in other of the anterooms the newly accommodated

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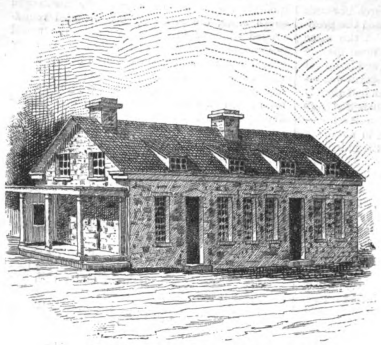
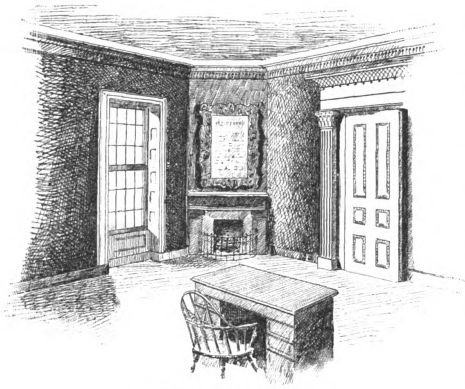


OLD SENATE-HOUSE AT KINGSTON.

THE OLD CAPITOL.

Senate stored its library, or prepared the nucleus of the larger library belonging to the State. Within the chamber raised platforms served for galleries. The President's desk was placed against the northern and afterward against the southern wall. The huge wooden columns that supported the shallow dome were removed in time; and the portraits of GEORGE CLINTON and CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS beamed serenely upon the Senate whether angry, moody, or apathetic.

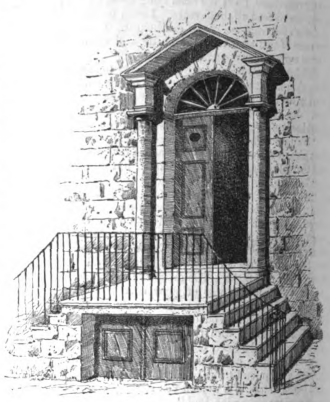
To relate the anecdotes that might be told of great men—or of little men fancying themselves great—who sat within the Senate-chamber would fill a volume: how TWEED's dark deeds were appropriately compassed in the dark corner of the room; how MORRISSEY spent the major part of the time in pacing the corridors, with a cigar for his companion; how the lights were turned down upon a certain namable Senator while he slept an inebriated sleep in his chair, and on awaking, in the middle of the night, inquired, "Well, Tom, how's this?" and how the stenographer palmed off to a sobered Senator as his own a speech that some one else had delivered, and ordered written out in "long hand," but which had never been called for.



THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.

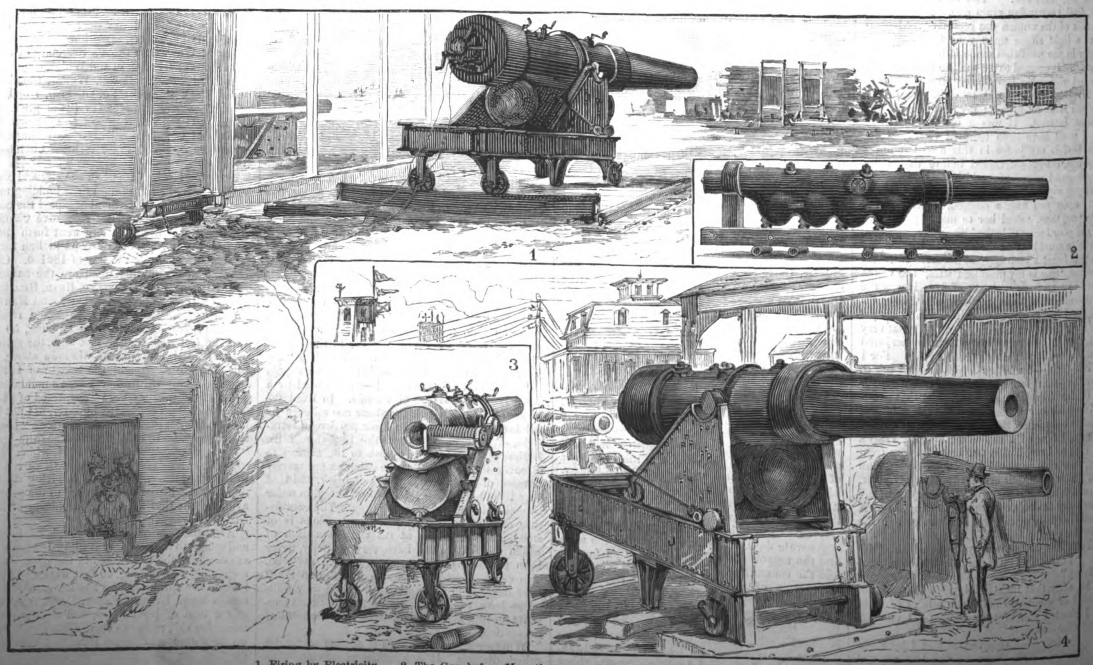
The Assembly-chamber—56 feet broad, 50 feet deep, and 28 feet high—occupies the northwest corner upon the first floor. It was for its day rather above the average of public rooms, with the double rows of windows at the north, the longer windows at the west, the high gallery, the Pompeian frescoes, the scarlet canopy over the Speaker's desk, and the mural clock, which showed the time in the Senate-chamber also. The desks of the members were built in sections, like those of back-country supervisors—when they have any. Even the Speaker for many years had no office but his hat, and the Clerk had no accommodations besides the pigeon-holes in his desk. The meetings of committees were held in the private rooms of their chairmen, and those chairmen frequently read their reports from the Clerk's desk. The members then remained over Sunday, and they often met in evening session, each with a candle at his desk. No one of them ever thought of doing otherwise than going to the Comptroller for his pay, and to the city post-office for his mail.

No brief sketch like this can do justice to the many reminiscences that linger round the old Capitol, which henceforth will live only in name. It has been ours to sketch its history with a hasty hand. Whose shall it be to write of the history and ruins of the Capitol which takes its place; and what shall he write?



ENTRANCE: SAME ON NORTH AND SOUTH SIDES.

THE OLD STATE CAPITOL IN ALBANY.—FROM SKETCHES BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.



1. Firing by Electricity. 2. The Gun before Mounting. 3. Breech Block Open. 4. Front View of Gun.

THE MULTICHARGE GUN.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

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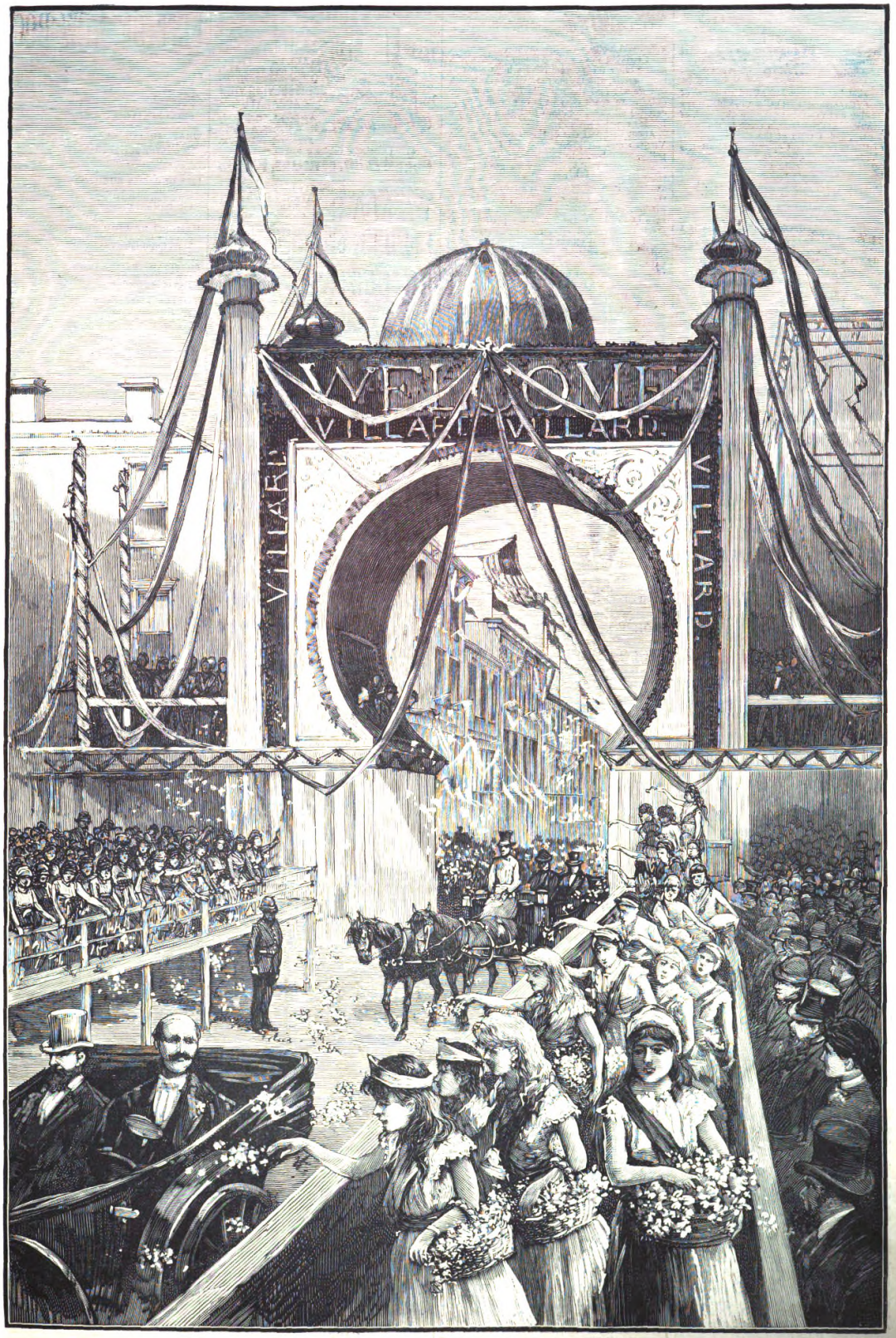

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC JUBILEE—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 590.]

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THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

It is gratifying to learn that the Louisville Exposition is now in the full tide of success. Every available foot of space is occupied with exhibits, and the daily attendance averages more than five thousand visitors. It is really a splendid industrial and art display of the most varied and attractive character, by far the finest and most extensive that was ever organized in a Southern city.

Our sketches on page 580 afford a glimpse of the tastefully arranged art gallery, in which many interesting and valuable works are displayed, of the admirable model farm, a scene in the beautiful park, and a train of the electric railway. The latter is in constant operation, and attracts multitudes of patrons.

THE MULTICHARGE GUN.

CURIOSITIES in ordnance are the rule at the government testing ground at Sandy Hook, New Jersey, and the Lyman-Haskell six-inch rifle is a unique example both in appearance and theory.

The inventor, J. R. HASKELL, has labored for twenty years to perfect the piece. His previous experiments, with guns of small calibre, were not of an entirely satisfactory character.

The present gun, an admirable example of foundry and machine-shop work, was shipped from the Scott Foundry, of Reading, Pennsylvania, in July. Before mounting the gun at Sandy Hook it was found necessary to increase the weight of the breech by means of a re-enforce, in order to obtain a more perfect balance upon the trunnions.

The principle of the gun is to burn an unusual quantity of powder, and by dividing the charge to avoid excessive strain at any single point in the bore of the piece. The steel shot has a length of three diameters, and its base is fitted with brass in which is worked a series of grooves intended to take the rifling closely. This, together with the sabot, of several thicknesses of sole-leather, which is used between the shot and the cartridge, will, it is believed, prevent the escape of gas and flame, which would probably ignite the pocket charges in front instead of in the rear of the advancing shot.

Congress has appropriated the liberal sum of $30,000 to defray the expenses of experiment, and Mr. HASKELL proposes to devote some time to preliminary work before making any special public exhibition of the gun.

At first the eighteen or twenty pound breech charge—varying the size of grain—will be used, and the result noted upon pressure gauges. The breech charge and the first pocket will then be used, and so on until the four accelerating charges are brought into action.

Mr. HASKELL expresses entire confidence in the ultimate success of his piece, and if his hopes are realized, there can be little question as to the difficulty of constructing a ship that will float the armor necessary to resist a bolt which strikes at anything less than an acute angle. The service charges for ordnance used during the late war have been doubled and quadrupled for experimental purposes. A shot recently fired from a fifteen-inch smooth-bore let daylight through a foot thickness of iron, which was solidly backed by two feet of timber.

Mr. HASKELL thinks that he can increase the length of his shot to five diameters, or thirty inches. Urged along by more than a hundred pounds of active powder, such a projectile would be practicably irresistible.

In all trials of ordnance at the testing ground great care is taken to prevent accident. The guns are fired by electricity from a convenient sunken bomb-proof, and a massive screen of timber is rolled between the piece and the building used as offices and laboratory. Frames strung with wires are placed at certain intervals in front of the piece, and an automatic register of rapidity of flight is obtained electrically.

In the abandoned granite fortification near by are antiquated eight-inch Columbiads whose carriages have rotted away and fallen to pieces, as useless as the guns themselves in this day of ponderous rifles. A few 100-pounder Parrott rifles mounted on iron carriages are ready for service, but they are in a masonry-work, from which any one who has "been there" during a bombardment would gladly escape to a sand-bank or a gopher hole.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE 3d of September was a day of festivity in the beautiful city of Minneapolis. The announcement that Mr. VILLARD and his guests would stop there on their way to witness the driving of the golden spike on the Northern Pacific Railroad caused the citizens to make great preparations to give their visitors a hearty welcome and fitting reception.

For several days people were busy fashioning mottoes and designing and executing novelties in the way of decoration; and when the hour of noon arrived all the business houses in the principal thoroughfares were lavishly adorned with emblems, flags, and mottoes. At the intersection of Nicollet Avenue from the First National Bank across to Harrison Hall was a representation of a section of the Northern Pacific Bridge over the Missouri River at Bismarck, with a miniature train of cars upon it. Between the bank block and the Johnson block across the alley, facing the Nicollet House, was an accurate representation of the Minnehaha Falls, the water falling over and through a mass of evergreen. Across Hennepin Avenue, at the intersection of Washington Street, was a representation of a section of the Manitoba viaduct, now being built across the river at Minneapolis, and over which, on leased tracks, the Northern Pacific trains will run from the eastern terminus in this city to connect with the St. Louis boats at the landing down the river. Across the avenue was another magnificent arch, and still another spanned the street in front of the Windom block, while all along the avenue were novel mottoes and decorations. One of the most striking was on the Windom block, where, among other things, were piled a huge stack of flour barrels, with the motto; "Give us the wheat, and we will feed the world." But it would require more space than we have at command to describe all the decorations that gave the city a holiday appearance.

About half past one carriages containing Mr. VILLARD and his guests, preceded by mounted police, were driven to the Nicollet House. As the company alighted they were greeted with cheers by the thousands who occupied every available inch of space in front of the grand stand erected in front of the hotel, and filled the windows of the adjoining buildings. The appearance of President ARTHUR on the platform was greeted with round upon round of cheers, and when General WASHBURN stepped forward and introduced Secretary LINCOLN, the vast audience gave him a greeting no less demonstrative than that which followed the appearance of Generals GRANT and SHERIDAN a moment later.

Soon after, the procession, as arranged, began its march past the grand stand. First came wagons containing reminders of the early days of Minnesota, representative Indians, some seated in birch-bark canoes, log cabins, early-day stage-coaches, and the inevitable "prairie schooner," containing an immigrant and his family, with their possessions. Then came a wagon filled with baggage, representing the early days of the express business. After these came models, complete to the minutest details, of the Washburn and Pittsburgh mills, and wagons containing machinery from the mills. The lumber interest was represented by a number of wagons, the first containing a large log, unhewn and unsawed, and the last a house in process of erection. Many of the vehicles containing machinery were arranged with leather bands attached to the hubs of the wheels, so that the machinery was kept running during the entire parade.

The festivities of the day were concluded by a very pleasant though hurried banquet at the Hotel Lafayette, on the banks of Minnetonka Lake, tendered by the City Council of St. Paul. The party had remained but a short time in the latter city in the morning. An immense procession greeted their arrival at the railway station, and cheered the party with great enthusiasm when the train departed for Minneapolis.

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LAWN TENNIS.

MR. SEARS, the Champion Player, in his match with Pettitt this morning, will use one of PECK & SNYDER'S new "Standard" racquets.—*Casino Bulletin*, August 25th, 1883.—[*Adv.*]

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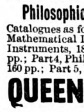

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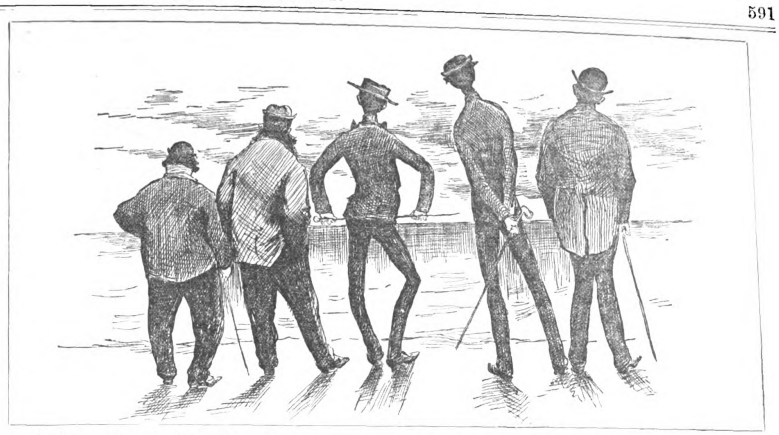

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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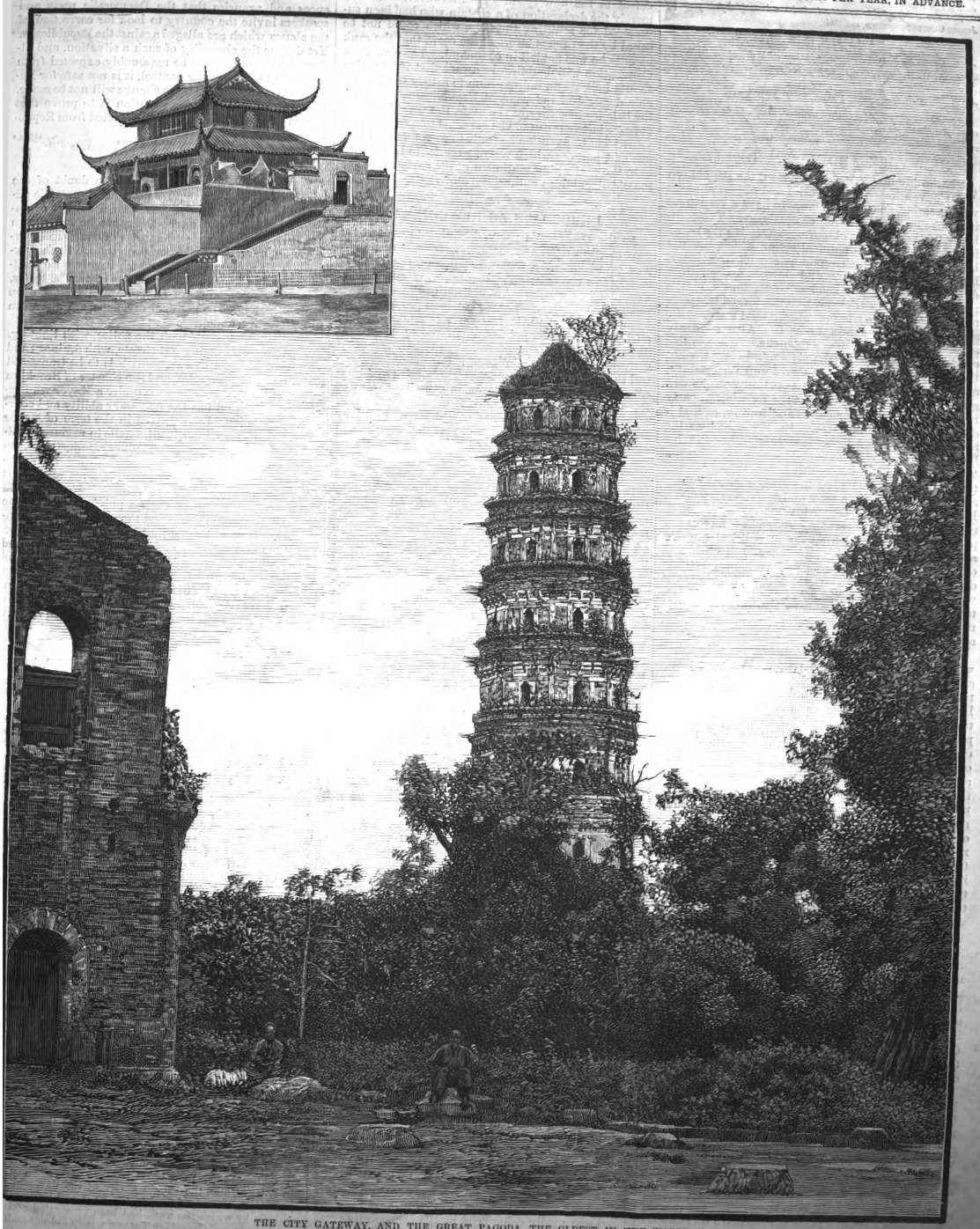

THE CITY GATEWAY, AND THE GREAT PAGODA, THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD.

VIEWS IN CANTON, CHINA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

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NEW YORK AND MASSACHUSETTS.

ON the day that this paper is issued the Republican Conventions of New York and of Massachusetts will assemble, and their action will have a very great influence upon the election of next year. The political situation is very obscure. There is always an impulsive element in political action which can not be foreseen, and which produces results like that of last year. Feelings long and slowly accumulating, distastes and disgusts, sudden perceptions and the revelation of petty trickery, like the forged telegram at Saratoga, lead to what is called a tidal wave, as the slowly gathering snows upon the Alps suddenly sweep down in a resistless avalanche. There is this condition of suspense in the public mind at the present time, a general sentiment of doubt and uncertainty, and the tone and spirit of the two Conventions will go very far to prove either that the Republican party responds to the popular desire and feeling, or that it does not understand them. In Massachusetts the issue is well defined by ex-Governor TALBOT in his letter declining to be a candidate for the nomination. "The great duty of the hour," he says, is "to overthrow Butlerism and what it stands for in the State and nation." This is a terse and complete statement. Butlerism is a word describing the mean, personal, unmanly, corrupt, degrading system of mercenary politics, the spirit which sneers at political honesty and decency as womanish and Sunday-schoolish, and extols corruption, dishonesty, and contemptible trickery as masculine and stalwart politics. This is the very spirit which the history of the last year shows that the people are determined to overthrow. They may have to fight hard for victory, and in Massachusetts they certainly will.

This is not surprising. It is because this spirit, when once intrenched, is so powerful and not easily subdued that it is so dangerous. But it is the perception of this fact that produced the popular uprising last year, and extorted from an unwilling and incredulous Congress the passage of the reform bill. Our politics to-day are the contest with that spirit, the endeavor to take the complete political supremacy out of the hands of a squad of political leaders, and restore it to the people. If in New York the action of the Republican Convention shall show that the Republican party intends honestly to lead this movement, the party will touch shoulders with the Massachusetts brethren, and prepare for national victory next year. Its success in the State and in the country will depend upon its true estimate of the situation, its faith in the people, and its courage. The true estimate of the situation includes a clear conception of the nature of the independent vote. In 1879, when we replied to a correspondent that if a Republican was resolved not to support certain candidates, and yet did not wish to record himself against the party, he must scratch the offensive names, there was a tremendous uproar, and the scratchers were denounced and ridiculed with the whole vituperative force of the language. But they defeated the party, and the scratched candidates succeeded only by the Democratic division. In 1881 the same spirit overthrew Mr. CONKLING, and in 1882 it so fully animated the party that the Republican nominations in New York were overwhelmed by Republicans.

In 1883 that spirit is still stronger, and it must be heeded. The address of the Independent Conference in Massachusetts, which represents the conviction of those who will decide the election in both States, can not be too deeply pondered by the Republican Convention in New York. The address says:

"Office as a public trust to be administered for the benefit of the people and not of the party is what the people rightfully demand, and any party that would replace the present administration must be pledged to something purer and better. The time has passed when a nomination means an election, and the people are more critical than ever before of the men and the principles offered to their choice. As Independents, we rejoice at this, and no desire for temporary success will lead us to the support of weak or untrustworthy men. Party platforms have become traps for the unwary, and party professions are to be trusted only so far as the character of the nominations affords a guarantee of earnest devotion to the reforms needed in State and nation. Anxious as we are to defeat the present Executive, we yet remember that while the person is but a temporary humiliation, the system he represents is more dangerous and insidious than the man, and calls for our emphatic and lasting condemnation."

There is no threat and no boast in these words. They are spoken by men of both parties; and they express a quiet and earnest determination which can not be disregarded, by Republicans at least, without disaster. It may be, indeed, that the mischief wrought by the late Republican leadership is irreparable, and there is no doubt that, if the will of the party and of the country should be heeded, and the party, notwithstanding, be defeated, the Republican Bourbons would attribute defeat to the new spirit. This, however, would be merely the declaration of a captain who had been superseded for scuttling the ship, which could not be saved by the utmost effort of the crew, that she sank because he was not left in command. The New York Convention will doubtless be aware that if its action should indicate an indisposition to satisfy the reasonable demand of independent Republicans, who hold the balance of power in the State, the vote that staid at home last year can not be expected to come out this year. The Convention has only to respond to the feeling and purpose which recent experience has shown to be the controlling sentiment of the party to restore the old Republican enthusiasm and vigor.

DEMOCRATS AS REFORMERS.

As the Democratic party, declining to contest the next election upon any distinctive scheme of principles or policy, asks the confidence of the country merely as a reform party, it must show its credentials. Fortunately the country is not obliged to rely upon promises and hopes. The party which proposes to reform administration, to introduce economy, and to purify and elevate politics, is in power in several States, and the intelligent voter can test by its actual performance the probability of reform should it control the national government. There have undoubtedly been great complaints during the long term of Republican ascendency, and if it should appear that reason for such complaints would be removed by Democratic control, a change of party administration might be confidently expected. The Democratic reform credentials may be studied in three very different States, Ohio, Maryland, and Massachusetts, and it is worth while to look at the promise of reform as there presented. In Ohio Judge HOADLY was nominated by the Democrats for the Governorship. He is a man of ability and character, and at once proclaimed a "new Democracy." This, if it meant anything, meant a reform Democracy. Judge HOADLY had strongly affirmed the absolute necessity of civil service reform and of purer politics. He had professed to leave the Republican party because it would not reform its own ways. Had the Democratic party in Ohio responded sincerely to his nomination, he would very probably have been elected, and the election of such a Democrat this year in Ohio would have done more than all the Democratic platforms and newspapers to justify the suspicion that national Democratic success might produce reform.

But from the moment of the nomination the party fell into a Kilkenny row. The old Democratic leaders have bitterly sneered at the candidate. They have denounced and abjured all reform, except that which consists in putting Democratic hands into the Treasury. Senator PENDLETON, because of the identification of his name with the reform bill, has been defied and defeated in his own county. Judge HOADLY himself has been driven by hostility within his party to evade and conceal his own reform views. To maintain any kind of standing as a Democrat, he has been obliged to exclaim, piteously, with Lady Teazle, "So, then, you would have me sin in my own defense, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation." He has been apparently entangled in bargains, and the mere fact of his association with reform has rent the party asunder, and revealed a stolid Democratic hatred of honest politics and reform policies.

The Democratic situation in Maryland has been thoroughly exposed by the Democratic Governor, who, for that reason and because he is an honest reformer, is savagely pursued by the party leaders. The Governor states that the party which proposes to reform national extravagance has improperly spent, during the last three years, half a million of dollars of the State money, and that in the same time Democratic officers have withheld from the State more than seven hundred thousand dollars of the public money. The Governor shows further that the Democratic Legislature, in ways which he mentions in careful detail, has been guilty of the most shameful extravagance in its own expenses, while newspapers have been bribed to silence by lavish outlays for the public printing. These statements in authentic detail have not been denied or questioned. They are undeniable. In Massachusetts the politician who for more than ten years was madly denounced by the Democratic press and orators as a thief, and who is notoriously destitute of political principle, has been selected by the Democratic party as its especial representative, and he has introduced a policy of administrative spoils and plunder for party and personal reasons which has not respected the highest official character or the most efficient service. These are the reform credentials of the Democratic party offered simultaneously in different parts of the country. These are the performances of a party which is crying, "Turn out the rascals," and which entreats the country, if tired of extravagance and party plunder, and longings for purer politics and reform, to intrust the government to its honest and economical hands. In New York, also, this reform party moves wholly at the will of JOHN KELLY and Tammany Hall. Tammany Hall, therefore, and General BUTLER, and the Maryland Democracy, and the Ohio Democracy, represent the Democratic reform party, and it is to such influences and agencies that the Democratic press and speakers invite the country to look for correction of the abuses which are alleged against the Republicans. Yet despite the absurdity of such a situation, and although reform can not be reasonably expected from a change to Democratic control, it is not safe for Republicans to trust that such a change will not be made. The way to deal with the situation is to prove that reform may be more reasonably expected from Republican success.

MAYOR LOW.

THERE can hardly be a reasonable doubt of the renomination of Mayor LOW in Brooklyn. His administration in that city has been a subject of national attention and interest, because he has shown the perfect feasibility and success of municipal government upon non-partisan principles. Such government is a great business which involves no political doctrine whatever. Questions of tariffs, banks, commerce, foreign affairs, Indians, public lands, upon which there may be political divisions, are unknown in a city government.

That concerns itself with the police, with lighting and paving, and laying out streets, with drainage and charities. It is a business which is to be transacted upon business principles, and the charter of Brooklyn luckily allows this to be done under a Mayor who desires to do it, and has the necessary ability and courage. These have been proved in the term of Mayor LOW. Sagacious, intelligent, fertile in resource, willing to take necessary responsibility, industrious, devoted, and of the highest public spirit, he has discharged his duties so admirably that his retirement would be a public misfortune.

The renomination of such a public officer by the Republicans would commend the party to public confidence. It would show that regard for official independence and capacity and for political honesty and purity which are the especial demand of the time, and without which no party can now hope to carry the country. A party which should show the same comprehension of the general situation that the Republican party would show of the municipal situation in renominating Mayor LOW would be resistless.

DRIVING THE GOLDEN SPIKE.

THE excursion and ceremonies in commemoration of the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad were evidently most imposing, delightful, and satisfactory. Four trains, with forty-five Pullman, baggage, and dining cars, have been drawn from the Atlantic coast for two thousand miles over the continent, and across three mountain ranges, and they were met by trains coming from the Pacific, at a place called Bullock, 1198 miles from Lake Superior, 1200 from St. Paul, 847 from Puget Sound, and 700 from Portland in Oregon.

The excursionists were a distinguished company, and as the silver hammer drove the last spike—a spike of gold—in the great northern road which binds the two oceans, its addresses were naturally and properly of an exultant strain. The orators recalled JEFFERSON'S endeavors, a hundred years ago, to cause JOHN LEDYARD to explore the Columbia, and his organization, when President, of the LEWIS and CLARKE expedition to open a northwest American route to India by the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Less than forty years later the agitation for a Pacific railroad began. Thirty years ago Congress authorized the survey of a route from the Mississippi to the Pacific. The Union and Central road, aided by the government, followed a familiar track across the continent, and ended at the Golden Gate. But the northern route was regarded as lying in an inaccessible and hopeless ice-bound region, and the completed work, without national subsidies, except a land grant, which was of possible future value, and in the face of endless obstacles and opposition, is a monument of indomitable American courage, sagacity, and skill.

"So," said Mr. BILLINGS, a former president and constant friend of the road, "putting all things together, who can fail to see that this great new highway is to be marked all along with prosperous communities, with schools and churches and a high civilization? Who can fail to see that it brings permanent peace with the Indians; that no more CUSTERS are to be killed, no more regiments to be wiped out; that new States are to come here, new power and new wealth, and a new bond of unity to be added to our government, and a new route opened to the world's commerce?" Mr. EVARTS, also, the chosen orator of the day, told the splendid story, and rejoiced in the clear and independent methods by which the work had been prosecuted and accomplished; and Secretary TELLER wisely did not fail to emphasize the duties of so great and powerful a company.

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to the public. Nothing marred the felicity of the occasion, the happy management of which, with all its infinite details, was an illustration of the ability and skill which have presided, through good report and evil report, over this imperial enterprise.

THE FREE PRIMARY.

As the amendment to the constitution of the Republican associations in the city of New York has been adopted, every Republican voter can now vote at the primary elections. The counting and general control are still in the hands of the old managers, but there is no reason to suppose that they will abuse this power, and no Republican citizen can justly excuse himself for neglecting the opportunity which is now secured to him.

The rapidity and unanimity with which this radical change in primary political methods has been effected is another striking illustration of the readiness of the Republican party to respond to an emphatic expression of public opinion. The old system of primaries was borrowed from Tammany Hall. But neither that nor any other Democratic organization reforms itself in obedience to the popular demand, or to promote the actual participation of the people in the government.

The apprehension sometimes expressed, that in overthrowing the party machine there may be forgetfulness of the necessary machinery, is unnecessary. Nobody has a clearer conception of the essential value of organization, of concert and co-operation, than the strongest anti-machine men. But nobody understands so well as they the misuse that is made of that necessity, and which is the real enemy of sound organization, because it produces distrust and contempt and open defiance. The more thoroughly persuaded a man is of the necessity of government, the more strenuously will he resist despotism, which leads straight to anarchy. This is a truth which has been signally illustrated in the history of the machine, and the overthrow of the party machine was indispensable to the smooth working of the party machinery.

THE SHARPLESS WASHINGTON.

THE interesting miniature of WASHINGTON by SHARPLESS, an English artist, which has naturally attracted a great deal of attention, has now been most successfully and beautifully reproduced in photo-gravure by GOUPIL from a negative taken by AUGUSTUS MORAND. This likeness, which is somewhat different from the familiar portraits of WASHINGTON, was painted in 1795 for WASHINGTON himself, who was then sixty-three years old, and it was given by him to the wife of MRS. WASHINGTON'S son, JOHN CUSTIS, the father of G. W. P. CUSTIS, the former owner of Arlington House, near Washington.

MRS. CUSTIS was ELEANOR CALVERT, grandniece of Lord BALTIMORE, who afterward married Dr. STUART. She gave the picture to her youngest daughter, who married Mr. WILLIAM G. WEBSTER, in whose possession it remains. He has refused for it an offer of fifty thousand dollars, and declined for a long time to permit any copy to be made. When at length he authorized Mr. MORAND to photograph it he required him to carry the original constantly upon his person, and to place it under his pillow at night. In order that his copy might exactly reproduce the original, Mr. MORAND made a lens especially for the purpose, and took the negative to Paris, where it was engraved by GOUPIL. He has also produced a sheet of the coat of arms of the WASHINGTON family, copied by himself from tombs in various churches in England, making in each case a fac-simile.

The face of WASHINGTON in the miniature is, in general, the familiar face, and has the beautiful benignity which all contemporary observers remarked. It is an exceedingly interesting addition to the WASHINGTON portraits.

MODERN SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

A LITTLE work just published by the HARPERS, *French and German Socialism in Modern Times*, by Professor RICHARD T. ELY, of Johns Hopkins University, supplies the most complete and timely information upon one of the vitally important questions of modern times. It is a brief and clear history, by a peculiarly accomplished student of the subject, of the doctrines and schemes of the most eminent and able Socialist and Communist leaders of the century—leaders who have a constantly increasing following, whose views and purposes become more significant with every new invention, and with every fresh step in the aggregation and power of capital.

The book is admirable for its humane and generous temper. Professor ELY is much too wise a man not to know that the question of Socialism is not to be dismissed with an impatient sneer or with angry ridicule. It is the riddle of the Sphinx, and society must solve it or suffer. The reader who is accustomed to the shallow and stupid treatment which the subject usually receives, and who dismisses it with a half shudder, as a smouldering anarchical movement aiming at the overthrow of civilized society, will be surprised to learn from this faithful guide that its leaders are recognized as among the ablest of men and the profoundest masters of political economy. BISMARCK spoke of LASSALLE with the warmest praise, and few leaders of men have a larger and more determined support than the Socialist chiefs.

Their followers, however, the mass of those who are called Socialists, do not comprehend the scientific treatment of the question, which is the work of the leaders. Professor ELY, himself a most accomplished student of political economy, says of KARL MARX'S *Capital* that it is one of the ablest politico-economic treatises ever written, and that it is difficult reading only because it is deep. The rank and file, however, are mainly interested in the general conclusions and schemes of reform proposed by the chiefs—schemes which are radical and often revolutionary. The Socialists make common cause with all who live by daily wages, and as it seems to them that the wealth of the world is produced only by their daily toil, and they are the overwhelming majority, the magnitude of the question is obvious. Professor ELY'S purpose is not to express opinions nor to advocate views, but to give a perfectly fair statement of the tenets and tendency of modern Socialism and Communism in their chief seats. He has been entirely successful. Nowhere else can so simple, comprehensive, and satisfactory a presentation both of the scope and the significance of the subject be found, and no work recently issued deserves more thoughtful consideration.

FRIENDS OF THE WHITE MAN.

IT is the happy fortune of Rhode Island not only to trace its settlement to the great apostle of soul liberty, but to point to the humane Indian policy which he enforced and inculcated, and which ranks the name of ROGER WILLIAMS in Rhode Island with that of WILLIAM PENN in Pennsylvania and ARENT VAN CORLAER in New York.

A few days since a unique and interesting event was celebrated in a lovely country region in the southern part of the State, not very far from Narragansett Pier. A huge bowlder has been placed upon the site of an old Indian fort, upon which is engraved this inscription: "Fort Ninigret: Memorial of the Narragansett and Niantic Indians, the unwavering friends and allies of our fathers. Erected by the State of Rhode Island." The names of the Commissioners and the year are added. The celebration consisted of appropriate historical and suggestive addresses by distinguished Rhode-Islanders.

But the erection of the stone commemorated not only the ancient friendship of the Niantic Indians for the white people, but the final incorporation of the surviving descendants into the great mass of citizens of the State. The territory originally occupied by the tribe had dwindled, but a large tract of land has been always held by them, part of which the Indians cultivated, and other parts of which they sold, giving deeds signed by their Council. But in 1880 the State bought the reservation, and divided the money paid for it among the 343 surviving members of the tribe. The Niantic dynasty has not even a Count of Paris left to represent it, and the subjects of dusky royalty and of the Indian Council are now citizens of Rhode Island.

The Niantics were, indeed, unswerving friends of the English colonists. They refused to join the Pequot alliance, or to take part in King Philip's war, although he was their not distant neighbor across the bay at Mount Hope. They resisted the Narragansetts, with whom they subsequently united in peace, and the Ninigret memorial will long recall the wisdom of the policy which holds that Indians have rights which white men are bound to respect.

PERSONAL.

A NEW YORK sculptor declares that the American Indian, as he actually exists, has never been treated in plastic art. CRAWFORD'S "Indian" in the library of the Historical Society, he says, has the limbs of a white man; WARD'S "Indian Hunter" in the Central Park has the limbs of a classic Greek; but the limbs of the real American Indian have less muscular development than those of the Greek or the Caucasian, his arms being destitute of the biceps, and his legs thin and wiry.

—A Southern soldier of unpretentious pedigree was slightly wounded in the late war, a bullet having grazed the top of his head. "You may thank your stars," said the surgeon, "that matters are no worse. If this wound were a quarter of an inch deeper, you would be a dead man." "Great heavens! doctor," replied the terrified patient, "see if it isn't a quarter of an inch deeper."

—A photographic apparatus is now considered a part of a city surgeon's mechanical equipment. Instead of taking casts of the various corporeal monstrosities or deformities with which he is called to deal, he brings his camera into the sick-room and takes a photograph of "the subject." A series of such photographs constitutes not only a valuable history of the case, but often a trustworthy, clear-spoken, and present witness to the surgeon's professional skill.

—The trustees of the Mercantile Library have greatly convenienced many members of that institution by opening a branch office at No. 431 Fifth Avenue, between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth streets; and the value of real estate in that region is indicated by the fact that although the office occupies only what was once the basement of a private house on a single lot, the rent paid is twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

—The gentlemen of the Congressional committee who twelve years ago predicted that the time was not distant when the region now known as the Yellowstone Park would be "a place of resort for all classes of people from all portions of the globe" seem to have done something toward establishing the American Congressman's reputation for trustworthiness.

—A New York merchant was speaking of a gray-haired comrade who had just married a third wife. "I can't understand it," he said. "I am a widower myself, but my idea has always been that if a man's first wife suited him, he wouldn't expect that another could fill her place, and if she did not suit him, he wouldn't want another to fill it."

—Mr. TOBY E. ROSENTHAL, whose pictorial contribution to the Munich Art Exhibition was the most successful American painting there, has been sketching with a party of friends in the quaint Bavarian town of Sterzing, where most of the buildings are at least three hundred years old. He expects to return to Munich for the winter.

—A correspondent writes to ask us if NORDENSKJÖLD, the explorer, ever went around the north pole. NORDENSKJÖLD'S first arctic expedition was in 1859, under the command of TORELL. In 1861 he made a similar trip; and in 1864, 1868, and 1872 he led arctic expeditions of his own. In 1875 he sailed through the Sea of Kara, and very recently he has been making observations in Greenland. The trip around the north pole, in the immediate neighborhood of it, has yet to be made.

—An entertainment given recently by MRS. GLADSTONE in London was enlivened by the presence of Miss JENNIE YOUNG, of this city, who read before a fashionable audience her interesting lecture on LONGFELLOW, and sang several of his poems, instead of reciting them, to illustrate her points.

—A man of letters suggests that the most extensive and instructive array of atrocious solecisms of modern English to be gathered anywhere might be made of the various public notices that adorn the cabins of our steamboats and the interiors of our railroad cars, and that a good, sound specimen to lead off with would be the well-known placard in the Hoboken ferry-boats: "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to occupy them until the ladies are seated."

—Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, of New York, having presented a free library to the town of Dunfermline, Scotland, a speech in honor of the event was delivered by Lord ROSEBERY, who said, among other things: "We all of us, in whatever position we may be placed, have occasion to find life irksome and almost intolerable. I have always found two aids or assistances to overcome that sense of irksomeness, which are within the reach of the poorest of us, and which are the most efficient for the purpose. The first is the sense of humor, and the second the love of books."

—The College of France, where RENAN delivers his professional lectures on Hebrew literature, is a building of extreme modesty, and might be mistaken for a Friends' meeting-house. The room occupied by M. RENAN is plain and almost bare, its chief article of furniture being a long table on which are strewn old Bibles and manuscripts. The audience is small, and consists chiefly of quiet old men with long hair, noisy young men of defective vision, dilapidated old women, and bright-eyed rabbis.

—The cordial relations between France and Germany are now and then stimulated by paragraphs like this in the foreign correspondence of the German papers: "We arrive in Paris, in the Paris of VICTOR HUGO, the capital of the world, etc., etc. At every step we hear the German language. And the French—where are they? what are they doing? There they are, sitting on the terraces of the cafés, bragging and boasting and scoffing at the slovenly Germans and their spectacles. They still hope to conquer Alsace and Lorraine. But where are the soldiers who are to take revenge? There they are, at the café. The officers, ashamed of their uniform, are in citizen's clothes. The soldiers have pipes in their mouths, and their hands in the ridiculously deep pockets of their short trousers. Let the Frenchmen come to Berlin; there we will show them men, Prussians, vigorous, muscular, knowing how to stand up for themselves, and how to love their Emperor."

—The Comte de Paris, at present heir to the French monarchy (or what is left of it), is rich, tall, slender, in delicate health, and forty-six years old. His wife is ambitious, and an intrepid horsewoman.

—Canon FARRAR, of Westminster Abbey, has become a total abstainer from alcohol. His friends say that his capacity for work is greatly increased thereby. He can now push along without any intermission, except for meals, from morning to night.

—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S conversational gifts, during his First Consulship, made a deep impression upon Madame JUNOT: "His talk was always attractive by its depth of thought and that air of originality which reflected from his rich and brilliant imagination; the most profound civilians, the ablest financiers, the most subtle diplomatists, thronged around to hear him, and appeared to be rather taking lessons from him than imparting their knowledge to a young man whose pale complexion bore witness to watchings and fatigues far exceeding theirs, although the superiority of years was greatly on their side." But at that time NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was the most powerful man in his land, and everybody knows how attentively "the most profound civilians, the ablest financiers, and the most subtle diplomatists" listen to such men.

—The *Saturday Review* remarks that LONGFELLOW'S relations with HAWTHORNE, AGASSIZ, EMERSON, the CHANNINGS, DANA, and many other men of science and letters throw a pleasant light on his disposition and circumstances, and exhibit him as "the central figure of a society of which Oxford or Weimar might well have been proud."

—The American girl (observes a late writer) has passions, is too often indiscreet and wayward, and can love with all the intensity and constancy of a Rebecca; but she is made of different stuff from the artificial heroine of French standards. That peculiarity of social custom which allows her so much more freedom than her transatlantic sisters, and which conduces to a freer development of healthier and more natural affection, has also given her a greater strength of character to defend her heart from slavish passions, and a sturdier common-sense by which she is abundantly capable of taking care of herself.

—Mr. WILL CARLETON, author of the *Farm Ballads* and other popular verses, has been lecturing successfully in the far West. His subject is, "The Golden Horse"—an imaginary animal out of which, as out of the wooden horse at Troy, are supposed to come the various vices that threaten the destruction of modern civilization, and in the treatment of it he recites the best of his metrical compositions.

—In no instance, says Dr. H. GRADLE, has the benefit derived from a knowledge of the germ theory of disease been more brilliantly exemplified than in the principles of antiseptic surgery discovered by LISTER. This benefactor of mankind recognized that the great disturbing influence in the healing of wounds is the admission of germs. It had been well known prior to his day that wounds heal kindly if undisturbed, and that the fever and other dangers to life are an accidental, not an inevitable, consequence of wounds. But LISTER was the first to point out that these accidents were due to the entrance of germs into the wound, and that such entrance could be prevented.

—English royalty (observes the London *World*) has taken a new departure, so far as externals are concerned, and in doing so has rendered itself a social necessity, and for this reason has disarmed its political opponents. If there is a charitable establishment to be opened, or the exchequer of an institution which exists for any good purpose to be replenished, the ceremony which accomplishes the one or contributes to the other is always graced by the presence of a prince or princess, or of both combined. Imagine what would have been the condition of public sentiment in England were the Queen's eldest son to have shaped his social demeanor after the pedantic and petty pomposities of his illustrious and lamented father!

—Mr. FROUDE closes his monograph on LUTHER as follows: "Philosophic historians tell us that LUTHER succeeded because he came in the fullness of time, because the age was ripe for him, because forces were at work which would have brought about the same changes if he had never been born. Some changes there might have been, but not the same. The forces computable by philosophy can destroy, but they can not create. The false spiritual despotism which dominated Europe would have fallen from its own hollowness. But a lie may perish, and no living belief may rise again out of the ruins. A living belief can rise only out of a believing soul; and that any faith, any piety, is now alive in Europe, even in the Roman Church itself, whose insolent hypocrisy he humbled into shame, is due in large measure to the poor miner's son who was born in a SAXON village four hundred years ago."

—The city of Florence in Italy has become unhealthful by reason of inadequate drainage. Almost every house has its own cesspool, and the waste-pipes are not trapped, nor is the well water always uncontaminated. A correspondent residing there expresses his belief that the authorities will make no improvements until the desertion of the city by Americans and Englishmen forces them to do so.

—A Scottish photographer has photographed the impression made upon the arm of a person who had been struck by lightning. A series of delicately traced figures, very like fern fronds or small branches of trees, appears just above the elbow, and extends nearly to the shoulder. It is believed that the phenomena were caused by congestion in the capillary vessels, which had been paralyzed through the action of the electric current.

—From *Punch*:

"Fox-hunting cruel? Bah! What pack of hounds
Equals the penny-a-lining social spies,
Who break into our life's domestic bounds,
And hunt us with their yelping pack—or flies?
The tenderest heart might blamelessly determine
To hunt these hunters ruthlessly—as vermin."

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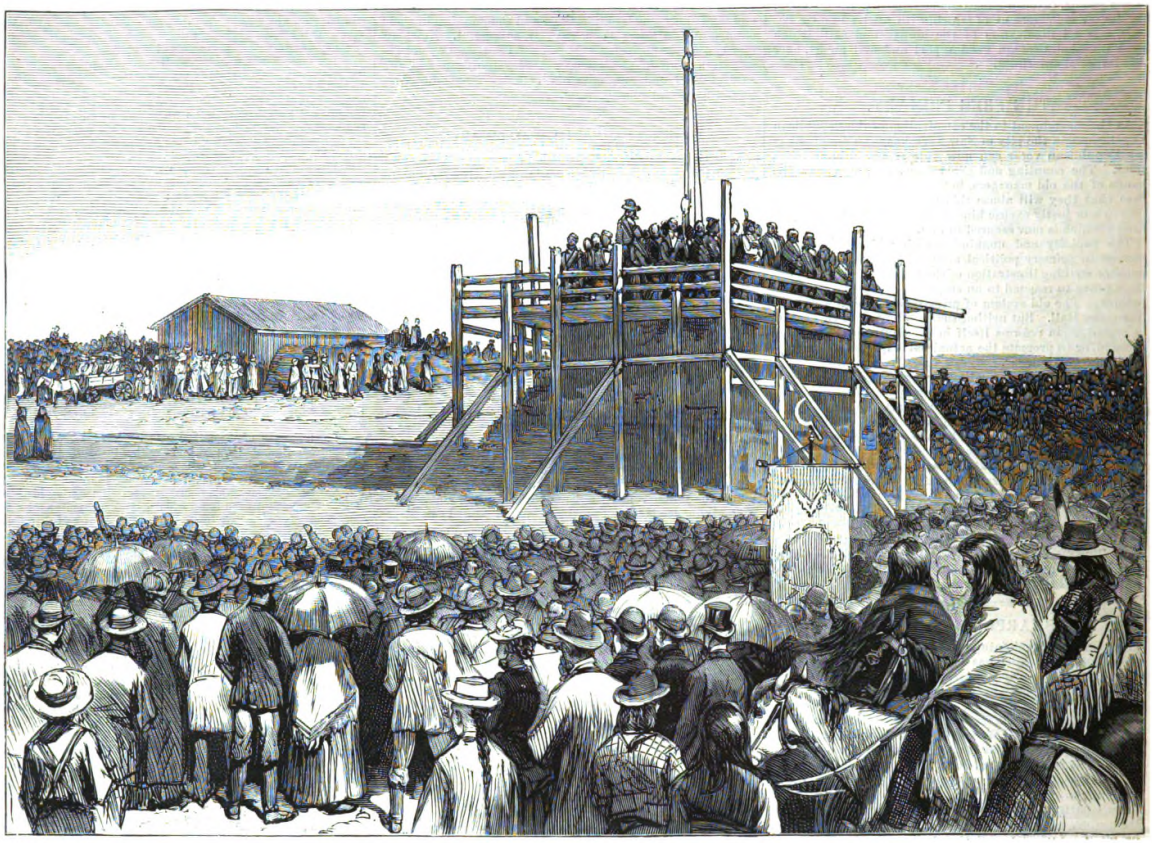
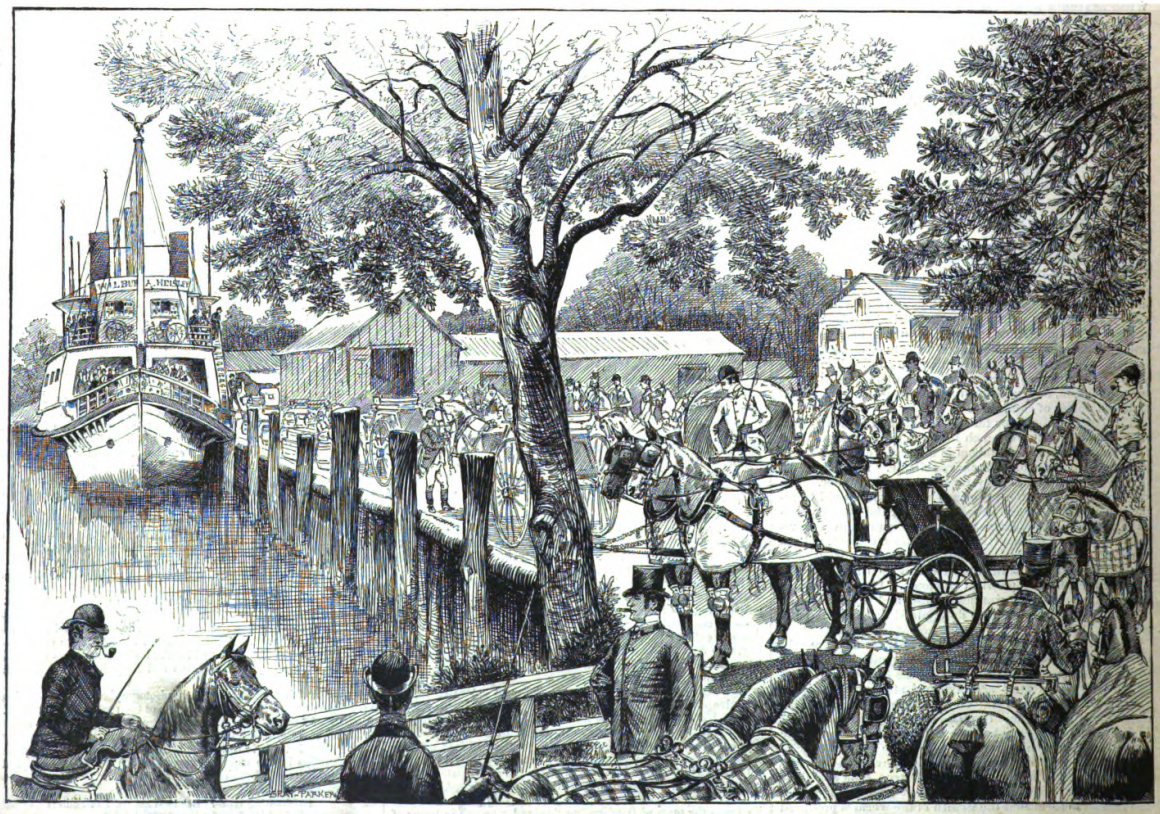


LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CAPITOL OF DAKOTA, IN BISMARCK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 603.]



THE END OF THE LONG BRANCH SEASON—EMBARKATION OF HORSES AND CARRIAGES AT BRANCHPORT, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by Gray-Parker.

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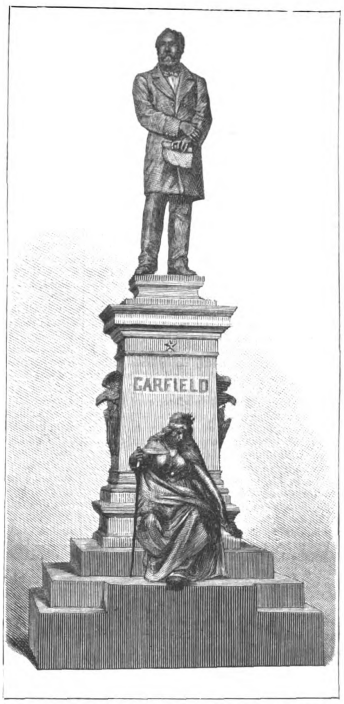
THE LATE HUGH J. HASTINGS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 599.]



STATUE OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—BY PERMISSION OF THE "GARFIELD MONUMENT ASSOCIATION OF THE PACIFIC COAST."—[SEE PAGE 599.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MILLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE GENERAL IS FACETIOUS.

"WHENEVER I have loved a woman," says Alfred de Musset somewhere, "I have told her of it; whenever I have ceased to love her, I have also told her of it, believing that in such matters there is nothing to be ashamed of, except falsehood." Perhaps it is just as well for the peace of society that not many people have sufficient audacity to adopt the poet's system, although there is an irresponsible simplicity about it which is not without attraction. I debated seriously with myself during the journey home whether I ought not to inform Maud of my perfidity; and I believe that the conclusion I came to was that such was indeed my duty, being at the same time perfectly well aware that I lacked the requisite courage for its performance. It was true that I had been forbidden to speak to her of love at all; but there was little comfort to be got out of that recollection. I was a poor hand at acting a lie, and I was unable to devise any means of even hinting at the truth.

Under these circumstances I could not but rejoice to hear, on my arrival at Thirlby, that Maud and her father were away from home.

"The Rector has been persuaded to give himself a short leave of absence," my uncle, who had come to meet me at the station, informed me, as we drove homeward. "You need not allude to this before my mother, because it is rather a sore subject with her. I am afraid it was she who induced Jorkins, the Ebenezer man, to go down to the Rectory and challenge Dennison to a controversy about infant baptism. Dennison received him very well, got down his theological books, and they had a great palaver, each, of course, claiming to have put the other to silence. So far so good; but unluckily Jorkins returned to the charge, bringing three influential Nonconformists from Yarmouth with him, and in the presence of all four of them poor Dennison was betrayed into declaring that he considered an unbaptized infant had just as good a chance of going to Heaven as he or Jorkins had, not to say a better one. After that, one can't be surprised that Jorkins should have written a powerful treatise entitled, 'Total Immersion *versus* Superstition, or the Bad Faith of the State Clergy Unmasked;' but I don't think he ought to have mentioned Dennison in it by name, and then sent a copy of the thing to the Rectory. Anyhow, Dennison lost his temper, and, meeting Jorkins the next day, threatened to totally immerse him in the nearest horse-pond. Up came Jorkins, very angry, to ask for a summons, which of course I declined to grant; and things were smoothed over after a fashion. But I had a great deal of trouble about it," added my uncle, with a sigh, "and some bad feeling was stirred up in the parish; and the upshot of it was that Dennison was prevailed upon to go to Lowestoft for change of air, leaving the curate to reign in his stead until all these winds of doctrine should have time to blow themselves out."

"The parish will never want bracing breezes so long as Mrs. Farquhar is at hand to stir them up," I remarked. "Is there no chance of her going away anywhere for a change of air?"

My uncle smiled and shook his head. "She does a great deal

"WE HAD A VERY GOOD AFTERNOON AMONG THE TURNIPS AND THE STUBBLE."

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of good in the parish, after her own fashion," said he; "and she and Dennison are becoming accustomed to one another. They wrangle, of course, but I think they rather like that."

Thirlby was no longer the hermitage that it had once been. Mrs. Farquhar generally had a few, and sometimes a good many, friends staying in the house, besides entertaining the neighborhood pretty frequently at dinners and garden parties. This she called "taking an interest in her fellow-creatures," and inculcated as a Christian duty upon certain persons who were too apt to take an interest in nothing but themselves and their books. My uncle accepted it all in good part, only stipulating that he should be left in undisturbed possession of the library—a point which I believe that he did not carry without opposition.

To the library he generally betook himself after breakfast; and thither I followed him, glad to hear his quiet, kindly voice again, and to listen to his talk, which was full of the wisdom that comes of much reading, and curiously deficient in that which comes from mingling with the world. I was quite at my ease with him after the first day. He alluded neither to Maud nor to Lady Constance, and I was sure that he had no suspicions of what had happened during my absence. I don't feel quite so sure of this now; but whether he had suspicions or not, he abstained from giving utterance to them, being too thorough a gentleman and too good a friend to force confidences. As far as anything could make me happy at that time, the companionship of my old man did so; and I think it was a pleasure to him, too, to have me with him once more.

"Squire he've picked up wonderful since you come back, Mr. Chawls," said Bunce. "Come down to my place this mornin' he did, and axed to see the ferrets—a thing he ain't done, dear me! not this twelvemonth. I don't think you owt to leave him agin; no, that I don't!"

I had to leave him, nevertheless; and in truth I was only half sorry to go. Every nook and corner in Thirlby, the woods in which I had so often walked with Maud, the Broads where I had sailed and fished and skated with her, were so many mute accusers. I breathed more freely when I was away from them all and settled in London with the coach who had undertaken to prepare me for my impending examination. I was made to work tolerably hard during the four or five months that I spent under his roof, and was forbidden to take any part in the gayeties of the London season. For these, however, I had no sort of inclination. I sometimes wondered whether Lady Constance was one of the riders or of the gayly dressed pedestrians whom I used to see in the distance as I took my daily morning walk through the Park; but, oddly enough, I experienced no longing to see her at this time. I was confident that, as she had said, we should meet again before we were much older, and I was content to await the approach of destiny.

I don't know whether the dreadful hobgoblin of Competition, which has been raised in these later times by well-meaning persons, and which to an old fogy like myself seems in a fair way to put an end to all thorough education, has yet cast its unholy shade upon the sacred precincts of the Foreign Office; but in my young days our nerves were harassed by no haunting dread of a *proximè accessit*. We were asked to show a certain degree of proficiency in the subjects required by our profession, and having done that, received our appointments in due course. When my time came I had no difficulty in satisfying the examiners, and the only penalty I had to pay for my success was that of spending an entire summer in the smoky atmosphere of London. At any other time I might have considered this a genuine grievance enough, but, things being as they were, I did not complain of it. No prisoner was ever less eager to regain his freedom, or more puzzled to know what to do with it when he had got it, than I was. I lingered on in London for some days longer than was necessary, explaining in a letter to my uncle what, indeed, was the truth, that I was anxious to be upon the spot in order to find out whether I had any chance of obtaining speedy employment.

The wished-for information reached me promptly and unexpectedly. I was strolling down deserted Pall Mall, one warm September morning, when I was almost knocked off my legs by a tremendous slap on the back, and the General's jovial voice called out: "Hullo, Charley, my boy! you're the very fellow I wanted to see. Let me be the first to congratulate you upon your appointment."

"I've passed my examination all right," answered I, after shaking hands with my old friend; "I haven't got an appointment yet."

"Oh yes, you have; you'll hear of it officially in a day or two. Come into the Club and have some lunch, and I'll tell you all about it."

The General was in the best of good spirits. He had just returned from the moors, where he had had capital sport, and had been shooting above his average, so he said. Having to spend a day in London, he had made a point of calling at the Foreign Office, in order to put in a word for me with those in authority before proceeding to Canterbury, where he was about to hold an inspection of cavalry. "When that's over, we'll hold an inspection of the partridges, eh, Charley?" said he, giving me a nudge with his elbow as we mounted the steps of the military club to which he belonged.

"Well," he continued, when he had ordered luncheon, and we had seated ourselves at a table beside the open window, "I'm glad to say that you have dropped into as good a berth as a young fellow could wish to start with. Franzenshöhe is a lively place in its way, they tell me, and your chief is the best fellow that ever stepped. Rossan—Paddy Rossan, we used to call him at school—a first-rate fellow. I looked in to see Drummond—the permanent man at the F. O., you know—this morning, thinking that I might be able to be of some use to you; but, gad, sir! I found I had been forestalled. The ladies—ah, you young rascal, you've found out already what the ladies can do for us! And I dare say you know precious well whom you have to thank for your appointment."

I did indeed know, and the knowledge agitated me more than I cared to show. "I suppose it must be Lady Constance Milner, whom I met at Naples last winter," said I, as indifferently as I could. "Isn't she a sister of Lord Rossan's?"

"A half-sister. Rossan is old enough to be her father—a contemporary of my own, I'm sorry to say. Dear, dear! how time does go on! Lady Constance is a deuced agreeable woman and a great friend of mine," continued the General, twirling his mustache. "Some people are pleased to say ill-natured things about her; but I take it that some people's ill-natured things are as good as a compliment, eh?"

"I thought Lady Constance very pleasant," said I, not venturing to change the subject at once.

"Devil doubt you! You've made an impression in that quarter, my boy; and upon my word, without meaning to flatter you too much, I don't wonder at it!" cried the General, beaming at me over his glass of sherry. "Ah, dear me! I wish I could change places with you!"

"I wish you could, with all my heart!" thought I to myself; but I merely remarked aloud that I was not so sure that young men had the best of it in everything.

"God bless my soul!" called out the General, swallowing the bait, "do you mean to tell me you don't hold the best cards? If we old fellows cut you out every now and then, it's because we know how to play the game, let me tell you, and because you don't take advantage of your opportunities. Now I'll tell you a curious thing that happened to me when I was aide-de-camp to Lord Beresford at Lisbon in the year twenty."

Once embarked upon the fruitful theme of his exploits in love and war, the General forgot all about Lady Constance, and I was spared any repetition of painful pleasantries. "My respects to Bernard," he said, as we parted, "and tell old Bunce I'm game to walk him off his legs yet. You may expect me down at Thirlby in a day or two."

He took it for granted that I was going to Thirlby; and indeed I could scarcely do otherwise than return home, though it was with some reluctance and trepidation that I took my railway ticket. Nevertheless, time had produced the effect upon me that time always does produce upon every one. I had become accustomed to the situation; I had even begun to make some excuses for myself. Taking the worst possible view of my conduct, it could not be said that I had broken any engagement; Maud had refused to hear of my love, and had given me no sort of hint that it was returned; my uncle had said, in so many words, that only time and absence could prove the sincerity of my feelings. These pleas did not satisfy me; but I made use of them in default of better ones, and the mere reiteration of them gave me a kind of confidence.

The dreaded meeting, which took place the day after my return home, proved, like the generality of dreaded events, much less formidable than I had expected. Maud and the Rector came up to the Hall to welcome and congratulate me, and the former was so self-possessed, so friendly, so apparently oblivious of the circumstances under which we had parted, that—unreasonable as it may seem—I was a little disappointed in her. I myself was anything but self-possessed; but I remembered that she would naturally set down my embarrassment to any cause rather than the right one, and her determination to put me at my ease was successful after a time. What gave me a sharp pang of remorse was the absurd behavior of Scamp, whom she had brought with her, and who greeted me with the most extravagant demonstrations of delight, tearing round and round the room till all the breath was out of his body, and finally prostrating himself before me with all four legs in the air, as he had been wont to do in old days when he wanted his breast-bone rubbed with my foot—a form of attention which, for some reason or other, was especially grateful to his feelings. The contrast between his fidelity and my own inconstancy struck me so forcibly that I bent over him a great deal longer than was necessary, for I felt as if Maud *must* discover the truth if I raised my eyes.

"I hope you don't want your dog back, Charley," she said, "because I give you fair warning that I don't mean to surrender him now. Mr. Le Marchant formally made him over to me in your name, and he really has a genuine regard for me, though you might not suppose it from the way he is going on at this moment."

"He has always been your property," said I; "you know, I bought him for you."

She was looking more lovely than ever, I noticed—if that had any longer been any business of mine. It was dreadful to me to think that I had renounced her; and yet I never for one moment felt it possible that that mute renunciation could be recalled.

I was glad when she went away. The Rector had half an hour's argument with Mrs. Farquhar, in the course of which I overheard her telling him that he was "just like the horse and mule, which gave no understanding;" and then the visit came to an end. I did not offer to walk back with my friends, as I should certainly have done a year before.

After a day or two the General arrived in fulfillment of his promise; and George Warren coming over with his gun, we had a very good afternoon among the turnips and the stubble. A good afternoon, that is to say, for my fellow-sportsmen; I, myself, being out of sorts, shot badly, and incurred the serious displeasure of Bunce, who observed that he didn't think nowt o' them furrin-cerin' trips, nor yet of kicking your heels in London all the blessed summer through. "I don't see no call for it," he concluded, decisively. The truth was that Bunce was not the only person present who was displeased with me, and I was uncomfortably aware of the fact. George Warren, on being informed of my intended destination, had put on a very grave face, and when I tried to turn the matter off by remarking that I believed Franzenshöhe was not half a bad sort of place, and that I hoped to get some shooting there, and so forth, he only looked me full in the eyes for a moment, said, "Ah! I don't know, I'm sure," and changed the subject. I had not cared much about George's censures a few months back; but times were changed now, and his very presence made me ashamed.

Nor was the day to close without shame of a still worse kind falling upon me. As we were drawing near home in the evening, we were met by my uncle and the Rector and Maud, who had walked out to inquire what sport we had had; and after the bag had been inspected, and we had all resumed our march in a body, the Rector took it into his head to ask when I was to proceed to my post, innocently remarking that I was a lucky fellow to be sent to one of the European courts, instead of to Persia, or Peru, or some such outlandish country. Up to that time the General had made no allusion to my future career; but the Rector's observation put him in mind of what I had fondly hoped he had forgotten, and he must needs choose this most inopportune moment for informing the company, with a knowing wink, that I had powerful allies at my back.

"Upon my life, Bernard, you must look after this fellow; he's a sad dog, I can tell you! I thought I might be able to give him a lift by being precious civil to the people at the Foreign Office, from the Secretary of State downward; but he knew a trick worth two of that, by George! Has he told you about his friend Lady Constance Milner yet? Look at him blushing. Miss Dennison! Never mind, Charley; don't be angry. Many an older and wiser man than you has found her ladyship irresistible."

I had a sincere affection for the General, who had always been my friend, but if wishes could kill, I really think he would have ceased to breathe then and there. In happy unconsciousness of the murderous passions that he was arousing, he went on with his cruel jocularities, only desisting when George generously came to the rescue with the bold assertion that Lady Constance was a good-natured person of whom we had happened to see a good deal on our travels, but that he didn't, for his part, think her at all likely to remember acquaintances who were out of sight.

When I raised my eyes, I found that both George and Maud were looking at me, and I saw, or thought I saw, upon the face of each of them the same expression of mingled compassion and contempt. It was a miserable moment. If I had had any presence of mind at all, I should have pursued the subject, or at all events said something, no matter what; but the sense of my guilt overpowered me, and I maintained a dismal silence, thereby making it perfectly clear to everybody that there was more ground for the General's insinuations than he himself supposed.

After that day Lady Constance was no more spoken of in my presence. What my uncle thought about her, or whether he thought about her at all, I could not guess; but he asked no questions, and was to all outward appearance quite easy in his mind with regard to my future. Maud, on her side, was scarcely less reticent, and assumed, when we met, that friendly, elder-sisterly demeanor which I had so greatly resented in days gone by, but of which I no longer felt entitled to complain.

An official command to take up my new duties without delay came ere long to put an end to a situation which was fast becoming unbearable; and I left Thirlby, glad, indeed, that the woful disclosure had been as good as made, yet half sorry that its wofulness should have been so imperfectly appreciated.

CHAPTER XV.

FRANZENSHÖHE.

THE ancient Duchy of Suabia, raised to the rank of a kingdom by the first Napoleon, and confirmed in that dignity at the Congress of Vienna, was one of the most smiling, prosperous, and contented of the secondary German States. Its low vine-clad hills, its pine woods, and rocky heights, among which the river Schlummerbach lazily meandered on its way to join the Rhine, its high-roofed villages, overtopped by the Gothic spires of a less material age, were the pride of the broad-shouldered, broad-faced folks who saluted all strangers with a bow and a friendly *Guten-Morgen*—a race whose grievances were few, and whose placid enjoyment of existence required nothing beyond a sufficiency of beer and an occasional *Kirmess* to keep it going.

Franzenshöhe, the capital, had a European celebrity as the chosen home of many musicians, artists, authors, and philosophers, all of whom flourished under the sway of King Rudolf II., a monarch of refined and literary tastes, whose ancestors had ruled in the land since the thirteenth century, and from whom he had inherited a private fortune large enough to justify him in liberally subsidizing the *Hof-theater*, building a fine new picture-gallery, and otherwise embellishing his modest metropolis.

The British Minister was rather an ornamental than a useful personage. It would be unjust alike to the Foreign Office and to Lord Rossan to say that his appointment to so unimportant a post was the measure of his abilities. The Foreign Office, as everybody knows, rises above mere considerations of ability in its selection of fit persons to represent her Majesty abroad, and Lord Rossan was universally admitted to possess all the claims to promotion that experience, good sense, and success of an unassuming kind can furnish. If, after upward of a quarter of a century spent in the service, he had obtained no higher prize than a second-class Legation, it was probably because he lacked uncles and cousins, and also because he was singularly deficient in that ambition which was meat, drink, and raiment to his half-sister. His estates in Ireland, which he never visited, were said to be heavily mortgaged; his carelessness and liberality were supposed to bear an inverse relation to the length of his purse: perhaps he preferred the repose of Franzenshöhe, where nobody expected the King was rich, to the chances of distinction offered by more brilliant and expensive capitals. At Franzenshöhe he lived, to use his own expression, like a fighting-cock. He had a house as big as a palace (indeed, it was generally spoken of by the natives as the Englische Palais); he had an excellent cook and a cosmopolitan circle of friends and acquaintances. "And what more would you have?" as he himself was wont to inquire. "Hasn't the Queen given me all I ever asked for?—not to mention my Blue Ribbon of St. Patrick, which I didn't ask for, and which cost me more than it was worth, between ourselves."

At the time when I was privileged to make his acquaintance he was an elderly gentleman, with an erect figure, a close-shaven, good-humored face, and a Celtic twinkle about the corners of his gray eyes. He was popular with all classes of society, and especially so with his subordinates, in whose company he was fond of relating good stories, to which a suspicion of a brogue lent additional humor. The brogue disappeared, together with the shooting-coat of every-day life, when he assumed his Ministerial functions, and at such times Lord Rossan displayed a dignity, a courtesy, and an acquaintance with the minor points of etiquette which had won him golden opinions at the somewhat punctilious Court to which he was accredited. By his wife, a gentle, delicate little old lady, who had the appearance of being considerably his senior, and upon whose life the loss of an only son had, many years back, cast a permanent gloom, he was adored as the best and wisest of mankind. Lady Rossan was not less kind-hearted, though she was a good deal less popular, than the sprightly Minister. She performed her duties well and easily, but without enthusiasm; she was much given to works of charity, but was not very enthusiastic about them either. The two strongest feelings in her nature were a profound admiration for her husband, and an almost equally profound horror of her husband's sister.

All the above details became known to me before I had been long domiciled with this amiable and unaffected couple. They received me with the utmost kindness; bright and sunny rooms were provided for me in a corner of their big house, and I soon found myself as much at home with them as if I had known them all my life. The other members of the Legation happened to be married men, with the exception of one, who was away on leave, and thus I was thrown into more constant and familiar intercourse with my chief than I might otherwise have been. By the aid of his friendly hints and introductions, I made friends in a very short time with all the pleasantest people in Franzenshöhe; I accompanied him to several shooting parties in the neighborhood; and altogether I should have found my new fashion of life thoroughly enjoyable if I had not been firmly convinced that enjoyment was no longer among my capacities. Of Lady Constance Lord Rossan did not say much, beyond confirming the General's report that she had specially recommended me to him, and I was too timid to do more than ask where she was, to which he replied that he believed she was paying visits in England, but that her movements were so erratic that it was difficult to say where she might be at any given moment.

One morning, however, he came in to breakfast with an open letter in his hand, and called out across the table: "Elizabeth, can we find room in our barruck for a lady who wants a drawing-room to herself, and brings a courier and a maid with her? Con writes to me that she intends spending the winter here."

Dismay was vividly depicted upon Lady Rossan's features, but she answered obediently: "Certainly, dear; there is no difficulty about rooms. But I am afraid Constance will find a winter at Franzenshöhe very dull."

"Not she," returned Lord Rossan. "I will say for her that, if she knows anything at all, she knows how to make the most of such materials as fall to her hand. Set Con down at Timbuctoo to-morrow, and I'll answer for it that before a month is out she'll have wormed herself into the confidence of the King, started a plot to turn him off his throne, struck up a hard flirtation with the Prime Minister, and made a pot of money by depreciating ivory in the market, and then buying it all up. Now isn't that true, Maxwell?"

I laughed, and said I hoped not.

"I am sure Mr. Maxwell thinks much more highly of Lady Constance than you do, dear," said Lady Rossan, quietly.

I glanced apprehensively at her, but could not discover any sign of latent irony upon her pale, grave face. Perhaps she only intended to convey a deferential note of warning to her husband, who was apt to be a little incautious in his remarks sometimes. I was not unprepared for the news of Lady Constance's proposed visit. For some time past I had felt sure that she would come; and for some time, too, I had been conscious of a great desire to see her once more. The first feeling of anger and irritation with which I had found myself enrolled in the ranks of her numerous worshippers had passed away, and had given place—I won't say to the heartache of a forsaken lover, but rather to the craving of an opium-eater for the drug which has grown into a necessity of life for him. The passion is not a pretty one, but it serves as well as

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another to express the peculiar fascination which Lady Constance exercised over me. I should have been very glad to be able to live without her, but I was certain that I couldn't live without her.

As the time fixed for her arrival drew near, I became sensible of a nervous disquietude and curiosity, mingled with indefinite hopes. Upon what footing ought I to consider myself as standing with regard to her? Would she acknowledge that she had come to Franzenshöhe because I was there? and had that in reality anything to do with her unexpected descent upon her relatives? How and where would our first meeting take place?

My mind was set at rest as to the last of these queries by Lord Rossan, who, having other engagements, requested me to await his sister's arrival at the station; the remainder were speedily responded to by Lady Constance herself. Most people are tired, grimy, and cross after a long railway journey; Lady Constance stepped out on to the platform looking as fresh and neat as if she had just left her dressing-room, and in reply to my inquiry, told me that she didn't know what it was to be physically fatigued. Then, as we had a few minutes to wait while Antonio was collecting her trunks, she looked me all over from head to foot, and remarked,

"I suppose you would be desperately affronted if one said that you had grown?"

"I shouldn't be affronted if it were true," I answered; "but it isn't. I have always understood that human growth stops at the age of twenty-one, and I am past that age."

"Well, you will allow me to say that you have developed. Particularly if I add that you have improved."

I answered, perhaps a little sulkily, that I was glad she thought so. I did not quite like the turn that the conversation was taking, and broke it off to suggest that we should drive on to the Legation, and let the servants follow with the luggage. But she took it up again as soon as we were seated in the open carriage which was waiting for us. "Yes," she said, "you have improved. You are less of a hobbledehoy than you were, and you have already put on a certain professional swagger which is not unbecoming. I am sorry, however, to detect traces of care upon your countenance. Would it be presuming too far to ask whether you have been crossed in love?"

This was a little too bad. "Really," I exclaimed, "if you can't answer that question I don't know who can."

"Ah," she said, "I think I do remember your telling me something about an engaging young creature in the country to whom you were attached. I trust you didn't find that your Phyllis had taken up with another Corydon during your absence?"

"I don't know," said I, coldly, "what your object is in putting me off like this; but it seems to me that you are rather overacting your part. You will hardly persuade me that you have forgotten Taormina so soon."

She laughed a little. "It is more than six months since we were at Taormina. Still, I don't forget what I said to you that afternoon. I remember, among other things, telling you that if you cared about keeping my friendship you must be content to accept me for what I am. I was in one frame of mind at Taormina; I am in quite another to-day. You strike me as being wanting in quickness of perception, which is a great defect in a diplomatist."

There were few evenings in the week on which a friend or two did not dine with the hospitable Lord Rossan, and on this particular evening we had a somewhat larger number of guests than usual. Directly after dinner, however, the whole party adjourned to the opera, as the custom of Franzenshöhe was, only Lady Constance excusing herself on the plea of fatigue after her journey. Now, as she had already told me that she was not tired, and as she certainly presented no appearance of being so, it looked very much as though an opportunity were being offered to me, of which it only depended upon myself to take advantage. With this impression upon my mind, therefore, I saw the others into their carriages, and then, instead of walking across to the theatre after them, as I was expected to do, ran upstairs again to the drawing-room, where Lady Constance was sitting upon an ottoman, perusing the *Schwäbische Anzeiger*.

"At last!" I exclaimed, throwing myself boldly down beside her.

She did not move; but she looked at me from beneath her lowered eyelids with a slight air of surprise, which did not fail to have the effect—that it was probably intended to have—of making me rather uncomfortable. She broke the short pause that ensued by asking, in her brusque way,

"Well, does Franzenshöhe please you?"

"It does, now that you are here," I answered. "I should not be here myself but for you, should I? They told me in London that I had to thank you for my appointment."

"Yes, I believe so," said she. "I always like to do my friends a good turn when it is not too much trouble."

"You did mean to do me a good turn, then?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have called it by that name. I wished you to be sent here."

"Why did you wish that? Was it—I know it sounds rather presumptuous to ask—but was it at all because you wanted me to be in the same place as you?"

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "Perhaps," she said.

That was quite enough for me. All the pent-up emotions of six months rushed from my heart to my lips, and poured themselves forth in a rhapsody which I do not now feel called upon to put into print. In the course of it I told her the whole history of my boyish love for Maud Dennison, and tried to explain how, all of a sudden and greatly against my will, I had been forced to admit that that love was not what I had supposed it to be. I made no secret of the fact that my passion for herself had brought me a great deal more pain than happiness, but added that, after what I had told her, she would at least not doubt its sincerity. She heard me out without interruption. Once or twice she seemed to be touched, and even—as I fancied—a little bit remorseful. But when I wound up by seizing her hand impetuously, her face changed, and she drew back with a look of cold displeasure.

"Ah!" she said; "let us understand one another, if you please. What does all this mean?"

"What does it mean?" I echoed, stupidly. "It means that I love you—that I would die for you—that—"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted, impatiently; "that is understood: we know all that. The question is, what do you expect? Because your way of conducting yourself leads one to suppose that you expect something."

I shook my head. "I know it's hopeless," I said; and in truth the hopeless nature of my adoration was not the least of its attractions for me. At a certain age the prospect of a blighted life and an early demise possesses charms at which we smile in after-years, though I am not sure that there is much to laugh at in "feeling's dull decay," or that one is any the better for knowing that nothing signifies particularly.

"I know it's hopeless," I repeated; "but I had to tell you."

Upon this she ceased to frown. "Don't despair," said she; "you will get over this attack all in good time, and marry your Miss Dennison—or somebody else, perhaps, and be as happy as other people."

I shook my head again.

"Oh yes, you will," she declared, encouragingly; "and, if you are disposed to give the devil his due, you may recollect that I took some trouble to drive you away from my perilous neighborhood."

Soon after this she dismissed me, and I thought it as well to proceed to the theatre, where I arrived in time to see the last act of the *Prophète* from Lord Rossan's box. Nobody asked me where I had been, but kind Lady Rossan, who had suspicions, grounded, no doubt, upon past experience, found a favorable moment to whisper a few words of good advice to me.

"I have no son of my own," she said, in conclusion, "so I sometimes take the liberty to interfere with young men who have no mother. I am afraid my sister-in-law is not one of the ladies whom your mother, if she were still alive, would like to see you very attentive to."

I thanked her, and got away as soon as I could. Her counsel was well meant, but it came far too late to be of any use, and what little effect it might have had upon me would have been quite cancelled when I discovered, as I soon did, that she and Lady Constance were scarcely upon speaking terms. They met every day, and never reached the point of open disagreement; the elder lady persistently ignored the younger, by whom, in her turn, she was as persistently ignored.

"Lady Rossan," said the Minister to me one day in a moment of confidence, "is one of the best women, and incomparably the best hater, I have ever known."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE HUGH J. HASTINGS.

THE editor and proprietor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, the oldest newspaper in the city, died in his cottage at Monmouth Beach, near Long Branch, New Jersey, at seven o'clock on the evening of the 12th of September, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, after an illness caused by injuries received ten days before, when an express wagon was driven against his carriage and overturned it. Mr. HASTINGS's death was entirely unexpected by the public, as the daily bulletins printed after the accident indicated a gradual improvement in his condition. When the end came, it was entirely peaceful.

HUGH J. HASTINGS was one of those sturdy north of Ireland men who are quick to seize and strong to hold the opportunities offered by this republic to noble ambition and indomitable pluck. He came hither a child of eight years, without friends, save his father and mother and seven brothers and sisters, all of them in very modest circumstances; he closed his career rich, prosperous, and with troops of friends. Enemies he had, too, but these were the natural result of the exercise of those very qualities that inspire and fashion the most enduring friendships. Frankness, courage, perseverance, the recognition of no such word as fail, singleness of purpose, uncompromising partisanship, combativeness, and self-confidence are traits that overcome obstacles, and enable their possessor to choose and occupy the vantage-ground. These traits were his, and in their company were generosity, genial humor, and bluff and unaffected manners; so that those who liked Mr. HASTINGS liked him very much, and those who disliked him hated him. From the time when, a lad of ten years, he ran on errands for a dry-goods dealer in William Street, his one ambition was to become a journalist, and to have a journal of his own. With seven dollars and fifty cents in capital—good old days were those—he started the Albany *Knickerbocker*, and rode on that successful venture into the arena of politics, where for forty years he felt himself at home, because he knew how to win. The *Commercial Advertiser*, which he took from the hands of THURLOW WEED in 1868, which NOAH WEBSTER, the lexicographer, had brought into existence as a Federalist of the Federalists, and which, whether Federalist, National Republican, Whig, or Republican, had always been first and foremost a political newspaper, was at once the object and the goal of his professional pride. He would have sold himself sooner than have sold it. The most lucrative offers to part with it did not even tempt him; and it was his delight and his business to cherish its political traditions, and to make it a power in the Republican party. Like a true editor of the old régime, he never failed to attend a convention of his party, and to become personally acquainted with its leading spirits; and if the issue was one of Stalwartism or Half-Breedism, who was more apt in inventing such designative terms, or more skillful in ringing the changes on them?

MR. HASTINGS will long be missed, even in this busy and forgetful metropolis. Those who knew him best were not surprised that his own journal said of him on the evening after his death: "Every man whose duties connect him with the *Commercial Advertiser* feels that he has experienced a personal loss. There was about HUGH J. HASTINGS a geniality, a sincerity, an appreciation of his co-laborers, which endeared him to all who held business relations with him, or served under his direction."

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT, SAN FRANCISCO.

ON page 597 we give a picture of the GARFIELD statue to be erected in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California. The corner-stone of the foundation on which the statue will rest was laid on the 24th of August, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Masons in California, assisted by the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States. More than 100,000 people witnessed the ceremonies.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A WITNESS who, because of his prominence in the National Labor Party, may be presumed to see the problems of life from the laboring-man's point of view, testified recently before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in this city that he maintained that a person could "go through life very comfortably on an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year." In this cautious statement his disciples who are working the year round for a dollar or two a day will doubtless coincide.

A number of cow-boys, wearing sombreros, buckskin garments, and big revolvers as evidences of their genuineness, were arrested in Chicago not along ago. They explained that they had not come to capture the town, but to bring a lot of cattle, and the police let them go, after taking the precaution to deprive them of their weapons.

In an appeal to the Secretary of the Interior for a new suit of clothes Little Chief, a Cheyenne Indian, says: "I don't care much for grub, but I do like to dress in proper style. I want the best white hat you can purchase in the market." There are a good many people who live much nearer New York than does this dude of the Western wilds who give dress the preference when compelled to choose between it and a good table. They are less frank than he is, however.

A committee acting for the National Rod and Reel Association has given an opinion as to the difference between an amateur and a professional fisherman. An amateur is defined as one who has never fished for a living, has never been a guide, and has never been engaged in the sale or manufacture of fishing-tackle. In the fly-casting contests at Harlem Mere, in Central Park, last fall, one of the most expert of the contestants was an angler of whom it was said that he had never caught a fish. He was in the employment of a firm that dealt in anglers' materials, and had cast lines in barren waters till he had attained almost absolute perfection.

A firm of lawyers in London advertises in this city the proposed sale in England of an "old ancestral estate" which has been owned by the family of the present holders for more than four centuries. It is set forth that the estate includes an entire village, of which the buyer will be the absolute owner, and that he "must necessarily take a high social position in the county," because he will find himself surrounded by the family properties of neighboring noblemen and gentlemen. If the purchaser should happen to be shrewd in driving a bargain, perhaps he could get some ancestors thrown in, so that, like the Major-General in the *Pirates of Penzance*, he could enjoy the melancholy pleasure of weeping in the event of his happening to casually disgrace them.

There are two explanations of the fact that the two thousand persons living on Poquoson Island, at the mouth of York River, Virginia, are practically without postal accommodations. One is that the postmaster has been drunk for four months, but because he is the only Mahone man on the island the inhabitants have to choose between having him for their postmaster and having none. The other explanation is that another man has been appointed, but has neglected to qualify, and the islanders have not asked for the appointment of another.

"He will probably be tried by a citizens' jury," is the closing sentence of a story about the capture of a desperado in Arizona. "Citizens' jury" sounds well, but the term is employed to designate the most informal of tribunals known in the West.

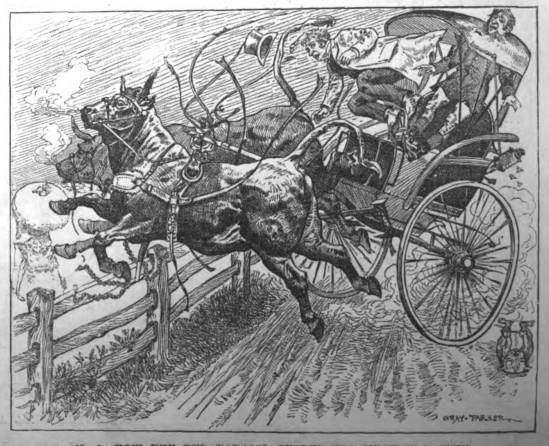
Among the foreign actresses who arrived this fall from other lands was one whose chief delight did not arise from the bare fact that she was once more in this beautiful land, and in the midst of this kind and appreciative public. She was delighted, to be sure, but she frankly said it was because her precious little dog could now have fresh milk every day.

It is suggested that the reason why our government vessels so often visit the harbor at Newport in the course of the summer is that the people of foreign nations may be impressed with the magnitude of the United States navy.

The story is told of an American lady who at an inn in Normandy was deputed, as being the best French scholar in her party, to make the arrangements for their accommodation. She did her best—which was a long way short of perfection—but the clerk did not catch her meaning, and his remarks were jargon to her. Finally, in desperation, she said, slowly and with awful distinctness, "Do—you—speak—English?"

"Wa'al, neow you're jest talkin'," shouted the clerk. "Guess I'd orter speak English. I was raised ten miles from Ban-*gor*."

The perils of canoeing on salt-water were illustrated a few days ago in New York Bay. Three of the shell-like craft of the New York Canoe Club were dancing on the blue waves, when a squall came across the water. One of the canoeists had a passenger whom he had instructed to sit very quietly in the centre of the boat. The passenger was a heavy man, and he followed his instructions so faithfully that when the wind bent the little sails down toward the water the boat's burden was top-heavy. Into the water the two voyagers went, and one of the other boats was upset while hastily putting about to go to the rescue. A ferry-boat was near, and the heavy man swam to it. The loose ballast in the canoe shifted to the stern when the two men were spilled out, and the boat stood upright in the water. To the upper end the skipper clung, like a pennant at a mast-head, till a crew of deck hands who came from the ferry-boat insisted upon rescuing him despite his declaration that he greatly preferred to stay by his canoe and take it ashore. The captain of the second canoe that upset was also rescued, and the third canoe—which did not capsize—was brought into service as a wrecking boat. The canoeists sipped hot coffee that evening in their club-house, and made merry over their afternoon's experience. In the morning they read the story of their rescue, as it had been graphically told by one of the ferry-boat's deck hands, and they were surprised that they still lived.



No. 2.—HOW THE RED PARASOL PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THEM.
"Gracious! Mercy me! Oxen are not the quiet animals I thought they were."

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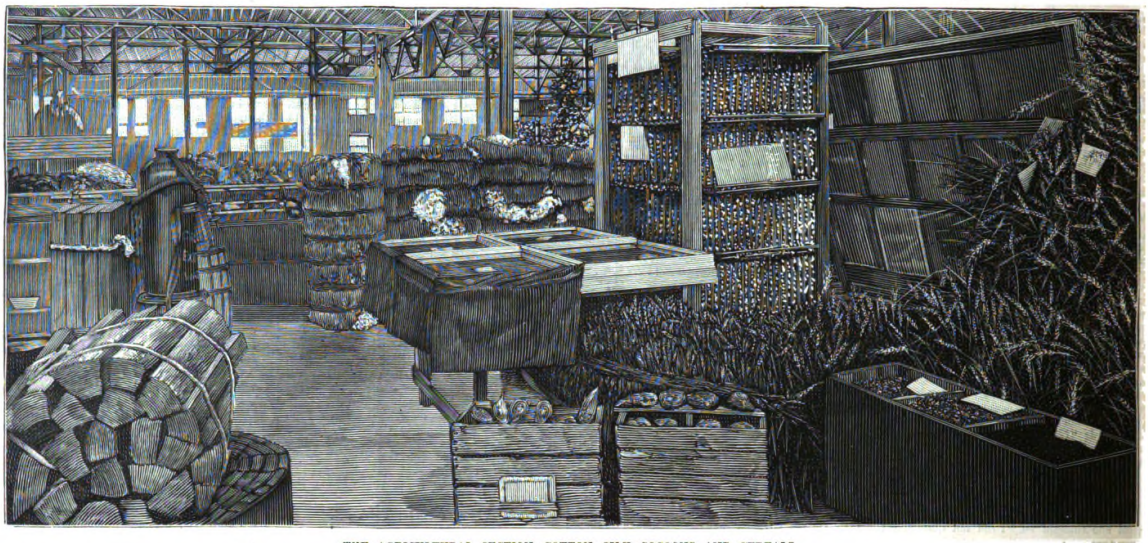
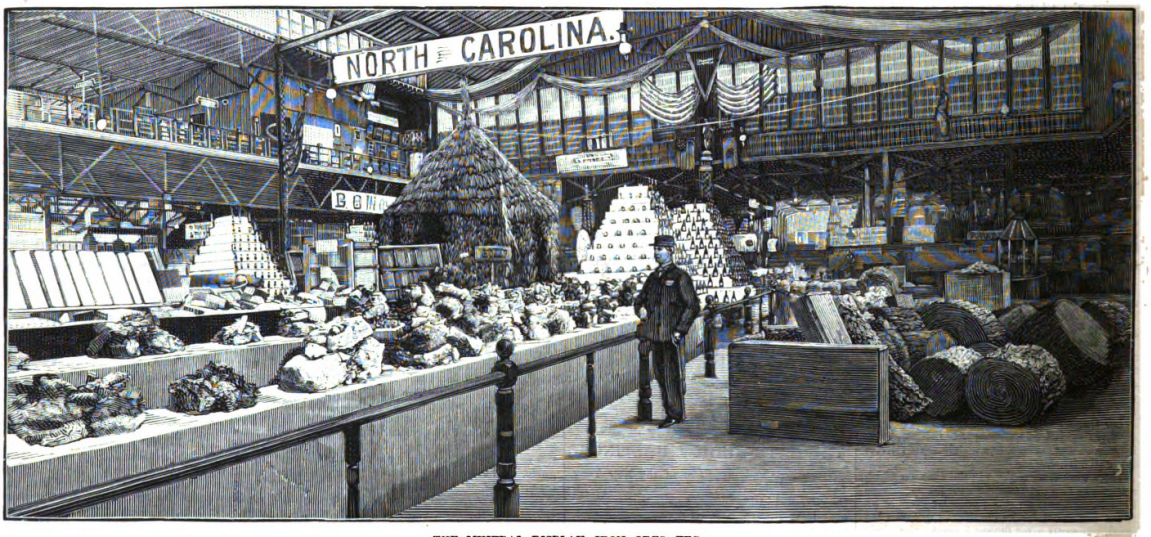


THE AGRICULTURAL SECTION—COTTON, SILK COCOONS, AND CEREALS.



THE MINERAL DISPLAY—IRON ORES, ETC.

TURPENTINE STILL AND DISPLAY OF WOODS.

THE BOSTON INDUSTRIAL FAIR—NORTH CAROLINA EXHIBIT.—From Photographs by Black.—[See Page 608.]

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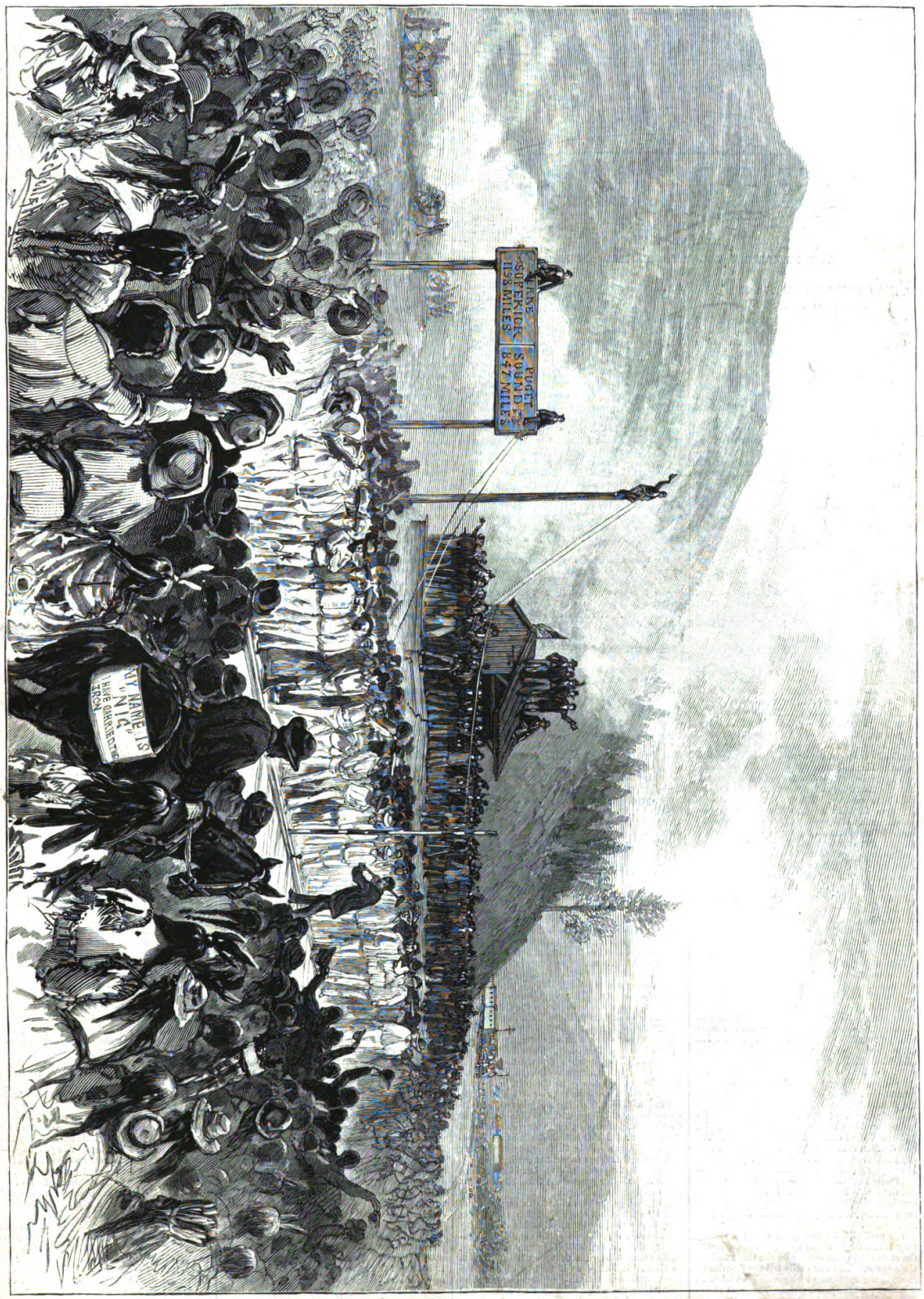

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC JUBILEE—DRIVING THE GOLDEN SPIKE.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from a Sketch by Charles Graham.—[See Page 594.]

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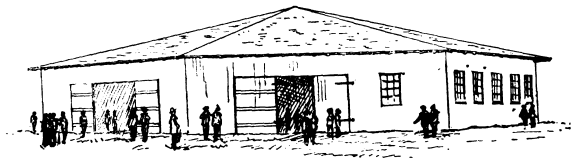
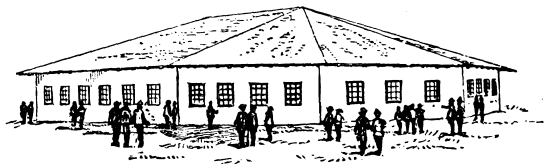


FRONT VIEW.



REAR VIEW.

THE REPUBLICAN WIGWAM, RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

THE CHIEF EVENTS OF THE RACING SEASON.

"EOLE! Eole!" That shout reverberated all through the grand stand at Monmouth Park after the greatest race of the season, and one of the greatest races ever run in this country. A great crowd had gathered to witness it, and the greatest horses in the land, ridden by the finest jockeys, were in it—and this on a Tuesday, which is usually a light day for any course. But it was an extra race, made up for a special object. This is how it came about:

There are two events in the midsummer season at Monmouth Park which attract unusual attention. One is the race for the Omnibus Stakes for three-year-olds; the other the race for the Monmouth Stakes. The latter is undoubtedly the more important; but there is often a display of brilliant running and riding in the Omnibus Stakes. At any rate, it deserves mention here, because it had a bearing on the extra race of Tuesday, August 28. It was won in splendid style by Drake Carter, a Western horse, who had come into prominence at Saratoga by defeating the Dwyer Brothers' Barnes. He led in the race for the Omnibus Stakes the veteran Monitor, Pizarro, and other famous racers, all around the course, and near the end drew lengths away from them with a fine burst of speed, winning easily. Although a race so easily won is not nearly as exciting as a close finish, Drake Carter's performance awakened unbounded enthusiasm. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who is every inch a gentleman sportsman, may have felt chagrin at Pizarro's defeat, but he did not show it. He merely asked Mr. Morris (Drake Carter's owner) what he would take for his horse, and when the latter mentioned $17,500, drew him a check for that amount.

The race for the Monmouth Stakes was run the Saturday preceding the great race of Tuesday, August 28. It attracted a vast crowd by reason of the importance of the event, and because Mr. Lorillard's Iroquois, the winner of the Derby, was to make his American début. He is an American horse, but was taken to England a yearling, and the Monmouth Stakes was his first race in his native country. The public, which always has firm faith in a great horse, backed him with their favorable opinions, and what by some would be considered a higher tribute, with their money. But experienced turfmen showed no such confidence in him. He had won, only in June last, a victory on the English turf, and had since then been subjected to the hardships of a sea-voyage. A racer needs a certain amount of exercise to keep limber, and it was obviously impossible for the Derby winner to take his daily constitutional canter aboard ship. The doubts of the old turfmen were confirmed, for Iroquois was badly beaten, being third at the finish, with the Dwyer Brothers' George Kinney victor, and Eole second.

But neither Mr. Lorillard nor the public were willing to attribute the Derby winner's defeat to the fact that he was not thoroughly seasoned. They attributed it rather to a mistake in the policy of Feakes, his rider, who, they thought, held him back too long, so that his splendid burst of speed near the end of the race could not carry him past Eole or George Kinney. So, as Mr. Lorillard was anxious to run Iroquois again, and back him with Drake Carter, his recent purchase, and the owners of the other horses in the struggle seemed willing to enter them for a similar contest, the association made up another race for the following Tuesday. It was officially known as the renewal of the Monmouth Stakes for three-year-olds and upward at $500 each, with $2500 added, of which $1000 to the second. The crowd which it attracted was rewarded by a race great in all respects—a race won by a great horse after a grand struggle. There were five entries—Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois and Drake Carter, Mr. Gebhard's Eole, Mr. G. L. Lorillard's veteran race-horse Monitor, and the victor of the preceding Saturday, the Dwyer Brothers' George Kinney.

The preliminaries to a great race are usually very interesting. Some twenty minutes before the start the horses appear on the track and try their speed. You can easily tell the favorite by gauging the applause which greets each horse as it sweeps past the grand stand. The great racers of both the Lorillard brothers come on the track with a guard of honor. On the Saturday of the original Monmouth Stakes Iroquois entered the track escorted by Gonfalon. On Tuesday he appeared escorted by Drake Carter. Feakes on [illegible] from Drake Carter, for Mr. Lorillard's colors, the famous cherry, black hoops on sleeves, black cap and gold tassels, which have shown first across the line in so many races. Monitor, ridden by Billy Hayward, who showed Mr. G. L. Lorillard's striking blue and orange, the favorite colors of the sporting members of the fair sex, was, as usual, escorted by Volusia. George Kinney was guided by McLaughlin in the Dwyers' red with blue sash, while W. Donohue, who has become so identified with Eole that you never expect to see Donohue without Eole or Eole without Donohue, was resplendent in Mr. Gebhard's red and gold spots. Iroquois, notwithstanding his defeat, was still the favorite, paired with Drake Carter; George Kinney was next favorite; then came Eole; and lastly Monitor. There was a curious incident before the race. Among all the great horses, Eole alone has, for some reason, been allowed to canter by the grand stand unapplauded. On this occasion there was a ripple of applause. "It's the first time," said an old racer to me, "I ever heard him clapped. He's been shabbily treated. All he needs to show up brilliantly in a race is a little encouragement."

The horses galloped to the post, and the starter raised his red flag. As the race will always stand out prominently among American sporting events, it is worth describing. To follow the description it is necessary to know the general lay of the track. It forms an ellipse covering a mile in distance. A mile race begins at the grand stand. From there the horses run on a straight stretch for about a furlong, then they go around the turn to the quarter-mile post, then straight down the back stretch to the half-mile post, near which there is another turn, known as the lower turn, which brings them to the three-quarter-mile post, whence there is a straight stretch home. The race in question, being at a mile and a half, began at the half-mile post, went down the lower turn, past the three-quarter-mile post, over the stretch, past the stand, to the turn, around the turn, past the quarter-mile post, down the back stretch, past the half-mile post, down the lower turn again, past the three-quarter-mile post again, and home to the grand stand.

As the horses gathered at the post the crowd held its breath with excitement. There was one break away, and then the starter's flag fell. They were off. Eole had sprung away first, with George Kinney second, Monitor third, Iroquois fourth, and Drake Carter fifth. It seemed Mr. Lorillard's policy to tire out Iroquois's most dangerous rival, for when Monitor took the lead as they sped around the lower turn, Drake Carter captured second place with a rush, running only a short length behind the leader. Before the three-quarter-mile post was reached there was a desperate struggle for the lead between Monitor and Drake Carter, who ran neck and neck with the veteran down the stretch, and dropped him before the grand stand. At the same time George Kinney passed Monitor and captured second place, Monitor running a close third, Eole fourth, and Iroquois in the rear. They went around the turn and past the quarter-mile post in the same order. Down the back stretch Drake Carter still set the pace. As he neared the half-mile post he drew, with a tremendous burst of speed, two lengths away from George Kinney. Then he began to fall back. Now or never seemed the time for Iroquois to come forward. But to all appearances he was hopelessly in the rear, beaten unless equal to a miraculous burst of speed at the finish. Kinney was sailing along in front, Drake Carter was still falling back, and Eole had glided past Monitor into third place. They came around the lower turn in this order. Then at the three-quarter-mile post Drake Carter, game to the very end, seeing that Iroquois was not coming forward, made one last supreme effort to head George Kinney, but the latter entered the home-stretch leader by a quarter of a length.

And now, as the vast crowd was carried to its feet by excitement, the son of Eolus and War Song began to show the metal of his sire. Billy Donohue's red and gold spots were seen shimmering through the dust of Kinney and Carter, and a moment later the dust from Eole flew back to them. It looked as if he had come to the front with one buoyant, elastic bound. You could hear the whips whacking on Kinney and Carter, but Eole was dashing home. A moment more and he had crossed the wire, winner of the greatest race of this and many seasons. He had received before the race what the old turfman said he needed—"a little encouragement."

Mr. Pierre Lorillard was bitterly disappointed at Iroquois' poor performance. But while this horse may have lost in popularity by his defeat, Mr. Lorillard is still the most popular man on the turf. The public knows that through his efforts and those of a few others horse-racing has been lifted from a scheme for gulling and skinning the public to a gentleman-like sport. The defeat, by-the-way, was a vindication for Feakes, for it showed that the horse was beaten on his own merits, not by poor riding.

Having shown his speed at Monmouth, Eole showed both speed and staying power in the more recent three-mile race on the Sheepshead Bay course. In this race he defeated Mr. G. L. Lorillard's Aella and Mr. McElmeel's General Monroe, who had won a similar race at Saratoga. Aella set a fast pace for the first two and a half miles, and then Eole closed on her. At the same time General Monroe came forward with a rush, and there was a grand struggle between him and Eole. But just as Billy Donohue was getting ready to whip, the General swerved from fatigue. From this point Eole bounded away from him, winning, without whipping, in 5.27. The time is very fast, considering that Eole carried one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The distance has been made in less time, but not under such heavy weight. Moreover, Eole was perfectly fresh at the finish.

This strong, stout, steady horse is a grandson of Leamington. In *Krik's Standard Guide* his record shows that he did not run at all as a two-year-old. Since he was bought by Messrs. Gebhard and Hunter, who raced as the Pelham Stables, and especially since the former has been sole owner, he has often been on the track. Until this year, when he went into the hands of Snedeker as trainer, whose first rider is Donohue, he was ridden by Barber. So far this year he has won the Coney Island Cup, the Hurrah Cup, the Navesink Handicap, and the Freehold Stakes, besides the two races described. He is five years old, and in every way worthy of his sire and grandsire, Eolus and Leamington.

But while this season of racing will be memorable chiefly for Eole's brilliant victories, there were some fine contests in the minor events. Besides the horses mentioned, Mr. G. L. Lorillard's Volusia and Thackeray, Mr. Withers's Kinglike, and the Dwyers' Wandering and Ecuador carried off honors in the flat races, and that fine jumper Jim McGowan justified the sobriquet of the "Pride of Brighton" in the steeple-chases.

I wish one feature could be eliminated from racing—betting on the part of women. I have seen women watching contests with the flush of the gambler on their cheeks. They usually begin by backing horses because they like the colors of the jockeys. I am afraid the famous orange and blue is often responsible for the first false step.

G. K.

MAMMA'S MAMMA.

MISS GRACIA MALICENT DAVENANT was the centre of an admiring circle at Mrs. Broughton's garden party, as indeed she always was wherever she went. For an exceedingly pretty and attractive girl was Gracia Melicent. Her complexion was as transparently fair as the whitest of morning-glories, and she had a way of flushing when enthusiastic about anything, which was at least once in every five minutes, that straightway sent the morning-glories out of your head, and set you thinking of wild roses instead.

Then her eyes were a sort of beautiful green-blue, and they flashed and sparkled like emeralds one moment, and sapphires the next; and her hair was—well, that was a wonder indeed; old-gold in color, and rippling nearly to her little feet when unloosed, and crowning her shapely head, when "done up," with a diadem that many a princess would have given her really and truly crown for, albeit said crown were ever so thickly studded with jewels rich and rare. And her mouth was lovely, though she was wont to open it a little too widely when she laughed; and her chin had an adorable dimple in it; and she was moderately tall and very well formed; and she danced charmingly, and played the piano and harp in a like manner; and she had the cunningest burr in her speech.

Must have been perfection, you say. No; she fell short of that, for she had two defects—one personal and one mental (I wish I had no more), the personal being rather large hands; the mental, undue ancestral pride. The latter defect was the result of maternal influence and teaching, Mrs. Davenant being among the most particular of the residents—I mean the old residents—of the City of Brotherly Love, in regard to the ancestry of those who sought the honor of her acquaintance. She was a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, rather robust woman, a little too lady-like in her manners; that is, too closely observant of all petty society rules. Indeed, she gave to an outsider the idea that she was constantly on the watch lest she should infringe the least of them.

"Papa's great-grandfather," Gracia would say, flushing and dimpling, "was Governor of his native State for two terms, and his grandfather was a celebrated clergyman, and his father was a Judge of the Supreme Court, and they all married ladies from the first families in the land. But mamma's family date back to royalty; they are descended from kings and queens. Why, mamma's mamma still lives, surrounded by faithful retainers, in an old castle by the sea, in England. Mamma can not induce her to leave it. She looks upon republican America with aristocratic scorn. It is from her mamma gets her deep blue eyes and blue-black hair, and I my dimple. Some day, mamma says, we may go to see her; that is, if she can ever be brought to forgive the runaway match with papa (he was travelling through Europe when he met and fell in love with and married mamma, you know); and if I should be fortunate enough to please the fastidious old lady, she may give me the family jewels. I should like to go immensely. And—I suppose it is a dreadful thing for me to avow—I should like to stay there and live under a monarchy. I've always thought to live under a monarchy must be delightful, and no doubt my feeling on the subject, as well as the dimple in my chin, is all owing to mamma's mamma."

And in this way she was holding forth at the garden party, to the great gratification of the young ladies and gentlemen who surrounded her, with one exception. That one exception was William Merrill, a young farmer, and distant relation of Mrs. Broughton's, at whose father's farm Gracia had spent all her vacations from early childhood until early womanhood. And very happy vacations they had been, too, with the handsome young fellow, only two years her senior, always ready to do her bidding, and his many brothers and sisters and cousins equally ready to follow his lead. And to this farm, after she attained womanhood, Miss Davenant continued to come for a visit of a month or more every summer. "And I intend to come every summer as long as I live, if possible," she said to Mrs. Merrill, "for it is one of the dearest and pleasantest places in the world, and the Merrills are the kindest of people, and I never, *never* can forget them."

But in spite of her promise to his mother, she had told Will the day before the garden party that Lilac Farm should know her no more. And why? Because the poor youth had confessed his love for her (as though she hadn't known of it all along!—take my word for it, there's no one more artful in some things than an artless young girl), and had begged her to give him the faintest hope that at some time, however distant, she would become his wife.

"Will, I am astonished at you—I am, indeed," was her reply to his impassioned appeal, "knowing my sentiments as well as you do. Marry a farmer, and a farmer who don't even know who his great-grandfathers were, and whose grandfathers are market-gardeners! Good gracious! what would mamma's mamma say? Good-bye to the family jewels, for good, then. But pray don't take my refusal to heart"—observing the pained expression on his face. "You are rich, good-looking, clever, and a gentleman in all senses of the word but one (unfortunately, though, that is the very one that mamma and mamma's mamma insist upon), and there's many a girl, much nicer than I, who would be glad to be your wife. I like you ever so much myself, and if I had not inherited this family pride so very strongly, might have liked you better. But there! it can't be, and I sha'n't come to the dear old farm again."

Poor Will! he resolved to leave Broughton Villa that night—but didn't. Then he started to go in the morning, but turned back before he reached the outer gate. And the afternoon found him still lingering and lingering near the fair aristocrat who had wrought his woe. But when again she began to speak, with a proud toss of her golden head, of her distinguished ancestors, he made another attempt to break his chains; and striding wrathfully from the spot, he very nearly tumbled over a little old woman who was coming along, taking high steps as though she had been accustomed to walking over planted fields, and leading, of all things in the world in this place, by a stout cord, a small white pig.

"Sure, sorr," said she, stopping and dropping a courtesy, "could ye be after tellin' me where I could be afther findin' wan Gracey Dayvannut? I've something for that same gurril from the ould counthry, an' they tell me she's hereabouts, sorr."

"A messenger from mamma's mamma—one of the old retainers, confound them!" said Will to himself. And then he said, aloud, "Follow me, and I'll take you to the young lady."

So back he turned, not at all loath to do so, notwithstanding his determination of a few minutes before, and, followed by the little old woman (who wore, by-the-bye, a white cap with a huge frill, a brown woollen petticoat, and a short red woollen cloak) leading the small white pig, he once more sought the place where Miss Davenant was holding court. "That is the young lady," he said, pointing her out to the little old woman.

"The blissid Mary!" exclaimed that personage. "Sure an' she's the rale beauty!"—at the same time, in her excitement, giving the cord she held in her hand such a jerk that the animal at the other end of it uttered a loud remonstrant squeal, which caused every head to be turned toward the new-comer, and every face to assume an expression of amused surprise.

The little old woman forced her way through the crowd of beaux and belles, dropping courtesies right and left as she went, dragging after her the reluctant, squealing pig, until she stood directly before the proud and lovely Gracia Melicent.

"The Lord love yer purty face!" she said. "Sure it's well worth comin' all the way from ould Oireland to see. An' that same have I done, me darlint, though not a wurrid, but a few pounds now an' thin, have I got from me own daughter since she ran away wid the Yankee. But I heard of ye, me dear, from your ould nurse, Rosey McGill —she that came home to die five years ago—an' I was daytarmined to look upon ye before Death, the ould villain, summoned *me* wid." Aha, Kitty O'Brien, it's meself that's afther ye!" So I sowld me bit of a house an' me three foine cows, an' all me possessions barrin' a ryal prisint I saved for ye, Gracey me darlint, and brought along over the say wid me—whisht! be still, ye squ'alin thafe of the worruld—an' here he is, a jewel of a pig, the loike of which can't be found in all Amerikay, me darlint? Phy But phy don't ye shpake to me, darlint? Phy do ye sit there as dumb as Biddy Kinnedy's corpse did ye sit there as dumb as Biddy Kinnedy's corpse sivin days dead? Haven't ye a wurrid of wilcome for your own mamma's mamma?"

With a wild shout of laughter the courtiers fled—forgive them; they could not have helped it to have saved their lives—and as the last of them disappeared, the poor princess descended from her throne. "I [illegible]

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Will. "I couldn't bear to meet one of these people again. Will you help me—us" (glancing at the little old woman)—"to get away?"

"Of course I will," answered the manly young fellow. "And come back to the old homestead, Gracia. Do, my dear. Father and mother and all the sisters and brothers and cousins will be delighted to see you and your mamma's mamma and"—and this was the only revenge he ever took for her past flouting—"the family jewel."

She went, and she staid.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE CAPITAL OF DAKOTA.

THE energetic and ambitious citizens of Bismarck, Dakota, were fortunate in securing the Northern Pacific Railroad excursion party at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Capitol. There has been a long struggle between the people of Northern Dakota and those in the southern portion of the Territory for the honor of the capital. Bismarck has finally been agreed upon as the seat of government, and the corner-stone of the edifice was laid September 5, on the arrival of the trains conveying the railroad excursion across the continent. Bismarck was all alive with excitement and enthusiasm. The slender resources of the frontier community were exhausted to furnish forth a pageant befitting the great event. A procession was organized, and, with music and banners, the local dignitaries marshalled the party to a high bluff about a mile and a half from the town, and overlooking the valley of the Missouri, on which the new Capitol is to stand. A rough scaffolding served as a platform for the orators and chief men of the occasion. All around were grouped cowboys, citizens, frontiersmen, visitors from afar, and natives of the soil.

The closeness with which modern civilization jostles barbarism on the frontiers of the republic was illustrated at the Bismarck celebration by the picturesque intermingling of the American aborigines with representatives of the various cities of the Union and of Europe. There were Sioux from the Standing Rock Agency, sixty miles south of Bismarck, among the spectators of the ceremony, in which participated General GRANT, ex-Secretary EVARTS, Mr. HENRY VILLARD, Secretary TELLER, and notables from England, Germany, and France. No less a person than the eminent Sioux chief SITTING BULL looked upon the motley gathering. Other famous chiefs in the party were FLYING BY, CROW EAGLE, LONG DOG, TWO BEARS, and GRAY EAGLE. It is not long since these chieftains claimed for their people the vast valley of the Missouri, and they only retreated before the advance of the white man with his civilization when overpowered by numbers and superior weapons of war. Now the capital of Dakota dominates the region, and very soon a noble building will rise on the bluff above the town—a conspicuous landmark for many miles around. The shrill call of the railroad whistle, the clatter of trains, and the whir of manufacturing industry will dispel forever the primeval silence of the land of the Dakotas.

THE BOSTON INDUSTRIAL FAIR.

NORTH CAROLINA EXHIBIT.

THE exhibit which is sure first to attract the notice of the visitor to the main floor of the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute Fair in Boston is that of the State of North Carolina. Not only does it hold the place of honor—the centre of the large expanse—but its extent, variety, and completeness in many departments make it most impressive and instructive. The statement in the old histories that "the chief products of North Carolina are tar, pitch, and turpentine" is controverted by the actual evidence which is given in this exhibit of other products and other industries far outweighing in importance the historical "tar, pitch, and turpentine," though there is also tangible evidence that the resinous pine yields a handsome percentage of the annual income of the State in a display which is made of the various steps in the turpentine industry—the scarified and resin-coated tree trunks, the axe, scraper, and dippers used in collecting it, the turpentine still and its accessories, and the various products thereof ready for market. This portion of the exhibit occupies one corner only of the portion of area devoted to the forestry department, one of the three grand divisions of the North Carolina exhibit, the others being the mineral and the agricultural departments. The turpentine still is appropriately flanked on either hand by bales of "pine hair"—a nicely curled and elastic fibre for filling mattresses, cushions, and other upholstery, made from the long needles of the Southern pine, and retaining all its aromatic fragrance—and by smoothed and varnished specimens of the woods of the field, the curly and other varieties of pine. It is perhaps in this very department of forestry that one is most impressed with the resources of the State. In many other collections may be found equally fine specimens of ores, of building stones, and of precious metals and minerals. Some of the Western States can show corn, wheat, and oats to cast the North Carolina products in the shade, but where else will one see a sassafras log nearly a foot and a half in diameter, a white-oak section nearly six feet in diameter, which grew seventeen feet above the ground, or a sumac trunk six inches in diameter, or a poplar almost thirty feet in circumference? For building and other purely industrial purposes there are the white, the red, the black, and the water oaks, the several varieties of hickory, the gums, yellow, cotton, sweet, tupelo, etc., red cedar, chestnut, maple of various species, black walnut, and others. For special purposes there are the persimmon and the dogwood, used for making shuttles, the locust for ships' tree-nails, the holly for wood-carvings and veneers, and so on through a long chapter. As in all other sections of this display, the forestry exhibit shows systematic arrangement and nicety of classification, and each variety of wood is exhibited in both its natural growth, and polished or varnished to display its grain and its adaptability to decorative uses.

The agricultural division occupies the centre of the area allotted to North Carolina, and is grouped about a pagoda formed of the cereal plants most cultivated, which towers above the array of cases, and stands like a light-house, being illuminated at night by electric lights. About its base sheaves of wheat, of oats, and of barley in the ear mask inclosed receptacles for the threshed and winnowed grain; above, pillars of cereal stalks seem to uphold the canopy, thatched with alternate bands of wheat, oats, rye, and barley, capped with an upright sheaf. Among the noteworthy features of this department those of cotton and its various products, tobacco, leaf and export, wine and wine products, and dried fruits, will naturally attract the eye by their prominence. The cotton exhibit is quite extensive, comprising the cotton on the stalk and in the boll, bales, fleecy rolls, warps, threads, hosiery, plaids, and other manufactured goods, and cotton seed in all the stages of its evolution from the gin to the refined oil and the stock-fattening cake. Near by, as a collateral branch of industry, are shown cocoons, floss silk, and yarns, from Raleigh, where the culture and manufacture of silk is a young but promising and growing form of employment for women. Several large cases are devoted to the finest specimens of golden-leaf tobacco, for which the State is famous the world over, and more ordinary varieties, in leaf or packed for export, are displayed on long counters at either side. Much of this tobacco is of the rich golden hue bespeaking high cultivation and the perfection of curing, and would sell on the auction floor for $1 50 per pound. The wine display is made upon a pyramidal stand near the tobacco cases, and comprises muscatel, scuppernong, mish, claret, Virginia seedling, and other wines, all from native or seedling grapes, and several species of wine products, as brandy, cordials, and liqueurs. The scuppernong is, perhaps, the most characteristic and distinctly local of the wines, being produced from the native grapes of the same name, of which Sir WALTER RALEIGH'S lieutenants sent home such glowing reports from Roanoke Island. It is made in both sweet and dry varieties, and its peculiar bouquet and flavor, in a degree resembling that of well-ripened apple-jack, is particularly grateful to the native North Carolinian palate. To the casual and uneducated taste, however, the sherets and the muscatel seem the best of the wines.

Dried fruits are displayed in such profusion as to warrant the statement that their preparation forms one of the prominent industries of the State. Apples, peaches, pears, raspberries, strawberries, and cherries are the chief features, and their quality is excellent. Another somewhat peculiar product of the State, and the material for a novel industry, is illustrated by the display of herbs. The western or mountain section of the State supplies in profusion medicinal plants, roots, and barks, and the people are greatly addicted to collecting them as a source of income. Ginseng from this region is even shipped in large quantities to China, and in that portion of the commonwealth the trade in herbs is one of the most extensive branches of business. Rice, one of the largely produced grains, is shown close at hand, in all the various stages of stalk, rough grain, hulled, cleaned, and polished rice, and the collateral products rice flour and rice polish, the two last-named being the finely ground hull and inner skin inclosing the kernel. North Carolina bacon, the local "goober," known at the North as the pea-nut, and exhibits of the marls, so valuable to farming lands and so plentifully supplied, phosphates, and other fertilizers, the products of a home company, all add to the variety and attractiveness of this department.

But it is the department of minerals which exhibits the greatest variety and the most complete detail. It embraces specimens of the geological wealth of the State, ranging from granite to diamonds, and from iron ore to pure gold. The display of building stones, which may be considered, perhaps, the most purely utilitarian section, is very extensive. There are granites, white, gray, and black, from the Greensborough and Salisbury granite belt; and alongside them, as in the quarries it is found side by side with them, are blocks of red syenite which might be taken for sections of an Egyptian obelisk. The white granite is of texture resembling that from Concord, New Hampshire; and the new post-office at Raleigh, costing several hundreds of thousands of dollars, is built from it. A handsomely mottled green granite is shown from Rockingham, Richmond County, which is unique, as is also a peculiarly marked stone for which no name has yet been found, the matrix of which is quartz and feldspar, and the nodules or concoctions, which stuff it like a pudding with plums, are of augite. There is also another oddly colored stone, known as leopardite, which is a quartzite mottled with stains of manganese, giving it quite the appearance of the animal which the Scripture credits with inability to change its spots, and from which this stone is named. There are beautiful marbles from the banks of the river Nantalalah, or "river of the noonday sun," as the aborigines poetically named it, in Macon County. These marbles exhibit almost every variety in hue, from pure white, through the gradations of flesh, pink, salmon, yellow, green, and slate, to black, and include mottled and striped specimens. Nearly all the stones in this department are from very near the surface of the ground, hardly a quarry worthy of the name having been opened.

Handsome specimens of serpentine and a very extensive display of mica, including some large sheets stained with oxide of manganese, showing the characteristic outline of the hexagonal crystallization, are also shown. There is a show of graphite, crude and prepared, from Raleigh, sufficient, apparently, to polish all the stove exhibits on the floor, manganese ore in great abundance, huge crystals of iron garnets, which are mined by the ton and ground up for polishing purposes, kaoli, barytes, asbestos, petrified wood, coquina or shell-stone, talc, slate, and soapstone of wonderful fineness and freedom from grit. There is an oddity in the way of a flexible sandstone, which actually bends in the fingers, and is said to be the true matrix of the diamond. Whether diamonds are actually found in it in the Old North State does not appear, but that diamonds and other gems equally precious are found there is shown in several neatly arranged show-cases. There are the famous Hiddenite, a lithia emerald, worth weight for weight the same as diamonds of the first water. Several specimens, cut and set, are shown, also several of the rough crystals, which are found in hornblende and iron matrices, and are in shape and size like hexagonal lead-pencils. There are beautiful yellow-green spodumene crystals, rough and cut, lovely clear sapphires and aquamarines; citrine and smoky topaz, blue beryls, precious garnets, rose rutile, or "flèche d'Amour," rutilated quartz, a perfect garnet crystal weighing eight and a half pounds, crystal quartz, a fragment of which, properly cut, might almost be taken for a steel-white diamond; tourmalines, quartz crystals of various forms, and a host of other specimens to delight the mineralogist or the lapidary.

In cases on the opposite side of the exhibit, and ranged along the aisle, are specimens of the products of North Carolina mines, long famous, and years ago very productive. The only coinage by a private person ever permitted by the United States government is believed to be the gold dollars and five-dollar pieces coined by C. Bechtler fifty years ago, when money was scarce and communication difficult with the mountaineers of North Carolina. Some samples of these coins are here displayed, as well as several handfuls of the nuggets and coarse gold from the placers, which Bechtler used to melt and stamp with his rude dies. There are also specimens of free gold in slate—a unique conjunction—free gold-bearing ores from the famous Gold Hill *mine*, now owned by an English company, in Rowan County, from the well known Dutch Creek mines, and indeed from scores of shafts, gulches, and placers all through the gold belt, which sweeps diagonally athwart the State, from northwest to southwest, traversing Granville, Franklin, Alamance, Chatham, Guilford, Randolph, Davidson, Rowan, Cabarrus, Montgomery, Moore, Mecklenburg, and Gaston counties. The ores range through all varieties, from the decomposed auriferous slates, which are easily reduced to fine powder in the fingers, to the refractory sulphurets and pyrites which abound in copper, and for reducing which several processes are being tried.

The copper ores are among the most numerous and interesting in this part of the exhibit. The various forms of chalcopyrite, chrysocolla, and cuprite occasionally found associated in one specimen; the gray coppers and the showy carbonates; the vitreous coppers of Davidson County, with their glassy fracture; the complex ores in which silver, gold, and copper are blended, and the copper ores carrying free gold, which yield handsomely under the stamp, and then are worked for copper—make up a very large and noteworthy display. The iron belt of the State is somewhat parallel to the auriferous section. It extends in the same general direction, and touches portions of Watauga, Mitchell, Yancey, Caswell, Guilford, and Lincoln counties. Here magnetic ores of great richness are found. Bog ore, or limonite, abounds in Cherokee County, whence railroad communication is soon to be open to the coal fields of Georgia. Hematite ores are also found in Gaston County, and limonites in Chatham County, close to the coal fields of North Carolina, which, so far as known at present, cover about forty-three square miles, with strata six feet in thickness. The coal and iron ores on exhibition here show excellent quality, and it is known that the mining of these valuable substances has hardly yet begun, so that far better things are hoped for in the future.

The North Carolina exhibit constantly attracts large numbers of visitors. The State authorities, with rare judgment and sagacity, placed the collection and exhibition of this display in the hands of gentlemen who not only gathered an extensive and valuable exhibit, but who had it complete and ready for the opening of the fair. Dr. CHARLES W. DABNEY, Jr., the State Chemist, and Major MONTFORD MCGEHEE, the Commissioner of Agriculture, are in charge; and Messrs. T. K. BRUNER, of the Salisbury *Watchman*, the mining journal of the State, and W. H. KERR, son of the State Geologist, courteously exhibit the display to all curious inquirers.

CANTON, CHINA.

CANTON, one of the largest trading ports in China, is ninety-six miles above Hong-Kong, on the Canton River (the proper name is Chonkeang), and has been the scene of two wars with Great Britain. The riot on the morning of the 10th inst. was only an exhibition of the turbulent spirit of the inhabitants and their hatred of foreigners, which is always latent, and liable to break forth whenever a pretext can be found. The war with Great Britain in 1839 commenced with a similar disturbance, all the foreign residents being made prisoners during a popular outbreak. At the close of this war China ceded Hong-Kong to Great Britain, and paid twenty-one million dollars, the treaty being signed on board H. B. M. ship *Cornwallis*, August 29, 1842. By this treaty the ports of Canton, Amoy, Fouchow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were declared open, and a similar treaty with the United States was signed at Wanghai, near Macao, July 3, 1844. From the close of the seventeenth century until 1834 the East India Company had enjoyed a monopoly of the Canton trade, but a flourishing commerce had existed with the Dutch and Portuguese for two hundred years prior to that time. According to the treaty of 1842, religious liberty was granted to all foreigners; but a dispute having arisen between the Protestants and Catholics as to which denomination should enjoy the privilege, an edict was issued in 1845 declaring that "all great Western powers are placed upon an equal footing; let them act well, and practice their religion, and China will in no way prohibit or impede their so doing." All the treaty ports were at once opened except Canton.

To settle this question, the following was an article of a convention signed by Sir JOHN DAVIS, and by KIYING on the part of the Chinese: "The Emperor having stated that residence in Canton shall be allowed, and the local authorities being unable to coerce the people, the execution of the above is postponed to a more favorable period." A place outside the walls was selected as a trading post (Canton factories). On the 8th of July, 1846, the factories were assailed by a mob, and the following spring a party of foreigners was attacked. As a sequel, the naval forces were moved up to Canton, dismantling the forts at Bocca Tigris (the mouth of the Canton River). In December, 1847, a massacre of foreigners near Canton took place, and after two years, the time specified in a treaty in 1847, Canton still remained closed. Admiral SEYMOUR bombarded the place in 1857, and all the storehouses were again destroyed. Since the treaty of that year Canton has been an open port.

Along the river-front of Canton are moored an immense number of small boats, in which live 100,000 people, for the greater part very poor and ignorant, the boats their only worldly possessions, their livelihood obtained by begging and stealing. They are of the lowest class, always ready to seize an opportunity to pillage or murder, if it seems to them safe to do so. The streets are narrow and crooked, and the native houses low and built of wood. The population is stated at over a million, and a wall about six miles in length surrounds a portion of the city; but it has outgrown its original limits, and spreads out in all directions. In the city there are three pagodas; the oldest and most noted was built B.C. 937, the date being known by the inscriptions, which indicate the dynasty in which it was commenced. It is of earlier date than the great wall, and is the oldest structure known in China. At the outskirts of the city is the great temple of the five hundred gods, with its gateway, in a tolerable state of preservation, besides many smaller temples, dedicated to the god of mercy, god of the winds, and many others.

The riot seems to indicate a renewal of hostilities with the outside barbarians—a measure always popular with the people, especially those distant from the coast.

MARTIN LUTHER.

ALTHOUGH the anniversary of the birth of the great German Reformer does not occur until the 10th of November, the people of Wittenberg held on the 12th inst. a celebration of their own in advance of the official commemoration. The city was profusely decorated with flags, banners, and mottoes. The Emperor WILLIAM had issued a cabinet order intrusting to the Crown Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM the duty of representing him at the festival. As the chief depositary of the government of the Church in his dominions, the Emperor expressed a feeling of warm interest in the celebration, in which evangelical faith obtains a full expression.

Splendid weather prevailed at Wittenberg throughout the day, and the commemoration was a great success. The doorway of the Augustine Monastery, says the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, was flanked by Venetian masks. Colossal busts of LUTHER and MELANCHTHON had been placed on the balcony of the Town-hall and on stands throughout the city. The Emperor's bust in front of the Town-hall was decorated with flowers. Portraits of LUTHER and mottoes from his sayings and writings were displayed in many windows. The number of visitors is estimated at fifty thousand. They came principally from Thuringia, SAXONY, and Brandenburg. Delegates from Hungary, Austria, and France also took part in the celebration.

On arriving at Wittenberg the Crown Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM, with Prince ALBRECHT, and Herr VON GOSSLER, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, drove direct to the Stadt-Kirche, and attended divine service. Over one thousand clergymen filled the church. After the reading of the liturgy, Superintendent-General SCHULTZ delivered the festival sermon, taking his text from St. Matthew, xxi. 42–43. The royal party then proceeded to the Schloss-Kirche, where the Crown Prince placed a splendid laurel wreath upon LUTHER'S grave. The party afterward inspected the archives in the Town-hall relating to the Reformation.

Meanwhile a long procession marched to LUTHER'S house, where the Crown Prince subsequently, in a large hall which served formerly as LUTHER'S lecture-room, declared Luther Hall open. In his address the Crown Prince said: "May this festival serve as a holy exhortation to uphold the great benefits of the Reformation, and to strengthen our resolution to be ready always to defend the evangelical creed, liberty of conscience, and religious toleration! May LUTHER'S anniversary help to strengthen the Protestant feeling, preserve the German Evangelical Church from dis-

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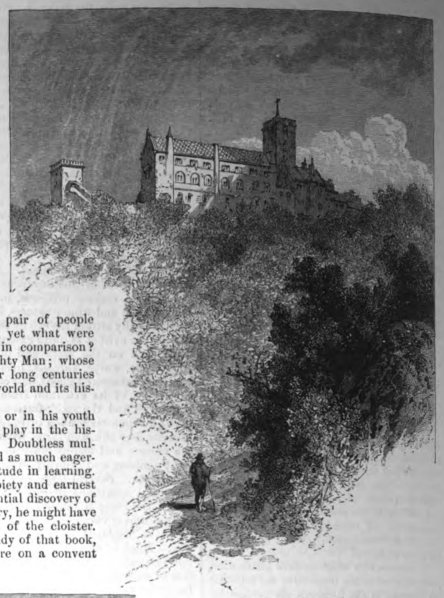
MARTIN LUTHER.

temporary. They had their epoch, and died with it. But MARTIN LUTHER began a revolution which has outlasted all dynasties, and which is to-day as active and beneficent as it was when it first broke the chains of Rome and set human thought at liberty. To all ages his name will stand as that of the great Liberator, to whose heroic mind the world owes the progress it has made in civilization, the freedom which is day by day enlarging its borders among the nations, the enlightenment which is fast dispersing the forces of ignorance and superstition. The whole world is his debtor. The England and America of to-day are what they are because of him. Well does CARLYLE, writing of his birth in the Saxon town of Eisleben, say of his parents: "In the whole world that day there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people than this Miner and his Wife. And yet what were all Emperors, Popes, and Potentates in comparison? There was born here, once more, a Mighty Man; whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man."

There was nothing in his boyhood or in his youth to indicate the mighty part he was to play in the history of the Church and of the world. Doubtless multitudes of his contemporaries displayed as much eagerness for knowledge and as much aptitude in learning. As a monk he was distinguished for piety and earnest studiousness; and but for the providential discovery of the old Latin Bible in the Erfurt library, he might have passed his life in the quiet seclusion of the cloister. But for what he learned from the study of that book, what he saw in Rome when sent there on a convent



THE WARTBURG.

union, and lay the foundation of an everlasting peace!" Lectures on the life and work of LUTHER were delivered in the afternoon, while the evening was devoted to banquets and festive gatherings.

The man in whose honor this vast and impressive celebration has taken place is undoubtedly the greatest figure in German history, beside whom all the kings and emperors who played their part in war or politics sink into insignificance. Their influence for good or evil was only

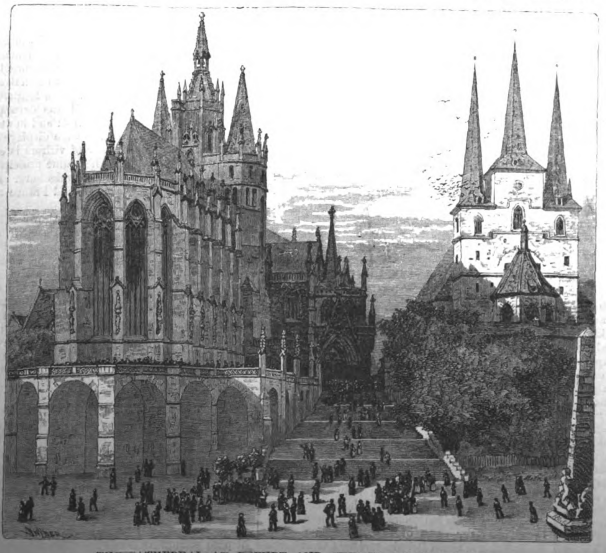
LUTHER'S HOUSE, EISENACH.

THE CATHEDRAL AT WORMS.

in the great crusade against a worse than pagan host of evil and superstition, was recognized the moment the time for action came. Men knew their leader, and hailed their liberator.

By Americans the name of LUTHER must always be pronounced with veneration, and held in the highest honor. No people on the globe have greater reason to

CATHARINE VON BORA.



THE CATHEDRAL AT ERFURT AND CHURCH OF ST. SERVIUS.

mission might not have so filled his mind with amazement and horror, and prepared him for the mighty conflict in which he

take an interest in the places connected with his life, and in the celebrations which are now taking place in Germany in commemoration of his birth. Thousands of tourists will this year visit the scenes made memorable by his life. The little town of Eisleben, where he was born; Wittenberg, where he burned the Pope's Bull; Worms, where he uttered those brave words which electrified the world; the Wartburg, where he lay secluded for a time,

LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE WARTBURG.

was soon to engage. Yet that he possessed a truly heroic soul, that he was the man for whom the world was waiting to lead

engaged in translating the Bible, and where he hurled his inkstand at the apparition of the Evil One, rising before him to forbid his work: these and many other places with which his name is connected will attract pilgrims, not drawn by curiosity merely, from the shores of the New World, where the civil and religious liberty which he gave to his native land has attained its highest and broadest development.

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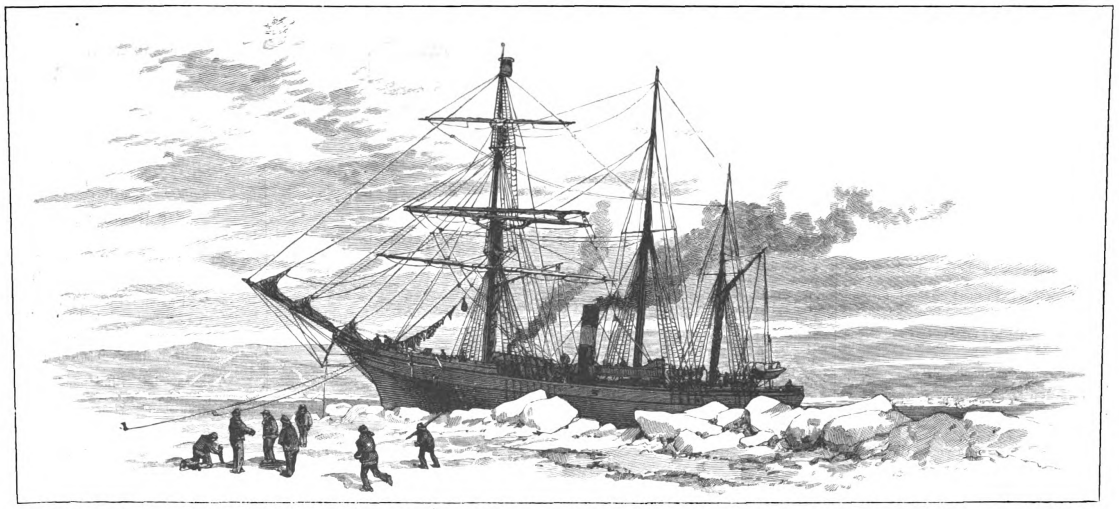


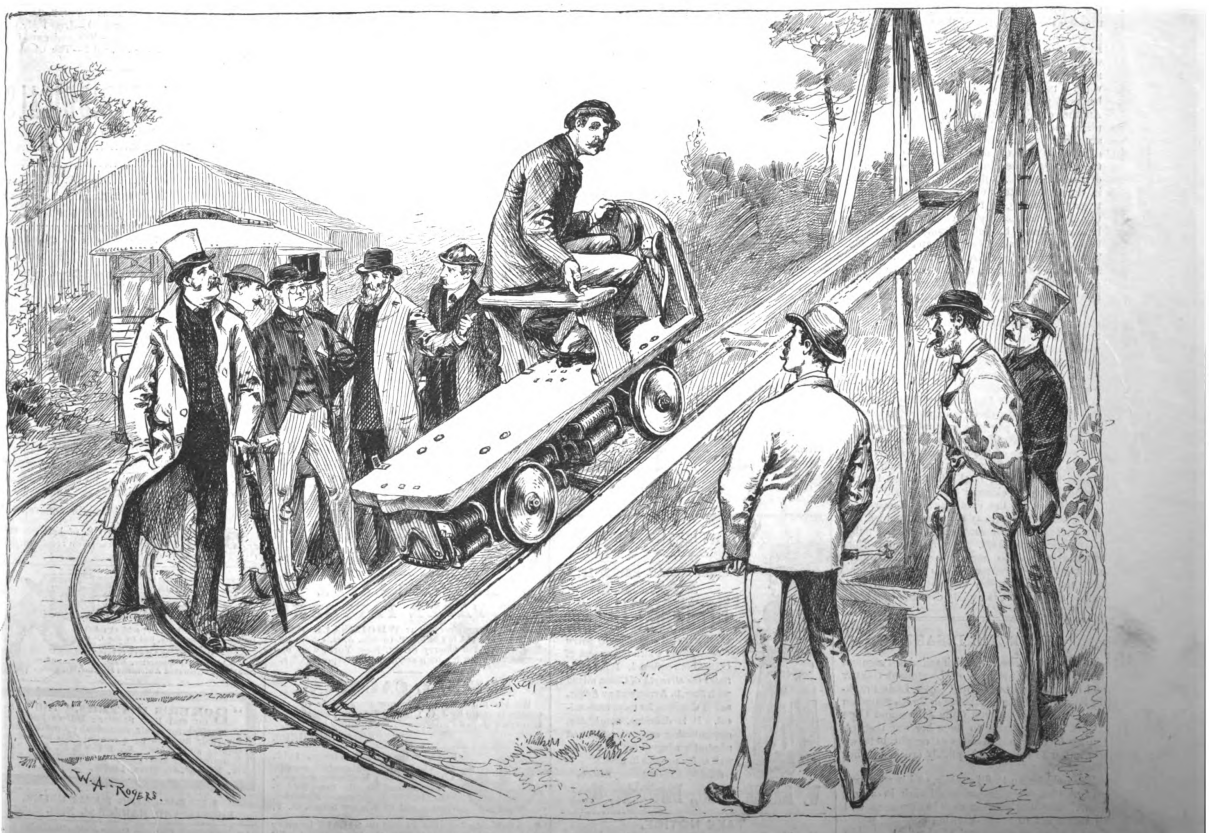
THE GREELY RELIEF STEAMER "PROTEUS," CRUSHED IN THE ICE IN SMITH SOUND, JULY 23.—[See Page 606.]

A NEW ELECTRIC MOTOR.

In the village of Greenville, New Jersey, is a modest brick factory in which are being solved some of the most difficult and momentous problems of the day. It is that of the Daft Electric Light Company, of which, as yet, little has been heard by the public, but whose experiments during the past two years have been regarded with the utmost interest by scientific and practical men. Although its name would seem to limit the objects of the company to the production of a superior illuminating agent, its real interests lie in the direction of the successful and economical application of electricity to motors, stationary or otherwise.

Previous experiments in this direction have been successful only up to a certain point, at which obstacles have been encountered that have hitherto been deemed insurmountable. The transmission of electric power over considerable distances from stationary engines has been successfully accomplished by a number of inventions, several of which only lack the perfecting of the transmitting and receiving machines and of their systems of insulation to become commercially valuable; but the safe transmission of power from a stationary to a moving motor is the problem which has presented most difficulties.

Although short lines of electric railways have been operated within the past year in this and other countries, and though one is at present on exhibition at the great Louisville Fair which, to a casual observer, seems to meet all necessary requirements, the expert electrician knows them all to be lacking in several qualities absolutely essential before they can be adapted to commercial use. Every practical system, including the one under consideration, has made use of the metal rails of the track as conductors of the electric power, and heretofore one serious obstacle to complete success has been the danger to human and animal life from contact with these electrified rails. Running through the yard of the Daft factory at Greenville is a quarter of a mile of track, upon which the electric motors built by this company are run and tested. Last week the company gave its first public exhibition, at which were present many prominent railroad men from remote sections of the country. They all appreciated the danger of contact with electrified metals, and, until after witnessing some interesting experiments, carefully avoided the track. They were first shown that these rails were charged with an electric current of sufficient energy to move several street cars loaded with passengers. Then the opposite rails were connected with copper wires, the other ends of which were placed upon the tongues, first of Mr. Daft himself, and then of several of the visitors who were willing to try the experiment. All who submitted to this test declared themselves unable to detect any trace of the presence of electricity. At the same time, when the exposed ends of the wire were brought into contact with each



AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY EXPERIMENT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

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other, a dazzling discharge of electricity followed their separation, and globules of molten copper fell in a fiery rain to the ground. This proved conclusively to those who witnessed the experiment that the current was capable of exerting a tremendous energy through a suitable medium, and its perfect harmlessness when opposed by the high external resistance of an organic body.

The second series of experiments demonstrated the ability of a Daft motor to overcome grades heretofore undreamed of as being among the possibilities of traction railway construction. The experiments consisted in running one of the light 450-pound motors up an inclined section of track representing a grade of two thousand feet to the mile. It did this repeatedly with ease and certainty, while bearing no extra weight except that of its engineer or driver. This feature of the exhibition is the one illustrated by our artist on page 605. The explanation of this wonderful feat lies in the fact that the great volume of electricity passing from the rails into the driving-wheel of the motor induces an unusual degree of friction between the two surfaces. This is so great that an electric motor of this pattern, having but a third of the weight of one operated by steam, will exert the same tractive force. The same motor on a level exerts a tractive force of 300 pounds, and will move with ease a weight of seven or eight tons over an ordinary track. When it is considered that the maximum "pull" of a steam locomotive is but one-fifth of its own weight, it will be seen that these results show an extraordinary advance in the direction of mechanical adhesion.

The "low tension" current employed in this system is also found to permit operations, under conditions involving absence of insulation, such as have never before been realized. The Greenville track is of ordinary rails, connected by fish-bars, laid upon ordinary cross ties, and these are bedded in earth as in ordinary railways. There has been no attempt at insulation, and yet the motors were run back and forth over it all last winter through snow and water that often completely submerged the rails.

In economy of fuel and weight the electric motor offers most appreciable advantages over its steam compeer. The ordinary steam locomotive consumes eight pounds of coal per horse-power per hour; while large compound stationary engines, such as furnish the power for this new system, consume but two pounds of coal per horse-power per hour. Thus a large margin is left for loss due to the correlation of force in transferring power to electricity, and electricity back to power, which loss is twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the total energy. The electric motor furthermore dispenses with a tender and its great bulk of water and fuel, and, owing to the increased friction already mentioned, will in itself attain the same results as the steam-driven machine of three times its weight.

From the stationary engine the electric fluid is conducted by positive and negative wires to the opposite rails of the track, and from them, through the iron wheels of the motor, to the simple machinery located directly beneath its floor. In front of the engine-driver is a round box from which projects a handle. By turning this handle in one direction the motor is moved forward, while a turn in the opposite direction stops and backs it with a readiness almost inconceivable. Another crank, which regulates the brakes, completes the list of visible machinery. The brakes are powerful magnets, which, upon the deflection of a small amount of the electric current into them, press closely upon the periphery of the driving-wheels. As the electric power can, even in the present stage of progress, be transmitted twenty-five miles, or twelve miles in each direction from the producing engine, over ordinary lines of railroad, but four stations or relays would be necessary between New York and Philadelphia. The new motor has already attained a speed of seventy miles an hour, and its inventor is confident that a speed of one hundred miles an hour is within the probabilities of the near future.

It is not necessary by this system that all trains should be run in the same direction on a single track. The motors can be made to move backward and forward at will, and two may be placed so that they touch, and at a signal instantly started in opposite directions, as was shown in last week's experiments.

At the Greenville factory, in addition to motors and electric lights, there is exhibited a saw-mill in which all the power is supplied by electricity, which passes through a mile of coiled wire. All the wood-sawing of the company has been done in this mill, and the neat little frame office that stands in their yard is the first house built of lumber sawed by electricity in the world.

At Greenville the cars of the Newark and Bloomfield horse railway are being fitted with the new motor, and will soon exhibit to the public its practical workings. Several steam railroad companies are also negotiating for its employment, and the inventor of this motor declares that the era of steam locomotives, with their smoke and cinders, is rapidly drawing to a close.

AN ARCTIC DISASTER.

THE steamer *Proteus*, which sailed last summer with stores for the relief of Lieutenant GREELY and his companions at Fort Conger, Lady Franklin Bay, was crushed in the ice in Smith Sound on the 23d of July, between Cape Sabine and Cape Albert. While trying to force her way through the ice to clear water, she was caught between two immense floes, which quickly crushed in her sides.

The hold began to fill rapidly, and it was soon evident that the steamer would sink in a few hours. The hatches were then broken open, and all hands set to work throwing clothing, provisions, and other stores out of the doomed ship upon the ice. The greater part of the cargo which was thus unloaded fell into the water and was lost, but enough was saved to insure the comfort of the party during their retreat southward, and also to make a not inconsiderable cache for the GREELY party should it be forced to make its own way southward. Lieutenant COLWELL also succeeded, and most fortunately, in saving three boats from the wreck.

One of the boats was quickly loaded with stores, and Lieutenant COLWELL, with four men, set out for the shore. The trip was made with great difficulty on account of the ice; but by perseverance and unsparing exertions he forced a passage through. Several successive trips were thus made, and a large quantity of clothing and provisions safely landed and placed in a cache, which was made as secure as possible. The spot was marked so as to be readily discovered by the party from Fort Conger.

The last trip was made on the 24th of July, and on the 25th, having done all in its power to carry out the design of the expedition, the party set out to cross Smith Sound, and, after a weary night amid the ice, landed safely on the morning of the 26th at a cove near Life-boat Cove.

The crew of the *Proteus* had gone on to Life-boat Cove in their own boats in advance of the smaller relief party, and now, on the safe landing of the latter on the east shore of the Sound, all started forward again for Pandora Harbor, which they reached on the following morning. The journey during the night was a most unpleasant one, a hard rain-storm raging nearly all the time. Thinking that either the *Yantic* or the Swedish steamer *Sophia* might be at Cape York, the party next directed its way thither. The coast was hugged as closely as possible all the way, the boats being too heavily laden to venture far from shore. Every night a landing was made for the sake of safety, and further delay was caused by several days of bad weather, during which it was impossible to make any progress.

After a perilous voyage Cape York was reached in safety, but there was no sign there of any vessel; and on the 16th of August the weary voyagers set out for Upernavik. Lieutenant COLWELL, with one boat, struck out boldly across Melville Bay, intending to keep on a direct course southward until he should find the *Yantic*. But Lieutenant GARLINGTON, with the other boats and the crew of the *Proteus*, chose the more circuitous but safer route along the shore. A heavy snow-storm set in on August 17, which was ridden out by the boats at anchor to the ice. The storm was severe, and many of the icebergs foundered, so that the party had to change its anchorage several times.

Upernavik was reached on August 24, and there the *Yantic* picked up the shipwrecked men, and carried them on to St. John's, Newfoundland, where they arrived on the 13th of September.

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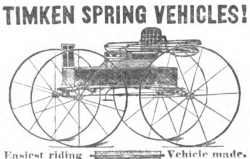

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Dr. TIBBITS, New Cavendish Street, London.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1397. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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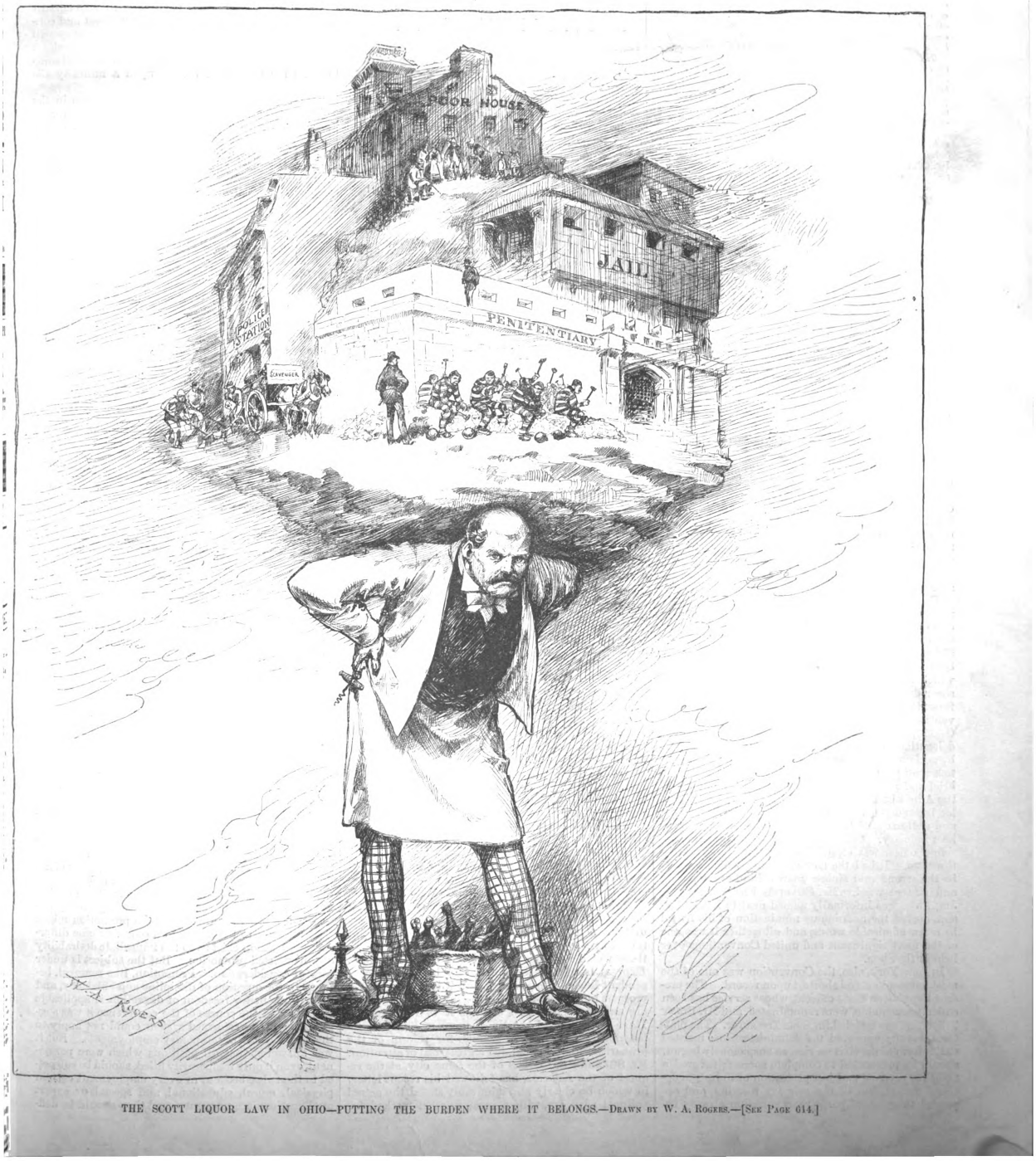

THE SCOTT LIQUOR LAW IN OHIO—PUTTING THE BURDEN WHERE IT BELONGS.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September 1*] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March 1, 1884, addressed "*ART COMPETITION, HARPER'S MAGAZINE*"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December, 1884; and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500; *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

THREE REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.

SINCE our last issue there have been three important Republican Conventions. The first was in New Jersey, where the bitter Democratic feud has given a fair chance, with good nominations, for Republican success. After a brilliant speech from the chairman, Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, the Convention nominated Judge DIXON for Governor by acclamation. It then adopted a platform of admirable brevity, heartily approving civil service reform, and demanding its introduction into all branches of the State government, favoring a protective tariff, and protesting against encroaching and oppressive monopolies, and then adjourned with cheerful confidence of success.

The Massachusetts and New York Conventions met upon the same day. In Massachusetts there is but one issue, "Butlerism," which is what "Democracy" has come to in that State. The word defines the issue distinctly as between patriotic and personal politics, between the honor and character and intelligence which have made Massachusetts what it is, and the sheer demagoguery known as Butlerism. The platform, the speeches, and the nominations of the Convention clearly affirmed and accepted this issue. Mr. GEORGE D. ROBINSON, the leader of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress, was nominated unanimously by acclamation as the representative of the anti-BUTLER sentiment, and he accepted the nomination in a brief and manly speech. The platform commended the Administration, declared for a purified civil service beyond the reach of party conflict, and for wise and well-matured laws to protect and develop American industry. Colonel CODMAN'S speech as the presiding officer was electric, and aroused immense enthusiasm. It had the true eloquence which consists in the strong and sincere man behind every strong and sincere word. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jun., who was informally named next to Mr. ROBINSON, moved the unanimous nomination of his friend in a few admirable words, and altogether it was one of the most significant and united Conventions ever held in the State.

In New York, also, the Convention was one of the most harmonious and shortest upon record. The present Republican State officers, whose service has been entirely acceptable, were renominated, and Mr. PLINY T. SEXTON was selected for State Treasurer. The platform warmly approved the Administration; insisted that reform of the civil service, so auspiciously begun, should be prosecuted to complete success; favored a tariff for revenue and just protection of industry; declared for reform of the primary meeting, and approved the plan of party reorganization already begun in New York; affirmed the free canal policy; denounced the tendency to create monopolies, and called for a national bureau of labor statistics. The new State Committee is strongly Stalwart. Its power of mischief, however, in the selection of delegates to the National Convention has been very much reduced by the adoption of the district system. A State Convention can not now, as heretofore, annul the choice of districts, and assume to bind the seventy votes of New York by an iron unit rule. The factional sympathy of the State Committee, therefore, is in itself of less importance than formerly. The action of the three Conventions is very significant and encouraging. They adopt the reform of the civil service as a fundamental Republican policy, and they thus make the party in the future what it has been in the past, the party of continued progress and reform. It was a good week's work, and has drawn the independent sentiment of the country to the side which never ought to permit itself to forfeit independent confidence and support.

AT BUFFALO.

Now that the Republican Convention has been held, political interest in the State turns to the Democratic Convention, which meets at Buffalo on the 27th inst. The Democratic State Committee has decided that the County Democracy is the only "regular organization" in the city of New York, but Tammany Hall, and Irving Hall, a tender of Tammany, laugh defiance, and there will be apparently three delegations from the city. It is generally understood that the Convention will disregard the action of the Committee, and admit the three delegations, or an equal proportion of them, because it will not dare not to admit them. This will be the recognition by the highest party authority of the "regularity" of bolting.

From the point of view of party "regularity," Tammany Hall is an organized bolt. It is the supreme power in the Democratic party, and its political character and morality are the exact measure of those of "the Democracy." Tammany Hall is also an absolute despotism. Its action is determined wholly by the will of Mr. JOHN KELLY, who is by far the most important political potentate in the country. In actual authority Mr. TILDEN is a feeble pretender by the side of Mr. KELLY. JOHN KELLY will do next year what TWEED was overthrown as he was preparing to do a few years ago. He will nominate the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He holds in his single hand the unity of the Democratic vote in New York, and if his will should be thwarted, he would destroy the possibility of Democratic success. Mr. BAYARD, Mr. PENDLETON, all the more respectable Democratic leaders, will dance to JOHN KELLY'S music, and perform his will. Democratic papers busily blow the trumpet of this or that small-potato candidate. By-and-by they will receive orders from JOHN KELLY, and pipe accordingly.

This situation is called harmony in the Democratic party, and so far as the action of the party is concerned it is undoubtedly harmony. So long as the will of Mr. KELLY is accepted as the supreme party law a solid Democratic vote in the State is assured. The question at the polls this year, therefore, will be that of a choice between JOHN KELLY and the Republican party. Governor CLEVELAND, indeed, has not been a follower of Tammany. But the Governor is not a favorite in his party, and in the *Sun's* list of possible Presidential candidates he is not even mentioned. Governor CLEVELAND as a public officer has little in common with his party. If he had, if he were a fair representative of the Democratic party, its chances would be deservedly very much more promising than they are. It is Mr. KELLY and Tammany Hall that really represent the Democratic spirit and methods. So much reform and economy and honest politics as they favor may be expected from Democratic success, and no more. If the party wished to nominate for the Presidency the most powerful and typical Democrat in the country, whose favor is indispensable to the possibility of its success, it would nominate JOHN KELLY.

REGULATING THE PRIMARIES.

THERE is no pleasanter sign of the times than the general interest in the improvement of political methods. It shows itself not only in hostility to the prostitution of the civil service as mere party spoils, but in suspicion of the caucus, and in the demand for regulation of primary elections. Upon this last point there have been no more valuable suggestions than those which have come from Buffalo. The Buffalo *Express* is one of the ablest and boldest of independent Republican journals, and it is published and prospers in a community whose sound political thinking and sturdy political courage it well represents. Three or four years ago Mr. LARNED of Buffalo published in the *Express* a scheme for reform of the primaries which commanded a great deal of attention. Mr. SHERMAN S. ROGERS of the same city, at the request of the *Express*, has followed his recent letter, in which he clearly and admirably stated the actual political situation, with a brief detailed method for the same purpose; and Mr. HENRY A. RICHMOND, also of Buffalo, and one of the State Civil Service Commissioners, has offered a reward of fifty dollars in each case for evidence which will lead to the conviction of fraudulent voters at the primaries under the new law.

Mr. RICHMOND restricts his offer to the Democratic primaries in the Tenth Ward of Buffalo during the present year. This, we presume, is because he is a Democrat living in that ward, and he undoubtedly believes that the money is well spent which properly secures the observance of good laws. The knowledge that it is made the pecuniary interest of every man at the polls to see that the laws for honest voting are enforced will certainly tend to diminish dishonest voting. Mr. ROGERS, in his scheme, touches the mainspring of reform in the primaries when he says that the primary election must be brought into the daylight. This is the truth in a phrase. Under a system of government by party the primary is the important election. It is that which decides every other step, and usually determines the final result at the polls. It is, indeed, possible for party men to vote against their party. But however they may regret and condemn the preliminary action of their party, they will at the last generally hold that in a choice of evils it is better to stick to the party. This necessarily discredits the party, and throws upon a minority the duty of bolting.

Mr. ROGERS would have but two caucuses in the year, one for the State Convention, the other for local conventions to be held in every district in the State upon the same day, and as many primaries as there are polling places. They should be open from sunrise to sunset, and the voting should be from poll lists made at every general election by asking the voter as he withdraws if he wishes to be registered as a Republican or a Democrat. This would be a public record of his party preference, with that of his name and residence, and without any kind of pledge or inquisition. If the parties in convention seriously propose such a scheme, it will be easy enough to procure the necessary legislation, and Mr. ROGERS wisely adds that the only way to determine whether the people would come out to such primaries is to give them the opportunity. The experiment is certainly worth trying. Even the slight increase in the vote at the late Republican primaries in the city of New York, under the circumstances, is hopeful, and a general vote might be fairly expected under a thorough and well-considered system. We shall be much surprised if some vigorous and radical action upon the subject is not taken. It would not be difficult under Mr. RICHMOND'S plan to obtain a guarantee fund to pay for the conviction of violators of the present law; the necessary rewards and the same spirit would secure a thorough regulation of the primaries.

REFORM IN THE MUNICIPAL SERVICE.

THERE have been many encouraging political events during the last year, but none more significant than the fact that a Democratic Mayor of New York, surrounded by his principal assistants, and in the presence of the State Commission, has deliberately pronounced for civil service reform. His power is limited. His chief officers probably do not sympathize with him. The difficulties are many. But there is no reason to doubt Mayor EDSON'S sincerity in saying that he should adopt the reform methods so far as practicable, and that point he will determine upon consultation with the Commission. Nowhere are the abuses at which reform is aimed more flagrant than in the municipal service, and they are even more repulsive in the Department of Charities and Correction than elsewhere. This was pointedly stated by Mr. JAY, President of the State Commission, in the interview with the Mayor. In view of the importance of this interview, the reports in the newspapers were singularly meagre. It was plainly of great benefit in clearing the minds of the municipal officers of much confusion in regard to reform. They had probably not studied the bill, and were not accurately informed of the actual principles and purposes of the movement.

They learned, doubtless with surprise, that in the view of the Commission—and their view represents that of the great body of reformers—the power of removal may be left unrestricted, and the safeguards of reform be most wisely applied to the method of original appointment. So, also, the view was probably unexpected that in a reformed system promotion might wisely be left to the head of an office. Some differences of opinion exist as to the immediate desirability of unrestricted promotion. But the subject is under careful consideration. Promotion, like removal, belongs to the question of discipline and efficiency, and the argument for freedom of discretion is applicable to both. In the course of the conference it was suggested that the reformed system could not apply to the vast number of temporary employments. But it was answered that all positions which were permanent, even if only temporarily filled, should be subjected to the rules, because in every employment certain physical, moral, educational, and special or expert qualifications are necessary, and they should be deli-

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nitely ascertained in a satisfactory manner. This statement was especially timely and cogent, as those temporary appointments are the very ones which are peculiarly abused for political purposes.

Objections were also made to grading the positions in certain departments, and there was the usual disposition upon the part of some of the gentlemen to hold that the absolute discretion of the chief officer is all the reform that is needed. This is a familiar view, and the only difficulty with it is that it is the very one which the country has decided not to tolerate any longer. But as Mayor EDSON announced that he should do all in his power to inaugurate the reformed system, as Mayor LOW, of Brooklyn, has already matured a practical scheme, and as Mayor PARSONS, of Rochester, has appointed an interview with the State Commission on the 4th of October, we may justly expect to see a beginning of municipal reform from which the best results may be anticipated.

RECENT SLAUGHTER OF TRAVELLERS.

THE late collisions upon the Long Island Railroad and the explosion upon the steamer *Riverdale*, with the consequent loss of life, have drawn public attention to the wanton slaughter of human beings which is constantly occurring in and around the city. There have been frightful catastrophes both upon railroads and steamers around the city within the last six years produced by the merest negligence. Yet we believe not a single person has been punished. The companies may have paid some damages, which, of course, they did not feel. But nobody has been made to smart, and the law, or the enforcement of law, has done nothing whatever to insure greater security by warning the employés of every kind that they will be held personally and certainly responsible.

Nothing could be more culpable than the conduct of the inspector of the boiler of the *Riverdale*, and, according to the evidence, nobody could be worthier of exemplary punishment. The waters about the city swarm at all hours with steamers, large and small, carrying thousands of passengers. Their only guarantee of safety is an inspector's certificate. But here was a steamer whose boiler was so corroded upon the inside that a knife-blade was readily thrust through a piece of iron which was originally an inch and a quarter thick. The boiler exploded, killing and maiming the passengers who had seen the certificate of the good condition of the boilers, and upon inquiry the inspector states that he did not know that the boiler was corroded upon the inside because he had never examined the inside. Yet he certified that it was in good order. There could hardly be a more criminal betrayal of an important public trust, and if such an offender can not be punished, a certificate of safety is worse than nothing.

Upon the Long Island Railroad one train ran into another with the usual murderous consequences, and it is blandly announced by the railroad authorities that the air-brakes were out of order. But as air-brakes are often out of order, and are very liable to be out of order, when the question is asked where were the brakemen to put down the brakes in case of necessity, it appears that there were two brakemen upon a train of seven passenger-cars, and they were employed rather to assist passengers than to control the cars. So a train comes dashing into the station at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, the air-brakes prove to be out of order, the two brakemen are practically useless, and a frightful collision follows. Whoever is responsible for regulating the running of the cars and for manning the train, or for both, whether president, or directors, or superintendent, or conductor, or engineer, is responsible for the catastrophe; and if there be no possibility of personal punishment, the travellers upon that road may expect another catastrophe at any moment. A more outrageous and inexcusable slaughter never took place than that of Spuyten Duyvil two years ago. If the conductor, or the brakeman, or whoever it may have been who was plainly responsible for that event, had been criminally punished, there would have been fewer similar massacres since that awful night.

LIEUTENANT GREELY AND HIS MEN.

THE loss of the *Proteus* and the peril of Lieutenant GREELY and his companions have produced the outcry that follows every arctic disaster, and the demand that governments shall no longer authorize expeditions for polar observation and discovery. But no catastrophe in the frozen seas ever daunts the spirit that is resolved to penetrate the secret of the pole. Lieutenant DANENHOWER, who has himself been a victim of the search, says that plenty of men have already offered to join an expedition to undertake what the *Proteus* failed to do.

Lieutenant GREELY, also, is not leading an expedition of mere adventure. He is taking part in a concerted series of scientific observations, the general nature and purpose of which were recently clearly stated in an interview by Judge DALY, the president of the American Geographical Society. The observations, indeed, did not require so advanced a position and one of such perilous approach as that upon Lady Franklin Bay, which was allotted to Lieutenant GREELY. But he is not to be regarded as an individual explorer, although, if he were, an effort for his rescue would not be less instinctive.

No such effort, however, can be made during the present season, and the brave men must care for themselves. It is supposed that Lieutenant GREELY, who is a sagacious and discreet commander, will have promptly decided to leave the station in time to save his retreat if relief did not reach him when due. But his retreat must be in any case daring and perilous. Yet those who are familiar with the story of arctic adventure, and who know what dangers have been surmounted, and what extreme exposure has been safely endured, will not cease to hope that these heroes, like so many others, may emerge unscathed from the icy labyrinth.

AN INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY.

WE have space only to call attention to a very interesting anniversary celebration at the Tabernacle Church on the 2d of October. On that day, fifty years ago, the New York City Antislavery Society was formed, and its welcome was a formidable riot. Mr. ALBERT G. WILLCOX, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Young Men's Antislavery Society of New York, wrote the first address that was ever issued that advocated antislavery voting. This was the forerunner of the political movements known in our history as the Liberty party, the Free-soil and the Republican parties.

There will be a reunion of this "Old Guard" at the church at two o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. WILLCOX, Mr. JOHN JAY, Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Mr. HENRY B. STANTON, Mr. OLIVER JOHNSON, and other pioneers are announced as among those who will be present. The conference will be a feast of patriotic and heroic reminiscence, and everybody will be cordially welcomed.

THE FISKE WILL LITIGATION.

WE have seen with regret the suit brought by Professor FISKE, of Cornell University, to invalidate the bequest of Mrs. FISKE to the University. Whatever the charter may have provided, and however the law may restrict the power of a wife having a husband or children or parents living to bequeath her estate, there is no doubt that Professor FISKE had renounced for himself any desire to control the will of his wife. If, therefore, she had innocently exceeded her power under the law, it was for some one else to move in the matter, and if the University with which the Professor has been so honorably identified were prohibited from receiving the benefit which she designed for it, the effort to enforce the prohibition should have come from some other hand.

The proceeding is altogether unfortunate, and we have seen no adequate explanation of an act which is singularly inconsistent with the amiable and generous character of the accomplished Professor. It is true that Mrs. FISKE was building a very costly house, which, had she lived, she doubtless intended to maintain with dignified and profuse hospitality. But had she designed to leave a special sum, or to make any provision whatever for its maintenance after her death, she would unquestionably have done so, and the fact that, with every opportunity, she did not, is conclusive evidence that she deliberately decided not to do so.

Professor FISKE contends that the clause of the charter of the University which forbids it to hold more than a certain amount of property can not be abrogated by an *ex post facto* law; and that, even if it could be, the law of the State does not allow the alienation from the immediate heirs of such an amount of the property. Of course, if he were aware of any secret intrigue upon the part of anybody for any purpose to take advantage of his possible ignorance of the law, or to influence his wife improperly in the disposition of her estate, neither of which offenses, so far as we know, has been alleged, he would justly refuse to become the victim of a fraud. But, as the case appears, he freely acquiesced in the disposition of the estate at his wife's free-will, and his wife having exercised that will, he now contests it. Conduct such as this appears to be is certainly very unlike that of WILLARD FISKE.

PERSONAL.

"THERE are four battles in our business," remarked a dry-goods merchant. "The first battle is to secure consignments from desirable manufacturing houses; the second, to provide the money with which to make advances on those consignments; the third, to sell the goods after they have been consigned; and the fourth, to get the pay for them. And the hardest fight of all is the first—to obtain the right consignments. Any fool can sell goods that everybody wants to buy, but it requires a trained judgment to have on sale the goods that the public most wants."

—A man of letters was reading to a woman of letters that enthusiastic but little-known eulogy of the gentler sex by DANIEL DEFOE in which the latter speaks of woman as, among other things, Heaven's best gift to man. The fair listener warmly objected to this assertion. "Why call a woman a gift to man?" she asked, in a tone of challenge. "Why not call man a gift to woman?"

—Very hard workers were two New York artists on a sketching expedition in the wilds of Singac, New Jersey. From the hill above them several apples mysteriously rolled down, narrowly missing their heads. Hastily assuming a standing posture, they climbed the ascent, and saw in the near distance a pair of farmer's daughters, "whose forms were perfect and whose cheeks were peaches." Dazed by the vision, and, with characteristic modesty, unable to introduce themselves, they sat down upon a rock and meditated. A noisy little dog belonging to the damsels occupied the middle distance, and him they coaxed to their side. Then quickly making a pencil sketch of the scene, which included a pair of baffled artists standing on a rock, bowing and scraping to the maidens, who would not notice them, they folded the picture and put it under the collar of the dog, who faithfully returned to his mistresses. The next minute the artists were receiving an invitation to go to the farm-house and "take tea with grandma."

—A learned bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church was riding horseback in company with a young clergyman who was mounted on a spirited Mexican mustang, which kept the bishop's beast in a fret by his antics, and finally engaging him in a race, was soon easily the victor. "Sir," said the bishop, "I will ask you a conundrum: why are you like a Pharisee?" "I give it up," was the reply. "Because," resumed the prelate, "you are much given to go to fast."

—A veteran American landscapist, whose innocence of manner is but the reflex of great innocence of soul, was telling to some friends the story about the member of the town committee of a New England village who one day, when the subject of road improvements came up, said, "Let's lay our heads together and have a wooden pave." As he told it, however, the story went, "Let's lay our heads together and see if we can't have a pavement." Nobody laughed; and after the unsuccessful narrator had left the room a figure painter mildly observed that he had "always maintained that it was not the business of a landscape painter to tell a story."

—MARY LAMB, CHARLES LAMB's sister, has found a biographer in a Mrs. GILCHRIST, who describes her work as mainly the story of a brother and sister's love, of how it sustained them under the shock of a terrible calamity, and made beautiful and even happy a life which must else have sunk into desolation and despair. MARY was a modest soul, and expected little. In one of her letters to a friend she wrote: "I know I have a knack of looking into people's real character, and never expecting them to act out of it, and never expecting another to do as I would do in the same case."

—The heaviest trout caught in Loch Leven, Scotland, this season, weighed four and three-quarter pounds, and the total number, 14,000, weighed about 13,000 pounds. It is not uncommon for an enthusiastic angler to begin work at five o'clock in the morning, and keep two, and sometimes three, rods plying vigorously until ten o'clock at night. Loch Leven's reputation as the best trouting lake in the southern half of Scotland is fully maintained.

—Next New-Year's Day the ladies of that charming cluster of pretty cottages known as Short Hills, New Jersey, propose to celebrate the occasion by inviting their gentlemen friends to meet them in the Music Hall of the village, where the entertainment, from 7 P.M. to 1 A.M., will consist of dancing, card-playing, conversation, and articles of *menu*. The hall will be handsomely decorated with rugs, pictures, flowers, and knickknacks from the residences of the hostesses, who expect to be fresh and cheerful because they will have had all day to rest in.

—A change has been made in the reading-room of the Mercantile Library, and each of the New York daily newspapers is securely fastened to an oblique counter in front of a row of tall stools. The old way was to hang the papers on a rack, whence they could be taken down to be held in the hands of the reader, who sat comfortably in an easy-chair. One of the officials of the institution, being asked the reason of the change, said that heretofore it has been usual to see a member come early to the library, take one paper in his hands, put another one under him as he sat down, hold a third fast by his elbow on a table, and a fourth between his knees, so as to protect himself from interference.

—Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY has a large stock farm near his residence at Bernardsville, New Jersey. His favorite diversions are horses of good pedigree and oil-paintings of good workmanship.

—Mr. ALEXANDER M. AGNEW, a representative fireman of the days of the old Volunteer Department, speaks occasionally to his friends of the self-sacrificing services rendered to the city by that famous organization. Like most of his surviving comrades, he looks back with wonder upon the enthusiasm which inspired the ceaseless heroism of the "laddies," and without which none of their finest feats could have entered into history. His brother, Mr. JOHN T. AGNEW, was also a volunteer fireman; and his father, the late Mr. WILLIAM AGNEW, performed some handsome service at the burning of Fulton Market sixty years ago.

—The relations between Tammany Hall and the Stalwart Republicans have long been supposed to be of a confidential character, especially in the business of trading votes, and this pleasant harmony seems to be affectionately indicated by a Broadway tailor, whose new advertising cart is decorated with a large pictorial representation of Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING and Mr. JOHN KELLY walking side by side, dressed in the latest fashion, the ex-Senator standing correctly erect, his right hand thrust beneath the breast of his broadcloth coat, and the ex-Comptroller similarly inflexible, but with a light bamboo stick under his left arm, and a benign smile gleaming toward his stubby beard.

—A New York author who has been summering in the country declares that the magnificent suburban villa never tempts him to break the tenth commandment. It looks too cold, he says. "But give me an artistic cottage on a well-stocked farm, far enough from the railway station to require the services of a horse and buggy, and suitably provided with poultry and dogs."

—A Union soldier, who led an advance of skirmishers at the battle of Ream's Station, Virginia, declares that a certain war picture by DÉTAILLE reminds him so forcibly of a scene in that engagement that he could easily believe it to have been painted on the spot. His regiment suddenly found a railway embankment between them and the enemy, and in order to save their heads from the bullets they poked holes beneath the rails and between the cross-ties with their bayonets, and fired through them at the gray-coats.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, assisted by his son, the Rev. STEPHEN GLADSTONE, cut down a large oak-tree in Hawarden Park on the 7th of September. He finished the laborious task with comparative ease, and a number of strangers who were present cheered him lustily as he laid on the blows.

—The King of Spain's face lacks the bloom it had five years ago. His figure is slighter, his shoulders are rounded, his eye is restless, his beard has grown, his mouth smiles with an effort, and his look is melancholy. If ALFONSO were only an overworked clerk, his condition would be romantic.

—A French nobleman, on an official mission to China in 1859, wrote: "I shall be believed when I say that the cowardice of the Chinese troops is one of those fables of which history is too often made up. The courage was equal on both sides: the Mongols had numbers, we had resources; we knew how to conquer, they how to die."

—The inhabitants of Portuguese Guinea are planting successfully European vegetables, and rice, maize, manioc, yam, cocoa, sugar-cane, palm oil, ground-nuts oil, ginger, are common products of the soil. They excavate their canoes from trees, and have only their knives for tools. The climate is such that ordinary Europeans can stand it only two or three years at a time, though some Frenchmen enjoy good health after ten years.

—A friend of General LEW WALLACE tells an interesting story of the origin of the well-known novel *Ben-Hur*: "Before and for some time after the war General WALLACE was inclined to be skeptical in religious matters, particularly the divinity of Christ. One day, while travelling on a railroad, he chanced to meet Colonel INGERSOLL, the infidel. Their conversation turned on religious topics, and in the course of the discussion INGERSOLL presented his views. WALLACE listened, and was much impressed, but finally remarked that he was not yet prepared to agree with INGERSOLL on certain very extreme propositions relative to the non-divinity of Christ. INGERSOLL urged WALLACE to give the matter the careful study and research that he had, expressing his confidence that WALLACE would, after so doing, fully acquiesce in the INGERSOLL view. After parting, WALLACE turned the matter over in his mind, and determined to give it the most thorough investigation. For six years he thought, studied, and searched. At the end of that time *Ben-Hur* was produced. I met WALLACE at a hotel in Indianapolis not long after. The book was naturally the topic of our conversation. After having told me the story I have just given, WALLACE turned to me and said: 'The result of my long study was the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was not only a Christ and the Christ, but that he was also my Christ, my Saviour, and my Redeemer. That fact settled in my own mind, I wrote *Ben-Hur*.'"

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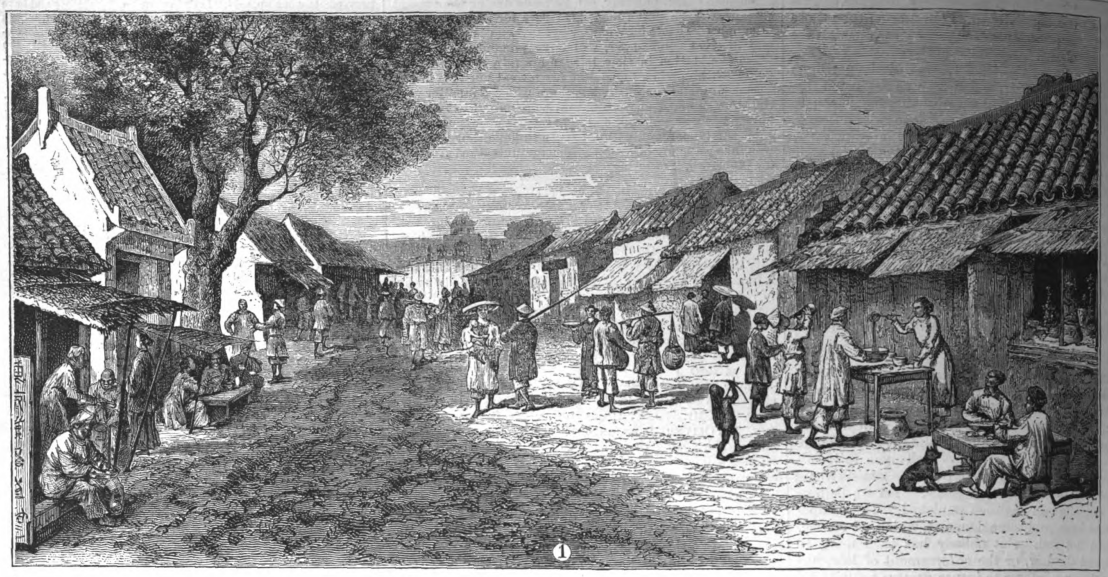

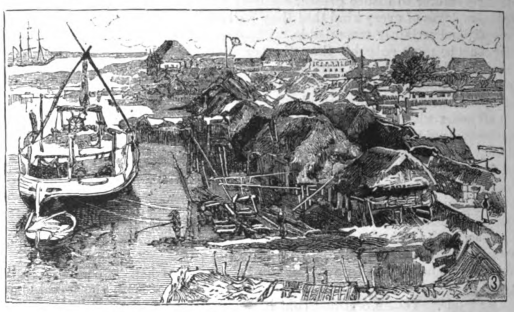

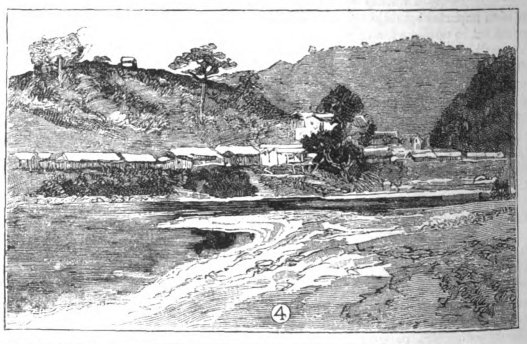

1. Hué, Capital of Anam. 2. Group of "Black Banners." 3. Hai-Fong. 4. Advance-Post of the "Black Banners." 5. Pagoda at Ha-Noi, the chief commercial City of Anam.

THE FRENCH INVASION OF ANAM.—[See Page 615.]

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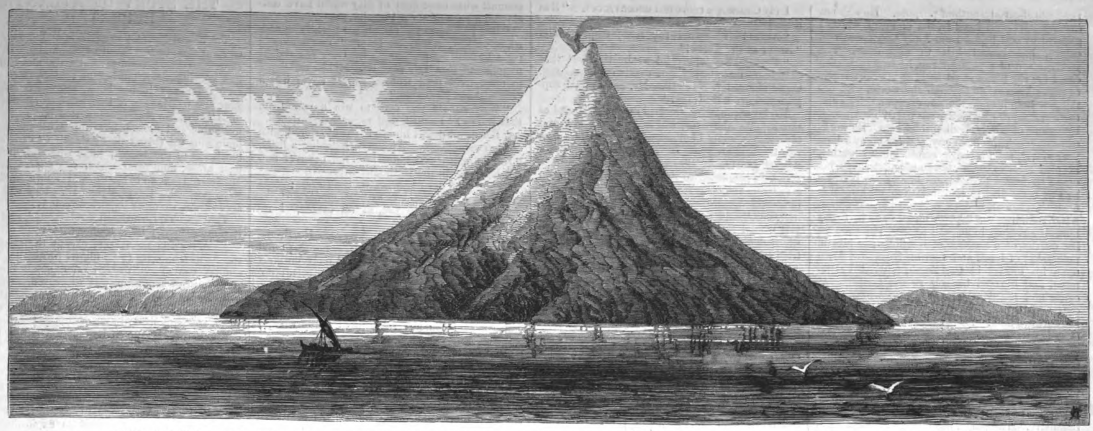


THE ISLAND AND VOLCANO OF KRAKATOA, STRAIT OF SUNDA, SUBMERGED DURING THE LATE ERUPTION.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

MIN YONG IK, COREAN ENVOY TO THE UNITED STATES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

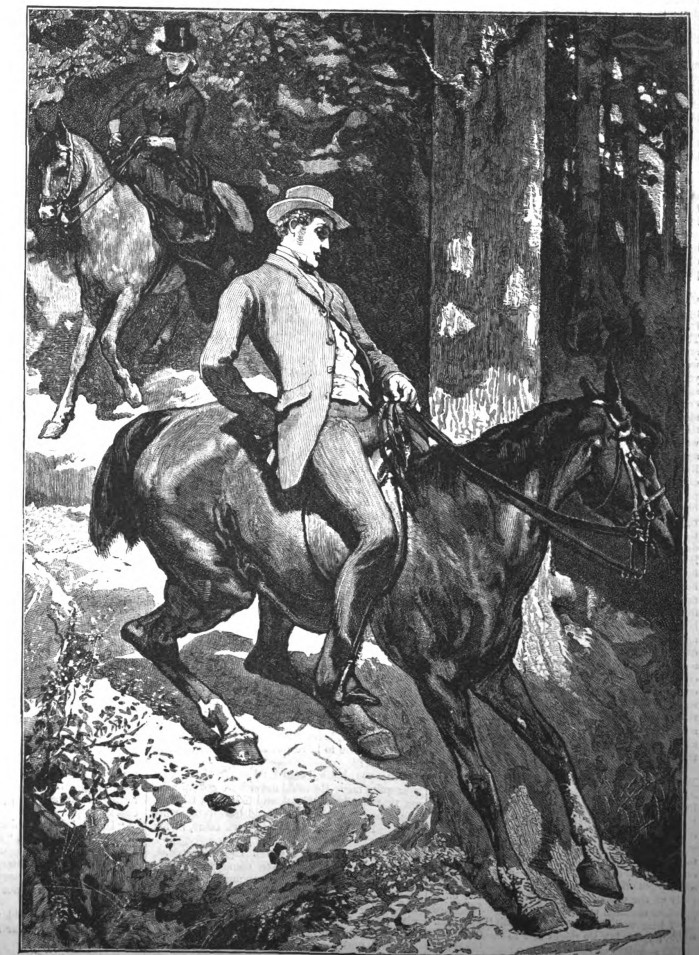
MR. SOTHERAN IS PRUDENT.

If the fact of having one passive enemy at Franzenshöhe weighed upon Lady Constance's spirits—which it probably did not for an instant—she must have felt this inconvenience to be more than counterbalanced by the multitude of active friends who at once surrounded her. She was not only an excellent linguist, but she had the much rarer faculty of picking up, together with the colloquialisms of a people, their spirit and habit of mind. She could be an Italian among the Italians, and a French woman in France, preserving all the time her own very distinct individuality. At Franzenshöhe, which, besides the *corps diplomatique*, possessed a small cosmopolitan society, this versatility of hers was greatly appreciated. As for the blue-eyed Suabians, they cast themselves at her feet in a body, so to speak, extolling with many a guttural *ach* and *doch* her ready sympathy with that queer national compound of materialism and sentimentality which to Englishmen has always appeared so incomprehensible, and to Frenchmen so supremely ludicrous. Mild old King Rudolf was enchanted to meet a lady of such culture, such elegance, and such skill in the intricacies of Teutonic speech. He ordered all the petty rules and regulations of court discipline to be held in abeyance as far as Lady Constance Milner was concerned; the palace gates flew open as often as it pleased her to enter them; in the stiff, old-fashioned gardens, among the statues and the orange-trees in their green tubs, his Majesty might sometimes be seen reading extracts to her from the Iliad, which he had himself translated into German hexameters when a young man. She used to come back from these audiences yawning loudly, but admitting that sovereigns had a divine right to be bores, and that some sacrifices must be put up with in return for their favor, under the existing conditions of society.

Attachés of all nationalities and tall cavalry officers with clanking sabres afforded her a refreshing alterative upon her return home. Some shock-headed Socialists had been seen mounting her staircase, and would have been welcomed with the other visitors had not Lord Rossan, who watched his sister's proceedings with much amusement, declared that it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, and that he could not permit disaffected persons to be received under his roof. Lady Constance, therefore, was obliged to break off relations with the irreconcilable party, being perhaps not very sorry to have a plausible pretext for doing so; but she gratified her love of variety by cultivating the acquaintance of the principal actors from the Hof-theater, of a professor or two from the University, and of other talented persons, in whose presence the astonished nobility of Suabia raised its chin and sniffed.

All these thronged the sunny drawing-room on the second floor of the "Englische Palais"; and the reflection that there was safety in numbers did not prevent me from being silently jealous of each and every one of them. My own position was neither dignified nor agreeable. Being in some sort a member of the household, I was used by Lady Constance much as the wives of certain generals are in the habit of using their husbands' aides-de-camp. I was ordered to ring the bell; I was sent to look for this or that person's carriage: I fetched and carried, in short, and got nothing in the shape of reward, except a smile or a word every now and again. Sometimes I thought that she took a delight in humiliating me, though I can not say that her manner betrayed any such deliberate intention. I did not like it; but I grinned and bore it, sustained by an inward conviction that, sooner or later, my day would come.

A circumstance which vexed me a good deal was the sudden appearance upon the scene of Mr. Sotheran, who took up his quarters in the best hotel in the town, and immediately resumed those patient siege operations which had for their object the ultimate conquest of Lady Constance's hand and heart. Little as I loved this dogged wooer, I could not refuse a grudging tribute of admiration to his unruffled pertinacity. It was not often that he took umbrage as he had done at Taormina; but then it was not often that Lady Constance laughed at him. She turned him away from her door full twice for every once that she admitted him; she snubbed or took no notice of him when he had succeeded in effecting an entrance; but he cared for none of these things. He meant to win, and really it almost looked as if he would win in the long-



"I MYSELF HAD TO CLUTCH THE BACK OF MY SADDLE MORE THAN ONCE."

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run from sheer strength of purpose. He was not oversensitive, and his life, the story of which I gleaned at odd times from Lady Constance and others, had inured him to difficulties. The younger son of a younger son, he had been educated for the bar, and pushed out at an early age to make his voyage through the world, with nothing to help him on his way except a thick skin, the advantages of which were partly neutralized by a skull of corresponding thickness. He worked hard, but made little way, and for many a long year navigated his bark across stormy waters, keeping clear of sirens, not so much, perhaps, because he feared their blandishments, as because he was compelled to concentrate all his attention upon the difficult task of keeping himself afloat. After rounding the cape of middle age he found himself suddenly in smooth water. The successive deaths of a number of relations put him in possession of lands and wealth. He settled down upon his estates in the North, entered Parliament, and devoted himself to the breeding of cattle and the development of the white waistcoat which formed so conspicuous a feature of his outward man. Then, for his sins, he encountered Lady Constance, and conceived for her one of those attachments which are less demonstrative than the passions of youth, but which are quite as unreasonable. He can hardly have expected that she should fall in love with him; but he knew himself to be rich and resolute, and he knew her to be poor, ambitious, and occasionally impulsive. The game, therefore, was not a hopeless one, nor was he the man to throw up his cards after a first, a second, or even a third defeat.

One day, not long after his arrival, Lady Constance asked me to ride with her to Friedensberg, a royal castle, celebrated all over Germany for the beauty of its situation among the wooded Suabian hills. I consented joyfully, for it was a long time since such a mark of favor had been vouchsafed to me, and when, the appointed hour having come, I found that we were to start alone, my satisfaction was complete. Lady Constance had selected for her mount a fidgety young chestnut horse, nearly thorough-bred, which Lord Rossan had lately purchased. I would rather have seen her upon a quieter animal, and made bold to say as much; but she only smiled, and reminded me that she was an Irish woman.

I rode out of the court-yard beside her, feeling more light-hearted than I had done for months past; but, alas! my glee was destined to be of short duration; for, as we passed the Römischer Hof, a stout equestrian in a white waistcoat came pounding across the road, and from the confident manner in which he ranged himself alongside it was only too evident that Mr. Sotheran had been invited to join us. I was ineffably disgusted; and Lady Constance did not lessen my ill-humor by whispering, "I am sorry to have asked you to make one of a party of three; but Count Waldstein and his wife failed me at the last moment, and you were the only substitute at hand."

So that was all I had been wanted for! "I should have thought you would have preferred having Mr. Sotheran all to yourself," I could not help saying.

"Should you, indeed? That shows that you haven't often tasted the charms of Mr. Sotheran's conversation. But never mind; we'll have a pleasant ride in spite of him."

We should certainly have had a pleasant ride without him. It was one of those delicious sunny afternoons of late autumn which are more frequent in Southern Germany than in England. There had been a slight frost the night before, and the air was still crisp and fresh after it; the woods were brilliant with patches of russet and yellow; the rocky cliffs for which we were bound stood out high and clear against a pale sky; every sound from the town behind us rose into the still air with a musical distinctness which told of the coming winter. Lady Constance was in unwontedly high spirits, and even I, angry and disappointed as I was, began to recover my equanimity when I discovered that she was drawing out our companion, and amusing herself with his pompous, pretentious ways. Mr. Sotheran, ambling along beside her, his elbows squared out at right angles with his body, was directing attention to the defects of German agriculture, as evidenced in the fields which stretched to right and left of us, and drawing disparaging comparisons between the benighted foreigner and the true-born Briton. He was a little too much given to talking about "my estates," "*my* tenants," "the instructions I gave to my agent before leaving home," and so forth; and he was easily encouraged to dilate upon these topics with a magniloquence which afforded ample room for ridicule of a covert kind. I don't know whether he suspected that Lady Constance was making fun of him, or whether he took note of the sarcastic comments which she let fall between his windy periods; but if he did, he bore his punishment like a stoic. To me, at all events, it was a comfort and a pleasure to perceive that she knew him for the dull fellow that he was.

A ride of little over an hour brought us to Friedensberg, a fine old mediæval fortress, backed and flanked by woods, and standing on a steep hill-side high above the valley of the Schlummerbach. There we should have dismounted, in order to scale the cliffs behind the castle, which were approached by a rough path accessible only to pedestrians. But Lady Constance did not at once follow the example of Mr. Sotheran, who had already got off his horse, and was nodding approvingly at the prospect, just as he had done on a previous occasion in Sicily.

"I hate walking in a riding-habit," she said. "Don't you think we might ride to the top?"

The guardian of the place, to whom this question was referred, replied by a decided negative. "Out of the question, gracious lady! You would lose your life if you attempted such a thing."

Lady Constance remained unconvinced. "Has it never been done?" she asked.

"Never!" answered the man, emphatically. "Never in the world!"

"Then," cried she, "let us be the first that ever burst into those silent woods on horseback. Come along, Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Sotheran, I suppose you are not afraid?"

Mr. Sotheran, who was still on foot, glanced at the heights above us, where, among beech and pine woods, could be discerned portions of a narrow track more like a staircase than a foot-path. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed; "you are not seriously proposing to ride up that place, and on a nervous young horse too! Why, the thing is impossible!"

"Well," said Lady Constance, coolly, "that is just what I want to find out. You never can tell whether a thing is impossible or not till you have tried to do it."

"But no sane person thinks it necessary to convince himself that he can't perform miracles," objected Mr. Sotheran. "Now, my dear lady, you must give up this preposterous notion. You can't be allowed to do such fool-hardy things; you can't indeed."

The words were not happily chosen. Lady Constance frowned. "I don't know who is going to prevent me from doing what I please," she answered; "but no doubt you would be more prudent to remain where you are. Are you coming with us or not?"

Mr. Sotheran looked up at the precipitous ascent, looked down at his own ponderous person, looked at his horse—a hired hack with suspicious fore-legs—and hesitated. "If I were Mr. Maxwell's age and weight, and if I had one of my own horses here," he began, "I should be willing to take my chance; but under all the circumstances—"

Lady Constance did not give him time to finish. She turned her horse's head away with a contemptuous gesture, and left him stammering wretchedly. I was really sorry for the poor man, who was being made to look like a coward when perhaps he was nothing of the sort, and whose remonstrances were quite justifiable. If I had not joined mine to his, it was because I knew that they would be worse than useless. What I hoped was that if Lady Constance were not interfered with she would presently realize for herself the danger of the task which she was undertaking, and would come to the conclusion that, whatever right she might possess of breaking her own bones, she had no business to take such liberties with her brother's horse. I myself was mounted upon a wise and sober little cob, given me some years before by my uncle. I could depend upon him to do anything in reason that he was asked to do, and to retain his self-possession under all circumstances. I therefore pushed past Lady Constance, saying that I would give her a lead, to which fortunately she offered no objection.

For a couple of hundred yards or so after leaving the castle our way led us along a sandy patch which presented no difficulties; but when we reached an abrupt ascent over ledges of rock, rising one above the other like irregular steps, Lady Constance's horse, as might have been anticipated, turned restive. He plunged, reared up, and finally wheeled round and broke away with her. She pulled him up, however, without apparent trouble, and brought him back, snorting and quivering, to the charge. This manœuvre was three times repeated, and then at last I ventured to say, "Hadn't we better give it up?"

There was a slight flush upon Lady Constance's cheeks, and her eyes, ordinarily so lustreless, were sparkling. "*You* can, if you choose," she answered; "I shall not."

After that there was nothing for me to do but to move onward and upward. My good little beast climbed like a cat, and the other—whether because he was admirably ridden or because he was fairly frightened into quiescence I can't say—contrived to follow him. The ascent proved, upon the whole, less formidable than I should have expected it to be; but it was by no means easy of accomplishment, and we traversed more than one ugly place, where a slip would almost certainly have been fatal. No doubt many people who care about doing stupid things might get their horses safely to the top of the Friedensberg; but, as a matter of fact, I believe no one ever has done it since Lady Constance and I made ourselves into a nine days' wonder by performing this feat. Neither of us spoke during the long scramble. I did not feel that I was in much personal peril; but my heart was in my mouth the whole time, and I don't know when I have experienced a greater sense of relief than when we emerged upon the grassy plateau which forms the summit of the hill.

"Well done, our side!" exclaimed my companion, triumphantly. "I was determined to do it or perish in the attempt."

"Was it worth while?" I asked, with a glance at the chestnut's streaming coat and starting eyeballs.

"I think so," she answered. "Isn't it worth a little trouble to have put Mr. Sotheran to utter confusion?"

"Do you know," said I, "I don't think that was quite fair. He could never have got up here on that spavined animal, and if he had tried it, the chances are that he would have broken his neck. I don't think I should have come, in his place."

"Yes, you would," retorted Lady Constance, sharply; "you would have come and risked your neck. Not that there was much risk about it, for he could have dismounted at any moment. But he turned cur, as I knew he would, and I'm glad of it. He won't hold up his head before me for some time to come."

I said nothing. There was a bitter malevolence in her voice which surprised me, and it seemed to me a little unworthy of her to call a man of Sotheran's age a cur for hesitating to commit what most men of fifty would have considered an act of sheer insanity.

"But I like you for taking his part," she added, by-and-by, in a softer tone. "You are quite right to stick up for fair play. Only you should understand that fair play is a luxury restricted to men. We poor women should never win a race without jockeying."

"Why should you care to win a race from that fellow?" I asked, still vaguely dissatisfied.

"Because I detest *him* so!" she answered, with sudden vehemence. And then, laughing a little, "Mr. Sotheran and I are like the believer and the Evil One in the Methodist hymn—

"'The devil and *me*, we can't agree;
I hate him, and he hates me.'"

"He doesn't hate you, at all events," I remarked.

"Doesn't he?—*qui vivra verra*. He thinks he adores me now; but if ever Mr. Sotheran and I become husband and wife—and more unlikely things have happened—we shall soon earn notoriety as the most quarrelsome couple in Europe. I have made it my business to study human nature, and I should have studied it to very little purpose if I couldn't recognize a bully when I see him."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, impetuously, "why do you talk of anything so horrible as marrying that man? Is it his money that you want?"

"Yes," answered Lady Constance, composedly, "just that. I can't get on without money, and I suppose a day is sure to come when I shall find myself reduced to my last farthing. That will be Mr. Sotheran's opportunity. My dear Charley," she continued—this was the first time that she had addressed me by my Christian name, but she often did it afterward—"I am no better than my neighbors; most people think that I am worse. Why should I scruple to marry for money, when hundreds of innocent young girls do the same thing every year? I should prefer not to degrade myself; I should prefer not to marry at all; I should prefer to marry anybody rather than Mr. Sotheran—you, for instance. But then I am afraid you have neither money nor lands."

I shook my head. The very mention of the possibility of such a thing as her marrying me had sent a thrill through my whole body, and yet she had only said that she preferred me to a man whom she detested. "I may have a moderate fortune some day," I said; "but it's uncertain. My uncle is not bound to leave me a penny, and I have only got a little of my own."

"And I suppose your uncle may have the bad taste to live for a good many years yet," she remarked, musingly.

"Of course," said I, "you don't know that my uncle Bernard is not like other fellows' uncles—a rich old beggar from whom one has expectations, and whom one longs to see drop off his perch. He is the best friend I have in the world, and the very last thing I could ever wish for would be to lose him."

"Yes; that is very proper and very creditable to you. Still, we must all die; and when he dies, you will be his heir, I presume?"

"I don't know," I answered; "I'd rather not talk about it. What difference can *it* make?"

"Really," said Lady Constance, "you are a very unusual sort of young man. After such an exhibition as I have just favored you with, anybody else would have been complimenting me on my courage, or at the very least expressing some gratitude for having been so cleverly delivered from an obnoxious third person; but you begin by lecturing me for my cruelty to the said third person, and then rebuke me in the most peremptory way for displaying an interest in your prospects. Are you quite sure that you are so very much in love with me, after all?"

I answered, sadly enough, that I was quite sure. "As sure as I am that you don't care and never will care a straw for me. That day at Taormina I was foolish enough to think—but I don't know exactly what I thought, and it doesn't signify now. It wasn't your fault; you did your best to keep me from making a fool of myself."

"No," she broke in suddenly, "I didn't do my best. On the contrary, I tried to make you lose your head. Why did you defy me, you silly boy? I am sorry now—at least I think I am sorry. But what can I do for you?"

"I don't know," I answered; "nothing, I suppose. Or rather, yes, you can do one thing—you can walk back to the castle, and let me lead your horse. The going down will be a harder matter than the coming up, I expect."

"Not for the world," she exclaimed. "I would do a good deal to oblige you, but that I can't do and won't do. If Mr. Sotheran saw me return on foot, he wouldn't believe I had ridden a yard of the way."

And in spite of all my entreaties she did ride down. How she managed it I can't tell. I myself had to clutch the back of my saddle more than once to keep myself from sliding over my horse's ears; but whenever I looked back at her she was sitting erect and composed, patting the chestnut's neck, and encouraging him to place himself in positions which I am quite sure that he had never supposed his four legs capable of assuming. And so in due time we reached our starting-point, and rejoined Mr. Sotheran, who, rather to my surprise, proved equal to the occasion.

"I have been watching your progress through a field-glass," he said, "and I see that, after all, I was mistaken in supposing that the climb was anything so extraordinary. In fact, the guardian misled me by his observations. I should have followed you if I had not thought it better to give my horse a rest."

Lady Constance said nothing, but she looked at him with a peculiar smile, and the unhappy man was withered.

All things considered, I don't know that he got more than he deserved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF ATLANTIS REPEATED.

THE recent destruction of the island and volcano of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, by a subterranean outburst, vividly recalls the story of the lost continent "Atlantis," as told by Mr. IGNATIUS DONNELLY in his book, published about a year ago by HARPER & BROTHERS, under the title of *Atlantis, the Antediluvian World*. In this remarkable and most interesting work the author maintains the theory that Atlantis was the original home of the human race, where civilization first arose, and from which the shores of the Mediterranean and North and South America were peopled. Egypt, where the study of antiquities is preserved, was its most important colony.

That this vast continent once existed, and that it was destroyed by a tremendous volcanic convulsion, leaving no vestige except the peaks of the Azores, appears to be highly probable. In a similar convulsion, though on a smaller scale, the island of Krakatoa was destroyed. On the last Sunday in August, writes a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "without any warning, there was a tremendous outburst of subterranean thunder, and the volcano of Krakatoa vomited forth an ink-black cloud, which spread over the clear tropical sky with inconceivable quickness, involving the land in complete darkness. Then it began to rain scoriæ and dust, and in a very few minutes the greater part of northern Bantam, a very fertile and very populous country, was completely destroyed. Tremendous explosions followed, stones and volcanic matter being hurled to distances of from 200 to 300 miles; the sides of the great volcano were blown out into the sea, its structure collapsed, and the entire island of Krakatoa slowly subsided into the water and disappeared. On Monday morning there was not a vestige of it to be seen, the ocean having taken its place."

THE OHIO LIQUOR LAWS.

WHATEVER may be the effect of recent legislation in regard to the liquor traffic in Ohio upon the politics of that State, the testimony is all in favor of its practical excellence. The situation was very peculiar. The Constitution of Ohio prohibits the licensing of the trade in intoxicating drinks. The State has been more or less agitated for many years by the efforts of the radical Temperance party to secure an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the making or selling of liquor in the State. So far their efforts, for various reasons, have failed. The result has been that, since they could not secure prohibition, and were forbidden to have resort to license, the liquor traffic has been as free as the traffic in wheat or dry-goods, and much more profitable than either. With its large German element, the State has produced an enormous demand for beer, and has fully satisfied it, so that, according to local statisticians, who ought to know, there has been more light beer made and drank in Ohio of late years than in the empire of Germany—a statement which we gravely doubt, but which has a basis of truth, since the brewers of the State paid tax on over forty-five million gallons in 1881. The beer, however, has not been the only form of intoxicant in which Ohioans have indulged. The distilling interest in the State is very large. Last year it used over four million bushels of grain, from which was made over fifteen million gallons of liquor, and so long as the retail traffic in this product was unrestrained it is obvious that a considerable portion of it flowed down the throats of Ohio people.

Various attempts have been made by the Legislature of Ohio to get some sort of control of this business, or at least to derive some revenue from it. A law, called the Bond Law, was passed in 1882, which was found to be unconstitutional. Last year another law, called the Scott Law, from the name of the member who proposed it, was brought forward, and, after a good deal of discussion and hesitation, was passed. The liquor dealers instantly contested its constitutionality, employing the present Democratic candidate for Governor, Judge HOADLY, as their counsel. But this time the law was decided to be in accordance with the Constitution, and went into effect on the 20th of June. The law is strictly a tax law. It levies a tax of $200 yearly upon each person "trafficking in intoxicating liquors," which is defined as "the buying or procuring or selling of intoxicating liquors" otherwise than on prescription or for mechanical or sacramental purposes. It does not include the manufacture of liquors from raw material or the sale thereof by the manufacturer in quantities of one gallon or more. If the business is "exclusively in malt or vinous liquors," the tax is $100 a year. Various penalties are attached to violations of the law. Non-payment of the tax when due incurs a fine of twenty per cent. of the amount. Refusal to give proper information to the assessors brings the assessment up to $375. The tax is a lien on the premises occupied, and selling on premises without the written consent of the owner incurs a fine of $100, with alternative imprisonment. Selling strong liquors by persons returning only beer and wine raises the assessment to $350. All but one confined to securing revenue.

The revenues and fines are divided as follows: In every county having a police force, three-eighths go to the police fund and three-eighths to the general fund; in counties having no police force, three-fourths go to the general fund; one-fourth in each county goes to the credit of the fund for the support of the poor. The only police regulations in the law consist of a prohibition of the sale of distilled, malt, or vinous liquors on Sunday, or their sale at any time to a minor without the written order of his parent, guardian, or family physician, or their sale to any "person intoxicated or in the habit of getting intoxicated."

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under penalty of a fine of from $25 to $100 and imprisonment for from five to thirty days. This prohibition is a near approach to the demands of the radical opponents of the traffic.

It is estimated by those familiar with the business of liquor-selling at retail in Ohio that this tax will yield about $2,000,000 yearly to the treasuries of the various counties. Governor FOSTER puts the amount rather above than below that sum. Senator SHERMAN put it in one of his speeches at $2,500,000. The relief to the taxpayers in a State generally so economical in its expenditures must therefore be very decided. A fair idea of its working may be obtained from the statistics for Cleveland. In that city 843 dealers were assessed $200 each, and 379 were assessed $100 each, making a total of $205,600. A correspondent in Dayton writes that all moderate men are pleased with the operation of the law. In Montgomery County the amount collected was about $70,000, of which $40,000 was expended in cleaning and improving the streets of Dayton. Popular opinion in every part of the State, so far as can be judged at present, is decidedly favorable to the law. Even the more respectable of the saloon-keepers, or "saloonists," as they are called in the elegant language of the Ohio press, approve it. The only strong opposition is political, and it remains to be seen how strong that is. But even a Democratic Legislature would hardly dare to repeal the law which has proved a source of wholly new revenue to the county treasuries, and which brings the liquor trade within the reach of police regulation.

THE COREAN EMBASSY.

ON page 613 we give the portrait of MIN YONG IK, Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Corea, or TAE CHOSEN, to the United States, who arrived week before last, and was received by President ARTHUR on the 18th inst., in New York.

The ceremony took place in a parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the President, attended by the Secretary of State, the Assistant Secretary, and several other gentlemen, awaited the Embassy, about eleven o'clock in the evening. The Minister and his suite entered the room in single file. First in order, as first in dignity, came MIN YONG IK, who is a relative of the Queen of Corea, and a noble of the highest rank. He was dressed, as were his companions, in his richest robes of state. A loose garment of flowered plum-colored silk showed through its openings a snow-white tunic, also silken. The whole was belted in with a broad band covered with curiously wrought plates of gold. Upon the Ambassador's breast hung an apron with two storks embroidered in white upon a purple ground, and bordered with many brilliant colors. On his head he wore his hat of ceremony, a singular structure of silk, bamboo, and horse-hair, which, according to Corean customs, it is indispensable to wear upon all official occasions.

Second in the procession came the Vice-Minister, HONG YONG SIK, a son of the Prime Minister of the Corean Kingdom. His dress in the main resembled that of MIN YONG IK, his lower rank being denoted by the fact that only one stork was embroidered upon the apron covering his breast.

Standing in the hall, just outside the open door of the reception-room, the Ambassadors and their suite formed a single line, facing the President. At a signal from the Minister, they dropped together on their knees. Then raising their hands above their heads, they bent their bodies forward with a slow, steady sweep until their foreheads touched the ground. Remaining in this attitude a few moments, they arose and advanced into the room, President ARTHUR and the gentlemen with him bowing deeply as they entered. Then Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN, coming forward, led MIN YONG IK up to the President and introduced him. The President and the Minister joined hands, looked earnestly in each other's faces for a moment, and through the interpreter exchanged some words of compliment.

Minister MIN YONG IK then pronounced his formal address to the President, speaking in his native tongue in a solemn and rather pleasant voice, and the President replied. There was a short interchange of courtesies, and the Embassy withdrew, repeating at the door the obeisance they had made on entering.

VIEWS IN ANAM.

THE war of aggression that France has commenced in the far East has called attention to the little-known kingdoms tributary to China that lie to the south of that immense empire. Under the rule of the late NAPOLEON III. she had already taken possession of the province of Cochin China, and is now extending her sway over Tonquin and Anam. But the conquest of the country has proved far more difficult than was expected; the French forces have either been repulsed, or gained victories which have been fruitless, and as disastrous as defeats, and the ill-will of China has been aroused by the attacks on her vassal kings.

Ha-Noi is the chief commercial town of Anam, and here the advance of the invaders received a check on the 15th of August. The French forces, divided into three columns of five hundred men each, sallied out from Ha-Noi—which had been taken possession of at the beginning of the contest by the ill-fated Captain RIVIÈRE—with the design of driving the Black Flags back to Son-Tai. One of the columns attacked a village on the Red River, a few miles from Ha-Noi, but failed to take it; another was driven back from a village named Vong, and chased back to Ha-Noi by the Black Flags; the third remained idle. In another direction, however, the French attained a success. The town of Hai-Dzuong, situated at equal distances from Ha-Noi and Hai-Fong, and containing a population of thirty-five thousand souls, surrendered to Colonel BADENS.

But the most important event of the campaign was the capture of the capital, Hué. This city, which has been visited by few Europeans, is situated on the river Hué, and has a history which goes back to 1350. In 1570 it became the residence of the princes of the NOUYÈNE family, and in 1774 fell into the hands of the rebels TAY-CHEUNE, from whom it was recovered in 1801 by GIA-LONG, who had it fortified by a French engineer. King MINK-MANG, who reigned from 1820 to 1841, added a second line of defenses within the older works, to protect more surely the royal palace and treasure-house. This royal or official city is quite distinct from the commercial town, which lies on the other side of the ditch of the fortified inclosure, and is united to the citadel only by two wooden bridges.

Hué, however, has no industry of its own except some little ornamental work, protected by the court. Such was the city which was attacked on the 18th of August and occupied on the 20th. As it approaches the sea-board the river of Hué loses itself in lagoons and swamps, and communicates with the sea by only one narrow channel. This channel of Thuanan was entered by two vessels, the *Vipère* and the *Lynx*, but they found further progress stopped by two barriers, and the river defend by a series of intrenchments armed with artillery. It would have been impossible, if these had been defended, for the French forces to have reached the city by water, but after the capture of the forts at the mouth of the Thuanan pass the Anamites demanded an armistice; it was granted, and M. HARMAND proceeded to lay before the King the demands of his government. He demanded the recognition of the French protectorate over Anam and Tonquin, the annexation of the province Bin-Thuan to French Cochin China, and the occupation of the Thuanan forts by French soldiers.

France furthermore engages to drive from Tonquin the so-called "Black Flags." The title of these irregular troops ought to be translated "Black Banners" rather than "Black Flags." They play the same part in French dispatches from Anam that the Kroumirs did in their dispatches from Tunis two years ago. They are not, however, purely mythical, like the tribes invented by M. ROUSTAN, nor are they brigands. They are the remains of the Tai-Pings, the dreaded rebels who shook the Chinese throne. When the revolt was suppressed, the unconquered survivors crossed the frontier into Anam.

REMINISCENCES OF TOURGUÉNEFF.

By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

I HAD the pleasure of spending some very happy days in TOURGUÉNEFF'S company in November and December, 1873. DR. JULIAN SCHMIDT, who is the high-priest of the TOURGUÉNEFF worship in Germany, had given me a letter of introduction, which insured me a cordial reception. TOURGUÉNEFF was then in his full vigor—a tall, stately man of robust proportions. His face, the lower half of which was covered with a grizzly mustache and beard, was of a large and massive mould; his eyes were blue and good-natured, though usually half hidden beneath the drooping lids; his nose was straight, thick at the base, and betrayed its Sclavic origin. Nevertheless, the face in its *ensemble* gave the impression of beauty. His manner as well as his expression was that of a phlegmatic, or, as he himself insisted, an indolent man. It is difficult, however, to comprehend how a man who has accomplished so much, and whose methods are so laborious, can possibly have earned such an epithet. He made a point of always disclaiming imaginative gifts.

"I never imagined anything," he said, repeatedly. "Everything I have written is the result of experience and observation. To be frank, I have no faith in imaginative novel-writing. Leave imagination to the poets; they have need of it, and can not accomplish anything without it. What the novelist needs is a complete set of sharp senses, and a little constructive ability to put together what he sees. FLAUBERT'S theory, I think, is the correct one, whatever one may think of his application of it. *Madame Bovary*, however, is a great book, and its worth will be recognized when most of the rest of us will be forgotten."

Again and again he returned to this theme during my intercourse with him in the winter of 1873; and he even did me the honor to send me FLAUBERT'S works, including that extraordinary mystical mélange, *La Tentation de St.-Antoine*, which overtook me as soon as I had crossed the Atlantic. In his letters he spoke frequently of visits to FLAUBERT, for whom he entertained the warmest regard, and exhorted me to study his writings, which were the most notable phenomena in French literature since BALZAC. His criticism on my own performances, which he always had the kindness to read, were from the point of view of scientific naturalism; and I could not help making the reflection that if he had been faithful to his own creed he could not have escaped rivalry with ZOLA. But the fact was, he was much more of an artist than he himself suspected, and science, though he abstractly recognized its authority and its civilizing mission, was yet very remote from his sphere of thought. If he did not write like FLAUBERT, he said, it was only because he could not. FLAUBERT was a scientifically educated man, while he (TOURGUÉNEFF) was not. In his youth young people had not yet waked up to the importance of scientific study; they stuffed themselves instead with the barren abstractions of German philosophers. He had himself for a time drawn from the muddy fount of Hegelian philosophy; it had left an oppressive emptiness in his soul and a bitter taste in his mouth. Education had of late taken a much more sensible turn, and the wide-spread discussion of and interest in scientific matters augured an educational revolution before the century was much older.

In the spring of 1879 I had again occasion to spend some months in Paris, and did not tarry long before paying my respects to TOURGUÉNEFF. He had just then returned from a visit to his estates in Russia, and had made observations which had filled him with apprehension. His brother had recently died, and, as I understood, had willed some of his property to him. This was the immediate occasion for his journey. His friends, however, of which he had more than he ever had dreamed, had persisted in thrusting him into notoriety by sending deputations to meet him, giving banquets in his honor, and altogether making him quite uncomfortable by their homage. In St. Petersburg they gave a dinner for him, at which he had been compelled to make a speech, and he had had the courage to say frankly what filled his heart. He had counselled moderation, attempted to curb the headlong violence of the revolutionists and their well-wishers, but had plainly betrayed that, in a way, he shared their hopes and sympathized in their ultimate aim—the abolishment of despotism. The condition of Russia was so deplorable that it was difficult to see how it could be worse. The secret police and the system of paid denunciation threatened to undermine the security of society. Nobody was safe any longer, and it was often brave and honorable men who were exposed to suspicion and persecution. For all that, violence could never cure these social disorders. Violence produced only a further relapse into barbarism, and postponed the era of constitutional liberty into a still dimmer future.

In this vein he spoke, and the next morning he received a visit from an agent of the secret police, and a letter from some lofty personage, counselling him in the most courteous language to leave Russia without further delay.

"I had business to attend to," said TOURGUÉNEFF, "and I could not leave. I therefore respectfully declined. I went to MOSCOW. There too the students insisted upon making demonstrations in my honor. It was of no avail that I entreated them to leave me alone and to keep quiet. Again I received a warning from the authorities, urging that if I would not quit Russia on my own account, I must be aware that my presence afforded an excuse for disloyal demonstrations, and that I would, without the slightest provocation on my part, plunge many young men into misery. This argument I could not afford to ignore, for I recognized that it was true. I therefore hastened to my estates, and as soon as my business permitted, returned to Paris."

"I should think," I remarked, "that you would have felt anxious for your own safety."

"Oh no," he replied; "they would have hesitated long before they would have molested me. If I should ever take up my residence there, perhaps I might become sufficiently inconvenient to make them overcome their scruples. But that is, of course, out of the question. I confess, however, that the temptation often comes to me, and never so frequently as now. There seems to be a work for me to do there which I could find nowhere else, and if I were twenty years younger, perhaps I might undertake it. But I am sixty years old now, and am no longer in robust health. The gout is torturing me, and is slowly travelling up toward the vital parts. One does not recognize a new vocation at sixty, especially when one is as gouty and as indolent as I am."

Many other scattered observations on Russia and Russian affairs I find among the notes which I jotted down while returning from a walk or a ride with TOURGUÉNEFF in the Bois de Boulogne. He was, as he always had been, overwhelming me with kindness, introducing me to VICTOR HUGO, ALPHONSE DAUDET, ERNEST RENAN, and many others whose acquaintance I highly valued. As a Frenchman found my name hard to pronounce, they finally abandoned the attempt to identify me except by the honorable sobriquet, "M. l'ami de M. TOURGUÉNEFF." Among the several Americans whom I, in turn, received permission to introduce to him, there was especially one who pleased him, and to whose visit he repeatedly referred with pleasure, and that one was Mark Twain. It may, perhaps, please him to know what a man whom he revered as he did TOURGUÉNEFF thought of him.

"There, now," the Russian exclaimed, the first time I met him after MR. CLEMENS'S call—"there is a man who at last conforms to my notion of what an American ought to be. Your other friends here—and yourself, too, for that matter—are mere typeless cosmopolitans; you might be almost anything. But this man has a physiognomy; he has the flavor of the soil."

He had read *Roughing It* with sincere pleasure. *Innocents Abroad* he did not care much about, and its humor had a peculiarly grotesque flavor, which did not appeal to him. But *Roughing It* contained situations which equalled or even surpassed anything in BRET HARTE. That "M. Fanshaw's funeral," he said, ought to suffice to make a man immortal. Of BRET HARTE, TOURGUÉNEFF also entertained a high opinion, though he feared from what he had seen of his later work that prosperity was proving dangerous to him—that, in fact, he was losing his self-criticism. Among the other American authors with whose works he was acquainted he regarded HAWTHORNE as the greatest, although, to be frank, he had no affinity for him. Among the English authors he had several good friends, particularly CARLYLE, who was a great and vigorous personality, and gifted with a power of denunciation which had not been equalled since the days of the Hebrew prophets. As for TENNYSON, he had never been able to discover the secret of his popularity, and attributed it chiefly to the absence in English poetry of to-day of more vigorous and original minds. He had visited the Laureate at his country place, and had been pleasantly entertained by him; but his estimate of his genius had only been confirmed by personal intercourse.

"The philosopher, MR. LEWES, the husband of George Eliot," he went on, "always displayed much interest in my writings, and I had the pleasure of spending several evenings in his company and that of his gifted wife. On one occasion he took me aside and asked me confidentially which of his wife's works I regarded as the greatest. '*The Mill on the Floss*,' I replied, unhesitatingly. 'I am greatly disappointed to hear you say that,' he exclaimed; 'I had hoped you would say *Daniel Deronda*.' 'That I could not conscientiously do,' was my reply; 'for I confess I like it least of any. It is a work of great ability; but it is not of the kind which appeals to me. After *The Mill on the Floss*, my choice would be *Adam Bede* or *Silas Marner*.' MR. LEWES was amazed that our views were so diametrically opposed; but I assured him that I was in no sense a critic, and that my preferences were a matter of temperament rather than reflection. George Eliot, with whom I had some agreeable talks, never in my presence alluded to any of her works. In fact, I derived the impression that she did not like to have any one talk about them. Her style always seemed to me unfortunate. In spite of her great insight and dramatic power, she expressed herself in an overelaborate and cumbrous manner. If she had been less great, her style would have made her works to me positively unpalatable."

Several times I met at TOURGUÉNEFF'S house young Russians who were more or less directly connected with the Nihilist movement. Especially do I remember vividly a young man with a strangely bewildered expression, who had been imprisoned for seven years in the fortress of Kiev. The terrible hardships he had endured had almost destroyed his humanity, and TOURGUÉNEFF was endeavoring to re-awaken his interest in life. As far as I remember, his crime consisted in having taken part in some demonstration in front of the Czarowitz's palace, and to have expressed on several occasions disloyal sentiments. He was imprisoned without trial or sentence, and at the end of seven years, when his cell was needed for somebody else, he was pulled out into the sudden glare of the daylight and told to go. His first impulse was one of annoyance at having been disturbed, and his only desire was to creep back into his dark and dingy hole. His life was ruined; he did not know where to turn. His only refuge seemed to be alliance with the Nihilists, with whom he had not formerly been associated. Somehow he obtained from them means to go to Paris, where he became one of TOURGUÉNEFF'S many pensioners. At the latter's request he began to write a record of his life, merely as an effort of memory, so as to regain his hold upon existence. When he had finished a chapter he went to TOURGUÉNEFF and read it aloud to him, receiving his suggestions and criticisms. It was on such an occasion that I was admitted to TOURGUÉNEFF'S study, and when this young man had taken his departure the sad story of his wrecked life was related to me. Another time as I entered I found the novelist engaged in making peace between two young revolutionists who had challenged each other to mortal combat.

"It is terrible," said my host, "how deeply rooted the barbaric instincts are in many Russians, even those who have a gloss of European culture. At heart, I am afraid, most of us are yet Asiatics. And what can you do with a people like that? If you give them a parliament and constitutional government on the English pattern, they would not know what to do with it. It would result in anarchy. An imprudent experiment in communal and municipal self-government is now being tried, but the material for intelligent voters appears even there very scanty. What I blame the government for is not that it refuses to inaugurate sweeping reforms, but that it winks at corruption, and by its horrible secret police and spy system further brutalizes the people, instead of educating it for a better state of things. Its barbarous punishments for such offenses as are included under the term 'political,' so far from preventing disloyal sentiments, produce rather a reckless despair which makes violence easy and natural. This I have preached to my young revolutionary friends a hundred times, but it makes no impression upon them. They don't care what becomes of their great-grandchildren; they say they prefer to reap the blessings of liberty and constitutional government in their own lifetime. Well, so, to be sure, would I; but neither they nor I can undo Russia's past, of which her present and her future are the inevitable results. It is the sudden flooding of the country with so-called modern thought which has produced Nihilism. This thought had not grown in our soil, and could not have grown there. It was like an intoxicating ether which unsettled the national reason. There is a danger in being too rapidly civilized, in anticipating the slow growth of history. Japan, they say, is being destroyed by a too high civilization, and I am not enough of a prophet to say what the result will be in Russia."

I have made the above extracts from my notebooks, omitting my own questions and occasional comments, and placing in juxtaposition remarks which were not always made on the same occasion. The problems which were agitating Russia interested me greatly, and I believe TOURGUÉNEFF had less hesitation in speaking his mind freely to me, because I was a foreigner, and because he knew that I was in sympathy with his ideas. Nevertheless, what I sought was only information, which he had the kindness never to refuse me. After much deliberation I have come to the conclusion that there could be no objection to publishing his views, now that he is dead, and is permanently beyond the reach of the government which in his lifetime did so much to persecute and annoy him. As the unprejudiced views of a man whose experience had afforded him exceptional opportunities for observation, they can scarcely fail to be of value.

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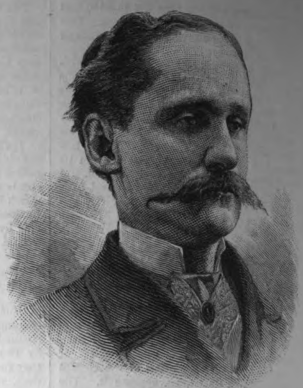
GENERAL JOSEPH B CARR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

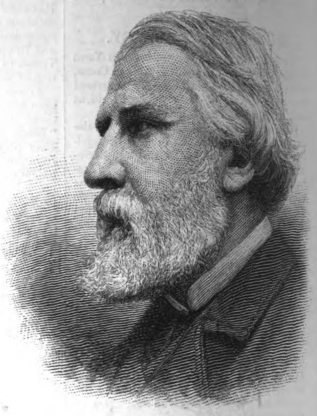
THE HON. PLINY T. SEXTON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.



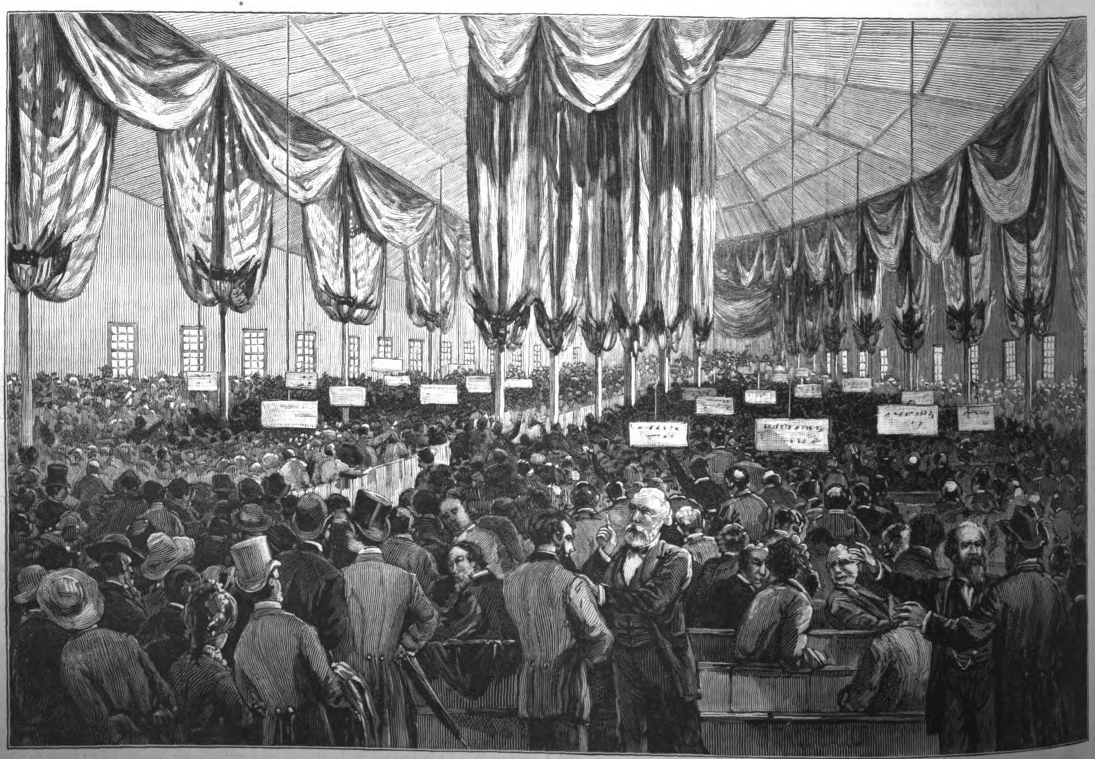
THE HON. IRA DAVENPORT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE COMPTROLLER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

GENERAL SILAS SEYMOUR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE ENGINEER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELTON.

LESLIE W. RUSSELL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOUGH.



—[SEE PAGE 618]



THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION, IN RICHFIELD SPRINGS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 610.]

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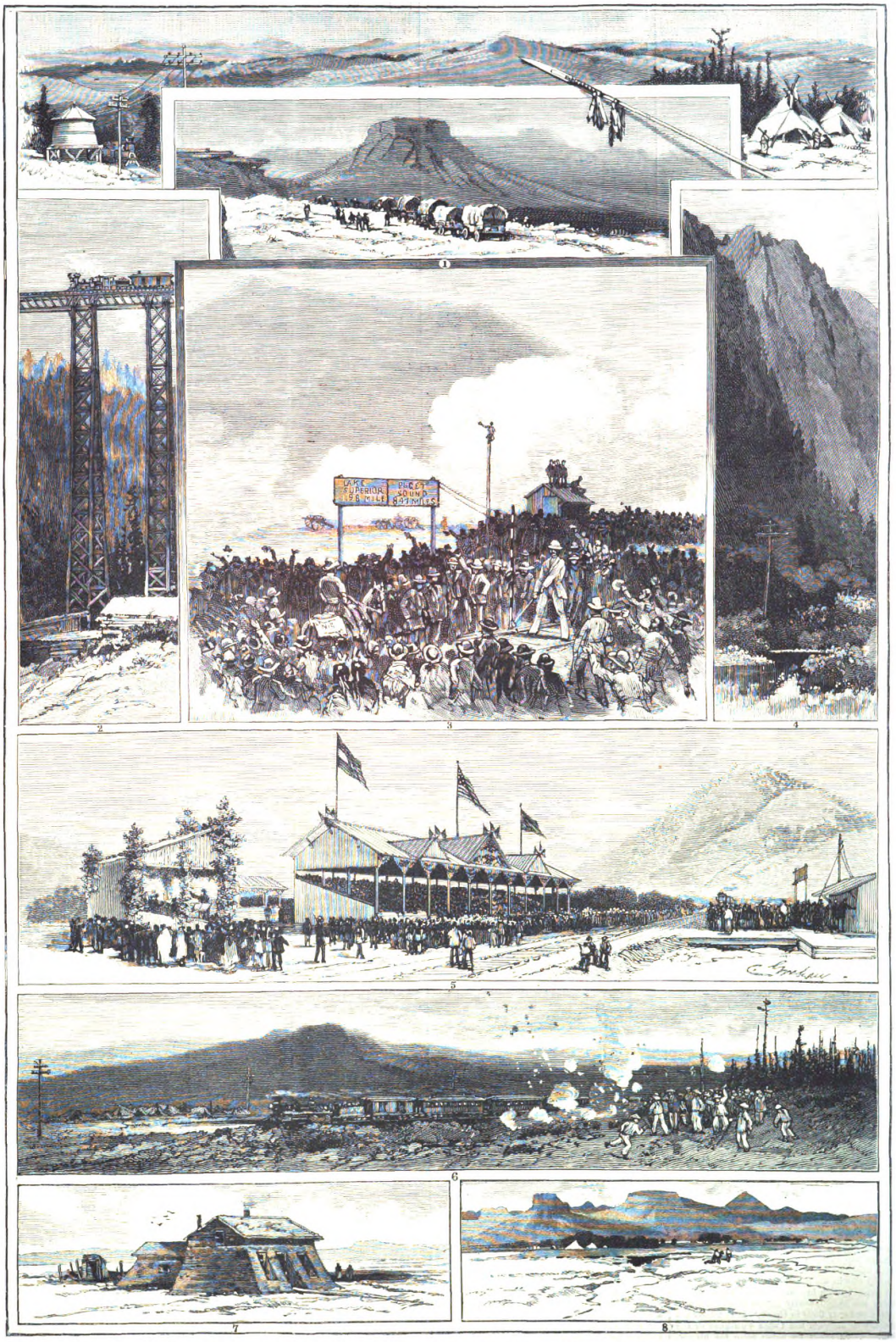

1. 1870. 2. Marnet Trestle, 226 feet high. 3. Driving the Golden Spike. 4. Bozeman Pass. 5. The Pavilion. 6. A Chinese Salute. 7. A Sod House. 8. Distant View of the Bad Lands.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD JUBILEE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 622.]

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THE OPENING OF THE VATICAN ARCHIVES.

POPE LEO XIII. has appealed to history to justify the Papacy, and to prove its usefulness, both now and in the past, to the civilized world. In order to make his appeal authoritative, he has thrown open the archives of the Vatican, under restrictions, no doubt, but, we may hope, under such restrictions as will not, in the end, exclude any conscientious scholar. In a letter to Cardinal DE LUCA, Vice-Chancellor of the Church, Cardinal PIETRA, Librarian, and Cardinal HERGENRÖTHER, Prefect of the Archives, the Pope admits that the study of ecclesiastical history in our century has impaired the estimation in which the Church is held throughout Europe. He would therefore have what he deems false history refuted by the true, and he charges the cardinals named with the duty of opening for inspection the archives of the Papacy to Catholic scholars. Then he believes it will be demonstrated that the Papacy has rendered innumerable services to civilization, and that it is still indispensable to the progress of mankind. The letter is long, filling five columns of the *Osservatore Romano*, and has received respectful comment from Italian papers of nearly all shades of political opinion. They place especial emphasis on the fact that the contention between Italy and the Church is now shifted to a new ground; that instead of meeting history by an appeal to infallibility, LEO will meet history by an appeal to the documents from which history is written. This is a great step in advance for the Papacy; it is the act of an enlightened sovereign, and if the result shall not be a change of the verdict of our age upon the questions at issue between it and Rome, we shall at least have access to treasures of information which have been hitherto locked and barred against all curious explorers. One thing is clear: the Papacy confesses itself to be put upon the defensive, and opens its storehouse of original documents in order to vindicate itself. What this means for historical students is well expressed by the London *Times*: "It is as if the Governor of the Bank of England were to stand in Threadneedle Street and request passers-by to help themselves from the cellars and tills." The history of the Papacy is in large part the history of Europe. Represented in every court in former ages, its bishops often holding the highest civil and political offices, it has had a place in the life of every nation, and has been the inspirer or antagonist of nearly all national policies.

This is, however, but one step. It has been announced prematurely that the Pope has opened the entire Vatican Library to the public. It is much to be wished that he had so done; but we have failed to see in the papal letter sufficient ground for the announcement. The carefully guarded ancient manuscripts will still, we fear, be kept under lock and key; the old jealousy, which has made the examination of them by Protestant scholars so difficult and so unsatisfactory, will still make them next to inaccessible. Special permission has had at all times to be secured for the seeing of the small selection of manuscripts shown to the public. How unlike this to the treatment of the student by the other great libraries of Europe! The Royal Library of Germany is open to every adult who wishes to use a book in the reading-room. University officers can take books to their homes for examination; by special arrangement books and manuscripts are sent to scholars for perusal, or are forwarded to public libraries near their homes. LECHLER, the author of the *Life of Wycliffe*, received from the Imperial Library of Vienna forty volumes of the English reformer's unpublished works for leisurely study. The manuscripts of the University of Cambridge are accessible to accredited scholars who are known to be engaged in useful investigations, and the *Codex Alexandrinus* lies open before the eye of the visitor to the British Museum. It seems hard that the library which in manuscript wealth is the richest of all should be practically closed against the Protestant world. When the most of these treasures were gathered the Papacy was the guardian of Western Christianity. It has shown its fidelity in keeping; let it now show its liberality in imparting of its stores.

The Vatican Library is the monument of the sagacity and love of learning of a long series of Popes. It was founded in the fifteenth century by NICOLAS V.—himself a student and a munificent patron of literature. It was his ambition to make Rome the centre of the learned world, and he applied himself mightily to his task. Greek scholars from Constantinople were especially welcomed by him, and the manuscript treasures of that doomed city were drawn to his own capital. The additions of NICOLAS to the already existing Papal Library were 5000 manuscripts. The Library Building was erected by Pope SIXTUS V. in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Entire collections of manuscript and printed volumes have been absorbed by this master collection, such as the library of the Elector Palatine, the original manuscripts plundered from Prague by GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and in this century the library of Cardinal ZELADA, and so late as 1856 nearly 7000 volumes which once belonged to Cardinal MAI. Other libraries exceed this in the number of printed books, but no one is so rich in manuscripts. Of these last there are 25,600, nearly 20,000 of which are in Latin, and over 3500 in Greek. It is hardly necessary to mention the *Codex Vaticanus* of the Bible, which takes its name from the library, and which has been edited by and printed under the supervision of Cardinal MAI. There are also to be found here manuscripts of the ancient Latin classics running back as far as the fourth century, and one of them, a *De Republica* of CICERO, supposed to date from the third century. It is an astonishing fact that the printed volumes have never been accurately counted, so that estimates of their number vary from 100,000 to 200,000. This is the more astonishing when we remember that NICOLAS V., the founder of the library, devised a catalogue which was the model for the librarians of his time. The lists of the printed volumes in use are written, and are for the librarians only. There are also printed catalogues of manuscripts in certain special lines. The building itself is the finest for library purposes in the world. Successive Popes have lavished upon its decoration all the resources of painting and sculpture. Nominally it is open to visitors every day, but in point of fact it is closed on Thursdays, feast days, and from the month of June to the month of November. The ordinary visitor is hurried through the halls by the custodian, who punctually takes the prescribed fee, and, as he passes along, sees only the locked doors of the cases which contain the manuscripts.

We are still left to conjecture how far the liberal offer of LEO XIII. will be construed, by the cardinals named, to extend. "None," says the London *Times*, "not known to be of unimpeachable Catholicity are likely to be admitted." But will this limitation be insisted on? Even if it be, the world will be the gainer by the publication of the documents laid away in the papal archives. We are not surprised that the concession is bound up with restrictions; for even a liberal, scholarly Pope is awkwardly liberal; liberality is not a customary papal virtue. LEO XIII. may be assured, however, that in every step he takes in this direction he will be met by the increased respect and the applause of lovers of learning throughout the Christian world.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

MRS. HOWARD'S "AT HOME."

I.

IN one of the Italian cities most frequented by foreigners for winter residence there is an old palace with a coat of arms carved above the entrance gate, a mouldy inner court adorned with battered statues, and a neglected garden in the rear. The noble family, rightful owners, has dwindled to an impecunious son, habitué of the Nice clubs, an uncle, canon of a cathedral, and a sister, married to a senator of the kingdom. These distinguished people revert to the old palace only to extort the uttermost farthing of rent from such tenants as choose to inhabit the vast chambers. Decay has set its seal on arch and court, but Banksia roses still bloom on the boundary wall, and a Judas-tree blushes in pink sprays in honor of the spring-time. A porter no longer guards the entrance, and beggars roam up the dark stairway to jangle bells in quest of alms, for the water-pumper of the house, a swarthy man clad in a shirt of purple flannel, who perpetually vanishes and pops out of oblique little doors in dusty corners, is not empowered to drive away mendicants. At the date of which we write an intruder of inquiring mind would have perceived a small visiting-card nailed to the door of the first-floor apartment bearing the name of Mrs. Horatio Fowler, Philadelphia. Another flight of the worn steps brought the visitor to a second landing of red tiles, where the massive portal had a similar bit of pasteboard inscribed Mrs. Thompson Howard, Boston. Further on, the doors of the old palace had brass plates innumerable of cavaliers and avocats, while the upper story was occupied by a countess, who sallied forth in gay toilets, attended by a footman in livery, reputed to polish knives and wash dishes in the privacy of home.

"They take pot-luck up there," affirmed Mrs. Howard's Caterina, with a toss of her pretty head.

At twelve o'clock, on a spring morning, the postman rang several bells attached to the entrance gate, like the brass stops of an organ, and proceeded to sift his harvest of letters and journals for the respective lodgers. Simultaneously doors flew open, and baskets spun down the well of the staircase, held by cords. The postman carefully freighted these receptacles, and the baskets ascended again with the news of the day, each carrying some hope or pain from the great lottery of the world.

Pretty Caterina, in her crimped hat, had emerged on the landing and lowered her basket—a measure to be deplored as derogating from all style, but necessary, since the cook had gone to market. Caterina smiled down on the postman—a brilliant glance intercepted by a new man-servant on the first floor. He was young, and of fascinating exterior. His black hair was puffed out on either side of his head, his eyes were lustrous, and his mustache knowingly twisted to a point.

"Santa Madonna! the signora below has set up a man-servant!" she announced, presenting a small note from the basket to her expectant mistress.

Mrs. Howard received note and statement in dignified silence. She opened the missive, and a smile of triumph shone on her face. "He accepts my invitation!" she exclaimed, aloud.

This remark was the key-note of the lady's ambition. She was a lion-hunter, and had secured a fresh prize.

"Where is Miss Norman?" she added.

"The signorina went out for a mouthful of fresh air," replied Caterina.

Jane Norman entered swiftly. "I am late," she explained, apologetically. "I have had an adventure this morning. I have been following a gentleman about for an hour."

"Following a gentleman!" repeated Mrs. Howard, and lowered the eyeglass through which she had been spying at the note to gaze at her companion.

Jane Norman laughed nervously. She was a slender and genteel young woman, usually attired in black, who slipped through a crowd unobtrusively, and kept well in the background. Granted the sympathy of congenial intercourse, her hazel eyes became brilliant and her smile winning, while such incense as good-humored masculine flattery rendered her charming.

"The gentleman was a stranger," she continued. "I heard an Italian in the crowd say, 'See those pickpockets after a forestiero.' Then I noticed two young men lounging before a shop."

"Well?" said Mrs. Howard, impatiently.

"I kept between him and the thieves," resumed Jane. "He entered a church, and before one of the altars I managed to warn him."

"Really! Did he know your name?"

"Oh no."

"Probably he was aware that you live with me. I admit no clandestine acquaintances, mind."

Jane winced, and repented of her rash confidence. She was not likely to forget her dependent position under Mrs. Howard's needle-pricks of reminder.

"He knew nothing except that I was a country-woman," said the younger woman, taking up her pen. "Is there any correspondence for me this morning?"

Mrs. Howard began to scribble wildly notes of invitation to her acquaintance. The card read: "Mrs. Howard at home. April 12. To meet Mr. Poynter."

"Mr. Poynter, the celebrated author, is coming," explained the patroness, complacently. "You know his writings, of course. They have been all the rage in America for the past five years."

"No," said Jane, directing a pyramid of envelopes.

"He wrote the novel of the season: *Nothing, an Idyl*."

"I never read it," added Jane.

"His poems have been collected into a volume called *Dandelion-down*. His most profound romance, they say, is *Feathers*."

"Will you invite the ladies of the first floor?" demanded Jane, demurely.

"I do not know them," said Mrs. Howard, sharply. "I am obliged to be very careful—in my position."

"They had an English Lord and an Italian Marchese to dine last night," warned Jane.

"Indeed!" Mrs. Howard's eyes sparkled with anger.

Thursday dawned. Mrs. Howard received with stately elegance of demeanor, in black velvet trimmed with antique lace. Her rooms, once occupied by an English poet, were hung with tapestries, plaques of majolica, and dim pictures. Nothing more modern in the way of a chair than the spindle legs of the Louis Quatorze period was permitted. Soon the great yellow salon, with portières of black and gold, and walls finished in amber damask, was thronged, chiefly by ladies, all eager to see Mr. Poynter, the American author. Mrs. Howard had long wielded the sceptre of a social despot. She set up some, and put down others, with a high hand. Power had rendered her arrogant.

Jane Norman, pouring tea in a small boudoir, became aware of a startling fact. Mr. Poynter did not come. Mrs. Howard's company smile was a trifle forced, and her glance abstracted. Time passed, and the guest of the occasion remained conspicuous by his absence. What did it mean? Was she to be lightly mocked at? Mortification and wrath awoke in her breast. The last cup of tea was drank, and the last curious spectator departed. Already Mrs. Howard beheld gossip, that most tantalizing of petty foes, spreading wing at her door to soar away over the Anglo-American colony of the foreign city with such a piquant item of news as that the lion had not appeared at all, or made excuse.

Later a rumor reached the second-floor apartment, filtered through Caterina and Luigi, the new man-servant below. Mr. Poynter had spent two hours with Mrs. Fowler and her daughters. As if this were not sufficient gall and wormwood for one day, some of Mrs. Howard's guests had looked in on Mrs. Fowler in departing, and had been presented to the affable author. These were chiefly matrons with eligible daughters, who understood that dancing parties were to be given here.

"What does such an insult mean to one of my family and position?" cried Mrs. Howard.

II.

Edward Poynter was tall, plain of feature, and of middle age. He had learned in the battle of life not to wear his heart on his sleeve. A better tailor would have rendered him distinguished, while a more ample sweep of black hair would have imparted eccentricity to his appearance. A traveller without enthusiasm, because travel had come too late; a cool spectator of the crowd; a man infinitely amused, and a trifle scornful of his own popularity: such was the hero of Mrs. Howard's at home. In earlier college days and during the struggles of an editorial career he had poured forth his soul in poems and philosophical essays, which had met with no recognition. Then he had turned to a society novel in anger, and produced, grimly derisive of the effort, *Nothing, an Idyl*. The author was profoundly astonished at its success. *Feathers* followed, and fashion claimed Edward Poynter for its own. His dislike of publicity, his aversion to small-talk, his attempt to remain secluded, only enhanced his value. Possibly these lighter works possessed facility of expression and true talent which he alone refused to recognize.

The previous Saturday he had strolled through the halls of an artists' club, where a ball was given to celebrate the centenary of Raphael of Urbino. The portrait of the divine youth was embowered in laurel, while the artistic fancy had converted the withdrawing-room into a submarine grotto, with the aid of pearly shells, pasteboard crabs and lobsters, coral, and electric lights, for the repose of panting dancers. Here Mr. Poynter had been presented to a bevy of his country-women—tall ladies and short ladies, young and old, with every gradation of human stoutness and slimness. Mrs. Howard was among the number. In accepting her invitation the vaguest possible impression of her personality remained in his mind. The date was treasured in his note-book. On Thursday he sought the old palace, inspected the mouldy court, and ascended the wide stairway. On the first landing a servant stood with the door open. The servant was the fascinating Luigi, intent on obtaining a glimpse of Caterina above, and also with an eye to the company which should flock to Mrs. Howard's reception.

"Is the signora at home?" inquired the author.

Luigi bowed, and ushered him into the presence of Mrs. Fowler and her charming offspring, Frances, Mabel, and Georgina.

"So kind of you to come!" murmured the lady.

She also had schemed to have the distinguished writer adorn some entertainment which should shed lustre on her position, and here the partridge fell from the heaven, all roasted, as it were. The visit was pleasant. The young ladies fluttered about with their birthday books, and a few dowagers dropped in. Mr. Poynter described the manner in which a lady had warned him of pickpockets a few days before. The Fowler girls giggled.

"You must come to our Flower Fair for the new American church," said Mrs. Fowler.

"Madame, I am confident your daughters will be rose-buds on the occasion," was the gallant response.

The maidens clapped their hands.

"What a lovely idea!" exclaimed the eldest, archly.

Mr. Poynter found them in harmony with their surroundings. Every bracket and table was freighted with *bibelots*, even as the Misses Fowler were decked with buckles, chains, sashes, and tinkling bracelets.

"Thank you for a delightful hour—a—Mrs. Howard," said Edward Poynter, with an effort of memory.

Then he withdrew, serenely conscious of having acquitted himself creditably of a somewhat irksome obligation, and all ignorant of the storm he had aroused above-stairs.

Left alone, the Fowlers burst into uncontrollable laughter. Mabel seated herself at the piano and performed a rattling Strauss waltz, while her mother and sisters joined hands and danced around the room.

"What fun! He thought you were Mrs. Howard!" cried Frances.

The Flower Fair for the fund of the new American church succeeded Mrs. Howard's at home so swiftly that the mortified lady hoped it would serve to efface the remembrance of her misfortunes. Vain delusion! Everybody knew before the lapse of twenty-four hours that the famous author had visited Mrs. Fowler of Philadelphia, and ignored Mrs. Howard of Boston. The culpable one manifested no sign of contrition for his misdemeanor.

Edward Poynter was recalled from dreamy contemplation of Perugino in a gallery by a printed card of *invitation to the Flower Fair*. A face haunted him, pure in outline and lighted by a pair of hazel eyes. Seated before the masterpiece of his preference, he had yielded to the impulse of inscribing a tender little sonnet in his note-book to this unknown woman. For a moment she had emerged from the sombre obscurity of a church fragrant with incense, and read his own soul with one vivid look, then vanished again. Who was she? Maid, wife, or widow? What was the secret of the seemingly candid eyes, for surely there was a shadow of pathos in them? The enigma of a woman's glance tantalized and interested him. Why? He could not decide. The moment had come when he was wax to such an impression.

"What would this world be without fairs?" he mused. "I suppose I am expected to buy velvet pincushions and impossible blotting-books."

He tore up the sonnet, scattered the fragments, and went to the bazar of charity. The American flag waved above the door of a large hall, and a hum of voices greeted the ear. Edward Poynter paused on the threshold with that contemplative manner peculiar to him. Stalls of flowers lined the wall, each presided over by fair ladies attired like the blossoms vended. Near at hand a parterre of Poppies swayed and nodded, the flame of color extending from scarlet satin bodices, tufted with wheat sprays, to little nosegays which seemed to have been dropped from the passing car of Ceres. Further on, a Variegated Pink spread her aromatic-scented wares in friendly proximity to an Ox-eyed Daisy in a corsage decked with silver leaves. The Wild Convolvulus peeped coquettishly from her bower of trailing vines, while the Corn-flower enhanced the value of her simple bouquets by brushing them with her roguish lips. Edward Poynter was not slow to recognize the Misses Fowler in this galaxy of beauty. He smiled involuntarily. They had taken his advice, and represented Rose-buds. A cloud of pink draperies enveloped their corner shrine, and in an atmosphere redolent of perfume the three sisters attracted admiring eyes. They were shepherdess dresses of pink silk, and their blonde hair sparkled with diamond stars for dew-drops.

"There is Mr. Poynter," remarked Mrs. Fowler, and approached the clergyman who was conversing with Mrs. Howard. "I do hope we shall make a lot of money for the church fund."

"The ladies are giving me zealous assistance," said the clergyman—a mild and peaceable Christian, who ignored the hostility of these two parishioners.

Mrs. Howard bowed stiffly. Mrs. Fowler nodded, and rustled the folds of her rich crimson robe.

"You should welcome Mr. Poynter," she continued to the pastor of the flock. "He has come

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to see my girls dressed as rose-buds. Such a dear man as he is, and not a bit spoiled by flattery. You know him, madam?"

"I have met him," replied Mrs. Howard, with her most stately bearing.

Pride goes before a fall. The clergyman hastened toward the door, but before he reached it Edward Poynter darted away toward the lower end of the hall. Mrs. Fowler's countenance lengthened. The eldest Miss Fowler pricked her finger smartly on a thorn of the moss-covered table.

Edward Poynter had discovered in his leisurely survey of the scene a shrine of the Lily-of-the-Valley, with a single occupant standing calm and fair amidst the sheaves of delicate waxen bells and long, cool leaves. White silk tulle softly enveloped her, and from a trellis of green chenille rose a slender throat and a graceful head, with a single pearl for ornament in the dark hair. The Lily-of-the-Valley was Jane Norman, escaped from the chrysalis of every-day bondage to the whims of a gouty old lady—until the flowers faded. Tropical plants were arranged behind her as a relief of darker foliage to enhance the transparent tissue of her dress and the stainless purity of the blossoms.

"I would not have believed Jane could look as well," reflected Mrs. Howard, slowly approaching.

Emulation had led her to thus present her companion to the community. Had not the artful Caterina beguiled Mrs. Fowler's Luigi, and learned what the toilet of the Misses Fowler would be? Had not Mrs. Howard determined to eclipse them as much by the refined beauty of a lily-of-the-valley as in the superiority of her own breeding? Motive employs obscure wheels in small communities as well as in imperial governments.

"Have I found you again?" said Edward Poynter, leaning on the table, and speaking hurriedly.

Jane started, and their eyes met in swift recognition.

"Will you buy my lilies?" she rejoined, mindful of Mrs. Howard's objection to followers.

"I shall purchase no other flower," he retorted, eagerly. "The pickpockets got my purse, after all."

Color dawned in Jane's cheek, and a rippling smile swept over her face.

"You should be more careful," she said.

"You should not have deserted me so cruelly," he echoed, placing a spray of lilies in his buttonhole.

"How amusing to have the thieves secure the prize in the end!" she added. "That would furnish an incident for an author now here."

"Does he need incidents?" demanded Edward Poynter, studying her face.

"I have only glanced at his books; but he does seem to need incident," she retorted, with a touch of sarcasm.

"What else?" he asked, abruptly.

"Pith," said Jane Norman.

"Good-day, Mr. Poynter," interposed Mrs. Howard.

"Good-day, madame," responded the courteous culprit.

Mrs. Howard glared at him stonily. She was scrutinized by her public, therefore she stifled her emotions. Jane had turned pale at the mention of his name.

"I regretted not seeing you on Thursday," impressively.

"On Thursday I visited Mrs. Howard," he explained, airily.

"Pardon me; I am Mrs. Howard," said that lady, with a bitter smile.

"Then you have a namesake here."

"There is only one Mrs. Howard, sir. I am a resident of many years."

He looked at Jane, and she came to the rescue.

"Mrs. Howard expected you on Thursday to meet her friends," she said.

"I visited Mrs. Howard and her charming daughters—"

"There is a person with daughters on the first floor of our palazzo," interposed Mrs. Howard.

Edward Poynter gazed in bewilderment at the two ladies. His next question was seemingly irrelevant: "Were you there?"

"Yes," replied Jane, suppressing her amusement.

The clergyman swept away the visitor to admire the other stalls, but Edward Poynter manifested a preference for the Lily-of-the-Valley which was clearly apparent to all.

"People will talk if you remain here longer," demurred Jane, whose cheeks had become as pink as those of her sisters of the Rose-bud department.

"Let them talk! If you permit me to remain, their opinion is wholly indifferent to me," he said, in a low tone. "What an idiot I was to slight Mrs. Howard!"

"I did not know you had written *Feathers* and *Dandelion-down*," added Jane, with contrition.

"You despise the rubbish, I can see."

"Yes, I do," avowed Jane, with a dilation of the nostril. "A man should find some nobler task."

Edward Poynter was delighted. His eyes softened.

"I have been searching for you all my life," he said. "Ah, why have I never before found you?"

The next month Edward Poynter and Jane Norman were married, and sailed for America.

Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Fowler have buried the hatchet, and visit each other. Mrs. Howard expresses a fear that the Fowler girls will never marry, as they have no *dot*, and hints darkly that the late Mr. Fowler was a carpenter by trade. Mrs. Fowler gives it as her opinion that Mrs. Howard is an amusing old frump with dyed hair, and adds an entire disbelief in her Boston origin. On one subject both ladies agree: they consider the American author Edward Poynter as greatly overestimated, and doomed to early and merited oblivion.

"What can he have seen to admire in her? Surely she made her own dresses, they fitted so badly." Thus meditate Georgina, Frances, and Mabel Fowler. Then these maidens spread afresh their pretty draperies, and dance on in pursuit of such elusive wills-o'-the-wisp as husbands. Suitors they have in abundance, and many nibbles at the matrimonial bait, but the family income will brook no subdivision into the requisite dowries. Jane Norman had not a penny, and made her own gowns. Magical gifts of destiny! How can such matters be explained, at least to the understanding of the Misses Fowler?

The fascinating Luigi jilted Caterina in favor of Mrs. Fowler's cook, a sedate person of means. Caterina, in despair, threatened to throw herself from the window, but thought better of it, and married the water-pumper of the house. She may be seen loitering in the court, good-humored, slipshod, with dishevelled hair, a baby on her arm, and her knitting-work in her fingers, ready to gossip with all the world, as of old.

The seasons pass over the Italian palace. The Judas-tree blushes pink in the golden warmth of summer, and winter frosts fringe the fountain with icicles. Massive wall, gateway, and venerable statues remain unchanged; only the tide of fitful human life ebbs and flows in the wide corridors and vast chambers with the lapse of years.

ART IN DETROIT.

THE leading citizens of Detroit, Michigan, have organized an Art Loan Exhibition remarkable for extent, variety, and quality. They gave eight months to the work, and subscribed at the outset $50,000 as a guarantee fund to meet any financial loss that might be incurred. They appointed their committees as long ago as last February, and they held a ratification meeting on the 12th of March in Music Hall, and listened to addresses from distinguished speakers, particularly to a letter from the Hon. THOMAS W. PALMER announcing his readiness to contribute $10,000 toward building an art gallery, in case $40,000 were contributed by others. They issued a circular asking the loan of treasures suitable for the exhibition. They constructed an "Art Wigwam," on the general plan of the Centennial Art Annex, one hundred and thirty feet square, at a cost of $10,000. They proceeded to adorn the interior of that edifice with oil-paintings, water-colors, etchings, engravings, statuary, and bric-à-brac, the pictures being so numerous that three weeks were consumed in hanging them. They opened the exhibition promptly on the day announced—the 1st of September.

Never was a project for an art loan exhibition conceived more clearly, backed more generously, carried on more systematically, or executed more successfully. "Upon passing through the turnstiles," wrote an eye-witness on the opening night, "the visitors found themselves in a blaze of light, surrounded by the superb collection of paintings from New York, Boston, and the East, and involuntarily paused out of sheer wonder that such a sight should ever have been seen here. Passing into the rotunda, they stood in doubt for the instant as to which of the rooms opening around them possessed the greatest attraction. The splendid and immortal works of art, the magnificent settings of the paintings, the silvery flood of the electric lights, the men and women moving about softly as if on sacred ground, the harmonious blending of the lights, shades, and colors, must be seen to be appreciated. Before eight o'clock there was a crowd, but with none of the haste, anxiety, or excitement usually attendant upon such a gathering. All moved about admiringly and curiously, but there was no vulgar rush, no boisterous enthusiasm, no rude elbowing, shoving, or clamor."

We have received a series of photographs representing various views in the interior of the building, and also a catalogue of the exhibition—the latter a well-arranged and instructive octavo pamphlet of one hundred and sixty-seven pages, edited by Miss CLARA A. AVERY—and the impression produced by these documents seems to explain and justify the appreciative enthusiasm of the writer just quoted. By far the largest and most important portion of the exhibit consists of oil-paintings, and among the distinguished names represented by them are FRA ANGELICO, BELLINI, BOUCHER, CORREGGIO, PIETRO DA CORTONA, GREUZE, ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, LEONARDO DA VINCI, MURILLO, POUSSIN, RAPHAEL, REMBRANDT, GUIDO RENI, SALVATOR ROSA, RUBENS, and VANDYCK; ROSA BONHEUR, JULES BRETON, COROT, COURBET, DAUBIGNY, DE COCK, DE NEUVILLE, DIAZ, FORTUNY, GÉRÔME, JACQUE, JACQUET, JIMINEZ, LAMBINET, MARCHETTI, MUNKACSY, PALMAROLI, PASSINI, PILOTY, REGNAULT, RICO, ROUSSEAU, SCHREYER, VIBERT, VILLEGAS, ZAMACOIS, and ZIEM. Such names as these settle at once the rank of an exhibition of pictures, and present an attraction that any city might be glad to harbor. Then there are our own American artists, the most celebrated of them being honored with short biographies, which sometimes convey in a few words a good deal of interesting information. Of Mr. WILLIAM H. BEARD we read: "Brother of JAMES—a thorough American, in spite of European study." Of Mr. J. WELLS CHAMPNEY: "Lecturer on anatomy in the schools of the N. A. D." Of Mr. J. FOXCROFT COLE: "Although a careful student of French landscape art, he has retained great individuality, and penetrates the soul of nature." Of Mr. M. F. H. DE HAAS: "Artist to the Dutch navy, 1857." Of Mr. FRANK DEVENECK: "Commenced his career as fresco painter—superior technique portraits in REMBRANDT style." Of Mr. R. SWAIN GIFFORD: "Taken to New Bedford when a child; has travelled much in the East, and is very successful in representing Oriental life." Of the late Mr. SANFORD R. GIFFORD: "One of the most original of American artists in depicting atmospheric effects." Of the late Mr. JOHN F. KENSETT: "His fame rests largely on his landscapes of American scenery." Of HOMER D. MARTIN: "Almost wholly self-taught; member of several societies."

The section devoted to water-colors and black and white comes next in order, and is followed by the sections devoted respectively to amateur work, sculpture, colonial antiquities, bric-à-brac, textiles, and miscellaneous articles, among the latter being about two hundred and fifty pieces of terra cotta and hand-made and wheel-made pottery, duplicates of objects in the Cesnola Collection in this city. In his letter consenting to forward these specimens, General DI CESNOLA wrote: "The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art having authorized me to lend the Detroit Art Loan Exhibition such antiquities discovered by me in Cyprus as are not at present on exhibition in the Museum, I have selected from them specimens which will very fairly represent the ancient art of Cyprus in its slow growth, beginning from a period still earlier than twelve centuries before our era, and coming down to the time when the Romans were ruling over that island, namely, about two thousand years ago."

This magnificent exhibition is the first step in a carefully matured scheme for establishing in Detroit a permanent museum and school of art.

WHEELMEN AT SPRINGFIELD.

THE grand bicycle tournament at Springfield, Massachusetts, which began on the 18th inst. and continued three days, was the most successful and interesting meeting of the kind ever held in this country. It was organized and conducted by the Springfield Bicycle Club, and as a pecuniary venture its results were eminently satisfactory, the judicious outlay of $16,000 in prizes and advertising being rewarded by the receipt of $24,000 in gate money and entrance fees. Besides this, they have won the reputation of being the most enterprising bicycle club in the country and the most active promoters of a sport which is winning a place in popular favor only exceeded by lawn tennis. The popularity which bicycling has gained in this its sixth year of existence in this country was shown by the throngs of sight-seers who flocked into Springfield to witness the novel sport. On the second day of the races 23,000 persons, by actual count, occupied the grand stand and other available positions in Hampden Park, and it is estimated that three times that number viewed the parade of 600 wheelmen through the city streets earlier in the same day.

The races were remarkable as resulting in a general breaking of records that had already stood the test of several famous meets. The most novel race, which was over a distance of one mile without touching hands to the handle-bar, was won by an American star bicycle. This machine is as novel as the race won on it, for its wheels occupy the reverse of the ordinary position, the small one being in front.

The most exciting race was that for the twenty-mile amateur championship. After an exceedingly close contest, which aroused the enthusiasm of the great crowd of spectators to a pitch of intense excitement, it was won by GEORGE M. HENDEE, of the Springfield Club, in the fast time of 1 h. 7 m. 32 s., his only competitor, THOMAS W. MIDGLEY, of Worcester, Massachusetts, coming in twenty yards behind. HENDEE'S time in this race breaks the amateur and professional record of America, and he also succeeded in lowering the American record for every mile above the tenth. The professional race for twenty miles, contested the next day, lowered HENDEE'S record by more than a minute, being won by H. W. HIGHAM, of England, in 1 h. 6 m. 30 s.

The twenty-five mile amateur race for the championship of the United States was won by A. H. ROBINSON, of London, England, in 1 h. 23 m. 10 s., which time breaks the American record by 13 m. 4 s. CHARLES F. FRAZER, of Smithville, New Jersey, really came in first; but as he had fouled ROBINSON on the homestretch, the judges gave him second place.

A five-mile tricycle race was won by the ex-champion bicycler, L. H. JOHNSON, of Orange, New Jersey, and the five-mile college race was won by A. D. CLAFLIN, of Harvard, in 16 m. 48 s.

The total attendance at the races during the three days of the meet was 50,800 persons.

No. 3. "Ah! this time," says old Perkyns, "I think I have the right thing. Quiet little animals, goats, harmless and perfectly trustworthy."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

TROUBLE of a singular nature has arisen in Texas. The cattle kings have inclosed vast tracts with wire fences, leaving stretches of miles upon miles without any gate or passageway. To go around one of these fenced areas is a journey of several days. The temptation for travellers to cut the wires and pass through is very great, especially since the land inclosed belongs to the public domain. This has been done, has resulted in serious affrays, and has at last brought the matter conspicuously before the people of the State. The Legislature will, without doubt, try to adopt some measure for the adjustment of the troubles at the next session.

A newspaper printed in Richmond, Virginia, makes the somewhat remarkable statement that "we meet with plenty of Northern people who are more deficient in reading, writing, and arithmetic than the negro anywhere in the South," and on the strength of this assertion it desires that Northerners shall cease to repeat that the Southern negro needs educating.

It is claimed that the jinrikisha, or two-wheeled cart in which passengers are drawn by men, was introduced into Japan by a Yankee inventor. The Yokohama *Mail* says that three hundred thousand of them are now in use there, giving employment to at least two hundred thousand able-bodied men. It seems that Yankee ingenuity can detect "a want long felt" in Asia as easily as in America.

The civil service examiners say that there is a dearth of applicants for the places that pay small salaries.

When some of the Fish Commissioners were on Narragansett Bay recently they "picked oysters out of the teeth of the rakes, and told their age by wrinkles in the shell." Oysters have not yet learned the art of concealing their age by the obliteration of wrinkles.

A Western newspaper explains that a phrenologist is "a man who can tell from the bunions on a boy's head whether he is to be hanged or to be a missionary."

Another American has distinguished himself in the Old World by appearing at a theatre in Milan with a luminous scarf pin in which a tiny electric light glowed. It was made to burn for five hours by a small apparatus carried in the waistcoat pocket.

There is lamentation in Kentucky, born of the report that the corn crop this year will be small, and of the thought that a part of it will be turned into meal cakes and other solids.

One of those Mexican creatures known as the burro was shipped to St. Louis. The agent concluded that "burro" meant "bureau," and he accordingly reported to his superior, on the arrival of the car-load, "one bureau missing, and one jackass over."

Accounts appear in the newspapers occasionally of trials of speed between the magnificent steamboats that sweep around the Battery late in the afternoon and out into the Sound. These craft are the handsomest of their kind in the world, and their decks are nearly always black with passengers while passing where there are objects of interest on shore to be seen. The officers of the companies owning the boats would be very reluctant to acknowledge that racing is permitted. Perhaps it is done without permission, or maybe it is not done at all. But if there is such racing, there is great danger. The explosion of the immense boilers carried by a modern Sound steamboat would be a terrible affair.

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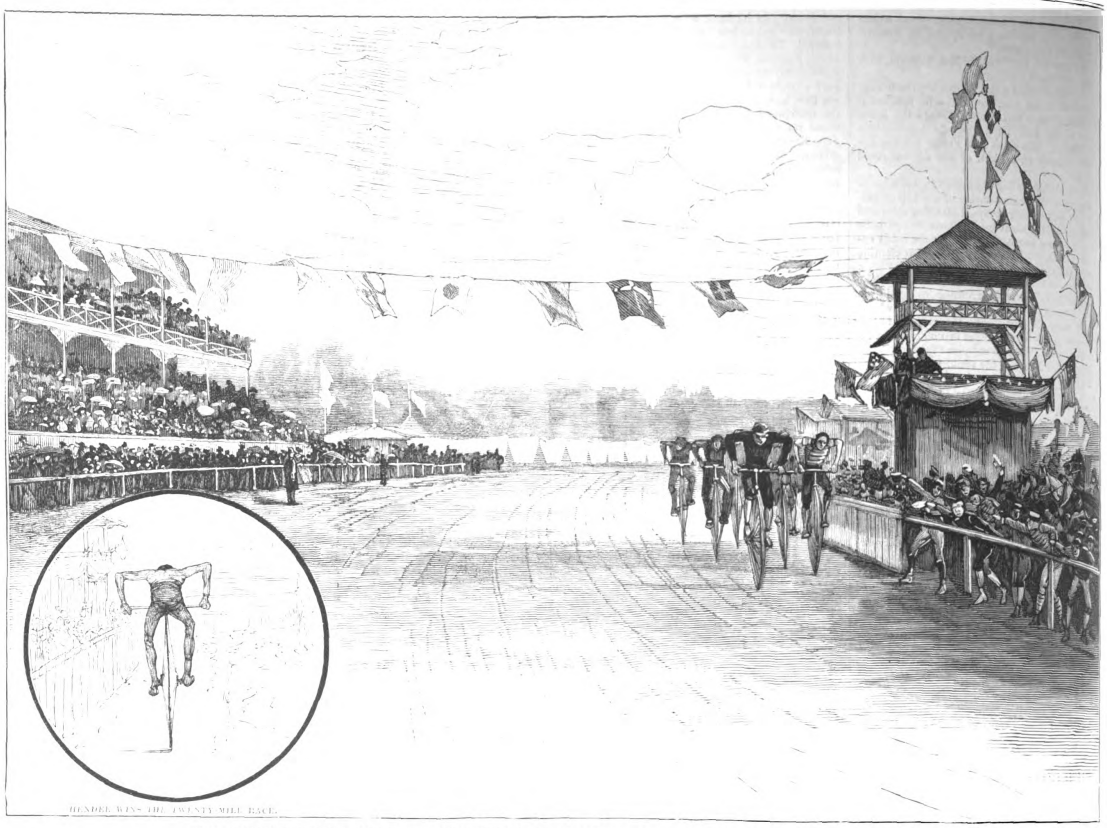

THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—ON THE HOMESTRETCH—TEN-MILE RACE.
DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM A SKETCH BY E. L. DURAND.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

THE LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN, IN ROME.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 618.]

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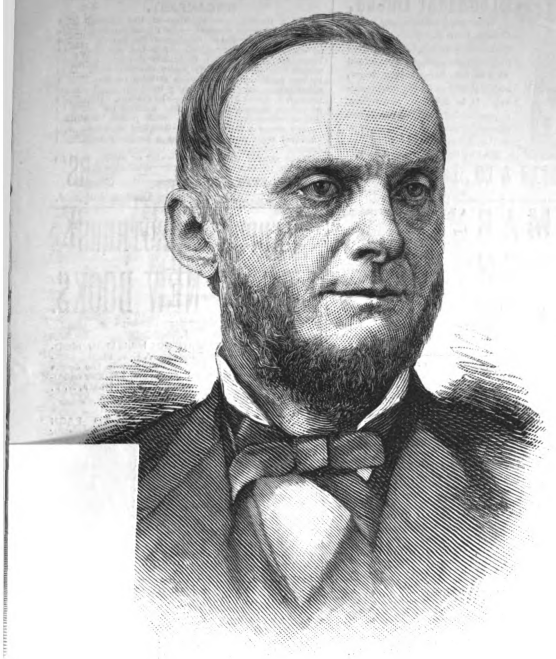
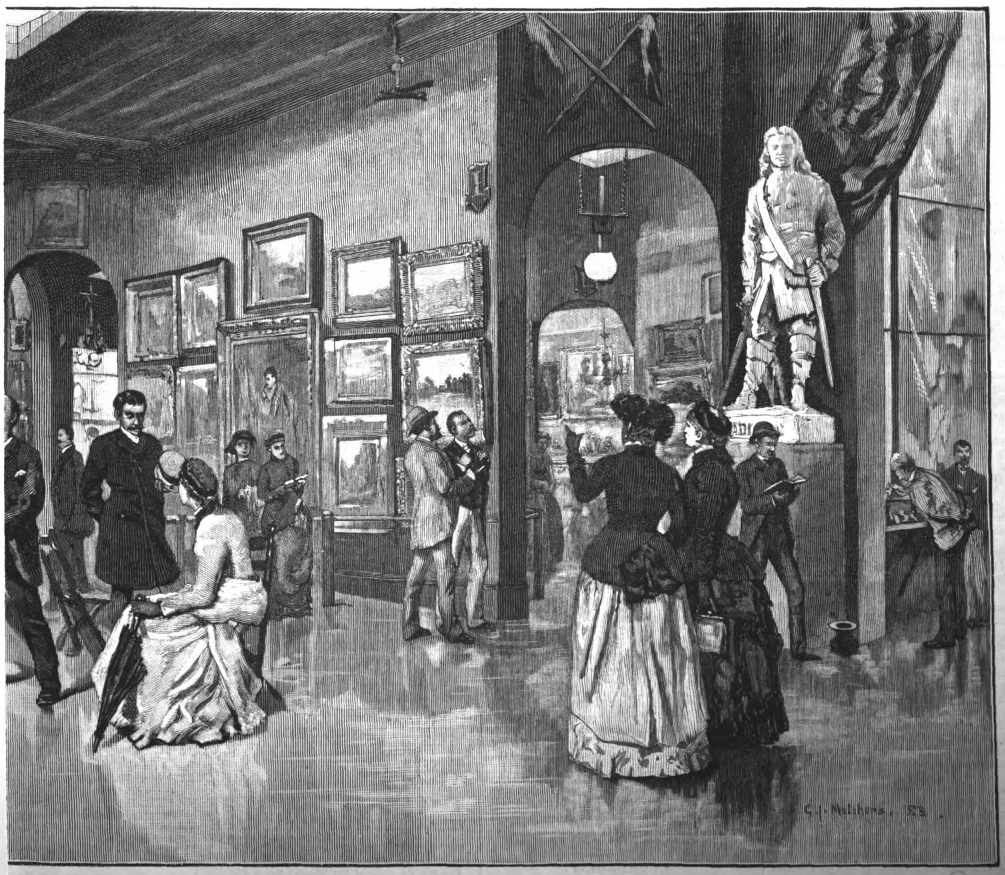


GEORGE D. ROBINSON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR MASSACHUSETTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK.—[SEE PAGE 610.]

THE HON. JONATHAN DIXON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUBELMAN.—[SEE PAGE 610.]



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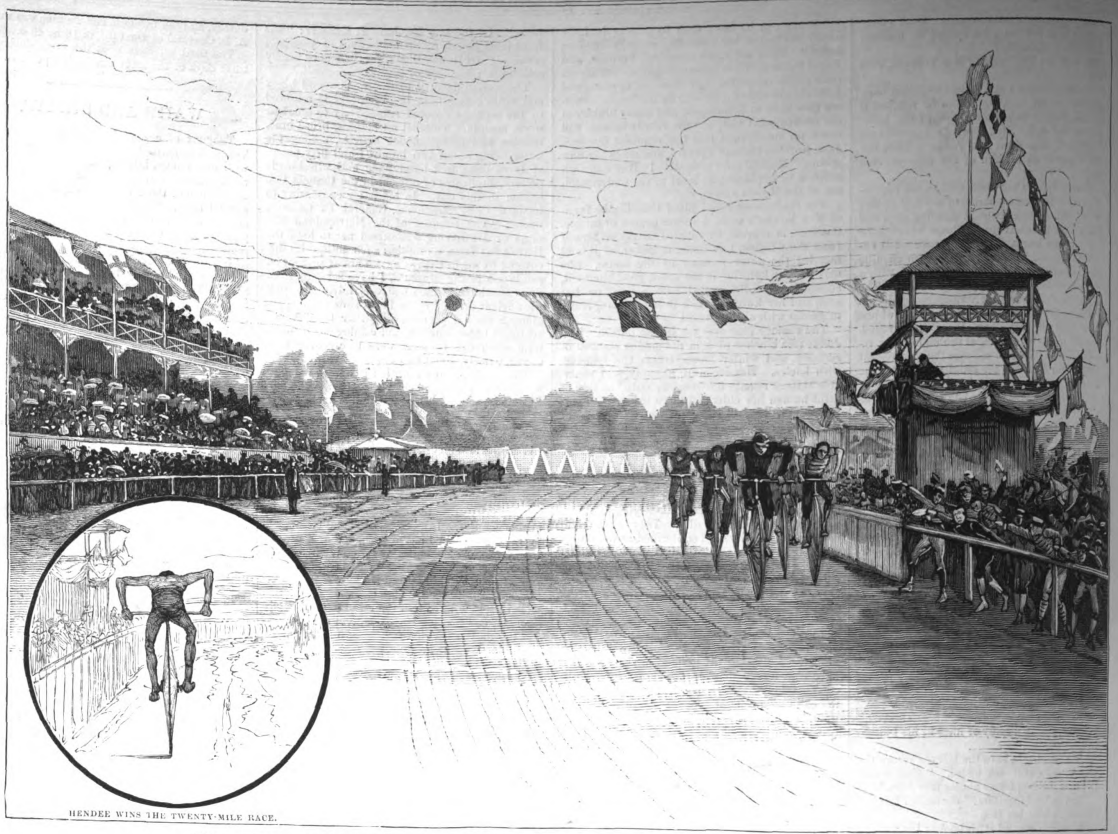

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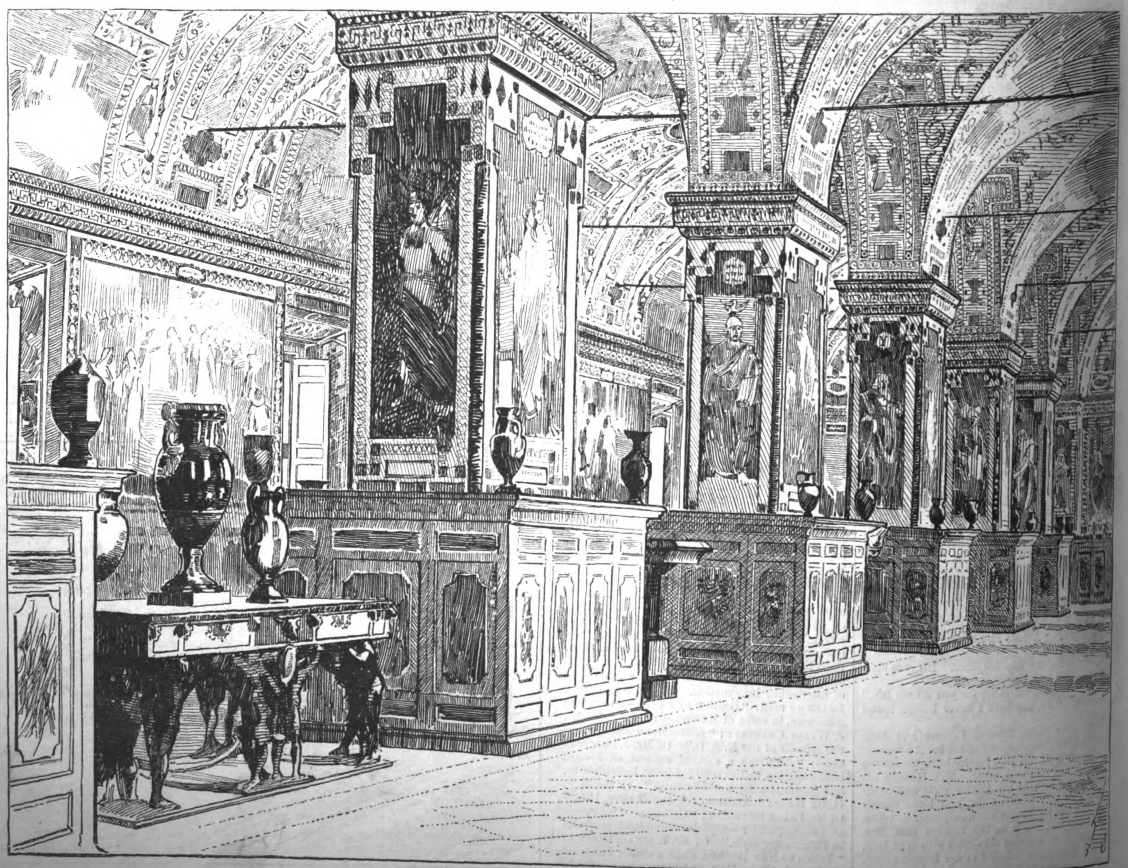

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THE DETROIT ART EXHIBITION.—Drawn by G. J. Melchers.—[See Page 619.]

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THE NORTHERN PACIFIC JUBILEE.

ONE of the great events of the present year is the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which was celebrated at a point far up in the northwestern corner of Montana, September 8, 1883. The great enterprise of building this transcontinental highway has been prosecuted fitfully and under many difficulties, financial and physical, since 1864, but no actual work was undertaken until the spring of 1870. By the autumn of 1873 the road was completed from Duluth, at the western end of Lake Superior, to Bismarck, on the Missouri River, Dakota, and from Kalama, Washington Territory, to Tacoma, on Puget Sound, the total number of miles of road then in operation being 600. In the panic of 1873 the great house of JAY COOKE & Co. failed, the sale of Northern Pacific Railroad bonds was stopped, and the work of railroad-building was suspended, until 1877, when unimportant operations were resumed on the Pacific coast. After various changes in the management of the affairs of the company, FREDERICK BILLINGS became president of the road in 1879, and under his direction work was vigorously pushed on all divisions of the line. In 1881 Mr. HENRY VILLARD, who had previously secured control of all sea, river, and railroad transportation lines in Oregon and Washington, obtained a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad, and was elected president of the company. Since that time the enterprise, which is one of extraordinary magnitude, and is burdened with vast difficulties, has been prosecuted to a successful completion.

The last rail was laid and the last spike driven at a point on the line of road which may be described as 1198 miles from Lake Superior and 847 miles from Puget Sound. These figures indicate the length of the road between the two points at which the work was originally begun. But from this spot St. Paul, practically the eastern terminus of the line, is 1205 miles away, and Portland, one of the western termini, is 706 miles distant. The place made famous by the driving of the last spike is a lonely intervale in the Rocky Mountains, hemmed in by lofty and almost treeless peaks. A decorated roof, supported by columns of timber, was erected between the temporary track used for construction purposes and the road-bed over which the finished line was to run. Westward of this was a pavilion for the ladies of the party, and flanking this was a music stand, in which was posted the Fifth United States Infantry Band, which discoursed excellent music for the occasion. Around were grouped Indians, artisans, miners, country people from distant cañons and valleys, and a large company of excursionists from Montana and the East, brought thither by trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and from Oregon by the trains of the Oregon Railroad and Steam-Navigation Company, the Western corporation of Mr. VILLARD'S numerous enterprises. Considering the distance of the place from any settlement, the crowd assembled was very large. Some of the people from the adjacent region had travelled fifty or sixty miles to see the show, camping out at night, and now they rejoiced that they were able to behold the iron rails laid in the line that should connect their neighborhoods with the rest of the world.

The principal speeches of the day were made by Messrs. VILLARD, BILLINGS, and WILLIAM M. EVARTS. These were worthy contributions to the somewhat voluminous literature of the transcontinental celebration and excursion. But, in order to group together representatives of the various States and Territories traversed by the line, the Governors of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington, and Oregon were brought out with brief speeches, and General GRANT, in answer to uproarious calls, made a few bright and pleasant remarks to the company. A gap of 1200 feet had been left between the eastern and the western ends of the advancing lines of rails. Gangs of track-layers, ten men in each, were stationed at each end of this gap, and at a given signal they went eagerly to work, laying their rails with marvellous rapidity, and advancing toward the last tie, 600 feet distant from each. With prodigious clamor and clatter of iron, and amid cheers from the assembled crowds, the last rail was laid, and then the last spike was driven, first by Mr. H. C. DAVIS, who, when superintendent of construction, had driven the first spike. He struck a blow, then President VILLARD, Mr. BILLINGS, General GRANT, and a long line of distinguished men each dealt a tap, until the last spike was fairly driven home, and the great work was completed.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SUMMER HARDENING.

COLD water and cold air are healthy people's tonics. The robust and healthy may expose themselves to either, winter or summer, with only the ordinary rational precautions. For delicate people and for young children the question of exposure is somewhat less simple. They can not enjoy or profit by the exercise and exposure which benefit the robust in cold weather; for many of them, indeed, ample shelter and clothing are scarcely sufficient to keep them warm. There is a class of invalids who are always cold, and these are difficult people to cure, for generally you have to change their whole way of life and thought in order to cure them. But there is another class who can be so trained as to be hardened against both cold and heat from the beginning. I mean the children; and the best time to begin with young children is the summer.

It is a somewhat delicate task, for children are much more sensitive both to heat and to cold than adults are. And why? It is generally said that children are more "delicate" than adults; but this, at least in the sense that is usually understood by the words, is not at all the reason. The surprising thing about a healthy child is not his delicacy, but his toughness.

But why, then, is a child so sensitive to cold? The reason is not a physiological but a purely physical one, and it is worth dwelling upon for a moment. The principle is that the smaller of two solid bodies has the greater surface in proportion to its contents; this much of geometry is familiar enough, but we do not remember to apply it. A buckshot has a thousand times more surface for its size than a cannon-shot; a cube of an inch to a side has but one-eighth of the solid content that a cube of two inches to the side has, but it has one-fourth as much surface, six square inches, that is to say, as against only twenty-four square inches in the larger cube. The smaller cube thus has, therefore, twice as much surface in proportion to its bulk as the cube of two inches to a side. The same is true of any other solids of similar forms, whether spheres, cubes, or human beings; it is true, therefore, of a child three feet tall as compared with his father who is six feet tall. Supposing the proportions the same, the child will have just twice the radiating surface to be chilled or warmed, in proportion to his bulk and weight, as the man.

With its tender skin the furless and featherless young human animal is the most defenseless of creatures against the cold. At the other extreme of the scale in this respect is the bountiful equipment of birds against the cold. It is a beautiful compensation. As among the most exposed and smallest of creatures they should be the coldest, on the contrary they are the warmest blooded of all creatures; even the smallest wren or rice-bunting rejoices in his vivid fountain of living heat, a vital spark in the cold; the little heart beats unchilled under his feather wrapper.

This is not a side flight; on the contrary, it bears directly upon the question of hardening the featherless young of our own kind against the cold. Many parents think that all they have to do is to keep the child always and every minute in warm clothing. It is a mistake; it makes the skin tender, it prevents the due growth of the power to resist the cold. The secret is to let the child feel both cool air and cool water a little while at a time, and so to prevent this overdelicacy of the skin.

How is this best managed? By a very brief *air bath* every evening, on undressing a healthy child, and by frequent baths in water, not too cool, during the summer.

But let the baths be short ones unless the water is warm. When children are taken to swim in pond or river, which may be done from the second year if the water is warm, take them out before they get cold, watching well for shivering and blue lips. You will not watch them too carefully, but be sure that you let them bathe, unless the physician points out reason to the contrary. If you do not, if you insist upon "coddling" them night and day, under warm clothes all day and warm blankets all night, throughout the summer, I will tell you what you are providing for all the winter—a continuous series of colds and influenzas, the result of the overtender skin for which your "coddling" is to blame. I have spoken of the danger of pneumonia for the elderly, but in our climate it is a frequent disease at all ages, from the earliest.

When colds and influenzas have once begun, then you must wrap up the child as warmly as possible, and that makes the skin still more tender, and invites still more colds. The physiological situation is what would be called a "vicious circle" in logic. Baths ranging from 75° to 85° Fahr. are then the best cure for an oversensitive skin. They may be given in winter, too, but never during the progress of a cold, and it is best to take the temperature by a thermometer.

For the rest, exposure to the cool air under exercise is the best of hardeners, in summer as in winter, the difference being that in summer one has not to guard against excessive cold, and exposure need not be attended with any risk. The summer, for this reason, is the time when the delicate should seek pleasurable exercise in the open air, as surf-bathing, boating, and mountain rambles in discretion. There is too little of these at our summer watering-places, and too much sitting on hotel verandas. All that I can say will not cure the sitters on hotel verandas.

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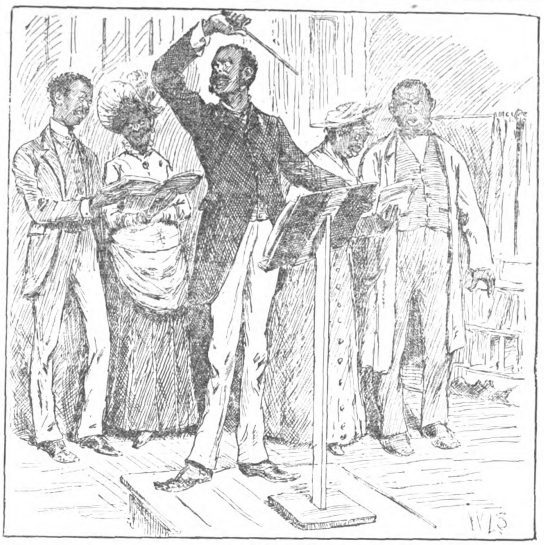

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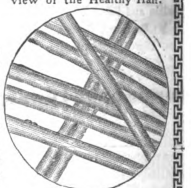
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE REPUBLICANS OF NEW YORK.

THE division of the Republican party in New York during the last few years has been notorious, and the apparent unity of its Convention this year, in which its defeated faction was apparently supreme, is very perplexing to many observers elsewhere. But the explanation is not difficult. The root of the schism is the system of party management. Nearly a sixth of the party vote was in the city of New York, where there are about 80,000 Republican voters. Nine-tenths of these voters were disfranchised at the primary meetings, which were wholly under the control of the district associations. These associations were composed of office-holders and professional politicians, and were the mere tools of a few leading office-holding politicians, who were in turn the parasites and instruments of the United States Senator. The associations sent about seventy delegates to the State Convention of about 450 members, so that, with the allies and dependents of the central ring throughout the State, the Convention was always practically in the hands of the ring or machine. The power of this machine was maintained by its strict organization, based upon patronage. The consequences of its ascendency were seen in the venality and degradation of politics, and the rapid decline of the party.

The culmination of this contemptible system was reached in the attempted control of the GARFIELD administration by Mr. CONKLING. This at once revealed the exact situation to the party and the country. Mr. CONKLING was indignantly driven by the party from public life, and when his residuary legatees in the party endeavored a year ago to compass their ends by the old tricks, the effort ended in the most overwhelming defeat in our political annals. From that moment it was clear that the Republican party in New York would never rally again until a radical and fundamental change was made in the city organization, and until a Convention once more represented the free will of the party. For this purpose a reorganization was ordered which involved the dissolution of the associations. The machine succeeded in postponing the completion of the reorganization until after the late Convention and the selection of the State Committee for the next year. This it has accomplished. But the progress of reform in the party is, nevertheless, prodigious. After the coming election every Republican voter in the city will have an equal right in the primary, and the associations will be disbanded. By the passage of the reform bill the power of patronage and of assessments upon office-holders has been vitally impaired. By the decision of the National Convention, Presidential delegates will be elected in districts, and the slavish device of the unit rule has been abolished, and the late State Convention, with a machine majority of two-thirds, proposed and passed a resolution demanding the vigorous prosecution of civil service reform, which now means a specific system defined and regulated by law; and the same Convention ordered an inquiry looking to a vast extension of represention in Conventions.

Of course all these things are hateful to the "machine." But it can not help itself, and naturally it strives to save what it can. We observe that there is some disposition to think that nothing has been gained because the State Committee is a machine committee. But what can it do? Next spring the Presidential delegates will be elected by districts, and in every district of the city every anti-machine Republican can vote freely. He may also vote for a County Committee to take the place of the present Central Committee, and for an Assembly District Committee. The freedom which has been demanded has been obtained. The power of the State Committee to corrupt politics by controlling patronage is baffled, not only by the law, but by the indisposition of the President to become the Committee's agent—which has cost him the favor of a squad of Stalwarts—and by the advance of public opinion. It is very possible that the old machine does not care for success in the election of this autumn. But it has nothing to gain by defeat. Having the Committee, it has the official responsibility of the election. But all that is unimportant. The great result of the events of the last three or four years is that the Republican party is placed in the position of progress in which it naturally belongs. Its apparent subjugation by the machine control in 1876 nearly cost it its national ascendency. Its overthrow of that control in 1880 restored its power. The shameless effort to renew the control in New York in 1882 produced an adverse majority of 200,000. The Republican party may dissolve, but it will never bend its neck again to the yoke that it has broken. The power of the independent Republicans is now understood. If the machine should try any of its old tricks next year, it might play them successfully, but the Republican party would be annihilated by Republicans. Mr. DRAPER, one of the old and trusty machinists, has succeeded Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH upon the State Committee. He is from the very citadel of Stalwartism. But Mr. DRAPER says plainly, and with perfect truth, "The old way of managing politics, especially in the Republican party, must go, or the party itself must go." It is because this has come to be the general conviction of the party that its Convention was harmonious, and that the prospect of its national success next year is most promising.

THE PRICE OF DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

THERE is but one thing which can be foreseen clearly as the result of Democratic success next year. The party leaders and press carefully avoid all declaration of its position upon any question of national policy. But one purpose they have boldly unveiled: should the Democrats succeed, there will be "a clean sweep" of the civil service. This, they say, is what they mean by reform. Any real reform, like that advocated by Mr. PENDLETON, they frankly abjure, and Mr. PENDLETON himself has paid the penalty of his advocacy of it by being repudiated by his own party associates in his own neighborhood. Mr. ABBETT, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, announces that he shall reward his friends; and that droll Democratic personage, General DURBIN WARD, who roundly scolded the Ohio Convention for not nominating him instead of Judge HOADLY, and who told them that the only practical atonement they could make was to elect him to the Senate, also announces that reform means a clean sweep.

We are not unmindful of Democrats who are among the most earnest and able and persistent friends of reform, and to whose labors the reform is greatly indebted for its prosperous progress. But they would hardly claim that the Democratic party would carry out reform as they understand it, and as it is now enforced. There were Democrats who sustained the war for the Union unreservedly and in good faith. But the whole unorganized and organized opposition to it was Democratic. Mr. TILDEN and FERNANDO WOOD, each in his own way, sought to embarrass the Government. All the obstruction proceeded from the Democratic party, which, as a party, finally declared it to be a failure. The relation of the party to reform is the same. There are faithful and admirable Democratic reformers. But the tone of the party, as a party—a tone revealed in State platforms, in party speeches, and in party organs—is of the utmost hostility to reform. The Democratic party seeks power simply to seize the spoils. "Turn the rascals out," means only, Give us rascals a chance.

What the country has to gain by Democratic success, therefore, is a traffic in place such as was never known, and a consequent inconceivable corruption and demoralization, and which may well startle the country. During the Republican ascendency the country has seen an immense increase of places and of official emolument. But the Republican party has matured a scheme, that has become law, which opens the service to all parties upon equal terms, and prevents political corruption by means of patronage. If it be objected that it did not do this until the service was filled with Republicans, the reply is that the scheme contemplates the summary removal of all unfit officers, and that its essential purpose is disregard of party favor in selection. To undertake a political equalization would be to defeat the cardinal object of reform, while the natural changes in the service by removal, death, and resignation would result in filling the service without party preference. To this reform, not in general, but in the method already in operation, the Republican party is fully committed, no doubt with many a wry face and incredulous heart among its machine members, but with the profound conviction of its controlling intelligence. This unreserved committal, and the active Democratic hostility to reform, and the Democratic silence upon every other question, make this a distinct and commanding issue. The independent vote is essentially a reform vote, and the course of the Democratic party upon the question of administrative reform arrays this powerful vote against the Democratic candidate.

TWO DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

THE Democratic Convention of Massachusetts might properly be described as the BUTLER Convention. In that State there is no Democracy but Butlerism, and what Butlerism is, the Democratic papers from 1861 to 1875 constantly and contemptuously declared. The chief argument for his renomination which was urged in the hotels was that he is "picturesque," and attracts the people. The Democratic leaders cherish a touching confidence in the stupidity of the people. But they will learn some day, perhaps, that one of the chief reasons that the party has been so long out of power is its contempt of the popular intelligence. The American people are not such fools as the Democratic politicians suppose. Colonel CODMAN'S speech at the Republican Convention described General BUTLER'S political character and career in a way which every honest and intelligent voter can understand, and it expressed the view which such voters in Massachusetts take of his Excellency.

In the New York Democratic Convention the State administration machine had everything its own way. The expected contest over seats was skillfully avoided by the admission of the Tammany and Irving Hall delegations. The managers did not care to delay organization by a quarrel with Mr. KELLY, who has proved his readiness and ability to defeat his party; but having admitted him and his "braves," and committed him to abide by the decision of the Convention, or appear in the rôle of a bolter and a disturber of Democratic harmony, they proceeded to put the "slate" nominations through without regard to his preferences. Mr. KELLY made no effort to conceal his chagrin; and it is evident that the action of the machine leaders has introduced a strong element of discord into Democratic councils.

The platforms of both the New York and Massachusetts Conventions are unimportant, because the Democratic party announces that it appeals to the country as a party of superior honesty. The rascals are to be turned out! Democracy means reform. This is the party platform as declared by its press; but intelligent voters are not likely to be deceived by its shallow sophistry and loud professions. As for the Democratic ticket nominated in New York, it will not be claimed that it is in any way superior to that of the Republicans, who have renominated the State officers, whose service has been most satisfactory. It is an apathetic year, and the vote will be light. The result will by no means foreshow that of next year, for in no State are changes so sudden and signal as in New York. But there is a prestige in success which should lead every man who believes that recent events show progress and reform to be much more certain under Republican than under Democratic ascendency to interest himself actively in the election of this year.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

A VALUABLE and interesting contribution to the debate upon capital punishment was made by Professor FRANCIS WAYLAND, president of the American Social Science Association, in opening the recent annual meeting at Saratoga. Professor WAYLAND is one of the students of penal science whose opinions have great authority, and the fact that a man who does not argue from emotion, but from a careful observation and from the collection of statistics, declares that the death penalty does not adequately incapacitate the convicted criminal from doing society further injury, nor adequately deter others from following his example, gives very great weight to the argument for repeal of the death penalty.

The statistics cited by Professor WAYLAND are significant. In Massachusetts, during the years from 1860 to 1882, both inclusive, there were 170 trials for murder in the first degree. Twenty-nine persons were convicted of the crime as charged; twelve of the twenty-nine had their death sentences commuted to imprisonment for life; sixteen of the seventeen whose sentences were not commuted were hung, and one committed suicide before the day fixed for execution. In twenty-six cases verdicts of murder in the second degree were rendered. In 1852 Rhode Island abolished the death penalty. During the following thirty years there were seventeen convictions in twenty-seven trials for murder. In the English House of Commons it was stated in 1881, without contradiction, that during the twenty years between 1860 and 1881, for other crimes except murder, the number of committals in which there were convictions was seventy-six per cent., but for murder only forty-nine per cent., of which forty-six per cent. were reprieved. And in 1864-5 the Parliamentary Capital Punishment Commission was told by Lord Chancellor CRANWORTH that "juries wished to rid themselves of the responsibility of finding a man guilty of a capital offense," adding by way of illustration the case of a man "who was tried for murder attended with high-

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way robbery, and acquitted, but was afterward tried for robbery, on precisely the same evidence, and convicted." Numerous cases were cited before the Commission by eminent members of the English bar to show that capital punishment often leads to the acquittal of guilty men.

Ex-Attorney-General TRAIN, of Massachusetts, says that the fear of causing the execution of an innocent man presses "with fearful power" upon a jury, and the reason of the small percentage of actual executions for murder is unquestionably the unwillingness of juries to convict. This is another form of the reason which Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY alleges for the constant acquittals under the severe English capital law of seventy and eighty years ago. In that case it was the sense of cruel disproportion between the offense and the penalty. In the modern instance it is the mingled fear of doing an irreparable wrong and doubt of the real efficacy of the punishment. Whatever the rightful and desirable objects of punishment for murder may be, Professor WAYLAND holds that they would be very much more certainly secured by imprisonment for life than by death. This point he argues with great ability. But imprisonment for life must be assured and absolute, and it must be without hope of pardon, by making release from confinement impossible until, before the court in which the prisoner was convicted, his innocence shall be established. Professor WAYLAND'S paper is a very strong plea.

MR. LOWELL ON FIELDING.

IT was a very graceful act upon the part of the managers of the institution at Taunton, in England, which has just erected a bust of FIELDING, to invite the American Minister, who is also a distinguished author, to unveil it, and the address of Mr. LOWELL was worthy of the subject and of himself. He is always most happy in literary criticism and characterization, and nothing has been said of FIELDING which is more clearly discriminating than this address.

Undoubtedly in many passages FIELDING is to-day unreadable. As Mr. LOWELL says, he is not to be commended *pueris virginibusque*. But he states the reason precisely in saying that it is not because he corrupts, but because he shocks. Our habits of speech and of writing do not permit such freedoms. But we should have been as much shocked by the polite conversation of FIELDING'S time as we are by the free passages in his works. The story of the good old ladies at Olney to whom COWPER used to read what is not now thought tolerable to read shows how radically the fashion and tastes of times change.

Mr. LOWELL ranks FIELDING as the real father of our novel of manners, and as a creative genius of the second order, leaving SHAKESPEARE and the few greatest poets in the first class. The excellence which they have in common is fidelity to truth, and the morality of their genius lies in its perfect confidence in truth. Smaller writers try to help out nature to a moral by making all sinners die in agony. But the power and interest of such writers are gone the moment that it is seen that all sinners do not die in agony. One great value of Mr. LOWELL'S capital address is that it will lead to a little closer inquiry into the nature of morality in literature.

SOME SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUCCESSES.

THE secretary of the New York Civil Service Reform Association announces that the association is ready to aid the public authorities in the prosecution of any citizen, Republican or Democrat, who may attempt to violate the State law against the swindle known as political assessments. The secretary will be glad to receive at his office, No. 4 Pine Street, any evidence that may aid in securing the conviction of offenders.

The provision of the State law upon this subject is much more stringent than that of the national law, and is well worthy the careful consideration of all committees, treasurers of committees, and bosses of high or low degree, who may be contemplating the little game of assessment. This is the law:

"SECTION 10. No person shall directly or indirectly solicit or receive, or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving, any assessment, subscription, contribution, or pledge, for any political purpose whatever, from any officer or from any person receiving, or entitled to receive, a salary from the State, or from any county, city, town, village, or political division of the State, or fees for the discharge of any public duty, nor from any member of any public Police Department, or Fire or other department, within this State, or any of the political divisions thereof, nor from any person officially connected with the system of public instruction in this State, or in any of the political divisions thereof."

It is not "any officer" or "any employé," but "any person," who is prohibited from trying the swindle. And the penalty for violation of the law is a fine of not less than $50, and not more than $1000, or imprisonment for six months, or both.

This comes of Sunday-school politics. Here is a simmy-sammy interference with the natural right of bosses to pick the pockets of employés, a feminine regard for honesty and fair play, an amateurish and sentimental concern for common decency. Senator MAHONE is dexterously trying to put his hand through the lines of the national law without hitting them. But the New York law is solid. The Sunday-school took advantage of Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH'S absence from Albany, and effectual prohibition of this meanest kind of swindling is the result.

A DANGEROUS CHALLENGE.

SENATOR MCPHERSON, of New Jersey, is a distinguished Democratic leader who was invited to preside at the late New Jersey Democratic Convention. The spirit and the ability with which he does his part of the great work of Democratic reform are shown by a remark in his opening address. He said of the party of LINCOLN, SUMNER, and SEWARD, "It has been in power over twenty years, and bribery, fraud, and thievery compose its only record." From a co-partisan of the TWEED Ring, the Cipher Dispatches, Tammany Hall, BUTLER, and the Maryland Democratic performances exposed by Governor HAMILTON, this seems to be a strong statement.

It is one of the remarks which display in the most ludicrous light the Democratic claim of reform. Democratic speakers and newspapers evidently suppose that a party can succeed by wholesale vituperation of its opponent, and that the most crushing epithets and loudest lungs will carry the day. Their chief reliance for some time was upon DORSEY'S stories. But the contempt with which the country received them has been disconcerting. The one thing which the Democratic party has to fear is reminiscence, and it is a singularly stupid blunder to challenge the comparative record of the two parties. Yet this is what the New Jersey Senator has done. His sweeping assertion that the history of the last twenty years in this country is one unalleviated waste of fraud and theft shows how very little patriotism and wisdom and national pride and accuracy of memory may be found in a Senator of the United States.

The last twenty years are by far the proudest and most illustrious epoch of American history, and it is the epoch of Republican ascendency. The previous thirty years constituted the most degrading epoch of that history, and it was that of the dominance of Senator MCPHERSON'S party. The preservation of the Union was not fraud; emancipation was not bribery; the maintenance of the national credit was not thievery. These things were done while Senator MCPHERSON'S party, as a party, declared the war a failure, and denounced interference with slavery, and while Democrats supplied the ranks of the paper-money party. The memory of patriotism is like the boy's thoughts, which are "long, long thoughts." The country does not forget, nor, as it surveys the achievements of the last twenty years, does it cry, with Senator MCPHERSON, "Thievery! thievery!" That proud remembrance will not indeed prevail against party misdeeds, but it will incline the popular heart to demand ample credentials of better conduct from any party which would supersede that whose services have been so beneficent.

PERILS OF HOME TRAVEL.

THE evident recklessness with which the *Riverdale* steamer was certified to be safe has naturally excited a great deal of curiosity among that part of the suburban population which depends upon ferries for access to the city to know the condition of the boats to which it is obliged to trust itself. The testimony of JOHN MCCOLLOM at the investigation was rather startling for the suburban residents, for with the air of an accomplished expert he specified boats which in his opinion were extremely unsafe. Among these was the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield*, whose boilers he had been employed to patch, and whose niggardly owners, he said, would not permit him to repair them effectually, so that now he did not consider them to be secure.

As the *Westfield* and the other boats of that ferry have recently passed into new hands, it was a very interesting question for Staten-Islanders who travel by the *Westfield* every day to know whether the new owners were aware of the alleged insecurity of the boat. We see by the Island papers that the owners lost no time in determining the matter. They applied to Messrs. COBANK & THEALL, the makers of the boiler of the *Westfield*, and they promptly examined it, and reported unreservedly that it was entirely safe, that it had never been necessary to replace it, and that it was always kept in the best order. It appeared also that MCCOLLOM is not a first-class workman. The superintendent of the ferry also states that he personally regularly examines and tests the boilers.

In this case, therefore, there would seem to be no reason for apprehension. But there is always occasion for the most careful scrutiny and care. There is plenty of proof of criminal negligence in the supervision of the ferries and railroads that lead to the city; and, as we lately pointed out, nobody is punished for the slaughter which periodically occurs.

PERSONAL.

WHEN off the stage SALVINI impresses one as entirely lacking in that subtlety which so distinguishes him on the boards. Neither his conversation nor his face suggests in the slightest degree the delicate and fine intellectual resources of his interpretation of Conrad or Othello. Great as an actor, as a man he seems ordinary, save for his size.

—A New York merchant who returned last week from a visit to Europe was most impressed when passing near Washington Market, where the pavements abound in baskets of peaches, grapes, plums, and Bartlett pears: "It does me good," he said, "to see the fruit. In Europe there is nothing like it—nothing to compare with the abundance of it and the beauty of it."

—The Rev. Dr. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and for many years a well-known clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in this city, died of heart-disease, September 22, at his home in Summit, New Jersey. He was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1807, was graduated from Middlebury (Vermont) College in 1829, and in 1832 from the Andover Theological Seminary. In the latter year he took charge of the Seventh Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. He became pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, at Broome and Ridge streets, in this city, in 1835, and during his administration the membership was over one thousand. Dr. HATFIELD was called to the North Presbyterian Church in 1856, and was its pastor until 1863, when he became financial agent of the Union Theological Seminary. A portrait of Dr. HATFIELD was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 2 of this year.

—The number of young artists who have had a thorough training in the art schools of Paris and other European cities is much larger in this metropolis than ever before; and though they can not sell all the studio pictures they paint, their services in the decoration of the exterior and interior of private residences are likely to become extremely remunerative. Work like that done recently by Mr. WALTER SHIRLAW on the frieze of Mr. D. O. MILLS'S dining-room, and by Mr. FRANCIS LATHROP, Mr. W. H. LOW, and Mr. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG in other houses, is interesting not only in itself, but as indicative of a new and promising field for our best native artistic talent.

—It was two hundred years ago that Vienna was delivered from the Turkish siege, and on the last anniversary of that memorable occasion a memorial stone was unveiled on a neighboring hill, inscribed with the words: "From these heights, on the morning of the 12th of September, 1683, JOHN RÖMISCH SOBIESKI, King of Poland, the Imperial Lieutenant-General Duke CHARLES of Lorraine, the Electoral Princes JOHN GEORGE RÖMISCH of Saxony and MAX EMANUEL of Bavaria, Prince GEORGE FREDERICK of Waldeck, the Margraves HERMANN and LOUIS WILLIAM of Baden, and other commanders, descended with the troops of the Emperor LEOPOLD RÖMISCH, and with German and Polish auxiliary forces, to the battle for the delivery of the city of Vienna, which had been sorely distressed through a siege of sixty-one days by the Turkish army." Vienna despises the Turks nowadays.

—A number of tenants recently evicted from Colonel HARE'S estate, near Tipperary, Ireland, applied for out-door relief to the guardians of the poor. They were in wretched condition, and compelled at night to shelter themselves with boughs of trees and to sleep in the ditches. The guardians refused their application.

—The Khedive of Egypt sleeps five hours nightly, omits the usual siesta, and works sixteen hours daily. He recently visited an Egyptian hospital which had no floors, no doors, no windows, holes in the roof large enough to admit a man, and general destitution enough to shock a brute. This hospital is described by the European doctor who is in charge of it as "better than most of the hospitals in Egypt."

—Telegrams from all the principal parts of the Russian Empire, from the Caucasus, the Crimea, Siberia, and Poland, testify in warm terms of the affection in which the great novelist TOURGUÉNEFF was held by his nation. In the universities and chief schools of Russia arrangements are making to perpetuate his memory by founding scholarships—a tribute never before paid to a novelist.

—The awful infant mortality and the enormous proportion of illegitimate births in the West Indies are said to be due not to any actual or innate immoral disposition of the black man, nor to the black woman's want of care of her offspring, but to the scarcity and bad quality of the food, and to the want of proper homes.

—An English clergyman writes that there are four thousand unemployed clergyman in the Church of England, many of whom are both able and willing to work, but who can not find anything to do. "The fact is, a clergyman past forty finds it year by year increasingly difficult to get employment. Younger men are preferred." Yet "experienced men would do far more good in country parishes than their junior brethren."

—The Comte de Chambord's will began as follows: "I die a good Christian and a Catholic. I feel no hatred for any one. I forgive all those who have injured me, and I beg all those whom I may have wronged in any way to pardon me. I pray Almighty God to save my soul."

—Miss BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, was forbidden to hold services in Geneva. She violated the order twice in twenty-four hours, was arrested in each instance, and conducted by the police to the frontier of the canton.

—It may be pleasant for the members of the late Co-operative Dress Association of this city to learn that at the sixth annual meeting of the Ladies' Dress Association (limited) of London there were an angry discussion, a scene of disorder, and assertions that the value of the stock had been considerably overestimated, and that the stockholders had not yet received any dividends.

—Riders of bicycles are sometimes in peril. A half-dozen of them were gliding down Threadneedle Street, London, a few days ago, when a horse attached to a wagon slipped on the asphalt pavement, and in falling caught his leg in the wheel of one of the bicycles, throwing the rider so heavily as to render him unconscious. The next rider, unable to stop his machine, rode on to the prostrate animal, which kicked him violently, breaking his right thigh and right arm.

—A fairy "tea service" of very diminutive proportions has been made by a German manufacturer, and presented to the German Crown Prince. The tea-tray was beaten out of an old Prussian coin the size of a copper cent. The tea-pot was made of a coin half the size of a cent, and its cover of a coin one-quarter that size. All the pieces are so wrought that one can easily recognize each coin, either from the inscription or from the arms stamped upon it.

—A Roman house has been discovered in France, in the Department of the Drôme, about five feet below the surface of the ground. Its floor was of mosaic, and fragments of the bases and capitals of small Doric pillars were found in place. Among the *débris* were pieces of black and red pottery, of wine vessels, and of bones of domestic animals that had been used for food or for sacrifice. There were also some box-wood pins used by Roman ladies for fastening their hair.

—A gypsy king was arrested recently in Warwickshire. He, his son, daughters, and grandchildren—altogether about one hundred persons—have led a wandering life in four large caravans for many years. His offense was an assault upon a pound-keeper. It took eight policemen to capture him.

—A bedroom steward of the Cunard steam-ship *Servia* was sent to jail for six months for stealing a pocket-book from a passenger on board the vessel. The pocket-book contained a letter of credit for $70,000, two drafts for $250 each, one draft for $125, and several bills of exchange for $5000 each. The theft was committed while the passenger was asleep in his berth; and the thief was detected by his effort to negotiate one of the drafts at a Liverpool pawnbroker's.

—Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN, while talking to a friend recently, recalled with animation some incidents of the days of his Comptrollership during the TWEED *régime*, when "for two years the only government the city had was in the Comptroller's office," and when he sat in the Board of Apportionment in the company of such choice spirits as TWEED, SWEENY, HALL, and CONNOLLY. The history of that period, he said, has never been written. Mr. GREEN has been urged very strongly of late to commit some of his recollections to paper. The number of times that his life was in danger is doubtless unknown even to himself, but a description of some of them would be very interesting reading.

—Life at Homburg, says the *Saturday Review*, is very much like life at any other German bath. It is the usual routine of drinking and bathing, enlivened by listening to bands and gossip—a monotonous kind of existence, delightful to some and dreadfully wearisome to others. As a general rule, the healing springs in which sick folks are bidden wash and be clean lie in stifling valleys where the air is so relaxing that it can not assist, if it does not positively retard, the work of restoration. But Homburg lies on the open hill-side, and has a constant supply of fresh bracing air. The town is said to contain eight thousand inhabitants, but the impression left on the mind of the casual visitor is that there is no town independent of the visitors.

—"The settler in the far West of America," says the London *Times*, "has left all that he most dearly values behind him, if he be a man of education and refined tastes. He has, indeed, a waterproof roof over his head, with an abundance of coarse and monotonous fare. But he abandons indefinitely the pleasures of congenial society. Even the agriculturist is 'crowded up' by rough neighbors, and the cattle-breeder must fall back on the company of his cow-boys. It is all very well for a man in the vigor of his youth, exhilarated by the pleasures of hope, and overflowing with high animal spirits, to kennel in a hovel and pass long days in the saddle. But as years go on, and he suspects that age is stealing upon him, he begins to fret over the humble success that really amounts to heart-breaking failure. Marriage, of course, is out of the question, unless he marries so far beneath him that he might almost as well have mated with an Indian squaw. These undeniable facts must be looked fairly in the face by any one who thinks of turning to account his energy and small means by pushing his fortunes in the far West of America"—or, we may add, in any new country whatsoever.

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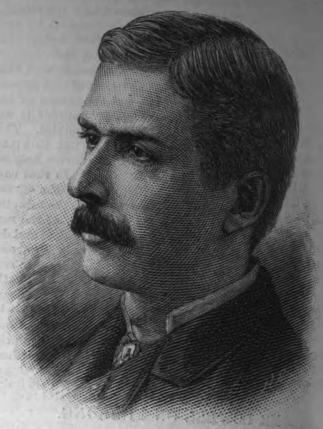
ISAAC H. MAYNARD, CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL.

of last year, and indorses Governor CLEVELAND'S administration, was unanimously adopted. The nomination of candidates began with a bitter and prolonged contest between the "machine" candidate for Secretary of State, Mr. MAYNARD, and Mr. KELLY'S. It resulted in the nomination of the former by a vote of 207 to 182. Mr. KELLY left the hall as soon as Mr. PURCELL'S defeat became apparent. His followers remained to see the fight out; but it was evident that the "machine" candidates would be put through.

The head of the ticket, Mr. ISAAC H. MAYNARD, is a lawyer by profession, and he has been a Democrat ever since he entered public life. He was born in Bovina, Delaware County, this State, April 9, 1838. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1862, and was admitted to the bar in the following year. Since 1865 he has lived in Stamford, and practiced both law and politics. He served as Supervisor, and as President of that town for several years, and was first elected a member of the Assembly in 1875. He was re-elected in 1876.

Mr. ALFRED C. CHAPIN, candidate for the position of State Comptroller, was born at South Hadley, Massachusetts, on the 8th of March, 1848. After attending various public and private schools, he was admitted to Williams College in 1865, and graduated in 1869. On completing the regular course at the Harvard Law School, Mr. CHAPIN was admitted to the New Hampshire bar. A year later he removed to Brooklyn, and was admitted to the New York bar. In 1881 he was elected to the Assembly, re-elected the following year, and was chosen Speaker. He is among the youngest of those who have held that position.

Mr. ROBERT A. MAXWELL, candidate for re-election as State Treasurer is a little over forty years of age, and resides at Batavia, where he has large business interests. He is a farmer's son, and was born in Washington County. Graduating at the Albany Normal School, he entered upon teaching, at the age of eighteen, in Greenwich, New York. Afterward he taught school in Kenosha, Wisconsin, but later on he went to Chicago, and engaged in the



ALFRED C. CHAPIN, CANDIDATE FOR COMPTROLLER. PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

AT BUFFALO.

THE New York Democratic State Convention was organized in the New Music Hall at Buffalo on the 27th ult., with the Hon. ALFRED C. CHAPIN as temporary chairman. It was evident from the first that the "slate" which had been prepared by the State Committee, with the possible exception of Mr. KELLY'S candidate for the position of Secretary of State, Mr. PURCELL, would be nominated. In spite of the general desire for "harmony," there was evidently a very bitter feeling against Mr. KELLY in the minds of the rural Democracy. His power was acknowledged to be too great to admit of the exclusion of the Tammany delegation, and the necessity of placating their chief was painfully apparent to their opponents. Tammany was therefore admitted, with an allotment of twenty-four delegates. Ten were given to Irving Hall. The County Democracy was, however, declared, by a large majority, to be the regular organization. The platform, which re-affirms that

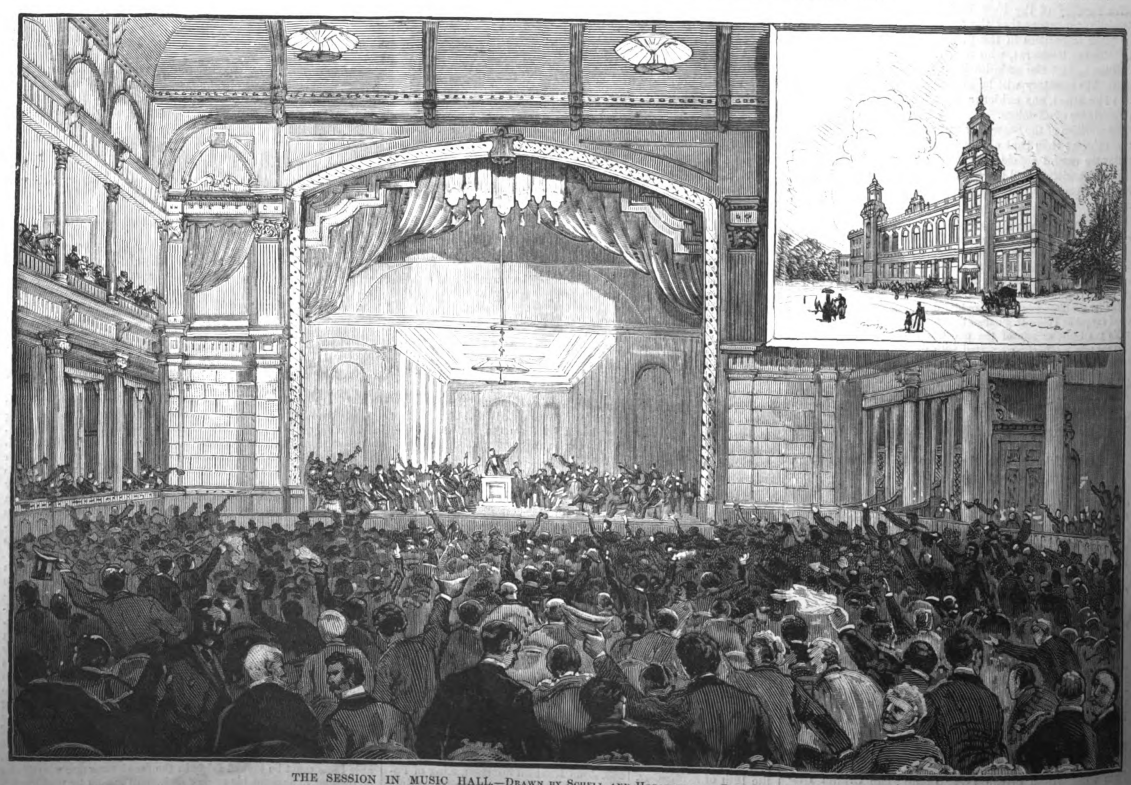
ROBERT A. MAXWELL, CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

DENNIS O'BRIEN, CANDIDATE FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARTS.

produce business. His health becoming impaired, he returned to the East, and took up the malting business in Batavia.

Mr. DENNIS O'BRIEN, candidate for Attorney-General, was born at Ogdensburg, in this State, of Irish parents, and is in his forty-seventh year. His boyhood was passed on a farm, and he had a common-school and academic education. He studied law at Ogdensburg, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1861. In the autumn of that year he entered the practice of the law at Watertown, where he has since resided. In 1877 he was the Democratic nominee for District Attorney of Jefferson County, and a year later was elected Mayor of Watertown. In 1880 he was the nominee of his party for Congress in his district, but was defeated by Mr. WARNER MILLER. He was a delegate to several State Democratic Conventions, and has been on the State Democratic Committee the past three years.

The candidate for State Engineer and Surveyor is Mr. ELNATHAN SWEET, of Albany.



THE SESSION IN MUSIC HALL.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. BLISS.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION AT BUFFALO.

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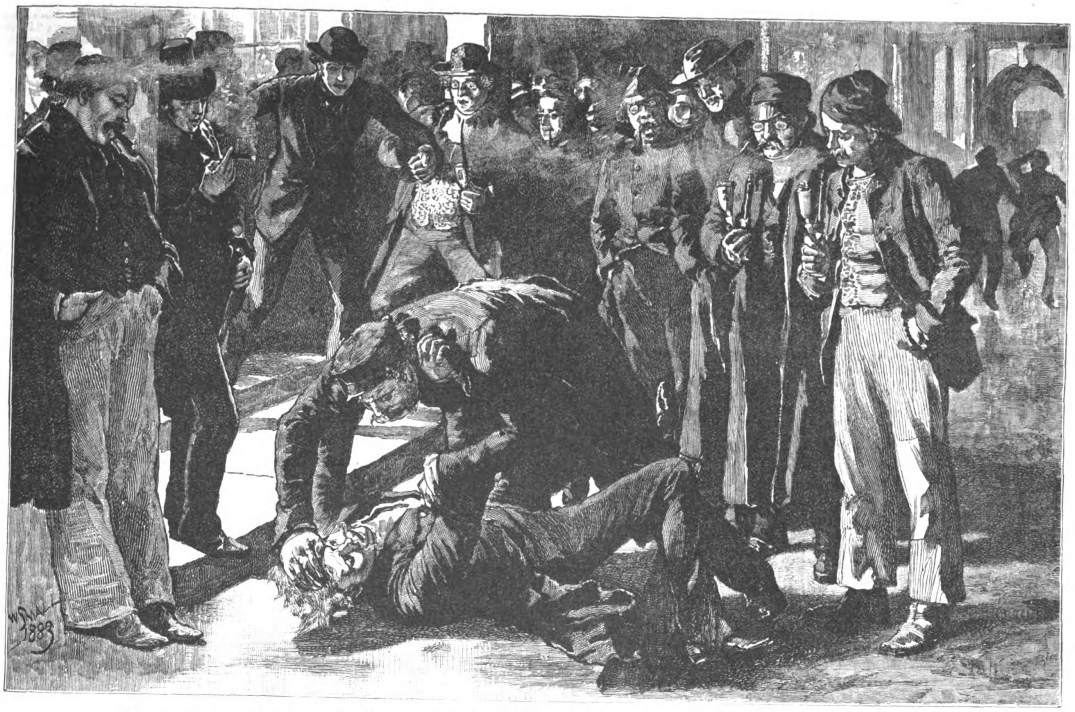
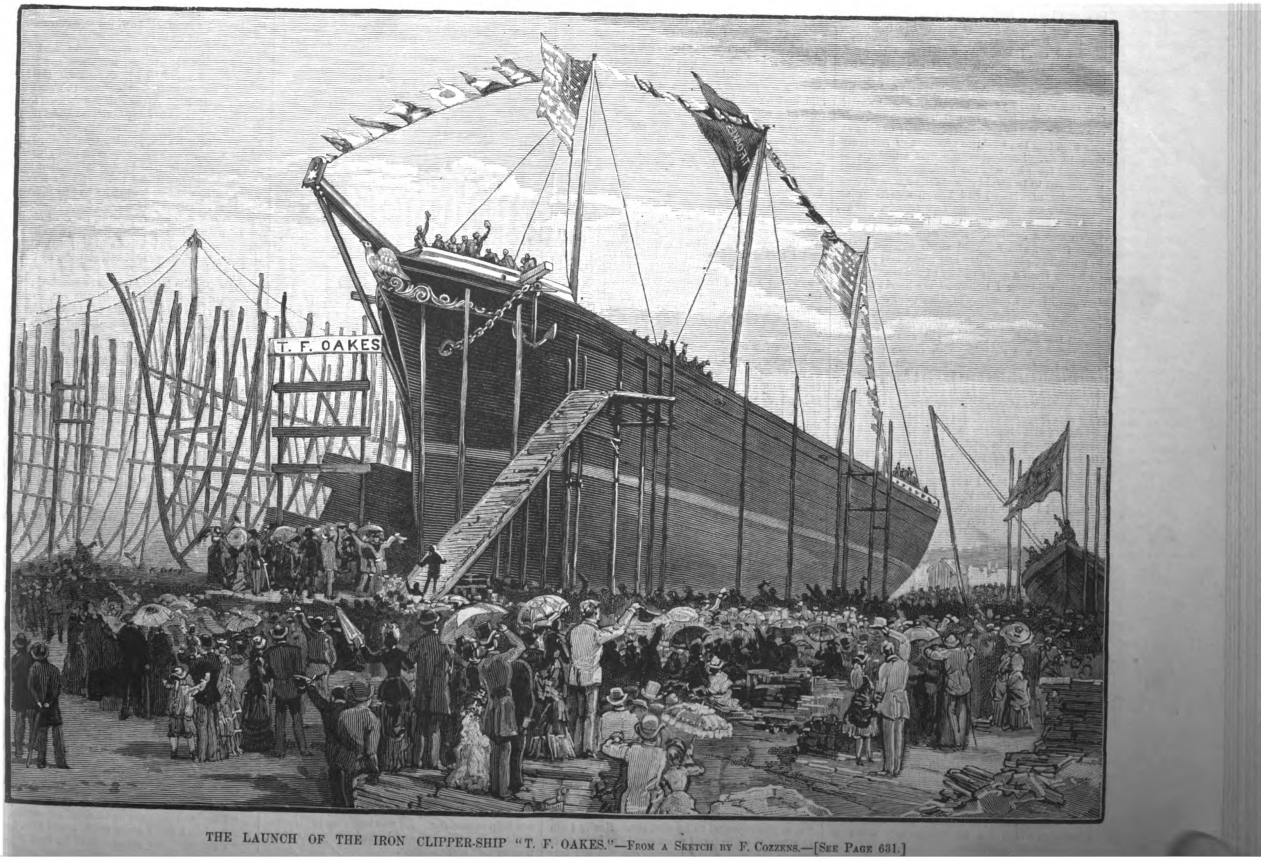


"THE THIRD HAD GOT HIM DOWN UPON HIS BACK, AND WAS DILIGENTLY POUNDING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE HARD STONES."
[See Serial "Thirlby Hall," Page 630.]



THE LAUNCH OF THE IRON CLIPPER-SHIP "T. F. OAKES."—From a Sketch by F. Cozzens.—[See Page 631.]

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. F. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I GET INTO DOUBTFUL COMPANY.

For a week or more all Franzenshöhe could talk of nothing but the exploit of which Lady Constance had been the heroine, and I—at a respectful distance—the hero. The newspapers commented upon this latest instance of English eccentricity in terms half flattering, half ironical, while among the rank and file of Lady Constance's admirers the share which I had taken in it was naturally the subject of some envy and jealousy. Herr Von Schortzheim and Herr Von Pfortzheim, of the Body-Guard, proposed, indeed, to mount their chargers and sally forth to the Friedensberg without delay to vindicate the honor of Suabian horsemanship, and had accepted the offer of three to one, laid by Herr Von Sportzheim of the same regiment, that they would not get from Franzenshöhe to the top of the hill and back again within the two hours, when their ardor was quenched by a direct prohibition from King Rudolf, who had got wind of the affair, and gave it to be distinctly understood that such acts of headlong folly were by no means to his taste.

At the first court ball of the season, which was given soon afterward, a mild rebuke was addressed to myself from the same exalted quarter. His Majesty, after opening the proceedings according to usage by leading a stately polonaise, in which all the high dignitaries of the realm took part, was pleased to pause before me and to inform me that he had heard of my escapade. "Ché ne fous en fais pas mon gombliment, monsieur," said he, in the remarkable dialect then affected at German courts, and he went on to point out how truly pitiable would have been my position if a life full of promise, usefulness, and charm had been cut short through my heedless conduct. "I, for one, could with difficulty have brought myself to pardon you," he said.

Considering that it was Lady Constance who had involved the aforesaid valuable life and my worthless one in a common peril, this strictures seemed hardly merited; but I bowed my head beneath it in silence, and the worthy old gentleman, thinking perhaps that he had been too hard upon me, singled me out for some flattering marks of favor later in the evening. Upon the whole, I benefited by what had occurred in more ways than one. Among the Schortzheims and the Pfortzheims I obtained the reputation of a dare-devil fellow who would stick at nothing; the ladies, both native and foreign, made a lion of me in a small way; and, what was far better, Lady Constance became greatly softened in her manner toward me when we were alone. She was sorry for me, I thought; and if that was not much to have gained, it was at any rate better than nothing.

Let a man be never so hopeless and forlorn, he can not in early youth very well keep himself from occasional lapses into high spirits, and candor compels me to acknowledge that I did not at this time find the world so gloomy as I felt it my duty to do. Pemberton, the first attaché, who returned from leave in the beginning of the winter, proved to be an old school-fellow, a few years my senior, of whom I had known something at Eton, and we soon became fast friends. Pemberton was not in love with Lady Constance, which was a comfort. He was a cheery, brisk little fellow, who fluttered about Franzenshöhe in pursuit of pleasure day and night, and gathered honey from a great variety of flowers. Under his able guidance I improved my knowledge of German life and manners in other than court and aristocratic circles, and spent many a merry evening among the bourgeoisie, or in the Bierhallen where the students congregated, and where the atmosphere was so thick with smoke that one could hardly see one's opposite neighbor.

These Bierhallen varied in rank and respectability, some depending for their attraction entirely upon beer and music, others holding out baits of a less innocent kind, while one at least was little better than a gambling hell. It was at the latter establishment that I chanced one evening to meet with an adventure which in the sequel was productive of permanent and serious influences upon my life. I was alone, for Pemberton had gone to a ball to which I had not been invited, and I strolled into this place merely to fill up the evening, not to play baccarat or roulette—the company being usually composed of persons whom one felt more inclined to watch than to sit down to a card table with. It was a long, low-pitched, dirty room, crowded with noisy people, some of whom were playing billiards, some dominoes, while the majority smoked, drank beer, and looked on. Sometimes a good deal of high play took place in this shady retreat; but on that occasion the gambling element was represented only by a group of four men in a corner, who were cutting and shuffling in philosophic indifference to the hubbub that was going on around them. The noise, the foul air, and the unusually tame character of the proceedings would soon have driven me away, if I had not gradually become interested in those four card-players—or at least in one of them. In the first place, he was an Englishman, and that of itself would have been enough to excite my curiosity, for Englishmen were not common in Franzenshöhe in those days. He was a pale, fair-complexioned, rather dissipated-looking man, whose age might have been five-and-thirty, or thereabouts. He wore a mustache, which led me to set him down as either a cavalry officer or a scamp; but I inclined to the former belief, partly because he had the appearance of being a gentleman, and partly because, after watching him and his friends for a time, I shrewdly suspected that he had fallen among thieves. His three companions were foreigners of a type which it was easy enough to classify. Every now and again I caught them exchanging a significant glance or a scarcely perceptible smile. Evidently they were having a fine time of it; and evidently also my unfortunate compatriot was not quite in a condition to look after his own interests. The hand which lifted his glass of brandy and water to his lips was deplorably unsteady; he was making efforts to concentrate his muddled brains upon the game which would have been comical if they had not been rather melancholy to witness; and the puzzled frown with which he regarded the three rogues showed that he had a foggy idea that all was not as it should be. I always felt that disreputable Englishmen had a special claim upon my sympathies, for I had not yet given up the notion that I might some day recognize my cousin Harry in the person of one of them; added to which, it seemed extremely likely that there would be a row before very long. So I thought I would stay where I was, and see what would come of it all.

My expectations were not disappointed. The Englishman, who, instead of growing more tipsy, had apparently recovered possession of his faculties as the evening advanced, detected at last what no doubt had been going on the whole time. He brought his hand sharply down upon the wrist of the dealer, who was sitting next to him, forced the cards out of the man's fingers, and glancing at them, remarked, quietly, "I thought as much! Now you will be so good as to hand me back the money you have stolen from me."

The sharpers knew better than to comply with this modest request. The whole three of them started to their feet and began storming and vociferating; a crowd collected round the table; the proprietor of the establishment came running up to entreat the gentlemen to finish their dispute outside and not to get him into trouble by quarrelling on the premises; and in a few minutes the disturbers of the peace were jostled to the door and ejected, the Englishman still sticking to his man like grim death. The time for justifiable intervention seemed to have come. I pushed my way through the crowd, and, on emerging into the street, found my luckless countryman in a sorry plight. Two of his friends had vanished, but the third had got him down upon his back and was diligently pounding his head against the hard stones. To free him from his assailant was a matter of no great difficulty, but, unfortunately, while I was bending over him and inquiring whether he was much hurt, the swindler decamped with the spoil.

The Englishman got up, gasping, but not much the worse for his rough treatment; and then, before we had time to exchange a word, up came a policeman, and, with the greatest presence of mind, took us both into custody for public brawling. In vain I assured this wooden-headed functionary that he had saddled the wrong horse; in vain I gave him my name and address, warning him that he would arrest me at his own proper peril; he refused to be reasoned with. He had taken us in the act, he averred, and anything that we might have to say in our defense must be said to his superiors next day. So, as I really could not consent to be locked up, I was compelled reluctantly to take the law into my own hands. It being advisable on all grounds to avoid needless violence, I contented myself with jerking Dogberry's legs from under him, and depositing him very comfortably in a heap of mud, and while he lay there bellowing lustily, my fellow-prisoner and I bolted down the street like lamp-lighters. Whether he gave chase or not I don't know, but we saw no more of him. We darted swiftly through the narrow by-ways of the old town, where our capture had been effected, and when we reached the public gardens and the Neustadt, which quarter represents the Mayfair of Franzenshöhe, we felt ourselves tolerably safe.

However, it was just as well not to linger even in that less dangerous neighborhood; and so my companion appeared to think. "I'm very much obliged to you," said he, breathlessly; "but it won't do for us to stand here and say polite things. See you again, I hope. I'm staying at the Römischer Hof, and my name is Chapman. Good-night, and many thanks."

He hurried away as he spoke, and I thought I could not do better than follow his example. I was soon sound asleep, and it was not until I awoke and was indulging in an amused retrospect of last night's scuffle that it occurred to me that I had done a rather stupid thing in giving my name to the insulted policeman. This impression was disagreeably confirmed some hours later, when a message was brought to the Chancellerie requesting my immediate attendance upon my chief. Pemberton, to whom I had related the events of the previous evening, remarked, cheerfully, "Now you're going to catch it," and I went upstairs feeling very much as I had been used to do in by-gone days when told to "stay after twelve" for an interview with the head master.

I found Lord Rossan in his study, sitting behind a table loaded with blue-books and dispatch-boxes. He had intrenched himself, as it were, in a strong position; he had put on a black coat, and his countenance wore the expression of austere dignity which befits the envoy of a great nation. From all these portents I gathered that a severe wigging was in store for me, and the sarcastic "*Well*, Mr. Maxwell!" with which my entrance was saluted was anything but re-assuring.

I said I believed I had been sent for.

"And I presume," Lord Rossan remarked, "that you expected to be sent for. Really I am at a loss to understand what can have been your motive for conducting yourself as you did last night, unless, indeed, you are ambitious of being dismissed from her Majesty's service with ignominy."

I replied that I was not aware of having done anything as yet to justify such extreme measures.

"Oh, indeed! you don't think you have gone far enough? Then let me advise you to continue as you have begun, and you will probably arrive at the desired result. Make some more public disturbances in gambling saloons, mix yourself up with a few more gangs of swindlers, knock down another policeman or two, and then come to me and ask me to recommend you for promotion."

"I didn't knock him down," said I, feebly; "I only laid him upon his back."

"You don't say so! That, of course, makes all the difference. Unfortunately, however, the Chief of the Police, who has just called upon me to lodge a serious complaint against you, is hardly likely to appreciate these subtle distinctions at their proper value. I suppose you are aware that, if you had not happened to be attached to the staff of the British Legation, you would be at this moment in prison upon a charge of having assaulted the police in the execution of their duty."

Under the circumstances, it seemed to be rather a fortunate thing that I *was* attached to the staff of the British Legation; and although I did not say this, the thought that was passing through my mind was probably legible upon my features, for Lord Rossan continued:

"It is true that your position and mine have preserved you from penal consequences so far as this country is concerned; but whether you will find that a matter for personal congratulation is another question. You do not appear to have taken into consideration what is nevertheless a very certain fact, that I am responsible for those who act under me, and that, if it bring discredit upon me, I have very little choice but to dispense with their services."

I was really a good deal frightened by this time. "Will you allow me to give my version of the affair?" I asked, humbly.

"I shall be delighted," answered Lord Rossan; "only I must tell you that nothing can extenuate offenses of this kind. It is the mere A B C of your duty to keep out of rows, and more particularly out of street rows. However, pray go on; I am all attention."

I then gave a circumstantial account of what had happened, at the end of which Lord Rossan professed himself unable to see in what way I had improved my case. "The question," he observed, "is not whether the man was right in arresting you, still less whether you were justified in breaking away from him. Your fault consisted in getting into a row at all; and, as I told you before, that is a fault which, from the nature of the case, admits of no excuse."

Nevertheless, I had detected a twitching about the muscles of his cheek, and a quickly suppressed twinkle in the corner of his eye, which led me to hope that his bark would prove worse than his bite. "In point of fact, Maxwell," he went on presently, in a more friendly tone, "you have only one plea to offer, the plea of inexperience, and that I am ready to accept. You will not be able to bring it forward a second time, remember. Remember also in future that you are not exactly a free agent here, and that you can not damage your own reputation without in some measure damaging mine, as well as that of your nation."

He resumed, after a short pause: "I may perhaps add that when one is in low places of resort, one is, or ought to be, especially cautious about speaking to strangers, and that if one is unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the police, one is not such an infernal ass—ahem!—I say one should not be so impervious to all the promptings of common-sense—as to make known one's identity."

I admitted that I had done foolishly in this particular, and expressed my sincere contrition; and Lord Rossan, who perhaps found it rather difficult to re-assume an air of judicial severity after his little slip of the tongue, ended by laughing good-humoredly. "Don't do it again, that's all," he said. "As for your friend, whose name, luckily for himself, has not transpired, you may tell him from me that I am delighted to think he has been robbed of his money, and that I trust he will lose no time in removing himself from Franzenshöhe."

I did not think it necessary to deliver this message verbatim; but I communicated the substance of it to Mr. Chapman, whom I sought out at his hotel later in the day, and who did not seem to attach much importance to it. Seen in the light of day, Mr. Chapman was an older, paler, and somewhat more debauched-looking person than he had appeared the night before; but, to set against these disadvantages, he had a pleasant voice, and there was something peculiarly winning in his manner. He thanked me warmly for my timely assistance, said how sorry he was that my good-nature should have got me into trouble, and then gave a laughing explanation of the predicament in which I had found him. "I only arrived here yesterday, and I picked up those fellows in the train. The more fool I, you'll say."

"They were such very evident swindlers," I remarked, rather surprised that a man of his age should have been so easily taken in.

"Oh dear yes; but I had won something from them to start with, and I didn't know what to do with myself in the evening; so I let them entice me into that den of thieves. They drugged me, of course; you must have seen that for yourself. But even so, I ought not to have allowed myself to be done out of my money in such a stupid way. However, it's gone now; so there's no use in bothering about it."

"You take it very good-humoredly," I could not help remarking. He was lounging in an arm-chair before the fire, and looked the personification of lazy contentment.

"Well, yes," he said. "One may as well take the inevitable in that way as in any other."

After a short silence I asked him whether he proposed to remain long in Franzenshöhe; to which he replied that he really didn't know: it would depend upon circumstances. "I believe," he added, "that a friend of mine is staying here—Lady Constance Milner, whom of course you know, as she is a sister of Lord Rossan's. Can you tell me her address?"

"She has rooms at the Legation," I answered; and with that absurd jealousy which every fresh person who claimed acquaintance with Lady Constance stirred up in my breast, I scrutinized Mr. Chapman's small, pretzyish features and somewhat effeminate type of countenance, concluding comfortably that he was not her style at all.

"What—in the house itself? That's rather unfortunate," said he, smiling. "I suppose I mustn't venture to call upon her, then. Lord Rossan would probably think it his duty to have me summarily ejected."

"I am quite sure he wouldn't do that," replied I; "but Lady Constance has her own rooms, which he never enters, and she is always at home about five o'clock. I shall be looking in there presently: we might walk down together, if you like."

Mr. Chapman hesitated. "Oh, I am in no hurry," he said; "any time will do." But presently he seemed to think better of it, and said he would go with me.

"I suppose, at whatever time I go, I shall find her surrounded by a crowd," he observed.

I admitted that this was highly probable, and hazarded the conjecture that he had known Lady Constance for some time.

"Yes, for several years," he replied. "She is a—a lady who has a large acquaintance."

Somehow I did not think that his sentence had been originally intended to end in that way, and I wondered what he had been going to say, and why a suspicion of a smile hovered about his lips for a minute or two. But he did not gratify my curiosity. He began to talk about Franzenshöhe and its resources, and about German characteristics generally, chatting pleasantly enough upon these subjects for a quarter of an hour, after which we walked across the public gardens, and entered the Legation together.

As usual, a little group of visitors was assembled in the semi-obscurity of Lady Constance's drawing-room, where the candles had not yet been lighted. They were all sitting round the fire, listening to an anecdote about the lately married Empress Eugénie which one of the French attachés was relating, and Lady Constance waited to hear the end of it before she rose from her chair. She greeted the new arrival in her customary manner, as if she had seen him the day before. "How do you do? You and Mr. Maxwell have been distinguishing yourselves, I hear. At least I presume you are the unknown Englishman of the adventure." And, without waiting for his reply, she returned to her place, and resumed the French conversation which our entrance can hardly be said to have interrupted.

Mr. Chapman was perhaps accustomed to her ways; at any rate, he did not show any sign of being disconcerted by his reception. He found a chair for himself just outside the circle, and waited patiently. After a time I noticed that he had drawn nearer to Lady Constance, and that under cover of general conversation they were holding a colloquy which, judging by the earnestness of his manner and the close attention with which she listened to him, had some interesting matter for its subject. It did not last very long, and when he had finished what he had to say he got up and quietly withdrew. The other visitors dropped off one by one, and at length I alone remained sitting opposite my hostess, who had taken out some ivory tablets and a pencil, and was apparently making rapid calculations by the firelight.

Presently she looked up, and remarked: "You are getting on. My brother tells me he hasn't given any one such a lecture for years as he gave you this morning. It seems to have been richly deserved, too."

I said I didn't see that at all. Was I to allow a man to be half murdered before my eyes?

"You ought not to go to places where people are likely to be half murdered, and rather than compromise your career, you ought to allow all the Chapmans in the world to be quite murdered."

"Poor Chapman! And he said you were a friend of his!"

"Did he? That was pretty cool of him. On second thoughts, though, I don't know why he shouldn't call me his friend if he likes. I don't mind."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Really," said Lady Constance, "I can't tell you *who* he is; I never thought of inquiring. I know *what* he is."

"And what is that?"

"Well, so far as his dealings with me are concerned, he is a sort of tout."

"A tout?"

"I mean an individual who picks up information for me and gives me tips about the money market. I must say for him that he has rendered me valuable services at different times."

"So that, perhaps, he is entitled to call himself your friend, after all."

"Oh, I make it worth his while, of course. If I win, he gets his share of the plunder; if I lose, he is none the worse off. Sometimes he makes mistakes; but as a rule he is to be depended upon. I could have made a fortune through him more than once if I had only had capital enough to work upon, or pluck enough to work without it."

"But why doesn't he make his own fortune if he has such opportunities?" I asked.

"I suppose because he has neither capital nor pluck; but I don't know much about him."

"I am sorry he [illegible] pluck out of

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PENN STATE

fellow," said I, musingly. "I rather took to him; I thought he seemed to be like a gentleman."

"I dare say he is a gentleman," Lady Constance said; "indeed, I should think he probably was a gentleman by birth. I can't agree with you in liking him, though. He strikes me as a poor-spirited creature, and I fancy, by the look of him, that he drinks."

"I wish—" I began, and then checked myself.

"What do you wish? But I know. You wish I could keep clear of relations with such shady characters. Ah! so do I, for the matter of that; but necessity has no law. Everybody, they say, must swallow a peck of dirt before he dies. I know many great and good people who swallow whole bushels of dirt, and look as if they liked it. If you must needs put on your wishing-cap, wish that I may be able to like it. You couldn't do me a greater kindness."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

THE character of the scenery along the valley of the Upper Mississippi is so entirely different from that along the southern division of the same great waterway as to excite constant surprise in the mind of the traveller who, from the deck of an up-river steamboat, views it for the first time. Instead of the dark bayous and vast stretches of low sedge-land or flat savanna which form the predominating features of the lower river, the upper valley is filled with bold bluffs of limestone and sandstone, crowned with dark cedars, and worn by the elements into most fantastic forms. The explorer SCHOOLCRAFT, who discovered Lake Itasca in 1832, in writing of this upper valley, says:

"It is bounded on each side by corresponding bluffs of calcareous rocks which attain a general elevation of four hundred feet, and throw an interest over the scene which prairies and forests, woody islands and winding channels, beautiful and picturesque as they certainly are, must fail to create. It is to these bluffs, now shooting into spiral columns, naked and crumbling, now sloping into grassy hills, or intersected by lateral valleys, here grouped in the fantastic forms of some antiquated battlement mocking the ingenuity of man, there stretching as far as the eye can reach in a perpendicular wall, but ever varying, pleasing, and new, that the valley of the Upper Mississippi owes its grandeur and magnificence. Its broad and glittering channel, its woodless prairies and aspiring forests, its flowering shrubs and animated productions, only serve to fill up and give effect to the imposing outline so boldly sketched by the pencil of nature in these sublime and pleasing bluffs."

On page 632 our artist in the "Sugar Loaf" and "Chimney Rock" has represented some of the strangely beautiful effects that produced such deep impressions upon Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT, as they have also upon all travellers who have succeeded him.

In the upper right-hand corner of the group of sketches is one of the "Maiden's Rock," which, on account of the legend connected with it, forms the most interesting feature of the landscape surrounding Lake Pepin. This so-called lake is merely a widening of the river, half a day's sail below St. Paul, in which for twenty-five miles it attains an average width of from four to five miles. According to the legend, the Maiden's Rock, rising abruptly from its eastern shore for nearly five hundred feet, was during the early days of the occupation of the Northwest by the whites the scene of a melancholy tragedy. The Indian girl Winona loved a white man, a young hunter, who was one of the first of his race to penetrate thus far into the wilderness. He would have married her, but her parents forbade this, drove him from the village, and set the day upon which Winona must wed a young chief of her tribe, for whom she had no liking. On the morning of the dreaded day, finding other escape impossible, the devoted girl fled to the summit of the rock that still stands a monument to her memory, chanted her death-song, and, in spite of the entreaties of her parents, flung herself headlong from the giddy height. To this day, as, in the still hours of night, the raftsman floats over the placid waters of Lake Pepin, he fancies he hears the sweet far-away notes of the death-song from above the Maiden's Rock, and the passing tourist gazes upon it with an interest which is awakened by no other feature of the landscape.

The Upper Mississippi was first seen at the mouth of the Wisconsin River by the Jesuits MARQUETTE and JOLIET, who in 1673 left Lake Michigan, at Green Bay, ascended the Fox River, and by a short portage gained the head-waters of the Wisconsin, down which they floated to the Mississippi. As they descended the latter river, it was left for Father HENNEPIN to discover the chief beauties of its upper valley six years later. He did so involuntarily, having been captured by Indians at the mouth of the Illinois River, and taken to the Sioux villages sixty leagues above the Falls of St. Anthony. The prisoner revenged himself by attaching forever to the grandest falls of the entire river the name of the brown-robed friar of Padua, for which he displaced the musical I-ra-ra (laugh) of the Sioux, and the Ka-ka-bi-kah (severed rock) of the Chippewas.

Although the vast rafts of lumber, on which whole families live for weeks, and sometimes months, still form prominent features of the river scenery, the great clumsy flat-boats, or "broad-horns," once so common, are fast disappearing. Before the advent of steamboats they formed the sole means of transportation for freight, and also carried many passengers, who were obliged to work their passage in place of paying a fare in money. A story is related of one of these primitive arks, which, though old, will bear repetition. A traveller wished to engage passage from far up on the river to New Orleans, but for some time the captain of the "broad-horn," not fancying his looks, refused to take him. At length he relented, and the passenger, with his grip-sack, was taken aboard. For several months he worked with the rest of the crew, sharing their good and ill fortune with such cheerful good-nature that he became a general favorite. At length they reached New Orleans, and the passenger, stepping up to the captain, held out his hand to shake a farewell. Grasping the proffered hand warmly, the captain exclaimed: "Good-by, Mr. G——, good-by. I'm sorry to see ye go. I didn't want ye at first, for I thought you was a gentleman, and I didn't want none of them long-legged cusses yawping around and asking nonsense questions; but now I'm glad you come, for, by jingo, thar ain't nothin' of the gentleman about you. Good-by, Mr. G——, good-by."

The "broad-horns" are still occasionally to be seen, loaded with the produce of the country adjacent to the waters of some tributary stream. They are propelled by long sweeps, or, with great square sail set, move heavily before the impulse of a favoring wind; but they no longer carry passengers. This branch of the business was long ago monopolized by the swift high-pressure, light-draught river steamers, which have also captured most of the freight traffic. Of these steamers the first upriver boat was the old *Virginia*, 118 feet long, and drawing six feet of water, which made a trip to the mouth of the Minnesota, or St. Peter's River, in 1823. Among the innumerable successors of the *Virginia* are a score of fine passenger-boats bearing such names as *War Eagle*, *Northern Light*, *Golden Era*, and *Gray Eagle*. Their grand saloons are of the gold and white, gingerbread, highly ornate pattern which impresses the rural Westerner so profoundly, and which he recognizes as the standard by which to gauge all magnificence.

"Indeed," said MRS. JONES, of Jonesville, on the Upper Mississippi, when trying to impress her neighbor MRS. SMITH with the grandeur of MRS. BROWN'S palatial Fifth Avenue mansion—"indeed her parlor is quite as handsome as a steamboat cabin."

The water of the Upper Mississippi is as clear as that of the Hudson, and its wonderful scenery is destined to become nearly as famous as that of the latter river. The view from the ramparts of old Fort Snelling, at the confluence of the Mississippi and Minnesota, is alone almost worth a journey to St. Paul to gaze upon, and it is but one of a thousand views equally grand that offer themselves from as many points along the valley of the Upper Mississippi.

IRON SHIPS ON THE DELAWARE.

THE recent completion by the American Shipbuilding Company, at Chester, Pennsylvania, of the superb iron sailing ship *T. F. Oakes*, marks an era in the history of naval construction in the United States. The new ship is not only the largest iron ship of her class ever built in this country, but is one of the largest and finest in the world. Although this ship-building company was only organized last March, with HENRY H. GORRINGE, of Obelisk fame, as President, and the keel of this their first large ship was laid in May, she was launched nearly ready for sea a few days since. She is a full-rigged, three-masted ship, 284 feet long over all, and has an extreme breadth of 42 feet. Her lower masts and spars are of iron, and she is provided with all the modern steam appliances for hoisting yards, weighing anchor, taking in cargo, etc. Her sail area is 26,000 square feet, and she is furnished with double suits of sails.

Her name, *T. F. Oakes*, was given by her owner, WILLIAM H. STARBUCK, of New York, out of compliment to the Vice-President of the Northern Pacific Railway. She is intended for the grain trade, and will sail on her first voyage from New York to San Francisco, thence to Liverpool, thence to Calcutta, and from there back to New York.

This new iron ship-building company is making a specialty of iron centre-board schooners for coastwise trade, and have already several of these afloat, besides two more on the stocks. In addition to these they are building another ship larger than the *Oakes*, a freight and passenger steamer, four tugs, and a steam-collier with a capacity of 1200 tons. They entertain most sanguine hopes of the future of this comparatively new American industry, and speak of the Delaware as the "Clyde of America."

THE CHINESE WALL.

SOMEWHAT more than two thousand years ago it entered the head of CHI HWANGTI that a wall between his dominions and the country of the Huns would keep those restless warriors from making so many destructive and unwelcome visits among his people. The most despotic of modern monarchs would hesitate before such an undertaking, but probably it never occurred to CHI to consider the wishes of anybody but himself, and therefore he gave orders that the wall should be built. Every third laboring-man in the realm was drafted for the great work, and as much of it required only unskilled labor, and as the forces were continually strengthened by fresh relays, it is not wonderful that even as many as fifteen hundred miles of wall should have been built within ten years.

CHI did not live to see the wall completed, nor indeed did any of his family; but nevertheless the wall has served to hand his fame down to the present ages even better than the hatred of him which is taught children to this day in China. The reason given for execrating his memory is that he sacrificed so many lives in hurrying forward the completion of the wall. Tens of thousands of laborers are said to have died from overwork. It is much more likely, however, that he owes this hatred to an offense committed against the literati of the country. When he usurped the throne of China, and murdered all who were of royal blood, he took the name of CHI HWANGTI, or First Emperor, instead of his own name of CHWANGSIANG WANG. He not only took the title, but he made an effort to have himself considered the first emperor by future ages by issuing an order that all records previous to his time should be destroyed. He was especially anxious that the writings of CONFUCIUS and MENCIUS should be burned, and fearing that some of the learned men might rewrite those works from memory, he executed five hundred of the literati. The men who wield the pen are dangerous to offend, and it is probably due to them that CHI is now execrated. It is interesting to know that the name China, by which we know a great country, and which is unknown by the inhabitants of that country, comes from the house from which the builder of the great wall sprang. Tsin, or Chin, was the dynasty which CHI HWANGTI founded, and was so called from the name of the feudal state which he had governed before usurping the throne.

In its best parts the wall is composed of a body of earth and small stones faced with masonry on the side toward Mongolia, and merely banked up on the inner side by a sloping wall of earth. A top surface paved with brick and about fifteen feet wide is maintained in some places, but in many others the wall is only distinguishable on the inner side by the parapet of bricks which for the most part crowns the entire length of the wall. On the outer side the wall ranges from twelve to thirty feet in height. The eastern end of the wall is now and was originally the best portion, the western end degenerating into a mere embankment of earth, which frequently is completely lost sight of. As the wall runs over the crests of the mountains, it is terraced, and in places presents the appearance of a gigantic stairway. At intervals there are towers about forty feet in height, built not on but near the wall, and it is in these towers that such guards as there are are stationed.

The utter uselessness of the wall is evident at a glance. It would be unfair to condemn it because it would soon crumble before a fire of artillery, but it is because it could not keep out even the soldiery of the time when it was built that it must be condemned. It is easy to imagine an army of Huns smiling sardonically at the sight of such a barrier to their progress; and, moreover, the facts of history prove that whenever the northern tribes wished to enter China they did so. In its pictorial aspect the wall is both pleasing and striking, as in consequence of the bareness of the hills over which it runs it can be followed by the eye from a suitable eminence for a long distance. Over hills and valleys it trails like a huge serpent, now darting out a spur here to fortify some almost inaccessible crag, and now doubling around a too convenient basin.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The late Mr. Marwood, Hangman.—Matthew Arnold's Pension.—The Laureate's heavy task.—Old War Ships sold.—Crowning a Rose Queen.—A Jeremiad.—Enterprising Brigands.

IT is said that when Marwood lately visited the House of Commons he looked with peculiar interest at one of the more prominent of the professional obstructionists, as a tailor regards a possible customer, with an eye to a fit; he was accompanied by a small bridal party, to which he had previously acted as "best man." What a curious choice it seems for a bridegroom to make! One hears a gentleman at the altar jocularly spoken of as being "turned off," but that he should employ professional assistance of this kind is something amazing. In case, however, the system should become fashionable, Mr. M. was careful to leave his address—Church Lane, Horncastle, Lincolnshire—with the doorkeeper of the hereditary chamber. Perhaps, in the case of a government official entering the matrimonial noose, there would be a certain appropriateness in employing him, but I doubt his ever being patronized by the Peers. At one time, when no peer could be hung, but only beheaded, the contemplation of the members of the Upper House would have had a curious interest for Mr. Marwood, as being "quite out of his line." Since the above was written poor Mr. Marwood has "gone over to the majority"; his death will probably be considered in Ireland to be "a judgment."

There has been discontent expressed that Mr. Matthew Arnold should have had £250 a year conferred upon him from the Civil List. It is alleged that he is too "well-to-do." I do not know his financial circumstances, but it is hardly likely that a man of his character would have applied for the grant unless he stood in need of it. As a prince of the Bonapartes has just received a similar pension for writing books that nobody ever read, we need not save grudge a true English poet and brilliant essayist the same sum from the public purse. For my part, I only regret that a man who has written so much, and on the whole so well, should stand in need of any subsidy of the kind. Poetry and essays, however, are their own reward. It is curious to contrast, indeed, the great reputation of some literary men with the pecuniary results they receive; while, on the other hand, some successful playwright who appeals to "the groundlings" makes his tens of thousands.

Even poetry, however, is not all ideal, and has sometimes to concern itself with very commonplace subjects—if one is a very great poet indeed; at all events, if one is laureate. I wonder whether it *can* be true that the unfortunate Mr. Tennyson has been sent for to Osborne, and requested to write a new "Lycidas" upon the demise of the late Mr. John Brown? One can not but picture the face of the bard upon receiving this royal command. (What a picture, by-the-bye, it would make for *Punch!*) I once knew a little "last joined" Woolwich cadet who was compelled (with wickets) to make a poetical address extempore, in the presence of his tormentors, to the moon. I suppose, however, the laureate was allowed to go home and think about it. I can see him now with *Webster's Rhyming Dictionary* (for the thing *can't* come naturally) and the *Court Guide* and "Lycidas" before him.

"We laureates in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end Despondency and Madness."

"Among the novelists of next season," I read, we are to have the wife of a judge, whose husband has pronounced the MS. to be a work of the highest order. I am not surprised—I should not be surprised if the wife of an archbishop wrote a novel—but the question is, "Is he a *good* judge?"

Six of our old war ships have been sold to a timber firm in London, one of them the *Rodney*, whose "actions" are historical. What does the firm do with them? it may be asked. I happen to know: they sell them (to me amongst others) for fire-wood. Ship timber makes beautiful fires, and burns blue and all sorts of colors. Next winter, perhaps, I shall have a historical fire. It is much better than burning my MSS., as some have recommended. But really it seems rather a shame. Why do not rich people, who have a turn for relics, and give untold gold for a chair of Marie Antoinette's, or (worse) Madame Du Barry's, buy the *Rodney* and put it in their lake at home, as they turn a veteran steed out to grass? It would at least be something to talk about—a very great desideratum in the country.

We have been crowning a Rose Queen in the Rosary at the Crystal Palace, with heralds, and acolytes, and all the rest of it, as in France. I am very glad to hear that any young lady in the New Kent Road should have given such satisfaction to her friends and neighbors as to have earned this honor, but I don't think such displays are very wholesome, or do much good to the young person they intend to honor. I am quite sure they are not suitable to the national taste. Horrid boys followed the heralds, pointing out the fact that their legs were padded. The impression left by the narrative of the proceedings is that the whole ceremony was open to this remark. To be told that it was "a custom of the days of Louis XIV." does not, "taking one consideration with another," seem to me to quite dispose of all objections to it.

The last electrical invention records and reproduces conversations carried on through the telephone. The next will perhaps do the same for ordinary table-talk. This will be very wholesome. I think if people could read in black and white the inane observations they make at dinner parties, for example, they would be a little more careful—or more silent. The best printed conversation of this sort is in one of Trollope's novels, where he makes two military gentlemen communicate their views upon spiritualism to one another. It is not at all too bad to be true. The most ludicrous talk, perhaps, is that one overhears (and can not, alas! help overhearing) upon piers at watering-places during the summer months. It is built upon the Socratic system: all questions except a modicum of answers. "Have you ever been to France? Do you like band music? Can you swim?" To which the fair one answers in monosyllables.

We have been laughing at the French Red Sea enterprise for the recovery of Pharaoh's chariots, while all the time there has been a Tara Trust Fund (it must have been on trust indeed) among ourselves to excavate Tara Mount, in the County Meath, "to recover the deeds given to the prophet Jeremiah when he purchased the land of Palestine." The company, it seems, has suffered losses, and its subscribers are described in the treasurer's sheet, who has had the misfortune to become a bankrupt, as "partly secured creditors." If the security depends upon the recovery of those other securities, this phrase is the most euphemistic that I have ever met with. The lament of these unfortunates may well be called "a Jeremiad."

I have so little sympathy with brigands, whether Greek, Turk, or Italian, that I can not fancy a man's being proud of a country in which such scoundrels are permitted to exist, far less to flourish; but still, when a thing is done, even though it be brigandage, one has a certain satisfaction in seeing it done well. Viewed in this light, I can not withhold my admiration of that marauding band who captured the municipal authorities of Florian the other day, Governor, Cadi, and all, while sitting in council. Imagine a band from East London seizing on the Court of Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Mace-bearer, and Chaplain, and carrying them off from the Guildhall into the recesses of Epping Forest! How convenient it would be for the new scheme of municipal reform! And yet I don't suppose the Home Secretary would venture to wink at it.

I see that a castor-oil is advertised as being without taste. I dare say the discovery is not true; but if it *be* true, what a vista of happiness (if happiness is relief from misery) does this open to medicine-takers! If castor-oil can be made tasteless, one can believe that rhubarb can be made palatable, and black-dose absolutely attractive. There is nothing so horrible as castor-oil. And certainly it is a great reproach to medical science that drugs have hitherto remained so repulsive to the palate. I have heard it urged that no improvement has been made in this respect lest invalids should glut themselves with medicine. This is rubbish. Why, if chemists—I mean dispensing chemists—thought *that*, they would never cease experimentalizing till they had made jalap like Turkish delight, and calomel as caraways. Pooh! R. KEMBLE, of London.

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THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 631.]

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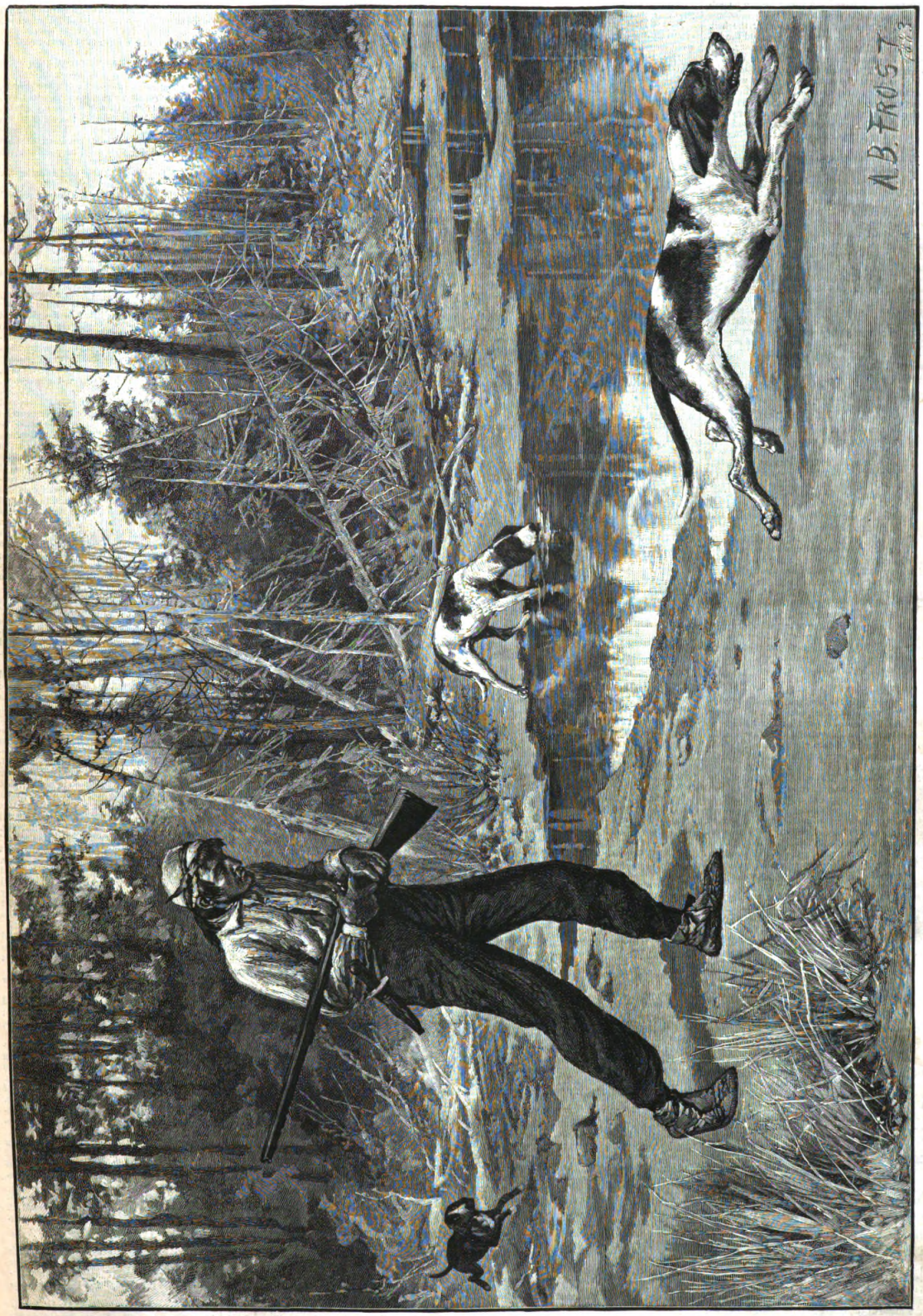

"WATERING DEER"—INDIAN PUTTING THE DOGS ON A TRAIL.—[See Page 635.]

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THE UNFORTUNATE GRANDSON OF MRS. HODGE.

ONE very hot morning a young woman mounted the many stone steps that led to a pretentious mansion in the metropolis, and rang the bell. Her unexceptionable appearance puzzled the liveried party that replied to her summons. He looked helplessly from the name upon her card to herself. The name upon the card was "Miss Madeline Coutts," but the poor flunky was very much at a loss what to do with her. There was a certain aroma of style and assurance about this young woman that forbade his leaving her standing in the hall, but whether to introduce her to the sacred precincts reserved for the habitués of the house—?

"In reply to an advertisement of Mrs. Hodge's," said Miss Coutts, quietly.

"Oh, ay—that indeed," said the relieved footman; and immediately showed her into a small room at the end of the hall.

She had not to wait long. Her arrival seemed to be eagerly expected; but the few minutes that she remained there alone assured her that the apartment was uncomfortably small, choked with costly knickknacks of an artistic nature, and the one window was shrouded with brocatelle and lace. Miss Coutts rarely used a fan; her composure of manner and immobility of feature gave her the appearance of being cool; but she really was as hot as one of her controlled temperament could be. When Mrs. Hodge came into the room it became immediately several degrees hotter. She was a lady of ponderous dimensions, fat, swarthy, and red. Miss Coutts, being thin, fair, and pale, began at once to struggle with a natural antipathy. Mrs. Hodge had an asthmatic affection that made it necessary for her to gasp out her sentences, so that Miss Coutts felt as if every word was impelled by a powerful caloric within this immense mechanism.

Miss Coutts was prepared to hear that her errand was in vain, as so many errands of hers of the same nature had been; the advertisement had been couched in such ambiguous terms, and the remuneration offered was so unusually large, that Miss Coutts had had very little hopes of success. She thought she would try; it was her imperative duty to try, and keep on trying; but she had grown almost hopeless, and a remark that was just now shot at her from the asthmatic Mrs. Hodge almost startled her. It placed Miss Coutts in the novel position of hesitating to accept a very lucrative offer. In any other case the sum of money proffered would have caused her immediately but quietly to close with the terms, and under her cold exterior would have been a quickening of all the pulses that led to delight.

But Mrs. Hodge had said that for this large sum of money she was to take entire charge of an idiot. Mrs. Hodge had used the term "defective intellect," but Miss Coutts could easily construe her meaning, especially when she was told that the boy was nineteen years old, and had not the entire control of his limbs; that a plan of education had been devised for him by the distinguished physicians having the case in charge, the Kindergarten method, combined with others that Mrs. Hodge would explain: for instance, his last governess had devoted several hours a day to taking her pupil into the grounds adjoining the house, which were fitted up expressly for the purpose, and leading him gradually to take notice of form and color. He had shown a fondness for flowers, which it was hoped might lead to great results. Every movement and articulation of the pupil must be carefully noted down. His former governess had put them in the shape of a diary, which the physicians interested in the case had considered an excellent idea. Mrs. Hodge would show Miss Coutts the form of diurnal annotation undertaken by the late lamented governess.

"Is she dead?" said Miss Coutts, becoming perceptibly paler.

"Yes—oh yes," said Mrs. Hodge, walking over to an escritoire of marble and bronze, and taking from a secret drawer the diary of the late governess. "Yes—we regret—to say—that she—is dead," gasped Mrs. Hodge. "The physicians—and myself—all agree—that had she lived—a material improvement—would have—taken place—in my—unfortunate—grandson."

Miss Coutts felt an emotion of pity for the woman before her, but it was not strong enough to neutralize the effect of the knowledge that the late governess had actually died in the work agreed upon.

"Did she die here—in this house?" said Miss Coutts.

"Yes; she had—no friends—or relatives—in this country. She died—we regret—to say—from nervous—exhaustion. She was—an estimable—creature. Here is—her last—annotation."

Miss Coutts could not restrain a cold chill down her vertebræ as she took the album of the late lamented governess in her hand.

"Please—read—aloud," said Mrs. Hodge; and Miss Coutts read:

"*July* 10.—Ernst becoming more and more accustomed to the use of a fork at meals. Was compelled to restrain his appetite at breakfast. *Items.*—Small plate of soup; slice of bread; two soft-boiled eggs; about five ounces of rare beefsteak; large saucer of oatmeal; one cup of coffee. Here restrained. At 8 A.M. went into garden; plucked morning-glory—common convolvulus; held it before Ernst. He clutched it, tore it in pieces, distinctly articulating the words, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' *Mem.*—In this ejaculation is there not some analogy to the word 'glory,' thus connecting a thought of the patient with the name of the flower?"

Here the annotation ended.

"Was the late governess buried from this house?" said Miss Coutts.

"Yes; only—a—week—ago," said Mrs. Hodge; "and now, if—you—please, we—will—go—to—the—apartments—of—my—unfortunate—grandson."

"Excuse me," said Miss Coutts. "I beg you will allow me some consideration of your proposal. I am not prepared just now."

Miss Coutts was visibly embarrassed. Her sympathy for Mrs. Hodge struggled perceptibly with her repugnance to the proposed task.

"How—much—time—do—you—require?" said Mrs. Hodge, coldly. "Too—much—has—been—lost—already. Ernst—has—deteriorated—shockingly—since—the—death—of—his—late—lamented—attendant."

"I must decline, if you please, all further consideration of your proposal," said Miss Coutts, firmly. "I am perfectly assured that I would be quite incompetent."

"No—no; don't—give—it—up," said the poor woman. "Don't; you—can—do—it—if—you—try. Come—and—see—him. He—isn't—so—bad, when—you—get—used—to—him. He—used—to—be—violent, and—bite; he—don't—bite—any—more."

Miss Coutts got upon her feet.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but I can not think of it—not for a moment."

"See—here," said the wretched grandmother. "Your—appearance—pleases—me; you—are—a—lady—every inch—of you. I'll—give—you—more—money; you—can—save—it—up. His—late—governess—had—money—in—the—bank—enough—to—bury—her—and—more."

"Please excuse me now," said Miss Coutts, beginning herself to gasp out her words. "I'll—think—of—it. I will, indeed."

"When—shall—I—see—you—again?" said poor Mrs. Hodge. "This—evening?"

"Yes," said Miss Coutts, knowing perfectly well that with her consent she would *never* see her again.

Mrs. Hodge rang the bell. The footman opened one of the big front doors. Miss Coutts took a long breath, and ran lightly down the steps, scarcely leaving off running till she turned the corner. Reaching her boarding-house, she immediately shut herself up in her room, and began a letter to her brother at the South:

"I know perfectly well, dear Tom, how important it is that I should get something to do. I know that everything is sold, the money gone, and that you are reduced to living upon a paltry salary, which you can ill afford to share with anybody; that my habits must seem dreadfully expensive to you; that you are in love, and naturally want to marry; and that I am the most miserable millstone that ever cumbered the neck of the dearest brother in the world."

Here the pen remained suspended over the paper. Miss Coutts looked carefully at the door to see that it was closed, at the windows to see that the blinds were down, then she dropped the pen, and putting both her shapely hands upon her temples, she let the tears rain out of her eyes upon the letter before her. She restrained her sobs: not for the world would she let the young couple in the adjoining room know that she had cause for tears.

"So proud," she murmured, "and so poor—so miserably poor! Tom has an idea that nothing but teaching of a certain kind will do, and so he keeps me a dependent upon his bounty. And such a bounty! Poor dear boy! I'll have to take this place. I'll have to go and live with this idiot, keep him from choking at his meals or stabbing himself with his fork, and for a change I can go into the garden—always with my madman—and show him a morning-glory that he'll scream 'Hallelujah' over, and in his ecstasy perhaps take a piece out of my arm. But I'll do it. Yes, for Tom's sake, I'll go there, and die in that awful house, like the other lamented one, with the unfortunate grandson of Mrs. Hodge; and what is left over from my funeral I'll leave to Tom."

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Miss Coutts lifted her head, pressed her fingers a moment upon her eyes, and brushed back her hair. "Come," she said, and the maid who entered with a letter in her hand, though she was a cunning jade, would never have divined the late distress of Miss Coutts. The letter was from Tom.

"DEAR MADDIE" (it ran),—"Inclosed please find check for one hundred dollars. Make it go as far as you can. I'm removed from office here, to make room for a greedy politician, but devilish needy and seedy, beyond precedent. Every dog has his day. Your fraternal canine goes out to Leadville; been longing to go for some time, but restrained by thoughts of you; hesitated to give up sure thing; now it has given me up, proved itself unsure, and settled it. Your beggarly allowance will be all right for six months—after that, the deluge! Aff., TOM."

Miss Coutts had shed all her tears. She was a little ashamed of her late outburst. Besides, she was glad Tom was rid of his sinecure berth under the government, which they both called the drudgery of office, and she was relieved now of Tom's restrictions regarding her employment. She immediately took up the morning paper and looked at the advertisements for domestic help of all kinds. She thought she might possibly get a place to take care of children, though she hated children in the aggregate, or a position as seamstress, though darning her stockings, the only sewing she ever did, was the *bête noire* of her existence. Presently her eyes fell upon the following:

WANTED—A middle-aged lady of culture and refinement, to take entire charge of housekeeping in a small establishment out of town. Address John Marvin, Box 242.

Miss Coutts knew as little of housekeeping as she did of sewing or caring for children, but she could write very well, and her replies to advertisements frequently brought some little results; the trouble had been that she was too particular, and what she considered the necessities and recreations of her life were too numerous and expensive. But she was driven to desperation now, and this last contingency of being given over to the unfortunate grandson of Mrs. Hodge completely subdued her. Perhaps the words "culture and refinement" determined her. Anyway, one pleasant evening Mr. Marvin's coachman made up his mind he was bringing up to the house a fine lady visitor, and was surprised to learn she was only the new housekeeper; but they got on together very well indeed—so well that Hopkins, who was the gardener as well as the coachman, picked and cleaned with his own hands the vegetables for the table. Miss Coutts's pride was so secure that she had no need to hedge it round with petty formalities, and the cook became fairly in love with her. "Too young, is it?" she said, within hearing of Mr. Marvin. "There's many an ould head on young shoulders, and a wise one too!"

Mr. Marvin had said, in their first interview, that he feared Miss Coutts was too young for the responsibility; but she threw an earnest entreaty into her reply: "Do not let that be an obstacle, sir; try me at least. I am not young; I am nearly twenty-eight." As if that was old enough for anything. She looked much younger, and had not been in the country a month before she would have passed for very little over twenty. She restrained all outward expression of delight; but she was really perfectly satisfied with the life that was offered to her. Mr. Marvin had quickly assured her of his entire approval of her management, and had of late even gained a certain buoyancy of aspect and demeanor that he had not worn upon her arrival. Contrary to all her expectations, she found that Mr. Marvin was the easiest one to manage in the whole establishment, and thought at first that his financial affairs probably absorbed his mind to the exclusion of the minor minutiæ of home life. But after a little time the natural discernment of her sex led her to believe that some blight rested upon the life of her employer that robbed it of all zest and interest. He arose early, walked about the grounds, but seemed to care nothing for the horticultural growth usually so dear to the heart of a small landed proprietor; he paced to and fro the garden paths, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent, his face gloomy and preoccupied. His horse was brought to the door punctually at nine—sometimes the vehicle in which it was Hopkins's choice he should ride was scrupulously clean; at others it was dusty, or even bespattered with mud altogether, according to the convenience of Hopkins. It seemed to not matter in the least to Mr. Marvin. Sometimes, by a freak of luck and extraordinary exertion upon the part of Miss Coutts, the domestic *ménage* of Mr. Marvin was a marvel of excellence, at others, everything was confusion and discomfort. Sometimes every meal that was set before her employer was the perfection of culinary success; at others, when baleful influences of various kinds were at work, nothing was fit for a civilized palate. Mr. Marvin did not seem to be aware of these irregularities. One evening everything upon the table was underdone. Madeline sat opposite her employer, and not being able herself to eat the food that she had ordered to be placed before him, she watched with vexation and remorse the various dishes which successively left the table untouched.

At breakfast the next morning everything was overdone. Madeline had her cup of tea. She *could* make good tea; but unfortunately Mr. Marvin drank coffee at breakfast, and his cup remained untasted. Madeline could see that it was black, bitter, and muggy. Mr. Marvin's breakfast consisted really of a crust. The carriage was at the door. There had been a storm in the night, and it was covered with mud.

A hot color suddenly flamed in the cheek of Miss Coutts.

"Mr. Marvin," she said, "are you aware that you have a wretchedly managed house, and that your carriage is almost always dirty? that your last two meals have been vilely cooked? The cook has been ill; it is no fault of hers; but two people ought to be discharged at once from your employ—your coachman and your housekeeper."

"If the cook is ill, she is incapacitated from her usual duties," said Mr. Marvin.

"But every efficient housekeeper should know how to get a decent meal," said Miss Coutts.

"Then it appears you are not an efficient housekeeper," said Mr. Marvin.

"Not by any means," said Miss Coutts; "and I never shall be; and Hopkins won't keep the carriage clean."

"Do you want to leave me, Miss Coutts?"

"Heaven forbid, Mr. Marvin! Only for your sake."

"Then I am very well satisfied with you; and as for Hopkins, he has been with me many, many years, Miss Coutts. I am under great obligations to Hopkins, which I hope I shall never forget."

The dark face of Mr. Marvin grew darker and gloomier. He got into the dirty carriage, and Madeline watched it disappear down the road.

"I'm afraid he's murdered somebody, and Hopkins has helped bury the body somewhere about the place," said Madeline to herself; "but somehow I can't help liking him immensely. If he were not so glum and so old, I should begin to believe I was falling in love with my master; but, after all, I'm getting old too—awfully old!" And, to drive away this unpleasant thought, Miss Coutts went to work with a will. She was not really so inefficient as she pretended; there was considerable of laziness and a lack of persistency about the matter, which Miss Coutts proceeded to mend. Although the cook was still confined to her room, the meals became presentable and appetizing. She had been compelled to call Hopkins to her aid, and resolved to do her best also to reform his ways.

Hopkins was picking fruit in the garden one afternoon, and Madeline was gathering flowers close by.

"We must do all we can to please our master, Hopkins," said Miss Coutts, coaxingly. "Do you pick the finest grapes for him, and I'll gather the prettiest flowers. He doesn't seem very happy, and we must do all we can to cheer and comfort him."

"It ain't much wonder," said Hopkins, "that he don't take to happiness as a duck does to water, and I don't think the matter of a few grapes, be they fine or faulty, will serve to comfort him. As for flowers, miss, if you'll take my advice, you'll keep 'em off the table; the sight of 'em must be a kind of curse to him. They will grow in spite of me, though I clip 'em down as often as I think of it, for they must be poison in his sight."

Miss Coutts paused in the arrangement of her nosegay, and stared at Hopkins.

"Why?" she said—"why are they so painful to him?"

"That's no matter," said Hopkins; "but there—they must be, in the common natur' of things."

"Won't you tell me why, Hopkins?" said Miss Coutts, coaxingly.

"No, I won't tell you why," said Hopkins; "it's nobody's business."

Miss Coutts's eyes, which were always large, grew bigger and rounder. She looked at the frowzy head of Hopkins lifted to the vine, and then she shook her own. She really began to believe that somebody was put secretly away under one of the flower beds, and the pretty blossoms fell out of her hand unheeded to the ground. This would account for her master's sad dark face, his mournful smile, his gloom and abstraction, and this also would account for the negligence and assurance of Hopkins. Miss Coutts resolved not to chide Hopkins, or hurry him, or provoke him to any sudden wrath. Hopkins must be conciliated. Miss Coutts felt sure that Hopkins held the life of her master in his hand, and she also felt that that life was becoming very dear to her. It did not matter whether she was of any particular consequence to Mr. Marvin; considering everything, she thought, perhaps, it was better that he should be simply kind to her, and thoughtful of her welfare, as he was of that of his other servants. She could not be indifferent to the fact that there was a dark secret in his life, something only shameful, perhaps; she could only hope it was not of a criminal nature, but as long as he didn't love her, she was at liberty to be as fond of him as she pleased. She pitied him so, and pity is akin to love.

Months had now passed away, and Mr. Marvin, as I said before, had gained a certain buoyancy of aspect which was unknown to him before the coming of Miss Coutts, and although she trembled for this frail security, Miss Coutts was glad that the load was gradually lifting off her master's mind.

One evening in early October she walked to and fro upon the porch, waiting for the first glimpse of Hopkins, who had gone to the train for his master. A delicious meal was ready to be served. She herself had taken unusual pains with her toilet; carefully avoiding flowers, after the warning of Hopkins, she was compelled to invent those little accessories to dress that make a plain woman charming, and a charming woman irresistible. And there was, above all, that air of tender expectancy and eager anticipation in her face that Mr. Marvin had grown to look for and count upon as he journeyed home. It seemed to him that night that she had never looked so womanly and fair, and that his home had never been so inviting.

"Oh, how glad I am to get home, Miss Coutts!" he said. "Everything here is dear to the heart and pleasant to the eye." And as Miss Coutts, in the delight of the moment, blushed and held out her hand to him, he put it upon his arm, and kept it briefly but warmly in his own as they walked into the house. Miss Coutts felt his heart beating against her fingers, and her own began to leap in unison.

"What if he should really love me?" she said to herself; and "What if this great happiness should, after all, be mine?" whispered the heart of Mr. Marvin.

They went into the pleasant dining-room. How pretty the table looked!

"How hungry I am!" said Mr. Marvin. And then a glum voice from the door called out "Here is a letter for you, sir. I got it in the post this mornin', and it lay by me ever since."

The handwriting was a strange one to Mr. Marvin. He opened it and read it through, growing paler and paler as he read, till at last Miss Coutts ran over to him, and held his head upon her arm. Her own hand trembled as she put a glass of water to his lips, but she did not call for help. "The time has come," she said to herself. "Detection, discovery, is at hand. We must do nothing imprudent."

Mr. Marvin by a strong effort got his nerves under control.

"You must think I am strangely weak," he said, "but there is bad news in that letter—terrible news. My mother-in-law is dead."

Madeline almost laughed, but she knew that if she once gave way to laughing she would fall into hysterics; but what a commonplace occurrence to make such a fuss about!

"Your mother-in-law?" she repeated.

"Yes; it seems a calamity to which people easily resign themselves, but it is a terrible one to me. Great Heaven!" cried Mr. Marvin, starting up from the table, "and I dared just now to be happy!"

He went out upon the porch, and walked rapidly to and fro; Miss Coutts went into the parlor; the pretty meal was left untouched. The windows of the parlor opened wide upon the balcony where the unhappy man was walking. Miss Coutts went over to the old-fashioned piano. She

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PENN STATE

knew now that the end was at hand. She had forgotten that Mr. Marvin had ever been married; he had never alluded to it in any way; but in the death of his mother-in-law it was evident his danger had become imminent. Disgrace and ruin suddenly threatened this poor creature who had just "dared to be happy."

She began to sing in a low trembling tone, tears falling out of her eyes upon the yellow keys:

"'Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
Though the herd has fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Still here is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last.'"

Miss Coutts went on with the song, her voice growing clearer, firmer, sweeter, purer, as she sang. Mr. Marvin had heard all the great singers of the day, but it seemed to him he had never listened to a voice like this.

"'Through the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.'"

"Do you mean what you say?" he said, leaning over her, his cold hand upon her shoulder, and his wretched face close to her own. "Are your heart and your hand, your love and your whole being, mine, in spite of everything I may have to tell you? By Heaven, Madeline, I believe you are a woman among ten thousand—that you will cling to me through everything."

"I will go with you to the scaffold," said Madeline, and she meant what she said.

"It is not so bad as that, my dear," said Mr. Marvin; "it is not a crime; it is a misfortune. Come out upon the balcony, and let me tell you all. I begin to feel comforted already." They sat together on the wicker sofa, hidden by the flaming leaves of the Virginia creeper; a soft light yet shone in the western sky; one little star alone was visible; a belated blackbird swung to and fro upon a branch in the garden. Madeline nestled close to the strong arm thrown around her. She will never forget that night to the latest in her life. Yes, she loved him; she was prepared for any revelation he might make to her; she was even glad, she said, to be able to prove to him the nature of her love.

"God bless you, Madeline," said Mr. Marvin. "My story is a brief one. I can not bear to dwell upon it long. I married when I was but a lad of twenty-one. In a few years my wife died of a horrible malady—epilepsy. The only fruit of our union was a boy, who seemed to me as perfect and beautiful as an angel when he was born, but as the years went by the curse he had inherited from his mother became apparent, only in a more shocking form. He was not only a hopeless idiot, but grew deformed, and incapable of governing the muscles of his limbs. He could articulate with difficulty, and seemed only comfortable when in the arms of Hopkins, who carried him about among the flowers, which he would clutch and tear. I could not bear this abhorrent and painful sight, and was about making arrangements to have him conveyed to some private asylum, when his grandmother besought me to give her the care of the boy, to whom she had devoted her every moment. I consented, and have never seen the boy since, though the thought of his miserable existence has imbittered my life. He has outlived the devoted woman, and here in this last letter she begs of me to go on with the work which she has begun. The letter says that he is improving gradually, that her whole fortune shall be given over for his benefit. All she asks of me is room under my roof for my unfortunate son. Madeline, what can I do? Dare I refuse this dying prayer?"

Madeline was silent. Had Mr. Marvin looked into her face, he would have been shocked by the expression there.

"No," she said at length; "you can not refuse to have him here." Then she added, "Your mother-in-law's name was Hodge?"

"Yes," said Mr. Marvin, chilled somehow by the cold and measured tones of Madeline. "The boy is called Ernst, after his maternal grandfather."

"Yes," said Madeline, "I know his name is Ernst. He must come here, of course—" Here she burst into tears and sobs. "I love you so!" she said, clinging to Mr. Marvin. "I do love you so!"

"My sweet Madeline," said Mr. Marvin, "calm yourself. He is not a maniac; he is perfectly harmless."

"He is a vampire," said Madeline. "He has killed very many people who have been forced to share their lives with him. He will kill you—" She did not say that he would kill her, because she had determined that she would fly, as she did before. She would go out to Leadville to Tom, anywhere, to be free from the grandson of Mrs. Hodge. She would have shared poverty, disgrace, a dungeon, with her beloved master—anything but this awful presence. How well she remembered the poor grandmother!—her minute description of the terrible life meted out to the attendant of her grandson. Her piteous appeals, her frantic bribes of more money, enough to bury the miserable attendant when she died, and more. How hot was that room in the city, with its choking treasures of upholstery and art! How powerful and red and swarthy was the wretched Mrs. Hodge! Every moment she had feared the approach of her unfortunate grandson. Madeline grew faint and sick with this repelling retrospect, and, overcome with the impending grief of parting with her adored master, her heart stopped beating, her head fell heavily back upon his shoulder. A blessed insensibility came to her relief.

It was many days after when she awoke to perfect consciousness. A raging fever followed her first insensibility, and weeks went by during which her life hung by a thread. But the first words Mr. Marvin said to her made her count her illness as providential.

"My sweet Madeline," he said, gravely, in reply to the glance of terror that she cast about her, and her one word—"Ernst?"—"I know that you were ready and willing for the sacrifice, but it is not demanded of you. My unfortunate son soon followed his grandmother. God has at last taken pity upon his misery and mine. But I hold your heroism in my heart of hearts, dear. Now all I ask of you is to get well."

Madeline looked upon the wasted hands he kissed and caressed. She was so weak, so very weak! She could not tell him then—nor did she ever gain courage for the revelation—that her only heroism had been the yielding up of a union with her beloved master, and going out to Tom at Leadville, thus fleeing forever from the unfortunate grandson of Mrs. Hodge.

MRS. FRANK MCCARTHY.

DEER-HUNTING.

SPORTSMEN of the future, if there be such, will examine with curiosity the truthful and realistic sporting pictures of Mr. FROST. They will look at them, and regret that the scenes therein depicted are to them no longer possible of actual realization. Possibly by that time they may live under a form of government founded on principles of exact justice; consequently they will jeer at the burlesque of the same under which we exist, and ponder on the striking absurdity which has led it to permit the denudation of the country of every form of wild animal and bird life.

During the floods in the Mississippi Valley in the spring of 1882 the extraordinary high stage of water forced large herds of deer and other game from their usual haunts. These poor creatures, on common occasions wary and difficult of approach, by the resistless pressure of the advancing waters were completely demoralized and cowed. Driven from one covert to another, they at last took refuge on the slightly elevated spots, small islets on a rushing sea extending from horizon to horizon. To these islands the deer and other game were followed by hunters, who wantonly destroyed them, leaving their carcasses to decay where they fell. The survivors of these numerous and extensive battues were driven for refuge to the tops of the levees, where, dazed with hunger and fear, they were knocked over and killed with clubs.

In cases where the destruction of these animals was necessary to supply food to persons famishing with hunger, any mode of killing them was entirely legitimate, but in the majority of cases the slaughter was carried on from a mere wanton love of killing, and the superior human quality which urges its possessors to take advantage of the helpless condition of the game kind.

In all parts of the country it would appear that any mode of capturing deer is considered proper; hence we find these animals preyed upon as if they were fierce and dangerous foes to man, rather than mild and timid, forever seeking safety from the human kind in headlong flight.

By hazard we take up a book which purports to relate the hunting adventures of a clergymen. Therein we find an account of fire-lighting deer. That is, this teacher of the truth seats himself comfortably in a boat propelled by a guide. On the bow of the skiff is a lamp provided with a powerful reflector. The boat is gently pushed to a spot which the deer frequent as a fording-place to their feeding-grounds. The light from the lamp dazzles them; they approach within a very few feet. So soon as their eyes, shining brightly in the glare, are visible, the holder of the gun fires, and the animal is either killed outright or driven frantic with terror into the recesses of the forest. This process of fire-lighting has given the *coup de grace* to deer-hunting in the Adirondacks.

Driving deer—another mode of hunting the animal—is one which requires more patience than is possessed by the average man. This method requires the service of a number of gunners, who are posted at convenient points on the course the deer is likely to take when routed by the hounds. They do not, however, always take the route laid out for them, consequently the gunner has ample leisure to commune with his own thoughts—to calculate the date, for example, when a note is due, or to recall some particularly mortifying episode in his past career. Again, it offers to those who have what the French call an *esprit d'escalier*—a mind on the stairs—to rehearse withering repartees ready for immediate use, which are commonly thought of, too late, when one is on the staircase and the occasion missed. Driving deer, therefore, is not so popular a form of hunting as stalking, which keeps a man on the alert, and all his faculties centred upon one object. This method, however, does not possess the same interest when undertaken in our forests as upon the bare, rugged mountains of Scotland, where the game is seen during the entire process. There deer-stalking is a much finer art than with us.

It is the Virginia or red deer which is usually seen in our Eastern markets. Chicago is the great centre for the collection of deer, and indeed all varieties of game; thence it is distributed to all parts of our country and Europe. The dealers in Chicago have created for the success of their business a very complete system. They spare no expense to secure the services of the most expert gunners. These, so far as deer-hunting is concerned, they furnish with a complete outfit. Late in the autumn they are sent to the northern portions of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Canada. It is by no means a holiday trip. These men are brought face to face with great hardships. They are obliged to travel great distances in open sleighs on routes where the thermometer often falls to 25° below zero, when the biting wind whistles through the leafless forests, whirling the drifts in clouds. When they reach their destination they erect a log cabin a hundred miles or more from any other habitation. Here they store their provisions and traps, and prepare for their hunting trips, long distances into the wilderness. After their camp is prepared they may yet have to wait for a light snow to cover the icy crust of the earlier deposits. When this moment arrives they lace on their snow-shoes and beat up the surrounding woods. In the newly fallen snow the trail of the deer is easily followed. So soon as the game is sighted, the hunter, if he be not already on an up-wind beat, makes a detour to secure this position. From cover to cover he stealthily approaches the feeding herd, keeping a steady eye on the tails of the animals. Singular as it may appear, the movements of the tail of the deer is to the gunner full of significance. If it is jerked with a quick motion, he knows that the animal's suspicions are excited. The deer raises his head and glances about him in a nervous, anxious manner. If he is satisfied that no immediate danger is near, he twitches his tail again, and resumes his feeding. With his eye constantly on the tell-tail of the deer, the hunter glides from tree to tree until he is within easy range. Armed with a magazine rifle, the gunner may possibly kill ten before the herd gets beyond range. It may appear an easy matter to stalk deer as above described. Far from being so, however; a man must be very hardy and expert to pick his way on snow-shoes—bewildering machines to the novice—amid the débris of fallen trees of the forest.

When the deer has been killed, the hunter opens him and removes the entrails. He then climbs a young tree and bends the top to the ground. To this he attaches the carcass. The tree, when released from the weight of the hunter, springs back and lifts the dead animal beyond the reach of prowling wolves. At his leisure the hunter, within a day or two, visits the various saplings to which he has secured his game, and removes it to his shanty, where it is stored until a convenient opportunity occurs for his partner or himself to transport it to the nearest railway station, whence it is sent to his employer in Chicago. These dealers pay the gunner by the piece. The latter, consequently, apart from suffering no end of hardship, is liable to lose all the benefit of his winter's work if, through an error of judgment, he should be overtaken by a sudden rise of temperature and thaw. Then the roads become impassable, and the carcasses he may have on hand inevitably spoil.

For those who may desire to indulge in deer-hunting, Texas offers the most inviting field. There the climatic conditions are not rigorous. The game, moreover, is found on the open, breezy prairies. To successfully stalk deer in that locality the services of a well-broken mustang horse are indispensable. The hunter, who walks, has a string attached to the bit of the animal, which is gently driven toward the deer. Now and again the horse must be allowed to stop and graze. When within gunshot, the hunter shoots with his gun resting across the saddle.

GASTON FAY.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IN a recent week about five hundred Chinese sailed from San Francisco for their native land. Nearly all of them carried the certificates necessary for their re-admission to United States territory should they desire to return. Perhaps they thought that these return checks would have a money value in the Flowery Kingdom, where, among the millions of men, it ought to be easy to find a good many who would fairly answer to any description that could be written out for the purpose of identifying one who was entitled to the privilege of returning.

For a comet that was yet telescopic from a mundane point of view, the wanderer which is now approaching the sun, after an absence of more than threescore and ten years, awakened considerable interest last week. Observers were surprised to find that in the course of a single day its brilliancy had increased six or eight times. Considering the comet's distance from the sun, this outburst of light was regarded by astronomers as more extraordinary than the bursting into pieces of the comet which last year startled the people of this latitude by its sudden and brilliant advent from the southern skies.

An incident of the drought in New England was an arrangement between the Boston and Albany Railroad and the residents of a Massachusetts village for the delivery to them of a tank of water each day. Information is not at hand as to whether a rainy day which intervened prevented the carrying out of the arrangement.

A recent event in ocean steam-ship traffic is the breaking of the record in respect to quick passages from the other side. It now stands six days twenty-one hours and forty minutes—more than two hours better than it was before the *Alaska* finished her latest westward voyage.

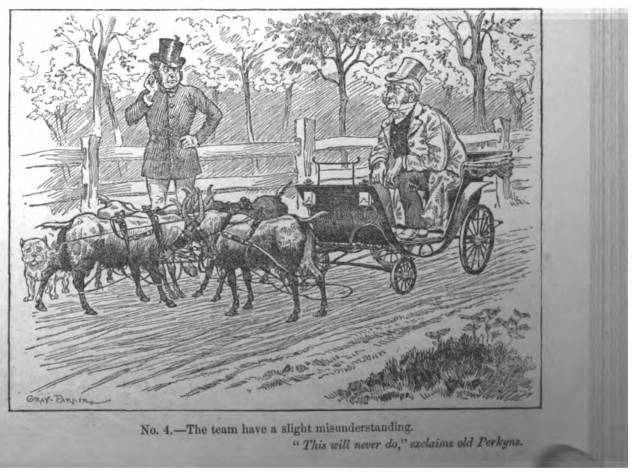
American tomatoes are shipped in large quantities to England, where they are greatly appreciated by diners at the clubs. They are believed to be a remedy for biliousness, besides affording material for several agreeable dishes. Not many years ago they used to be called "love apples" in this country, and were thought very pretty, but nobody dreamed of eating them.

A Chinese reporter who sought an item in a resort frequented by white and yellow hoodlums was subsequently found in the street deprived of his gold watch and chain and fifteen dollars in coin. As nothing is said about his diamonds, it is presumed that the magnificent compensation which, according to the testimony of a distinguished newspaper authority before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, is enjoyed by New York reporters is withheld in San Francisco because of the competition of Chinese cheap labor.

A restaurant-keeper in Rome has displayed a genius for advertising which would have been worthy of a Yankee. Under a law of Italy, tradesmen must pay duty on every advertising bill or poster publicly displayed; but the manifestoes of candidates for office may be posted without the payment of this tax. The restaurant-keeper placarded his name throughout Rome as that of a candidate for election to the Chamber of Deputies, adding the location of his restaurant and the bill of fare for each day. When he was arrested he pleaded that he had been a candidate, and had actually received eighty votes. The outcome of the case has not been announced.

The retiring Democratic Governor of a Southern State was congratulated a short time ago by a matter-of-fact friend on "the comforting knowledge of the fact that while you came into office on a boom, you go out on a bigger one."

Stories from the new petroleum fields in Roumania eclipse even the wonderful tales told of Cherry Grove and the other famous pools of the Pennsylvania oil regions. The "wild-cat" well near which two cities grew up in a month in Cherry Grove was an insignificant affair in comparison with the well recently sunk in Roumania by an American driller, if the stories told of its yield are true. It is said that petroleum was found at a depth of one thousand feet—the average depth of the Pennsylvania oil wells—that a column of oil gushed out with such force that it was thrown more than a hundred feet into the air, and that the flow continued for ten days at the rate of nearly five thousand barrels a day. There is a story of a well in Pennsylvania—one of the first drilled in the Cooper Tract—blowing the drilling tools, weighing some two or three thousand pounds, through the top of a seventy-foot derrick; but it is accepted generally as a yarn illustrating the utmost possibility of a phenomenal well rather than the chronicle of an actual occurrence. Perhaps the imaginative originator of this story will yet find himself humiliated by being compelled to believe that some well in Roumania has actually eclipsed that which his fancy pictured.



No. 4.—The team have a slight misunderstanding.
"This will never do," exclaims old Perkyns.

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THE COW-BOYS OF COLORADO—LASSOING AND BRANDING CALVES.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

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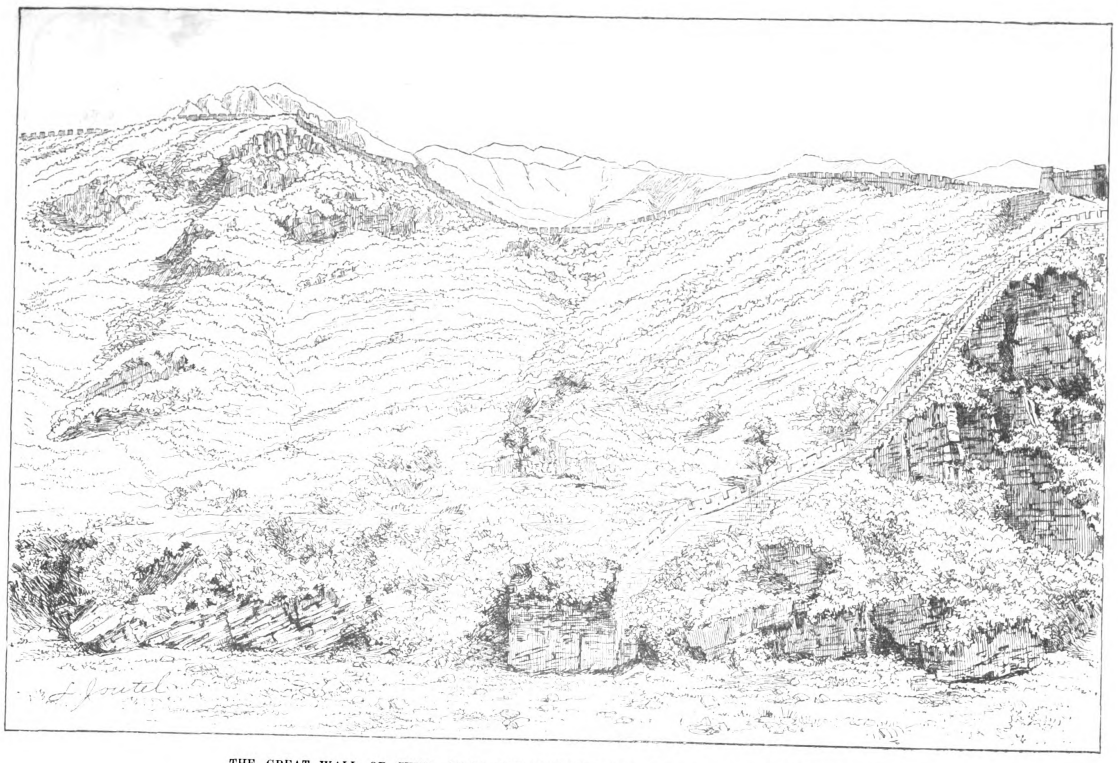
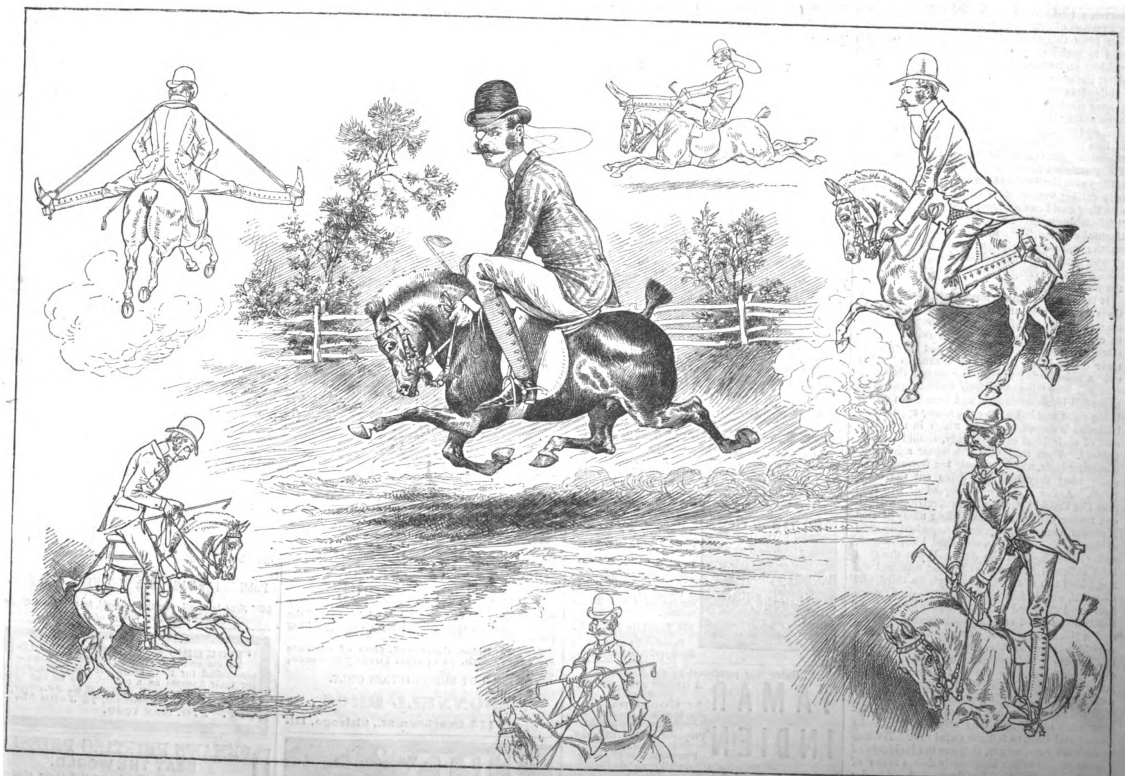


THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, NEAR THE NAN-KOW PASS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 631.]



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COW-BOYS.

THE "cow-boys" of the Rocky Mountain regions are a race or a class peculiar to that country. They have some resemblance to the corresponding class on the southern side of the Rio Grande, but are of a milder and more original type. In the great herding districts, where the cattle are fattened in great part upon the public domain, and roam, winter and summer, over vast areas without fences, without roads, and with only scattered and irregular places for water and shelter, the herdsmen play an important industrial *rôle*. It is their business to keep the cattle as nearly together as possible, to guide them to the springs and wooded hollows, to separate them when they get mixed up with those of other droves, to brand them at the proper seasons, and to drive them to the nearest market at others. Often their regular occupation is attended with a good deal of danger. In Montana and in some parts of Colorado and Dakota the Indians, turned loose to hunt buffalo near their reservations, fall upon the cattle and run them off, and against these raids the "cow-boys" go always armed, and not unfrequently have to undertake exploits which, were they United States cavalrymen, would be reported to the War Department as "battles." At other times the men in the employ of rival and jealous owners become involved in quarrels which end in a more or less free fight. Again, when the season is severe, and snow falls among the lower slopes of the mountains, the care of the herds becomes a hazardous task. Still again the half-tamed cattle "stampede," and it becomes a matter of no small amount of courage, skill, and address to keep them or get them together. On such occasions the "cow-boys" are obliged to hang on the flanks of the plunging herd, and keep them, as far as they can, headed in the same direction, until the cattle from sheer weariness relapse into some sort of quiet and orderliness. The tendency to "break" is a mystery even to the most experienced herders. It usually shows itself toward night, and there are unmistakable signs of its approach, but no general theory of its origin has been reached.

The outfit of the cow-boy is a horse, usually one of the "ponies" of the region—swift, tough, ugly in look and temper, but capable of good service when once trained; a Mexican or "army" saddle, such as are shipped in great quantities from New York; a blanket, or, with the best herdsmen, a pair, one being of rubber; one or more pistols, sometimes a rifle; and, with great uniformity, a liberal flask of whiskey. Among those who seek this wild life on the very frontiers of civilization, or beyond them, there are naturally many untamed and lawless spirits, and these have given to the name of cow-boy a character hardly deserved by the class. For the most part they are laborious, faithful, and as sober as their fellow-men in the same region. But constant exposure, a monotonous life varied only by danger or exertion of extraordinary character, and exclusion from the usual social relations, inevitably tend to make the more disorderly among them reckless and cruel. Gambling and drinking are about the only diversions accessible, and both are indulged in with a zest quite unknown to the quieter circles of civilized parts of the country. Even among the worst of "cow-boys" thieving is rare, and the outrages with which they are charged in this line are usually committed by men who resemble them only in being mounted and armed. There attaches to the name an unconscious association with the cow-boys of the Revolution, whose only calling was to steal cattle and everything else they could run off from either side along the "debatable ground" between the British and Continental camps. The cow-boys of the West have, on the contrary, a regular business, which the greater number of them follow with quite as much fidelity as the average farm-hand or "drover" of the East.

It is not to be denied, however, that the exceptions to this rule are sufficiently striking to attract the attention of the lovers of the picturesque in current reading, newspaper or other. Occasionally a band of the cow-boys will take it into their heads, in an interval of leisure, to "clean out" a neighboring town. For one of these excursions they "load up" with whiskey, gallop at night-fall into the streets, and race down them, firing right and left at any one whose appearance indicates a degree of luxury which, in the interests of their ideal of democracy, should be suppressed. Then they visit the liquor saloons or gambling hells, which are only too frequent, consume what they like, and drive out the occupants. A few weeks ago a squad of five rode into Ute Creek, Colorado, and perceiving a Mexican trader with the high-sounding name of DON MACEDIO ARRAGON, made some impudent demand of him. He refused it, snatched his shot-gun, and retreated down the road. When the cow-boys followed and fired on him he returned the fire, killed two of them and wounded a third, and then fell, shot in four places. He lingered twelve hours and died, and the murderers escaped. At Deadwood a band recently undertook to "clean out" a Mexican gambling saloon, but two of them were killed, and the others fled. On a lonely ranch in Colorado a little company of them quarrelled over their cards. In the first moment the oil-lamp was thrown down, and a desperate fight with knives and pistols went on in the darkness, until four men were left lifeless on the floor, slippery with blood, and only one escaped, badly gashed and shot, to tell the awful tale. Terrible as such occurrences are, they are the incidents of a mode of life which necessarily draws many of the more wayward and violent of the frontier population, and though they stand out in bolder relief, they are not proofs of a greater brutality or a lower type of manhood than the affrays which frequently take place on the excursion boats from our own city. Indeed, bad as are the worst of the cow-boys, the class, as a whole, are better than the "gangs" which infest portions of the river wards of New York, the neighborhood of the Thames Embankment in London, or the *quartiers excentriques* of Paris. And what is more, the worst of the former are sure to disappear, while the latter grow in numbers and violence with the progress of "civilization."

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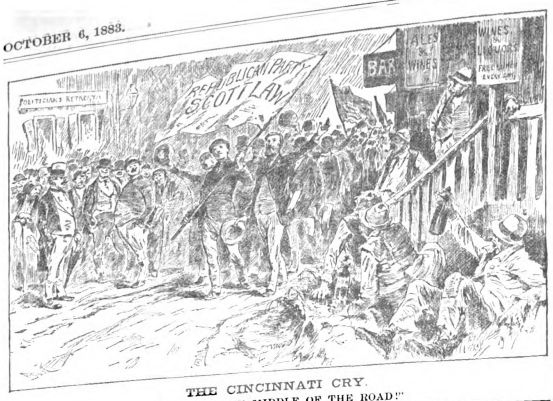

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THE GOVERNOR TAKES A HAND AGAINST THE HUNTER'S POINT NUISANCES.

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JAMES R. PITCHER, Secretary.

INCORPORATED 1877.

The original and the largest Mutual Accident Association in the World.
Effects a saving to the insured of more than one half the usual cost of accident insurance.
This Association has paid to the Beneficiary of each member who received fatal injuries, who held full policy, $5000.
It has paid more than 2000 claims for indemnity for disabling injuries.
It has in force over $70,000,000 accident insurance, with weekly indemnity amounting to $18,000,000 per annum.
It saves to the membership in the cost of accident insurance furnished, as compared with that of any other reliable company, over $280,000 per annum.
It has no proven death or indemnity claims, or indebtedness of any nature, audited and unpaid.
The anonymous circulars issued by rival accident insurance (stock) companies, and distributed broadcast by their agents, and intended to prejudice the public against this Association, have signally failed in their object, as the Association has increased its business since January 1st, 1883, over $20,000,000.
The Membership Fee in this Association for $5000 accident insurance, with $25 weekly indemnity, is $4, payable but once. Annual dues thereafter $1.
Assessments for $5000 insurance have never exceeded the cost of $12 per annum, and may be paid at one time, in advance, if preferred, and the sending of assessment notices also omitted if desired. Assessments paid in advance are held in trust by the Ninth National Bank—special deposit.
$10,000 accident insurance, with $50 weekly indemnity, at proportionate rates.
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Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, native and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys. None genuine on draught.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1399. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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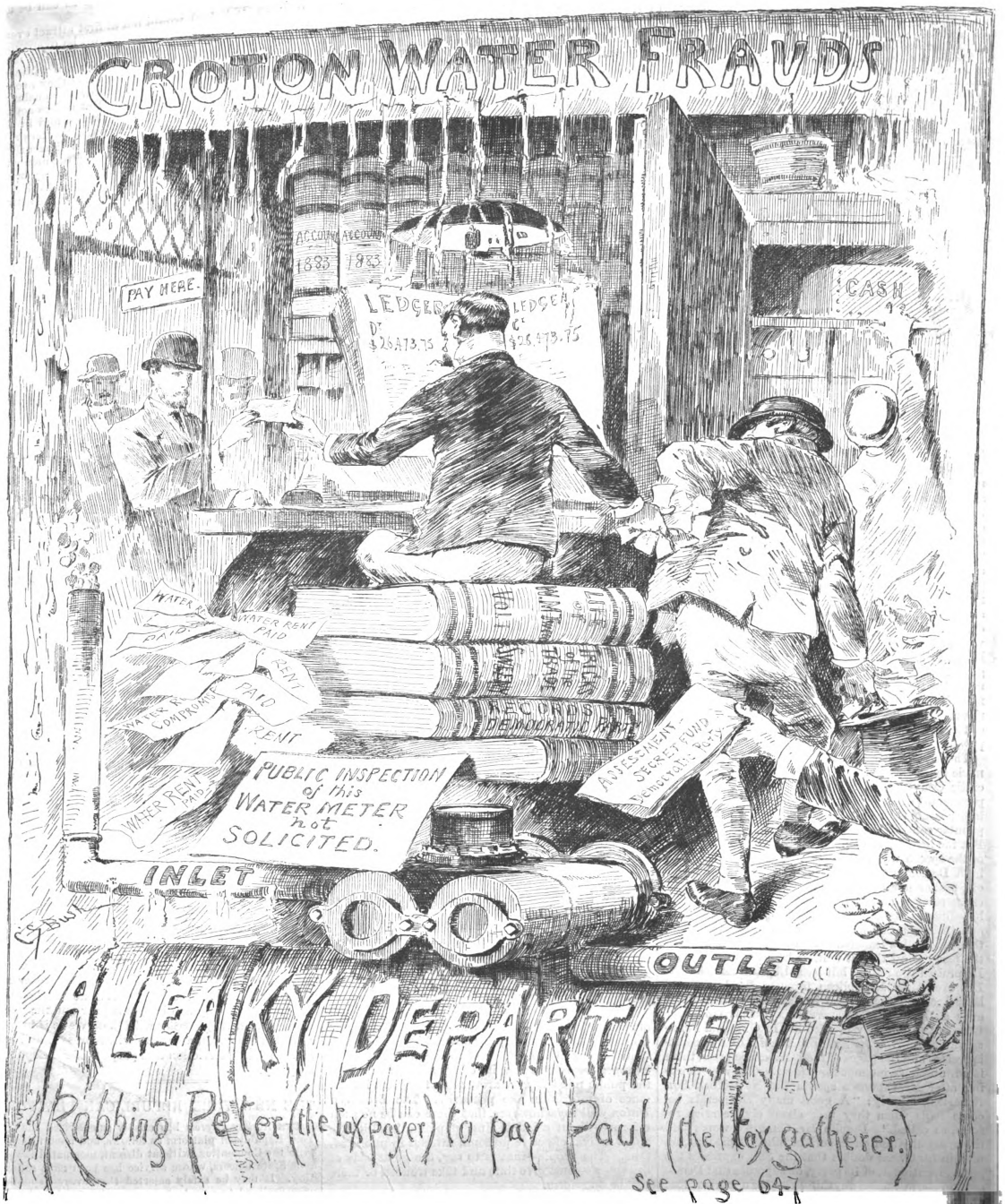

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed "*ART COMPETITION, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

THE important party conventions throughout the country have now been held, and it is scarcely a month to the election. The significant fact in the situation is that all the conventions demand substantially the same things, with a bearing in the Democratic platforms to a tariff for revenue only, and in the Republican platforms to administrative reform. There is an evident disposition in some of the States, and especially in New York and Massachusetts, to pronounce chiefly upon State affairs, and the platforms of the year show conclusively that the parties are not divided upon great questions of national policy. In this situation the practical question for the voter is obvious—which of the two parties is more likely to be the agent of the reforms and the good government which both profess to desire? Since both make the same professions, this question can be satisfactorily answered only by an estimate of probabilities arising from the general character and traditions of the parties, and by their conduct when they are in power.

The best Democratic statement is that which was made by ex-Speaker CHAPIN in the New York Democratic Convention. His speech recognized fully the paramount necessity of reform in politics, and of the indispensability to Democratic success of a general popular conviction that the party is a reform party. But the instinctive feeling of every intelligent reader of the speech was that it was singularly out of place in a Democratic convention, and that neither the ex-Speaker nor his views are at home in the Democratic party. He and his speech represent what some hereditary Democrats wish that their party believed and intended, but what also the history, the traditions, the active leadership, and the actual conduct of the party show that it neither believes nor intends. He praised the reform bill passed by the Legislature. But except for Republican urgency the bill would have been smothered, and it was in no sense whatever a Democratic measure, except that Governor CLEVELAND sincerely favored it. In Ohio and Pennsylvania and New Jersey, upon the lips of Democratic orators and the pages of the Democratic press, there is nothing but contempt for reform. The very morning after Mr. CHAPIN'S speech the New York *Sun* remarked, bitterly: "A great many Democrats become fools when they talk about civil service reform, so called." Despite Mr. CHAPIN'S words and the sympathy and endeavors of other Democrats, no man in his senses doubts that the *Sun* expresses the general sentiment of its party, or supposes that Democratic reform means anything else than general loot and plunder of the public service.

As for Democratic honesty and purity of administration, the Democratic Governor of Maryland has frankly and plainly exposed them in that State, while here in the city of New York, where municipal administration is wholly in Democratic hands, the recent revelations of fraud and theft in the Dock Department, in the Comptroller's office, in the Department of Public Works, and now in the Bureau of Tax Arrears, prove conclusively that Democratic control is not a guarantee of official honesty. Now while it is true that there have been instances of flagrant dishonesty under Republican rule, it is no less true, and it is significant of Republican character and temper, that they have been most remorselessly exposed by the Republican press and unflinchingly prosecuted by Republican authority; and that while the patronage of office has enormously increased during the long Republican ascendency, it is Republicanism which, while still dominant, has radically restricted the power and the consequent corruption of patronage, and made the actual reform already begun a cardinal party measure. The Republican party, moreover, is now, as it has always been, strongest among the most industrious and most intelligent citizens. No party has ever had so magnificent a tradition. It has shown unprecedented power of self-correction and recuperation, and it is to-day stronger in the confidence of the independent voters than it has been for many years. It is those voters who will decide between the two parties as probable agents of reform and progress, of more decent politics and honest government, and there is no question that the great body of such voters will support the Republican party next year, unless, in the mean while, it should forfeit the confidence which it has fairly earned.

COMIC POLITICS.

AN amusing effort of the BUTLER demagoguery in Massachusetts is to depict BUTLER himself as the representative of the poor laboring-man against the aristocracy. The airy gentleman of fortune, with a nosegay in the button-hole of his dress-coat, steps off his yacht, on which he has been taking his pleasure, and after receiving the dividends which have accumulated in his absence, poses as the friend of the hard-working man against the silk-stockinged and ruffled-shirted aristocracy.

And who are these bedizened aristocrats who are to be thrown from their ill-gotten power by this prosperous gentleman? The silk stockings and the ruffled shirts are those of the industrious rural and farming population of Massachusetts, the children of the district school, the men who live by the sweat of their brows, and who are glad if by incessant work they can make the ends of the year meet. They are the sons of the minute-men of Concord and Lexington a hundred years ago; the men who left the plough themselves to march to the war of the Union, and whom BUTLER'S lackeys did not then deride as silk stockings. These are the great body of the anti-BUTLER voters in Massachusetts, men who know a political charlatan now as thoroughly as Governor ANDREW knew one twenty years ago, men whose fathers made Massachusetts what she has always been, and who are worthy sons of their sires.

These sturdy silk stockings and ruffled shirts have chosen for their leader a silk stocking like themselves, the honest son of a hardy farmer, a teacher of the district school, who has risen not like his opponent to riches and universal distrust, but to commanding public position and universal confidence and honor. BUTLER says that the people of Massachusetts took him up and made him what he is. In return he is trying to take them in to make him what he hopes to be. His lesser henchmen feebly deride the silk stockings of those who expose and oppose the General's little game. But the chairman of the BUTLER Convention has said something rather more stringent than ruffled shirts of BUTLER himself. "He was distinguished," says Mr. EDWARD AVERY, "for his readiness in making promises and giving pledges of every kind; and at all times, when it was necessary to the fulfillment of his purpose, he displayed equal readiness in breaking them." Gentlemen who hold this opinion of a candidate and still vote for him, and at the same time accuse the farmers of Massachusetts, who prefer an honest man, of wearing ruffled shirts, greatly enliven the political season.

FREE NOMINATIONS.

THE letters of Mr. SHERMAN S. ROGERS, the speech of Senator WARNER MILLER at the Richfield Springs Convention, with the inquiry ordered by the Convention looking to the reform of the primaries and the enlarged representation in conventions, show that the public mind is now aroused to the great importance of reform in the primaries. The Brooklyn *Union* well says, however, that there can be no such reform without a quickening of public intelligence and a revival of active personal interest in public affairs. The people—that is to say, the great body of the voters—must give time and take trouble, or there will be no reform.

The first step to induce them to give time and to take trouble is, as Mr. ROGERS shrewdly says, to bring the primaries into the daylight. They must be given the importance which justly belongs to them as the initiatory act of popular government. The law, so far as practicable, must surround them with the seriousness and dignity of an election, and party organizations must take care to make them perfectly free. This will stimulate the interest and activity of the individual voter, because it will assure him that his voice will be as influential as any other voice in selecting candidates. It will show the great multitude of honest men in the party who never attend a primary because they are sure that it would be of no use, that at the small cost of time and trouble necessary to drop a vote they can defeat rings and cliques which they would not undertake to defeat if they had to take their chance in a packed room. The poll of a primary open and conducted with the formality of an election, and the honest counting of the vote deposited, is as good a guarantee of free nominations as can be devised.

Such a poll, indeed, would not at first attract every voter. The habit of indifference must be overcome. The suspicion of bad faith must be allayed. A man whose legs have been tied until they are withered will not at once spring up and run when they are released. Emancipation did not endow the enslaved race with all wisdom and virtue. But unless actual interest in the conduct of public affairs and in the prosperity of the party agency upon which voters rely has altogether perished, a plan which will secure to every voter an equal weight in selecting the men who shall administer the government will probably bring as many voters to the poll of a primary as to that of an election. The more radical the remedy, the better. Senator MILLER'S suggestion of an enlarged convention is admirable. Not only would such a body be more difficult to manipulate, but it would give every district a direct interest in the convention, which would stimulate local and general enthusiasm. But the reform must begin in a way to bring the voter to the primary. For this it is necessary not only to give to each primary a delegate, but first of all to assure the individual voter that his vote will count at the primary, and that packing of the primary will be useless. This assurance can be given only as it is given at the actual election. This is the supplement of Senator MILLER'S capital proposition of primary representation in the convention. It is the plan suggested by Mr. ROGERS, and some three or four years ago by Mr. LARNED, both of Buffalo, and which may therefore be called the Buffalo plan.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

THE State Senate which will be elected in New York this year will take part in the election of the next United States Senator. This fact will show to every voter the importance of the election, and the necessity of securing proper nominations for the Legislature. The existing harmony must not persuade Republicans that the selection of candidates may be left to chance, and that any Republican is a good enough candidate. There is, indeed, a universal formal agreement upon the policy of reform in the caucus and in the civil service. But, as always happens under such circumstances, one part of the party earnestly favors the policy, and the other merely acquiesces, without especial interest in it, and even with a certain hostility to it. It is therefore indispensable to the prosperity of the reforms to which the party is committed that the Legislature should represent the reform sentiment in order that no reactionary United States Senator may be elected.

The selection of candidates for the Legislature should be determined by their known position upon the question of free primaries and of administrative reform, and when there is the least doubt of their views the candidates should be asked to declare them. There has been for some years a contest in the Republican party which has reached its natural issue in the success of the progressive sentiment. But the situation can be maintained only with care and sagacity.

The State platform declares the position of the party upon administrative reform, and no man can honorably ask or expect Republican support who does not fully and honestly accept it. It approves also the primary representation of the people upon "equal terms and footing." No man who does not honestly hold this view, which involves rejection of the late machine management of the party, is a proper Republican representative. To elect State Senators this year and Assemblymen both this year and next year who are in full sympathy with these views is to elect a United States Senator who will represent and promote the real conviction and purpose of the Republican party.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

THE Albany *Express* has crisply summarized the New York Republican platform as follows, and upon this platform the Convention, without dissent, nominated the present State officers, whose service has been most satisfactory. It may be safely asserted that every Republican who declined to vote last year, or who voted against the Republican candidate to rebuke the nefarious means by which the nomination was secured, will gladly support the

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candidates and the platform of this year, reserving his opinions upon the question what policy best protects American labor:

"Approval of the national administration, the reduction of internal taxation, bounties to the nation's defenders, and the gradual extinction of the public debt.

"The complete success of civil service reform.

"A tariff affording revenue to the government and protection to American labor.

"The promotion of American shipping.

"The establishment of a national bureau of labor.

"Honest primary elections.

"No monopolies, no unjust discriminations in transportation, no violation of chartered privileges.

"Equal taxation.

"Maintenance of free canals.

"The right of the people to demand the submission of a constitutional amendment to popular vote in regard to the manufacture and sale of liquor."

MUSIC OF THE WINTER.

THE announcement of music for the winter in the city is unprecedentedly rich. The three greatest living *prime donne* of Italian opera will sing here simultaneously, and the two great orchestras of THOMAS and DAMROSCH will play the noblest symphonies of the chief composers. There will be also admirable chamber concerts, and the few charmed evenings of the Mendelssohn Glee Club. No city in the world will be more attractive for the variety and excellence of its music.

Among the announcements none is more novel and interesting than that of the proposed series of THOMAS concerts for children or young persons. This is an enterprise which several ladies have suggested, who desire that their children who are studying music may have an opportunity to hear the best instrumental work which is most adapted to their years. To this end it must be carefully selected by an intelligent master, who will have regard to the conditions, and Mr. THOMAS was obviously the man. He has taken warm interest in the plan, and if the preliminary subscription at SCHIRMER'S and elsewhere shall warrant, the concerts will take place.

The general plan contemplates afternoon concerts not so long as to fatigue a young audience, the selections to be made from the brighter and "easier" works of the masters. There is something of the same general purpose in the scheme of the popular THOMAS matinées in Brooklyn, and both series will undoubtedly tend to popularize without vulgarizing the best music. The advantage of the children's series to the young people who are studying music is plain. There could be no more delightful commentary or illustration or incitement added to their musical studies than such concerts.

ASSISTANT BISHOP POTTER.

THE universal satisfaction and commendation with which the election of the Rev. HENRY C. POTTER to the Assistant Bishopric of New York has been received recalls the similar unanimity of feeling which greeted the elevation of Mr. Justice GRAY to the Supreme Bench. Dr. POTTER is the rector of Grace Church, in the city of New York, one of the largest, most prosperous, and most fashionable of the city churches, and no minister is more beloved and respected by his people. In his religious denomination he is a Liberal Churchman rather than a High or Low Churchman, and for that reason he is obnoxious to no ecclesiastical party.

This position is not of design, but results from personal character. No clergyman has been more severely tried by the perils of prosperity, and none has more simply and naturally surmounted them. His church is proverbially conservative. His own parish is, for a favorite pastor, a Sybaris. But Dr. POTTER has kept his church in the van of all good and charitable and humane enterprises. The poor and the suffering and the needy have always found his voice to be their voice, and his hand their hand, and in his devotion to the essential duties of a Christian pastor he has had no time, nor has he had the taste, for ecclesiastical bickerings.

What Dr. POTTER has been as the pastor of a parish he will undoubtedly be as the bishop of a diocese—not so much an ecclesiastic as a liberal and humane religious leader, by his catholic spirit and his wise and generous activity bringing all other churches into sympathy, although not into communion, with his own. The community as well as his Church may well be congratulated upon his elevation.

A GOOD NOMINATION.

IT is a pleasure and a duty to commend such a nomination as that of Mr. JESSE JOHNSON for the Supreme Judgeship in the Second District of New York. He seems to possess every quality which is desirable upon the bench—perfect integrity, sound legal learning, the judicial mind, professional experience, vigorous health, urbanity of manner, intellectual independence; and while of Republican sympathies, he is entirely free from entangling political alliances. The State will be fortunate should the people of the Second District elect Mr. JOHNSON.

THE PEOPLE AND THE NEWTOWN STENCHES.

TWO or three years ago we united with other journals, and with a great number of respectable and intelligent citizens, in exposing the dangerous nuisance of the Hunter's Point and Newtown Creek stench factories. They pollute the water and the air around the city, and breed and aggravate disease as well as desolate whole neighborhoods with sickening and stifling odors. The subject was brought to the attention of the Governor, who requested the State Board of Health to investigate. The Board reported that everything which had been stated was true, and the Governor ordered the pest-breeders to consume their refuse or to close their works.

Of course they paid no heed to the summons, and the poisoning process continued. But the people of the immediate neighborhood in Kings and Queens counties decided not to submit longer, and they have procured the indictment of the nuisances by the Grand Jury. Governor CLEVELAND also, like his predecessor, has issued a stringent order, which the officers have enforced, and it will now be seen whether the people have any rights which sludge-pouring and fat-boiling and pest-breeding establishments can be compelled to respect.

The Health Boards of Kings and Queens had ordered the factories to be closed until the causes of complaint were removed. They were, however, kept hard at work during the night, and a detective, having obtained admission only by showing his shield and revolver, found at one factory several tons of horse-flesh and the remains of other animals spread upon wooden platforms, covered with sludge acid, and left to decompose in the sun. It is not surprising that the neighbors felt that the time had come for trying again which is strongest, an unscrupulous corporation or company, or the people. We shall not omit to note the progress of this contest.

THE PRESIDENT UPON BURNSIDE.

THE President's recent remarks at the laying of the corner-stone of the Burnside Memorial Hall in Bristol, Rhode Island, were a very felicitous and just description of a most honorable and patriotic citizen. He said:

"I heartily join with you in paying tribute to the memory of that distinguished citizen of Rhode Island whose name yonder structure is henceforth privileged to bear. So long as it shall endure it will in some degree serve to perpetuate the fame of a soldier faithful to his trusts, whose courage found its only rival in his modesty, of a statesman whose every act was prompted by the loftiest patriotism, and of an earnest, sincere, and manly gentleman who abounded in all courtesy, who scorned all deceit, and who never failed to follow in the path of duty whithersoever it led."

PERSONAL.

HAPPY is the artist who lives in a house which he himself has built and adorned. Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN'S new house at Newport is a charming specimen of old colonial architecture. The oaken wood-work of its spacious Jacobean hall is slightly stained, so as to suggest neither red nor green, but to remain pleasantly neutral; and the bricks of its flooring, each twelve inches square, have been waxed and tinted to a painter's admiration. Throughout the building the ornamental porcelains are Chinese and Japanese exclusively, creating a harmony far out of reach of any juxtaposition of English and Eastern products of the pottery. The tone of the library is a black-blue, and the curious ceiling of Moorish design consists mainly of Eastern silks of various hues and embroidered devices. In the drawing-room the mural decoration illustrates the Persian idea of a mosaic of one tone against another, instead of the Occidental idea of a mixture of tones, and is a tireless study of rose and buff—two colors in the play of which an artist has a natural delight. The richly furnished studio is done on a scheme of the color of old armor—somewhat in the spirit of the Veterans' Room in the Seventh Regiment Armory.

—The head of GEORGE WASHINGTON on the new two-cent postage stamp was engraved by that venerable Academician Mr. ALFRED JONES, from the celebrated mask which was taken from life by the French sculptor HOUDON. This mask, for a long time in the possession of CLARK MILLS, the sculptor, was given by him to another sculptor, Mr. WILSON MACDONALD, and then cast in bronze by Mr. MAURICE J. POWER. Mr. WILLIAM PAGE'S portrait of WASHINGTON was painted from it, and from it also was modelled Mr. WILLIAM R. O'DONOVAN'S colossal statue which now stands in the public square of Caracas, Venezuela.

—Mr. THEODORE THOMAS'S personal friends express their satisfaction over the financial success of his late series of ninety or more concerts. They say that the series has made him almost rich, and they declare that they are glad of it.

—Dr. PUSEY still lives, since $125,000 have been collected during the last year for the Pusey Memorial Fund, and $125,000 more are expected to be raised this year.

—M. RENAN on princes: "A prince belongs *ipso facto* to the profession of arms; a great prince may be and ought to be a protector of literature; he should not be a man of letters. AUGUSTUS and LOUIS XIV., presiding over a splendid development of the intellect, are, next to the cities of genius, like Athens and Florence, the finest spectacle in history; NERO, CHILPERIC, King LOUIS of Bavaria, are but caricatures."

—Professor W. G. SUMNER'S able and brief treatise on *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other* leads the *Eclectic Magazine* to wish that a copy of it could be put into the hands of every thinking man in America, because "it would help to clear up cloudy and sophistical reasoning on subjects where false conclusions tend to disturb the practical harmony of things. After the great mass of platitudes, sentiment, and wild rubbish which has been talked and written on the various social and industrial problems of the time, this little book comes like a burst of sunlight."

—The position of foreigners in China is again becoming precarious. Less than fifty years ago English merchants in that country were often glad to give up every dollar in their possession in order to save their lives; and the rights won by them and other Europeans were secured only after persistent struggles with the treachery and hatred of the Celestials.

—An American lady having complained that she could find no one to tell her where George Eliot is buried in Highgate Cemetery, is assured by a correspondent that a simple granite obelisk in that quiet and little frequented grave-yard marks the spot, and can easily be found.

—It is the universal experience of mankind, observes a late essayist, that "those whose lives are spent among hardships and dangers soon lose perception of the elements of beauty or romance which accompany them, and are sensible only of the stern realities of their lot." This, doubtless, explains why Cunard captains are proverbially so indifferent to the belles of the voyage.

—The new Luther Hall in the venerable town of Wittenberg consists of the Reformer's lecture-room, and of the six rooms adjoining it which he and his wife and his six children inhabited.

—From the London *Times* of September 14: "The fact that every Englishman carries his partiality for British beer with him into the remotest corners of the earth accounts for the enormous export trade which is carried on in that commodity."

—We are sorry to read in the *Athenæum* that the proposed fund for the financial benefit of Mr. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER "seems" to be making progress. We wish there could be no doubt about the matter. Hundreds of persons whose chief glory came from their success in killing people have had funds raised for them, but Mr. TUPPER never harmed a human being.

—An amateur fisherman on board a smack in the North Sea describes his life as "rough in the extreme." Fresh-water was carried only for drinking, and when he wished to take his bath he disrobed himself on deck, and got one of the sailors to hurl water at him from buckets. "This kind of bath is extremely bracing. The sailors will put themselves to any trouble for you, and I regularly took my twenty buckets or so two or three times a day." His breakfast consisted of fried fish—fresh from the sea, crisp and delicious, and cooked in suet—hard biscuits, and tea strong and warm; his dinner of salt beef, potatoes, and suet dumpling. He caught large numbers of turbot, soles, cod, flounders, and haddock.

—ALFONSO refers to his wife as "the Austrian princess who assists me in the duties of my royal office."

—A recent writer on gloves mentions a pair into which some irritant powder had been put for the purpose of injuring the hands of a lady to whom they were to be sent; another pair filled with gold, and offered to a judge; and a third pair which WAGNER put on when he desired to express his contempt for MENDELSSOHN, whose symphony he was about to conduct at a Philharmonic concert.

—Mr. DUTTON COOK, the dramatic critic and novelist, died of heart-disease on the steps of the front porch of his house. A servant inside the building heard the door-bell ring, and, on answering it, found her master lying on the stones. He was dead before a physician could reach him. Mr. COOK did a great deal of solid work in his profession, and some of it will be of value to the future historian of the English stage.

—Says the Lahore (India) *Gazette*: "The best magazine article on an Indian topic that has appeared for some little while is one published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June. If the writers who overload English periodicals with their disquisitions on local autonomy for India, or with forebodings on the state of Indian finance, only knew as much and wrote as cleverly as the author of the HARPER'S paper on "Indian Art in Metal and Wood," the English public, instead of being bored by India, would perhaps be both interested and enlightened."

—A transparently simple passage from a current novel: "'Love,' said the ardent, impassioned Bertha, 'pure and in its initiative, bestowed on a worthy object, will leaven that object to its own nature, and then rise with it. Set on an unworthy one, of whom the estimate in its crude state exceeded its intrinsic worth, it may run riot; but that will scarcely affect the ardor of the passion, which, in its intensity, provided it find even but a slight basis to work on, will still elevate the object, at least to its own ideal; to do otherwise, it would cease to be love.' 'On the contrary,' interposed Harriet, 'it is itself subordinated, for, according to your theorism, assimilating itself to its idol, whom it first endows with unreal and even theocratic attributes, it so thoroughly inheres therein that it loses its own identity.'" Harriet here stops a moment, presumably for a short visit to the pantry.

—The invalid's room (writes a late essayist) is usually the depository of a great deal of gossip. For the amusement of an invalid many people think it justifiable to make a good story a little better, and they will speak uncharitably of others in order to be charitable to the sick. After maligning his neighbors in the most flagrant manner, a man will leave the chamber of an invalid priding himself on having perpetrated an act of mercy. The patient must be made to laugh, at whatever cost, and he in turn is tempted to entertain others with gossip at second hand, as it is the only manner in which he can repay his visitors for their kindness in coming to see him. It is not an uncommon thing for an invalid's room to be a regular hot-bed of gossip and scandal.

—JOHN BRIGHT on Lord RIPON, the Governor-General of India: "I have known Lord RIPON ever since he was a child. A short time before he started for India I met him one day in Piccadilly, and asked him about his appointment. 'Rest assured,' he said, 'that any change in my religious belief [he had just become a Catholic] has made no change in my political principles. I have been offered by Mr. GLADSTONE this great appointment, and I will try to discharge its duties faithfully.'"

—"From the first," says Mr. GLADSTONE, "I have watched the temperance question with great interest, but I am bound to say that no phase of it ever yielded me so much satisfaction as the sight of large numbers of ministers of all denominations, and of course still larger numbers of members of perhaps all the churches, wearing the blue ribbon: it is an exceedingly gratifying circumstance, and speaks well for the future."

—A traveller ascending the Himalayas, and when near the top, was enveloped by a sudden and violent storm, which obliged him to turn back and seek the refuge of his camp, but he found no more difficulty in breathing at a height of 22,500 feet than at a height of 12,500 feet. He saw but little game, although lucky enough to get a fine ounce, or snow-leopard.

—The Hon. Secretary of the London Swimming Club writes to the London *Times* that most of the accidental drownings on the English coast are erroneously attributed to cramp. "I have for a period of twenty years had communication with immense bodies of habitual bathers, and, except in one case, where a man had overtrained for a match, I never heard of a case of cramp, and in that case it did not prevent the man's winning the race." The chief cause of accidental drownings he believes to be "that men do not accustom themselves to the water," and when once they lose their presence of mind, "which is caused sometimes by a mere trifle, if help is not at hand to re-assure them, drowning is almost inevitable."

—An able French essayist, M. ÉMILE MONTÉGUT, who understands SHAKSPEARE, and has translated him into French, went recently to see a performance of *Macbeth* on the stage. Confessing to a friend his disappointment at what he had seen, he added: "SHAKSPEARE is too great a poet not to lose much in the theatre. It is right that SHAKSPEARE'S plays should be acted, but on this condition, that it is clearly understood beforehand what he loses by it. When one truly knows the great poet it is interesting to learn what are the purely physical emotions the acted scene can give. But those who know the poet only in the theatre carry away with them the most false and narrow idea of his work."

—Mr. THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY, author of *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, has received from a distinguished French author and professor, M. KRANTZ, a proposal to have that excellent and very successful book translated into the French language. There are no works of that class in that language, and M. KRANTZ expresses a belief that a signal service would be rendered to men of letters in France by a translation of Mr. PERRY'S treatise. It will be noticed that M. KRANTZ does not propose to pirate the book.

—The "Veiled Prophet," a mysterious personage of St. Louis, made a triumphal march through the streets of that city on the evening of Tuesday, the 2d inst. The throngs of people who witnessed the procession were unparalleled for number and enthusiasm. The Prophet and his high-priests, heralds, standard-bearers, etc., led the line, which was several miles in length. Following his gorgeous chariot was a long succession of floats, representing scenes of Fairy-land, with Queen Mab, who was seated in a nut-shaped chariot drawn by mice, and other characters from fairy-lore. A colossal figure of Jack the Giant-Killer was among the attractions of the procession. The brewers furnished a set of "floats" illustrating beer in all its stages, from its birth as John Barleycorn to the time when it disappears from the foaming beakers. The St. Louis Quilting Company showed the old process of making quilts by hand as compared with that by which modern machinery turns them out by thousands. Some tobacco firms had floats preparing tobacco, and threw out papers of the Indian weed to the multitudes on the line of march. Almost every large factory in the city was represented, and Veiled Prophet night was a night of glory.

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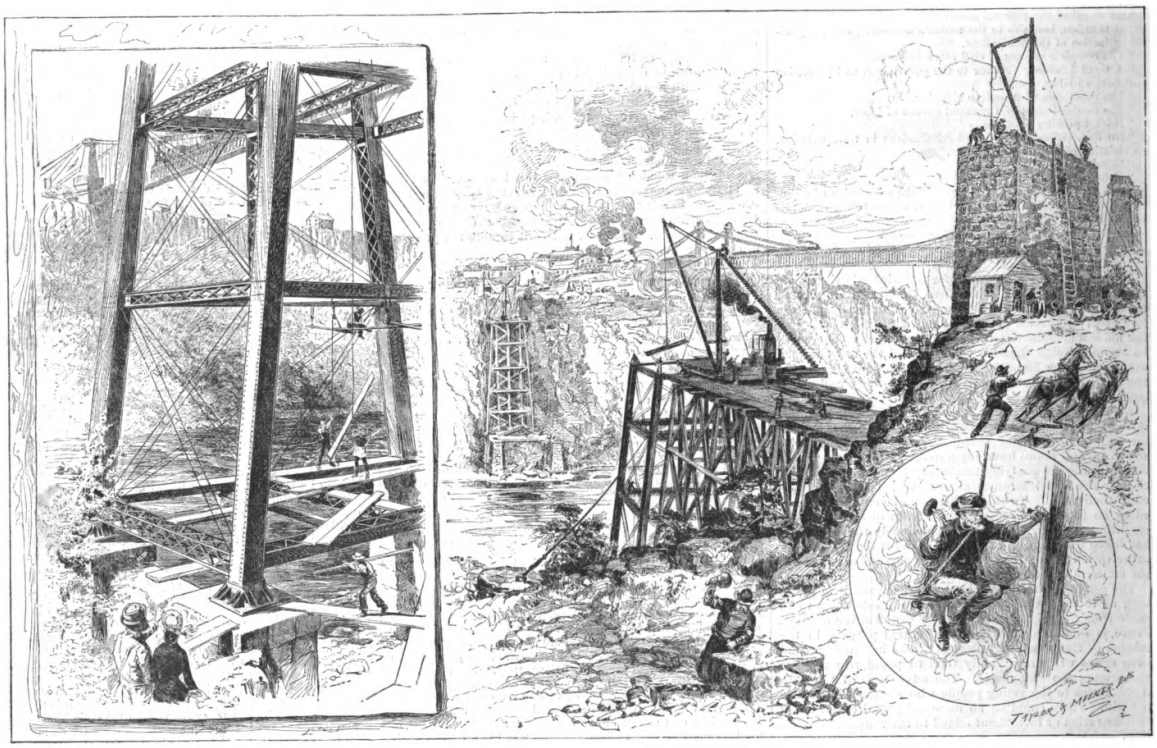
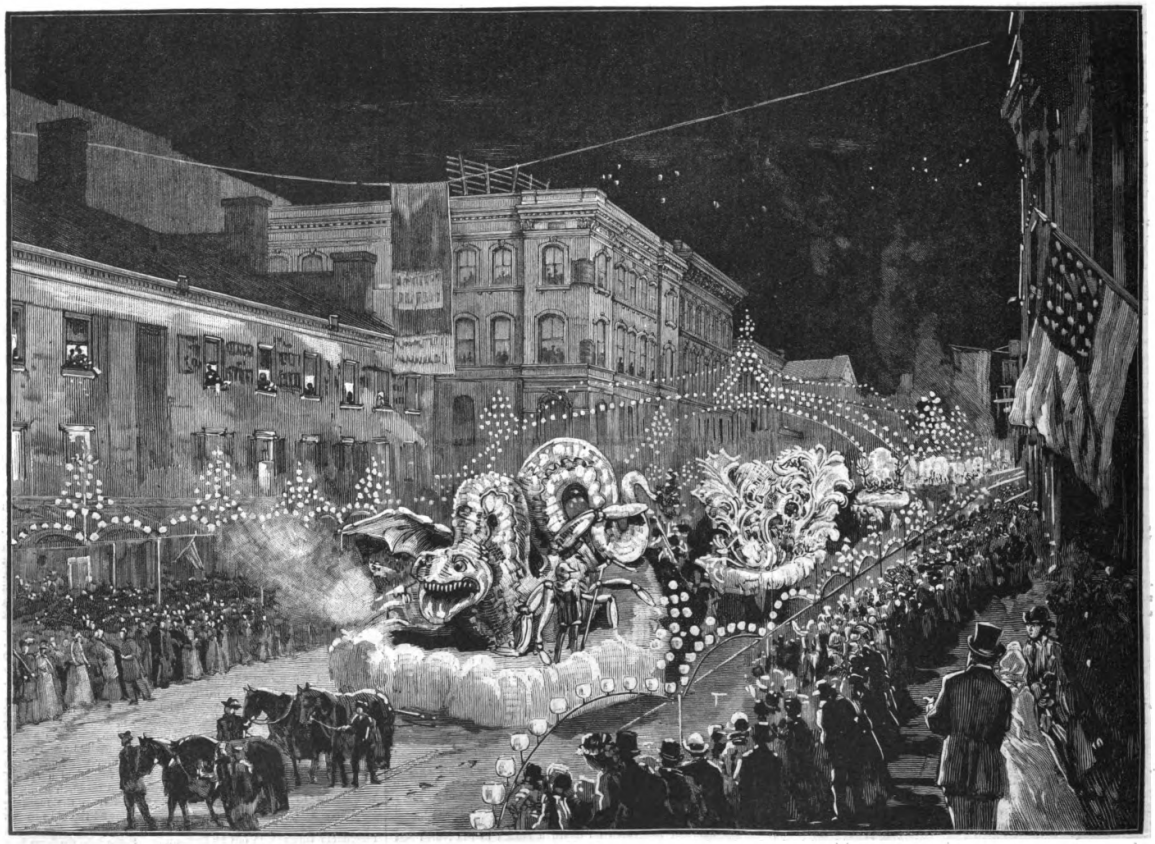


BRIDGING NIAGARA AGAIN.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 654.]



PROCESSION OF THE "VEILED PROPHET," ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from a Photograph by the St. Louis Autotype Company.—[See Page 643.]

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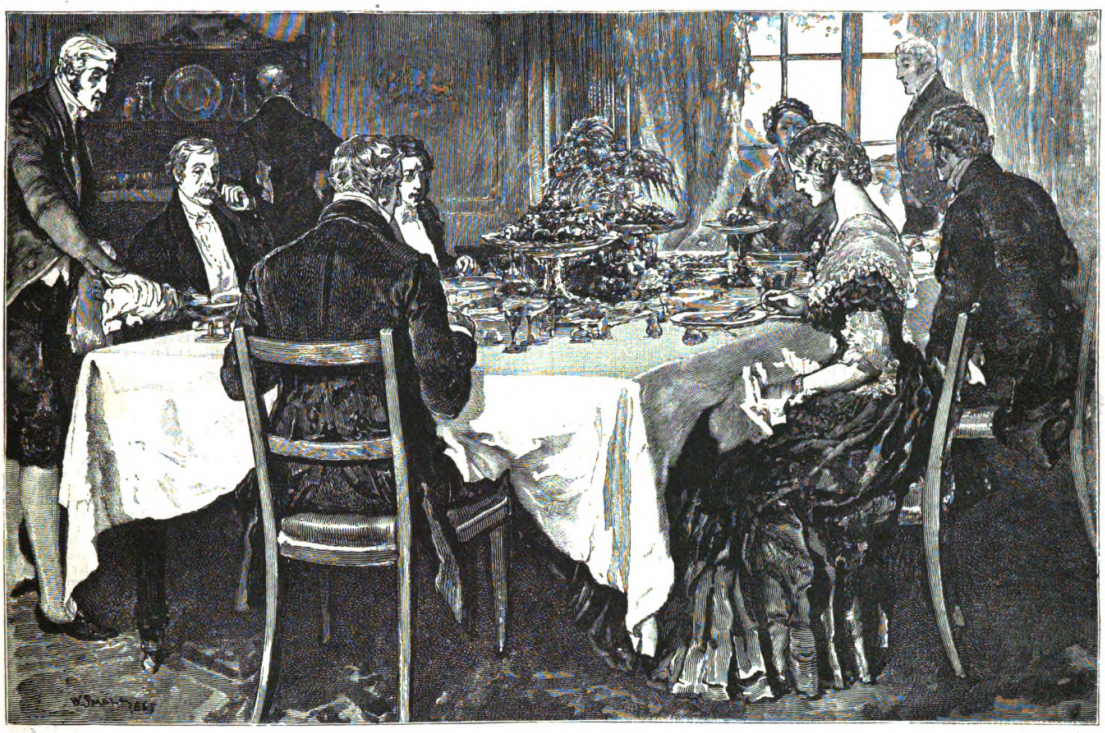

"DURING DINNER HE SPOKE LITTLE, AND TURNED OFF WITH A GOOD DEAL OF QUIET TACT THE DIRECT INVITATIONS ADDRESSED TO HIM ACROSS THE TABLE BY LADY CONSTANCE."—[SEE SERIAL "THIRLBY HALL," PAGE 646.]

LAWRENCE BARRETT IN THE CHARACTER OF LANCIOTTO—LAST SCENE IN THE PLAY OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 651.]

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. F. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mollie De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPMAN LETS ME INTO A SECRET.

If the reader ever owned a dog of uncertain lineage and unsatisfactory points, he will doubtless have acquiesced sadly and humbly in any adverse criticisms passed upon his property by—let us say Smith, who is a competent judge and the reader's very good friend. But if the ignorant and officious Jones should have ventured to pronounce an unsolicited verdict to the same effect, the case will certainly have assumed an altogether different complexion. Under such circumstances the cur ceases suddenly to be a cur, and develops into a valuable animal; what looked like blemishes just now become positive beauties; the dog is a first-rate dog—is, at all events, better than any dog that Jones ever had, or is likely to have. Thus my opinion of the dubious Chapman, which had sunk very nearly to zero under the influence of Lady Constance's contemptuous remarks, rose many degrees the moment that Mr. Sotheran thought fit to announce that the stranger did not possess his esteem. "Puisque Philippe dit non, moi je dis oui!" cried the citizen who recorded his vote after that of the Duke of Orleans upon the question of the postponement of the King's execution; and when Mr. Sotheran, who, from living in the same hotel as Chapman, had various opportunities of studying his merits and demerits, declared that he had "taken the man's measure," and didn't care about associating with him, I asked no better reason for asserting boldly that there was nothing whatever amiss with the man, that he was capital company, and that I hoped he would be induced to make a long stay at Franzenshöhe.

Now it was perfectly true that Chapman was capital company, and, whether his history and occupations would have borne looking into or not, it was difficult to help liking him. I had seen a good deal of him during the week that had elapsed between his first reception by Lady Constance and his condemnation by the illustrious Sotheran, and I had found him not only clever and amusing, but in a somewhat special degree amiably disposed toward myself. There was a shade of deprecation, too, in his bearing which appealed to one's generous impulses. "I know I am an outcast," his manner sometimes seemed to say; "I am aware that my antecedents are shady enough to justify you in showing me the cold shoulder; but at least I have done you no harm, and if it pleases you to come every now then and talk to a poor devil who is out of luck, I don't see why I should send you away." Probably he guessed that Lady Constance had told me all that she knew about him; indeed, he hinted as much; though he was not inclined to be communicative about himself.

"I have had a hard life, Maxwell," he said to me one day; "and, for the matter of that, I have lived hard. When one has reached middle age, one can't turn back and begin all over again. You must take a man of forty as you would take a wife, for better or worse; there's no use in finding fault with him. Luckily he has this great point of superiority over a wife, that if you don't like him you can leave him."

I assured Chapman, with such circumlocution as the case seemed to require, that I did not mean to leave him. Independently of the bias in his favor with which Mr. Sotheran had unwittingly furnished me, I felt greatly drawn to this inoffensive *declassé*. He never sought my society, but he was evidently grateful for it, and I did what was in my power toward making the place pleasant to him. I could not well introduce him to Lord Rossan; but I made him acquainted with Pemberton, by whom, however, I was disappointed to find that he was not met in a spirit of confidence. Pemberton, who had seen men and cities, had a holy horror of what he called "casual Englishmen," and strongly advised me to avoid intimacy with this one. "He'll want to borrow money of you before long," said he; "and one of these mornings he'll disappear, leaving his tradesmen to send their little accounts in to you. You see if he doesn't!"

Lady Constance was less particular. She did not take much notice of Chapman, but she made no objection to receiving him, and treated him, upon the whole, very much as she treated the other frequenters of her drawing-room. After a certain lapse of time she observed to me that if he intended to make a long stay he might as well be presented to her brother, and replied to my demurrer by incontinently asking him to dinner. Rather to my surprise, he accepted the invitation. I should have mentioned that Lady Constance was in the habit of occasionally bidding friends to partake of her brother's hospitality, and that this privilege of hers had never been called in question, though it was plain enough that her sister-in-law only lent it an unwilling countenance. As for Lord Rossan, he was the most easy-going of men up to a certain point; but, perhaps for that very reason, it was not prudent to take liberties with him. Lady Constance had taken an unquestionable liberty in forcing him to receive Mr. Chapman, and both she and her guest were made to understand this. When Chapman presented himself, looking very like a gentleman in his well-fitting evening clothes, he was greeted by a cold bow from his host, a still colder one from his hostess, and was left to his own devices.

This behavior, which made me uncomfortable and Lady Constance angry, did not in the least disturb Chapman's calm. During dinner he spoke little, and turned off with a good deal of quiet tact the direct invitations addressed to him across the table by Lady Constance to show some resentment for the slight put upon him. An attitude of dignified reserve was, no doubt, the most becoming that he could have assumed under the circumstances; what I did not quite understand was why he should have voluntarily placed himself in so unpleasant and awkward a situation.

But as soon as the ladies had left us, he explained his conduct in a manner that fairly took my breath away by its audacity. He rose from his place, walked up to the head of the table, where Lord Rossan was sitting, and said:

"I owe you an apology, my lord, for intruding upon you this evening. You have shown me in the plainest possible way that I have been guilty of an intrusion, and I fully admit it. When Lady Constance Milner was kind enough to ask me to dinner, I only accepted in order to have an opportunity—which I could not otherwise have found—of saying personally to you how vexed I have been to think that one of your attachés should have so nearly got into a scrape through my stupidity. It is disagreeable enough to have to confess that one has been drawn into bad company one's self; but it would have been inexcusable to drag a young fellow and a total stranger into the mess, if one had done such a thing intentionally. I only wished to say for myself that I am really innocent of that offense, and also to express my regret for the whole affair, which, I assure you, can not have caused you greater annoyance than it has me."

With that he bowed, nodded and smiled to me as he passed my chair, and made as though he would leave the room.

Lord Rossan's hostility was disarmed at once. His generous Irish nature, which was but thinly overlaid with an acquired diplomatic veneer, would never have suffered him to turn a friendless man away from his table; nor could he in justice hold Chapman responsible for Lady Constance's breach of propriety.

"Sit down, my dear sir," he exclaimed, rising and hastily intercepting his guest's retreat; "pray sit down again, and don't trouble yourself any more about that unlucky business. Dear me! haven't we all been in queer company once or twice in our lives? Wait now till I tell ye a story about the Bishop of Derry and a thimble-rigger, who took him to task for preaching against Punchestown Races."

His good-humor and his brogue had returned simultaneously, and in another five minutes Chapman and he were discussing horseflesh and steeple-chasing as if they had been friends all their lives. But Pemberton, who had watched the scene with an ironical smile, whispered to me, "All very fine; but if he was so desperately anxious to apologize, what hindered him from sending in his card and asking for an interview? I should laugh if he were to do dear old Rossan out of a twenty-pound note after this."

No such source of merriment was provided for Pemberton's benefit. Mr. Chapman now became a tolerably constant visitor at the Legation, and as he was careful never to present himself in Lord Rossan's quarter of the building without a distinct invitation, and was invariably agreeable and unobtrusive when he came, the obscurity which hung over his antecedents (and which he made no attempt to diminish) was soon forgotten.

For my own part, I ended by finding it rather strange that he should never by word or hint have betrayed who he was or where he came from. Chance acquaintances are not, of course, expected to produce immediate vouchers for their respectability; still, there are few people with whom one can associate upon terms of intimacy for a month without hearing something of their belongings and ordinary pursuits. At the expiration of that period I had told Chapman the whole, or nearly the whole, of my own history, and in some parts of it he had seemed to be greatly interested. At last there came an evening in midwinter when he abruptly broached the mysterious subject.

"I dare say you have often wondered, Maxwell," said he, "why I have listened quietly to all that you have told me about your concerns, and have never said a word to you in return about mine."

We were sitting before the fire in his little *salon* at the Römischer Hof, whither we had returned after spending the afternoon in skating. I did not quite know what reply to make, so I adopted the safe course of making none.

"You see," he continued, "my affairs are not quite so pleasant to talk over as yours. I am like your unfortunate cousin; I have been under a cloud pretty nearly all my life."

"But not for the same reason, I am sure," observed I, wishing to say something pleasant, and succeeded in saying quite the most awkward thing that I could have hit upon.

Chapman drew the tip of his waxed mustache through his white fingers, and looked at the fire. "I thought," said he, "that you considered your cousin's sin sufficiently punished by now."

"So I do; I shouldn't allow it to make the slightest difference in my behavior to him if we met. Only, between ourselves, you know, he must have been a queer customer at one time."

"Ah, that is modern Christianity all over! One may forgive, at a pinch, but one knows better than to forget. And yet the theory, I believe, is that you may commit any sin under the sun, and it will not only be forgiven, but absolutely obliterated, if you go down on your knees, and confess, and repent. It is easy enough, you see, to square our little account with Heaven; but when it comes to applying the same rule to our own conduct—*pas si bête?*"

I was not concerned to point out the fallacy of this reasoning; but I thought there was something to be said on the side of those who, having been once bitten, are twice shy. "The difficulty is," I remarked, "to judge whether repentance is sincere."

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that that would affect the matter one way or the other?"

"I think it would, certainly."

"Well, I believe your cousin's repentance is sincere; in fact, I am sure it is. I ought to know as much about it as anybody, because I am the man."

This was said so tranquilly that I did not at first realize the meaning of the words, and took it that Chapman was merely implying by a figure of speech that his history and my cousin's were in some respects identical. But he did not suffer me to remain much longer in doubt. "I assure you I am speaking the truth," he said, with a rather amused look.

I suppose it is only exceptionally gifted persons who can find appropriate words in which to express their feelings when confronted with a startling disclosure. I have noticed that most people in moments of sudden emotion say something utterly ridiculous, as I did upon the present occasion. What I said in my bewilderment was: "By George! Then your name isn't Chapman at all!"

"Certainly not," he replied, composedly; "my name is Le Marchant, and I use it—sometimes. Chapman is the same name with another derivation, you know." And then, after a momentary silence: "I have astonished you more than I expected to do; it seemed to me that you must have had some suspicion of this."

I shook my head energetically. "Never!—never for a single moment! I'm awfully glad to see you, you know," I added, making an effort to rise to the level of the occasion, but still oppressed with a painful sense of inability to grasp my companion's identity. And then we shook hands, and Harry, as I must now call him, heaved a deep sigh.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" I asked.

"It would be more to the purpose to ask why I have told you now, wouldn't it? Well, I don't know why, except that I felt it would be too bad to go on deceiving you. Of course I would rather have held my tongue. I am a miserable, lonely sort of beggar; I haven't many friends in the world—or rather, I have none; and you and I got on well together: perhaps I may say that we have liked each other. Now there will have to be an end of all that."

"How an end? I don't understand what you mean," said I. "If we were friends before, we must be doubly friends now—naturally."

"I don't know about naturally," observed Harry, with a faint smile. "To my mind, it wouldn't be a very natural kind of friendship. Why, only a few minutes ago you said you were sure I had never been guilty of such an offense as your cousin's. Well, now you know that I *was* guilty of that same offense. It stands to reason that you must have a proportionately lower opinion of me."

"Not a bit!" I declared, sturdily. "That doesn't follow at all."

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, but it must follow. Besides, I can see by your face what you are thinking. Suppose we say good-by now; and I'll promise to clear out of Franzenshöhe in a day or two."

"You jump to conclusions in such a frantic hurry," I complained, "that you don't give me time to collect my ideas. I haven't said how delighted I am to have discovered you at last; but surely, after all that I have told you, you must understand that. You may be sure that I shall not rest now till I have got you back to Thirlby again."

"I hope," broke in Harry, quickly, "that you don't think I have revealed myself to you with any expectation of your carrying out those quixotic plans you spoke to me of."

"Quixotic or not, I mean to carry them out, I can tell you," said I.

"You must not think of it. I won't say anything about my having forfeited my birthright, because, after all, that is a point about which I am not quite so certain. I won't say either that you have been kind to me, and that therefore it would go against the grain with me to cut you out of your property; but I will give you two reasons for keeping what I have told you to yourself—a good one and a better one. I don't want Thirlby; I haven't the smallest wish to be a country squire in a neighborhood where everybody would cut me: that is the good reason. The better one is that, however much I might covet the place, no power on earth would induce my father to leave it to me. If I know anything of him, he would sooner see me starve."

"Perhaps you don't know him so well," said I. "You can't know him so well as I do, or you would not speak of him in that way."

"We speak of him according to our different experiences of him, I suppose," said Harry, good-humoredly. "If you were to ask General Cavaignac and General St. Arnaud what they thought of Napoleon III., you would probably get two accounts of the same man which couldn't be made to fit in with each other in any way; and sometimes, when you have talked to me about your uncle, I have found it rather difficult to believe that you were describing my father. My father was very harsh to me when I was a boy," he added, in a graver tone, "and I can't forget it. As for his having cut me adrift afterward, nobody is likely to blame him for that."

"Well, perhaps he may have changed," I said. "However that may be, I know he has not finally made up his mind to disinherit you. He told me that it would make a difference, for instance, if you were to distinguish yourself in some way."

"Which I am so extremely likely to do! I have so many opportunities of distinguishing myself, have I not? You had better let him know that you have met me, and when he asks how and where, 'Oh, in a gambling-hell, half drunk, in company with three card-sharpers.' I should think you are certain to succeed in melting his resolution."

"Well," I said, not much liking these sneers, yet feeling that there was perhaps a little excuse for them, "you will give me leave to try, at all events."

"Indeed I will not," he returned; "that is the very thing that I am not going to do. Seriously, my dear Maxwell, I want you to understand that what I have told you must remain a profound secret. I trust to your honor not to mention it to anybody, here or elsewhere. In particular I wish you to keep it from Lady Constance Milner, who knows quite enough of me as Mr. Chapman, and who might get me into all kinds of trouble if she were to let out that my name is Harry Le Marchant."

I promised without hesitation not to say a word to anybody in Franzenshöhe, but declined to be put upon my honor as regarded keeping my uncle in ignorance. "It's absurd to ask such a thing," I said. "You ought to have made your conditions before you spoke."

He went on stroking his mustache with that shaky hand of his, and frowned thoughtfully at the glowing logs on the hearth. "I suppose I ought. Well, will you at least agree to keep my secret—after all, it is *my* secret, not yours—until I give you leave to make it known?"

"I won't agree to anything," I declared. "I might wait long enough before you gave me leave to help you. The English of all this is that you don't want to deprive me of what you are pleased to consider my rights, whereas I don't mean to deprive you of what I know are yours."

"Don't talk such unutterable bosh," he retorted, sharply. "What, in the name of goodness, do you take me for? I tell you I am nothing but an adventurer; and as for a conscience, I haven't been able to afford such a thing for years. Pray don't run away with the notion that I should abandon any of my rights, or other people's rights either, if I could get hold of them. And don't imagine that you would render me the smallest service by letting my father know that you had come across me: it would be all the other way. He is aware that I am alive; what more have you to tell him, by way of inducing him to receive me again, except that I sometimes go about under a feigned name, and that, after associating with me for a few weeks, you haven't yet had your pocket picked?"

There seemed to be something in that. I said, "All right; I'll hold my tongue for the present; but I won't commit myself to anything more than that."

Harry made an impatient gesture, as who should say, "Take your way, then." Presently he resumed: "All things considered, I am glad to have made a clean breast of it to you, and I am glad, too, that you don't feel yourself called upon to drop my acquaintance. If you would let me know sometimes when you are passing through London, it would be a kindness. You can't, of course, understand what an immense boon it is to a castaway, such as I am, to be allowed to talk to a gentleman again." He paused, and then added, in a lower tone, "It can't be very easy, either, for you, who have never committed a dishonorable action in your life, to understand how I came to ruin myself as I did in years gone by. Well, perhaps, least said, soonest mended."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," I exclaimed. "By-gones are by-gones; let us agree never to refer to them again. And look here," I added, moved by a sudden and perhaps rather foolish impulse to make him feel more upon an equality with me—"you are wrong in supposing that I have never done anything dishonorable. If I tell you something about myself which I have never told to any one else, will you promise to keep my secret? You see I make my conditions beforehand."

He replied, with a look of some surprise, that I might rely upon his discretion; and then, half repenting already of what I was doing, I made a brief and hurried confession of my treachery to Maud, and my infatuation for Lady Constance. He did not appear to be astonished. He had seen from the first, he said, how matters were. "And as for your throwing Miss Dennison overboard, I must say that that doesn't seem to me such a terrible thing. There was no engagement, you say, and therefore there can be nothing dishonorable in your changing your mind, according to my lights. But then you will probably think that my lights are likely to be a little dim. Now, if you'll allow me, I'll give you a piece of advice. Don't be discouraged about Lady Constance. She is worth winning, for, independently of her personal attractions, about which I don't presume to offer an opinion, she is a woman who will get her husband on in the world, or know the reason why. Some day you will think more of that than you do now. And I don't see why you shouldn't win her. She will make a certain income a condition, I grant you; but you will have a good income."

"No, I shall not," I interrupted.

He smiled, and said we wouldn't discuss that. "And besides—what do I know?—she might be capable of marrying you without the income, for she is anything but mercenary by nature. Don't you despair, and don't lose patience."

This counsel was so very unlike what I should have expected to receive from any worldly-wise man that it fairly astounded me. Naturally, too, I was both pleased and encouraged by it, and for the next half-hour I forgot everything else in descanting upon the curious facility with which Lady Constance had bewitched me, and my powerlessness to resist her influence—to all of which Harry listened with a good deal of kindly toleration.

Not many days after this he left somewhat abruptly for London, whither he was summoned by business, which (as I gathered from what Lady Constance let fall) was connected with the financial operations already alluded to. He gave me the address of an eating-house in the City where he was always to be heard of. "For you won't require to be told that I don't belong to a club," he remarked, with a rather bitter little laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

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THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

THE population of New York has increased within the past twenty years about fifty per cent. The cost of its government has increased during the same period about three hundred and thirty per cent., and the amount paid for salaries four hundred and thirty-three per cent. Nevertheless, New York is to-day the dirtiest, the most expensive, the worst governed, and perhaps the most uncomfortable city which is inhabited by civilized men. It ought to be the healthiest city on the globe; instead of being so, it stands in this respect far down on the list. As the most democratic city in the world, its government should be purer than that of any other; instead, however, its officials, considered either as officials or as individuals, are, as a rule, less respectable persons than the officials of any other city; the greater part of its debt, said Governor TILDEN'S City Commission, "represents a vast aggregate of moneys wasted, embezzled, or misapplied"; and in no city are official frauds, defalcations, and abuses so frequent, so shameless, and, it must be added, so quickly condoned or forgotten, as in New York. Within the past six months it has been discovered that there were thieving and black-mailing going on in the Commissioner of Jurors' office, that there had been great frauds committed in the Comptroller's office, and that the frankest sort of stealing was taking place in the Bureau of Water Register and in the Bureau of Arrears. These things are investigated and talked about, but the public would be much less surprised at the discovery of similar malfeasance in the other city departments than if the offenders should be brought to justice. We are callous to corruption, and the offenders and their offenses are quickly veiled by popular forgetfulness. Every day one may see on Broadway former city officers who resigned or were discharged in disgrace walking about apparently as prosperous and as happy as if there was no such thing as disgrace in the world. The stealing is not, however, all direct stealing. We support great numbers of superfluous officials, and we pay innumerable salaries the amounts of which are simply outrageous.

The clerks of justices' courts, for example, receive three and four thousand dollars a year, and we pay the aldermen two thousand dollars for two or three hours a week of mischief-making. These latter gentlemen do so little good that we are apt to think them harmless, and to forget for how much positive evil they are responsible. We owe to them the continual disorder of the streets, and their misuse of the power of confirmation is notorious. Mayor EDSON, in a quasi-apology for some scandalous nomination made by him, intimated that he could get nothing done without coming down to the level of the Board of Aldermen; and probably no improvement in the administration of city affairs will be practicable until their power of confirmation is taken away. Thirteen of the present Board are liquor-dealers; and it is a matter of common gossip that it has long been necessary in order to get any measure through the Board to resort to bribery. It is not called by that name—Heaven forbid!—but to carry your measure you must "retain counsel."

The retainers are very large, in order, as one of these "counsel" explained, that there may be "so much for each alderman in the majority," and a moiety as compensation for his own services. The aldermanic view of legislation is illustrated by a story, said to be true, of a reputable lawyer who wanted some measure passed by the Board, but found that he must either pay for it roundly, or else slip it through "unbeknownst" to them. He accordingly prepared an innocent-looking resolution, which was introduced and passed. No sooner had the passage been announced than one meditative alderman jumped up, and slapping the table, cried out, in the most chagrined tones, "My God, boys, there was money into that thing!" meaning thereby that he and his friends had lost an opportunity to plunder. There is one other form of indirect corruption which is carried to such an extent in New York as to be almost peculiar to it, namely, the practice of assessing candidates for office. This practically amounts to auctioning off the nominations to certain offices to the highest bidder. There are now in one of the upper courts of New York city two judges, one of whom is reported to have mortgaged his salary for a term of years in order to pay his assessment, and the other of whom is said to have paid twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for his nomination—not directly, that would have been flagrant, but in the form of an "assessment."

The causes of all these conditions lie in the fact that in New York city local self-government has been practically abolished, and all proper civic feeling consequently weakened or destroyed; in the fact of the intermixture of municipal with State and national politics; and in the enormous development in the city administration of the spoils system. All the laws for the city of New York are made, not by its own citizens, but by the Legislature at Albany, and to this fact is to be attributed the number of bad laws and the great confusion of all the laws relating to the city. Governor TILDEN'S Commission said upon this point, in 1877: "It may be true that the first attempts to secure legislative intervention in the local affairs of our principal cities were made by good citizens in the supposed interest of reform and good government, and to counteract the schemes of corrupt officials. The notion that legislative control was the proper remedy was a serious mistake. The corrupt cliques and rings thus sought to be baffled were quick to perceive that in the business of procuring special laws concerning local affairs they could easily outmatch the fitful and clumsy labors of disinterested citizens. The transfer of the control of the municipal resources from the localities to the capital had no other effect than to cause a like transfer of the methods and arts of corruption.

"If any one questions the mischievous results of these practices [legislative interference], he has but to note the increase of debt and taxation in the city of New York from 1860 to the present time [1877], during which legislative intervention in the local affairs of that city has been most extensively asserted. The debt has increased from eighteen millions to one hundred and thirteen millions, and taxation for annual expenditures from nine to twenty-eight millions."

The transfer of the battle-ground for honest government of the city to Albany has made it so difficult to fix the responsibility for bad measures, and rendered the whole contest so difficult, that good citizens have generally given up the endeavor, and been contented to leave the contest in the hands of the national parties. Those citizens, moreover, who really desire good government are so absorbed in their own affairs that they are unable to compete with those to whom politics is a means of livelihood. They become disheartened, and therefore inefficient, and they are very apt to be hopelessly blinded by their affiliations with the national political parties, so that when the opportunity to do a good piece of political work is presented to them, they can hardly be induced to take advantage of it. Last year, for instance, the Citizens' Committee presented candidates for office, all of whom, but particularly the judicial candidates, were incomparably the superiors of their competitors. Yet thousands of reputable Democrats voted for the inferior candidates because they thought that they might otherwise "hurt their State ticket." How, none of them ever specified.

So this year the citizens have again an opportunity to rescue the Board of Aldermen, and to elect four judges, and yet it is uncertain whether they will act. The prime cause, however, of most of the waste and extravagance in the city government, and the direct cause of such scandals and corruption as have lately been unearthed in the bureaus of Water Register and of Arrears, in the Commissioner of Jurors' and the Comptroller's offices, is the treatment of public offices as the private property of political parties, by means of which they pay debts, and for whose benefit they are to be administered.

The first object of an employé in the Chemical Bank, for example, is to attend to his business, and if he fails to do it he is found out and discharged. But the first object of an employé in the Comptroller's or Sheriff's office, on the other side of Broadway, is not at all to attend to his proper business, but to attend to the business of his particular faction. If he is negligent, or if he steals, forges bonds, or levies black-mail, the chances are that his superiors are too much occupied with primaries, deals, and "seeing the boys" to find him out, and he is not discharged.

We need to have business in the City Hall managed just like business in the bank, whereas, under the present system, employés of the city are furnished with every facility for being corrupt, and with every inducement to regard their official duties as of secondary importance. The remedy is to apply the principles of civil service reform to the city government. Such a reformation is needed quite as much in New York as it ever was at Washington. Under Chapter 354 of the laws of 1883 the Mayor has the power to begin the reform, and if he is correctly reported as saying that the recent exposures "have made him sick at heart," we may hope that it will be begun, and that he will use all his influence to secure the additional legislation needed to place the administration of the city government upon precisely the same basis as that of any other business corporation. Then, and not until then, we may be reasonably sure that the next six months will not bear such fruit of scandals as the last.

The remedy for legislative interference is provided by a proposed amendment to the Constitution, which comes finally before the Legislature at its next session. This, in substance, guarantees to cities the right of municipal self-government, republican in form, and restricts the power of the Legislature to the enactment of general laws in reference thereto. It prescribes that it shall be the duty of the Legislature to provide for the organization of cities and incorporated villages, and to restrict their power of taxation, etc., by the passage of general laws only, applicable alike to all incorporated cities, and that the Legislature shall not pass any special or local bill affecting the municipal government of a city.

It also provides that "no city shall increase its permanent debt, or raise the rate of taxation above that prevailing at the time of the adoption of the amendment, or undertake new public works, or direct public funds into new channels of expenditures, or issue its bonds, other than revenue bonds, until the act authorizing the same shall have been published for at least three months, and thereafter submitted to the people of the city at a general election, and received a majority of all the votes cast for and against it at such election."

The adoption of this amendment would be a long step forward. The good people of New York should see to it that it is passed by the next Legislature; and as after its adoption it will be too late for the Legislature to undo the evil it has done, they should also see to it that the charter is amended this winter by providing: 1, that the Mayor shall have the power to appoint the heads of departments absolutely, and to remove them without trial—then, if improper appointments are made, the responsibility for them will be clear; 2, that there shall be only single heads of the city departments; 3, that the election for city officers shall take place in March or April. Only by a spring election can the selection of municipal officers be dissevered from the overshadowing influences, the passions, and the intrigues of national politics. The allegation that the people can not be induced to come out for a spring election, and did not do so when such elections were held, is incorrect, and the statistics do not bear it out. The condition of the government of the city of New York is well known. If the respectable people of the city desire to better it, these remedies, which are those generally agreed upon by those who have most carefully studied the subject, are within their grasp. If the people want good government they can have it.

FREDERICK W. WHITRIDGE.

MACKEREL-FISHING.

"LOOK at that fleet of yachts!" exclaimed a New-Yorker, as he stood on the rocky shore near Booth's Bay, on the coast of Maine.

"Those be mackerel b-o-a-ts," remarked an old lobsterman, who was mending his pots close by. "There's nasty weather comin'," continued the old sea-dog, "or them fellows wouldn't be makin' harbor."

True to his prediction, the "nasty weather" soon came in the form of a drifting black fog, accompanied by rain-squalls. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and as the harbor rapidly filled with the graceful mackerel boats the writer jumped into a small boat and pushed from the shore for a closer inspection. The first schooner reached was the *Levanter*, from Gloucester, and well might she be mistaken at a short distance for a yacht. Her tall masts were almost lost in the drifting fog, and although the rough weather and salt spray had turned the gilding on her bow, and blotched the black hull, still she was neat in appearance, and the graceful lines told of speed.

"Come aboard!" shouted a tall man who, with pipe in mouth, stood near the wheel. Aboard everything was as neat and tidy as a Yankee kitchen. Fourteen or fifteen men form a crew—enough to man the seine boats and dories.

Mackerel run in schools at the surface of the water, like menhaden, and the dark spot they make on the water can be seen at a great distance on a clear day. A man is posted at the mast-head, and keeps a lookout until fish are seen. After a school is sighted it often happens that the whole crew, with the exception of the cook, leave the schooner, and while they are seining the master of pots and kettles runs the craft single-handed. The cooper is another important personage aboard the boat, and at the request of the crew a sketch was made of him at work. Then, perched upon the cross-trees of the mainmast, now swinging twenty feet in an arc from one side to the other, the writer sketched the lookout at the opposite mast-head.

Leaving the *Levanter*, with many invitations to call again, we pointed our boat for the dock of the canning factory. Here we found men busy cleaning "tinkers" (small mackerel), removing the head and entrails with one dexterous cut of the knife. These fish are put up in neat cans, and make a very palatable morsel. Numerous pretty girls, with fresh complexions and rosy cheeks, work in these factories, and it was an odd sight to see them crowded around a long wooden trough, rolling the cans about in sawdust saturated with coal oil.

All along the shore when the mackerel are running, the osprey circles and whistles, while, with an eye sharper than the man at the mast-head, he searches for fish. After a headlong plunge into their midst it is seldom he appears without his plunder glistening in his talons.

There are about seven hundred sail and an army of men engaged in pursuing the mackerel, and about three millions of dollars are invested in the business. The men go shares on the catch, the cook alone having a regular salary. This has not been a good season, but the fishermen do not appear to be discouraged, for, like all sailors, they let the morrow take care of itself.

DAN BEARD.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

COMPLAINTS are made by the managers of some of the smaller Western railroads that the cars which they send to the sea-board are often carelessly or by design loaded for points in the West remote from the places of departure. These cars sometimes find their way to the tracks of rival roads that are still more poorly equipped, and trouble without end is made for the lost-car agents, whose office is made necessary by the exigencies of freight traffic over the vast railway system of this country.

A delegate to a Greenback Convention in Boston rose "to a point of order." When asked to state his point, he said that he had been trying for half an hour to make a motion, and he didn't want to wait any longer.

In some of the grain-raising regions of California the crop is greatly damaged every year by hot blasts that blow from the north. A plan of doing away with the withering currents by exploding bombs in the air has been seriously proposed.

The Irish of Roman Catholic faith seem to be having things their own way in Cleveland, Ohio. The Mayor, nearly all the city officers, and most of the policemen are Irish and Catholics. In one of the wards a flag is displayed the upper edge of which is red, the body white, and the lower edge green. On the flag are the words, "Hoadly, Blee, Heisley, and Victory." A resident who signs himself as a Democrat writes to one of the papers asking whether the national colors are to be changed to red, white, and green by the Irish element in his party.

The popular liking for government notes is in no danger of giving place to aversion because some of the young women who count greenbacks in the Treasury have had their fingers poisoned by the arsenic in the coloring.

Captain Nares, the arctic explorer, believes that there is reason for hoping that the Greely expedition may be found not to have resulted so disastrously as is generally feared. He has written to the London *Times*, laying out a line of retreat which he believes Lieutenant Greely might have followed, and which would have taken him where he would have fallen in with Esquimaux and an abundance of provisions. The theory of Captain Nares is based upon an intimate knowledge of the arctic routes, and of the localities at which provisions had been left in anticipation of such a journey and its necessities.

Unintentionally King Alfonso seems to have done in Paris what the Vermonter from Bellows Falls boasted that he would do—"make that old town howl."

Sleighing on the first day of October in the United States is one of the things to be remembered concerning the remarkable year of 1883.

It is proposed to run trains between Paris and St. Petersburg, through Berlin, the speed of which throughout the entire distance shall average fifty-six miles an hour—a rate far beyond anything that is attained on American roads over long distances, and beyond anything that has yet been accomplished on the continent of Europe.

It is averred that the President caught an eighty-pound bass in the course of his fishing in Eastern waters. There is an old story which illustrates the manner in which this statement is received by the generality of fishermen. A Long Island veteran of the bob and sinker had been spinning yarns for an audience of city fishermen, who had listened with every appearance of credulity. When he had finished, the visiting anglers put forward their ablest story-teller, and watched with some little interest to see how the veteran would receive the yarn. While the city champion was telling of the capture in a seine of a finny monster of unheard-of magnitude, and of the labor of hauling him over to a fresh-water pond by the employment of mule teams, the countryman was gravely nodding and audibly assenting to the probability of every statement. The yarn-spinner came at last to the climax, in which he told, not without some timidity, the number of bales of hay that were fed daily to the imprisoned monster of the deep. All eyes were on the old fisherman, and he did not weaken. "Ya-as," he said, with many profound nods, "them big fish, they *do eat hay!*"

No. 5.—"Ah, Tom! why didn't we think of this before?" says our friend Perkyns. "Good, kindly little creature the donkey; docile and willing; besides, is a near relation to the horse."

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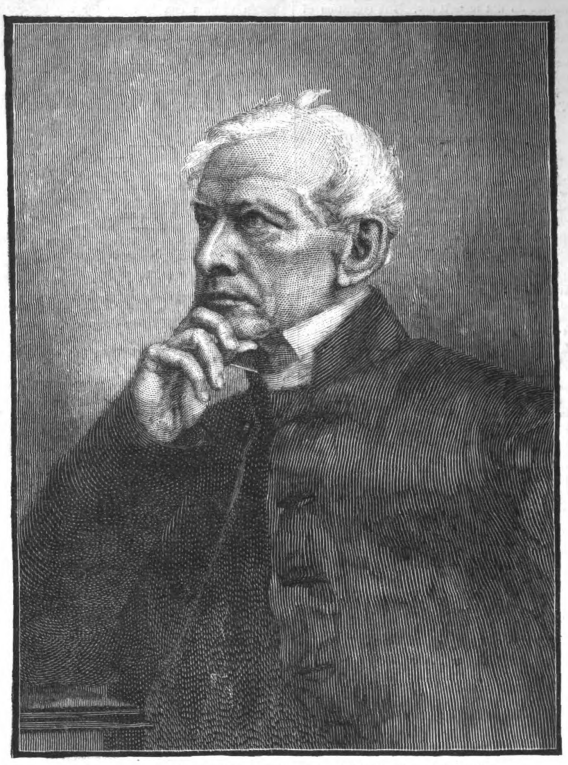

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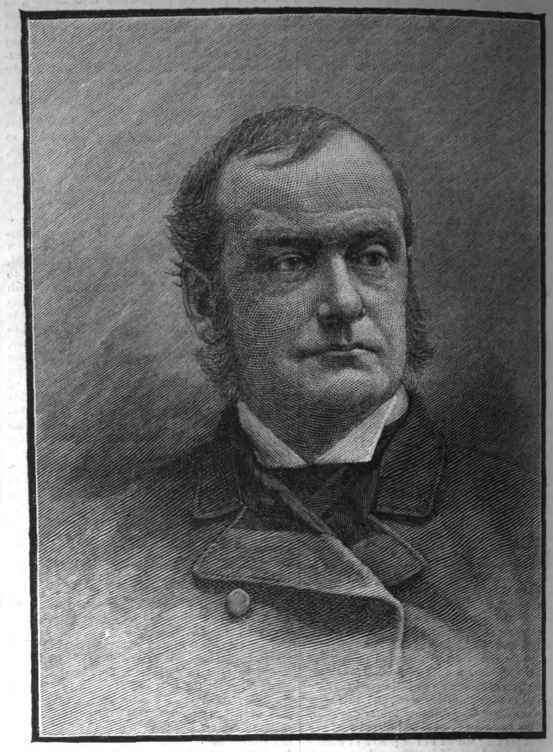

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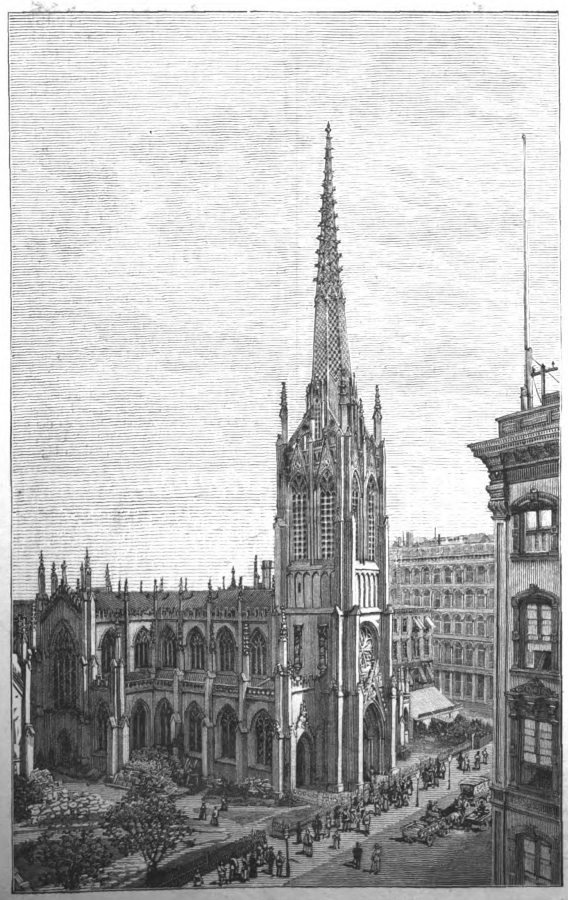
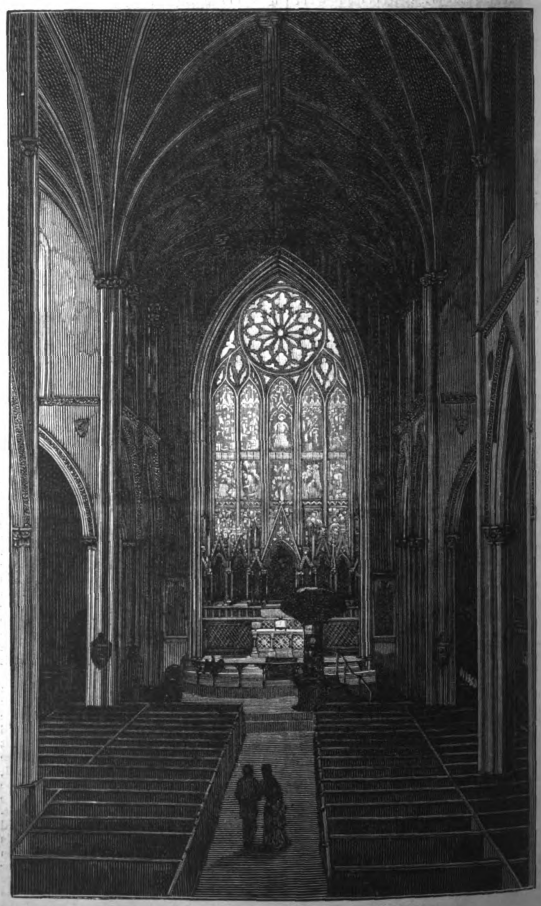


GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK—EXTERIOR.



GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK—INTERIOR.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 650.]

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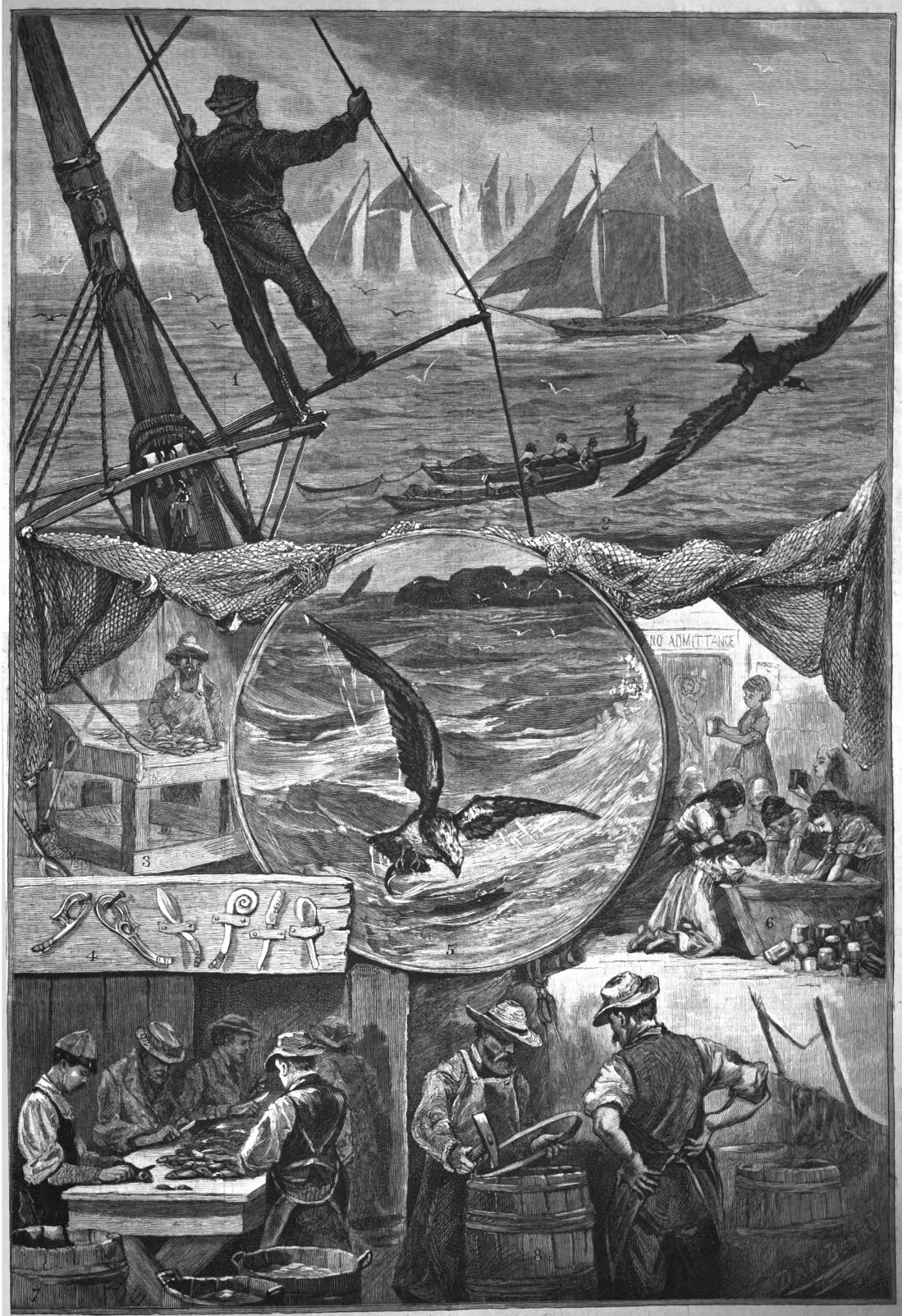

1. The Lookout. 2. Seiners—Mackerel Fleet in Background. 3. Fish-cleaning Stand. 4. Mackerel Knives and Ploughs. 5. An Old-time Fisherman (Osprey). 6. Factory Girls polishing Cans. 7. Cleaning Fish for Canning. 8. The Cooper.

SKETCHES AMONG THE MACKEREL MEN.—Drawn by Dan Beard.—[See Page 647.]

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THE EPISCOPAL CENTENNIAL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. HALL, D.D.

It seems to be a foregone conclusion that there must somehow be a centennial anniversary, which the Episcopal Church is now celebrating. When we ask what is the event which justifies this impression, which the General Convention in solemn session is recalling, which has induced the vestry of Christ Church to renew, as far as possible, the status of their venerable building, the answer is very indefinite. There was, indeed, no event of the year 1783 of sufficient importance to call for general attention. The first General Convention which met to prepare for organization, which was not completed until 1789, met in Christ Church, Philadelphia, and as that body, in its regular order, has this year convened in that city, and will hardly meet there three years hence, it seems proper to recall the past and exchange congratulations over the century's growth. In fact, the year of grace a century ago was one of utter prostration. The only event in which the Episcopal Church became interested has been already quietly and properly honored. Of the fourteen clergymen of the Church of England who were left in Connecticut, "ten of them, *rallying from all discouragement*, met at Woodbury in the last week of March [1783] following the publication of peace, to deliberate on the affairs of the Church, and to organize for the future." The "meeting was kept a profound secret, even from their most intimate friends of the laity, and it was so quietly held that no minutes of it were made or published." There and thus assembled, with what was probably necessary caution, for the suggestion of bishops in this land had always been a firebrand, these ten parsons fought against their *discouragement*, and persuaded the Rev. SAMUEL SEABURY to undertake an expedition to England to obtain, if he could, the episcopal office. The result was doubtful. By-the-way, the story goes now that this last spring the bishop and clergy, who desired to honor the anniversary of that event, wished to meet informally in the same room of the old house at Woodbury, now occupied by an ancient dame. The old lady, when asked if the clergy might have the use of the room for a reunion and supper, replied, after some hesitation: "Well, I dunno. I'm opposed to dancin'. They can come if they won't dance."

Dr. SEABURY, who became the first Bishop of the American Church, had been chaplain to the British contingent on Staten Island, and a hundred years ago Sir GUY CARLETON was delaying the evacuation of the city of New York to protect the loyalists, who, we read, to the number of thirty thousand, found refuge in Nova Scotia before the end of the year. Mr. SEABURY had been for a short time "in duress vile" in his native State "for active hostility to the measures of the Congressional government." With letters from the clergymen of New York, he sailed for London in June, 1783. Baffled by many impediments in London, he at length went to Scotland, and was consecrated at Aberdeen by the Non-juring or Jacobite bishops, November 14, 1784. We find, therefore, no epoch on which to hang a centennial celebration, but may well ponder the facts of the contrast which suggests itself between the two ends of the century.

The organization of the Church came later. In May, 1784, nine clergymen, three from each State —New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania— "after prior correspondence," met at New Brunswick "to consult for the interests of a Society for the Support of Widows and Children of deceased Clergymen, which had existed under Charters of Incorporation from the Governors of the said three States." They determined while thus assembled "to procure a larger meeting in the following October in New York, both to revive that Society, and to agree on some general principles of the union of the Episcopal Churches throughout the States." This was done, and a beginning made.

In consequence, the first General Convention of sixteen clergymen and twenty-six laymen from seven States met in Christ Church, Philadelphia, in September, 1785. In the same church gathered on Wednesday, the 3d inst., four hundred deputies and sixty bishops from every part of the republic to consult for the interests of their constituents. The State of New York sent two delegates to that primary assembly, the Rev. SAMUEL PROVOST, A.M. (afterward first bishop of this State), and Hon. JAMES DUANE, Esq. The questions of that day were novel and perplexing, the doubts and difficulties harassing. The winnowing of the colonial Revolution had left the mustard seed with them exceedingly small. The real work they found to do was to assert the prime necessity of union among themselves independently for the first time since the days of the apostles of all help from the State, and in opposition to the prevailing popular systems of belief; of unity in doctrine, discipline, and worship, under Episcopal tutelage, with the Church of the Ages and with the faith, as they held it, once for all delivered to the saints. The Episcopal contingent of this nation has been true to their conceptions of truth and duty. The labors, battles, and victories of that body have been along one consistent line of thought. The Episcopal Church struggled first for a right *to be*, and to be tolerated, and there has been a time when defeat seemed certain. She has made good the right. In those first meetings she timidly but urgently asked for the episcopate from those who had failed to conquer us, and it is to the credit of all parties that the passions of the times were resolutely excluded from ecclesiastical circles.

Now, after a century, we look instinctively at results. Take the old stronghold of Puritanism, Massachusetts. In 1773 there were four clergymen there, and a few hundred members. The last report of that State (1882) shows 162 clergymen, 18,076 communicants, perhaps five times that number of members, and $508,883 56 of annual contributions. The moral stand-point, which has been gained through much tribulation, can not be calculated in numbers. Or turn to New York. When the Rev. Mr. PROVOST journeyed across New Jersey in that September of 1785, he could have counted up the parishes which he was in a loose sort representing on his fingers. To-day five dioceses, ably manned, 737 clergymen, 87,153 communicants, and $1,964,323 22 of annual contributions mark the change. The work of the first bishop of New York was very small. To-day it exceeds the powers of any five men to overlook it with ordinary fidelity. True, the population of city and State has increased, but there has been a change of front from the scattered few left by the Revolution, with dark clouds chilling them, to the united and resolute "sacramental host of God's elect" contending for the same great facts and convictions.

What makes this year an interesting centennial to our Episcopal communion, is chiefly the fact that there is a spirit abroad in the Church which teaches a duty to meet the wants of the age. The convention now in session has before it the report of the Committee on the Enrichment of the Prayer-Book—a subject which has been growing in importance for many years, and is now imperative. The chief object is to enlarge the liturgical resources, and to make them more flexible, while departing no whit from the doctrine and discipline of our forefathers.

In our General Conventions Bishop HORATIO POTTER has been recognized as a valued and useful member. He has always been a power "to make for peace, and for those things wherewith one may edify another." His record in these general assemblies has endeared him to the Church at large, and it is to his honor that he has filled for many years the most important See in the land with a reputation for meekness, kindliness, and self-forgetfulness which no one now questions. Born in 1802; he was elected in the Convention of this diocese, then containing those of Albany and Long Island, as assistant to Bishop ONDERDONK, whom he in the course of nature succeeded. Until that date the diocesans had come mostly from Trinity Parish. Dr. POTTER, then rector of St. Peter's, Albany, was elected eminently for his blameless reputation, for a faithful pastorate, quiet, and free from party passion, a wise, cautious, laborious, and resolute man of God, satisfied with administering things "as this Church has received the same." Twenty years ago diocesan conventions were somewhat noisier and less guarded in speech than they are now. It is largely due to the exercise of the same qualities in the bishop that the change has come over them. Resolute in his own convictions of duty, doctrine, and worship, he has been patient, cautious, and generous before the opposition of others; and while his policy has been sometimes suggestive of the Fabian tactics, time has proved him generally right. The late election of his assistant has demonstrated two facts beyond dispute—one, that party passion in its ugly forms has succumbed, and given place to a magnanimous courtesy and true charity; the other, that his flock was as glad as he could be to give him as his assistant one of his own kin, and, hardly less, of his own kind of Churchmen. In the whirl of city life, with its currents and counter-currents of thought, feeling, and varied interests, where in the nature of things all manner of doctrinal opinions and individual vagaries are represented at high pressure, it is providential that the "master of assemblies" has been marked by freedom from pride, prejudice, and passion, firm as a rock in his moderation, and wise in his refusal to yield to the passing gusts of the hour. Long may the honored face be seen among us!

We may see in the features of the Bishop-elect, whose future opens so auspiciously, the signs of his character. His "moderation has been known of all men." To call him Broad-Churchman, or Low or High Churchman, is an absurd misnomer. No one who knows him ever thinks of him under either title. A graduate of the Episcopal Seminary of Alexandria, Virginia, in 1857, and still honored by his Alma Mater, he ought to be a partisan, which he is not. Twenty-six years ago it would be next to impossible, under the parties then raging, to have elected a man of that ilk. *Tempora mutantur et nos.* He has won the confidence of his brethren, he has earned the graceful right to speak to the honored gentleman whose name was opposed to his own as he did in the late convention in New York by his character and merit. He owes it also partly to the increase of something in the whole Church, before which party passion has been stilled. His first parish was in the village of Greensburg, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania; next, St. John's, Troy. Thence in 1866, after refusing a large church in Cincinnati (1862), and the Presidency of Kenyon College (1863), he went to be assistant minister on the Green Foundation of Trinity Parish, Boston. He has been best known as rector of Grace Church in Broadway, New York, since 1868. There for fifteen years he has been seen and known of all men, and has left in it a monument of good works. As an author he has published several works of practical religion, marked by earnestness and ability, and by solid evangelical truth. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, Schenectady, where he was born, and over which his father presided until he was called to be Bishop of Pennsylvania. He is a Churchman by inheritance, and has been fitted for all the details of his office by his experience as Secretary of the House of Bishops for many years. All who love the Church which he has served so well will unite in wishing Dr. POTTER a long and successful career. He becomes bishop on the turn of the century which has seen great things under the able men who have continuously upheld the ideas which the Episcopal Church represents to this nation. We can trust him to carry on their work, and to add lustre to the American succession.

A PORCELAIN PIPE.

"I'll give you three days to lose your senses; then you'll rave over her."

"I don't rave over ceramics."

"Oh, pshaw! you must admit that she is the only available object to adore in the valley."

"Admitted. I shall confine myself to the beauties of nature, however."

"You can't do it. Given a little backwoods hotel, only one pretty girl, Harry Goddard with nothing to do, and he will be completely at her command at the end of one week."

"Not at all, Tom; cloisonné on copper, and all that sort of thing, is not my style. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I believe that you intend to stay here about a month; she remains the whole season. I'll bet you cigars that I will be the favorite before we leave."

"Make it a box of cigars, and I'll do it."

"Done!" answered the young man addressed as Harry, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Done it is!" responded Tom, adding: "I say, Harry, how many cigars do you smoke in a day? I should think that you would be a bonanza to the cigar man."

"Would if I paid. But I can't afford cigars; I generally smoke a pipe. But why do I find you here? When I left you at Freiberg I thought that you would settle down there, be a college professor, and do your share toward making the younger portion of humanity miserable. You are worse than a will-o'-the-wisp; first in Germany, then in California. I believe that if I should be cast away on a desert island in the Pacific, the first object that would greet my eyes would be Tom Arthur gravely taking a squint at me through a surveyor's tripod, or perhaps, hammer in hand, cracking pebbles on the shore."

"Very possibly; I should be, as I am now, in pursuit of knowledge. I came West to study the gold and silver mines, and the general formation of the country. But you—what are you doing? You have nothing to call you from New York," answered Tom.

"I?" repeated Harry, with a nervous twitch of his hand; then, in a careless tone: "Oh, I'm an Ishmaelite, a peripatetic; my eyes are with the fool's eyes, in the ends of the earth. I came for information; in search of something to write about; hunting for a subject."

Tom laughed. "I'm sleepy," he said, with a yawn. "Hallo! it's past twelve. Get to bed, you Bohemian!"

"You can go to bed; I'm going to have a smoke before I turn in," replied Harry.

"Smoke!" may I ask what you've been doing ever since supper?"

"Burning cigars. I'm going to smoke now," saying which he went to his travelling bag and took out an immense porcelain pipe, together with a package of tobacco.

"Let me see your pipe. Why, here is the fair ceramic as she might have looked ten years ago. Where did you get it?" said Tom, in surprise.

"Got the bowl plain in Strasburg," Harry answered, examining the pipe for a moment. Then he added, as he filled and lit it: "It does look like her, but it can't be. I guess the only resemblance is the enamel. That pipe was painted for me by a lady. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it; some day I'll tell you why." And Harry sprang out of the low window on to the little piazza, and turning to wish his friend good-night, he strolled down the road.

Harry Goddard was a young man about twenty-eight years of age, well built, and rather good-looking. He was almost clever enough to be called brilliant, consequently he was so lazy that he accomplished but little. He wrote in a desultory way for half a dozen magazines under half a dozen different names, and as he had no difficulty in disposing of his wares, he never was in want of money. Always good-natured and full of spirits, some who knew him thought him shallow, and that he had no depth of feeling; in fact, his nature was a most contradictory one. Tom Arthur, who perhaps knew him better than any one else, said that he had the timber for a first-class man in his composition, but at present it was covered with a veneering of flippancy, and worked into something like many of our modern articles of furniture—pleasant to look upon, and such a thing as we like to see in another man's parlor, but of no earthly use to any one.

Tom Arthur was about the same age, tall, handsome, and energetic; he was an engineer, a graduate of the Freiberg School of Mines, and devoted to his profession. He was as different from his friend as fire from water; gifted with an excellent memory, his mind was stored with knowledge of all kinds, systematically arranged, and ready for instant use; but he was as modest as a girl withal, and was as much underestimated by his acquaintances as Harry was overrated. They had known each other for nearly twenty years, having been neighbors and school-mates, but they had separated when Tom went to Freiberg and Harry to Yale. One day Tom was surprised by having Harry burst into his room with the announcement that he was travelling through Europe, and that he thought he would drop in and see him. They again separated to meet in two years in the Yosemite Valley.

But to return to Harry as we left him on the road between Black's and Hutchings's. As he puffed lazily at his pipe he paused for a moment to enjoy the beauty of the scene. One of his redeeming qualities was an enthusiastic love of Nature in all her varied forms. The moon was not yet set, but was slowly disappearing behind El Capitan, flooding the valley with soft light, in which the beautiful Cathedral spires on the one hand, and the Three Brothers on the other, appeared clothed with a supernatural grandeur. The deep shadows of the pines, the almost fantastic appearance of the rocks towering high above them, which, in the tremulous light caused by the scudding clouds crossing the moon, seemed to sway to and fro with a rhythmic motion, to advance into the light and bow, then to recede again into the darkness—all seemed so strong, so grand, that there was none of that involuntary tremor such as one feels when standing under the shadow of the works of man.

The dull booming of the Yosemite Fall, the musical plashing of the Bridal Veil, the rushing Merced below, and far above among the crags and snow peaks the faint echo of the Vernal and Nevada falls, combined to make a roar that at first seemed almost deafening, yet the silence was so perfect that Harry trembled to break it even by a footstep. Opposite to him was the Yosemite Fall, its second leap one vast lunar rainbow in the rays of the setting moon. Harry stood, he did not know how long, enchanted by the weird grandeur of the scene; then, with a few vigorous puffs at his pipe, he walked along the path toward Mirror Lake, winding in and out among the tall pines, past Hutchings's and Lamon's, around huge rocks, and over rude bridges made of a couple of planks and a rail, till at last he reached the lake, and taking his seat on a large stone, gave himself up to the tranquil meditations that the pipe induces. How many pipes he filled we can not say, but as he shook the last grains of Lone Jack out of his pouch the sun was rising over Cloud's Rest, and though he could not yet be seen, the rosy beams which heralded his approach were fast breaking through the haze which enveloped everything. The mist slowly lifted from the surface of the lake as the rays of the sun grew more powerful, till the broad edge of his disk was seen peeping above the Cap of Liberty, gilding the crags and little streams with a glory which can only be seen at sunrise. Harry rose and walked slowly toward the hotel.

At breakfast Tom opened the conversation with the "fair ceramic," as Harry persisted in styling her, by calling attention to the mist which was just rising from the valley, and explaining that it was owing to the fact that Harry had been up all night smoking. Harry explained volubly, but despite their efforts they could not break through the icy reserve with which she seemed to envelop herself. While Harry and Tom were in their rooms getting ready for their daily tramp, they speculated as to the cause of her sudden change, for the day before she had been extremely friendly. They commented freely upon her actions, and finally concluded that she would be more like herself at dinner-time.

That evening as they sat on the little veranda, Miss Scott (the "fair ceramic") received Tom's attentions so kindly, and so completely ignored Harry, that when those two gentlemen were preparing to retire, Tom remarked, "Ah ha, my boy, I've got you now! come, produce the cigars. By Jove! if it were not for a certain little lady 'way down East,' I don't know but—"

"Don't crow till you're out of the woods," interrupted Harry, crossly. "I've got some time yet, and one never can tell what may turn up."

Harry's last remark seemed almost like a prophecy, for the next afternoon as they sat on the veranda a strange gentleman came cantering down the road on the back of a most diminutive donkey. As soon as he caught sight of Harry he tumbled off his steed, and rushed up to the piazza, crying, "Why, Harry Goddard, what are you doing here? I'm glad to see you, my boy—glad to see you!"

"Thank you, my lord. I suppose you are still on your old hobby—botany," replied Harry. Then looking around, he continued, "Allow me to present you to my friends;" and in turn he introduced Lord Herbum to Miss Scott, Mrs. Potts, her aunt, and Tom Arthur. Lord Herbum remained with them during the evening, and proved himself a most entertaining companion. When Harry and Tom entered their room, Tom said, in a tone of comic despair: "I'm left. Your noble friend did the business. How Miss Scott melted, and the aunt fairly gushed, at the mention of a title!"

"I didn't think that she was that kind of a girl; but they are all alike. Speak of a lord, or a duke, or a count, to an American girl, and she is on her knees at once. Even I shine in the reflected glory of Herbum's title.

"Either a title or money," Harry continued. "So what chance have you or I in the great matrimonial race? Nine out of every ten fellows who get married obtain the girl's affection under false pretenses. You remember Jack Van Brunt, how he used to take Hattie Morrisson out to the opera, and go without lunch for a week to make up for it. It was a clear case of obtaining love under false pretenses."

"I don't believe she married him because she thought he was rich," interrupted Tom.

"No, perhaps not; but she would never have looked at him in the beginning if she had thought him poor. I tell you a fellow don't need much in these days to be popular among the girls. If I had a son, I should teach him, first, to dance; second, to make five dollars' worth of show on one dollar; third, to talk society nonsense. Then, if he had time, I'd teach him to read and write; but I shouldn't try to load his mind with anything worth knowing." A mild snore from Tom gave assent to these propositions, and Harry, finding no one to listen to him, followed his friend's example, and went to sleep.

For the next three weeks Lord Herbum made one of the party on all their excursions, and one moment they would see the gray side whiskers and good-natured face between the shaggy ears of the little donkey which he bestrode, the next the saddle would be vacant, and his lordship would be on his knees at the side of the trail examining some new fern or strange moss. On these rides Harry forswore the use of his beloved pipe, for although he was convinced that the face on it was only a chance resemblance to the face of the "other painting," there was a peculiar feeling of doubt that haunted him when he would compare, as he sat smoking his pipe, the rich

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golden-brown of the hair, the perfect color of the face, the regular irregularity of the features, with the living reality which he had before him all day.

It was safer, he said to himself, not to display it, as it would be almost impossible to make any one who did not know all the circumstances of how he came by it believe that it was not an attempt at a portrait.

So the days passed, with picnics, where Miss Scott and Harry superintended the making of the coffee, excursions up the trails, where Tom photographed the party with every conceivable variety of background, moonlight rows on Mirror Lake, and at the last a grand dinner at Snow's, when Lord Herbum sent his own man up the day before to prepare for them. This was to be the last excursion of the season. Mrs. Potts and Miss Scott were to leave the valley in a day or two for Lake Tahoe; Lord Herbum intended to spend a few days in the Calaveras grove of big trees; Tom Arthur proposed to study hydraulic mining in the region of Dutch Flat; Harry was the only one who was not decided upon a course of action. In fact, he had become more and more interested in Miss Scott, and resented any allusion to the artificiality of her complexion as a personal insult. As they rode down the narrow trail from Snow's into the valley, and all the way to the hotel, Harry tried in vain to speak to her alone. Immediately after supper the ladies pleaded weariness and retired. Soon after, Tom and Harry entered their room, and as Harry took up his great pipe and prepared to smoke, Tom remarked: "I say, you promised to tell me the history of that pipe: why not now? There is no time like the present, you know."

Harry laughed nervously. "There is no history about it," he said, with assumed carelessness. "I bought the bowl plain in Strasburg, and Mrs. Hay painted it for me in New York."

"What, not old Mrs. Hay? I didn't know she could paint."

"No, not old Mrs. Hay—her daughter-in-law: Susie Andrews was her name before she was married."

"The Miss Andrews that you used to write to and rave about when you were in Europe?"

"The same."

"But I didn't know that she was married."

"She wasn't when she painted the pipe."

"But I judged that you had intentions in that direction yourself."

"I did," responded Harry, "but the intentions were all on my side. You see she and I had always been together—like brother and sister, in fact—and while I felt more than a brotherly affection toward her, her love for me was simply a sisterly regard. When I came back from Europe and told her, she informed me that she was engaged to Charlie Hay, painted me this pipe bowl, and advised me to take a trip for my health. We didn't have a row, or anything of that kind. She told me not to come back till I got over it; then she gave me this pipe bowl, and told me—this is the queerest part of it—told me that there was the girl she wanted me to marry."

"Well?" inquired Tom.

"Well, you know I— By Jove! I—I'd like to do it," said Harry, with some hesitation; then gathering courage, he continued, "Do you know, I believe that Miss Scott is the original of the picture on my pipe."

Just then there was a knock on the door, and as Tom opened it a waiter delivered to him a neat little package—"For Mr. Goddard and Mr. Arthur." On top was an envelope directed to the two gentlemen. Harry tore it open and glanced at the contents.

"What in the mischief! 'Bet!'—'cigars!'—'neither of you preferred!' Here, Tom, read it; I can't. I begin to see what it means."

Tom took the note, and read as follows:

"GENTLEMEN,—As it will be next to impossible for you to settle the bet which you made concerning me, I send you a box of cigars, so that neither of you may be the loser. I leave the valley to-morrow morning, and we shall be spared the mortification of meeting again. I would drop as a parting hint that you can not be too careful to discover what the walls of your rooms are composed of before you comment too freely upon your neighbors. MARIE L. SCOTT.

"TO MR. T. G. ARTHUR and MR. HARRY GODDARD."

Harry sat for a moment as if stunned; then stepping to the bureau, he slowly lifted a small Spanish stiletto. Tom sprang forward and grasped his arms. "Hold on!" he cried. "Don't be a fool; you don't want to die yet."

Harry shook himself free; then, with a quiet smile, he asked: "You didn't think that I was going to kill myself, did you? Oh no, I only want to see what the wall is made of." And as he spoke he thrust the keen blade into the side of the room. "Worse than I expected," he said, as he drew it out and examined the cut. "Not even a board partition, only some cheese-cloth stretched from beam to beam and papered over. She must have heard every word we said. In future our communications must be made in writing."

Harry sat for a moment, scrawled a few words on a piece of paper, and throwing it to Tom, remarking, "See to that, will you?" he grasped his pipe and left the room. He rushed down the road to the corral, found his guide, had his horse saddled, and started off up the Coulterville trail.

"He'll break his neck," muttered the guide.

But Harry sped on up the narrow path; and as from time to time a turn of the trail disclosed a bit of the valley, he would pause to look. So he galloped ahead, till, in the gray of the morning, when he was but a few miles from Dudley's Mills, where he intended to get a fresh horse, his own beast, wearied with the long and hard ride, stumbled and fell. Harry shot over his head, and far beyond the edge of the narrow road which was cut in the side of the mountain. He rolled down over the sharp rocks, and then all was a blank.

His first return to consciousness was when he found himself on a comfortable couch, felt a light touch on his forehead, and heard some one murmur, "Harry!" As he opened his eyes he saw a vision of gold-brown hair floating over a light morning wrapper disappear through the door. His first thought in his dazed condition was that the head on his pipe had come to life, and he fumbled for the pocket where he had thrust it before he started on his night ride. His coat was off; there it lay on the chair. He must see his pipe. He tried to rise, then became aware that there was something wrong. As he fell back with a groan, again that bright vision entered the room. This time it said, "You must not move, Mr. Goddard; I will get anything you want."

Harry looked with wondering eyes for a moment; then glancing toward his coat, articulated, "My pipe." She felt first in one pocket, then in another, and at last brought a handful of bits of broken porcelain. Harry regarded her intently; then, with a satisfied look, he murmured: "I thought so. You are the same. The pipe is broken, and you are the picture come to life, are you not?"

"Yes, yes," she whispered, with a sigh; then groaned to herself, "Oh, if he should always be this way, and I to blame for it!"

But Harry had sunk into a quiet sleep, and the next morning he was much better. He was only sprained and bruised, the doctor said, though how he escaped breaking every bone in his body was a mystery. Miss Scott and her aunt were in the stage, coming around the same curve where Harry had met with his accident. The driver saw the dark figure caught in the branches of a bush about half-way down the side of the mountain, and with true Western promptitude he took a coil of rope out of the box, made one end fast to a stump, the other around his body, crawled down the descent, and taking hold of the insensible man, made his way back to the stage. When they arrived at Dudley's Mills, Harry was put to bed, and lingered for several days in delirium.

At last, when he had recovered enough to be able to walk around, he thought of Tom. He telegraphed to him: "I am at Dudley's Mills. Come on." When Tom received the dispatch he was thunder-struck. Harry had written on the piece of paper which he handed to him when they parted: "I leave for San Francisco; send my baggage by to-morrow's stage, *via* Coulterville. Will write in a week or two." Consequently, what he could be doing at Dudley's Mills, Tom was at a loss to imagine. However, he did not stop to reason, but ordered his horse, and set off immediately.

That evening, as they sat on the cozy little veranda in front of the hotel, Harry told about his wild ride and his rescue, and how he had taken Miss Scott to be the picture on his pipe come to life, and gave such an amount of strictly personal information that even good-natured Tom was bored, and at last managed to say, with a suppressed yawn, "And so you lost your pipe, did you?"

Harry's eager mood was changed in an instant, and a laconic "Yes" was the only answer.

"You felt pretty bad about it, didn't you?" pursued Tom, feeling that he must say something, yet afraid that it would start Harry talking again.

Harry rose from his chair and turned toward the door. There in the doorway, like a picture, framed in the honeysuckles and roses, stood Marie Scott. Harry stepped to her side, and slipped his arm around her. "Felt badly? No. Why should I mourn for the picture when I have the original?" he answered, as he drew her gently into the house. ALLAN FORMAN.

LADIES AT LAWN TENNIS.

IF any club was strong enough to break the barrier of prejudice that forbade ladies to compete in open lawn tennis tournaments, it was the Staten Island Ladies' Club for Out-door Sports, and that organization has vindicated its position by holding a tournament in which ladies belonging to any club in the country were admitted to compete. That such prejudice has existed—and it is by no means yet overcome—is evident from the fact that whereas open tournaments for male amateurs have been frequent in the past three years, only one club has offered a prize for ladies in open competition, and even that one has only done so in one instance. The Ladies' Club is therefore entitled to great credit for having inserted the thin end of what it is to be hoped will prove a very stout wedge.

The tournament, which, postponed one day by stormy weather, was held on the ground of the Staten Island Cricket Club on the 3d of October and two following days, was a complete success. The weather, it is true, favored the players rather than the spectators, since it was "bracing" even to frigidity; but the gayety of the scene, and the strong interest maintained by the often brilliant and always worthy play of the contestants, were sufficient to keep the many on-lookers from paying greater heed to the chilly atmosphere than was absolutely forced upon them. October is, to be sure, somewhat late in the season for out-door tennis, but so long as the summer outing is extended far into the autumn, the tournament at the home club must be held either in October or in June, and the latter month is as much too early for good play as the former is late for balmy weather. With the exception of the ladies' and gentlemen's doubles, in which a lady and gentleman played as partners, the contests were open only to ladies, ten players entering for the single-handed matches, six pairs for the doubles, and eight for ladies' and gentlemen's doubles.

It may have been a matter for short-lived regret, but it should rather be a subject for congratulation, that the first prize in the most important event, the single-handed match, was won by a visitor from another club. There is a savor of inhospitality when a member of the home club wins the best prize, for which strangers have been invited to compete, and at the same time there is apt to be a feeling of disappointment if the home club is left entirely out of the race. The Staten Island Ladies' Club should be well satisfied with the result in the single-handed match, which was won by Miss GOODWIN, of the Franklin Archery and Tennis Club, after as interesting and brilliant a match as was ever played between ladies in this country, her last opponent being Miss ADELAIDE ROBINSON, of Staten Island, who thus took the second prize. Miss GOODWIN'S style is that which has been the winning game in the last three years; she plays up at the service line, and makes frequent and skillful use of the volley, the principal point of difference between her game and a strong male player's being that she relies more on "placing" a volley than on force. Miss ROBINSON is the champion of the Staten Island Ladies' Club, and the match between her and Miss GOODWIN was what those scoffers should have seen who have said in their haste, "All women are 'duffers.'"

"FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."

IT has been said that if there were no *mariages de convenance* there would be no French plays. But this theme has been the mainspring of many a tragedy long before the glittering and elusive modern French society drama with its pointed *morale*—or, to be more accurate, *immorale*—had its run of popularity. The story of the woman who weds the man she does not love, and then loves the man she should have wed, dragging down lover, husband, and self to destruction, has often been told on the stage. History has furnished many such instances to the dramatists; yet the most picturesque of them all, and that most admirably adapted to dramatization, waited many years until it became part of the literature of the stage. The actors in the actual history of FRANCESCA DA RIMINI form of themselves, without perversion of historical accuracy, a brilliant array of *dramatis personæ*. There is the gloomy background of a noble mind and heart imprisoned in the twisted body of the hunchback LANCIOTTO, in bright contrast to it the brilliant beauty of his brother PAOLO, the whole picture mellowed by the gentle grace of the loving, unfortunate FRANCESCA. Moreover, a point of great value to the modern dramatist, the locality, offers fine opportunities to the scenic artist.

From the history of FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, Mr. BOKER has constructed a play of remarkable strength, which, however, in its present form contains the elements of even greater strength. On its original production by E. L. DAVENPORT, many years ago, it failed. It was then a reading rather than an acting play. Mr. BARRETT of late years, with his keen discernment, saw in it the possibilities of a great success—at any rate, he recognized in Lanciotto a character admirably adapted to himself—and set to work with Mr. BOKER to condense it into a drama for the stage. The result is a strong play of six acts, each act having a distinct climax, and the climaxes growing in strength until the curtain rolls down over a terrible tragedy. When I say that the play contains possibilities of even greater strength, I mean that a more liberal condensation in the first two acts, which, from the necessities of the story, are rather wanting in dramatic movement, would develop the plot more effectively. I shall not give more than a synopsis of the plot. To end the bloody wars of Guelph and Ghibelline, Lanciotto of Rimini is betrothed to Francesca of Ravenna. Paolo sues for his hunchbacked brother so seductively that he wins Francesca's affections for himself. She, duped by her father into the belief that Lanciotto is counterpart of Paolo, though undeceived before the betrothal, meets deceit with deceit, and consents to the marriage. From the very altar Lanciotto is called to the war. A scene between Paolo and Francesca is overheard by Pepe, the jester, who, hating Lanciotto, rushes to his camp, informs him of the perfidy of wife and brother, and is awarded with death. The husband takes horse for Rimini, and surprising Paolo and Francesca, kills them, and takes his own life.

I admire particularly Mr. BOKER'S management of the climaxes to Acts IV., V., and VI. That to the fourth, with the fine grouping at the cathedral altar, is scenic rather than histrionic, as if to bring out the action of the following climaxes more strongly. At the end of the next act the fool is killed. A murder well carried out is a strong climax, but Mr. BOKER has used his material so as to have a stronger one at his disposal for the next act. After the fall of the curtain the hearer follows in imagination the outraged husband in his ride to Rimini. Consequently the love scene with which the last act opens emphasizes by contrast the guilt of the lovers. As Paolo asks Francesca for one last kiss, they hear Lanciotto's hissing voice—"Take it!" Over them stands, not the hideous hunchback from whose touch Francesca shrank, but the dark figure of avenging justice. It is the moral justification of Lanciotto's vengeance which gives strength to the final tragedy. With great skill Mr. BOKER has idealized Lanciotto. He has given him an ardent, impulsive, noble nature, which atones to the audience for his physical defects. He is pitiable rather than repulsive. Were he a Richard III., with a distorted heart in a distorted body, the immolation of the lovers would seem brutal murder. In *Francesca da Rimini* it is the vindication of a husband's wrongs.

"To the great actor who created Jean Baudry," wrote VACQUERIE to REGNIER. Mr. BOKER might write in a similar strain to Mr. BARRETT, who as Lanciotto is the central figure of this play. It is a part in which the actor easily surpasses his previous efforts—even his Cassius, which is usually considered his best. It is a dark, weird, impassioned personation, softened with fine art by noble love and faith for brother and wife. A single "No" from Paolo or Francesca would have saved them. He implores them to give him a lying "No" rather than the truth. Then only when all is hopeless does he wreak his vengeance. Mr. BARRETT goes through the last two acts like a whirlwind carrying all before it. But there is one omission which if rectified would deepen the impression of the last act. Mr. BARRETT'S personal appearance should bear traces of that fearful night ride to Rimini, in which the demons of murder and vengeance rode at Lanciotto's side. A little dishevelment would add to the realism of the scene.

Mr. BARRETT is the self-made man among actors. He is now enjoying the fruits of untiring energy and devotion to art for art's sake. He is almost the only American actor of note who is constantly adding new parts to his *répertoire*. In the last few years he has brought out three American plays, *Francesca da Rimini*, *Pendragon*, and *Yorick's Love*. From his extraordinary success in the first-named, the general public now appreciate what many already knew—that LAWRENCE BARRETT is in the foremost rank of American actors, sharing the honors of the legitimate drama with EDWIN BOOTH and JOHN MCCULLOUGH. GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

THE GREAT TROT AT FLEETWOOD.

ON the 29th ultimate, St. Julien, surnamed the King of the Turf since 1879, when he made a mile in 2.12¾, the fastest time then on record, was dethroned by Jay-Eye-See, the little black gelding of Wisconsin. This gelding, which was named by spelling out the initials of his owner, JEROME I. CASE, has been known since his remarkable performance of the past two seasons as the Western Wonder. He is the worthy son of Dictator and Midnight. In nearly every race he shows the mettle of these fine horses. Indeed, the parents of Jay-Eye-See could not have been more appropriately named, for he is black as midnight, and dictates to his competitors the distance they shall trot behind him.

The Western Wonder was born in 1878, so he becomes the King of the Turf at the early age of five. He is certainly a very young ruler, and yet there is no trotter worthy to be appointed regent. If Maud S. were still on the track she might hold the reins of government until Jay-Eye-See is of age. But Maud S., since Mr. VANDERBILT became her owner, is no longer on the turf.

The young King of the Turf is fifteen hands one inch high. He ran his first race as a four-year-old, last year, and beat, at Chicago, in September, Trinket's record for four-year-olds, which had stood for three years. His two principal performances this season before the race with St. Julien were at Albany and Providence. At Albany, in July, he wiped out Santa Claus's record for five-year-olds, 2.18, by covering the mile in 2.16½, while at Providence he beat his own record, trotting in 2.10¾, or within half a second of Maud S.'s fastest mile on record.

St. Julien is a bay gelding, the son of Volunteer and Flora. He has made 2.11¾, which was the best record for a gelding until Jay-Eye-See's performance in Providence. His most wonderful season was in 1880. He ran in seventy heats the mile in less than 2.20, and five of the heats were remarkably fast. He is owned and driven by Mr. HICKOK.

The race between him and the Westerner was on a Saturday. On Thursday Jay-Eye-See arrived here from Boston. He had been trotting there on the two days previous, trying to beat his own record, but in vain, and had come on here without a night's rest. He looked worn and tired, and a good many sportsmen criticised Mr. CASE for letting the little horse work so hard just before the great race. But Mr. CASE knew his horse. Jay-Eye-See is the idol of the CASE family, and the idea of Mr. CASE jeopardizing his chances of victory was preposterous. The gelding's gentleness and docility show how kind a master Mr. CASE has been, for when he came into his possession as a two-year-old he was wild. BILLY COLE, who grooms Jay-Eye-See, asserts that the horse has only been struck once since he passed into the hands of his present owner.

On Saturday the bluff to the north of the club-house was thrown open to the public for the first time since the Association was founded. The green of the hills between which Fleetwood nestles was hidden by the mass of human beings. The field was crowded with vehicles, the vehicles with people, and the people stood on the seats and crowded one another. There were some twenty thousand present. Had it not been for the rain-storm the night before, which led many to suppose that the race had been postponed on account of the heavy track, the crowd would have been much greater.

The race was for $5000 for the winner of three out of five mile heats. Mr. CASE was loath to start Jay on the heavy track, but concluded not to disappoint the multitude. HICKOK and BITHER got the geldings away head and head at the word "go." St. Julien led most of the course, and into the home-stretch showed the Westerner half a length. But as the horses came pounding down the stretch "the little black devil" came forward with a grand spurt, which carried St. Julien off his feet almost under the wire. It was Jay-Eye-See's heat by half a head. At the first attempt to start in the second heat the Western Wonder was a length in the rear, but BITHER nodded for the word. Nor did he underestimate his "side-wheeler's" stroke, for he won the heat by a length and a half. At the start for the next heat BITHER again nodded for the word, though St. Julien was three-quarters of a length ahead. BITHER was again right, for at the finish Jay-Eye-See was three lengths ahead, and the winner of the race. Owing to the heavy track, the time was poor, being for the three heats respectively 2.20½, 2.18¼, and 2.19.

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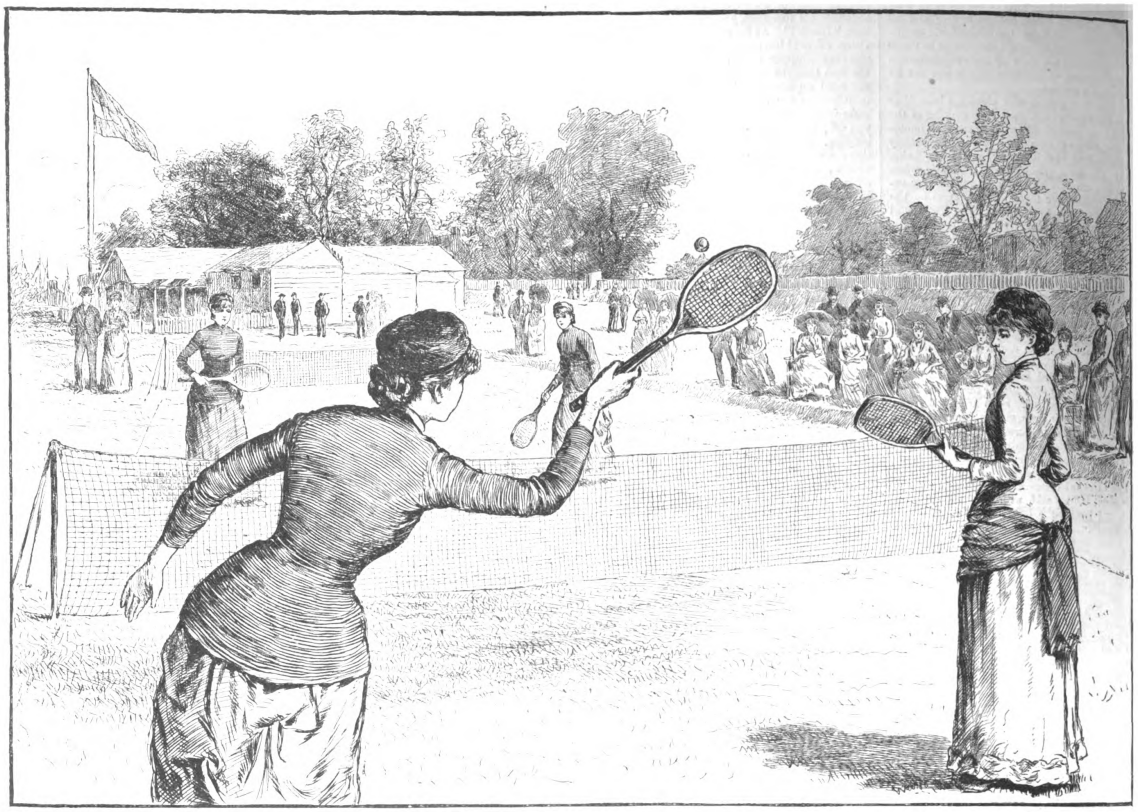
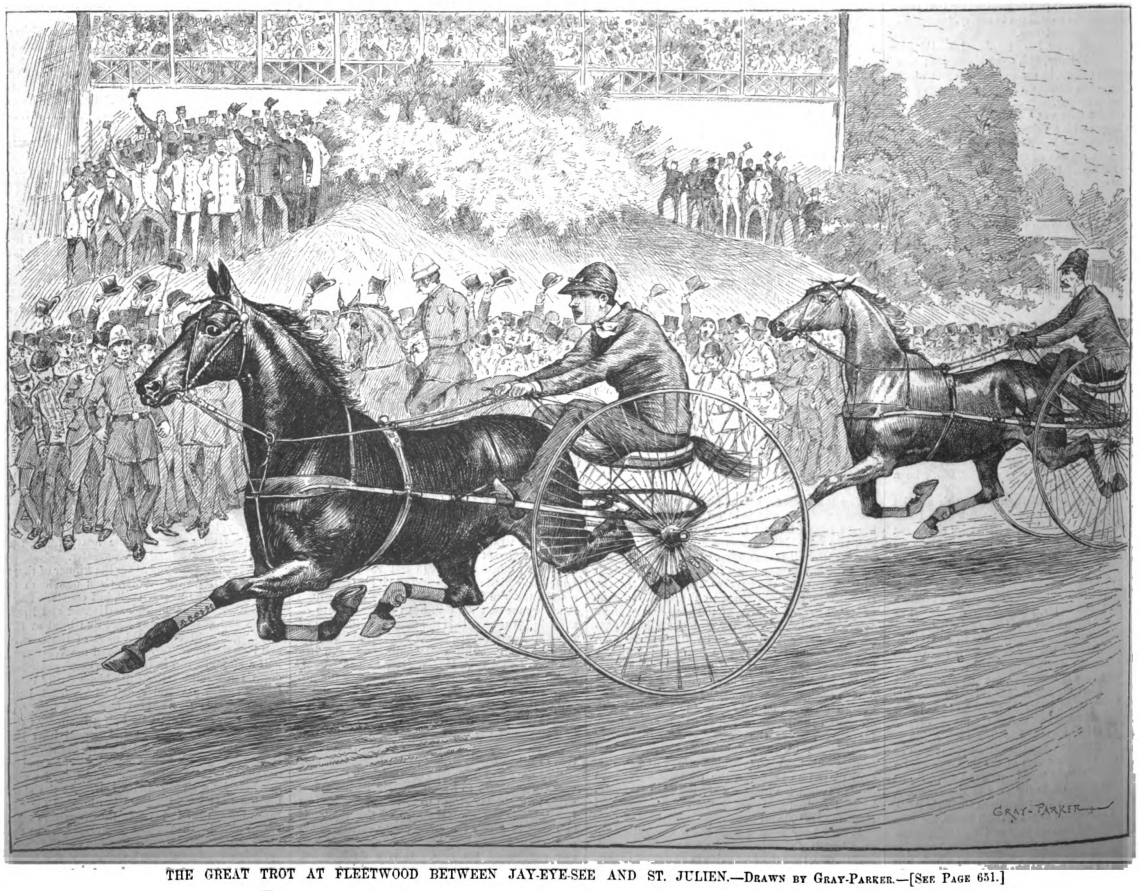


THE LADIES' LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, STATEN ISLAND CRICKET CLUB GROUNDS.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 651.]



THE GREAT TROT AT FLEETWOOD BETWEEN JAY-EYE-SEE AND ST. JULIEN.—Drawn by Gray-Parker.—[See Page 651.]

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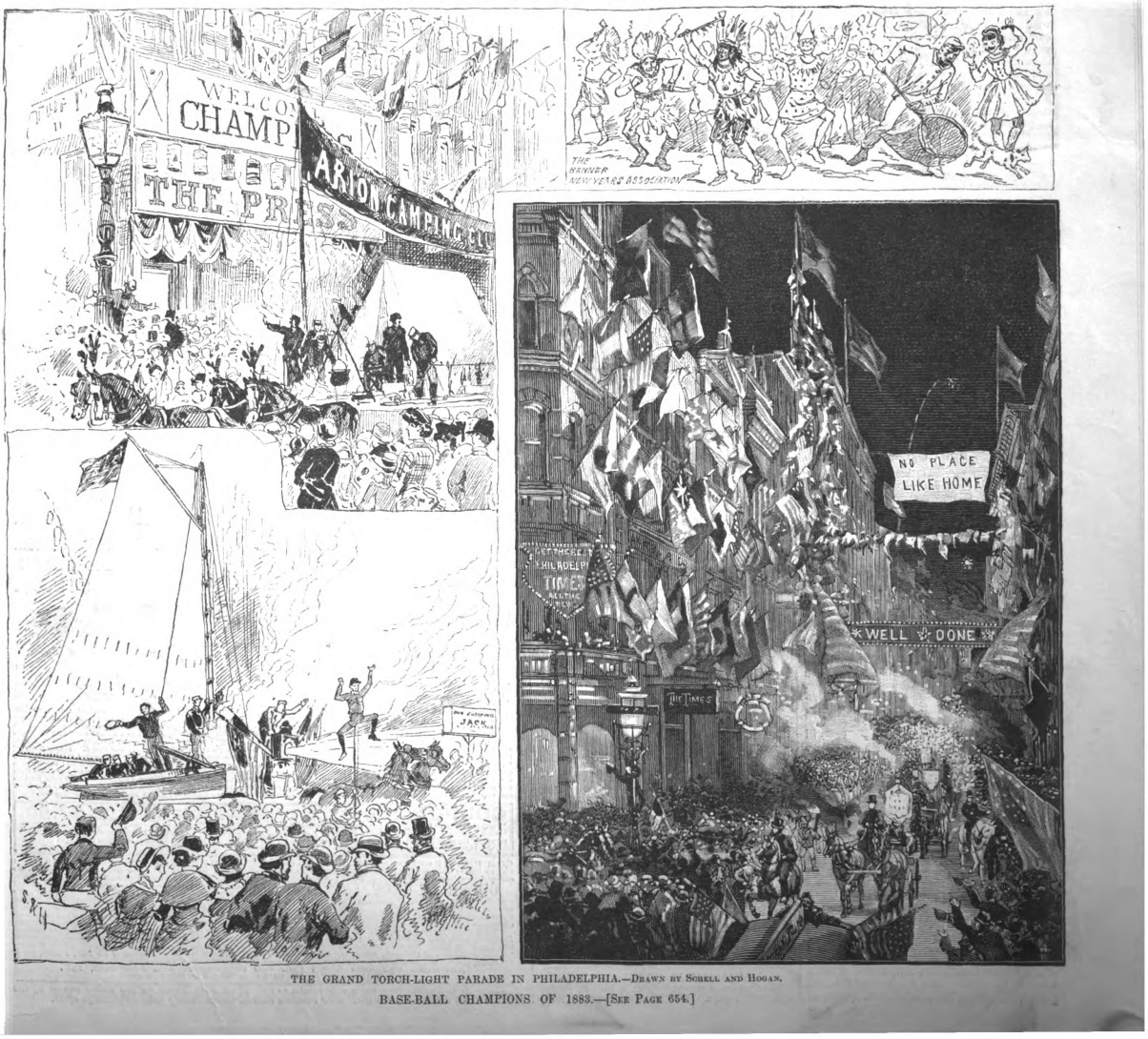
Buffington, Pitcher and Right Field. Hornung, Left Field. Sutton, 3d Base. Wise, Short Stop. Burdock, 2d Base.
Radford, Right Field. Whitney, Pitcher and Centre Field. Morrill, 1st Base. Hines, Catcher. Hackett, Catcher. Smith, Substitute.

THE BOSTON BASE-BALL CLUB.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK.



THE GRAND TORCH-LIGHT PARADE IN PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.

BASE-BALL CHAMPIONS OF 1883.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

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BRIDGING NIAGARA AGAIN.

THE existing railway bridge over the Niagara River was begun in 1852, and opened to traffic in 1855. It is a suspension-bridge, with a span of 821 feet, and was the first important work of its designer, JOHN A. ROEBLING, who afterward designed the Cincinnati suspension-bridge with a span of 1057 feet, and the Brooklyn bridge with a span of 1595 feet. This bridge has served the increasing traffic up to the present time, but the Michigan Central Railroad is now constructing, some ten rods above the suspension-bridge, a work in some respects more daring, and almost as novel now as ROEBLING'S bridge was at the time of its erection.

The span of ROEBLING'S bridge from tower to tower has just been given as 821 feet. This is the distance required in order to gain a firm footing for the towers at the summit of the precipitous cliffs which form the shores of the Niagara River. But, precipitous as they seem and are, the actual waterway at the bottom is not much more than half of the span at the top of the gorge. A bridge with piers in the stream itself would not interfere with navigation over what poor WEBB described, when he first saw it, as "the angriest bit of water in the world," but the same causes which make it unnavigable make impracticable the erection of a bridge with intermediate piers. The piers of the new bridge are established at the edge of the roaring river, 464 feet apart, and they are to be connected by a metal arch.

This span would a few years ago have been regarded as unbridgable by any other appliance than a suspended platform. Although it is only five feet greater than the central span of STEPHENSON'S tubular Britannia Bridge, the method adopted by that engineer of making this vast girder in one piece, floating it under the piers, and hoisting bodily its vast weight of 1587 tons to its place, could not be adopted here, where the tideway, with a maximum velocity of nine miles of the Menai Straits, is replaced by the impetuous and incessant torrent of Niagara. Moreover, the height of 100 feet above the water which STEPHENSON was required to attain becomes here a height of 230. Before Captain EADS sprang his metal arch over the Mississippi, engineers would have regarded a suspension-bridge as the only solution of the new problem. That great work showed that a span of 520 feet, or sixty more than is required at Niagara, could be built, and built without centering, by gradually projecting an iron structure further and further from its heavily loaded or balanced base until two such structures met and became an arch, transmitting its pressure from end to end, having up to that time been two gigantic cantalevers.

This is the principle which has been adopted in the construction of the new bridge across Niagara, with modifications and improvements no doubt suggested by experience. The piers being here at the sides only and on the rock, the great difficulties which EADS encountered and vanquished in establishing his piers beneath the shifting bed of the Mississippi, and upon the everlasting rock 136 feet below its surface at high water, have not been met with here. On the other hand, the rise of the central arch of EADS'S bridge is only 47½ feet, while the height of the arch at Niagara from the water is nearly ten times as much. This does not, perhaps, seriously complicate the engineering problem, but it touches the imagination more to learn of a human spider extending a web of metal day after day at this giddy height and over this mad torrent than at fifty feet above the lazy and muddy Mississippi. As a matter of fact, however, a workman who should fall at Niagara would probably not be perceptibly any deader than one who might have fallen at St. Louis.

BASE-BALL CHAMPIONS.

DURING the remarkable base-ball season just closed the sport has indeed won the title of "National game." So universal and determined has been the interest manifested in it, that in the conservative city of Boston alone 138,000 persons witnessed the League games of the season, and throngs of from 3000 to 5000 spectators of a single game have been common.

The struggle for both the League and Association championships has been close beyond precedent, and the victory in each case has been hailed by the city to which the winning club belongs as an event of the greatest importance, and one reflecting credit upon the municipality.

The League being the elder of the two organizations, its championship is entitled to first mention, although an equal amount of skill and hard work was required to win the one as the other. The victorious team in this case is that of Boston, to which city the pennant now goes for the third time since the formation of the League.

A reference to their pictures on page 653 will show the members of the Boston club to be the determined-looking fellows that their record of the past summer has proved them. Early in the season they were generally regarded as a second-rate club, on account of the number of new men on their roll; and, until the end of May, they failed to give any promise of their future success, being at that time seventh, or next to the last, on the list of League clubs. The season opened with Providence in the lead, a position taken after several weeks by Cleveland, but yielded again almost immediately to Providence. Again Cleveland passed to the front, to be ousted in turn by Chicago, who captured the lead by a series of magnificent spurts. During this time the Boston boys had kept so quiet that when they quietly stepped to the front and assumed Chicago's position everybody was surprised, and numerous prophecies were made that their tenure of office would be very short. But they maintained their ground, and steadily increased their lead, until, on the last Saturday of September, they defeated the Clevelands in Boston 6 to 4, thereby completing their tally of 98 games, of which they had won 63 and lost 35.

The American Association championship for 1883 has been won by the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, after the most stubbornly contested series of games on record; and Philadelphia has gone wild over the victory. It is a victory of but one game, so close has been the struggle, and it was only won in the next to the last game of the season. Of their 98 games played the Athletics have won 66, St. Louis 65, Cincinnati 61, Metropolitan (of New York) 54, Eclipse (of Louisville) 52, Columbus 33, Alleghany 31, and Baltimore 28. The decisive game was that played with the Eclipse nine in Louisville, Kentucky, on the same day that the Bostons won their final League victory. The game was won by but one run, the score being 7 to 6.

Upon receipt of the news of this victory in Philadelphia immense crowds blocked the streets in the vicinity of the bulletin boards displayed by the daily papers, and the excitement was similar to that with which the news of some great battle was greeted during war-time. Preparations were at once begun for the reception of the victorious team, who were expected to reach the city two days later—on Monday, the 1st inst.

On their way from Louisville the champions were joined at Cincinnati by the Metropolitans, of New York, who accompanied them home. At Harrisburg they were met by a reception committee from Philadelphia, consisting of the president of the Select Council and a number of prominent politicians.

Upon their arrival in Philadelphia in the evening the victors entered carriages and were driven through many of the principal streets at the head of a procession of eight thousand persons, members of base-ball and social clubs. Bearing torches and transparencies, and inter-spersed with numerous bands of music, the procession forced its way slowly through such great throngs of excited spectators that all other street travel was for the time being suspended. Public buildings, stores, and private houses were illuminated, banners fluttered on the night air, and the ovation accorded to these successful players of the national game was such as might have been tendered to a victorious army.

The parade was followed by a banquet, attended by many of the prominent men of the city, the freedom of the city theatres has been offered to the members of the team, watches, gold medals, and other testimonials have been presented to them, and altogether they have been treated like heroes worthy of the proudest distinctions.

The most interesting games of this season will be played in Philadelphia on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of this month, when the League champion Bostons will meet the Association champion Athletics, in contests for the base-ball supremacy of the country.

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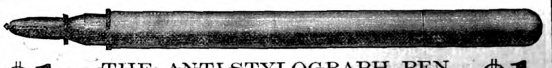

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1400. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, THE OLD MAN BENEFICENT.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY G. RICHMOND, R.A.—[SEE PAGE 662.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

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Published October 16, contains the opening chapter of a thrilling story of adventure by DAVID KER, *entitled*

"THE LOST CITY."

The girl readers will be especially delighted with a short story by Miss SOPHIE SWETT, *entitled*

"HOW PHŒBE KEPT THE LIGHT-HOUSE."

Among the other attractions of this number attention may be called to drawings by THULSTRUP, H. CHASE, W. T. SMEDLEY, *and* CULMER BARNES, *and to a full-page engraving entitled "The Baby Knight," and representing the German Emperor Charles Fifth receiving the Accolade at the age of three months.*

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

LAST year the Democrats carried Ohio by some 19,000 plurality. This year they have elected the Governor by some eight to twelve thousand majority. But the result is due so entirely to a local temperance issue that it has no national significance whatever. The election of the Democratic candidate this year does not show that the usual Republican majority in a Presidential year will not appear a twelvemonth hence. It is not a success of which Democrats can be proud, nor which will make them hopeful for the larger contest, because the result certainly does not show that there is a strong and widespread desire of change for the sake of change, which is the sole Democratic reliance for next year.

The prohibitory vote has shown great strength. The amendment prohibiting the manufacture as well as sale of intoxicating liquors was not adopted by the Republicans. The Republican policy, on the contrary, was substantially that of high license. But the party represented effective regulation of the liquor traffic as against the free-whiskey Democracy. This diminished the Republican vote by alienating the Germans, who are always opposed to what they consider to be the meddling of law with the private rights of the individual; and whenever the German vote has been diverted from the Republicans, the Republicans have been defeated. It can not be altogether pleasant to Mr. HOADLY to reflect that he owes his election to a free-whiskey vote. It is, however, the hard condition of success for honorable and self-respecting Democrats that it demands pandering to the prejudices of the most ignorant and least American part of the foreign population.

National issues did not enter into the Ohio campaign. The Republican platform declared plainly for protection, and the Democratic platform straddled. As Mr. BIRD says that in Massachusetts nothing but Butlerism is on trial at this election, not Republicanism, nor the tariff, nor the silver coinage, nor any other question, so in Ohio it was a curious and to outsiders a complex form of the temperance question which has produced the result. Consequently, so far as appears, although the Democratic candidate is elected, Ohio remains a Republican State, and will undoubtedly pronounce for the Republican Presidential candidate next year. Iowa, the other October State, not only remains Republican, but elects the Republican ticket. The Democratic hope in New York that the October elections would foreshow a Democratic success next year which would help the party this year has vanished. These elections show that if a general change is to be made next year, some other reason is to be shown for it than the cry that the Republican party must go.

A CONTRAST.

THE tremendous majority for Governor CLEVELAND last year in New York was directed, not against Mr. FOLGER, but against machine politics. It was a Republican protest from which the Democratic party derived the advantage. It was a declaration of war to the polls against a system by which the machine entirely supplants the people, and which allows a Convention only to ratify the "slate" of a few managers who maintain their power by patronage and party organization. The lesson was so emphatic and so recent that it might have been supposed that the Democratic managers would heed it. But, with the stupidity which always marks them when fortune favors them, instead of showing in their Convention of this year that they responded to the plain demand of the voters, they presented to the State the spectacle of as absolute and tyrannical machine rule as has ever been known. This was so evident that when some nomination was called for, a voice demanded, "Who is on the slate?" The question expressed the consciousness of the Convention that it was merely registering the edicts of certain bosses. It was an assembly which signally illustrated the outrageous abuse which was overwhelmingly rebuked by Governor CLEVELAND'S majority.

On the other hand, the Republican Convention reflected in its action the conviction which was so unequivocally expressed last year, that the office shall seek the man, and that candidates shall not be imposed upon the voters against their will. The Republican Convention was a Stalwart body—Stalwartism being a word which describes the rejected system—but its action showed how much it had yielded to the new spirit. The party sentiment in the State had declared plainly for the renomination of the present efficient and satisfactory State officers, and there was no controversy in the Convention over the renomination. But there was one new name to be added. A designation was to be made for State Treasurer, and a gentleman was selected for the position, Mr. PLINY T. SEXTON, who is not only, by the universal testimony of his neighbors of both parties, singularly fitted for the office, but who refused, either personally or by his friends, to take any step to secure the nomination. He was not written down upon a slate. He was not imposed upon the ticket by a machine. He was a spontaneous selection of the Convention upon a plain statement of his character and qualifications. The office sought the man, and not the man the office.

This contrast between the conduct of the two Conventions shows again what is now constantly and copiously illustrated upon all sides, that while the Republican party quickly responds to the desire that it should be the organized political instrumentality of reform in practices and methods which have properly disgusted the country, the Democratic party, hoping that it may come into power, shows itself closely wedded to the abuses which the country means to discard. The Democratic machine will hardly persuade the people of New York that it is a better agency of progress and reform than the old Republican machine which Republicans have "disestablished."

A PASTORAL LETTER.

THE letter issued by Cardinal MCCLOSKEY and the Roman Catholic prelates of the late Council in New York is a singular document to be published in the United States and to American citizens. It expresses undoubtedly the views of the Roman hierarchy or priesthood, but hardly those of the more intelligent American members of the Roman Church. Its whole spirit is repugnant to the American principle of liberty, and its tendency is to foster an ecclesiastical state within the political state, which is necessarily mischievous. So far as the letter urges support of Roman Catholic magazines and newspapers and literature and denominational charities, and condemns secret societies and clerical debts, no exception need be taken, except that sectarian feeling does not generally require to be stimulated. But in denouncing mixed marriages and the system of public schools it takes a very different position, and challenges criticism.

If the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, which immediately followed the Roman Catholic Council in New York, had attempted by the force of ecclesiastical and denominational authority to prohibit the marriage of Episcopalians out of their communion, and had joined with it a denunciation of the public schools as "the crime of sending your children to godless schools"—which are the words of the Roman Catholic letter—the public good sense would have condemned it as an exceedingly vicious attempt to promote sectarian interests at the expense of the common welfare. If every religious denomination in the country should undertake to do the same thing, it is easy to see that the situation would become intolerable. It is by constantly ameliorating sectarian differences, not by exaggerating and inflaming them, that the general welfare is best promoted. But no method more certain to produce deplorable results could be devised than to limit marriages among the members of different denominations to those of the same denomination, and to substitute sectarian for non-sectarian public schools.

Upon this last subject the letter offers no fresh argument and presents no new view. It asserts the necessity of Christian schools, and maintains the injustice of a compulsory support of those which are not Christian. By Christian the letter means Roman Catholic, and by godless schools it means schools in which Roman Catholicism is not taught. Its argument is that instead of a system of public schools supported at the public expense, among whose special advantages is the allaying of sectarian feeling, the whole business of secular instruction should be left to religious sects. The answer to this is that the good sense of Americans has long taught them that such a system would be dangerous to the public welfare. The state assumes no authority over religious belief. Every citizen may cherish his own faith, and inculcate it upon his children. But, in the common interest, it does not admit the right of any citizen to require that in the secular schools, which, upon the highest consideration, it maintains for its own welfare, any form of religious belief whatever shall be taught. This is the American view, and it will not be changed for that of Rome.

THE REDUCED PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.

A CURIOUS controversy has arisen from the reduction in price of the large daily morning papers in New York. The reasons of the reduction are not announced. But as the *Times* fell at once from four cents to two cents, the *Tribune*, the next day, from four to three, and the *Herald*, about a week afterward, from three to two, and as the *Herald* states that it "loses vastly by its reduction in price," it is fair to conclude that the other papers do not gain, and that the change is due to rigorous competition. The *World* reduced its price to two cents before the change in its management last spring, and the *Sun* has been long sold for the same sum. The result of the reduction is that the *Times*, *Herald*, and *World* offer their double sheets at the price of the single sheet of the *Sun*, and for two cents against the three cents of the *Tribune*. For the public the cheaper the newspaper the better, provided that it is the price only, and not the quality, that is cheapened. It would be a matter of general congratulation if the circulation of the great New York dailies, with no abatement of the constantly increasing ability and higher tone which have distinguished them of late years, should be doubled or trebled. But we observe that Mr. MEDILL, of the Chicago *Tribune*, one of the shrewdest "newspaper men" in the country, is of opinion that reduced price implies reduced quality, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in London, takes the same view of the lower-price tendency there. If this apprehension should be justified, the result of the reduction would not be a cause of congratulation.

It is just at this point that the controversy to which we have alluded begins. The distribution of the daily papers is a business entirely distinct from that of the publication, and it is in wholly different hands. The distributors insist in the case of the *Herald* that the rate at which it is sold to them under the reduced price prevents them from making a living profit, and they refuse to sell it for less than three cents. The *Herald* holds that the increased sale from the lower retail price would enable the dealers to make a fair profit from the smaller margin, and that the dealers ought to take their share of the loss arising from the reduction. But as they do not agree, the *Herald* insists that it alone will fix the price at which it shall be sold to the public, and therefore it has established a system of delivery for itself by setting up special stands throughout the city. The success of this enterprise will depend upon the ability of the paper to improvise a system of distribution which shall be as effective as the system which has been developed by the news-dealers.

The news-dealers, who are the middle-men in this transaction, are unquestionably at liberty to charge for the wares which they sell a price which they consider remunerative. The papers have certainly an equal right to determine the price for which they are willing to be sold, and to refuse to deal with middle-men who demand a higher price. But the organization of the middle-men may be so complete that by diminishing the number of places at which a particular paper may be found, and by compelling it to incur the expense of a separate special distribution, it may add seriously to the loss already incurred by the reduced price. This, however, is the contest which the *Herald* has accepted, and the result of which will be very significant. For if it appears that a paper can be satisfactorily sold upon the *Herald's* terms, those terms will become general, unless other papers prefer to present the difference to the dealers.

RENOMINATION OF MAYOR LOW.

THE renomination of Mr. SETH LOW for Mayor of Brooklyn by a great meeting of citizens irrespective of party is a most cheering incident. The charter of that city concentrates responsibility for municipal government upon the Mayor. Mr. Low originally accepted the nomination to the Mayoralty upon the express condition that he should be under no obligation to any man or party, and that he should administer the city government like any other business trust. This was his platform. Upon it he was elected, and he has faithfully maintained its principles.

No city in the country has been more honestly and efficiently governed than Brooklyn under Mayor Low, and the quality of the man is shown by nothing more plainly than that at the time when party spirit is most alive to dispute the selection of a successor—a time when it is held to be most desirable and advantageous to conciliate and equivocate in order to allay party and personal hostility—Mayor Low announces a scheme of appointment to city employment which destroys the hope of a political use of the patronage. And nothing, also, more pleasantly illustrates the quality of the intelligent citizens of Brooklyn, of all parties, than the fact that this is the very time which they seize to renominate the man who has served the city so well. Should the party organizations nominate other candidates, the contest will be definitely drawn between the people of Brooklyn and certain party politicians.

There is one point in the scheme of municipal appointment proposed by Mayor Low, which is virtual

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ly the method of the reformed civil service, which merits especial attention. It provides that every person who signs a certificate for any applicant for examination shall agree to its publication, should publication be deemed desirable. This simple and admirable provision puts an end at once to loose and indiscriminate certificates, and compels every man to take the public responsibility of his action. The scheme of Mayor Low is so well considered that it will probably become a precedent for the public service in other cities. His administration and his spontaneous renomination upon his original platform show how deeply rooted in the intelligent public mind of the country is the conviction that the public business should be transacted upon business principles, and consequently that official patronage should not be used for party or political purposes.

THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY CENTENARY.

THE last of the great series of Revolutionary centenaries will be celebrated as this paper is issued, and nowhere could these celebrations end more fitly than upon Newburgh Bay. No place is more closely associated with more interesting Revolutionary events than the bay and its neighborhood, while the commemoration has a peculiar fitness from all the other events of which the Hudson River was the witness. The river itself was in a great degree the chief strategic prize of the whole contest, and the celebration of this week, like all the previous celebrations, will foster the just pride of New-Yorkers in their noble river for its signal historic and patriotic character.

The especial incidents of the last days of the Revolution at Newburgh and its neighborhood are familiar, and they have been recalled by the celebrations in the early summer at Fishkill and New Windsor, and at the old VERPLANCK house, where the Cincinnati was organized. If with these sites, West Point just below, and Forts Clinton and Montgomery and the chain and boom, and Kingston not far above, where the first State Constitution was adopted, and Poughkeepsie, where the Convention sat to ratify the National Constitution, be considered, the great historical associations of which Newburgh Bay is a centre become very impressive. It is but natural that at such a time of refreshed recollection and commemoration a Historical Society should have been formed at Newburgh which will take care that the heroic local traditions do not perish, and that every relic shall be carefully preserved.

The most ample preparations have been made for the celebration. The presence of the President is anticipated, and Senator BAYARD and Mr. EVARTS will be the orators of the day, and Mr. WALLACE BRUCE, of Poughkeepsie, the poet. We may be sure that the story of great events will be worthily told, and the lessons of an occasion so proud and inspiring will be comprehensively drawn. They will be all the more impressive from the fact of the happy issue of the civil war, which has proved the quality and durability of the political system which sprang from the Revolution. Such occasions, indeed, so far as they stimulate the study of history, are of the utmost value. American patriotism can have no surer or more healthful nourishment than that which springs from the knowledge of the immensely increased well-being of the individual man which has been derived from the modern development of liberty. New York was of Dutch origin. In Holland began the great movement of liberty, one of whose prodigious scenes closed upon Newburgh Bay. But the difference between the inhuman oppression which stung the Dutch states to revolt, and "the preamble" which led the American colonies to take up arms, marks the immense progress which had been made in the history of liberty during those two centuries. It will be for the orators of the day to show the advance of the last century, and in doing it every word they utter will be emphasized and enriched by the inspiring associations of Newburgh Bay.

A DROLL ORGAN.

THE Albany *Argus*, which is the organ of the present Democratic machine of which we speak elsewhere, and which opposes the repeal of the four years law as tending to the creation of an aristocracy, appeals to the friends of civil service reform to vote against the present Secretary of State, Attorney-General, and State Engineer as false to reform.

In support of this charge it makes the general assertion that Mr. CARR, the present Secretary of State, and Mr. RUSSELL, the present Attorney-General, made a clean sweep of their offices upon taking possession. As we know that this assertion is totally untrue of the Attorney-General, we have no doubt that it is equally inaccurate in regard to the Secretary of State. As for the dismissal of the deputy State Engineer by his chief, we know nothing. But if he was dismissed merely to make place for a political "worker," and not for the benefit of the service, it was a gross wrong. This, however, is a fact not to be determined by the assertion of a bitter partisan opponent.

In correcting the *Argus* some weeks since, we warned it of the danger of making positive statements without adequate information. Its zeal for reform betrays it into eager and untrue assertions. Meanwhile the friends of reform will easily decide, upon a comparison of Republican and Democratic action, and of the tone of Democratic and Republican oratory and journalism—including the *Argus*—during the last year, which of the two parties will more probably favor reform. Their votes will be governed, doubtless, by their conviction of that probability, and certainly the last thing that will occur to them is that the true way to secure reform is to support the Democratic machine which displayed itself at Buffalo.

THE EXPENSES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Republican State Committee in New York have issued a circular asking contributions for the expenses of the campaign. It is a simple appeal to all persons who desire Republican rather than Democratic ascendency, and for the first time every large or small national office-holder receives a request which is not a threat, and which addresses him as every other citizen is addressed.

This is a very significant fact, as showing how quickly the most confirmed abuses in party management yield to public opinion when clearly and resolutely expressed, and it illustrates also the folly of supposing that any such abuse "can not be helped." Of course it can not be helped if nobody tries to help it, or if courage and persistence succumb at the first defeat. But it is only two years since Jay Hubbellism was insolent with an apparent absolute supremacy, while this year scarcely a Republican dollar will be extorted by the old terror.

This correction of an abuse is the more striking because it was accomplished by a party in power which was enjoying all the profits of the abuse. But the members of that party whose steady purpose has done so much to remedy the mischief must not forget that the honest expenses of a campaign are necessarily very large, and that the fund which has been heretofore drawn from the office-holders must now be supplied in part by the whole body of the party. Every Republican who earnestly wishes to prevent the abuses which would follow from general Democratic success should willingly subscribe a sum, however small, to aid the Republican canvass. Checks or money may be sent to EDWARD H. HOBBS, treasurer of the State Committee, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"THE RAVEN."

THE poetical masterpiece of EDGAR ALLAN POE, illustrated in his strongest manner by GUSTAVE DORÉ, is one of the most attractive gift-books of the year. It is published by the HARPERS in the most sumptuous style, uniform with their edition of DORÉ's illustrations to *The Ancient Mariner*. The volume contains twenty-four page illustrations, and two smaller ones, engraved on wood in a manner hitherto unequalled in the history of the art, and a remarkable composition for the title-page by VEDDER. The cover is embellished with a beautiful design by Miss DORA WHEELER.

It is an interesting fact that DORÉ's last important work should have been undertaken for an American house. His attention had already been directed to "The Raven" as a subject for illustration, when Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS' proposition reached him, suggesting this poem for his consideration. Attracted by the acknowledged superiority of American wood-engravers, the artist at once accepted the offer of the American publishers. The result of his genius, as reproduced by the genius of American engravers, is now before the public in this magnificent work.

In these illustrations GUSTAVE DORÉ has surpassed all his previous efforts. No other complete series of drawings from his pencil presents such sustained elevation in feeling and imagination. The volume is enriched with an admirable comment on "The Raven" by EDMUND C. STEDMAN, whose analysis of the poem and of the genius of POE is one of the finest pieces of criticism which this accomplished author has produced.

PERSONAL.

SCENE at a colored watch-meeting in Maryland.—*The Preacher:* "Will the young ladies who are standing on the back seats please sit down?" (No response.) "Girls, sit down!"—in a tone of authority. (Still no response.) "Hussies, sit!" They sit.

—Miss EMILY MACTAVISH, a celebrated Baltimore beauty, whose portrait recently appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE in an article on Baltimore by Mr. EUGENE DIDIER, took the white veil at the convent of Mount de Sales, near that city, about a year ago. Last week she took the black veil, and abandoned the world forever; but before doing so she unexpectedly transferred the whole of her large property to her relatives. Miss MACTAVISH, now known as Sister MARY AGNES, is a direct descendant of CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton, and one of the handsomest women of the city of handsome women.

—From a recent oration by Monsignor CAPEL: "It has been said of myself, in common with others, that in the matter of converting Protestants 'it is simply magnetism'; and I believe some one has been bold enough to affirm, 'A couple or three conversations, and there you are, and you don't know where you are.' But in England and in Europe generally men of every position in life, men of every possible form of culture, men belonging to every sect of religion, and men belonging to none, have joined the Roman Catholic Church."

—Boston architects remain at their offices much later than their New York brothers. One of them was found a few days ago quite busy at 5.40 o'clock P.M. Is it because they work more slowly, or have more work, or think less of evening recreations?

—"Of course," said a newsboy on a Boston train, "if a man hain't got no New York paper, he'll take one anyway. That's our dodge, and that's the reason why we can punish any newspaper proprietor we choose. If we don't like his paper, all we have to do is to say we haven't got it, and then our customers will buy something else."

—On public occasions the Emperor WILLIAM affectionately embraces his oldest son, and Count MOLTKE stoops to kiss his sovereign's hand.

—A passenger on a Fall River steamboat ascended to state-room No. 19, took out of his pocket the key marked with that number, and tried to open the door; but, try as he would, the door would not yield. After exhausting his patience he appealed to the captain, who chanced to be passing by. The captain's efforts also were unavailing, though protracted. Presently, in accordance with his suggestion, one of the sable stewards was called; but he too found the job too heavy. "I will go to the clerk's office," he said, "and see what's the matter;" and when he returned it was to impart the information that the figures 19 on the key had been read upside down. Their true interpretation was 61, as soon appeared from a visit to the state-room which bore that number. Meanwhile the occupant of No. 19 had been sleeping in his berth, his key in the door inside, and his slumbers quite undisturbed by all the fruitless picking at the lock. He is believed to have had a clear conscience.

—Two interesting relics of the romantic days of the old Volunteer Fire Department have just come into the possession of that distinguished fireman Mr. CARLISLE NORWOOD. They are the Chief-Engineer's hat and the foreman's trumpet of the late CORNELIUS V. ANDERSON. On the trumpet are inscribed the words, "Presented to CORNELIUS V. ANDERSON, Foreman of Hudson Fire Engine Company No. 1, by the Volunteers, as a Tribute of Respect, New York, January 1, 1836." There are a good many reminiscences of Chief ANDERSON and his associates in the profusely illustrated book recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS entitled *The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York*, and there is no souvenir of the days of the fire laddies that is not appreciated by the living members of the old Volunteer Department and their numerous posterity.

—Said Governor BENJAMIN F. BUTLER at the Attleborough Fair: "Our young men and our young maidens are sufficiently decoyed away from us now by the glowing picture of what they can do in the new country of the West, if they will only give up Massachusetts and go there. I don't want them to do that, for two reasons. First, though they may make more money by going West, it is speculative; but if they work as hard and fare as bad here as they would there in making that money, they can make more here than there. But the difficulty is, they want their comfort here and their money too, and there is a parable against that: you can not have your cake and eat it too. Secondly, the West is not a good place to raise men and women." Why it is not the Governor did not say; and he might have added a third reason, namely, that in the next campaign he will need all the votes he can get.

—Madame NILSSON expresses her satisfaction that the new Metropolitan Opera-house is destitute of the "heavy velvet hangings that are such a nuisance in most European opera-houses, because they only serve to deaden and swallow up all the sound." Yet Madame NILSSON has certainly been extremely successful in most European opera-houses.

—Mr. EVARTS eloquently calls attention to the alleged fact that rich clients, though fleeced by the lawyers, are "certainly not flayed, and may congratulate themselves that the fleece will grow again."

—The Southern editor again comes to the front as a patriot. In his address before the Bankers' Convention at Louisville, Mr. HENRY WATTERSON said: "The whole story of the South may be summed up in a sentence. She was rich, and she lost her riches; she was poor and in bondage; she was set free, and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before. The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjection to subdue herself. We lived from hand to mouth; we had our debts and our 'niggers.' Under the old system we paid our debts and walloped our 'niggers,' but under the new we pay our 'niggers' and wallop our debts. We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and we can exclaim with the old darky at camp-meeting who, whenever he got happy, went about shouting, 'Bless de Lord, I'm gettin' fatter and fatter!'"

—Mr. HENRY G. MARQUAND, a stanch friend of art education, is about to loan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art his Rembrandt, the famous "Burgomaster Six," his Franz Hals, his Velasquez, and several other notable old masters, the collection to be arranged in a group by itself. Art students will appreciate this.

—Our foreign exchanges note, among the sad consequences of the rumor that Mr. PARNELL had been assassinated, the inconvenience to which the waiters at his hotel in Dublin were subjected. So intense was the desire to obtain the latest and fullest particulars that these useful persons "were knocked up before daybreak by unwelcome visitors who wanted to know whether Mr. PARNELL was in town, or where he was."

—Mr. WHISTLER's elegantly engraved invitations to a private view of his etchings in the Wunderlich Gallery of this city were last week responded to by an appreciative and artistic company of men and women, who studied the white-and-yellow scheme of decoration of the room and the tonal qualities of the aquafortis. Walls hung in dead-white felt, wood-work painted in accompanying yellow, pictures mounted on blue-white cards in light frames of white wood with lavender flutings, attendant dressed in cloth of white and yellow, sofa in yellow satin, and mantel in yellow tiles—it was a new sight.

—Chief Justice COLERIDGE declares that he does not shrink from calling himself a radical, and that, much as he admires and supports Mr. GLADSTONE, he is oftener in agreement with the political course of Mr. BRIGHT than with that of any other Englishman.

—The latest description of Prince BISMARCK represents him as dressed in plain clothes, with a dark summer overcoat and soft wide-awake, leaning lightly on his stick as he walked along the platform of a railway station, between his wife and his son. He had just stepped from a "saloon carriage," the interior of which was richly decorated with flowers, and his thoughts, doubtless, were upon the extraordinarily deep little game he had played in extending to King ALFONSO the conventional courtesy of an appointment to the honorary colonelcy of a German regiment.

—A cold Scotch mist hung over Aberdeen when the Princess BEATRICE made her appearance to open a new public park. "It is with great pleasure," said her Royal Highness, "that I have come here in the Queen my mother's name to declare this beautiful park open." She then planted a memorial tree, and took a drive around the inclosure. A silver key was presented to her, as a souvenir of the ceremony, by Miss DUTHIE, who had given the park to the city.

—Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON has been lecturing in London on "Felicity as a Sanitary Research." He told the sanitary philosophers that if they were merely adding to length of life and developing population without giving felicity or the enjoyment of that extended life, they might in the long-run be working evil rather than good for the human race. He did not think that hitherto they had added to human felicity, and he was sure that if they could not advance human felicity by a scientific research into the sources of it and the impediments to it—in other words, if they could not scientifically connect health and happiness—they had better never have been born.

—The object of the education of pauper children, writes Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P., is to eradicate the workhouse taint which shows itself from generation to generation, and to fit them by this process of depauperization to become useful and independent citizens. "Unfortunately the great educational lever is wanting: the family tie between parent and child, which counts for so much in the daily lives of both rich and poor, either does not exist at all, or has at the very outset of life been rudely severed. The pauper population, especially the female part, is drifting into the large towns, and swelling the aggregate of want and misery and crime. Surely the best thing for the state generally, as well as for the children themselves, is to devise some scheme by which, after due preparation and training, they can be transplanted to some country where they can have a fair start in a new world in which all their antecedents will be forgotten, and which needs the very thing that the country they have left possesses in abundance." The Children's Aid Society of this city has long acted upon these principles with much encouragement.

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BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE FIRST LANDING OF GERMANS IN AMERICA—THE CELEBRATION IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE FIRST LANDING OF GERMANS IN AMERICA—THE CELEBRATION IN GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

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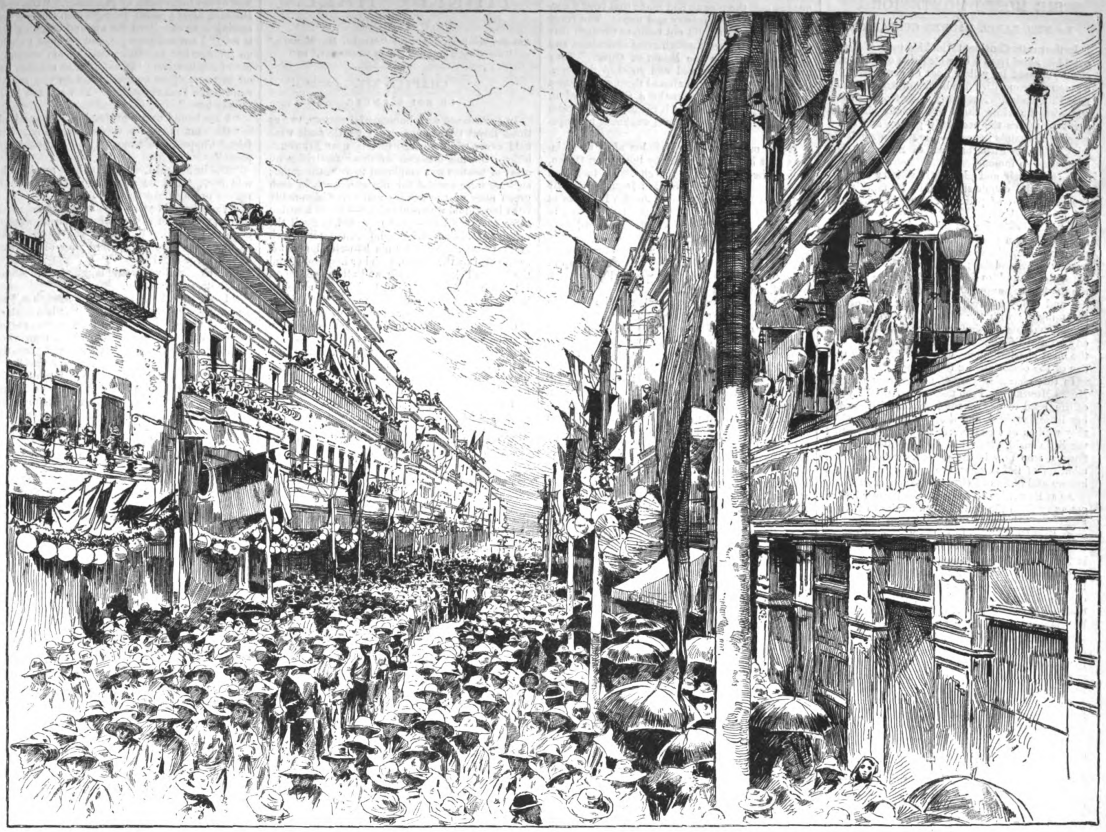

THE MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE-DAY—SCENE IN PLATEROS STREET, MEXICO CITY.—From a Photograph by Gove & North.—[See Page 667.]

"I GOT UP AND WALKED TO THE PIANO, AND RESTING MY ARMS UPON IT, LOOKED DOWN AT HER."—(See Serial "Thirlby Hall," Page 662.)

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SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

By MRS. ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

In the pretty Continental-looking town of Ramsgate, but aloof from it by wide fields of grain and clover, crossed by yellow lines of dusty road, on a green plateau with a fine border of woods, stands East Cliff Lodge. Not many yards from its front windows the white chalk cliffs make sheer descent to where the sea daily grasps and relinquishes the sands beneath—the golden sands for which the beautiful beaches of South English shores are so famous.

It is a lovely and pleasantly solitary spot, inclosed in the cobble-stone walls so familiar as the boundaries of private estates in rural and suburban England.

Set in the side of a hillock, and thickly bowered in vines, is a rustic door by which one passes down into the subterranean grotto leading among curious shells and dark shrubberies from the centre of the grounds to the sea. The walks through the garden and approaching the house are winding and richly shaded, and the murmur of the sea, mingling with the play of the wind in the leaves, makes a continuous flow of soothing melody around this hermitage, the home of one of the most charitable men who ever lived, and now one of the oldest among the living.

In this charming garden, many years ago, Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, even then in the middle years of life, used to receive the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter, and around the elders, while they walked and conversed, played and prattled the little maid, pleased with the butterflies and flowers, who now is the white-haired, care-worn mistress of the thrones, the crowns, and all the honors and orders of Great Britain and India.

As at Hawarden Castle lives—whenever he can get away from the coil of state affairs to his beloved wood-chopping—the "old man eloquent," so at East Cliff Lodge lives the "old man beneficent," who has been an old man eloquent as well in the cause of his persecuted race, the Jews, for whom he has seven times journeyed to the Holy Land, the last time in his ninety-first year—in order to comfort his co-religionists, and relieve them both with money and counsel. For them also he has sued—and successfully—at nearly every throne in Europe, pleading in person for redress of wrongs, for the repeal of oppressive decrees, for juster privileges and opportunities, with so much majesty of presence, so much eloquence of feeling, and with reasonings so unanswerable, that he could not be repulsed. Once only did he find a potentate who would not receive him, and who proved inexorably cold to prayers which were echoed in the hearts of fathers and mothers all over the civilized world.

It happened in this way: In 1852 the child of a Jewish family named MORTARA, living in Bologna, was taken very ill, and through the agency of his nurse—a mere child herself, but an ardent Roman Catholic, fond of the babe, and fearing his eternal destruction—he was clandestinely baptized in the Romish faith. This fact, after a time—for the child recovered—leaked out, and in 1858, when the boy EDGAR was in his seventh year, a party of Catholic bishops' guards stole him from his parents' roof, and fled with him to Rome, where they secreted him in a convent. The story of this abduction, of the boy's piteous grief, of the parents' terrible despair when they found their efforts to recover him were useless, spread like flames; universal interest and sympathy grew into universal protest against the outrage.

Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE was then in his seventy-fifth year, and had been only a comparatively short time returned from his visit of relief to the Holy Land, that had been desolated by the famine of 1854. He went at once to Rome and asked to see Pope PIUS IX. Both the English and French governments stood by him in his appeal that the child might be restored to his parents. He spoke for Gentile as for Jew; he was the advocate of the first and most deathless principles of our common humanity. PIUS IX. remained invisible and dumb. Cardinal ANTONELLI, with whom he had a long interview, assured him that the case was "closed," the boy would be reared as a Roman Catholic, and not set free till his sixteenth or seventeenth year.

This defeat—a bitter one—is the only failure chronicled in the long list of the deeds of mercy done by this noble Jew.

MOSES MONTEFIORE was born on the 24th of October, 1784, in Leghorn, where his father, JOSEPH ELIAS MONTEFIORE, was a merchant. His mother was RACHEL, daughter of ABRAHAM MOCATTA. He was a strong, handsome boy, in whom a practical, vigorous mind very happily combined with a sensitive, affectionate, and imaginative temperament.

He was trained as a merchant, and entered the Stock Exchange when very young, and was in 1814 made treasurer of the Portuguese synagogue. Cordially respected for his unblemished honor and uprightness, he was as cordially liked for his sincere, courteous, and winning manners. Of the Alliance Insurance Office, opened in 1824, he was partly the founder, was its first president, and has been its only one, still filling the chair, after a tenure of nearly sixty years.

His wife, JUDITH COHEN—daughter of L. B. COHEN, Esq., whom he married in 1812—was an educated lady of noble character and a benevolence of disposition equal to his own. MOSES had acquired a considerable fortune in his business career, and his wife cared as warmly as he did to use their leisure in discovering the right objects for their charitable designs, and their wealth in alleviating distress. In his love for Jerusalem, and his profound desire to raise the character and condition of the Jewish race there and everywhere, she helped him always with her quick sympathy, her sparkling intellect, and her steadfast co-operation.

In 1837 they went together to Syria. Earthquakes and the plague had made that land a sorrowful one, full of misery and need. The fever still raged, but they did not hesitate through fear of it. They pushed through great difficulties, and camped at last on the Mount of Olives. They nursed the sick, cheered and soothed the terrified people who flocked around them, gave money to all who were fit to make a right use of it, and made generous use of it themselves for those who were by illness or moral weakness incompetent.

It was on his return to London after these labors that he was knighted by the young Queen, then on her first visit to the city. He had been made a member of the Board of Deputies (a body constituted to take charge of Jewish interests at home and abroad) in 1828, and its president in 1835. In 1840 the services of this board were called into action by the cruel persecution of the Jews at Damascus, who, on a pretext somewhat similar to and as baseless as that trumped up in the infamous Tisla-Esla trial, were being tortured, hunted, and killed without mercy.

Sir MOSES addressed a meeting in the Mansion House, offering to go immediately to the scene of these atrocities. The reply was the spontaneous subscription fund of £7000, to which Sir MOSES'S own contribution was large. Lady JUDITH went with him, and the French Jews re-enforced him in the person of the famous lawyer M. CRÉMIEUX. Arriving in Egypt, Sir MOSES sought audience with MEHEMET ALI. That monarch granted the request, and there was shown in to him a man of ideally commanding presence, more than six feet in height, erect, with finely knitted figure, gestures of subtle eloquence, a face mingling the Asiatic and Italian types of masculine beauty in lineaments of great harmony, dark eyes, flashing and softening, yet always penetrating and dominant, as he spoke of the unmerited woes of his race to the man who could relieve their sufferings. Astonished and affected, MEHEMET ALI conceived an admiring friendship for this defender of the oppressed, and granted him all he asked. To firmly establish this success, Sir MOSES pushed on to Constantinople, saw the Sultan, and procured from him the Hatti-Homayoun, which secured to the Jews rights equal to those of any other inhabitants of Turkish soil.

Christians vied with Jews in welcoming him home to England from this journey, and he received a superb silver testimonial, monumental in design, weighing about 2000 ounces, and richly engraved with the scenes of his journeyings.

In 1842 he established in Jerusalem, at his own cost, a dispensary, available to all applicants, with a qualified physician, and supported the whole for three years, while a regular hospital was being organized.

In the winter of 1846 Lady JUDITH accompanied him on another long and anxious journey, this time to Russia, where the Jews were suffering from an afflicting ukase. When at the close of his appeal Sir MOSES asked, "Sire, will you not emancipate my co-religionists?" the CZAR, as little able to withstand him as MEHEMET ALI had been, exclaimed, "Yes, if they resemble you."

The autocrat treated his noble guest with great kindness, and provided him with every safeguard and convenience for his tour of investigation through Western Russia and Poland. During this journey Sir MOSES gained a tremendous ascendency over the Jews in these countries by the unvarying interest he showed, by the kindness with which he rebuked as well as encouraged, and by the steady flow of his charities; and he induced them by thousands to turn to agriculture—a thing the CZAR greatly desired, and which they had refused. When he came home from this work the Queen made him a Baronet. Then followed the already mentioned journey of relief to plague and famine wasted Syria in 1854, and the earnest but fruitless effort in the MORTARA case in Rome, 1858.

Soon after this came the overshadowing grief of his life. His beloved wife sickened, and on the 25th of September, 1862, she died. Her tomb, modelled after that of RACHEL, stands near the synagogue built by Sir MOSES at Ramsgate. They had no children. But the essence of her companionship remained with him in the ever-strengthening inspiration to leave no good thing undone that it was in his power to do. His benefactions were made in her name, which thus continues to be associated with wise charities and constant deeds of kindness and sympathy.

Only a few months after her death he made another journey to the East, this time to rescue Christians from the persecutions of the Druses in Syria. He made a sixth visit to Constantinople in 1863, to get previous concessions to the Jews confirmed by the new Sultan; and in the autumn of the same year—in his eighty-first year—hastened to Morocco to save the Jews from persecutions similar to those formerly raging at Damascus; to Roumania, a little later, on a like errand of intercession for the Jews there; and again and yet again to the Holy Land, always as the relief-bringer. Like his public benefactions—not only to Jews, but to colleges, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and asylums—his private charities have been countless, as the widows and orphans of wrecked fishermen, the sick, crippled, and unfortunate everywhere, can testify. To the sufferers in the Tisla-Esla case, recently concluded, he sent £150.

His interest in world affairs and in all that truly concerns either community or individual, and his impulse to help wherever it is needed, are as fresh as when he first knew the delight of giving, for though enfeebled in body, he is still in possession of those noble powers of heart and mind which through his whole life, even into this his hundredth year, have been consecrated to humanity.

But there are no more journeys for him now, except that last one which will reunite him to his loved ones in the New Jerusalem.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. F. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MILLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

LE ROI S'AMUSE.

In accordance with immemorial custom, two or three Royal boar-hunts on a gigantic scale were held every winter in the forests near Franzenshöhe. On the occasion of these festivities an army of beaters was employed to drive the game; shelters were erected for the sportsmen in each green alley of the woods; and every high-nobly born individual who could shoot—not to mention some who could not—was expected to swell the retinue of his sovereign, who sallied forth with great pomp, attended by his household, and accompanied by the Queen, with her household, and the Crown Prince, with his, and all the collateral Rudolfs and Albrechts and Ulrichs, with theirs; insomuch that it was difficult to see how a single boar could be left alive at the end of the day.

Old King Rudolf, who detested these solemn functions almost as much as he detested his tight blue uniform, but who, being a king, had to submit to many things that he didn't like, used to play the Royal sportsman's part in an ingenious but somewhat comical fashion. As soon as he had reached his post a competent equerry or aide-de-camp was stationed before him, who, upon hearing the customary yells which announced the approach of the quarry, raised his gun to his shoulder. His Majesty then looked along the barrel from behind, gave the order to fire—I don't know whether the equerry always waited for this word of command—the boar, or roebuck, or whatever it might be, dropped; and next day the *Schwäbische Anzeiger* published a list of the slain, by which it invariably appeared that King Rudolf's prowess had far surpassed that of any of his guests.

In the month of January I was honored by an invitation to a Royal boar-hunt, but did not witness the singular exhibition of vicarious skill just mentioned, being posted, as beseemed my insignificance, at a far-away corner, whither no game was likely to stray, and where, for a long time, it seemed as if my share in the day's excitement would be confined to listening to the unearthly din raised by the beaters, and the distant shots of more fortunate sportsmen. Once I knocked over a hare; but I got no further chance of a shot, and from the silence that presently followed I judged that the whole party had moved to another beat. I did not dare to quit my post without instructions, and after a bit I sat down and lighted a cigar, thinking to myself that, but for the honor and glory of the thing, I might as well have remained at home.

There had been a thaw the day before, but now it was beginning to freeze again. The half-melted snow was hardening, wrinkled cat's-ice was forming in the puddles, and a biting wind swept through the pine branches. I was wondering whether it would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette to shoulder my gun and slip quietly back to Franzenshöhe, when I was startled by shouts of "Schwein! schwein!" from the hill-side above me. I heard three or four shots, and immediately piggy came bundling down the alley, straight toward my shelter, like an express train. He was past me before I could fire, but I sent a bullet after him, and had the satisfaction of hearing a squeak, which told me that it had found its way home. The boar blundered on for a few yards, then staggered, halted, and rolled over, dead.

"A very neat shot," said a well-known voice at my elbow, and turning round, I beheld Lady Constance, whose approach I had not heard in my agitation. She wore a tightly fitting dress of green cloth and a Tyrolese hat of the same color, ornamented on one side by a blackcock's tail—a costume which struck me as particularly becoming.

"Well, how are you getting on?" she asked.

"I haven't been getting on at all until this minute," I replied. "In fact, I was seriously meditating getting off; only I didn't know whether we should have to answer to our names before we were allowed to go home."

"You are growing tired of it, eh?"

"Well—I was until you came."

"So am I," said Lady Constance, "awfully tired of it." One of her hearty yawns added emphasis to this declaration. "Awfully—*awfully* tired of it all!" she repeated.

"Tired of this special entertainment, or of things in general?" I asked.

"Of both," she answered. "Pedantry and sentimentality are beginning to pall upon me. I have had enough of stiff-backed men and dowdy women and symphony concerts and Homer done into German hexameters. I am sick of the whole business—lock, stock, and barrel. I think I shall desert."

"You don't mean to say that you will leave Franzenshöhe?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"I certainly don't contemplate spending the rest of my days here," she said, calmly. "Sooner or later I must go; and at present I think I would rather go soon than late."

"And what is to become of me?" I ejaculated, half involuntarily.

"I can't think. You had better go away too."

"You know very well that I can't go away," returned I; "but of course you don't care. Sometimes I think you don't care two straws for anything or anybody. To you it seems the most natural thing in the world that people should fall in love with you; only you rather despise them for being such fools. You amuse yourself for a time with their folly, and then you weary of them, as you do of everything else. As for what may become of them afterward, that is their affair."

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She was neither displeased nor moved in any way by my little burst of ill temper. "Oh, well," she said, after a pause, during which she had been tossing a fir cone into the air and catching it as it fell, "I am not gone yet, and perhaps I sha'n't go for another month or two. I am subject to fits of restlessness; but as often as not they pass off in twenty-four hours. Why do you say you can't leave Franzenshöhe? You are not bound to stay here."

"I am bound to my profession," I remarked.

"Oh, that is only a way of speaking. Your friend Chapman told me you had excellent prospects."

"Did he?" said I, wondering how much he had told her. "Did he enter into particulars with regard to those prospects of mine?"

"Yes; he said you were anxious to relinquish them in favor of a spendthrift cousin, who had gone to the bad. Why have you never spoken to me about this cousin and your disinterested affection for him?"

"I was afraid you would laugh at me," answered I, with perfect truth.

"I don't think I should have done that," said Lady Constance, thoughtfully. "It is a fantastic idea; but it is a fine one in its way, and there is nothing that I admire so much as a man who is capable of fine ideas. You won't put yours into practice, but it is none the worse for that."

"I shall put it into practice if I can," replied I, firmly. "I don't want to pose as a fine personage, or a fantastic one either; I should prefer not to take what does not belong to me, that's all. I suppose you mean that my uncle won't alter his will; but I am not so sure about that."

"I know nothing of your uncle," Lady Constance said; "my meaning was that you are not likely to persist in committing suicide. Few people do, except under the influence of temporary insanity."

"Then I must be insane," said I, "for I shall certainly persist."

"Are you sure? Would *nothing* persuade you to give up that stern determination?"

She looked at me with a smile which troubled me and made me afraid. I fancied I could read in her face a cynical consciousness of power; I fancied she knew that there was one bribe which it would be very difficult—impossible perhaps—for my honor and honesty to hold out against. Was she going to offer it, or was she only amusing herself with the spectacle of my subjection? A sense of impotence, of indignation with my own weakness, of revolt against the chains that bound me, caused me to exclaim, almost angrily, "Are you tempting me?"

The moment that the words were out of my mouth I should have been glad to recall them. I saw that I had gone too far. Lady Constance drew herself up ever so slightly, dropped her eyelids, and repeated, in a tone of cold surprise, "Tempting you? You allow yourself to use rather equivocal expressions sometimes. Perhaps you will explain what you mean."

I could not possibly tell her what I had meant, neither could I very well remain silent, much as I should have wished to do so. I began to stammer out some utterly incoherent phrases, which, to my great relief, were cut short by the apparition of an aide-de-camp, who announced that he had been sent by his Majesty to search for Lady Constance. Her prolonged absence, he said, had caused no little anxiety; and then he cast a baleful glance at me, for he too was among my companion's victims. The programme of the day, he went on to explain, had been brought to its conclusion; the carriages which were to convey us back to the town were in waiting; and shortly afterward my dead pig and I were added to the triumphal procession which followed King Rudolf to the gates of his capital.

Mounting the broad staircase of the Legation, and entering my room in a pensive mood, I made out by the flickering fire-light the outline of a human form reclining in my arm-chair, which form, upon closer investigation, proved, to my great surprise and pleasure, to be no other than that of George Warren.

"My dear old boy!" I exclaimed, "have you travelled all this distance to see me? You must have had a vision from Heaven, telling you to come!"

He replied, with his usual sober sense, "Oh no; only I have been working rather hard of late, and I thought you wouldn't mind if I ended my Christmas holiday by a run over here."

"Mind! you stupid old fool, sit down, and let us eat, drink, and be merry. What would you like to have? Nothing? Well, then, you shall have a brandy-and-soda, whether you like it or not, to drink your health in. So you've been working hard, have you? And how is the study of the law getting on? Any briefs yet? If you only knew how delighted I am to see you!"

George seemed a little taken aback by the warmth of my welcome. He said he believed that he had a fairly good prospect of getting on in time, though he had not as yet had the satisfaction of pocketing a single fee. He hoped I was all right, and that I found the diplomatic service as pleasant as I had expected. When I had lighted the candles I saw that he was looking at me with a certain air of compunction and shamefacedness, which I was at a loss to account for until it struck me that he might have undertaken this pilgrimage with the object of discovering how matters stood between me and Lady Constance. This surmise damped my spirits a little, but did not make me angry, as it would have done some months before. After all, the sooner my friends knew what must be known some day, the better. After something had been said about Thirlby and my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar—neither of us mentioned Maud—George, who was bending over the fire, remarked, casually, "Lady Constance Miller is here, is she not?"

"Yes," I answered; "she is."

"Ah!" said he; "so I understood." And then there was silence for a short time.

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"Look here, George," I burst out at last, in desperation, "we may just as well speak plainly as to go on exchanging thoughts. Of course I know what you are saying to yourself, and it's all true. I have done exactly what you prophesied, and what I could have sworn that I should never do. I have fallen over head and ears in love with Lady Constance Milner, who doesn't care a snap of her fingers for me, and I have thrown over Maud Dennison, who—well, perhaps she may have been inclined to care a little for me at one time, though I hope it was not so. You are thinking that I am a vain, weak-minded ass, and something very like a perjurer into the bargain—"

"Indeed, Charley, I wasn't thinking all that of you," put in George, mildly.

"Never mind; you might have thought it, and been perfectly right. I think quite as badly of myself as any one else can think of me. All I have to say is that I can't help it."

"H'm!—no; I suppose you can't help it," agreed George, thoughtfully; "I don't see how anybody is to help visitations of this sort. No man would expose himself to the worry and misery of falling in love with a woman who didn't care for him, if he could by any means avoid doing so."

I had not expected to meet with so much clemency. "*You* would have helped it," I sighed; "you would have had the wisdom to retire when she gave you the chance, instead of provoking her into showing you her power. Do you know that at Naples she actually warned me of what would happen if I persisted in forcing myself upon her? And I, like an idiot as I was, defied her. You would never have done that."

"Oh," said George, "she was no temptation to me. She might have practiced all her arts upon me, and I should have been none the worse."

"She could have made you fall in love with her with the greatest ease; she could do it now if she liked, and not all your common-sense would save you," I declared, with some inconsistency. "She could make anybody fall in love with her. If she had had the misfortune to be born a century or two ago, it is my firm belief that she would have been burned for a witch. I wish she had been born centuries ago. Or rather I wish she was not going to be born until the next century. In many ways she is better fitted to live in the next century than in this one, and perhaps posterity won't be as susceptible as some of us are."

George pointed out to me that this was not the language of a lover.

"Perhaps not," I said; "but it expresses my feelings. I suppose I am hardly a lover in the ordinary sense of the word, for I would give anything not to be in love with Lady Constance. I scarcely ever talk to her without being angry and disgusted with myself, and sometimes she positively scares me. This afternoon she said a thing which made me feel for the moment almost as if she were an evil spirit. And yet I dare say she meant no great harm. I dare say she has meant no great harm all through; only I hate to think that I am completely in her power that I daren't call my soul my own. It may be very unjust, and I believe it is, but I can't always forget that, but for her, I should have been as devoted to Maud now as ever I was, and a great deal happier than I can ever by any possibility be again."

"It appears to me, Charley," said George, gravely, "that you *are* still in love with Miss Dennison. If you will examine yourself I think you will find that it is so."

"Now, George," I exclaimed, irritably, "if you put on that sapient look, you will make me lose my temper. Don't you understand? But no; of course you don't. How should you, when I can't make head or tail of the business myself? However, you may take my word for it that all that is over and done with forever. You think, because I rail in this feeble way against Lady Constance, that I can't really care so very much for her; but you are quite wrong. I would cut off my hand to give her pleasure; I would go to the end of the world for her; I suppose there are very few things, good or bad, that I wouldn't do if she told me to do them. And all the while I know perfectly well that she has just about as much affection for me as she has for Antonio."

George rubbed his head and said, "Well, I don't know, I'm sure," and after that neither of us spoke for a considerable time. Once or twice George opened his mouth as if he were going to say something, but thought better of it, and sat drumming abstractedly upon the arms of his chair, while the wood fire crackled and blazed and the wind howled in the chimney.

At length I determined to dismiss black care, at all events for the present. I got up and stretched myself, remarking that we shouldn't make things any better by talking about them. "What are you going to do this evening? Come down-stairs and be introduced to Lord and Lady Rossan; they'll be sure to ask you to stop and dine."

George, with his usual reluctance to make fresh acquaintances, said he thought he had better wait until the next day; but I would take no refusal, and presently dragged him down to the drawing-room, where we found Lady Rossan alone. Lady Rossan had often heard of George Warren from me, and accorded him a very different welcome from that which she had extended to poor Harry. Among the generality of her guests she passed for a somewhat chilling person; but she was beloved by shy and retiring members of society, whom she had the knack of setting at their ease without any of the obvious efforts at doing so which shy people so deeply resent. George was a young man after her own heart—a young man entirely free from vice, vanity, or affectation, yet a thoroughly manly fellow, with no suspicion of priggishness about him. She recognized the variety to which he belonged in a very few minutes, and began asking him questions about his home, and telling him of the many clever things that her husband had lately said and done, which was always a sure mark of her favor.

"Lord Rossan and Mr. Pemberton have gone to dine at the Palace," she said, after a time; "but if you will put up with my company and Mr. Maxwell's and stay to dinner here, I shall be very glad. My sister-in-law, I think, you already know; but I believe she does not intend to join us this evening."

Lady Constance did not join us in the dining-room; but she looked in for a few minutes on her way from a dinner party to a ball, and, on recognizing the addition to our party, was pleased to say that surprises were always a blessing, and that if anything could have surprised her, it would have been the sight of her friend Mr. Warren at Franzenshöhe. "I thought you were too much of a John Bull ever to leave England for pleasure," she remarked; "but possibly you may not be here for pleasure, after all. Have you been knocking down any more innocent people lately?"

She and George then withdrew to the other side of the room and had a brief colloquy, at the end of which he returned, rather red, but looking pleased with himself. It was but too evident that there had been an encounter, nor could I entertain any doubt as to what had been the subject of that encounter; but I forbore to question George when we retired; and soon afterward my overzealous friend went to bed.

CHAPTER XX.

GEORGE FULFILLS HIS MISSION.

"The ex-bear-leader," said Lady Constance, "carries out his instructions clumsily. He does not want courage, but his system of tactics is deplorably rude."

I was sitting in her drawing-room on the morning after George's arrival, and she addressed these remarks to me from the piano, upon which, at intervals, she was playing fragments of one of Chopin's *nocturnes*. Outside, the snow was falling in small flakes; a strong wind from the north was piling it in drifts against the house on the other side of the street, and causing the sparse pedestrians to hurry, shivering, on their way; but in this bright, cozy room all was warmth and luxury. The cheerful wood fire (Lord Rossan abhorred the national white stoves, and would have none of them in his house); the stands of hot-house plants; the faint odor of sandal-wood, which was the perfume specially affected by Lady Constance; the strange accidentals and dissonances of the *nocturne*—all these things soothed my senses and filled me with languid contentment. Lady Constance was, I think, by far the best amateur pianist that I have ever listened to; but it was only upon very rare occasions that she cared to exhibit her skill. She was playing now in a dreamy, disjointed fashion, often repeating the same passage two or three times, and often breaking into soft cords and trills which probably could not have been found in the score; and it seemed to me that the contrast between the vague, poetical character of the music, and the observations by which it was interrupted every now and again, was curiously characteristic of the performer.

"Yes," she repeated, "he goes beyond his instructions. They ought to have been made more precise for him."

"What instructions?" I asked. "I didn't know that he had received any."

"Did you not? And yet you can hardly imagine that the poor man has come out here in the depth of winter for his own amusement."

"I believe he has," said I. "Why shouldn't he?"

She played half a dozen bars before she replied: "I don't know why he shouldn't, but I am very sure that he hasn't. He has marched upon Franzenshöhe with a purpose; and I should not be very much surprised to hear that your uncle had paid his travelling expenses."

Of course I knew what she meant; but I thought it better to say, "I don't quite understand you."

"Bend your mind to the subject, and you will probably succeed in comprehending it. For my part I think your uncle is quite right, only he should be more careful in choosing his emissaries. There are many good ways of rescuing a foolish youth from the jaws of an ogress, but to scold the ogress in his presence is not one of them. The plan I should adopt myself would be to suborn the prettiest actress I could find, and get her to make advances to him."

I said, "You are very cynical."

"Do you think so? Some people might have the right to say that of me, but surely not you. And frankly I don't care much about accepting the *rôle* of an ogress, which your friends seem determined to force upon me. They have been very injudicious in throwing down the gauntlet; but their lack of judgment shall not harm them. Go in peace; Antonio shall be told to say 'Not at home' the next time you honor me with a call."

"And will you refuse to speak to me when we meet every day at dinner?" I asked. "Even if you do you will not be able to prevent my seeing you, and I might content myself with that as a *pis-aller*." The fact was that I did not think her dismissal was meant to be serious.

"It is true," said she, her fingers still wandering over the keys, "I can't send you out of the house; though of course I can leave it myself, as, indeed, I was thinking of doing at any rate. But I don't quite like the idea of striking my tents and marching the moment that the redoubtable Warren takes the field against me. It would be curious if his coming here should have the effect of making me stay a little longer than I had intended."

"If it has that effect I shall bless the day of his arrival," said I; "but you make a mistake in thinking that he has been sent here by my uncle. My uncle is much too straightforward to employ stratagems, and too unsuspicious to think that they are needed; besides which, he knows very well that a word from him would influence me more than anything that dear old George Warren could say or do."

"Ah! then I think he would do well to speak that word. Yet, when all is said and done, it is not a matter of such tragic importance. In another year or two, at the very outside, you will wonder what you can ever have seen in me that was different from other women."

I got up and walked to the piano, and resting my arms upon it, looked down at her. "Do you honestly think that?" I asked.

She went on playing, without noticing me; but when I repeated my question she ceased suddenly, and raised her eyes to mine with a certain wistfulness. "I *know* it," she answered, quietly. "Neither you nor I wish to accept life like dumb animals, do we? Well; but if we want to understand it at all, we must begin by facing obvious truths, and one obvious truth is that we are all of us perpetually shifting and changing. It cuts both ways, don't you see?—it is half curse, half blessing. Everybody must have some moments of intense unhappiness. You would not like them to last forever, and you can't expect that happiness, or love, or fancy, or any other pleasant thing should last either."

"I won't make any protestations," I said; "I haven't much right to do that, because, as you know, I have changed once already. Still, I think a time may come when you will acknowledge that I am not exactly the same as all the other men who have felt your extraordinary attraction, and have shaken themselves free of it. I only wish you would give me the opportunity of doing some great thing for your sake. Then perhaps you would understand better."

"Take care!" she said, laughing; "I might put you to the test one of these fine days. It sometimes happens that I want difficult things done, and I am not always scrupulous."

I was about to answer that if she wanted a despot assassinated or a powder-magazine blown up, I was the desperate man to carry out her purpose; but I was preserved from taking such rash pledges by the entrance of Mr. Sotheran, who was announced at this moment.

In the presence of that imperturbable bugbear I could neither talk nor feel at my ease, and I presently went away to look after George, whom I had left in my room an hour before, and who saluted my return with a touch of impatience, saying that he had begun to think I was buried under a snow-drift.

I apologized, and he answered, "Oh, never mind; I can guess where you have been. I hope this snow won't go on falling for twenty-four hours," he added, walking to the window. "I must be off home to-morrow morning, if I can manage it."

"To-morrow morning! You don't mean to say that you must go so soon as that!" I exclaimed; but, to tell the truth, my dismay was somewhat hypocritical. Only the day before I had been overjoyed to see him, but now I was relieved to hear that he did not mean to stay. Well might Lady Constance declare that mankind is subject to perpetual change!

"I haven't any time to waste, you see," George said, moving about the room, and looking a good deal embarrassed. "I wanted just to see you, you know, and—and to say a few words."

"Yes," I answered; "I know; and it's awfully good of you, old fellow; though you have had a long journey for nothing, I'm afraid. Anyhow, you have done your best for me; and no man can do more."

"Oh, well," said George, becoming more and more fidgety and disconcerted, "I should have been very glad to have got you out of this entanglement, Charley, and I can honestly say that I would have travelled a great many miles to do that, if it had seemed at all possible; but I mustn't claim to have come here with that object. I had another reason—" Here George came to a full stop, and after knocking over a pile of books, backed away from the table until the edge of a chair catching him behind the knees caused him to sit down with great violence.

"Well," I said, "out with it! What are you hesitating about?"

"It isn't so easy to come out with it," replied George. "I—I suppose you haven't formed any conjecture?"

I said, "Not the faintest; I am completely mystified."

"No; I knew you wouldn't have suspected anything; nobody would," sighed George; "and I have felt all along that it was a piece of almost ludicrous presumptuousness on my part to dream of such a thing. But then, as you said last night, one can't help one's self."

"Oho!" cried I; "so the murder's out, and you have actually lost that well-regulated heart of yours! Now I know why you have become so merciful to the failings of others all of a sudden. Don't talk about presumptuousness, my dear fellow; why, there isn't a girl in all Norfolk good enough for you!"

"Well, now," said George, brightening considerably, "I am very glad to hear you say that. You speak as a friend, of course, and I make all due deductions; still it's an immense comfort to be encouraged in this way. I wouldn't say a word to her, you know, until I had seen you and made sure of—of your approval."

It struck me that this was paying an unusually high tribute to the claims of friendship, but I knew that George had always had a greater respect for my opinion than it deserved, and I was quite ready to give him the benefit of it now. "If you approve of her, you may take it for granted that I shall," I declared, generously. "But I should be better able to judge of her, perhaps, if you were to tell me her name."

"Eh?—her name?" ejaculated George, with a most chap-fallen air. "I thought you understood. Why, who could it be, you know? Of course—of *course* it's Maud—Miss Dennison, I mean."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF GERMAN-AMERICANISM.

Two hundred years ago, or early in October, 1683, the good ship *Concord*, nearly ten weeks out from London, entered the Delaware River, and on the 6th of that month came to anchor in front of the embryo city of Philadelphia. From her was landed a colony of thirty-three German immigrants, the first band of that vast army from the father-land, which now numbers five million souls, or one-tenth of the population of the United States. These first German-Americans, upon disembarking from their *Mayflower*, were welcomed by their leader, Francis Daniel Pastorius, who had come over ten months earlier to prepare the way for them; and under his direction they established themselves upon the fertile hill-sides and in the valleys watered by the Wissahickon and Wingohocking creeks, about eight miles from the newly founded town of Philadelphia. From William Penn himself the tract of country occupied by them received the name of German Township.

The coming of these Germans from the valley of the Rhine, and the founding of the State to which they and their descendants have given so distinctive a character, were almost contemporaneous events, for they arrived two years after William Penn had been granted proprietary rights by royal charter, fifteen months after the first location of the city of Philadelphia, and eleven months after the arrival of the founder himself. They came by direct invitation of William Penn, who had encountered the peculiar sect of Mennonites to which they belonged when travelling in Germany some years before. The similarity of their tenets to those of the English Quakers had attracted him to them, and when he was in the position to extend to the Old the hospitality of the New World, these Mennonites were among the first to receive and to accept his invitation.

Last week the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of this little colony of Pastorius was celebrated by German-Americans in all parts of the country, but particularly in those centres of German population, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Newark, New Jersey. In the former place the event celebrated was made more real by the historic surroundings and associations everywhere encountered in that portion of the city known as Germantown. Among these, illustrations are shown on page 660 of the "1698 House," the oldest in Germantown; the "Ship House," which, over one of its gable windows, bears the cast of a ship under full sail, supposed to represent the *Concord;* and the "Concord School-House," erected in 1775.

The three days' celebration of the German bi-centennial, which was begun on Saturday the 6th inst., culminated on Monday the 8th in grand processions, the ranks of which were swelled by almost the entire adult male German population of the several cities in which they were formed.

The Philadelphia procession contained ten thousand men, and was divided into eight divisions, of which the first, or "Historic," was full of capitally conceived and ingeniously prepared effects. One of the several "floats," upon which the tableaux were grouped, bore the representation of the first rude log-house of the German settlers. Upon another was seen a printing establishment of the last century. In it a master and his apprentices set up the clumsy type, inked the cumbrous press, and slowly worked off the printed pages of the first Bible printed in the New World as Christopher Saur did in 1743. Between the floats were bodies of men on horseback or afoot, clad in the quaint costumes of past centuries. One group was dressed in the semi-military garb of the time of the Thirty Years' War. Lancers with steel helmets, heavily armed infantry bearing cross-bows and pikes, bodies of Continental troops in blue and buff with old flint-locks, Indians in war-paint and feathers, and many other quaintly uniformed and armed bodies of men made the historic division the most interesting of the entire procession.

In Newark the procession was nearly as long and as imposing as that of Philadelphia, and was viewed by throngs of many thousands. One wagon in the parade bore a flaming banner with the inscription,

"1683 we Owned no Land.
1883 we Own One-third of the City."

Judging from appearances the Germans owned the entire city, for German faces, flags, and gutturals were seen and heard on all sides, to the exclusion of almost all other sights and sounds.

The various industries that German-Americans have virtually monopolized were displayed in detail in wagons. Of these a procession an eighth of a mile long was devoted to the process of beer-brewing, and exhibited every stage of the operation, from the gathering of hops to the drinking of the foaming beverage from huge tankards.

Historical tableaux represented William Penn gathering together a party of immigrants on the banks of the Rhine, the Moravian Brothers educating Indians, Pastorius declaring against slavery, Christopher Ludwig baking bread for Washington's army, Arion, Germania, and Columbia gossiping, and Washington, Steuben, and Lafayette fraternizing and drinking beer, as, according to the vivid German imagination, they must have done in days long gone by.

In Trenton, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Providence, Erie, and many other cities of the country the day was celebrated with processions, the firing of guns, speeches, general rejoicings, and an absolute suspension of business on the part of German-Americans, and many of their fellow-Americans of other nationalities.

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DISBANDING THE CONTINENTAL ARMY, AT NEW WINDSOR, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1783.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.—[See Article "The Last Revolutionary Centenary." Page 659.]

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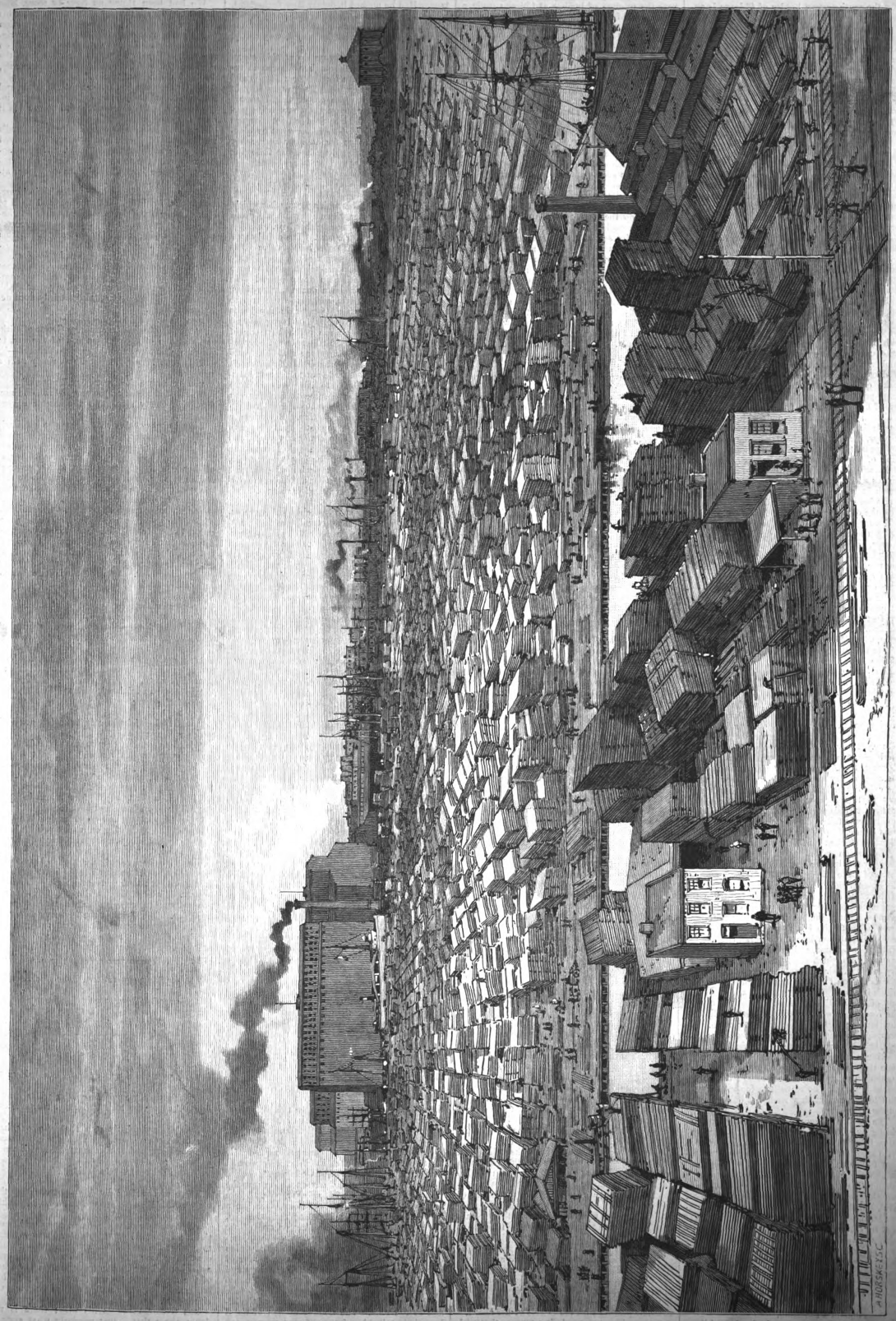

THE LUMBER DISTRICT OF CHICAGO—VIEW FROM THE WEST SIDE WATER-WORKS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 666.]

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THE LUMBER INTERESTS OF CHICAGO.

On the southwestern border of Chicago is another city whose buildings are the blackened piles of lumber, and whose busiest highways are the passages between, just large enough to afford entrance for a wagon. Through this district flows the sluggish water of the South Branch of the Chicago River, its current changing direction with the wind, and its odors unvarying, except to grow a little more intolerable when some huge propeller is fast in the mud, and her own screw, aided by the tugs pulling at her, stirs up the oozy bottom.

Extending into the yards on either hand are long slips from which rise the graceful spars of the lumber schooners, or the stumpy and blackened masts of the barges. Some of these carry nearly a million feet of lumber. The "lumber shovers" who unload them wear a leather apron extending from the belt to the knees, and leather guards to protect the palms of their hands. During the cold, raw weather of early spring these men can be seen at work stripped to the waist, regardless of the freezing rain and the brisk lake winds which make such sad havoc with weak lungs.

Almost as far as the eye can distinguish objects through the smoky atmosphere the vast expanse is roofed with the sloping tops of the lumber piles. Here and there rises a planing-mill or sash factory, or more conspicuously the huge grain elevators, with their iron roofs and slate-covered sides. Tracks and sidings admit to the heart of the lumber district the locomotive with its string of cars of almost every road in the country, coming to be loaded with the rough lumber, packing boxes, or the finer manufactures of doors, stair rails, and the like. The trains make quite a study of color in the otherwise dingy prospect. Even the cars of the same lines are of different shades from varied exposure to the weather. The air resounds with the hum of the planing-mills, the snorting of the busy switch-engines, the jolting of the wagons on the corduroy roads, the rattling of tackles and the whistling of tugs on the river. Scores of chimneys and stacks fill the air with smoke, and the breeze carries with it the finer dust from the saw-mills, which finds snug lodgment in the eyes of the visitor, whose efforts for relief bedaub his cheeks with the damp soot deposited there.

Scattered about in other localities, generally along the river, are other yards, singly or in groups, aggregating as large an area as that of the "Lumber District" just described. Even at the mouth of the river, on artificial ground, the mills and lumber piles extend eastward half a mile or more beyond the site of the old Light-house and Fort Dearborn. The stock of lumber on hand varies from four to seven hundred million feet of sawed stuff and timber, one to three hundred million shingles, forty to seventy million laths, with pickets, cedar posts, etc., in proportion.

The shipments sometimes reach two hundred million feet of lumber and one hundred and fifty million shingles in a single month. The local trade amounts annually to over five hundred million feet.

The town of South Chicago, at the mouth of the Calumet River, twelve miles south, has extensive yards, and, according to the interested parties, bids fair to rival the present city in the future. Many of the citizens of Chicago wish the lumber trade was transferred entirely to the Calumet, for they look with apprehension upon the acres of dry lumber, and fear a repetition of the calamity of 1871. A fire getting good headway in this locality, if fanned by the strong southwest winds prevalent in the summer and fall, could hardly fail to destroy the city as completely as before, despite the efforts of what is called the most efficient Fire Department in the world.

The region which produces this enormous quantity of lumber extends along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan and half the length of the western side. Reaching far into the interior of the State are streams which bring down the logs rafted together to the saw-mills at the river mouths. These lumber towns along the shore are wooden to the last degree. Many are built upon piles driven into the sandy marshes, the buildings all frame, and even the roads made of sawdust, into which the foot sinks as though in dry sand. Their well water is frequently as yellow as saffron from the decaying wood through which it comes. It seems almost a miracle that any of the inhabitants should escape if one of the forest fires which occasionally sweep through the lumber regions attacked their town. No provision is being made to perpetuate the forests, but they are being cut down right and left, making it only a question of time when the white-pine timber will be as rare as rose-wood. As a gentleman connected with the lumber interest remarked, "We are doing nothing for posterity except to decree that they shall not build wooden houses."

The lumber is brought to the Chicago market chiefly by schooners, propellers, and barges, the latter being towed two or three at a time by powerful tugs. The receipts of lumber by rail, except from the south, are comparatively light, although the Chicagoans think it would make a comfortable business for what they facetiously call the "suburban towns," *viz.*, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and St. Louis. The immensity of the lumber business of Chicago can not be realized except by taking a drive through the lumber district, and spending an afternoon in the rooms of the Lumberman's Exchange, poring over the statistics compiled by the secretary. There are two hundred and twenty firms engaged either as brokers, manufacturers, or dealers in lumber. Last year one firm alone handled one hundred and twenty-five million feet, averaging in value about eighteen dollars a thousand.

Besides this trade in pine, the hard-wood lines are in increasing demand. The costly hard woods, domestic and imported, and the cheaper hard pine from Mississippi, form no inconsiderable item in the years receipts. During the last year the receipts of lumber at Chicago made a grand total of 2,676,757,842 feet, and 1,215,455,494 shingles. Of this, three hundred million feet were of hard wood. The long-leaf yellow pine, heavy almost as mahogany, and so pitchy that a sliver of it will burn like a taper, is rapidly growing in favor for interior work. Good selected stock has a beautifully figured grain, and when darkened a little by time is surpassed in effect by but few of the more expensive hard woods. The shipping trade in lumber from Chicago extends northwest, west, and south to the limits of the country, not always stopping there. Some of the lumber towns of Michigan are active competitors for the trade with the Eastern States; but, nevertheless, the city of railroads manages to forward a goodly amount into their markets.

Chicago, being in the centre of a vast system of water and rail transportation lines, is destined to become a larger dealer in lumber every year, although now the largest market for forest products in the world. The millionaire in the metropolis and the section hand on one of the new western railroads both buy the material for their homes from her yards. The boards for the farmers' fences and the ties on the road-bed of the railway which carried him to his Western home pass through the hands of the Chicago lumbermen. The forests of Michigan are still enormous, and the undeveloped West demands their wood. The trade is guaranteed for years to come, and fortunes await those who can skillfully conduct it. JAMES J. WAIT.

THE VALLEY OF MATRIMONY.

THERE is no more thankless task that can fall to the lot of a middle-aged spinster with quiet tastes than that of engineering a young woman of any considerable personal attractions across Europe. The trouble began on the ocean steamer in the shape of a captain in the United States navy. At Paris it was a big Frenchman with a nature like that of a Newfoundland dog; at Marseilles it presented itself under the guise of a dreamy-eyed German; at Rome it was a silvery-tongued Italian; at Naples it concentrated itself in the most violent and virulent form in the person of a young American doctor.

Miss Sutherland was troubled with a cough—an entirely natural and appropriate thing to a young woman who exposed herself in all kinds of weathers on ship-board simply to know how the sea looked in a storm. The idea that that cough needed a physician's care was entirely preposterous; but, all the same, we had not been in Naples ten days before Miss Sutherland's lungs were as much an object of solicitude to Dr. Manning as if she had been in the last stages of consumption. What a delightful thing a cough is—one, that is, which is quite sufficiently slight, does not keep the sufferer awake at night, or otherwise interfere with the comfortable progress of existence! There was just enough reality to Miss Sutherland's cough to prevent her undertaking the fatigue of a journey up Vesuvius, but not sufficient to interfere with any number of small excursions to San Martino, Capo di Monte, or anywhere else that might be accomplished within a reasonable number of hours. That cough contributed to Miss Sutherland just the one element of attraction she did not need. The rather firmly set lips took on quite a gentle piteous expression when the irritated throat was trying to relieve itself by a fit of coughing; a slight fever gave the usually colorless cheeks and clear eyes a brilliancy, and the exhaustion that followed reduced the young lady from her usual attitude of sturdy independence to a most fascinating condition of womanly weakness.

It very soon came to be understood that Miss Sutherland's carelessness in regard to her health, her ignorance, and mine also, of Neapolitan *patois*, the viciousness of donkeys, and the cupidity of guides, made a male escort almost a necessity in the neighborhood of Naples. Whether the necessity grew out of the ready provision to meet it, or the provision out of the necessity, it is not worth while to argue. Judging from the independence of other lady travellers, the former theory seems the more tenable. During the first of these excursions Miss Sutherland had something of a body-guard about her. Three or four hands at least were put out to help her over every rock and up every height. Presently the number was reduced to one. Dr. Manning had, in fact, assumed the same jurisdiction over the rest of Miss Sutherland's movements that he did over the cough. That ailment had been his especial charge from the beginning, and he seemed to be rapidly assuming the responsibility of whatever else appertained to the young lady. Matters had been in this shape for about a month when it became apparent that something had begun to go wrong. By using the united intelligence and experience that have fallen to my lot I arrived at the conclusion that as Miss Sutherland had regained her health she desired to discharge her physician. I was not prepared, however, for the manner in which she undertook to do it. The plan was revealed in the simple announcement that she intended to change her quarters to the island of Capri.

Unhappily my relations to Miss Sutherland are such that for me to hear is to obey. I looked at the bleak mass of rock from my window and shuddered, it being February, and the vaunted climate of Italy being in fact as chill as an English May. The effect of the announcement upon me was, however, mild to that which it produced upon Dr. Manning. They were sitting very quietly when it came—she half buried in a big arm-chair, he playing with the tassels of her shawl.

"Agnes!"—it was a daring venture that with her first name—"you are not going over on that bleak rock? It will be absolutely dangerous for you. As your physician I will not allow it."

Now at this moment the doctor had an advantage. Had he pushed it, dainty Miss Sutherland, with her assumptions of dignity and firmly carved mouth, would have yielded that point and the rest. He blundered, for he added, very softly, "Don't go, dear."

I left the room. I always do at this stage. Miss Sutherland is a thorough American in regard to her lovers. An English or a French girl would have fled after me. The young lady in question thought it quite proper that I should retire. The matter in question was quite personal to herself, and required no interference from outside parties. The doctor went on blundering unquestionably; for an hour later, when she came into my room, we had the following conversation:

"Well?"

"Yes."

"Again?"

"I believe so." This with a yawn, after which, to all appearance, her whole attention was given to getting the hair-pins out of her hair.

Capri is a beautiful island. The old Romans had good taste, and Tiberius built twelve villas on it wherein to amuse himself during leisure hours. At the same time middle-aged women will get the rheumatism in damp places. We had not taken more than a dozen donkey-rides, ascended Mount Solario, and made the trip to Anacapri, when certain twinges in my joints warned me of the probability of being laid up six weeks in a little *pension* perched on one of the steepest rocks in the Mediterranean. My experienced eyes also informed me that Miss Sutherland was not precisely herself. My diagnosis of the case was soon made out to my own satisfaction. She was trying to live up to the lines of her mouth, and at the same time giving way round the heart. The doctor's stupidity had undoubtedly cost him a rejection. But when a young lady flees to an almost desert island to avoid the proximity of an obnoxious suitor, and then spends most of her time gazing across the sea in the direction where he is supposed to be, it may explain the matter perfectly to say that she is admiring Vesuvius; but if it does, the person who accepts the explanation has not much experience of young women.

Is there anything in this world much more excruciating than an attack of inflammatory rheumatism? This was precisely what Miss Sutherland's caprices in regard to her lovers had brought me to. For two weeks I lay upon my bed a hideous mass of red flannel, racked with pain, and hating Capri with the intensity of one of the captives of old Tiberius. During this time Miss Sutherland developed into one of the gentlest and tenderest nurses that ever took care of the victim of her own imprudence. The process of torture was going on, six weeks being the alleged period for the inflammatory demon to hold sway, when one morning the familiar face of Dr. Manning appeared above my bed. For two minutes I positively lost sight of the pain in my joints to wonder if he had been sent for. Miss Sutherland took the very first opportunity to inform me that he had not. We were indebted for his presence to the fact that some residents of Capri had told him that both the English ladies at the *pension* were ill, the elder one very ill.

If anything will alleviate the pangs of acute rheumatism it is having two young people about one both of whom are clearly in love with each other, while each is ready to die rather than make the first sign. The attitude of the doctor was magnificent. He had clearly come to Capri to save if possible the lives of two women imperiled by the abominable willfulness of one. His recovery from the effect of Miss Sutherland's fascinations appeared to be complete. He administered a cough mixture which nauseated the young lady, but took no further interest in her ailments. Me he nursed with an enthusiasm and devotion not to be described. I doubt if any rheumatic spinster in red flannel was ever so cared for before. For four weeks I was the object of the most assiduous attentions from two young people scarcely on speaking terms with each other. At the end of two weeks more I was able to walk about. Another fortnight and I was pronounced able to ride a donkey. By this time it might have been supposed that as Dr. Manning felt no interest whatever in Miss Sutherland, the attendance of a physician might have been dispensed with. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts had just married a man forty years younger than herself, to be sure, but the case was not parallel. Nobody on earth would have imagined for a moment that the doctor was in love with me.

There is nothing to do at Capri but make excursions on donkeys. My return to health was to be celebrated by a donkey excursion, and the arrangements for it finally brought out from the doctor that after the day was over he would betake himself to Naples. Up to this time Miss Sutherland's imperturbability had been almost equal to that of her lover. This announcement brought a feverish color to her cheeks, and from the magnificent repose of her usual manner she took to exhibiting what in an elderly woman would have been described as "fidgets."

The objective point of our excursion was the villa of Tiberius that is in the best repair. There is a great choice of them, each one more like a mass of dilapidated brick cellars than the last. We started on a sunny morning, on two of the most obstinate and refractory donkeys that Capri produces. The doctor preferred to walk, which he did by my side. Each donkey was conducted by a peasant woman with immense ear-rings and no shoes. Now to these creatures had been given the directions by an obliging landlady to take us through the most beautiful portion of the island to the villa. The donkey woman of Capri is an indescribable mixture of man, woman, and beast. They are as strong as men, as loquacious as women, as stupid and obstinate as their own donkeys. In this instance, however, they did as they were bid.

We had been riding an hour or more, Miss Sutherland in advance, and the doctor with his hand on my saddle, exhibiting all the devotion that a young man naturally feels toward a wrinkled spinster of fifty, when there was a halt on the part of the donkeys, and a chorus from the women: "Signora! signora! Val di Matrimonio, signora! val di Matrimonio!"

Miss Sutherland had not caught the words, and indignant at the additional outburst of *patois*, inquired: "What is the matter with them? Is it anything extraordinary?"

I have a wholesome terror of Miss Sutherland's moods, but the doctor had apparently survived his, for he answered, very coolly, "We are apparently upon the verge of the 'Valley of Matrimony,' and the donkey women are calling our attention to the fact."

There was a silence that under the circumstances was painful. Miss Sutherland tried to look dignified from the top of her donkey—an impossible thing even for her. The doctor succeeded without trying in looking savagely bitter from his position at the tail of mine.

To relieve the situation I opened Baedeker.

"'The so-called Val di Mitromania, sometimes called Matrimony by the islanders, descends eastward to the sea at the base of the Tuoro Grande.'"

"Ah," said the doctor, "it certainly does descend eastward."

I went on:

"'The Grotto di Mitromania, or Grotto of Mithras, a shrine of the Persian god of the sun, to which one hundred and thirty steps descend—'"

This time Miss Sutherland was ready with a remark.

"We must see the grotto, by all means."

To this I objected on the score of the one hundred and thirty steps, and the doctor agreed with me.

I shall always think that it was the peculiarly chilly and disagreeable tone of the doctor's voice that sent Miss Sutherland so precipitately toward the brow of the hill. In half a moment she was off her donkey and explaining in her choicest Italian to a group of women and small boys that she would not have either their assistance or their company in descending the ragged steps. The peasants shook their heads doubtfully, and shrieked, half in warning, half in fury, at being disappointed of their soldi. The doctor never moved a muscle, and in two minutes more the girl was out of sight. By way of relief to his mind and my own nerves, we began to discourse eloquently on Italian scenery. Finally the subject could not be avoided any longer.

"Doctor," said I, "find out if you can from these women how long it ought to take to descend to that grotto and come back again."

The labor of this investigation was dreadful. The doctor talked and the women screamed. Time enough was consumed to have lost a dozen lives, when he announced as the result of his struggles that Miss Sutherland should have returned long ago.

"Doctor," I exclaimed, "that girl has broken her neck."

"Well!"

"Well!" I shrieked. "Is it possible you don't care anything about it?"

"On the contrary, I am rather pleased at such an appropriate *dénouement*. She has broken my heart, nearly lost you your life, and what could possibly be more suitable than for her to finish by breaking her own neck?"

This was a pretty speech from a man in love!

"Will you go down and look for her?"

"Certainly, if you will go with me. We shall probably find her sitting on a rock politely indifferent to our feelings, and meditating on her next new bonnet."

He positively declined to go unless I went with him. Further solicitude on Miss Sutherland's behalf it was not in Dr. Manning's programme to bestow. Hand in hand, and assisted by a sturdy peasant woman, we scrambled down that horrible precipice. The shrine of the Persian god, a cave with arches and walls of brick, was passed, but no sign of Miss Sutherland's presence.

Presently, looking over a small cliff, we saw the young woman half sitting, half lying, on a rock.

"Is anything the matter?" the doctor called out.

"No, nothing—not exactly." The words were exactly those Miss Sutherland would have liked to utter in her firmest tone. The tone she did utter them in was one that denoted an agony of suppressed pain.

The doctor heard it quite as well as I did, but he did not move.

"Will you come up, or shall I come down to you?"

By this time we could see the white drawn face. The doctor took two steps forward and stopped.

Miss Sutherland, Spartan that she was, had borne all she could bear. Both arms were stretched out, and the weakest kind of a voice answered:

"I can not come. Come to me."

There was really "nothing—not exactly" the matter with Miss Sutherland but a broken ankle and a dislocated shoulder.

What a piece of work it was carrying her up that dreadful hill! And how ever did we manage to get her all the way back to the *pension* without killing her? Tears stood in the doctor's eyes as he handed her first to one and then the other of the stout peasants that helped him with his burden. That was the only sign of weakness on either part.

The doctor manages his wife: there is no doubt about that. Just precisely what system of discipline was inaugurated among the lemon

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groves of Capri, when Miss Sutherland's ankle was fully mended and her shoulder settled in its rightful place, I don't pretend to understand. It is all very well for him, but as for me, when I undertake my next charge, I hope she will be a commonplace young person with red hair and cross-eyed.

MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE-DAY.

THE seventy-third anniversary of Mexican independence was celebrated on the 16th of September. The festivities in the city of Mexico were unusually brilliant, and the military display was one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it.

Mexico has seen many changes since September, 1810, when the brave little parish priest MIGUEL HIDALGO, with his small band of patriots, made a stand for liberty and freedom from Spanish tyranny in Dolores, a little out-of-the-way town in the State of Guanajuato. Poor HIDALGO was captured and shot for his pains, but the fire he had kindled blazed higher and higher. When the Spanish armies trampled it to ashes in one place, it sprang forth with renewed energy in another. It was the liberty of the New World combating the Old World rule of kings, and there was only one way in which it could end. Eleven years after HIDALGO'S small beginning, what was left of the Spanish forces sailed away eastward, and Mexico was left to build up its republic. It has had a very hard time of it, for its population has not been an easy one to control. The building went on slowly—indeed, it fell over occasionally into an empire—but the true spirit has always lived, and the result is that to-day Mexico stands firm as a large and flourishing republic, with liberal institutions, an extensive free-school system, and a rapidly increasing mercantile prosperity.

Free education is one of the strongest foundations for national welfare, and in this particular Mexico deserves the highest praise. Mr. BUSTAMANTE, in his admirable book on *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces*, recently published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, says: "Education is found to be provided for in a manner that awakens admiration and surprise. The primary schools are least looked after, but the pupils who pass through these with a disposition to go further have an array of advantages open to them at the capital superior to anything of a parallel sort in the United States. The government maintains national schools, respectively, of engineering, law, medicine, agriculture, mechanic arts, and trades (for both sexes), a Conservatory of Music, an Academy of Fine Arts, and a library provided with an edifice that New York well might envy. The schools are open without money and without price to all, and there are even funds to provide board, lodging, and pocket-money for students from a distance, who are selected on easy conditions.

"The principal text-books in the higher schools are studied in French or English, and the recitations are conducted in the same languages; so that, what is so rare with us, graduates emerge from these schools very tolerable linguists without ever having been out of their own country."

The writer remembers an incident which occurred in a small Mexican city several years since. A measure was before the Common Council for the improvement and better lighting of the Zócalo, or public square. The measure was finally voted down because there was not sufficient means at hand to carry it out without encroaching on the school fund, and on no account must that be touched. The schools in question were scattered over quite a large district, and were attended for the most part by Indian children. They were well sustained in all departments. I have often talked with the Indians in that locality, and have been astonished at their intelligence. The Indian is Mexico's greatest problem, and education appears to be the quickest way of solving it.

This Indian population, vastly outnumbering the whites, adds a strangely picturesque element to holiday festivities, for these dark-skinned people, despite their solemn countenance, have a keen love of excitement and display. Independence-day celebration in Mexico city begins at midnight; and at that hour on September 15, while bells were ringing, cannon firing, and the President and other public officials were marching to the great meeting in the National Theatre, the Zócalo in front of the cathedral presented a curious sight. There were gathered Indians of all ages, whole families who had tramped in from distant parts of the valley to be on hand at daybreak that they might not lose even the booming of the sunrise cannon. Grouped around blazing pine-knot fires, built in pans balanced on tripods, they talked in their own wild language, ate tortillas, strummed guitars, sang and danced, while the flickering flame threw fantastic light on their forms enveloped in *serapes* and *rebozos*, until, overcome by sleep and *pulque*, they sank down in heaps on the pavement.

At sunrise on the morning of the 16th all Mexico city was awake, preparing for the day. Bells rang from every tower, cannon thundered, and the green, white, and red banner floated from every balcony and house-top. Troops of soldiers paraded the street with bands of music. By nine o'clock the square in front of the palace was crowded with military. Officers mounted on magnificent horses, gayly caparisoned, dashed up and down; Indians crowded around by thousands; Indian women squatted on the curb-stone before little furnaces, frying spoonfuls of mince-meat and pepper rolled up in a tortilla, or, with a bright-eyed pappoose strapped on their back, rushed from one side of the street to the other between the files of soldiers, like cows before a railroad train. At length the President passed from the palace to the grand stand in the Zócalo, while cannons saluted, and the cathedral bells rang a merry chime. There were speeches, reading of poems, and music. The crowd surged to and fro. Finally a movement ran through the long line of infantry, and the procession began to march. Fine military bands, composed for the most part of Indians, struck up inspiring strains. Noticeable in the ranks were the artillery, with howitzers mounted on sturdy little donkeys capable of scaling the steepest mountain passes; the cadets from the military school at Tacubaya, handsome young fellows in neat dark uniforms, with black nodding plumes on their hats; the ambulance corps, the cavalry, and, most prominent of all, the Rurales, or country guard, which are perhaps the finest body of cavalry in the world. They are all picked countrymen, men born on horseback, and they stride their spirited chargers like centaurs. Mr. BISHOP says: "The Rurales have something in their cut—the buff leather jackets, crossed by ample sword belts, the wide gray felt hats—of the troopers of CROMWELL. Each has a rifle in his holster at the saddle-bow, and a gray and scarlet blanket strapped behind him. Nothing could be more spirited in color than these costumes dismounted beside a cactus-tree, or thrown out against the blue of distant mountains."

It is said that when these Rurales were organized by PORFIRIO DIAZ, with the special object of breaking up the bandit hordes which made travelling in the country at that time a thing of terror, the wily chief selected the leaders and many of the men from among these same bandits. Fed and clothed by government, and set to guard the very roads where they themselves had been the depredators, they were bound in honor to keep the peace, for every robbery which might occur it would be a sign of weakness on their part not to have prevented. However this may be, it is a fact that since the organization of the Rurales highway robberies in the rural districts have been few and insignificant.

As the procession winds in front of the cathedral, and gradually vanishes among the crowd in Plateros Street, one follows it, seeing as in a dream other crowds than this peaceful assemblage of 1883. Over this same ground, and following this same direction, rushed CORTEZ and his men in their terrible rout from the Aztec capital, followed by crowds of hooting Indians, whose descendants crowd the streets to-day. Later on—two centuries later—Plateros Street became the residence, by government decree, of the workers in precious metals, and received the name which it still bears, signifying plate-workers, and here are still clustered the richer jewelers' shops of the country. Up this street rode General SCOTT, galloping in from Chapultepec to take possession of the government buildings after the final defeat of the Mexican forces in 1847. And in the church of the Profesa, built a hundred years before the time of HIDALGO, how many stormy meetings have taken place, how many "plans" and "pronunciamientos" have been matured!

It is to be hoped that these troublous days are over forever for Mexico, and that for all coming time Plateros Street will remain, as it is now, a brilliant thoroughfare, where jewels glisten in the shop windows, where peaceful processions parade in gorgeous array, and where crowds of fair dames go a-shopping, or drive in handsome carriages on their way to the afternoon promenade.

HELEN S. CONANT.

AN UNPUBLISHED PAGE OF HISTORY.

IN these days, when Italy is believed to have entered into a strong alliance offensive and defensive with Germany and Austria, a peculiar interest attaches to a hitherto unpublished letter of the Count Cavour, giving a detailed account of his interviews with Louis Napoleon, just before the war of 1859. This important and piquant recital is given in the *Perseveranza* of Milan. It is printed in French, and was probably written in that tongue, and bears date at Baden, the 24th of July, 1858. The Count Cavour and the Emperor of the French met at Plombières, in the Vosges; their first conversation lasted from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M., and at 4 it was renewed in the course of a drive, in which the Emperor held the reins himself over "a pair of American horses." At the moment of Cavour's entrance in the morning the Emperor plunged *in medias res*, with a declaration which a quarter of a century later conveys a striking impression of the peculiar faith which this sovereign considered himself bound to observe.

"He began," writes the Count, "by saying that he had decided to support Sardinia with all his power in a war against Austria, provided that the war should be undertaken for a cause that was not revolutionary, and that could be justified in the eyes of the diplomacy, and still more of the public opinion, of Europe and of France." On this invitation Cavour entered on "the search for this cause." He suggested Austrian evasion of the commercial treaty with Sardinia. The Emperor found the pretext insufficient "for a war destined to change the map of Europe." The Count then brought forward certain claims of illegal extension of Austrian power in Italy. The Emperor said they had been produced and ignored in the Congress of Paris in 1856. "My position," the Count says, "was becoming embarrassing. I had nothing else very definite to suggest. The Emperor came to my rescue, and we set ourselves to running over all the Italian states, hunting for this cause of war so difficult to find. After having traversed the whole peninsula, we got, almost without suspecting it, to Massa and Carrara, and there we discovered what we had been looking for with so much ardor." The inhabitants of these provinces, subjects of the Duke of Modena, were to be incited to present their grievances. Victor Emanuel should support them in "a haughty and menacing note." The Duke, relying on Austria, would respond "in an impertinent manner." The King would occupy Massa, and "the war would commence." The Emperor thought that such a commencement of the conflict would be popular not only in France, but in Europe and England, "since, rightly or wrongly, the Duke of Modena was looked upon as the scapegoat (*bouc émissaire*) of despotism."

After this charmingly frank arrangement, the Count and Emperor proceeded to "regulate the future of Italy" by a plan which was not carried out, and which it is not necessary to describe. "Afterward," says Cavour, "the Emperor asked me what France should have, and if your Majesty would cede Savoy and Nice." The Count thought France "might have" Savoy, but that it would violate "the principle of nationalities" to turn over Nice. "Thereupon the Emperor caressed his mustaches several times, and contented himself with adding that these were for him secondary questions, which there would be plenty of time to consider."

The afternoon interview was taken up mainly with the proposed marriage of the Prince Napoleon to the Princess Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emanuel. The King had received it with hesitation on account of the Prince's bad reputation. The Count in his letter argues strongly in his favor, and quoting the Emperor's remark that the Prince was "better than his reputation, and had a very good heart," remarks: "That his heart is good there is unanswerable proof in the constancy he has shown toward his friends and toward his mistresses." This droll plea for a suitor for the hand of a young princess throws a flood of light on the Count's remark, "History shows that princesses are exposed to the danger of a sad life." Happily there is now no Emperor who can, and no King of Italy who need, be party to such negotiations as Cavour's letter describes.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WITH the departure of the summer residents of Newport comes the return of a winter resident of many seasons. For ten years an old sea-gull that has come to be known as Dick has made his appearance early in October at the light-ship. He remains all winter, gets his food on board the ship, and disappears in the spring. Nobody knows where Dick spends his summers.

Writing of the departure of President Arthur from Newport, a correspondent says: "We have a very novel and beautiful way of saluting Presidents and distinguished guests. Yesterday there were twenty-two torpedo explosions at the naval station in the harbor. Some of these threw a column of water at least two hundred feet in the air. It is a very grand sight, especially at night, with the electric light thrown on the water."

The Toronto *Globe* finds in a list of the millionaires of New York the name of one who used to be a printer in the office of that paper at a dollar and twenty-five cents a week.

Mrs. Bode, of Milwaukee, sued her neighbor, Mr. Mehler, for the value of a gold ring which a tame raven belonging to him stole from a bench on which she had laid it while washing in her back yard. When the papers were served on Mr. Mehler he asked the constable, "Vy dond you got dot pird taken to shail?" He was finally convinced that he was responsible for the bird's conduct, and he paid the woman for the ring, and settled the costs of the action.

It is said that banjo-playing is to be more fashionable this winter than ever before, and that the popularity of the accomplishment promises to open a field in which superannuated negro minstrels will find occupation as instructors.

A writer in the Atlanta *Constitution* confesses himself puzzled by the question why the designation of "moonshiner" is applied to "our wayward countryman who persistently evades the law, eludes the exciseman, and bereaves the Treasury." The operations of the moonshiner are never conducted by the light of the moon; indeed, there are seasons when the lunar influence is supposed to confuse his chemistry, sour his sweet-mash, and destroy the most valued properties of his popular product. It is probable that he is called a moonshiner for the same reason that has fastened the designation "moonlighter" to the individual in the petroleum regions whose occupation is the illicit explosion of glycerine in the depths of oil wells in evasion of the patent laws. The moonlighter's aversion to moonlight is second only to his dislike for sunlight.

There are those who complain because the president of the Bar Association of the District of Columbia wrote "your lordship" and "lord" twenty times in two brief notes to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, one inviting him to a reception, and the other begging that he will consult his own convenience in naming the day.

Protab Mazoomdar, a learned gentleman from India, who is receiving the hospitalities of Boston, is quoted as having said that the memorials which the English would leave in that country, should they ever depart, "would be beer bottles in the Himalayas, and half-burned stumps of cigars in the valleys."

It is authoritatively denied by a Roman Catholic organ in the West that Sitting Bull has come to the conclusion that he can not give up one of his wives as a condition of his being received into the Catholic Church. A bishop avers that that battered child of the wilderness is "still under instruction," and that he hopes soon to have the pleasure of receiving him as a full-fledged convert. It is not stated whether there is to be a special dispensation in respect to his domestic arrangements.

For the past three months the Japanese Minister in Washington has been leading a very secluded life, and it is said that he is a victim of genuine homesickness.

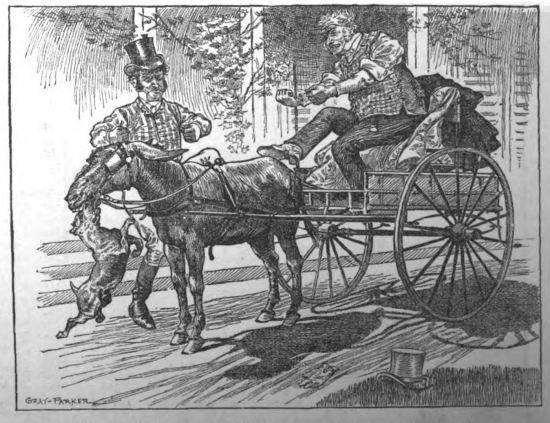
Ruskin characterizes the making of "love matches" as "mob courtship," and says there are no words strong enough to express the general danger and degradation of the method.

The bi-centennial of the first arrival of Germans in North America was not celebrated in New York, although the German population here is larger than in any other city in the world excepting two. One of the speakers at the jubilee in Philadelphia recalled Pepys's description of the mother of William Penn—"a well-looked, fat, short, old Dutch woman, but one that hath been pretty handsome, and, I believe, hath more wit than her husband."

It has been discovered that at the close of the Revolution George Washington was a good man, and weighed two hundred and nine pounds.

The Commissioner of Education has prepared a table which shows the number of men twenty-one years old, or older, in the Southern States who have not learned to write. The figures afford opportunity for interesting comparisons as to the relative illiteracy of the white and black races. In Missouri there are 40,655 white men who can not write, and 19,028 colored men whose education is similarly deficient. The figures for Kentucky are, 54,956 white and 43,177 colored; for Tennessee, 46,948 white and 58,601 colored; and for Texas, 33,085 white and 59,669 colored. In the other Southern States the figures make a better showing relatively for the white citizens.

The music-loving people of Kansas City insist not only that the music which they hear shall be up to their standard of excellence, but that the appearance of those who produce it shall be in keeping with their resthetic tastes. It is charged that Remenyi and De Celle recently came upon the concert stage there with mud on their boots. Said a critic: "Remenyi has been putting in several hot nights in Emporia and Council Grove, where he was allowed the luxury of playing in a linen duster, and De Celle was permitted to remove his collar when he went for high C. But we are more exacting in Kansas City: to have a perfect art centre we must insist upon these little details."



No. 6.—This is a leetle too much. Old Perkyns at last loses his temper. We are very much afraid that in the heat of his just anger he used language hardly becoming a man so dignified and of so mild a disposition.

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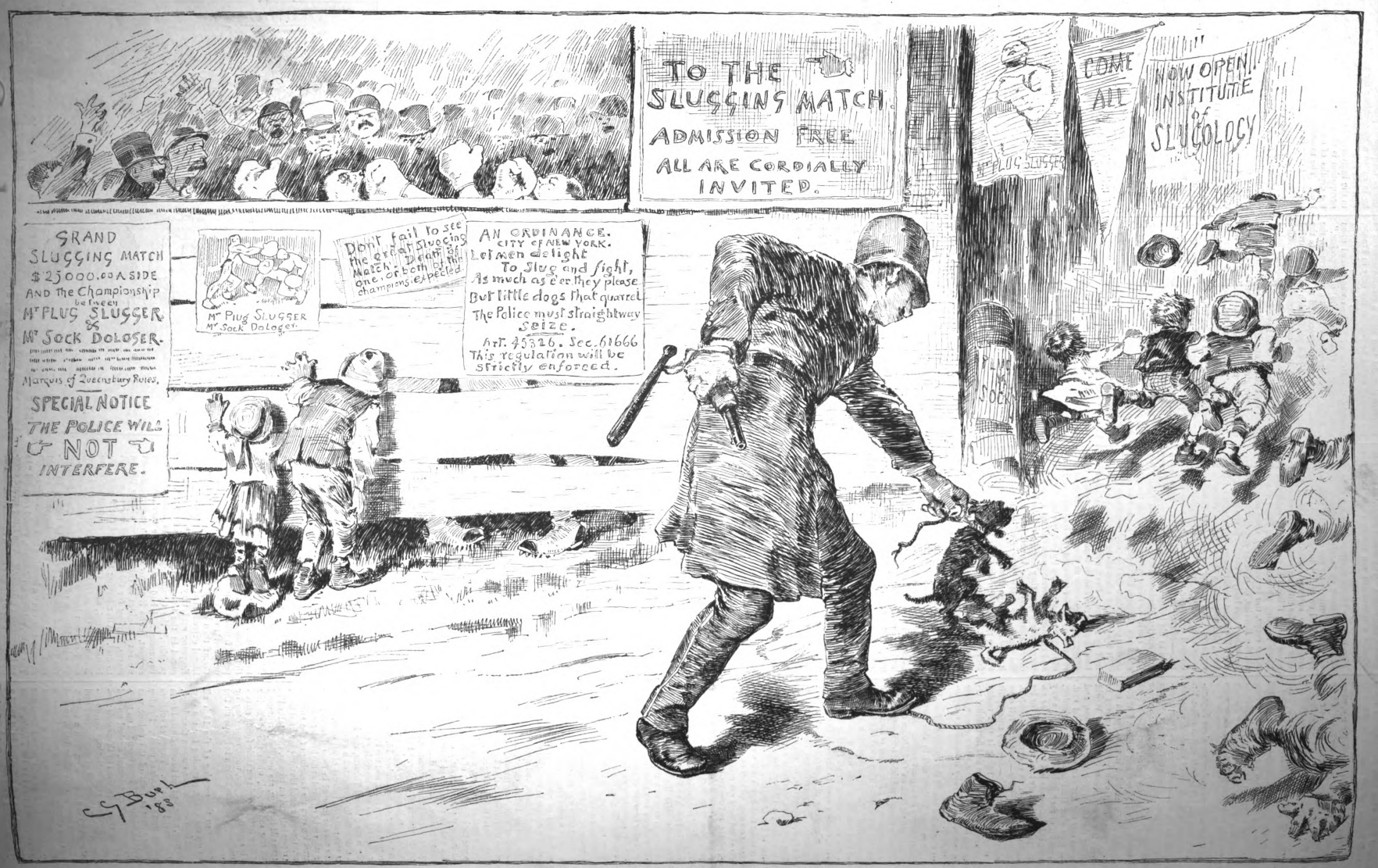

MODERN CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A (PASTE) JEWEL.

Chorus of Street Arabs. "Cheese it!"

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THE HON. BUREN R. SHERMAN, RE-ELECTED GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

THE IOWA ELECTION.

THE HON. BUREN R. SHERMAN, who has been re-elected Governor of Iowa by a Republican plurality of from 25,000 to 30,000, is one of the self-made men of the West. He springs from good Eastern stock, and owes much to the qualities inherited from honorable parentage and the habits of industry formed early in life. He is a native of New York, born in Phelps, Ontario County, May 28, 1836.

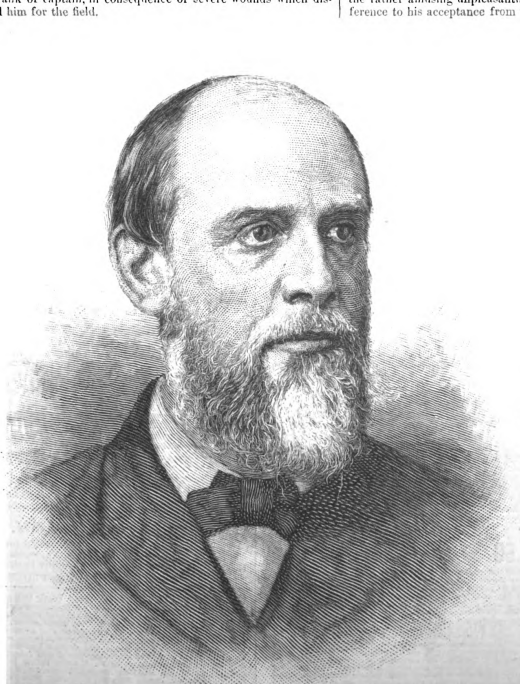
In 1855 his family removed to Iowa, where his father engaged in farming. Young SHERMAN employed his leisure time in studying law, and in 1859 he was admitted to the bar. On the outbreak of the rebellion he enlisted in the Thirteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and served with distinction, until honorably discharged, with the rank of captain, in consequence of severe wounds which disabled him for the field.

After holding several important civil offices with ability and credit, he was elected Governor of the State in 1881. His administration was eminently satisfactory to the people, as evinced by his triumphant re-election this fall.

In the Sixth Congressional District the Democrats elect their candidate, Judge COOK, over the Republican candidate, EDWARD H. STILES. But such was the popularity of the latter that the Democratic majority, which two years ago was 5000, was reduced to less than 100. Frauds are charged, and it is thought that MR. STILES will contest the seat.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

ALFONSO'S recent travels in France and Germany, especially the rather amusing unpleasantness in the former country with reference to his acceptance from the Emperor WILLIAM of the honorary colonelcy of a German regiment, have drawn unusual attention to that sensible young sovereign, the King of Spain. ALFONSO XII. is now in the twenty-sixth year of his age, having been born on the 28th of November, 1857, and in the ninth year of his reign, having been proclaimed King in 1874. His romantic marriage with the unfortunate and beautiful Princess MERCEDES was terminated four years later, and his present marriage with the Archduchess CHRISTINE, whom (as we mentioned last week) he publicly describes as "the Austrian princess who assists me in the duties of my royal office," was entered upon on the 29th of November, 1879. ALFONSO'S reign has been almost unclouded thus far, and the late inconsiderate conduct of the Paris mob has only served to illuminate it with a burst of sunshine, his Spanish subjects being eager to express their loyalty on all possible occasions with tropical exuberance. They might wish worse than "Long live ALFONSO."



THE HON. GEORGE HOADLY, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.—[SEE PAGE 658.]

THE HON. JOHN C. COOK, CONGRESSMAN-ELECT, SIXTH DISTRICT, IOWA.

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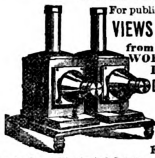

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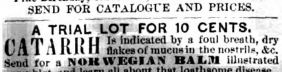

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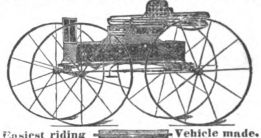

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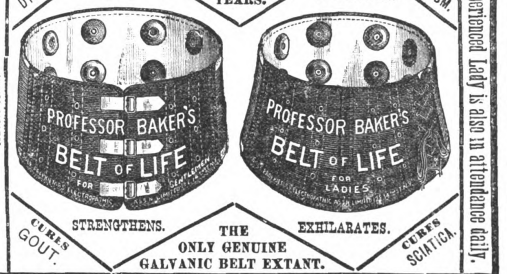

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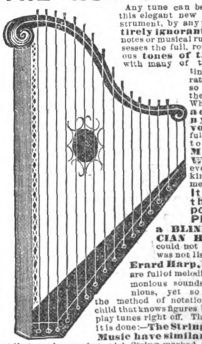

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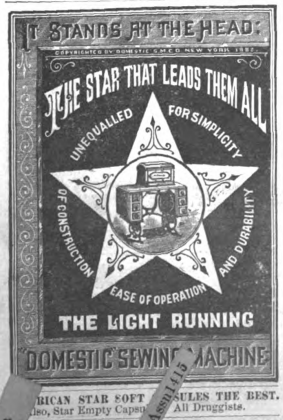

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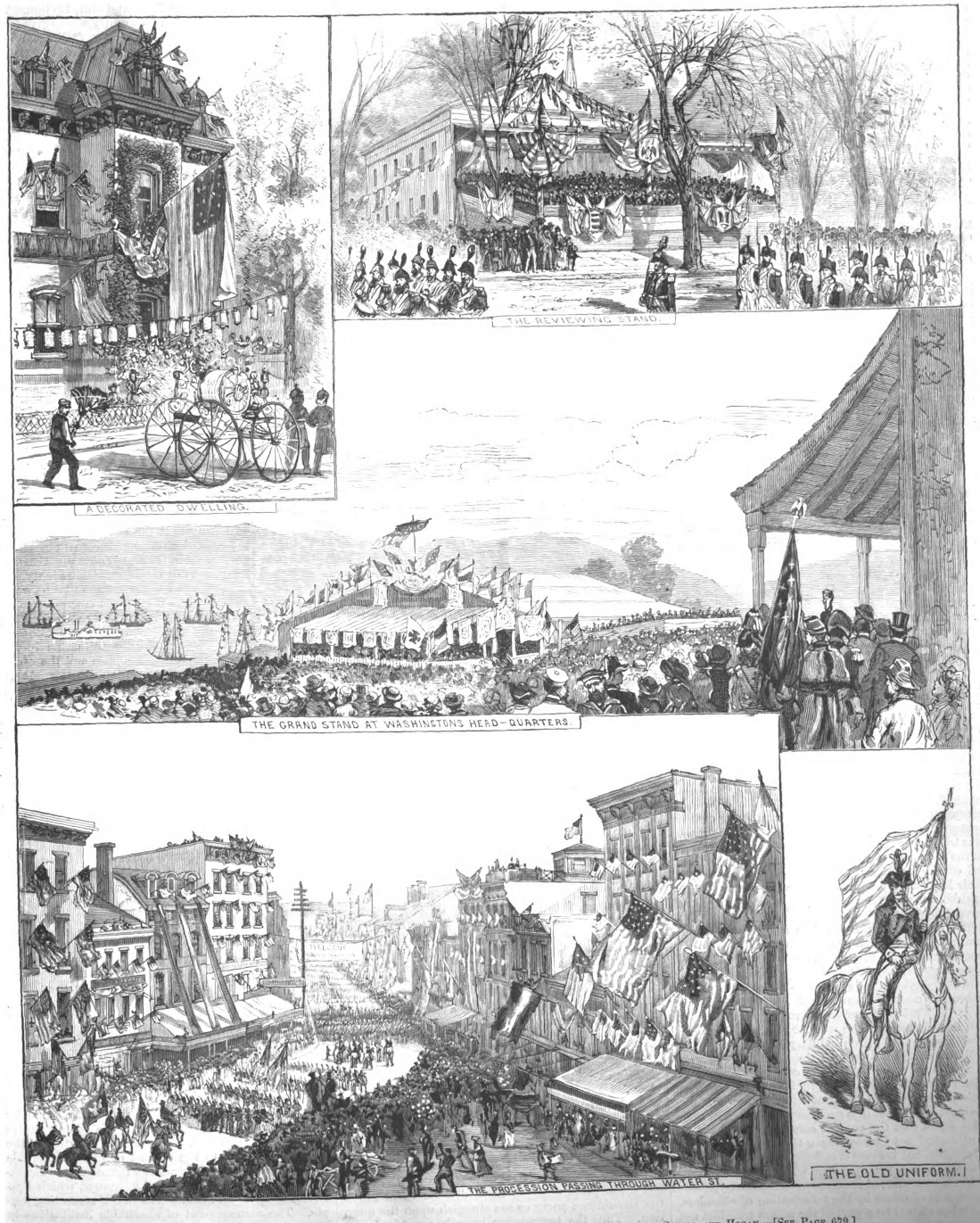

THE NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 679.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S *"Christmas Hymn" have reported [see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September 1] that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March 1, 1884, addressed "*ART COMPETITION, HARPER'S MAGAZINE*"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December, 1884; and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *$500; one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, *$500; one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *$500: these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

☞ *A Supplement is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *containing illustrations from the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden.*

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

THE voters in New York are probably not generally aware that they are to vote this year "For the proposition to abolish contract labor in the State-prisons" or "Against the proposition to abolish contract labor in the State-prisons." Such a vote, indeed, however it may result, will actually accomplish nothing whatever, but it will indicate a desire either that the present contract system of prison labor shall be renounced or continued. The proposition is not submitted in the interest of prison reform, nor as a well-considered measure of public policy. It is merely the result of a Democratic attempt to make a little party capital out of a very grave question. The history of the proposition is short and simple. A year ago the Democratic platform declared that convict—not contract—labor ought not to compete with that of law-abiding citizens. Having secured the Legislature, the party did not prevent that competition by a better method, but enacted merely that there should be no competition in hat manufacture, leaving the contract system itself untouched. The unexpired hat contract was transferred to clothes. The hatters were relieved at the cost of the tailors. Finally, to escape the pitiful contrast between their platform declaration and their legislative performance, the Democrats decided to submit to popular vote the proposition to which we have alluded.

The question is submitted in a most unfortunate manner. If the naked proposition of abolition of contract labor should be carried, the result would probably be accepted as a popular verdict against all remunerative convict labor, and as condemning the prisons to become nests of idleness and nurseries of corruption. The prison reformers might support the abolition in order to clear the way for the introduction of a better system of prison industry. But the vote for abolition would not be interpreted as the preference of a better system, but as the condemnation of all prison labor that can be brought into competition with other labor, and any productive industry in prisons must be brought into such competition. Yet there is no doubt that the present contract system should be abolished, not for the reason that it competes with other labor, but because it is destructive of the primary object of the penal system, which is well defined by Mr. BROCKWAY, of the Elmira Reformatory, as the prevention of crime by the reformation of offenders. The labor should be a part of the prison training, not directly for the profit of the State Treasury, but indirectly for that profit by tending to make the prisoners self-supporting and self-respecting citizens. For this reason, while the product of convict labor may be sold, the labor itself should not be farmed out. The present contract system, by the subversion of authority and discipline, and by the demoralization of convicts and officers, is constantly hostile to proper penal treatment. This is the almost unanimous opinion of those who are best informed upon the subject. Obviously the question can not be determined by the balance-sheet of the prisons, unless the object of the prisons be a surplus of actual earnings over actual disbursements. The report for the last year, which is just made public by the Superintendent, shows the surplus of earnings for the year in the three State-prisons to be $8996 08. But at what greater ultimate expense to the State, by baffling the real object of the imprisonment, does not, of course, appear.

A curious light is thrown upon the question by the fact that at this very time, while the 1296 cells at Sing Sing are forced to hold 1470 prisoners, the surplus earnings are about $54,000. At Auburn, the 1200 cells hold but 898 prisoners, and the surplus is $5400. And at Clinton the 1200 cells hold but 490 prisoners, and the deficiency is about $50,000. While thus there is ample accommodation for all prisoners in the State, nearly two-thirds of the cells at Clinton and one-third of those at Auburn are empty, while the prisoners are "doubled up" at Sing Sing. The reason is that the opportunities for contract labor are so much greater at Sing Sing. The consequence is that the proper penal treatment of the prisoners is sacrificed to money-making by their labor. There is no question that the present contract system should be abolished, but not for the reasons alleged by the Democratic platform, and not in a way to abolish all convict labor. Mr. BROCKWAY thinks that the present opportunity for showing a desire for the abolition of the contract system should not be lost, and his opinion is of very great weight. But if a majority for abolition should be interpreted as a confirmation of the ignorant hostility to all convict labor, it would be a very serious misfortune. On the other hand, if a majority against the abolition should be regarded, as it probably would be, as a popular approval of the present system, it would be not less unfortunate. Upon the whole, therefore, a proposition, however excellent in itself, when made for an ill purpose, and sure to be perverted to that purpose, should be defeated.

GLEANINGS AFTER THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE Ohio election this year, like that of New York last year, is a striking illustration of the political situation. It was a Republican defeat, but not a Democratic victory. In both States it was an expression of Republican discontent. In Ohio there were evidently two forces that decided the result. One, and the chief force, was temperance; the other was the tariff. Yet, although the Republican party is really friendly to a tariff and to stringent temperance legislation, it was defeated by tariff and temperance votes. The protectionists and the prohibitionists combined against it from the same feeling of dissatisfaction. The protectionists were angry because a Republican Congress reduced the duty on wool; the prohibitionists, because the Republican party preferred high license to prohibition.

The wool-grower voted directly or indirectly for the Democratic candidates, although he knew that they did not represent a tariff policy, and the prohibitionist voted against the Republicans, although he knew that his vote would gratify the liquor interest. The reasoning of both was the same. In the one case it was argued that Republican success would condone the reduced tax upon foreign wool, and in the other that it would strengthen license as against prohibition. The Republican party, therefore, in the opinion of these voters, must be taught that if it relaxes protection or evades prohibition it will be defeated. This is, of course, very significant. It is the position which was taken by the Liberty party in New York in 1844, and which defeated HENRY CLAY. That event showed that to an important part of the Whig party the restriction of slavery was a more vital question than any other, and in nine years from that election the Republican party was formed. The result in Ohio shows as plainly that to an important part of the Republican party high protection and prohibition are paramount issues, and that party success is endangered if the extreme position upon both issues is not taken.

We said last week that the result this year in Ohio does not show that the State will not vote for the Republican ticket next year. But the figures now disclose an immense prohibition vote—a vote which, while it shows no tendency toward Democracy, signifies plainly that prohibition is more important than Republicanism to an immense body of citizens. In Iowa this feeling is so strong that the Republican party proclaimed prohibition, and has carried the State by a large majority. In Maine, on the other hand, the prohibitionists have decided to abandon the Republican party as too sluggish upon the question. Thus the temperance issue has suddenly assumed a prominence which has not been anticipated, and may produce equally unanticipated results hereafter. The temperance voters, whether favoring license or prohibition, are generally Republicans. If the prohibitionists refuse to support the Republican candidates next year unless the Republicans declare for national prohibition, they may bring in a Democratic Administration, as the antislavery vote in 1844 defeated the party which, of the two parties, was the more antislavery, and brought in POLK and an extreme proslavery Administration.

THE LATE COLORED CONVENTION.

THE late National Convention of colored citizens at Louisville was a very interesting and pathetic assembly. It naturally made FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the most noted representative of the colored citizens in the country, its President, and his address was a vigorous plea for self-reliance and united action. The object of the Convention apparently was to give formal and impressive expression to the feelings and demands of the colored citizens. But it proposed no definite scheme to secure the fulfillment of its wishes, and distinctly disclaimed the desire of class legislation, while it protested strongly against certain laws and customs which it holds to be injurious to the interests of the colored people. The Convention refused to approve the Republican party or the Administration. Mr. DOUGLASS, who has always been a Republican, and, as has been sometimes thought, too blind a Republican partisan, exhorted the delegates to follow no party blindly, and "to compel the world to receive us as equals."

The New York *Globe*, which is the chief paper of the colored citizens, heartily commends the speech of Mr. DOUGLASS, and the address and acts of the Convention, but agrees that it is not yet ready to advise the formation of a colored party. It asserts, however, that so far as colored men are concerned, the law countenances violence by not protecting them against it at the polls, and it advises its friends to defend their rights when assailed by force, and, presumably, to defend them by force. That is, it would have the colored voters in the Southern States refuse to be cheated or to be driven from the polls, and to fight if necessary to secure their right of voting. It thinks that the Democratic party still follows toward the colored race the course "indicated years ago by that archvillain Chief Justice TANEY." It holds that the Republican party also is unfriendly, and that since 1876 the colored people have made no advancement in the party except the appointment of Mr. BRUCE as Register of the Treasury. The *Globe* advises its friends not to throw away votes upon a party which does not appreciate them.

No one will deny that the situation is extremely trying for the colored citizens. The real obstacle in their way is expressed in the word colored. CHARLES LENOX REMOND, a very intelligent and highly educated colored man, said forty years ago that he would willingly be flayed alive if he could emerge from the torture with a white skin. Mr. DOUGLASS exclaimed, with energy, "Down with prejudice!" That, indeed, is the enemy. There is no discrimination in law against colored citizens, but prejudice and the usages that spring from it are not controllable by law. Prejudice may affect the honest enforcement of the law, and make it practically a dead letter. There is an unjust criticism current upon the recent demand of colored men for "recognition." They are accused of a willingness to sell their principles for place. But this is not the true explanation of their demand. As their general exclusion is doubtless due to the prejudice against their color, their election and appointment to office would show that the prejudice was declining. There could be no test so conclusive, and this is the meaning of the remark of Mr. DOUGLASS that they will know the prejudice to be disappearing when a colored man is made Vice-President or called into the cabinet. If any other class of citizens in the country lay under the kind of ostracism that rests upon the colored people, they would naturally and justly urge that their demand for equal consideration in appointment to public office was a sign of proper self-respect and not of venal desire of place. The fact of the meeting of the Convention, and its dignified and serious protest and appeal, will be of undoubted service to the colored citizens. Those citizens need not regret the fate of the Civil Rights Bill. The wrongs under which they suffer are not to be remedied by law.

THE BUTLER GAME.

THE BUTLER campaign in Massachusetts is prosecuted characteristically by the diffusion of BUTLER'S Tewksbury speech, which the chief Democratic journal in New England describes as "nasty," and by insisting that Republicans killed the State paupers and tanned their skins. This is an illustration of the Butlerism which, to the disgust of many honorable Democrats, now masquerades as Democracy in Massachusetts. This is the kind of argument which Butlerism offers to an intelligent and self-respecting people. The management of charitable institutions in Massachusetts is especially careful and humane. But because some medical students have played tricks

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with the body of a dead pauper the Governor of the Commonwealth actually tries to persuade the country and the world that his native State starves its poor and helpless citizens to death, and makes merchandise of their skins.

At the late meeting of the Charity Conference in Louisville an attempt was made to play BUTLER'S little game of "reform," and to conciliate Southern feeling toward him as a Presidential candidate, by making it appear that his feats as a reformer were such that even his opponents were forced to admit them, and Mr. F. B. SANBORN, long the Secretary of the Board of Charities in Massachusetts, was cited as having called attention to abuses which were neglected until Governor BUTLER took them in hand. Mr. SANBORN is probably more familiar with the condition and requirements of the State charitable institutions than any man in the State. He is a thorough non-partisan, and supported Mr. TILDEN for the Presidency in 1876. But he has been the relentless exposer and critic of BUTLER'S efforts to humbug Massachusetts as a reformer, and to disgrace it by allegations of its corruption and inhumanity.

To bring Mr. SANBORN as a witness for BUTLER was, of course, a capital stroke, if it could be accomplished. But fortunately he was present at the Conference, and he is always quite able to speak for himself, and is the last man to be bullied, in the State or out of it, by BUTLER or his satellites. Mr. SANBORN stated to the Conference and to the people of Kentucky that in 1876 he did bring charges against the management of Tewksbury Almshouse. They were promptly investigated, and were either proved or admitted, and the evils that he pointed out were long since corrected. But, he added, the BUTLER charges are not true, were never proved, and are not believed by any candid person acquainted with the facts. That there should be no misunderstanding, Mr. SANBORN ended a very striking and impressive speech by saying, with the deepest consciousness of his responsibility, that "the accusations of Governor BUTLER against the mother that fostered him, the State that has honored him, and the charitable institutions that should have been under his protection, are, for substance of malignant theory and for allegation of malicious fact, infamously false." We suspect that Massachusetts, which is thoroughly aroused and indignant, will say the same thing in November, and show that wanton defamation of his fellow-citizens, however smartly put, is not the way to win votes for a demagogue. There is no question, also, that many Democrats who are unwilling to see their party merged in Butlerism, and who see that if BUTLER should be successful in a wholly personal campaign he would be a formidable candidate for the Presidential nomination, would not be sorry to see him defeated.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AS Lord COLERIDGE goes, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD comes. A shrewd and accomplished scholar once said of an English ambassador, "He does not represent the England that I know." This, certainly, could not be said of either the Lord Chief Justice or the man of letters who just now arrives. They are both representatives of that liberal and generous England which intelligent Americans gladly own as the mother country. They both acknowledge that the ocean separates, but does not sever, the English-speaking race, and that the same ancient traditions survive under different conditions, and mould civilization upon both sides of the sea.

Mr. ARNOLD will lecture during his visit in this country, and those who have long enjoyed, in reading, his incisive apprehension, his wide scholarship, and his crisp, clear, and graceful style, will have a new pleasure in listening to a master of English speech. He holds positive opinions, which he is fully able to maintain and defend, and he has the detective eye which is always welcome to Americans, who carry the same weapon in other lands.

It is evident that at last the curiosity and interest of intelligent England are fully aroused to see a country the controlling force of whose national life is drawn from the same sources as its own. England in the travelling season swarms with Americans, and the current of English vacation travel begins to set westward. The result will be agreeable and advantageous upon both sides, and we shall presently see distinguished Americans in London commending and criticising Englishmen with the same courtesy and insight with which Lord COLERIDGE spoke in New York.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE *Autobiography of Anthony Trollope*, which is just issued in the "Franklin Square Library," is sure to be widely read, and it will deepen the public regard for the hearty, honest, industrious, and untiring story-teller who so long held an unchanging popularity, and in whose works so much of the characteristic aspect of English life during the last generation is more faithfully recorded than anywhere else. The autobiography is as frank and downright as any work that TROLLOPE ever wrote. It is confined strictly to himself and his own labors. There is no attempt whatever to "pose," or to do anything but to confide to the reader the writer's sincere view of his own life, which was that of a professional man of letters and an officer of the postal service.

The poverty and trouble of his early life were followed by the comparative comfort of later years, which was due to his literary industry. He recounts the circumstances under which each novel was written, and his wanderings in the public service. He states his methods of working, and defends them. He criticises himself, and holds his own opinion of his work against that of the world. He gives a chapter to the subject of novel-writing, another to his chief contemporaries in English fiction, and another to criticism. There is no attempt at effect in the book, but it is a very interesting and intimate glimpse of the life of a man who held that literature was a profession, like the law, or a trade, like that of the baker.

Mr. TROLLOPE evidently wrote the work at different times, and occasionally revised it and added a few notes. Some inaccuracies of statement, resulting, doubtless, from misinformation, are not surprising. Thus, in arguing the international copyright question, he says that he is not aware that he ever received a shilling for American reprints of his works, but that he sold all foreign rights to his publishers, who received very trifling sums from America. Of course, therefore, Mr. TROLLOPE had no direct personal knowledge of the facts. If, however, he received nothing, it was not because nothing was paid. Inquiry upon the subject would have apprised him that the amount of such payment was large, and that as much as £750 was paid for a single one of his works, although there could be no other protection than priority of publication. We can not here follow Mr. TROLLOPE into the general question, but we can warmly commend his autobiography as a thoroughly characteristic and entertaining work.

THE CORRESPONDENCE UNIVERSITY.

A NEW and interesting scheme of higher education has been recently organized which is well worthy general attention. For some years there has been a very successful association in Boston for the direction of private reading. Persons in every part of the country who wish to follow at home a general or a special course of reading are advised by letter as to the books to take up and the methods to pursue. It is obvious that this plan is susceptible of wider application, which has been experimentally tested. A college professor has conducted by correspondence the mathematical studies of advanced pupils, and with such satisfactory results that thirty-two professors in various colleges, from Harvard University in the East to the Johns Hopkins University at the South and the University of Wisconsin at the West, have united to form what is called for convenience the Correspondence University for the purpose of instruction by correspondence. The word university applies to the range of studies, which embraces a great number of branches, rather than to the organization, which is not chartered, and which has no authority to confer degrees.

This scheme of education, or university, is designed to supplement that of other institutions of education, and not to rival or oppose them. It is specifically intended to assist the following classes of persons: those who are engaged in professional studies which can be taught by correspondence; graduates of colleges engaged in advanced studies; tutors and younger teachers in schools, academies, and colleges; officers and men in the army and navy; young men and women employed in shops and upon farms who can not leave their daily work to attend school or college; persons who propose to try the civil service examinations; and persons of any age and occupation who wish to pursue any particular study at home.

This is the general plan and purpose of the Correspondence University, which is not a scheme in the air, but which, as we said, has been successfully tried. The details of method have been carefully elaborated. The probable limitations of the enterprise have been deliberately considered, and there is no good reason to suppose that a scheme which has been found so beneficial when applied to reading will not be equally serviceable in severer study. Everywhere in the country there are persons, eager for knowledge and with especial aptitudes, who would gladly study if the opportunity were offered to them, but who can not go to seek the opportunity. Such persons will find it in the Correspondence University, which will require reviews and examinations also, and will hold pass and honor examinations conducted by some eminent specialist who has taken no part in the instruction. The names of the gentlemen engaged in the enterprise are the guarantee of its competency and good faith, and all inquiries about details will be answered by Professor LUCIEN A. WAIT, Secretary, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the suburbs of this city has been electrified by the following announcement: "A humorous musical entertainment for the benefit of the Presbyterian Sunday-school will be given at the Town-hall, Springfield, New Jersey, on Friday evening, October 19, 1883, by the PEAKE sisters (spinsters), formerly of Pike's Peak, late of Peaketown, State of Alasky, assisted by the renowned Peake Orchestra, who will render on this occasion some choice selections from the well-known and old-fashioned operas of *Swanee River*, etc. They will appear in their travelling costumes, with the usual appendages of bandboxes, umbrellas, etc. After the opera the sisters will be glad to supply any of the audience with ice-cream at fifteen cents per saucer."

—Ex-Governor TILDEN'S forty thousand-dollar dining room, in carved satin-wood and blue tiles, is at length entirely completed by the arrival of a massive brass chandelier, designed by Mr. CALVERT VAUX in harmony with the general spirit of the decorations. The Governor is expected to entertain his friends in this magnificent banqueting chamber early next winter.

—The vast wealth represented in the exteriors and interiors of some Newport cottages and villas makes a deep impression upon most visitors to that charming watering-place. It is no unusual thing for a Newport cottager to be much better housed than when in his city home. His guests feel that he has gone thither to stay, and the yearly increasing length of the season there does not surprise them. Miss CATHERINE WOLFE'S new stone villa perhaps leads all the rest, but its sumptuous decorations are yet to receive their finishing touches by the introduction of brass chandeliers and sconces from England.

—A theatrical manager of this city, who sometimes reminds his friends of the delightful Mrs. Malaprop, remarked, the other morning, on leaving a Fall River steamboat after a stormy night, "Thank Heaven, I am on *terra fixity* again!"

—Specimens of a peculiar wood, called "alligator-wood," recently on sale in Broadway, attracted some attention; but a New Jersey lady who bought one of them as a curiosity was surprised, on showing it triumphantly to her husband, to hear him inform her that it was only a piece of the gum-tree, an arboreal variety which abounds on the Orange Mountains, and the deep red leaves of which in these autumn days are truly gorgeous.

—The story of the committee of New York artists who once visited Mr. GREELEY to remonstrate with him against the asperity of the art criticisms then appearing in the *Tribune* is well known; but many persons have forgotten that the eminent painters Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN and Mr. WILLIAM H. BEARD constituted that committee, and that Mr. GREELEY requested Mr. BEARD to send to the *Tribune* "a spicy answer" to the objectionable articles, assuring him that it would certainly be published if it was "spicy enough."

—"Our Children's Bodies" is a subject of considerable interest to that large class of readers who have been, are, or expect to become parents; and we are not surprised to learn that Mr. WILLIAM BLAIKIE'S competent and candid discussion of it in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November has brought him not only hundreds of letters of inquiry, but hundreds of invitations to lecture. The authors of those letters and invitations, as well as fathers, mothers, teachers, and guardians in general, will not be displeased to learn that the same clever writer and conservative gymnast has written a bright little treatise on our children's bodies, called *Sound Bodies for our Girls and Boys*, which the Messrs. HARPER have now in press, and which will answer scores of questions that intermittently concern the parental heart.

—From the *Ladies' Pictorial*, of London: "WILLIAM BLACK'S new novel, *Judith Shakespeare: her Loves and Adventures*, will begin in HARPER for February. It is to be illustrated by Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY, and the scenes are laid in and about Stratford-on-Avon. If it is as good as *Yolande*, it will do; and how strange it is that the professional critics find so little to admire in that simple and beautiful story! A sweeter woman than Yolande Winterbourne has never been drawn by a novelist; but then she is neither pert, nor hoidenish, nor given to strange ways with men, so perhaps she is a little tame."

—A St. Louis journal announces a forth-coming series of portraits of beautiful women, which will begin with the picture of "a celebrated lady of Virginia, now deceased, whose marvellously beautiful face is never to be forgotten by those who had the fortune to see it." We learn that the lady referred to is the late MRS. OLIVER J. SCHOOLCRAFT, *née* MATTIE OULD, who several years ago was one of the belles of Richmond, and whose untimely death caused profound sorrow throughout that city. On each anniversary of that sad event her grave near Richmond is covered with fresh flowers by her unforgetting friends.

—An epitaph on a worthy Bostonian of the last generation recites that "he was a good and honored citizen, who abhorred alike all priestcraft and enthusiasm." Was he a premature dude? In a Maryland church-yard stands a monument to a faithful wife and her husband, and under the inscription to the wife one reads:

"Like a bud nipp'd off the tree,
Death has parted you and me."

—The precise relation of the word "pschut" to the word "chic" has been variously explained. An esteemed correspondent of this journal writes: "'Pschut,' which has a hissing sound, denotes that indefinable attribute of things which is the superlative of 'chic.' For instance, a book, a coat, an actress, a pair of boots, may be 'chic,' but they have not reached their apotheosis until they are 'pschut.'"

—Said an expert penman to another of the same guild who was examining two pieces of writing: "What has that 'that' that that that that 'that' that you made resembles to do with this 'that'?" The other replied that he desired to answer by counsel.

—Dr. THOMAS CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, of the Leeds General Infirmary, holds that as a rule private schools for girls are utter failures, suppressing the animal spirits, giving no true education, and developing neither mind nor body.

—For many years the authority of the Sultan has been defied by the Arabs of the Syrian and Arabian deserts. This disaffection to the Sublime Porte is the only bond of union between those tribes; and among one of them the ordinary price for the purchase of a wife is whatever shall be captured from the Sultan's next caravan to Mecca.

—Dress, says a contemporaneous philosopher, is but the outward and visible sign of character, and when all ladies become wise they will dress according to common-sense; that is, each will adopt the style of costume and the colors best suited to her face, figure, and position in life.

—Gentlemen who have ruthlessly promised to take a lady friend to HENRY IRVING'S first night are just now anxiously but stealthily considering how much the tickets for seats are going to cost them.

—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, M. P., publicly expresses his belief and hope that "there will be developed a spirit among Irishmen, and Englishmen too, of various shades of politics and religious conviction, who will stand up for the great cause of Christianity against atheism."

—An English journal describes the latest attitude of the Irish landlords toward the British government as like the application once received by MACAULAY from a lady who urged that as he had made so much money by abusing better people than himself, he ought to give a portion of it to her.

—A bundle of the ballads of the moment (observes a recent writer) would be not uninstructive to the politician, while the mere man of letters would find in it almost the latest survivals of popular songs that have a sensible effect on the popular judgment and the popular heart. All over Europe a cheap press is killing the occupation of the ballad-singer. The people begin to take their ideas sadly, and in prose. There are ballads and ballad-singers, but the theme is rarely anything better than a bloody murder or a recent scandal, and the verse and diction are even poorer, if possible, than the paper on which the screeds are printed. They who "love a ballad of all things" must go to Roumania, or Bulgaria, or Russia, to find the popular song in its ancient perfection.

—Remarks by a cold-blooded voyager who occupied a state-room with somebody else: "I don't mind avowing that I've not the slightest pity for a seasick passenger. Why couldn't the fiend have gone overland? And he was one of the most ravenous at dinner and tea time yesterday. Had our port-hole only been large enough, I should cordially have pushed this malefactor through to make his own terms with the fishes. As it was, I could only scowl at him, 'I hope, sir, you are not going to be sick again here.' 'No,' he replied, with a ghastly smile, and scrambled headlong into his berth."

—The occupants of the Women's Prison in Westminster, London, rise at five minutes after six, put away their bedding, and clean their cells. At half past six they begin work, and at a quarter to eight eat breakfast, which consists of bread, gruel, cocoa, or porridge, or a combination of two of these articles. From 8.45 to 11 o'clock they work again, and at 11.25 file into the chapels for prayers, there being two chapels—the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—the Protestant the larger one, with a pretty communion table, a good harmonium, and congregational singing. It is considered a great punishment to be debarred from chapel. At 12 o'clock dinner is served, consisting of some combination of bread, suet pudding, potatoes, beef, or soup. From 1.30 to 5.45 work again; at the last-named hour supper, which is the same as breakfast; from 6.15 to 8, work; and at 8.30, bed, with all lights out. This prison was built in 1618, and is about to be torn down. The inmates will be removed to Millbank.

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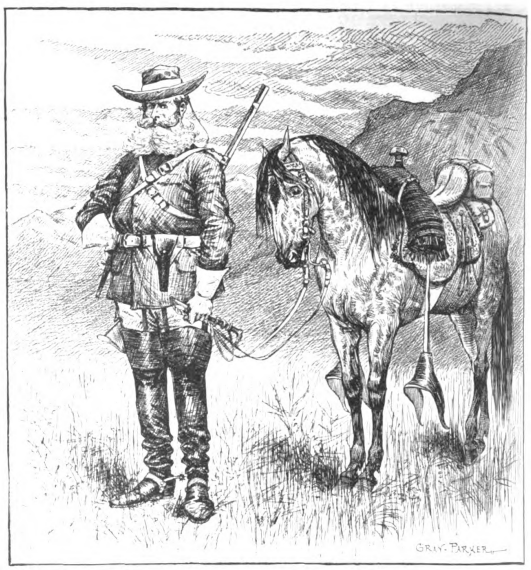
HULLOA! WHOM HAVE WE HERE?—RONALD LINDSAY, MACLEOD OF DARE, OR THE LAIRD OF DENNYMAINS?

WHY, NO, NOT A BIT OF IT. THIS IS SIMPLY OUR FRIEND GEORGE WASHINGTON BROOKS, OF BOSTON, WHO, DOUBTING THE CAPABILITIES OF THE STATES FOR LARGE GAME, HAS HIRED AN EXTENSIVE DEER FOREST IN SCOTLAND FROM LORD REGINALD SNIGSWORTH AT A FABULOUS FIGURE.



AND PRAY, WHO MAY THIS BE?—BUFFALO BILL, OR SOME BOLD FRONTIER LEADER?

WHY, NO, NOT A BIT OF IT. THIS IS SIMPLY LORD REGINALD SNIGSWORTH, WHO HAS COME OVER TO THE STATES TO SHOOT LARGE GAME.

THE GERMANIA MONUMENT.

On the banks of the beautiful Rhine, directly opposite the little village of Bingen, where the "soldier of the Legion" who "lay dying in Algiers" came from, the German people have erected a magnificent monument, one hundred and ten feet high, in commemoration of the establishment of their unity and their Empire. The spot has the singular felicity of overlooking the place where Kaiser WILLIAM, on his return from the victories of 1870–71, first saluted the famous river in his capacity of Emperor of Germany, and commands, besides, a landscape not only the most picturesque of Northern Europe, but the dearest to the Teuton heart. In all respects, indeed, it becomes the presence of the great memorial, which, in the language of the Emperor himself, has been erected "in memory of the dead, in praise of the living, and for the emulation of coming generations," and which with most imposing ceremonies —the manœuvres of long lines of fighting troops, the salutes of cannon that had made themselves heard on fields of victorious battle, the ringing of bells, the singing of the Prussian national anthem, the playing of military bands, and the delivery of patriotic addresses—was inaugurated on the 28th of September in the presence of the German sovereign, German princes, German warriors, German poets, and a vast concourse of the German people. To add that the innumerable popular fêtes held in the evening were worthy of the occasion is sufficient to describe them.

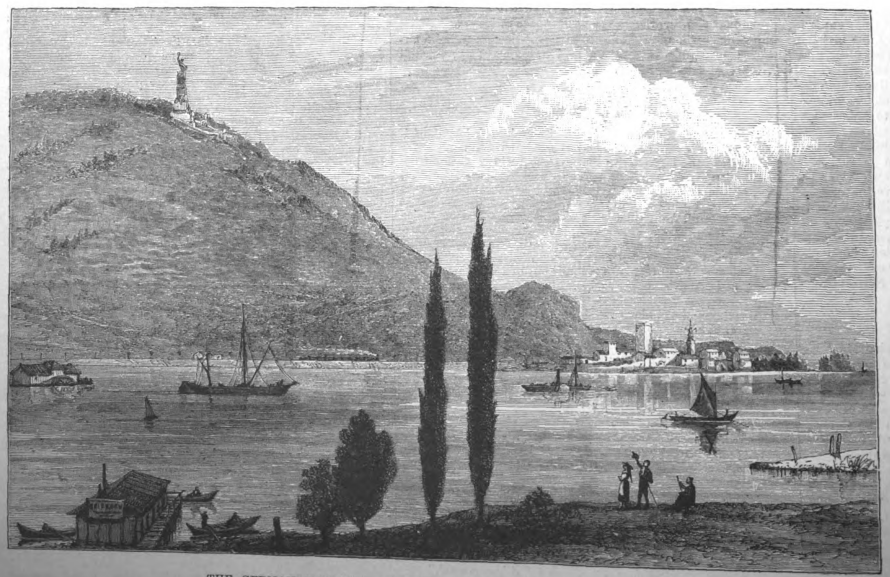
The monument itself, unveiled by the sculptor Herr VON SCHILLING, while the people sang the "Wacht am Rhein," consists of the imperial bronze figure of Germania, thirty-three feet high, and more than classically beautiful, standing on a pedestal which rests upon an immense quadrangular stone base, which in turn rests upon an extensive substructure. With her left hand Germania grasps her tried sword, and with her right holds aloft her proudly won crown of empire. Her noble and impassioned face, modelled after that of the sculptor's own child, suggests eternal youth; and the gems and eagles embroidered on her robe of state represent the splendor and the glory of her sway. It took three years to cast this majestic figure, and when the task was at length completed, the railway bridges were found to be too small to admit of its passage over them, and the services of a Rhine steamboat were called into requisition. The little finger of Germania's hand needs a man's two hands to span it; the joint of her hand will hold a man, and in the interior of her body twenty persons can execute a waltz.

On one front of the base of the monument is a grand relief of one hundred and thirty-three life-size figures—the Emperor WILLIAM in the midst of his chief generals, statesmen, and allied rulers; on another front is depicted "The Departure for the War"; on still another, "The Return from the War." Around the foot of the pedestal, and above the insignia of the several German monarchies, appears the simple and eloquent inscription: "In memory of the unanimous and victorious rising of the German nation, and the restoration of the German Empire, 1870–1871."

BISHOP KNICKERBACKER'S CONSECRATION.

THE consecration of the Rev. DAVID BUELL KNICKERBACKER, D.D., lately rector of Gethsemane Protestant Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, as Bishop of Indiana, took place on the 14th of October at St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, the Right Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., Bishop of Western New York, acting as consecrator. The procession of surpliced choir and robed clergy and bishops approached the chancel singing the hymn, "O day of rest and gladness"; and after the ante-communion service had been read by Dr. COXE, a sermon was preached by Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, from the text: "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The words addressed by the venerable speaker to the new Bishop were impressive in the extreme. "My brother beloved," he said, "my heart is overfull, as I bid you godspeed to-day. For almost a quarter of a century you have been my own son in the Gospel. All these years I have watched you with a father's care. Your whole ministry has been given to the flock of which you were the first and only pastor. Always foremost in missionary labors; always glad to minister to the sinful, the sorrowful, the sick, and the dying, few men have been permitted to so endear themselves to the flock committed to their care. . . . In this most solemn hour of your life forget these bishops, forget this gathered congregation; think only of our blessed Lord, and think of yourself as receiving from His pierced hands this apostleship, that so, by the consecration of your whole self—body, soul, and spirit—through the power of the Holy Ghost which you receive this day for this apostleship, you may so fulfill your office that you may receive from Him the crown of life."

The presiding Bishop and the Bishops present laid their hands upon Dr. KNICKERBACKER'S head, the presiding Bishop saying: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands," etc., after which a copy of the Bible was delivered to the new Bishop. The very interesting service closed with the "Nunc Dimittis."



THE GERMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT AS SEEN FROM BINGENBRÜCK.

THE MONUMENT.

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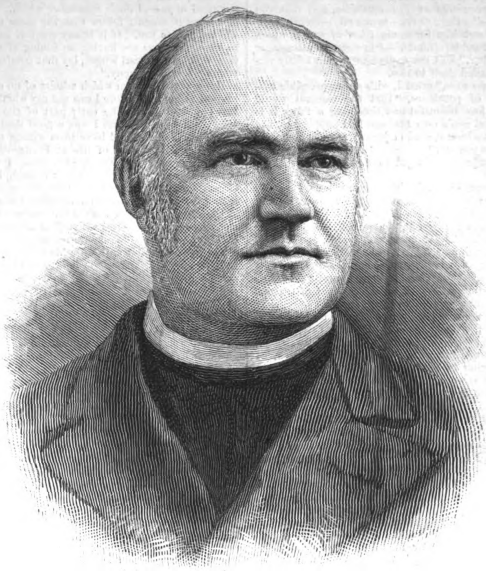
MATTHEW ARNOLD.—[See Page 679.]



THE RT. REV. DAVID B. KNICKERBACKER, D.D.—From a Photo. by A. H. Beal.—[See Page 676.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

GEORGE FULFILLS HIS MISSION.

I don't think I have ever, before or since, been so utterly taken aback. Afterward, when I had leisure to consider things quietly, I did call to mind one or two by-gone incidents which might have prepared me for this news, if I had not been so certain that George had no romantic side to his character; but for the moment I could only gape in stupid silence.

"Ah!" said George, mournfully, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

I didn't like it at all; I was indignant, I was disgusted, and I knew quite well that I had not the smallest right to be either the one or the other. Nor could I altogether disguise my feelings. I was conscious that it was in a harsh and disagreeable voice that I said at last, "You have developed this attachment rather rapidly, haven't you?"

"Oh dear no," he answered, simply; "I have loved her ever since we were children; but I always kept it to myself, because, even when I was a boy, I could see what a hopeless business it was. Afterward you grew up and fell in love with her, and then, of course, there was an end of my chance, supposing that I had ever had any. Whether I have any now or not I can't tell; but probably not. What do you think, Charley?" concluded George, looking at me with a timid appeal in his honest brown eyes which should have softened the hardest heart.

It did not soften mine. "Well, if you ask me," replied I, bluntly, "I can't say that I think you have much chance. I am sure it never can have occurred to her to think of you as a lover. It—it really does seem so ridiculous, you know."

"I suppose it does," observed George, not in the least affronted. "Upon the face of it, it *is* ridiculous; only one so often hears of beautiful and clever women who have the most homely kind of husbands. I have emboldened myself a little by that thought sometimes. And as to her being taken by surprise, I am not so sure that she will be that. Since you went away I have seen a good deal more of her than I used to do, and she has always been extremely kind, and not long ago my mother persuaded her to stay a few days with us at Hailsham, and—and—in point of fact, I think she may have an inkling of the truth. Though, of course, I can't say for certain."

"Oh, really?" said I, swallowing down with great difficulty the bitterness of my dissatisfaction. "I dare say it will be all right, then. Only, if it isn't indiscreet to mention it, what are you going to live upon, supposing that she accepts you?"

"Well, really I haven't thought very much about that," George confessed; "it has always seemed such an impossible thing that she should accept me. But if she did"—here he straightened himself up in his chair and a wonderful brightness overspread his face—"if she did, I think I could earn my living as well as another. Thousands have done it before me, and I don't feel much afraid of failing, somehow. For I have always found," he added, with pathetic humility, "that plodding industry tells in the long-run; and though perhaps I am naturally more fitted for manual labor than for head-work, I can generally manage to master a subject by giving more time to it than other men would need to do."

"But isn't it more prudent and—more usual to begin earning one's living before proposing?" I knew I ought not to say this, but I couldn't for the life of me help it.

George's patience was proof against any provocation. "No doubt," said he; "and perhaps I won't propose until I can see my way more plainly. But sometimes, you know, one is hurried into speaking a little sooner than one has intended; and to begin with, I wanted to be sure that I was not taking any unfair advantage of your absence. You had never actually told me that you had given up thinking of Miss Dennison: all I had to go upon was what I

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

"THEN SHE GOT UP AND LAID HER HAND UPON HER BROTHER'S SHOULDER."

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had seen myself at Naples, and what General Le Marchant said."

"You mean that day out shooting?"

"Yes, and afterward. He told us that Lady Constance was at Franzenshöhe, and that you were—" Here George broke off, evidently casting about him for some form of words which should not be offensive—"in constant attendance upon her," was the expression which finally recommended itself to him.

"I do wish," cried I, with an irrepressible outburst of petulance, "that the General would learn how beautiful and becoming a thing it is to mind one's own business! I suppose he has been making no end of jocose remarks about me before you all?"

George was obliged to acknowledge that he had.

"Dear, cheerful old creature, how I should like to have him here for five minutes! And what did Maud seem to think of it?"

"I can hardly tell," answered George. "She laughed. As far as I could judge, she took it very much as a matter of course; and naturally I was glad that it troubled her so little."

"Oh, nothing could be more natural: *les absens ont toujours tort*. You had the best of reasons for wishing her to laugh at me, too."

For the first time George looked decidedly displeased. "You ought not to say that," he returned; "it is unfair and untrue. If I was glad, it was more upon her account than my own. I was going to tell you that I didn't feel by any means convinced that you had so completely changed in such a short time; and that was why I came out here. Even now it is not too late. You have only to promise me that you will give up Lady Constance and return to your old love, and I'll engage not to interfere with you in any way. I fully admit your right to be heard first. All that I should stipulate for would be that if, after a certain time—say a year—you had either not asked or had been refused, I should be allowed to come forward again and take my chance."

There was no withstanding such magnanimity. I answered George that I appreciated it, but added that, after what I had already told him, he would understand that I had neither the wish nor the power to take advantage of his offer. "Go on and prosper," I said, trying hard to show some magnanimity myself. "I ought to wish you every success; for I should like you to have the best wife in the world, and I should like Maud to have the best husband."

But, in spite of these brave words, I was far from being satisfied. Having been so blind to George's attachment, it was reasonable to conclude that I might have been equally blind as regarded Maud; and, although I had often assured myself of late that she had never really cared for me except as a brother, there was something disagreeably humbling in the thought that she had attached no sort of importance to my vows. In bed that night I thought over all our meetings and conversations; I thought in particular of that afternoon when I had fished her out of the Broad, and of the look which I had surprised—or fancied that I had surprised—in her eyes; and I am afraid I muttered to my pillow some very unwarrantable things about the fickleness of women. I was more than half disposed, in short, to play the dog in the manger's part; and I dare say some large-minded readers may find it within the range of their capacities to sympathize with me.

On the following morning George started for England, notwithstanding the snow, which was still falling. He was anxious to have another day or two in Norfolk before returning to London and work, he said, though not in any great hurry to learn his fate. I, on the other hand, was consumed by a burning curiosity to hear what Maud would say to his proposal, and urged him—with little regard, I am afraid, for his interests—to "get it over and have done with it." But he said No; he thought he would bide his time. "I laid in a large stock of patience years ago, when I supposed I should want it for the rest of my life, and now that things have turned out differently, I find that I have still a considerable balance left to draw upon. Besides, as you very truly say, it would be more satisfactory to have an actual income to offer than only the prospect of one."

Then he promised to let me hear from him as soon as he had any good news to tell, and so we shook hands, and the train bore him away.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRANZENSHÖHE IS BEREAVED.

I EXPECTED that Lady Constance would catechise me as to what had passed between me and George, and as to the reason of his sudden departure; but she did not do this, nor did she say anything more about going away herself. Lady Constance seldom fulfilled expectation either in word or deed; and this was a constant source of trial to Mr. Sotheran, who hated surprises. Like George, however, he had laid in an ample store of patience, and bore the daily slights and vexations which were inflicted upon him with a stoicism which would have been sublime if it had not been so exasperating.

I, for my part, was more mercifully treated, though I could not flatter myself that my prospects were any better than his—if, indeed, they were as good. I don't know whether I was the envy or the laughing-stock of Franzenshöhe at this time: a little of each, perhaps. That there were many men young and old who would gladly have changed places with me I have no doubt, but whether this circumstance prevented them from smiling at the parade which I made of my thralldom I am not equally sure. Once Pemberton asked me if I was not growing rather tired of playing poodle-dog; but I turned upon him so savagely that he formally withdrew the expression, merely observing that I need not bite his leg off in order to prove that I wasn't a poodle. "I used to fetch and carry for her ladyship myself once," said he, "and I got tired of it, or she got tired of me—I don't remember which. But of course it doesn't follow that the same thing will happen to you. If it is any comfort to you to know that you are having an inning of more than double the usual length, lay that comfort to your soul, and be happy."

Happiness is a term which admits of no absolute definition; therefore I can not say whether I was happy or not in the early part of the year 1854; but I suspect that I was a good deal less miserable than I should have been willing to allow. The daily round of life at Franzenshöhe provided me, at all events, with what I then considered excitements, and, oddly enough, Lady Constance too appeared to be tolerably satisfied with these, and to have no immediate intention of quitting them. But toward the season of the equinox, when a general stirring is observable both in animate and inanimate nature, she began once more to exhibit unmistakable symptoms of restlessness. First she took it into her head to decline all invitations, refused to see anybody, and absented herself even from the entertainments given at the Legation. Then she as suddenly appeared in the world again, and scandalized King Rudolf, who never talked politics, by telling him in the presence of a large and distinguished circle that Socialism would make an end of all German monarchies before the century was out—a remark, by-the-way, which his Majesty never forgave. Finally, in defiance of Lord Rossan's prohibition, she summoned back the shaggy patriots whom she had so carelessly sent to the right-about some months before, and was forever holding nocturnal conclaves to which they and only they were admitted.

In all these vagaries there was nothing to complain of, so far as I personally was concerned. The chorus of conspirators was often in my way, it is true, but not more so than the cavalry officers and attachés whom it had superseded, and I was thankful for anything that seemed likely to keep Lady Constance at Franzenshöhe. What I omitted to take into account was that subversive schemes, though they might serve well enough to amuse her for a time, could hardly fail to bring her into collision with her brother's authority before very long.

It was my privilege to be a spectator of the inevitable explosion. I was sitting in Lady Constance's drawing-room, one morning in the early spring, when Lord Rossan walked in, with his hands full of official papers, and a portentous frown upon his brow. The moment that I saw him I guessed what was the matter, and I shook in my shoes; for I don't mind confessing that I had a wholesome dread of my chief's displeasure. Lady Constance, who feared nothing and nobody, maintained her composure.

"This is an unusual honor," said she. "Sit down and tell us all the news."

Lord Rossan took no notice of this invitation, but advanced to the low arm-chair in which his sister was reclining, and looked down upon her sternly. "Constance," he said, "what did I tell you when you first came here about the revolutionists whom you chose to receive?"

"As far as I remember," answered she, "you told me you wouldn't have them in the house."

"In spite of which it appears that you have broken your word, and invited them into the house."

"I never break my word, as you know," returned Lady Constance, curtly. "In the present instance I did not pledge it."

"I should have thought that you would have been above such quibbles as that. There was a distinct understanding that you should keep out of these silly intrigues as long as you were under my roof, and I consider that you have been guilty of a breach of faith. While you are wandering about irresponsibly you can of course do as you please, and no one will dispute your right to engage in any tomfoolery that may be attractive to you; but when you do me the honor to reside with me, you must put a curb upon your impetuosity. I was under the impression that I had made that clear to you at the outset."

"It is not such tomfoolery as you think," replied Lady Constance, quite good-humoredly. "Who was it that said you can do anything with bayonets, except sit on them? I grant you that large standing armies may keep things quiet for an indefinite time, but nothing is more certain than that disaffection must creep into the armies sooner or later, and then the great crash will come."

Lord Rossan waved his hand impatiently. "You are begging the question. The history of the world is a history of great crashes, followed by great calms. Your ragamuffins don't know what they want, and will never get anything except what they deserve. But all that is beside the mark. What interests me is that, in consequence of your freaks, I have just received a snubbing dispatch and a private letter from the Secretary of State, in which I am told to exercise a little more control over my family."

"How amusing!" exclaimed Lady Constance. "May I see his letter?"

Lord Rossan tossed it into her lap. "It may be very amusing," said he, dryly, "but I so completely fail to see the joke myself that I am determined to have no repetition of it."

Respect for the memory of the then Minister for Foreign Affairs forbids me to record Lady Constance's irreverent comments upon the epistolary style of that eminent statesman. "I wonder who has been telling him tales out of school," she remarked, as she folded up the letter. "Never mind! I can easily smooth down his ruffled plumage, and he shall make you an apology for having been so rude."

Then she got up and laid her hand upon her brother's shoulder. "Don't be angry," she said, gently. "I acknowledge my sin, and I'll make the only reparation for it in my power by going away as soon as ever I get my things packed up."

Lord Rossan's features relaxed. He was, I believe, really fond of his sister, and I know that it went sorely against the grain with him to turn any one out of his house. "I wish you would try to be a little more like other people, Con!" he sighed. "And I didn't mean that you must go away."

"I can't be like other people," she returned, laughing; "and it is certainly high time for me to go. You will be very much relieved when you have seen the last of me, and Elizabeth will jump for joy. Besides, I want to be in London. Can't I do anything for you there? Would you like an embassy, for instance?"

Lord Rossan burst out laughing. "Just listen to this woman, will you!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't you think she had the whole world at her feet? After getting me the first sharp rebuke that I have had in my whole official career, she coolly proposes to select this favorable moment for pressing my claims upon the Foreign-office. The best of it is that she'd do it, too!"

"And successfully," added Lady Constance.

"Oh, I have no doubt you think so. Maxwell, let me recommend this model for your study. Your discrimination will tell you where to imitate it and where to take warning by it; but it will at any rate teach you that with a hearty belief in yourself you may go far. As for me, I am not ambitious; all I ask is to be allowed to perform my humble duties in peace and quietness."

Lord Rossan had recovered his good-humor; but I noticed that he did not press Lady Constance to prolong her sojourn in Suabia; and as soon as he was gone I broke out into lamentations.

"I knew how it would be! I knew I should lose you before very long! Now you will go away, and perhaps, when we next meet, you will have forgotten my name."

Lady Constance paid no attention to me. She had rung the bell, and was issuing brief, peremptory instructions to Antonio. "I shall leave for London to-morrow morning. See that everything is packed up, pay all bills, and let the people at the railway station know that I shall want a reserved compartment."

"So soon!" I ejaculated, dolefully. "Must you really go so soon?"

Lady Constance seated herself at her writing-table and began rapidly scribbling off notes. It was not until she had finished these and had inclosed them in their envelopes that she marched up to the chair into which I had sunk in a state of collapse. After contemplating me for a minute with knitted brows, she exclaimed, abruptly, "Do you know that you present a very pitiable spectacle?"

"I dare say I do," replied I, despairingly; "I don't care. Perhaps you would present a pitiable spectacle if the world suddenly crumbled into ruins around you."

"I abhor exaggeration," she returned, coldly, and walked away to the window.

Perhaps I might have been stung into something a little more like manliness by this insensibility, had the circumstances been other than they were. As it was, I was too much overwhelmed to realize anything beyond the dreadful fact that Lady Constance was going to abandon me. After a time I picked myself up and moved toward the door. There was nothing more to be said, and from the impatient movement of her foot I judged that she was anxious to get rid of me. But when my fingers were already upon the lock she recalled me.

"Come back," she said, with a little vexed laugh—"come back, and for Heaven's sake don't make such a deplorable exhibition of yourself! I positively thought you were going to *cry* just now. Do you know why I have liked you better than other people? Why, because I have always given you credit for more than an average share of pride and pluck. If you are going to fall into drivelling imbecility now, the sooner we bid one another a fond and final farewell the better."

"Scolding me will do no good," said I, with a dull pain at my heart. "Very likely I am imbecile; if I am, it is you who have made me so. I half believe that I am out of my mind. I only live for you; if I am to lose you, I should like to die. I haven't a wish or a thought in the world that is not connected with you, directly or indirectly. I haven't even the power now to hate myself for being such an idiot."

Lady Constance looked at me curiously. "You are very fortunate," said she, "to be able to feel like that."

"Fortunate!"

"Of course," she returned, impatiently. "Isn't it better than feeling nothing at all? But I have no time to talk transcendentalism now; let us come down to prosaic issues. I suppose what you would like would be to follow me to London, would it not?"

"It doesn't much matter whether I should like it or not, since it happens to be impossible," replied I, despondently.

"You are much too fond of that word. There can surely be no impossibility about getting a month's leave. But if a month won't satisfy you, why don't you give up Franzenshöhe and exchange with one of the Foreign-office clerks?"

"Do you think that can be managed?" I asked, eagerly.

"I can't see any reason why it shouldn't be managed. In fact, I dare say I could manage it for you."

"How good you are!" I exclaimed, with enthusiasm. But then I mentally projected myself into the future, and added, more soberly: "After all, though, you are sure not to stay long in London."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I shall be there until the end of the season in all probability. Please don't begin to be exacting as well as foolish. I have pointed out to you an easy way of getting what you want for the present: let that be enough. When you are tired of London, you have only to exchange back into the diplomatic service again. Mind, I don't for a moment advise your taking this step; my own opinion is that you would act far more wisely by remaining where you are and courting oblivion. But I take it for granted that in your present state of mind you wouldn't listen to advice; so it would be a mere waste of time to offer it to you."

"I wonder," said I, meditatively, "whether your heart is as hard as your words."

She replied that it was to be supposed so, because she certainly meant what she said. "I won't keep you any longer now," she added, presently. "I have a busy day before me; but I hope to have said good-by to everybody and to have cast off all hawsers before night-fall."

This hope was not realized. Neither that evening nor on the succeeding day was Lady Constance free for one moment from the company of her disconsolate friends. They remained with her till long after midnight; they escorted her in a sorrowful procession to the railway station the next morning; they filled her reserved compartment with bouquets, and the air with inarticulate wailings. The only one among them who remained totally unmoved was Mr. Sotheran, who announced casually that he himself would be starting for London in the course of a few days. As for me, I obtained little more than the others did to soften the pain of parting, not even the promise of a letter, though I begged hard for it.

"I think I told you once before that I never write friendly letters," Lady Constance said; "but I will let you know my address as soon as I have one, and I will try and find somebody to make the exchange with you that you wish for."

Then she turned away to speak to some of the high official personages who had come to wish her a pleasant journey, and I was elbowed into the background.

After Lady Constance went away I had to bear a long interval of suspense, during which I heard nothing of her, and was grievously tormented by doubts as to whether she might not have forgotten her promise of contriving a transfer of appointment for me. My irritation became so intolerable at last that I wrote to my cousin Harry, begging him to let me know whether he had seen Lady Constance, and what he thought I had better do under the circumstances. The return post brought me a long and friendly reply, in which I was advised to have patience, and was assured that I had not been forgotten, although the wished-for exchange might not be obtained quite immediately.

"It takes a little time to arrange these things," Harry wrote; "and the difficulty of finding a man willing to leave London is of course greatest at the beginning of the season than it would be at another time of the year. However, where there's a will there's a way, and I happen to know that the will is not wanting on Lady Constance's part. She has secured a very smart little house in Mayfair, the interior of which you will become familiar with, I hope, before long, and I need not say that she is, as usual, besieged by callers from morning to night. I know this to my cost, because I sometimes have occasion to visit her upon business, and because I am often kept waiting an hour or more in the dining-room before she can receive me. At Franzenshöhe, where nobody knew me, I was allowed to mix with respectable people, as you may remember; but in London a little more discretion has to be exercised. Not that I complain of this; it is my own wish to avoid all risk of recognition. Lady Constance is generous enough and independent enough to welcome me at any time and in any company, and even if she knew my history I don't think she would alter her behavior. Generosity is said to be more common than justice, but that has not been my experience. I have met a good many fairly just people in my life, but only two who could properly be called generous. Lady Constance Milner is one of them; I won't offend your modesty by naming the other."

My spirits, which had been greatly cheered by this missive, were still further raised a few days later, when an envelope, directed in a bold hand-writing which I knew, was delivered to me. It contained, it is true, nothing but a visiting-card bearing an address in Hill Street, with the words "At home every Sunday after five o'clock" written under Lady Constance's name; but it seemed clearly to imply an expectation that I should be in London at no distant date, and I was proportionately grateful for it.

Nevertheless, I had still a long time to wait before Lord Rossan sent for me one morning, and, surveying me with shrewd eyes which expressed some annoyance, some curiosity, and a good deal of amusement, said he had been given to understand that I wished to barter diplomacy for office-work at home. I intimated that he had been rightly informed, and he then asked whether I had fully considered the importance of what I was about to do. "Because," said he, "I think—and so does Lady Rossan—that you are making a great mistake. A mistake in *all* respects," he added, obligingly laying an emphasis upon these last words, so that I might distinctly understand what they meant.

I could only reply that I was sorry to go against his advice, but that I had particular reasons for wishing to be in London at that time.

"Very well," he said; "then you had better put yourself in communication with Mr. Spender, of the Foreign-office, who, it appears, has particular reasons for wishing to be out of London just now. That, I take it, means that he has been outrunning the constable. Well, we shall be sorry to lose you, Maxwell; but every man must look his own experience. I hope yours will not cost you more dearly than you expect."

I said what politeness and gratitude required, and assured Lord Rossan with perfect truth that I was

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giving up my present post, not on account of any dissatisfaction with it, but simply in obedience to the reasons which I had alluded to. I did not, however, hint at what these reasons were, partly because I was convinced that they were no secret to him, and partly because I fancied that he did not wish me to be more explicit.

Lady Rossan, rather to my surprise, made no attempt to turn me from my purpose. Probably she knew that nothing effectual could be said; and I think, too, that she was a little hurt by my eagerness to leave those who had been so kind to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEWBURGH MEDAL.

THE NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL.

THE latest of the long list of Revolutionary centennials, begun with that of the battle of Lexington in April, 1875, was that of the final disbandment of the American army at Newburgh, on the Hudson, which was celebrated in that city last Thursday. It now remains for New York city to close the list by celebrating, on the 26th of next month, the British evacuation; and if her citizens exhibit half the enthusiasm that was shown in Newburgh, they will make it the grandest celebration of the series.

Everybody in Newburgh celebrated, and not only everybody in Newburgh, but in the whole middle valley of the Hudson, from Haverstraw to Catskill, and the result was such a pouring of people into the streets of the pretty, old-fashioned city as they have never seen before, and probably never will again. It is estimated that nearly 100,000 strangers joined with the 20,000 resident population in commemorating the event, for the West Shore Railway alone conveyed 30,000 visitors to the city, and its efforts were supplemented by those of several other railroads and a score of steamboats.

The day was bright and clear, but a strong westerly breeze blew the flags straight out, whirled the gay autumn leaves high in air, raised suffocating clouds of dust, and chilled to the bone thousands of spectators who were not so warmly clad as they should have been.

In the early morning a national salute from the heavy guns of the six men-of-war anchored in Newburgh Bay, abreast of the city, announced sunrise. Answering salutes from the Washington Head-Quarters, Fishkill, Storm King, and West Point awoke the echoes of the responsive Highlands, and ushered in the memorable day. Soon afterward strangers began to pour into the city, and swell the crowds who were already on hand, having spent the night there. By eight o'clock the streets were crowded, and still the arriving multitudes choked every avenue of approach. From end to end, and into its most hidden nooks, the city was draped and smothered with bunting, flags, shields, mottoes, pictures, and Chinese lanterns, and on every street a band played, or a body of uniformed men marched and displayed themselves to the gaze of the admiring rustics. At twelve o'clock, or only one hour after the advertised time, the procession was formed and started on its five-mile march up and down the hilly streets of the city. In it were nearly 10,000 men, among whom were the Seventh Regiment (700 hundred strong) from New York, and the Twenty-third and Thirteenth Regiments from Brooklyn. Next to the Seventh, the troops attracting most attention were the men in Continental uniform, marching as Baron STEUBEN had taught their ancestors to march, forming the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, Connecticut. The participants in the parade who realized most keenly that they were the cynosures of all eyes, and that the fate of the nation rested upon their shoulders, were the members of the nineteen local and visiting fire companies. As these men, clad in preposterous leathern hats, red flannel shirts, black trousers, spanners, and stern expressions, marched through street after street, towing their little two-wheeled hose-carts and other gaudy paraphernalia behind them, one could not help recalling the set speech with which ex-chiefs of the New York Volunteer Fire Department invariably began the festivities attending Firemen's Balls, and which was, "Is the ma-sheen ready? Wa'al, let her go!"

The seventy-five bands of music and drum-and-fife corps, all braying, drumming, and squeaking at once, produced an overwhelming discord that defied analysis, and could not truthfully be described as a "jangle of sweet sounds."

In the intervals of marching, the boys of the Seventh Regiment contributed greatly to the fun of the day by their pranks and infinite jests, while members of the Brooklyn regiments sang choruses and glees so well as to receive the unstinted applause of all who were within hearing.

By two o'clock the parade was over, and its component parts were engaged in an exciting struggle for something to eat, while the multitude of spectators resolved itself into a gigantic picnic party, and taking possession of every available grass-plot, opened and emptied its lunch baskets.

At three o'clock the ten-acre inclosure in which stands the old Head-Quarters house was densely packed with a struggling mass of sneezing, shivering humanity, who vainly imagined that they were going to hear something of the music and speech-making from the platform, which, with seating accommodation for two or three hundred people, was by courtesy termed the "grand stand." A few persons in its immediate vicinity heard the exquisite music of the overture to *William Tell* as rendered by the Seventh Regiment Band, DUDLEY BUCK'S "Te Deum," sung by a chorus of 500 voices, Senator BAYARD'S timely remarks, the melodious rhythm of WALLACE BRUCE'S poem, and the eloquent oration of Mr. EVARTS; but the brisk breezes took immediate possession of all these sounds, and before those standing within a hundred feet of their source could catch them had borne them far away.

The firing of salutes from the ships was far more satisfactory, for not only could the sound be distinctly heard, but the flash could be noted, and the smoke as it gracefully floated away could be hailed with exclamations of pleasure.

The crowd beyond reach of the music and eloquent remarks also found much innocent amusement in corralling wandering Governors, Admirals, and Generals, who with their attendant staffs struggled bravely to gain the sanctuary of the "grand stand." The gorgeous apparel worn by these gentlemen made them conspicuous objects for the fun, ridicule, and good-humored chaff of the crowd, which in this respect was as merciless as another personage who is said to "love a shining mark."

In the pyrotechnic display, which formed a pleasing part of the day's celebration, the novelty of fire-works by daylight was successfully introduced. The effects were produced by bombs thrown high in air, which upon explosion projected graceful patterns in party-colored smoke, and quaint figures of birds, beasts, or fish cut from the lightest tissue, which floated slowly earthward. This display was made from floats anchored in the river, and was supplementary to that afforded by the men-of-war, yachts, and numberless other craft with which the bay was filled, and from every available point, of which flags of the gayest possible combinations of color fluttered in the October breeze.

At night the gay flags were replaced by countless lights of green, red, yellow, and white, and the smoke and tissue pyrotechnics of the day were succeeded by a grand display of genuine fire-works, to witness which was well worth the many discomforts endured by the spectators.

After all was over, when of the last rocket nothing remained but a broken stick, when the bands had exhausted themselves with their final efforts in the way of patriotic and théâtre-comique music, the trials and tribulations of the multitude began in earnest. Hungry, thirsty, dusty, tired, cold, and impatient to get to their homes, many miles away, they thronged to the railroad platforms and wharves only to find the accommodations for their conveyance from the city wholly inadequate to their demands. The small hours of the following morning found thousands still waiting about the stations, without protection against the bitter chill of the night winds that swept mercilessly up the river, and daylight found many of the sufferers who had been unable to get away or to procure lodgings wandering disconsolately through the city streets.

The Newburgh Celebration was upon the whole a very glorious and successful affair; but, as one of its results, the number of persons who are today suffering from influenza, sore throat, or rheumatism is probably much greater than the entire number of Revolutionary soldiers who were mustered out of service at the same place one hundred years ago.

THE ADVENT OF MR. ARNOLD.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is the most distinguished man of letters who has visited this country for years, and there is naturally a good deal of curiosity respecting him. The time has gone by when the advent of a British writer was looked upon as a blessing or a calamity, for while we may still be as vulnerable as Mrs. TROLLOPE, Captain MARRYAT, DICKENS, and others depicted us, we certainly are not so foolishly thin-skinned as we were then. We have outgrown the boastful bumptiousness incident to our youth as a people, and having learned to measure ourselves fairly, are prepared to be measured by others calmly. What Mr. ARNOLD may think of us, therefore, or what he may say of us, does not concern us as it might have done forty years ago. What does concern us somewhat, however, is what we may think and say of Mr. ARNOLD, for that depends upon himself, and not upon us. He comes with a reputation that is superior to any popularity he may have acquired, and he will be judged by that reputation. To the great body of the American people he is merely a name; to the thoughtful members of that body he is a thinker whom they respect, whether they agree with him or not, and a writer whom they admire under all circumstances. Literature has not been to him, as to many of the guild in England, a trade whereby they can gather a great heap of guineas, or a vocation whereby they can attain the notoriety they mistake for fame. It has been from the beginning a serious and laborious pursuit, undertaken from a sense of personal duty as well as a desire for personal distinction, and it has rewarded him and his countrymen—rewarded him in the satisfaction which must have grown out of the writing of his brilliant books, and them in the dissatisfaction with which they received those books, which forced them to think, whether they would or not, penetrating the thick cuticle of their Philistinism, and letting out their diseased humors. Mr. ARNOLD'S English readers have been bettered by his books, which have lengthened their mental vision until it now reaches beyond their own right little, tight little island.

But whatever may have been his services as a social satirist, or an apostle of sweetness and light in things pertaining to dogma, his services to pure letters have been greater, and it is by these that he will be longest remembered. Thirty-five years have passed since the publication of *The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems*, in which the advent of a new poet was as unmistakable as eighteen years before in TENNYSON'S *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. Five years later came "Empedocles on Ætna," and in the following year (1854) the first volume of verse to which he attached his name. If there had been any doubt as to whether "A." the author of "The Strayed Reveller," was a poet of great promise, that doubt was triumphantly decided by the great performance in "Sohrab and Rustum," that noble and pathetic episode in which the voice of Firdousi speaks to us through the trumpet of HOMER; in "Tristram and Iseult," which signalled the return of the mediæval element to English poetry; and in "The Scholar Gypsy," which KEATS might have written in his gravest moods. These poems were not the lucky accidents which sometimes come from young poets who build instinctively better than they know; they were carefully planned and deliberately executed works, the act of one to whom poetry was a profound art, the purpose of which, and the subjects with which it should chiefly occupy itself, were duly set forth by him in a preface which recalled the famous preface of WORDSWORTH, and declared the critic as surely as the verse declared the poet. Mr. ARNOLD has a wider range of critical sympathy than any living English writer—sympathy which is rather French than English—and whether he is discussing HOMER or HEINE, MAURICE DE GUERIN or MARCUS AURELIUS, he is equally suggestive and equally delightful. He has attained Style in his prose. It is this catholic critic and this thoughtful poet that we hope to find in Mr. ARNOLD, and if we find either, he has found friends, who, knowing him in spirit, are glad to see him in the flesh, and to hear whatever he may have to say. If we have a word of advice to offer him, it is that he should avoid that pest of modern society, the Interviewer. "The rest is silence."

R. H. STODDARD.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE present is the "game season" in many of the regions of summer resort, notably the Adirondacks, the mountains of Pennsylvania, and along the south shore of Long Island. On the shores of the Great South Bay the routine involves getting up at an hour which most city people would consider unseemly, contact with a good deal of cool dampness, and fatigue from which the majority of summer visitors would shrink. Yet the devotees of the sport are never without enthusiasm.

While waiting for a train, a Missouri sheriff, with a prisoner whom he had brought from Nebraska to be tried on a charge of horse-stealing, made many visits to an adjacent bar-room. The result was that while the sheriff's regard for the law was for the time being almost obliterated, that of the prisoner was greatly magnified. A policeman took charge of the sheriff, and the prisoner thereupon went to the depot-master, and said, "They've arrested my sheriff, and I want to turn myself over to you." When the train came along, the inebriated sheriff was placed under the care of the partly inebriated prisoner, and the journey was continued.

The discovery is said to have been made that extensive smuggling of diamonds from Canada has been carried on by the employment of carrier-pigeons. The story has it that a young farmer living near Ogdensburg shot a pigeon which had a turkey quill full of diamonds tied to its left leg. Detectives watched the trains going from this side of the river to Canada, and soon found a basket of homing pigeons addressed to a small Canadian station. They were on the look-out for the person to whom the birds were addressed, but he did not come. By accident, however, a lodge was found in a swamp which had evidently been one end of the aerial transportation line for precious stones. The smugglers had taken warning and fled. It is said that evidence has been discovered leading to the belief that diamonds worth between seven hundred thousand and eight hundred thousand dollars have been sent from Canada by this method. The risk of loss was very slight, as the birds fly at a great altitude, and are in little danger of being shot.

Nearly all of the weather sharps agree that the coming winter is to be mild. The veteran and observant hunters who have been examining woodchuck holes, and noting the doings of feathered creatures, agree with them.

"I heard at least one thing in the course of your sermon to-day that I never heard in a sermon before," said a Rhode Island man to a preacher who had detained his congregation till their patience was nearly exhausted.

"And what was that?" asked the minister, greatly pleased.

"I heard the clock strike twice," was the reply.

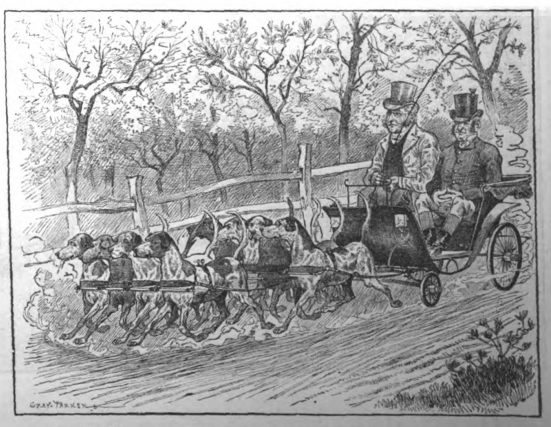
It is conjectured that the "bad lands" of Dakota may owe their condition to a process which may now be seen going on in the region between Bismarck and the Little Missouri River. Over a tract some two hundred feet square the air quivers with the heat, sulphurous vapors make a crystalline deposit on the edges of crevices in the earth, and a reddish glow is given out. This results from the combustion of coal beneath the surface, and it was going on when the region was first visited by white men.

In Brighton, near Boston, a building to be used as a home for household animals that would otherwise be homeless is in process of erection. Money for the purpose was given by a lady to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Vagrant dogs and cats will be received and kept for a certain period, at the expiration of which, if they remain unclaimed, they will be gently removed from life through the agency of chloroform.

An item of society intelligence from Kansas says that elopements are becoming things of the past in that State. "It is becoming the rage now," says the writer, "for neighbors to take the bride's father into the next room and sit on him, so that he can't interrupt the wedding ceremony, and to get the mother upstairs discussing new styles of bonnets."

It is said to be fashionable this fall for American heiresses to wed young Irishmen of quality. German barons, it is learned from the same source, were in vogue last fall, and English noblemen two years ago.

Hat-band romances are becoming quite common. The latest that has found its way into print has a Connecticut girl for its heroine and a New Orleans man for its hero. The Southerner found a name written under the inner band of his hat, and found an address on the manufacturer's trade-mark. The hat was a year old when he made the discovery, and there was no telling how many other hats the name had been written in, or the consequences thereof. But he wrote to the possessor of the name, and the result was an engagement. The hero is wealthy; the wedding tour is to be extended; and hardly a hat goes out of a Connecticut factory now, it is averred, without at least one feminine name concealed somewhere on the inside.



No. 7.—Old Perkyns having read about the Laplanders, and the use they make of dogs in locomotion, strikes on the above idea. He buys from a broken-down hunt four couples of fox-hounds, has them trained so as to be led by the whip alone, and starts triumphantly on the road.

"Ah!" says he, "the dog is a noble animal—the true friend and companion of man."

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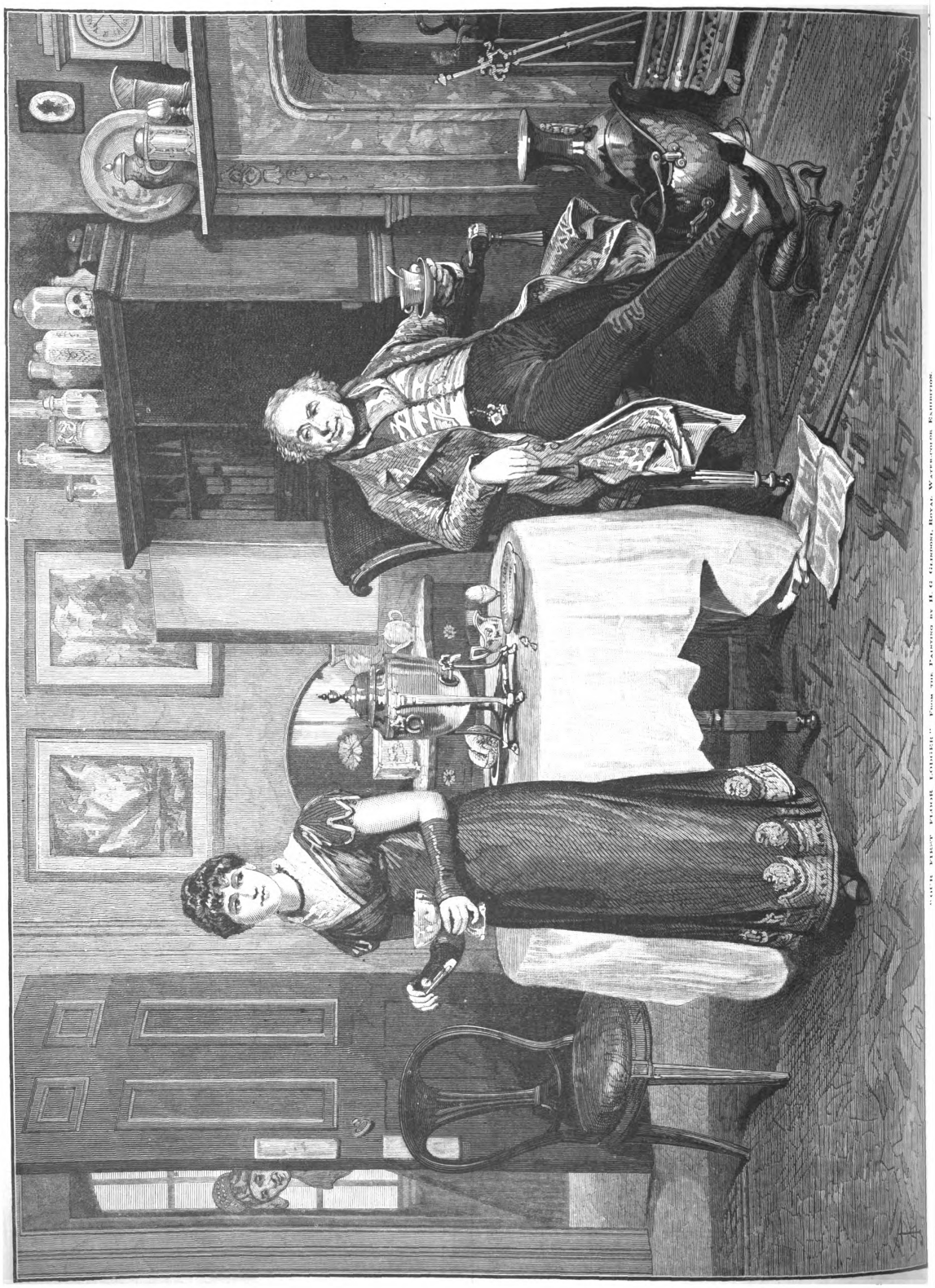

"OUR FIRST FLOOR LODGER." From the Painting by H. G. Glindon, Royal Watercolor Exhibition.

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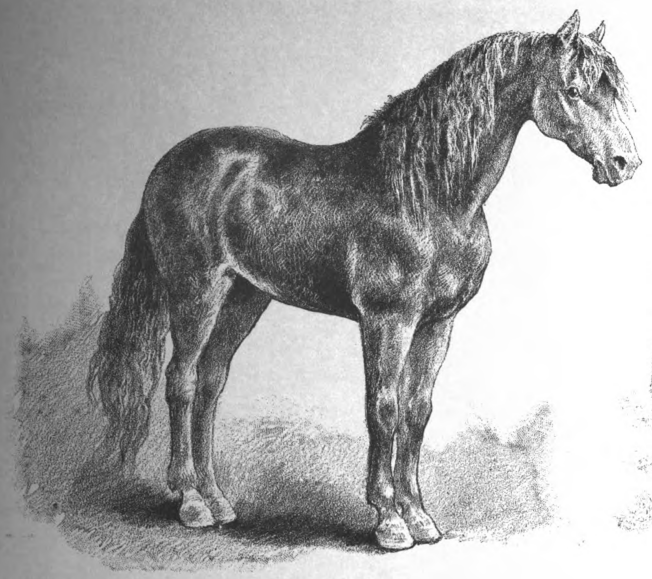
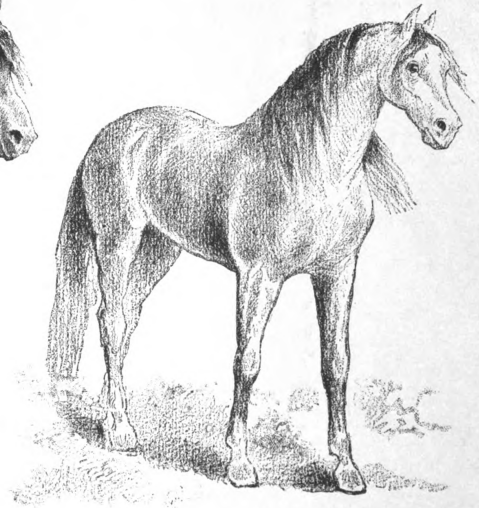
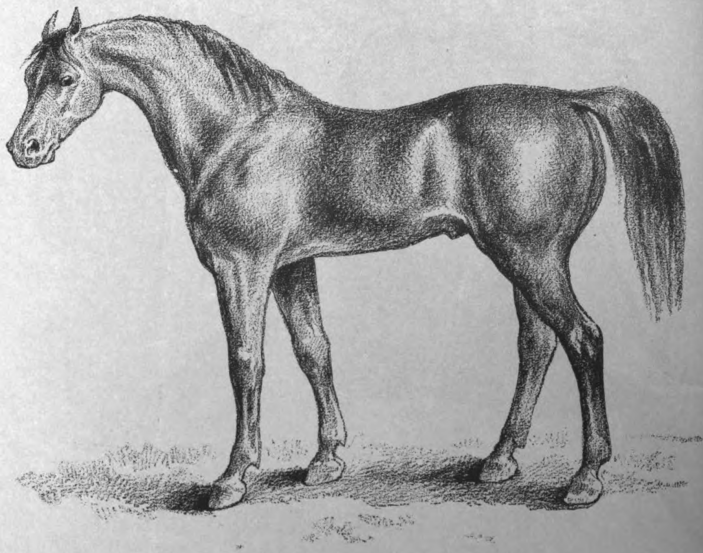


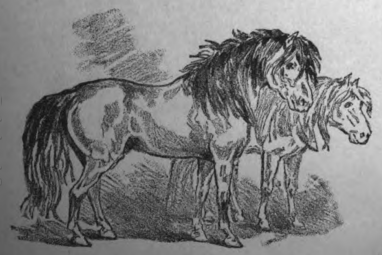
CANADIAN MARE.



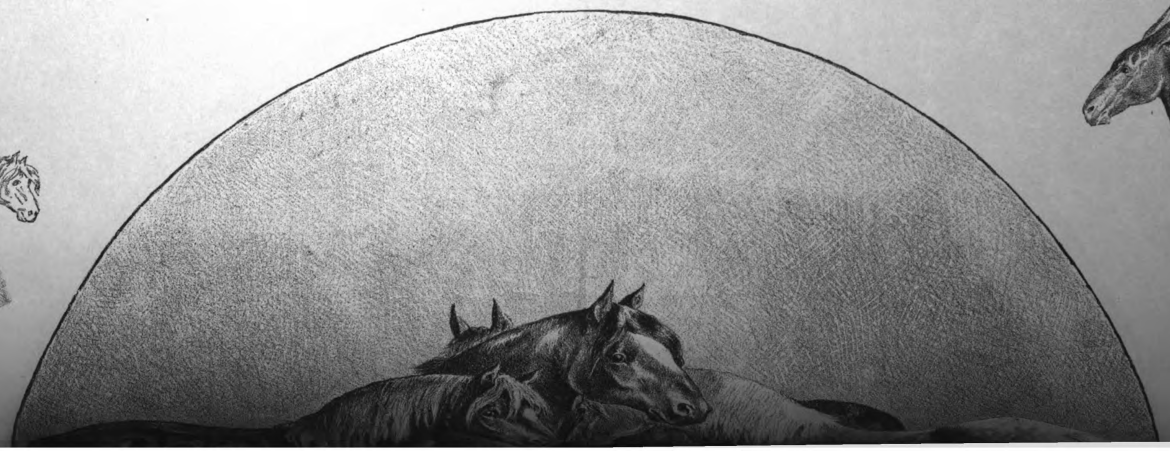
THOROUGH-BRED ARAB.



SADDLE-HORSE.



SHETLAND-PONIES.



KENTUCKY MULE.

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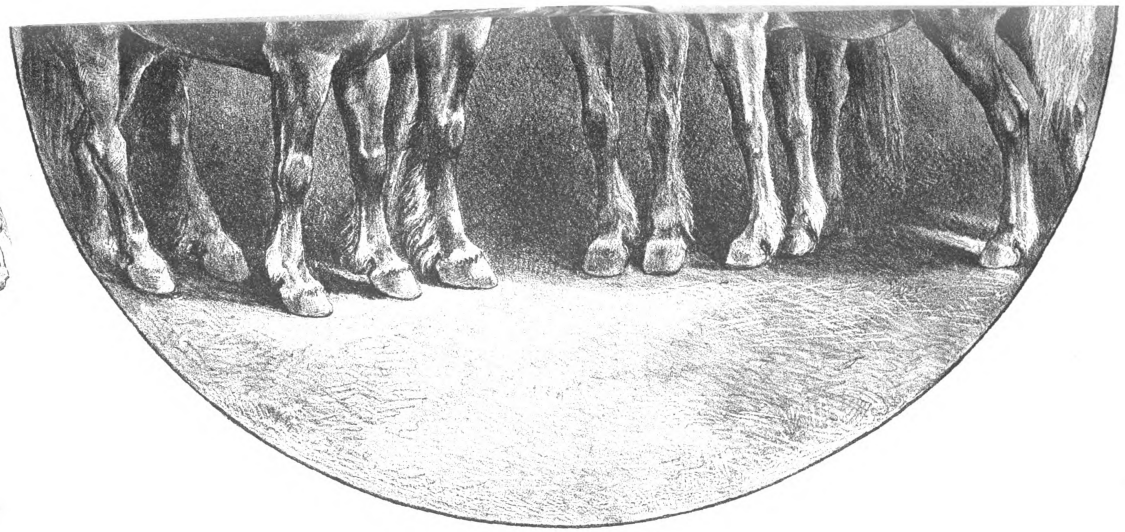
QUAGGA.

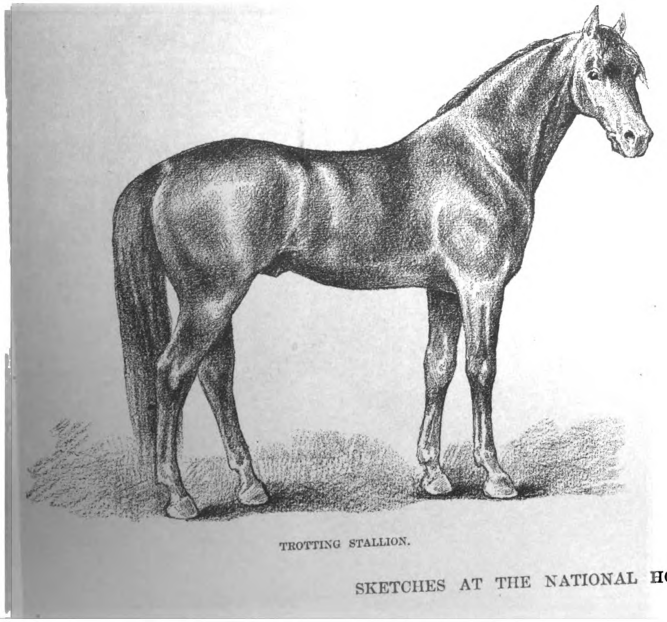
AMERICAN MUSTANG.



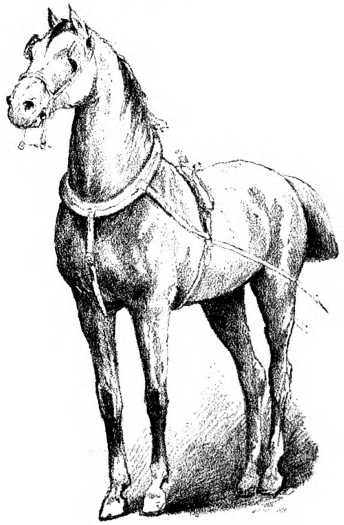
CLYDESDALES AND PERCHERONS.

SPANISH ASS.

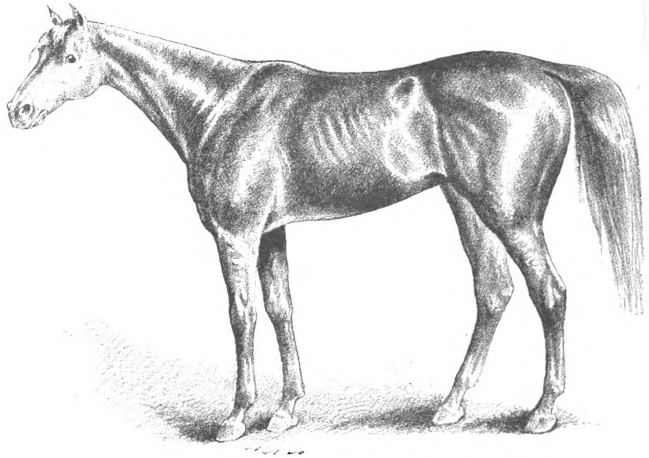
INDIAN-PONY.



TROTTING STALLION.



CLEVELAND BAY.



THOROUGH-BRED RACE MARE.

SKETCHES AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 682.]

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THE NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL—THE VIEW ON THE RIVER—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 679.]

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THE FIRST NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

THIS week the Madison Square Garden is in part a stable, in part a steeple-chase course, and in part a race-track. Horses are neighing, pawing, running, jumping, or tearing around the track with a fire-engine, Shetland-ponies are shaking their bushy manes, the Arab looks haughtily down upon the mule, and the Syrian ass stubbornly refuses to move out of his stall. People who were last at the Garden during the dog show or circus will hardly recognize it. The track is still there, but the centre is covered with loam and tan. This is for the hunters. Here Postguard, who shares with Disturbance and Jim McGowan the honor of being one of the greatest steeple-chasers in the country, and the hunters may be seen taking their daily constitutional over the water-jump and hurdles. All the available space besides the rows of seats is taken up with stalls. In them you may find some of the magnificent animals you see daily on the streets, drawing immense loads; horses accustomed to move only in the best society, and seen only on Fifth Avenue, the Jerome Park sward, or at Newport in front of the turn-outs of MRS. BELMONT, MRS. TYSEN, and MRS. NELSON, of the Misses HECKSCHER, Miss CHEEVER, or Miss COURTWRIGHT; Rob and Roy, Dandy and Donald, familiar to all who have singled out Mr. W. P. DOUGLASS's coach in the coaching parade; any number of the Normans, Percherons, and saddle-horses which but a few days ago were pacing or cantering up and down East Twenty-fourth Street in front of IKE DAHLMAN'S stables, or favorites of the pupils at the up-town riding-schools. In one stall you will see two powerful animals near a brightly burnished fire-engine. They have bits in their mouths, turn only occasionally toward their cribs for hay, and then turn quickly again in the direction of the engine shaft, as though on the alert for a signal. Another part of the building will be found stacked full with bales of hay and bags of oats. All that is wanting is a miniature pasture for playful horses to roll on. When you are through with the tour of the stalls, and come in sight of the track again, you may see a mounted policeman in brand-new uniform, with glistening buttons, the metal harness trappings brightened up to the last degree of polish, making the dust fly, or another walking leisurely to and fro, his horse following him as he walks and turns. Perhaps the Syrian ass has graciously consented to leave his stall, so that the judges may compare him with the French donkey.

While in the stalls you may have seen some of the most famous horses in the country, you may see among the crowd some of the most famous sporting men. There are the LORILLARD brothers, Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD'S son GRISWOLD (who is to inherit his stables, and perhaps those of his uncle, Mr. G. L. LORILLARD), Mr. WITHERS, Mr. JAMES R. KEENE, General GRANT, Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, and among the well-known writers on the horse the veteran ELLIOT and "Kirk."

The occasion of all this life is the first exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of AMERICA.

In order to insure as large a display as possible, the Association has been very liberal in regard to charges for entry and accommodations. It was decided to levy a fine of ten dollars in case a horse entered for the show should not be exhibited, unless there was a valid excuse, such as the physician's certificate, with which the public has already become so familiar in the case of prime donne and tenori. The Association has also been very liberal in its offers of prizes, which amount to over eleven thousand dollars. The highest prize by the Association is two hundred and fifty dollars for the best and best-trained fire-engine horses, the prize to be in books or plate. For the best thorough-bred stallion, four years and over, it offers two hundred dollars, and the same for the best trotting stallion; and for the best coaching stallions, four years and over, one hundred and fifty dollars. Among prizes for draught-horses, one hundred dollars each are offered for the best Percheron and Clydesdale stallion, and the best heavy-draught stallion not pure Percheron or Clydesdale four years old or over. Of exhibitors of hunters the Association requires a certificate from some master of a pack of hounds that the horse has been regularly hunted. To this class belong the ladies' hunters, "qualified" and "green," which are ridden by ladies. Prizes of one hundred dollars each are also offered for Arabs, roadsters, horses-of-all-work, and saddle-horses, while a prize of seventy dollars is offered for ponies, of fifty dollars for the best horse and coupé, and of forty dollars for the best jack, jennet, or mule; and by Mr. J. G. HECKSCHER, to the best and best-trained police officer's horse, and best appointed and uniformed officer, one hundred dollars in money or plate. These and other prizes cover almost every familiar class of horses excepting licensed venders' horses. The Association, it seems to me, made a serious omission in not offering a prize for the "skinniest and boniest" licensed vender's horse, or one for the licensed vender's horse "which can best be utilized as a hat-and-cloak rack," or one for the "swiftest licensed vender's horse." These would have given a few humorous touches to our first national exhibition which no horse show has ever boasted. I doubt if any event would attract a greater crowd than a race between the horse of the man who sells oranges at thirteen for a quarter and the horse of the man who sells bananas at eight for a quarter.

Probably few of the visitors to the horse show bother their heads about the question whether or not the allusion in the sixth chapter of Genesis is to a horse or a mule, being in the former case the earliest written reference to the horse extant, or whether we must conclude from JACOB'S remark concerning the horse and his rider that in his day already the horse was domesticated. Nor is it probable that the crowds who gather around the huge fire-engine horses, the Percherons, and Clydesdales, with their massive hoofs and powerful muscles, realize that during a remote epoch the horse was not as big as a fox, and boasted five toes to each foot instead of a hoof, that in the next epoch he was as big as a sheep, and had only four toes, and that he went on from age to age increasing in size, while the number of his toes diminished, until he attained his present size, and the toes on each foot were all consolidated into a hoof strong enough to sustain his weight. And I wonder if anybody standing amid that vast array of horses, and calling to mind the millions bred and now being bred in this country, can comprehend that there were no horses in the United States before 1527, when CABEZA DA VACA landed a few in Florida?

The popularity of the show with horse-owners and the public is due to the fact that both benefit by it. Annual horse shows will certainly stimulate breeders all over the country, and also raise the grade of horses, because the public, becoming acquainted through these shows with the points of a horse, will purchase with more and more discrimination. If the visitors to this show will follow the judges in decisions, they will come out much wiser than they entered. They can learn in a very short time that a horse with a full forehead is apt to be intelligent; with large nostrils, good winded; with a full, clear eye, gentle and even-tempered; that a horse "short above and long below," and with oblique shoulder-blades, can be relied on for speed; that a horse with an upright shoulder-blade is bad for the saddle, because there is no elasticity in his step, but good for heavy harness and draught. If a young fellow who looks like a greenhorn comes to a horse-dealer next week to purchase a horse, and insists that the length from the shoulder point to the back of the quarters shall be greater than the height at the withers, the dealer may know that the young fellow has been to the horse show.

The most novel feature to nearly all the visitors to the show is the exhibition of fire-engine horses. Being finely developed, intelligent, heavy draught-horses, they are beautiful to look at. Then the results of their training are interesting to watch. A loss of a second causing sometimes a loss of thousands of dollars, each captain whose engine is late at the fire has to give the cause of the delay in his report to the Fire Department. For this reason the companies have practiced hitching up until this can be effected in an extraordinarily short time. Exhibitions of hitching up are given three times a day at the show, viz., 10 A.M., 4 P.M., and 9 P.M. The stalls for the engine and horses are arranged like the ground-floor of the engine-houses. The harness is suspended on either side of the shaft by pulleys, the reins are clasped to a bit in the horse's mouth, the same current of electricity which sounds the gong unhitches the halters, the horses walk to the shaft, and the harness is dropped on to them—click! it is fastened, and away they gallop. Engine Company No. 24 has so far the best record, having hitched in a little over a second after the alarm began to sound, but it may be surpassed by some engine company at the show.

The most aristocratic horse in the show is undoubtedly Lindentree, the beautiful Arab of U. S. GRANT, Jun. This magnificent stallion was presented to General GRANT by the Sultan. He stands fifteen hands, is eight years old, and has a pedigree of several centuries. Coming of both noble sire and dam, he belongs to the highest breed, which the Arabs call El-Horr. The story runs that once MOHAMMED, to try the metal of his mares, had them locked up two days without water. When nearly mad with thirst they were let loose, and were rushing to the river, he ordered a charge sounded. Five mares obeyed the trumpet call, forgetting their thirst. The greatest Arabian horses are said to be descended from these mares. Like all fine Arabs, Lindentree has a remarkable width across the forehead, a finely cut muzzle, a sparkling eye, and a beautifully arched neck. It is noteworthy that the English and American thorough-breds owe their pre-eminence to Arabian blood, the best stock being descended from the famous DARLEY Arabian. It will be noticed that the thorough-breds at the show have a decidedly Arabian cast of feature, a finely set on neck, and ample quarters. Compare them with Lindentree, and the relationship is revealed in certain points, though the English and American thorough-bred has been greatly changed from the parent stock by climate and breeding, still retaining the Arab's staying powers, but surpassing him in speed. But if surpassed in speed, the Arab remains the gentleman among horses by reason of his grace, beauty, and gentleness, and his proneness to resent any offense. Lindentree is extremely gentle. He has a number of colts who promise to turn out fine trotters. Mr. GRANT keeps him at the Merryweather Farm, near North Salem. General BEALE'S handsome Arab is also in the show.

I pass directly from Lindentree to the Percherons (see illustration), exhibited by DAHLMAN, because, curiously enough, the Percheron is said by some to come of Arab stock. But there is certainly no trace of the swift Arab in the strong, muscular, stalwart, heavy draught-horses among the Percherons at the show. If Arabian at all, they must be Arabian peasants. Yet the claim that they were descended from Arabs captured by CHARLES MARTEL when he defeated the Saracens is persistently made. Their color—gray—is urged in support of this theory. But Arabs may be black and chestnut as well as gray. The Percheron, usually from fifteen to sixteen hands high, forms a magnificent picture of power in repose as he stands in his stall. His ancestors gained those splendid muscles and open nostrils carrying heavily armored knights. He is now very mild and laborious. The Percheron, though a distinct breed coming from the old division of Perche, in the northwest of France, is often confounded with the Norman. But there is a difference. The Norman makes a capital farm-horse. The Percheron is his superior in speed, looks, brains, and endurance.

The Clydesdales, another order of heavy draught-horses, attract attention by their magnificent appearance. To some their legs may appear rather short, but they are deceptive, owing to the length of the horse, which usually takes long strides. It is said that Clydesdales can draw heavier loads in single-harness carts than any horse from any other class of heavy draught. But the most superb horses for heavy loads are the Clevelands, no matter what is said of the Clydesdales. Clevelands have been known to draw seven hundred pounds sixty miles in twenty-four hours, and nine hundred and ten pounds a distance of three miles. The Shetland-pony, which is the smallest variety of the British horse, is as strong in proportion as the heaviest dray-horse.

Trotting being essentially an American sport, a word should be said about the trotters. Those at the show, like the vast number of American trotters, can be traced back to two horses—imported Messenger and Justin Morgan. Hambletonian, the founder of the famous breed of that name, is a son of Messenger, and Messenger arrived here in 1788. This horse's value to the country can not be estimated by hundreds of millions of dollars. Justin Morgan's sire was ridden by General DELANCEY during the Revolution. It is noteworthy that none of the trotters bred from wild horses have come up to the descendants of Messenger and Morgan.

Showing all these classes and others of interest, giving the public a chance to see those horses which boast of speed in full motion on the track or over the course, stimulating breeders and educating the public, the horse show must be put down a great success—so great that it may be looked forward to as an annual event. Its promoters are to be heartily congratulated.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

TOM KILROY.

ROMANCE is generally thought to dwell in exceptions and extremes, but every-day life has its full share of heroes, of tragic or of chivalrous story. Tom Kilroy's youth knew no exceptional circumstances. His father was a master-mason, steady and industrious; his mother loved him with that sober, wise affection which keeps strict guard over lessons and clothes; he was, in short, one of those numberless sons of respectable mechanics who keep the public schools busy in their youth, and are kept busy by the world all their life afterward.

Tom had been destined almost from his cradle to learn his father's trade. His elder brothers were carpenters and builders. Mason-work would dovetail naturally in with wood-work, and the brothers would thus be enabled to throw many a profitable job into each other's hands. There was no disposition in Tom to quarrel with this destiny; the limit of his ambition was to be a good tradesman, and marry the girl of his choice. He had not even settled on the girl yet, and the pleasing latitude and uncertainty he allowed himself in this matter was the one bit of romance that leavened Tom's life at nineteen.

Evidently here was a very common lad in very common circumstances, and yet there was even then in his possession a single advantage which might disarrange the steadiest and most uneventful of plans: Tom was exceedingly handsome—that is, he was going to be. Just at that age he was freckled and immature, managed his great frame awkwardly, and was shy in consequence.

But, after all, it was Tom's inches, and his bright, handsome face, crowned with short brown curly hair, that prevented him taking permanently to bricks and mortar. Old Kilroy had a job of work to do for the great importing firm of Scott & Donaldson, and one day while Tom was laying bricks and whistling with a great deal of spirit "The Garb of Old Gaul," Alexander Scott took a liking to him.

Men do take these impulsive likings just as readily as women do, and for the most part they consider themselves at liberty to indulge them. At any rate, Mr. Scott did. He had a talk with young Tom, and liked him better still, and then had a talk with Tom's father, which resulted in Tom's throwing down the trowel, and taking a desk in the outer counting-room of the great firm.

The Kilroys were modestly proud of the change. The elder boys going off to work with their tools and the younger ones with their books were still very fine fellows in the mother's eyes; but Tom in a stylish business suit, with kid gloves on his hands, and a cigar in his mouth, did them a loftier kind of credit. All of them felt this, and the carpenter remarked one morning, as they watched him down the avenue a block: "All right, mother. It is a poor family that can't have one gentleman—isn't it?"

No one doubted that it was "all right." Tom gradually became the oracle of his father's house. Why not? He spent his days among grave, wealthy men, among great interests and great trusts, and unavoidably he got the air and assumed the tone of the wealthy classes. In the course of two years he was cautiously promoted, but he was trusted even beyond his position. Mr. Scott's liking, though progressing at a careful rate, still kept steadily increasing. He had said often during these two years that "Tom Kilroy was a little uncommon," and Alexander Scott was always ready to maintain what he had once said.

In the method incidental to a New York business life time passes rapidly. Tom's life went on as the clock does for the next four years, but in them Time gave everything and took nothing from him. His splendid physical beauty had matured, and his business aptitudes had been thoroughly developed. Even John Donaldson, who had always smiled at his partner's fancy for the "young mason," at length admitted that "Kilroy was a fine fellow, and would do the firm credit."

It was just after this admission from Mr. Donaldson, and a hot, glowing day in early July, Tom, busy among sundry bales and boxes, heard Mr. Scott call him. When he answered the summons, he found the senior partner in a very anxious and perplexed mood.

"Mr. Kilroy," he said, hesitatingly, "I can not go home, as I intended, to-night, and it may even happen that I shall have to go to Liverpool by the next steamer. What I want now is that you should take my usual train, and carry Mrs. Scott this letter."

"Very well, sir; how soon shall I leave?"

"You have fifteen minutes to catch it."

So in fifteen minutes Tom was at the Erie depot. He obeyed the order as he would any other order from Mr. Scott, but it did not much please him. He had half an engagement with a very pretty girl for Thomas's Gardens that night, and he liked strawberries and roses with city accompaniments better than in their native simplicity.

He was in a severely gentlemanly temper when he stood on the platform of the little Jersey depot. There was the usual gathering of buggies and light wagons, and he looked round for Mr. Scott's; which that gentleman had described to him as "a nice little turn-out with a pretty team of grays."

The only vehicle answering to this description was driven by a lady—a very lovely lady indeed, who peered among the crowd with a wistful, anxious face. Tom took heart of grace, and with his very best bow and smile, made some inquiry or remark, the only intelligible words of which were, "Mr. Scott."

"Yes, sir," said the lady, blushing, and handling the reins rather unnecessarily, "I came to meet papa, and you say he is not coming. And you have a letter? Will you allow me to drive you to the house?"

Tom was obliged to allow himself to be driven. He knew nothing about horses, and he was exceedingly mortified at his ignorance. But even ignorance has compensations. His perfect idleness gave him leisure to watch his driver's pretty motions; to note all the changes of her face, and all the coaxing intonations with which she flattered and encouraged the "pretty team of grays." He had literally *fallen in love* without being at all aware of the plunge he had taken; for the sensation was so charming it was hardly likely he would pause to analyze the feeling.

Mrs. Scott was quite aware of Mr. Kilroy's antecedents and position, but women never weigh very handsome men in the same exact balances as they do ugly ones. There was a very charming tea, during which Tom got as far in Mrs. Scott's favor as he had got with Mr. Scott in four years. So far, indeed, that when she retired to the library to answer her husband's letter, she left Mr. Kilroy to be entertained by her daughter Alice.

Did she remember what a dangerous entertainment wandering through the scented shrubs in the twilight garden was? When Alice's fingers touched Tom's among the strawberry vines, did she calculate the result? Or had she no fear of the bewitching summer moon that saw these two sitting in sweetest silence beneath the drooping honeysuckles on the piazza?

Perhaps her letter had given her other material for anxiety. She did not seem to think of Tom and Alice, and Tom was glad of it. He wished this night could last forever. He went back to town in a kind of intoxication. Alice gave him a jasmine spray at parting; and this young Romeo of the counting-house was just as foolish about a flower as any lover, either before or since the flood, has ever been.

He had no plan about Alice, but his stars planned for him. Mr. Scott went to Liverpool by the next steamer, and for six weeks, on every Saturday afternoon, Mr. Kilroy went out to Mrs. Scott's with a certain sum of money from the firm, and often certain commissions in books and dry-goods with which the firm had no particular concern. In these six weeks love grew, both on Tom's and Alice's part, to perfect stature.

But this delicious dream of youth had here a rapid awakening. In six weeks Mr. Scott returned, and then the pleasant necessity for Tom's weekly visits ceased. Mr. Scott never alluded to them, and it rather nettled the handsome lover that his prospective mother-in-law seemed to have completely forgotten them. There was, however, some consolation in Alice's letters, and in her assurances of unalterable affection, and for a short time these satisfied him.

But at length, after a somewhat injured reflection on the matter, he resolved to speak to Mr. Scott. Youth, in its strength and beauty and boundless hope, is so apt to consider all things as its own that some excuse may be made for the slight tone of self-assertion in which Tom ventured one evening on his confession.

Mr. Scott heard it with perfect gravity and politeness. "You have, of course, done me daughter the greatest honor any man is capable of, Mr. Kilroy," he said, suavely, as he turned the paper-cutter over and over on his desk. "May I ask if you still reside with your parents?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Tom, feeling a momentary flush of shame as he thought of the plain little two-story brick house in a down-town street.

"And where or how do you propose to live when you are married?"

Tom frankly confessed that he had not thought of that subject; but he evidently had the usual faith in love and cottages.

Mr. Scott rose with the air of a man desiring a discussion. "Mr. Kilroy, I am obliged to you for your honesty. I will be equally plain with you. Business affairs have not gone well

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me lately. I have been thinking all day of retrenchment; you and Frank Maybin will either have to leave your desks or retain them at very much reduced salaries. I am sure you love Alice too well to subject her to poverty. It is true, I have always intended to give her a fortune, but then no man of honor would ask her hand, under such circumstances, unless he was able to count at least dollar for dollar with her. Your business talents are exceptionally good: I expect to see you worth a million, but when you are worth fifty thousand of it I will cheerfully consider your proposal."

He said a polite "Good-night" as he left the office, a courtesy which Tom found himself quite unable to return. If the man had been angry and uttered all kinds of hard words, Tom could have borne it better. He had a salary of one hundred dollars a month; if he was to wait for Alice until he was worth fifty thousand, the probabilities were hardly worth counting. Besides, there was that covert threat of dismissal. That would never do: he must resign his desk voluntarily. He saw very well that Mr. Scott would never like him again, and Tom's open, candid nature instinctively dreaded a dislike which would veil itself under polite forms and "disagreeable necessities."

He was so excited that he could not endure the tedium of the street cars; he got out of them, and walked rapidly up Broadway until he struck Eighth Street. He generally crossed to the east side of the city by this route, and he took it naturally, but at the Cooper Institute reading-room he paused a moment. He had not yet thought of what he should say to his father and brothers. He went upstairs and drew a paper toward him; he had no idea of reading, but he wished to think without attracting observation.

Vacantly at first his eyes wandered over it, but at length he began to read with a curious avidity. He followed a certain column to its close, read it again and again, and then looked at the heading of the paper. It was the *Rocky Mountain News*. In those few minutes Tom had been inoculated with the gold fever, and he was sure that he now saw a clear and sure road to Alice. True, it might be a rough one, but all the same he was quite determined to take it. He was only impatient now of delay, and he entered the little homely sitting-room as elated and positive as if the Rocky Mountains were somewhere on the line of street cars, and *his mine* as perfectly localized as the United States Mint.

"I am going to the Rocky Mountains, father," he said, with that impetuosity which often characterizes enterprises about whose wisdom we are doubtful.

"You have been in some very queer place already to-night, Tom, to make you talk in such a daft-like manner."

His brothers looked curiously into Tom's face, while the women-folks present paused in the midst of their chatter and work for the same purpose. The men evidently thought Tom had been drinking; the women divined at once his absolute sincerity. The pause was followed by a long and angry discussion, in which there was no lack of hard words, but the end had been determined in Tom's mind before it began, and in a week's time he found himself crossing the dreary plains which guard the approaches to the treasure-houses of the mountains.

But alas! Tom soon found that the keys to these treasure-houses were cunningly hidden from him. His industry and business tact were of no avail here. Labor led to nothing, and simple luck seemed to laugh science and probabilities to scorn. Yet though he had no luck, it was curious to see how the mine madness ruled him. He knew men who had searched for ten and even twenty years, and then found in a moment millions of treasure. He knew a man who had wandered over Nevada, and sifted the Black Hills for nothing, and then just stumbled over a Rocky Mountain silver mine that had made him a modern Crœsus. Such tales were in every camp, and in hunger, cold, and wretchedness of every kind they kept Tom's courage high.

Yes, though he was locked up in those dreary fastnesses, and heard only at long intervals of the world outside them. In fact, the outside world after the first two years had little interest for him. He had not written home at first, partly because "his head was under water," and partly because it was really a difficult matter to post a letter, and still more difficult to get at the reply; and then gradually his whole being became absorbed in one idea. The mountains held him in their spell, and he knew that nothing but the discovery of some rich lode would break it.

One night, after four years of this strange life, he met a little party in the Platte Cañon who had lost their way, and were in the greatest extremities. Tom guided them back to safety, and made a warm friend of their leader—so warm that the man offered him a share in a large smelting and assaying work which he was going to establish near the Silverton Mines. Tom happened to be unusually hard up, with a long winter before him, and he accepted the offer. Of course he told himself that just as soon as the snows melted he should begin his "prospecting" again; but he never did.

In the stir, bustle, and method incident to the conduct of a great work, his old business habits re-asserted their power. He found himself making money so rapidly that he resolved to go on making and saving until he could *buy a mine*, for to be the possessor of a veritable gold or silver mine still charmed and ruled his imagination.

Thus the years went by. Few people would have recognized in the stalwart, bronzed, bearded man, clothed in leather and flannel, the once stylishly dressed and scrupulously shaved and gloved member of the great firm of Scott & Donaldson, Water Street, New York. For full ten years had passed away, and though Tom was only thirty-three, he looked and felt a great deal older.

Sometimes now, also, when he counted up his balance in Golden City Bank, he began to think of his old life, and to have sudden yearnings which made him turn his face lovingly eastward. But the gyves of great trusts were upon his hands, and the spell of money-making on his heart; he stirred, indeed, occasionally under the nightmare, but his memories were not powerful enough to thoroughly arouse him.

It happened that in his tenth summer his partner went East to bring home a daughter whom he had left there at school, and his return was quite an event to Tom. This man had walked Broadway within a week, and had brought back with him the flavor and the very language of the place. Tom had not guessed how dear his native city was to him until one familiar name after another unlocked all the wards of memory, and a passionate longing for the old scenes and haunts, the old loves and friendships, seized him.

"John Amboy," he said, "I must take a run East for a few weeks. There is very little quartz in the mill, and the books are up to date. I've got the home fever, John, bad. I think I'll start to-morrow."

So in a few days Tom Kilroy stood at the foot of Chambers Street, wondering if he should go home without warning; wondering, indeed, whether he had any home. Yes, there it stood, just as he had left it, the little red brick house with its bright green blinds outside. But inside there had been changes. His father was dead, his elder brothers married, and the little sister he had left in short dresses just going to be. But love is always the same, and these simple souls made a great festival over their returned wanderer, without once asking whether he had saved a respectable sum, or come home with empty pockets.

Sitting alone with his mother that night, he at length ventured on an inquiry very near his heart.

"Where is Alice Scott now, mother?"

"I don't know, Tom. Things have changed for her."

"She is married, then?"

"That is past my telling. I have heard nothing at all about her for eight years—never since her father failed. They went somewhere up the river to live. I saw her mother's death in the papers soon after."

It was a great tragedy in a few words—failure, poverty, death, and isolation. Tom's reveries were not devoid of remorse that night, but the next day he started out early to do what his heart told him ought to have been done years ago.

It was not hard to find Mr. Scott's retreat, and he came upon it just at noon. Mr. Scot was leaning over the little wooden gate, looking listlessly down the long dusty lane, and he readily entered into conversation. Tom was smitten with pity at the change in his old patron. He had sunk to very small interests, and talked now of his little patch of corn, his couple of cows, and his eggs and chickens as he had once talked of richly laden barks, and bills of lading, and checks, and balances. Then Tom led him on to speak of his old business, and he was glad to see that the merchant instantly asserted himself. "He must be taken out of this," thought Tom, and he asked himself to dinner.

He entered the house with a beating heart. Would Alice be there? Would she know him? Mr. Scott had not suspected who he was, but Alice ought to have keener eyes. She was laying a very humble table for two as they entered, and after a glance and a movement of courtesy she went calmly on with her household duties.

Tom had a good opportunity for observing how much changed she was, but it was a change that soothed and pleased him. Her figure, her movements, her sweet quiet face, her neat dress—nothing escaped him; and she was fairer in his eyes than she had been even in that enchanted hour when she had first driven him from the little Jersey depot.

They sat opposite to each other at table, and when he answered her first inquiry, she looked eagerly at him, but Tom suddenly lowered his eyes. In a moment, however, the truth flashed across her heart, and in a scarcely articulate voice she cried out, "*Oh, Tom! oh, my dear Tom!*"

Then Tom was by her side, kissing her cheeks and lips and hands, and whispering, nobody knew what, between his kisses. Mr. Scott had risen at once, and was supporting himself on the back of his chair, hardly able to understand the good fortune that had come to him, until Tom said:

"You promised me Alice, sir, when I had made fifty thousand dollars. I am worth nearly nine hundred thousand to-day; will that do?"

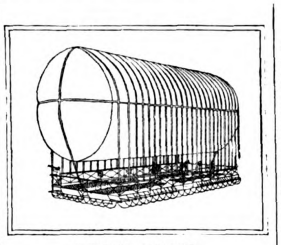
"Good gracious, Mr. Kilroy!" and the old man sank into his chair, and covered his eyes with his browned hands.

There was only a beefsteak and some potatoes and a cup of coffee at that betrothal feast, but it was a wonderful one, and after it there was a business talk in the garden, which made a new man of Mr. Scott. For Tom was bent on refounding the old firm under the name of "Scott & Kilroy," and though there was necessarily some delay, a million of money can work miracles, and before many months were over the senior partner of the new firm was exercising again all his old authority and business acumen.

For Tom remembers his father-in-law's claims, and has forgotten no word of that kindness which altered his whole destiny when a mason lad, and which for many years encouraged and rewarded his youthful efforts.

Tom's youngest brother occupies Tom's old position in the house now; but it is not likely that he will follow Tom's footsteps westward; for whenever Tom hears him talking of his big brother's "good luck" in the mines, he always says:

"Easy—easy, Harry; Good luck needs good looking after; and gold is easier *made* than *found*."



RITCHEL'S AIR SHIP.

A NEW AEROSTAT.

It was Scaliger, to the best of our recollection, who thanked God that He had put it into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries. The practical utility of people who believe that they have solved the problem of aerial navigation is not as yet quite so clear as that of lexicographers, although when we go to Chicago by balloon, or, more properly, when we are able to get away from Chicago by balloon, we shall no doubt be invoking the blessing of Scaliger upon the series of experimenters who have made that result possible.

The cause of aeronautics has not advanced in proportion to the labor expended on it. The other day it was cabled as a surprising feat that an aeronaut had crossed the British Channel in a balloon, whereas that same feat was performed almost a century ago, in January, 1785, namely, by Blanchard and Jeffries, less than two years after the first ascension in a balloon had been made (October, 1783), by a person who was afterward killed in an attempt to cross the Channel, and not much more after the Montgolfiers had discovered that a light bag with the open end down would rise if a fire were built under it. The first crossing was in "the infancy of aeronautics," and we are in the infancy of aeronautics still. Although the intervening century has been the most fruitful in mechanical successes of any the world has seen, no real progress has been made. The vision in which the laureate

> Saw "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue,
> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,"

remains hitherto all in the laureate's eye. Nevertheless the problem has been so successfully solved by birds, with a cubical capacity of brain pan infinitesimal compared with that of man, that it is no wonder it should continue to provoke the ingenuity of inventive and unfeathered bipeds.

Mr. C. F. Ritchel, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is the latest of the inventors into whose hearts it has been put to solve the problem, although his efforts appear to be rather toward aerostatics than toward aeronautics—to enable a man to hover rather than to fly. However, the successful solution of the problem of aerostation would take us a long way toward flight. The great need of the aerostat has been a tissue light and not transpirable, which will retain his gas in an efficacious state without destroying the buoyancy of the balloon in a few hours by leakage. Mr. Ritchel uses for his balloon, which is a cylindrical reservoir of gas, Scotch gingham coated with rubber and sulphur. For this composition he claims the advantage that it will not rot the balloon as the ordinary coating of boiled linseed-oil does by generating an acid that eats the vegetable fibres. The composition in this case is pressed into the fibre with heated rollers, and then vulcanized.

The balloon—that is to say, the cylinder—is 85 feet long by 35 in diameter, and has thus a capacity of 81,000 feet of gas. Pure hydrogen gas having a lifting capacity of seventy pounds to the thousand feet, this cylinder is expected to carry a load of 5670 pounds. The weight of the cylinder itself is 1200 pounds, of the frame and machinery 1500, of the ballast (water) 600, and fifteen men, crew and passengers, are estimated for at the low average of 120 pounds each, making the total weight 5100 pounds. The fans, four in number, are three feet in diameter, with their blades set at an angle of thirty degrees from a horizontal plane.

There are no valves in the cylinder. Reliance is placed for lowering the balloon upon the fans, which are to be worked by two men at each wheel, and, for raising it, upon a series of shutters under the car, worked by a lever within the car, so as to open out like a parachute, or rather like a brake, so as to slacken motion in either direction by increasing the area of resistance. The inventor believes that the material employed in the balloon will enable him to retain his supply of gas much longer than has hitherto been possible. The ballast is meant only to compensate for the loss of gas by decomposition or leakage, the latter being reduced to a minimum.

It must be owned that this looks a good deal like an undertaking that a man shall not merely lift himself, but soar, by tugging at his waistband; but Mr. Ritchel avers that by applying the principle used in the construction of his air ship a man weighing ninety-six pounds raised fourteen pounds of shot to the ceiling of a room every half-hour, working a fan of fourteen inches diameter, making 2000 revolutions a minute. But the fan is intended to be used to lower the machine only, the lifting power of the gas being virtually a constant quantity. This is a step beyond Archimedes, who required a place to stand as a condition precedent to moving the world.

FLY-CASTERS' TOURNAMENT.

At the Harlem Mere, that bit of water at the upper extremity of Central Park, the fisherman's contest of the Rod and Reel Association was held on the 16th and 17th of this month. There can be no prettier locality than this smooth sheet of water. The difficulties of entangling lines from branches of trees or the want of standing ground for casting may not exist on the Harlem Mere in the same degree as under natural circumstances, but for all practical purposes the place chosen is an excellent one. With few exceptions, all the most celebrated of American anglers were present, and conspicuous was Mr. Reuben Wood, the gentleman chosen by the United States Fish Commission to represent American skill with the rod and line at the present International Fishery Exhibition in London. The following were the contests, for which handsome prizes were awarded, the provisions in certain cases limiting the weight of rods and their lengths, with no permits of entry to those who fished for a living, who were guides, or engaged in the manufacture or sale of fishing implements. Class A was for amateurs, without limitation as to weight of rods, and was handsomely won by Mr. H. C. Thomas, with an eight-and-a-half-ounce rod, who made a cast of 80 feet, with a high average of points for delicacy and accuracy.

In the amateur class B, with rods not to weigh more than nine ounces, Mr. W. E. Hendrix was first, with a cast of 78 feet. In the C class of amateurs, which allowed all lengths of rods, indifferent as to weight, Thomas Pritchard won, with a cast of 80 feet 3 inches. Class D was one which excited most attention on the first day, as it was to be contested for by known experts, rods not to exceed eleven feet nor to weigh more than five ounces. The winner was Mr. H. W. Hawes, who made a famous throw last year, but who beat his record this season by three feet, the total measurement of his skill in throwing the delicate line being 85 feet. This day, the 16th, was exclusively devoted to such graceful fly-casting as is appropriate to trout fishing. On the 17th, which was a very serene day, expectations were at their highest pitch, as all the circumstances were best adapted to such line-throwing as is employed for salmon and bass fishing. The first contest was for amateurs who had fished for salmon, subject to the rules governing the amateur entries, rods not to exceed eighteen feet in length, both hands to be used if desired, with only one fly. The same points, twenty-five each, as in the light fly-casting, being allowed as a maximum for delicacy and accuracy.

The contest between Ira Wood and E. Eggert was a fine one, and was won by Wood, his cast measuring 134 feet, delicacy being 20, and accuracy 16. For the class 11, under the same rules as the first, distance only being counted, there were eight entries. This was won by Mr. Reuben L. Pritchard, his cast being 124 feet, and Mr. H. W. Hawes's throw being 115 feet. Last year Mr. Hawes won with 116 feet. As this gentleman was ill, this may account for a lesser cast this season. For the bass casting there was a very numerous attendance. The difficulty in this match is to throw the line out straight, in a lane of water the width of which is marked by buoy lines. Each contestant was allowed five casts, only those within the lane to be counted. There were three entries in this match—Messrs. J. A. Roosevelt, E. Vom Hope, and William Murray. It was easily won by Mr. Roosevelt, whose sinker flew out with his best cast a distance of 165 feet, all his throws being more than 155 feet. For light bass casting, the rods being the same, but the sinkers to weigh one and a half ounces, there were five entries, Mr. H. W. Hawes coming first, with a total of 504 points, wiuning, however, only by two points, Mr. W. Murray scoring 502. Mr. Hawes's average was the best, though his adversary made one cast of 115 feet; the differences between the two in the total casts being, for Mr. Hawes 100.4.5, and for Mr. Murray 100.2.5. For the final contest, single-handed fly-casting, rods not to exceed eleven feet six inches, distances only to count, Mr. R. C. Leonard was first, with a throw of 87 feet, two feet more than the next best, Mr. H. W. Hawes. The progress made in fly-casting is not only as to distance, but accuracy, and is due not alone to increased skill, but to the excellence of American rods and reels.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

The largest auditorium in the world is that which was occupied by the paying public for the first time on Monday night. The fact of its unusual size, with the usual lines of a theatre, which are graceful if they meet their practical purposes, would alone make the interior of the Opera-house impressive. But the new house would be impressive, even if it were on a much smaller scale, by the decorative treatment of the interior. The five tiers—three of boxes and two of galleries—"swing round the circle" in a very graceful curve, and the light and bright decoration of the fronts—all in ivory white and gold—and the gold-tinted upholstery of the boxes give the place a very festal aspect, even without the presence of the resplendent evening toilets, which is the picture of which the interior architecture is but the setting.

The stage-picture is to most habitual opera-goers rather a subordinate matter. The habitual opera-goer goes not to see the opera, but to see the other habitual opera-goer, and looks with pity, not untinctured with contempt, upon the countryman who abides in the parquette or the family circle, according to his means, and goes to listen to the music and to look at the stage. Some have inferred from the fact that seventy sub-

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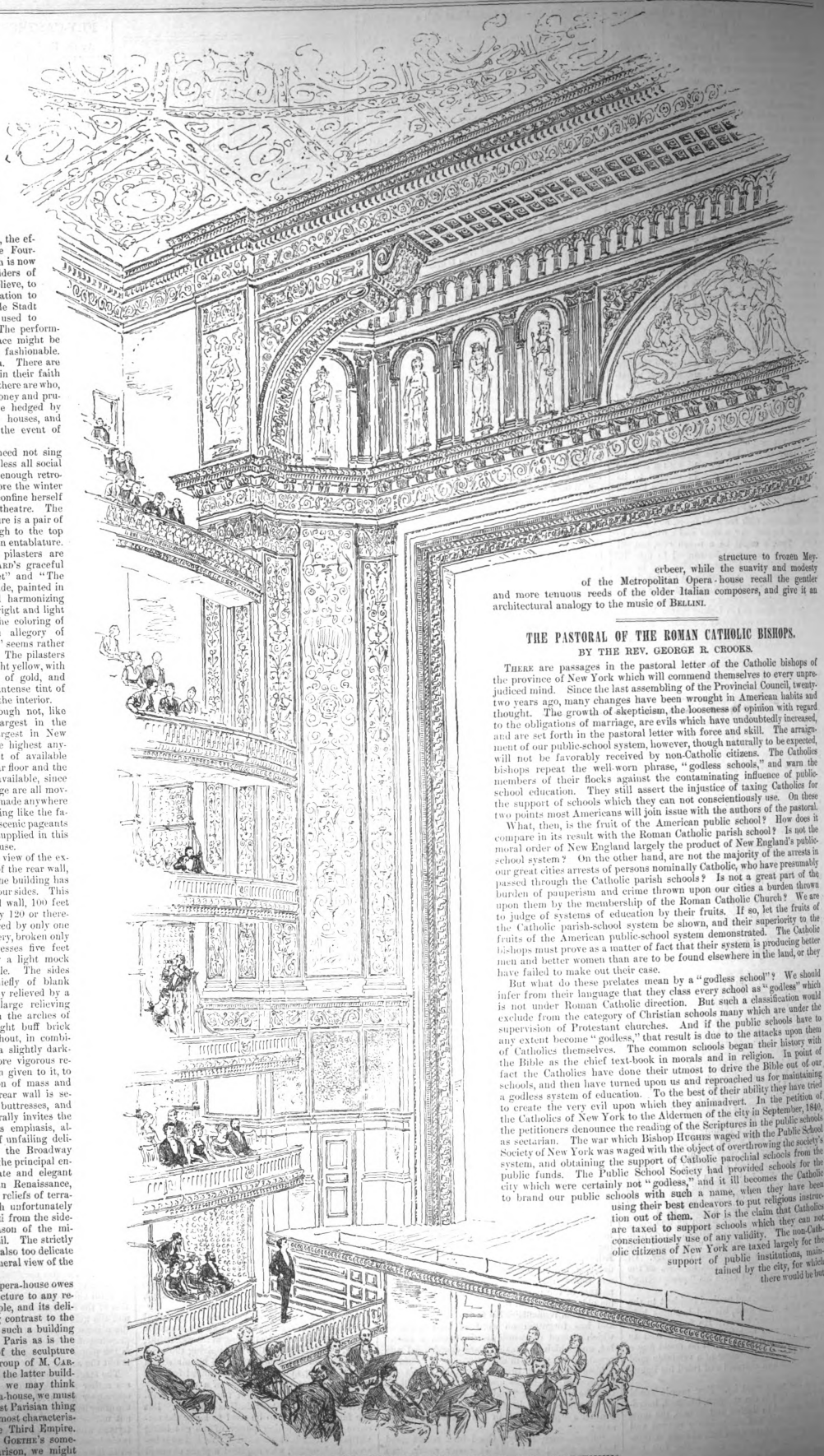
criptions, at $20,000 ach, were obtained with o trouble to build the ew Opera-house, that pera has a strong hold pon the affections of illionaires. But that s a most rash conclu- ion. The millionaire loes not, in most cases, want opera; he wants n opera-box. The sev- nty proprietary boxes n the new Opera-house re so many large-pa- per copies of an edition strictly limited to sev- nty. They are tokens not merely of revenge upon, but of triumph over, the ef- fete stockholders at the Four- teenth Street house, which is now doomed, as the stockholders of the new house firmly believe, to hold much the same relation to the new that the humble Stadt Theatre in the Bowery used to hold to the Academy. The perform- ance at the humbler place might be as good as at the more fashionable. But it was not The Opera. There are those, however, who retain their faith in the old house. Others there are who, being at once flush of money and pru- dent of disposition, have hedged by securing boxes in both houses, and with tranquillity await the event of operatic war.

The Muse, however, need not sing of this in advance. Unless all social signs fail, she will have enough retro- spective work to do before the winter is over, and had better confine herself to the facts of the new theatre. The frame of the stage-picture is a pair of pilasters running through to the top gallery, and sustaining an entablature. The spaces above the pilasters are occupied by Mr. MAYNARD'S graceful figures of "The Ballet" and "The Chorus," one on each side, painted in high key of color, and harmonizing very prettily with the bright and light decoration, for which the coloring of Mr. LATHROP'S central allegory of "Apollo and the Muses" seems rather too stark and sombre. The pilasters themselves are of a bright yellow, with profuse ornamentation of gold, and this is simply a more intense tint of the prevailing color of the interior.

The stage itself, though not, like the auditorium, the largest in the world, is much the largest in New York, and perhaps the highest any- where, having 150 feet of available space between the cellar floor and the roof, and all of this available, since the supports of the stage are all mov- able, and a trap can be made anywhere on short notice. Nothing like the fa- cilities of this stage for scenic pageants has ever before been supplied in this country to an opera-house.

The most impressive view of the ex- terior is perhaps that of the rear wall, on Seventh Avenue—the building has a street on each of its four sides. This is a vast blank gabled wall, 100 feet or more in breadth, by 120 or there- abouts in height, pierced by only one very tall door for scenery, broken only by two massive buttresses five feet deep, and relieved by a light mock arcade below the gable. The sides necessarily consist chiefly of blank wall, with its monotony relieved by a simple treatment of large relieving arches concentric with the arches of the openings. The light buff brick which is used throughout, in combi- nation with terra-cotta slightly dark- er in tint, needs a more vigorous re- lief than has here been given to it, to produce the impression of mass and weight which in the rear wall is se- cured by the heavy buttresses, and the architecture generally invites the criticism that it lacks emphasis, al- though the detail is of unfailing deli- cacy. The centre of the Broadway front, which contains the principal en- trances, is an elaborate and elegant composition in Italian Renaissance, with some very pretty reliefs of terra- cotta in panels, which unfortunately can not be appreciated from the side- walk opposite by reason of the mi- nuteness of their detail. The strictly architectural detail is also too delicate to be effective in a general view of the front.

The Metropolitan Opera-house owes nothing in its architecture to any re- cent European example, and its deli- cacy is in as striking contrast to the loud self-assertion of such a building as the New Opera in Paris as is the pastoral simplicity of the sculpture here to the riotous group of M. CAR- PEAUX in the front of the latter build- ing. Whatever else we may think about the Paris Opera-house, we must admit it to be the most Parisian thing in modern Paris, the most characteris- tic monument of the Third Empire. If we were to adopt GOETHE'S some- what fanciful comparison, we might liken that bristling and strident



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE—THE PROSCENIUM.

structure to frozen Mey- erbeer, while the suavity and modesty of the Metropolitan Opera-house recall the gentler and more tenuous reeds of the older Italian composers, and give it an architectural analogy to the music of BELLINI.

THE PASTORAL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE R. CROOKS.

THERE are passages in the pastoral letter of the Catholic bishops of the province of New York which will commend themselves to every unpre- judiced mind. Since the last assembling of the Provincial Council, twenty- two years ago, many changes have been wrought in American habits and thought. The growth of skepticism, the looseness of opinion with regard to the obligations of marriage, are evils which have undoubtedly increased, and are set forth in the pastoral letter with force and skill. The arraign- ment of our public-school system, however, though naturally to be expected, will not be favorably received by non-Catholic citizens. The Catholics bishops repeat the well-worn phrase, "godless schools," and warn the members of their flocks against the contaminating influence of public- school education. They still assert the injustice of taxing Catholics for the support of schools which they can not conscientiously use. On these two points most Americans will join issue with the authors of the pastoral.

What, then, is the fruit of the American public school? How does it compare in its result with the Roman Catholic parish school? Is not the moral order of New England largely the product of New England's public- school system? On the other hand, are not the majority of the arrests in our great cities arrests of persons nominally Catholic, who have presumably passed through the Catholic parish schools? Is not a great part of the burden of pauperism and crime thrown upon our cities a burden thrown upon them by the membership of the Roman Catholic Church? We are to judge of systems of education by their fruits. If so, let the fruits of the Catholic parish-school system be shown, and their superiority to the fruits of the American public-school system demonstrated. The Catholic bishops must prove as a matter of fact that their system is producing better men and better women than are to be found elsewhere in the land, or they have failed to make out their case.

But what do these prelates mean by a "godless school"? We should infer from their language that they class every school as "godless" which is not under Roman Catholic direction. But such a classification would exclude from the category of Christian schools many which are under the supervision of Protestant churches. And if the public schools have to any extent become "godless," that result is due to the attacks upon them of Catholics themselves. The common schools began their history with the Bible as the chief text-book in morals and in religion. In point of fact the Catholics have done their utmost to drive the Bible out of our schools, and then have turned upon us and reproached us for maintaining a godless system of education. To the best of their ability they have tried to create the very evil upon which they animadvert. In the petition of the Catholics of New York to the Aldermen of the city in September, 1840, the petitioners denounce the reading of the Scriptures in the public schools as sectarian. The war which Bishop HUGHES waged with the Public School Society of New York was waged with the object of overthrowing the society's system, and obtaining the support of Catholic parochial schools from the public funds. The Public School Society had provided schools for the city which were certainly not "godless," and it ill becomes the Catholic to brand our public schools with such a name, when they have been using their best endeavors to put religious instruc- tion out of them. Nor is the claim that Catholics are taxed to support schools which they can not conscientiously use of any validity. The non-Cath- olic citizens of New York are taxed largely for the support of public institutions, main- tained by the city, for which there would be but

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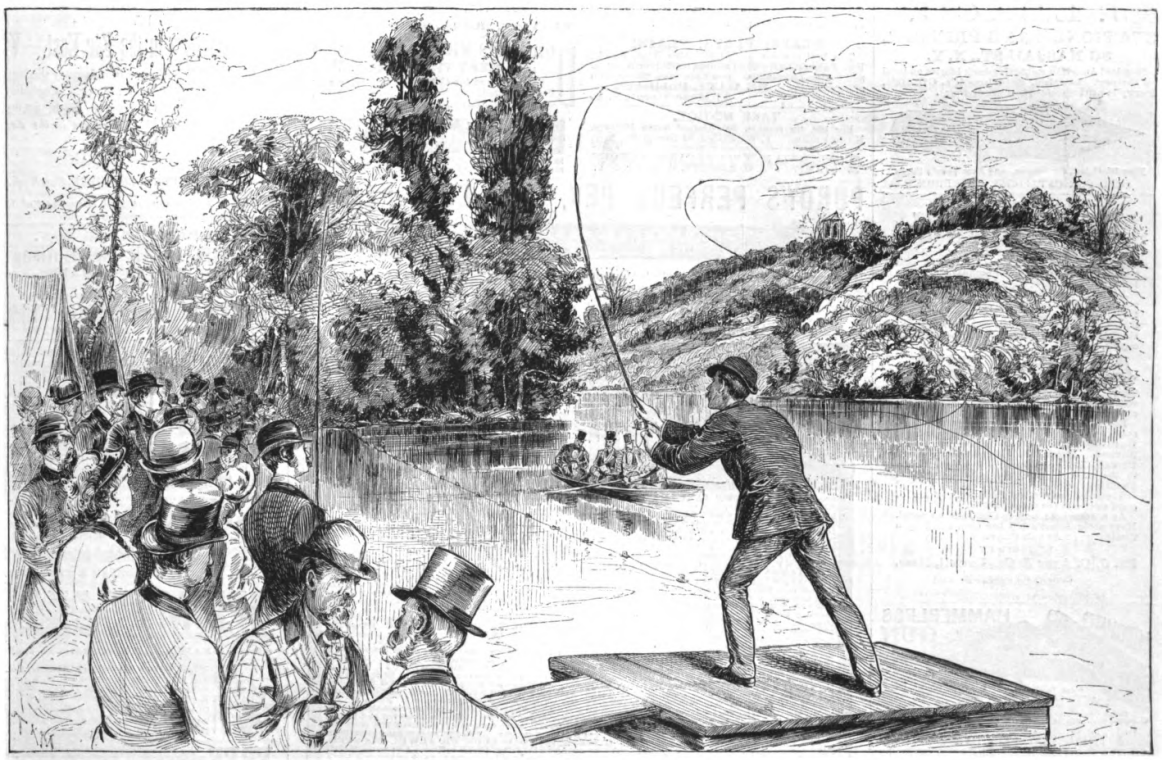
moderate use were it not for the influx of Roman Catholic immigrants. But the principle that we are not to be taxed for what we can not use is an unsound one in law. Citizens who will never be sent to prison pay taxes to support prisons; citizens who will never ask alms pay taxes for the maintenance of houses for the poor. And as the state has the right to require that every boy and girl shall be educated, so it has the right to lay taxes for paying the cost of public education. Its right to educate is unquestionable, and its right to tax is equally unquestionable. If Roman Catholics desire a denominational system of education, they can follow the example of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and other Protestants, who maintain their own denominational schools, while they cheerfully pay the taxes levied for the public schools. A Roman Catholic American owes something to the state, and if the state is not willing that all education shall be Catholic, he should bear his part in the support of the system which the state thinks best for the general welfare. If Roman Catholics obey the pastoral of the bishops, they will be put in the position, as regards schools, of caring wholly for themselves, and not at all for the state's welfare.

The public-school controversy, for the present, is at rest. The Catholic Church gained from it only the arousing of a determination in the American mind to protect the public-school system by constitutional amendments. No one desires to see the controversy re-opened, but if it should be, the public schools will issue from it more thoroughly protected than ever before.



THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 683.]

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AMERICAN ART INDUSTRY IN EUROPE.

(*From N. Y. Tribune of Oct. 6.*)

ONE of the most gratifying signs of European appreciation of American products of Art Industry is the steady and constantly increasing export of first-class American Pianofortes and Reed Organs, which are, on account of their superiority and lasting qualities, preferred to home-made instruments by musical Europeans.

The Hamburg Steamer *Bohemia*, on Sept. 15, took out a Steinway & Sons' Concert Grand Piano, bearing the number 50,000, purchased by Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild of Vienna, who, having in May, 1882, purchased a Steinway Parlor Grand, now acquires the fifty-thousandth Piano manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons (and said to be their grandest production in the shape of a Grand Piano ever achieved by them) for his Music *Salon*.

Until the year 1862, little was known in Europe of American Pianos, but quite a sensation was created in musical circles when, at the World's Fair at London in that year, the Pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, New York, were exhibited and awarded a first prize medal. (The Grand Piano bearing the No. 4607.)

The crowning triumph, however, Messrs. Steinway & Sons achieved at the Universal Exposition of Paris, in 1867, when the *first* of the Grand Gold Medals for American Pianos was awarded to them, and their new System of construction unanimously endorsed by the Jury on Musical Instruments in their official report.

The Grand Piano exhibited, No. 13,227, was purchased by the Baronesse de Rothschild of Paris, for her Chateau Ferrières, Messrs. Lionel and James de Rothschild of London, afterwards also acquiring Steinway Pianos.

Of the reigning families of Europe who purchased Steinway Pianos for their own use, may be mentioned the Queen of Spain, in 1868, the Empress of Russia, in 1871, the Sultan of Turkey, in 1875, the Queen of England, for her Castle in Balmoral, in 1879. Grand Piano No. 25,000 (the advent of which was celebrated by Steinway & Sons and their 1000 Employees, May 4th, 1872) was purchased for the Czarowitz (now Emperor) of Russia, together with two more Steinway Grands for members of the Imperial Court through the Russian Embassy at Washington.

Among the many most prominent names in the World of Art, owning and using Steinway Pianos, such names as Franz Liszt, Richard Wagner, Professor Helmholtz, Adelina Patti, Etelka Gerster, may be mentioned. From the London (1862) and Paris (1867) World's Fairs may be dated the beginning of the export of American Pianos to Europe, the official statistics last published (for 1881) showing that no less than 70 per cent. thereof were of the manufacture of Steinway & Sons, New York.

To those who delight in figures, it may be of interest to know that Messrs. Steinway & Sons commenced business in New York in March, 1853. Among their Pianos at the Centennial, 1876, taking the highest award for "*Highest degree of excellence in all styles*," the Concert Grand was numbered 33,710, and at their factory the Piano No. 52,000 is already begun. Steinway & Sons manufacture fully 3000 Pianos per annum, of which over 1000 are Grand Pianos.

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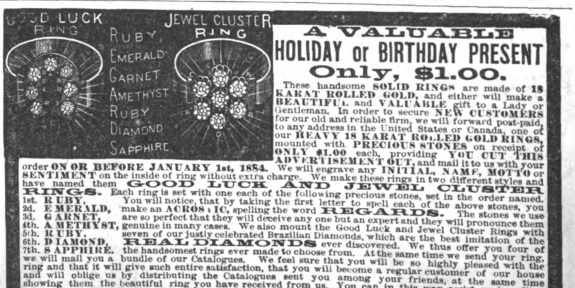

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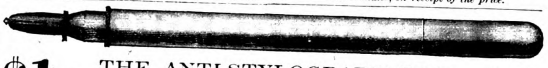

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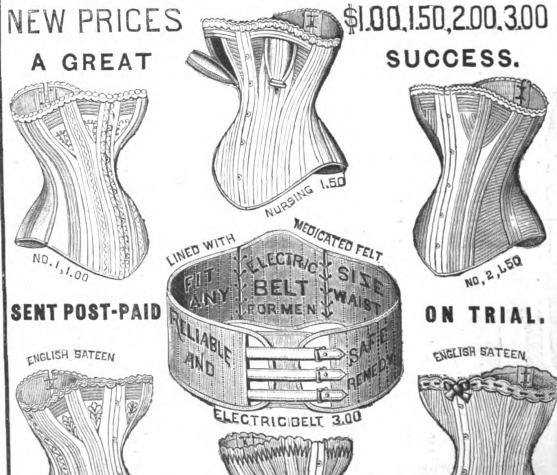

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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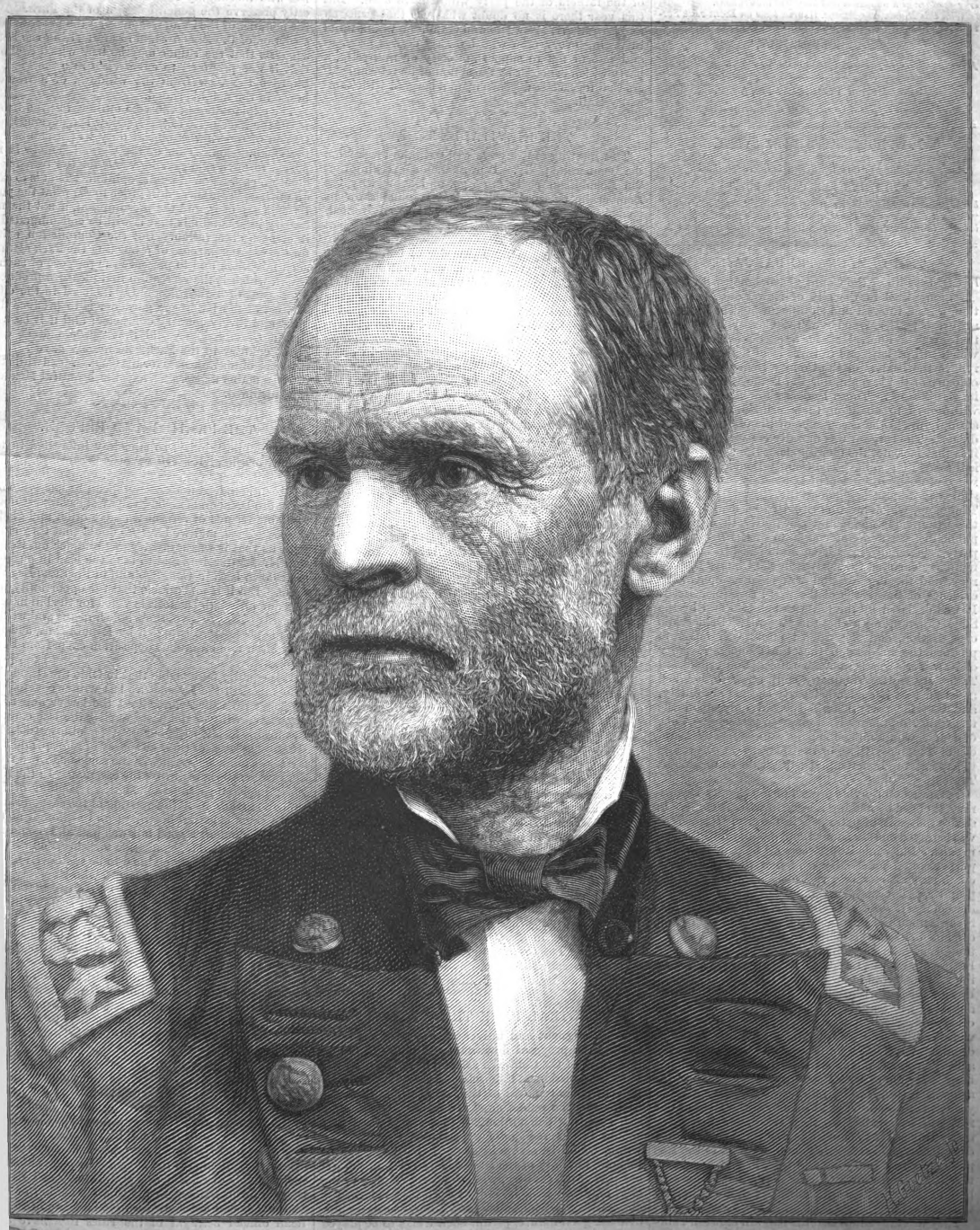

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

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NOVEMBER 3, 1883.
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THE DEMOCRATIC BARGAIN.

The bargain between the County Democracy with Tammany Hall in New York has more than local interest and significance. The fact that the leaders of the County Democracy of the city of New York have succeeded, after a long and angry controversy about a particular candidate and in three local tickets does not signify that the County Democracy of the State has abandoned its principles, and they have submitted to the acceptance of the obnoxious candidate as an organization of Democrats expressly declared for the encouragement of domestic industry—a phrase which was meant to be evasive and to conciliate protectionist support. In its caucus for Speaker it will probably select Mr. RANDALL, who is a protectionist; but his position, which is felt to be due to the emergencies of his residence in a strong protectionist State, fairly represents that of his party. It is an uncertain and doubtful position, and its apparent insincerity forbids any intelligent forecast of the probable action of the party.

Aid given to Democratic success in New York this autumn is therefore necessarily stimulating a leap in the dark. The business situation is at least grave, and the issue must depend largely upon wise legislative treatment of the currency by Congress. But there was certainly nothing in the Democratic course in the Forty-sixth Congress, or in its general conduct since the war, or in the tone of its more eminent leaders, with the exception of Mr. BAYARD, Mr. HEWITT, and a few others, or in the general tone of its representative press, which shows that it will probably deal wisely with a very serious financial situation. Every voter is bound to take this fact into consideration before giving or withholding his vote in New York this year in a way to aid Democratic success next year. Let every voter wait until he can see what Democratic success means, and for that purpose let him await Democratic action in Congress.

CENTRAL PARK THREATENED.

THE indignant and universal protest of the press against the proposed devastation of one of the loveliest parts of the Central Park, in New York, by the Park Commissioners themselves, has for the moment prevented the removal of the Menagerie to the Meadow. But the public must remember that the vote still stands which authorizes the outrage, and that should the expression of opposition be relaxed, the wrong would be accomplished. It is the great misfortune, not only of the city of New York, but of every part of the country, whose citizens, coming to the city, naturally seek its chief resort, that it is in the charge of those who, either from ignorance, or design, or weak good-nature, permit such tricks to be played with it as the proposed destruction of the Meadow or the erection of the huge hotel upon Mount St. Vincent.

THE INEVITABLE.

THE meeting of Congress will signify the beginning of the Democratic party. It must then prove that the Republican party must go, and that the Democratic party should come, and its capacity, its credentials and its necessity. It will be put to the test for instance, with the surrender of prominent financial legislation. The control of the currency, consequent upon the surrender of the national banks, is already great, and it will be greater. The Democratic Congress must devise what it means, and this necessity alone will test its meaning. It is a tical statesmanship, and show that it is capable from a complete Democratic control of the Government. The Democratic politicians have been coquetting with serious financial questions, and to catch votes, that Congress will meet without knowledge upon the part of the country, and without tion or policy of the majority upon the most important question with which it has to deal, and without any consciousness upon the part of the majority that it has any principle or policy upon the question whatever.

This is a result of the refusal of the Democratic party to take any position upon important issues, and will find another at the very opening of Congress, when the majority will encounter the tariff question. Is the Democratic party a free-trade party, a revenue-tariff party, or a protective-tariff party? It does not dare to say, because it knows that it is divided. In a general way, it is called a free-trade or revenue-reform party; but its State conventions this year generally declared for the encouragement of domestic industry—a phrase which was meant to be evasive and to conciliate protectionist support. In its caucus for Speaker it will probably select Mr. RANDALL, who is a protectionist; but his position, which is felt to be due to the emergencies of his residence in a strong protectionist State, fairly represents that of his party. It is an uncertain and doubtful position, and its apparent insincerity forbids any intelligent forecast of the probable action of the party.

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have been appointed under them. In view of the public approval of the reformed system, it is a much more cunning trick to denounce the practical enforcement as a fraud. But as yet no Democrat, to our knowledge, has shown that examiners have been bribed, or that fear or favor has controlled the selection of the successful candidates. The reform is probably no more agreeable to the machine of one party than to that of the other. The difference is that one machine recognizes the reform sentiment of its party, and the other sees nothing that can be called a party sentiment upon the subject.

THE NEW CROTON AQUEDUCT.

THERE are two routes proposed for the new Croton Aqueduct, and the choice is a question of very great interest to the city. The Department of Public Works and their advisory board of engineers prefer the line parallel to the present aqueduct, along the western slope of the uplands toward the Hudson. The apparent reason of this preference is that it was the first line suggested to the board and approved by it. But there is strong objection to it upon very reasonable grounds.

The first is its proximity to the present aqueduct, which is very weak, and may be damaged by the blasting. The second is the necessity of three enormous structures of masonry to span valleys, and the cost of their maintenance and the risk of accident. The third is the necessity of the earliest possible use of the aqueduct by connecting it with the lake, without the delay consequent upon awaiting the completion of the proposed dam at Quaker Bridge. Should the river line be adopted, four miles of temporary flume must be built, at the cost of half a million of dollars. Lastly, the river line passes through the most expensive villa property in the country, and the land damages will be enormous, and the delays of baffling litigation incalculable. The only advantages of this line are two miles less length, some fifteen natural openings, which will save as many shafts in effecting headings for the tunnel, and probably less trouble from water. This last point, however, is of small moment, as pumps will have to be used to keep the work free upon any route.

The other route proposed for the aqueduct is that of a line from the lake requiring no flume to secure proper connection, and passing along the east side of the Sawmill Valley, through a farming country where the land is worth $200 an acre instead of $2000. It would be wholly a tunnel, and would encounter no opposition from land-owners, and it would have neither embankments nor culverts to maintain. The only objections are possibly that the line would be two miles longer, and that more shafts must be provided, and possibly more water encountered. The first cost, considering the difference of real estate damages and the flume, would probably not greatly exceed that of the river line. The subsequent cost would be largely in favor of the Sawmill Valley route. The question should not be hastily decided, and the manner in which it is decided will greatly affect public confidence in the general conduct of the Commission, unless the superior advantage of the river line should be clearly demonstrated.

"ONE GOD, ONE FARINELLI."

THE admirable and exhaustive article in the November HARPER'S upon the new Metropolitan Opera-house will be read with great interest at this time, which sees the opening of the house, and an unprecedented concentration of operatic attraction in New York. No city is such a nest of operatic nightingales. The three or four chief living *prime donne* contest the palm here night after night, and the wild extravagance of this luxury was never more signally shown. "One God, one Farinelli," is the motto of the hour.

For every evening that she sings it is stated that PATTI will receive five thousand dollars, NILSSON and GERSTER are also munificently paid, and SCALCHI, CAMPANINI, and others are not beggared by their efforts. The prices that box-holders and seat-buyers must pay are obvious. The entertainment is a kind of frenzy in which fashion, ostentation, profusion, extravagance, and an artificial and factitious taste have the chief part, grouped about the Italian opera, which is played and sung not as in the incomparable days of GRISI, MARIO, PERSIANI, TAMBURINI, and LABLACHE, but as well as it can now be sung.

The splendors and successes of the rival opening nights have been fully described in the daily papers. But in the brilliant contest, so far as it is musical, youth and freshness and the fullness of power and skill kindle the truest enthusiasm. It is a fatal moment when the terrible word "mature" is applied to a "lyrical artist," and when we read of another that he was wisely cautious under the new circumstances, and that he will undoubtedly presently, etc., etc. This is intolerable. All abatement and qualification merely announce that the idol is not quite what it was. Alas! it is not esteem which the votary wishes to feel, but rapture. The old babitué reads with a smile the veracious report which declares that each *diva* surpassed the other. But he knows the difference between a ripened charm of voice and an untouched bloom.

THE CONTEST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

ELSEWHERE in this paper an article upon the political contest in Massachusetts presents the situation with an intelligence and clearness which will show to every reader its great significance. The interest of the election in that State is twofold. It lies first in the fact that it will determine whether the character which has so long placed Massachusetts among the first of intelligent and progressive communities has disappeared in the increase of more ignorant and alien elements; and second, whether the whole body of Democrats in the State, which includes men of the highest character and standing, will be led by sheer party spirit to accept Butlerism as Democracy.

Politically speaking, BUTLER is a mere soldier of fortune, and he is as well known to be such to hundreds of honest Democrats as to Republicans. The contest has been purely personal from the nature of the case, because BUTLER represents nothing but himself. He stands for no principle or policy whatever. His sole object, as Democrats do not deny, is his own aggrandizement, and his campaign in all its methods and pretenses shows the degradation of merely personal politics. Mr. ROBINSON is an able, experienced, conscientious, courageous man, an admirable representative of the "self-made," sturdy, and upright character which has given Massachusetts her peculiar distinction.—But let the reader turn to the article.

THE STATE SENATE.

ONE of the most important objects for New York Republicans in the election is to secure a State Senate which will maintain the advanced position of the party. Among such Senators would be Mr. MCMILLAN, who has been nominated by the Republicans of the Erie district. In ability and character he would be a worthy successor of men like Senators GANSON, CARLETON SPRAGUE, and SHERMAN ROGERS, and he is an admirable representative of the best Republican spirit and purpose. To men like Mr. MCMILLAN the selection of a United States Senator to succeed Mr. LAPHAM might be intrusted in the most assured confidence that no steps backward would be taken.

THE NEW RAILWAY TIME.

THE agreement of railway companies to use a common time is a very important movement. The companies represent about half of the railway mileage in the country, and their steadfast and successful adhesion to the new system will not only compel the acquiescence of other railways, but it will probably produce a general conformity of public time to the railway standard.

The new scheme establishes four standards of time, the seventy-fifth, ninetieth, one-hundred-and-fifth, and one-hundred-and-twentieth meridians, and the changes from one standard to another will be made at the end of roads or of divisions of roads. The greatest difference of true time from railway time at any point will be about half an hour. But the convenience of the change will be so great that it is quite certain to be generally adopted, and to become generally popular.

FREE WHISKEY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, who is evidently a "thoughtful observer," makes some significant comments upon the late result in that State. The conviction that if the prohibitory amendment were adopted a Democratic administration would practically nullify it concentrated the liquor support upon HOADLY. But there was no fear of its passage, he thinks, because a law which was passed twenty-five years ago, forbidding the sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises, has never been, and in the present state of public opinion never will be, enforced.

There is danger that the Supreme Court will irreversibly veto the SCOTT law by declaring it unconstitutional. This would leave the liquor power triumphant, and reveal the deplorable nature of the Democratic victory. The writer, who is a strong Republican, but a personal friend of Judge HOADLY, points out that his success must be imbittered by the thought that it rejoices every low den of vice and degradation in the State, and that although Judge HOADLY advocated a license law, he knows that it is unconstitutional, and that "the conscience of Ohio refuses the moral sanction of law to the dram-shop." He begs the new Governor to gladden the heart of his old Republican associates by maintaining the SCOTT law.

The writer attributes the Republican defeat in Ohio primarily to the Republican reformers throughout the country. But this is the old error of attributing the civil war to the Abolitionists. It is true that if the Sons of Liberty had held their tongues, America might still be an English province. If the antislavery men had been silent, there might have been no civil war. So, if the sun had not risen, there might have been no day. Except for Republican reformers the Democrats would have carried the country three years ago, as they have carried Ohio now. *Nous verrons*, says the writer—we shall see. We certainly shall. But if the Republican ship should sink, it would not be the reformers who have scuttled her. It is not the thermometer that is responsible for the weather.

PERSONAL.

WE are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter just received in this city from Manchester, England. The writer, a young American merchant, says: "The funniest episode of my present trip to Europe was a nearly two hours' chat last night with OSCAR WILDE. My cousin and I had been to hear him give his 'Impressions of America,' and just as I got back to the hotel he came in, and at once wanted to know what I was doing here. I replied that my last thing was listening to him, and I wanted to know whether he had been talking down to what he supposed to be the level of a Manchester audience, or whether he thought he could hoax them with that kind of stuff. He replied: 'Yes, I saw you there, and wondered what you were thinking. These people have very little imagination, and no doubt many of them will take all I said for the truth.' But he is wrong about most of them, I know. I asked him to come up into my room, and we sat sipping his favorite tipple, gin and seltzer, while he expanded in the most wonderful fashion. One of his flights was imagining an existence into which the New York *Herald* should never enter, and in which LEWIS MORRISON could not damn a play by not knowing how to embrace the heroine; in which no woman would pretend to be intellectual, or would wear unbecoming colors or man-milliner-made dresses, but where all the fair part of creation would devote themselves to the delectation of the exquisitely educated senses of an æsthetic race of men. It was very funny to me. I must say that I enjoyed it all very much."

—"And did the ladies leave when the cigars were brought on?" asked a Baltimore lady of a gentleman who was describing a dinner to which he had recently been invited. "No, madam," was the reply. "How nice!" responded his fair questioner.

—There is a cashier in a large publishing house in this city who for fifteen years has never once been known to leave his desk at luncheon-time. His privileges are the same as those of his associates in the building, but he does not care to lunch. He gets along without it. One of the sturdiest, ablest, and rotundest editors of the Metropolitan press has long indulged the habit of omitting the mid-day meal. He neither eats nor drinks between breakfast and dinner. Says he doesn't want to.

—A visitor to one of the oldest and best-preserved of English castles relates that while standing before a grand landscape in the picture-gallery, the cicerone, an intelligent woman, waved her little wand toward the canvas and exclaimed, "A famous painting by Sir Walter Rosa." The painter's name is usually spelled SALVATOR ROSA.

—JULES VERNE is fond of yachting, but does not know how to fish. At fifty years of age he is fleshier than he was, and his hair and beard are almost white. In a blue pea-jacket and leather sou'wester he has all the appearance of a genuine sailor.

—A critic of Ouida's novels suggests that their art, vigorous and clever as it is, is not a desirable art to cultivate. "There is a vantage-ground for the author of fiction midway between the equatorial fervor of Ouida's romance and the arctic temperature of garden-party flirtation. The Genoese lover who shoots himself in the moonlight, while his false mistress jeers at him in the presence of his rival, may be a no more heroic personage than the crazy youth who, seeing his lady walk off with a soldier, scrawls on a paper, 'This is thy work, Penelope Ann,' and walks into a pond in the neighborhood."

—The Rev. Dr. STANFORD, of Camberwell, England, says that heads of families should consider their young children as a charge from Heaven upon the parental authority, and should manage them so as not to crush liberty, but to train the child in the right use of all his faculties, and to rule him so that he may learn to rule himself. "Parents must give to the work of their calling much prayer, much costly time, and much trouble."

—It is pointed out that even were there a law to punish the Parisians for hissing a foreign sovereign, no jury could be got to apply it, and a prosecution would end in a ridiculous failure.

—An American physician recommends beefsteak and baked potatoes as perhaps the least harmful of the things that can be eaten at night, especially, he says, if the beef be underdone.

—Professor ELY's remarkable treatise on *French and German Socialism in Modern Times* will soon be published in London by Messrs. TRÜBNER & Co. The attention it has received in this country is entirely commensurate with its great merits.

—The successful writer of books for boys is of all writers the surest to be kindly remembered by thousands who, though strangers, feel as friends. Such a writer was Captain MAYNE REID, whose thrilling narratives of adventures among Indians share the vitality and strength of personal experience. The captain was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman in the north of Ireland, and of late years had resided near London. His age was sixty-five.

—A distinguished physician of this city, whose habit is to smoke five or six cigars every evening, but none at all during the day, has long pursued the plan of not smoking during the month of October. His idea is, he says, to allow his system to recuperate thirty days annually. The effect of tobacco, in his case, is a slight acceleration of the movement of the heart. This acceleration becomes clearly defined by the end of every September, but ceases entirely at the beginning of November, after his period of abstinence, leaving him in good condition for another year's wrestle with the weed.

—Drivers of bob-tail cars at the foot of Christopher Street turn their cars around on the turn-table before the occupants have left them, and often just as they are in the act of leaving them. Many an unlucky passenger narrowly escapes a bad fall every day. The drivers of the bob-tail cars that discharge their fares at the Erie Railway depot in Jersey City wait for the passengers to leave the cars before turning the cars around. These latter drivers are human beings, and deserve well of their kind.

—The recent death of the French painter M. COT led some of our contemporaries to say that the original of his well-known and popular picture "Le Printemps," or "Spring"—a pretty young blonde who sits beside her lover on a swing, and encircles his neck with her sun-warmed arms—is in the STEWART gallery. This is a mistake. The painting was bought by Mr. DAVID C. LYALL a year ago last April at the JOHN WOLFE sale, and is now the principal attraction of his large and fine collection in Brooklyn.

—The position of women in Burmese society is much less restricted than in most parts of India, and measures are now being taken to supply the girls' schools with certificated school-mistresses. The children of European descent, for whose education little has been done, are to receive attendon also.

—It is to be hoped that American art is not to lose Mr. E. A. ABBEY, whom the English artists seem disposed to consider a settled citizen of "Artistic London." He has been credited, by general consent, with having touched the high-water mark of black-and-white illustration, and though his work is usually given to the public through the HARPER periodicals, the English art publications are willing to take all they can get from him at his own terms. He is now busy in working up the studies made in company with Mr. WILLIAM BLACK at Stratford-on-Avon for the illustration of the latter's new serial, "Judith Shakespeare," and has recently finished a series of illustrations to POPE's ode "The Quiet Life," which will be one of the striking features of the Christmas number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. One of the pleasantest episodes of Mr. ABBEY's career has been his close association, in work as well as in friendship, with his English comrade, ALFRED PARSONS, to whom his HERRICK book is dedicated.

—The Cologne *Gazette* tells how it came to pass that King ALFONSO became honorary Colonel of the Uhlans stationed at Strasburg. There were two regiments of Uhlans available, and the uniforms of both were submitted to the King, who preferred the one with yellow cuffs to that with white cuffs, and the one he preferred happened to be quartered at Strasburg.

—A man of letters was smoking and chatting with a physician on a Hudson River ferry-boat, when a stranger stepped up and asked for a light. "Let me give you a match," replied the man of letters, adding, after his petitioner had withdrawn: "I don't know how you feel about it, doctor, but, for my part, I very much dislike to put the end of my cigar back into my mouth after it has been fingered by Tom, Dick, or Harry. I always carry matches with me, and make it a point to offer one of them instead." "And quite right you are," said the doctor. "I believe that some of the worst diseases can be conveyed by one man to another through the contact of his fingers with a borrowed cigar. I personally know of a case where varioloid was transmitted by means of a two-dollar bill, and I firmly believe that varioloid and things much worse can pass from a man's fingers into a cigar, and thence into the smoker of it."

—The Essex County Hunt is an association of young gentlemen who live in Montclair, Newark, and Orange, New Jersey, and do business in New York city. Its active members ride periodically, behind a fine pack of fox-hounds and a real live fox, in the neighborhood of the Orange Mountain; its associate members amuse themselves periodically as the members of an ordinary club do; and its successful existence for the last nine years shows that New-Yorkers whose homes are in the country need not starve socially because their homes are so situated. The annual dues of active members are eighty dollars, and of associate members forty dollars. Some intelligent capitalists have offered to build a new and commodious club-house for the Hunt, the rent to be six per cent. on the capital, and the offer is about to be accepted. The prosperity of the institution is attributable mainly to the energy and executive ability of its secretary.

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ROBBING A WILD-BEE HIVE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

BEE-HUNTING.

"Bee-hunting," writes an enthusiast, "is the poetry of sport." The rich warm days of September afford the best season for the sport, as then the bees are compelled to roam far and wide in search of food, as the honey-bearing flowers are nearly gone. The first thing in bee-hunting is to catch your bee. Practiced hunters capture the little forager in a box with a glass lid, in which a little bit of honey-comb is inclosed. After Mr. Bee has taken his fill, he is allowed to escape. He rises a few feet in the air, circles round two or three times, and then makes a bee-line home. If the tree in which the hive has taken up its abode is within half a mile, the bee usually returns in a short time, and brings with him two or three friends, to whom he has communicated the interesting fact that he has found a box of honey. In a short time a line of bees may be established. But in many instances a second line has to be established. A second base of operations is selected some distance from the first, another bee caught, dismissed, and traced. Then, where the two lines meet, the hunter may be sure the prize is not far distant. The inexperienced sportsman is troubled at first with the difficulty of tracing the little wanderer. In some countries the hunter attaches some white cottony substance to the bee, which makes it more conspicuous as well as slower in its flight. Some experts sprinkle the captive with flour, others with sulphur, before he is released from the trap to wing his homeward flight, and become an involuntary betrayer of his queen and the body-politic. The sulphur sprinkling is said to set the bees in a perfect uproar, so that they can be followed by ear as well as by eye. The tree in which the nest is located is usually an old one, with a top more or less decayed. To obtain the honey, the tree is in most instances felled, and then, if it is much decayed, the comb is badly broken and much of the honey wasted. The bees, at the first stroke of the axe, would pour forth, ready to make war on everything, unless due precautions are taken. The wisest plan, therefore, is to stop up all openings but one, and smoke the insects out; a puff of tobacco soon deadens them and renders them harmless. The honey-bee of the woods is the same as the honey-bee of the farm, and has arisen from swarms that have flown away from civilization. The rapidity with which they increase is almost incredible: one swarm has been known to produce twenty-two during a single season. In Texas they have been seen pouring out in streams as thick as a man's body. We have said the fall is the best time for hunting bees, as the hive is then full of honey, but bee trees are sometimes discovered in the bright days of early spring, while the ground is still covered with snow. The warmth of the sun attracts the bees out of their hiding-place, but they are blinded by the glare of the snow, and may be found lying on the ground near the entrance to their retreat. In the wooded and mountainous districts the number of wild swarms is very large. In the north they often perish before the spring, but in more genial regions multiply and flourish.

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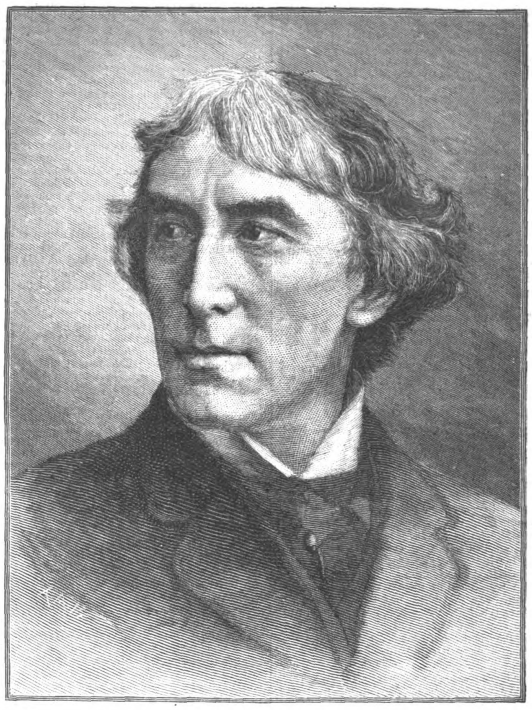
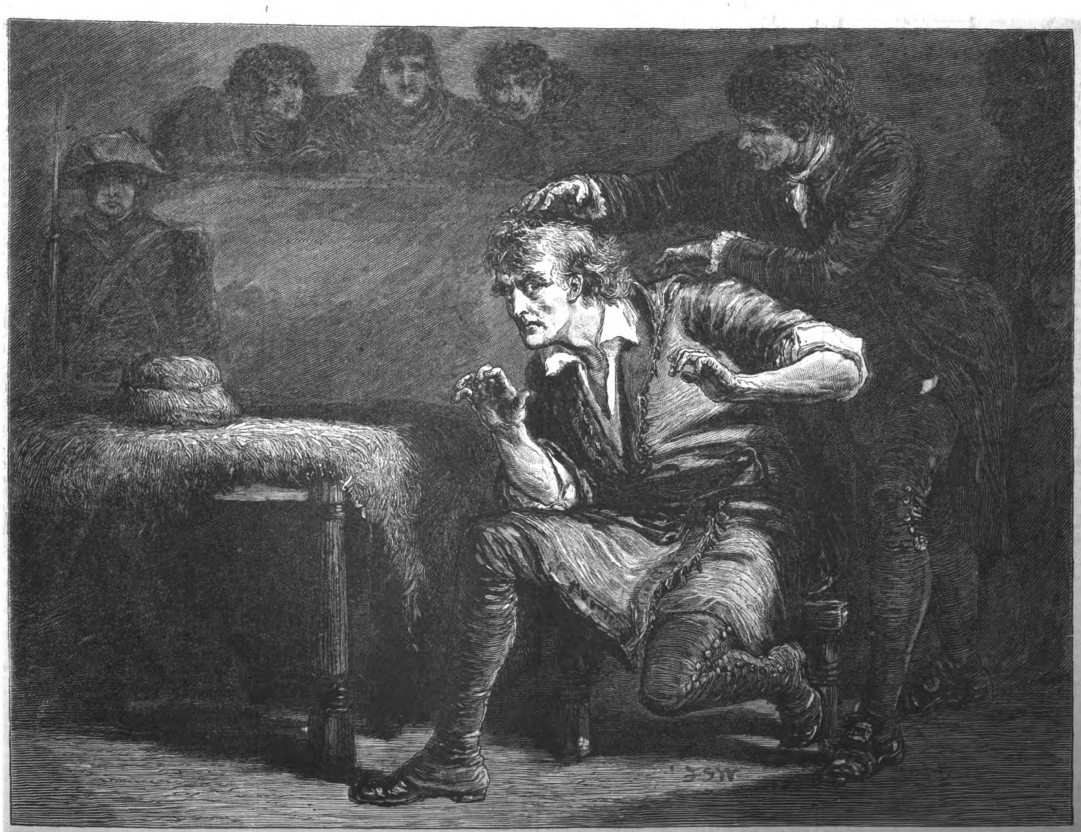
ELLEN TERRY.



HENRY IRVING.



HENRY IRVING IN "THE BELLS"—MATTHIAS AND THE MESMERIST.—Drawn by F. S. Walker.—[See Page 695.]

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THE BAY STATE CAMPAIGN.

THE present political campaign in Massachusetts may well be termed extraordinary. It is that in every sense of the word. The contest does not turn on well-defined local or national issues. Nor is it a struggle directly and solely between the parties as such, in which so-called party principles are concerned. It is primarily a personal contest over Governor BUTLER, the man who has disgraced his position and the State, rather than the representative of the party whose organization he has captured; and secondarily a struggle for the overthrow or retention of those vicious political methods and the worst phases of the spoils system which have fastened themselves upon the politics of the State, and are expressed in Massachusetts by the comprehensive term of Butlerism—akin to Grantism in national politics, but even more vicious and dangerous, as at present practiced by the politicians of the BUTLER stripe, than that vicious ism. That Massachusetts, presumed to be one of the most progressive of the States, a pioneer leader in the great and far-reaching movement for civil service reform, should have elevated to the Governorship this man of all men, whose political record is covered all over with stains, and who had for years stood as one of the most conspicuous representatives of the things to be reformed, is one of the marvels of the time. Various explanations of last year's remarkable election in Massachusetts are given, but none are satisfactory. It is a problem the solution of which perplexes even the most astute of Massachusetts observers, who differ widely in their conclusions.

Whatever may have been the causes which led to the uplifting of BUTLER last November, the result is sufficiently clear, and the uppermost question in the State now is not how it all happened, but how it can be most successfully remedied.

It so happens, as a result of BUTLER'S course in embracing the Democracy and making it his willing tool, that the Democratic organization in the State, in the present contest, stands for him and for Butlerism, and that the Republican organization stands for the anti-Butlerites and for purer politics. But though the victory will be recorded as a Republican or a Democratic one, as BUTLER is defeated or elected, the lines are drawn more sharply between BUTLER and anti-BUTLER men than between Democrats and Republicans. Men of both parties are found on either side. Acting independently — some professedly and some honestly so—are several organizations, and citizens not organized. Among the organized side parties are the radical Temperance men, the irreconcilables, who, as Prohibitionists or nothing, stand out by themselves, at war with both the leading parties; the Labor-Reformers, so called, acting with the Greenbackers—the relics of a dead-and-buried issue, who keep up their organization solely to work it politically for what it is worth; the so-called "BUTLER Independents," a set of politicians with a few followers who formerly trained with the Republican party, but who are wedded to BUTLER and Butlerism largely because of past political favors received or of a lively anticipation of favors to come with BUTLER'S further successes; and the true Independents, who represent a large body of Massachusetts men, whose numbers and strength can not be estimated, who believe in party as a means rather than an end, and whose political principles are so clearly defined that the most obtuse machine politician can readily and unmistakably comprehend them.

With the Independents, organized and unorganized, possibly lies the balance of power. Among them are the men who made the successful Independent canvasses in the Massachusetts Fifth and Seventh Congressional districts last year, resulting in the defeat of Messrs. BOWMAN and CANDLER, the regular Republican candidates, whose records as reformers did not come up to the required standard. These men are organized, and it was under their leadership that the recent conferences were held at which the principles of the Massachusetts Independents were defined, and their position taken on the BUTLER issue and the question of anti-BUTLER candidates. With them, unorganized, the most, if not all, of the pronounced civil service reformers, attached to the several civil service reform clubs of the State, are acting. They embrace the leading men in this State whose independence has long been recognized, and whose influence has been felt in the politics of the State; and in their ranks are hosts of young men, ardent and honest, men of sentiment and convictions, who are coming forward to take their part in the work of politics with reform and honest methods as their watchword. Of the other organizations, the Prohibitionists are expected to throw a handful of votes for their own ticket and more for BUTLER, withdrawing just so much from the anti-BUTLER ticket, for the Massachusetts Prohibitionists are recruited almost exclusively from the Republican ranks; and the support of the Greenback-Labor party and of the "BUTLER Independents" will go almost solidly for BUTLER, a remnant only of the former following the anti-BUTLER bolt led by E. MOODY BOYNTON, the erratic Essex County Greenback leader, who has yearned for a seat in Congress, and who is now out with BUTLER largely because of the latter's forgetfulness of him and the Greenback party so soon as they had served his purpose, and he had concluded that he had no further use for them.

The present situation in Massachusetts, then, is this: Congressman ROBINSON, the head of the Republican ticket, represents the opponents of BUTLER and Butlerism, and is receiving the support of the entire Republican party, of the great body of the honest Independents and the sincere reformers, and of those among the weightiest classes in the community who are denominated progressive men, and who seldom—more's the pity!—interest themselves in the politics of the State, except when they believe that there is a crisis in its affairs demanding their attention; while BUTLER is receiving the support of the reckless and the ignorant classes, whose prejudices he loses no opportunity to foster and inflame, of the machine men wedded to Butlerism, and whose leaders are under obligations to him for political favors received or place obtained, and of the Democratic masses, who fall readily and obediently into line under whatever leader or whatever banner their bosses provide.

With the issues so clearly defined and the lines so sharply drawn, it would seem that the outcome of the earnest and spirited canvass now proceeding in the State could not be difficult to foretell. To people outside the State, with their familiarity with Governor BUTLER'S record, their knowledge of the scandals and the tumults of his administration, and their respect for the general good judgment and intelligence of the Massachusetts people, it is surprising that there should be any question about it. But in the State itself, where the situation is more clearly comprehended, it is not so surprising. It is a party pretty firmly intrenched, and with an active machine well in hand, that is to be dislodged. BUTLER and the men in league with him, trained professional politicians, adepts in the art of political warfare, have been exceedingly industrious during the months of his administration. They have strengthened their organization throughout the State; political workers who have been appointed to office, large and small positions, State and city, not so much in payment for political work done as to be where they could do the most good for the further advancement of political schemes, have been busy "fixing things"; registration has been followed closely and systematically, and the voter-making mills have been running briskly; and the city of Boston, well under the BUTLER grip, has been Tammanyized to such an extent that to-day the Republican and anti-BUTLER leaders find themselves threatened with an election contest in which fraudulent methods of the kind familiar to the people of New York are to be practiced to swell the BUTLER majority. It has come to this in Massachusetts, that the result of a political campaign is to turn less on the square trial of issues than upon an honest ballot and a fair count.

The encouraging features of the situation are the character of the anti-BUTLER canvass, and the thoroughness with which the anti-BUTLER leaders are conducting their work, prosecuting the public campaign, and preparing to check fraud and protect the ballot-box. Their campaign began, brilliantly and earnestly, promptly upon the completion of the work of the Boston Convention—that most remarkable gathering, superior in *personnel* to any political convention held in the State since the war times—and it promises to be so conducted to the end. Its tone, too, has been high from the start, inviting at once the support of the best element in the State, and winning its confidence. Congressman ROBINSON, the head of the ticket, has proved himself to be one of the ablest and broadest of public men; and from the moment of his public acceptance of the nomination, which he did not seek, but which sought him, he has steadily grown in public favor, because of his manly bearing, his frankness and straightforwardness, the character of his public utterance, and the cleanness and strength of his record. He has been speaking nightly, sometimes twice a day, and his speeches have been most effective. He has met every issue brought into the canvass by the BUTLER party, disclosed the humbug and scandal of the BUTLER administration, and shown the utter worthlessness of the claim of the Governor that he has reformed abuses, checked extravagance, and exposed corruption. He has also displayed both the pluck and ability to meet the Governor on his own ground, and expose his demagogism as fast as he exhibits it. He is strong in an argument, quick at retort, and a match for BUTLER on the stump; but the contrast between them is sharp, for the former maintains the attitude of a gentleman, and does not descend to misrepresentation, personal abuse, vulgarity, and blackguardism to make his "points." With ROBINSON on the stump is an army of speakers, including the Senators and leading Congressmen, ex-Governors — none of whom make more effective speeches than ex-Governor (now Congressman-elect) LONG, who, next to ROBINSON, is, of all the campaign speakers, in the greatest demand—the old leaders, veterans of many a closely fought campaign against the same evils which beset them now, and a brilliant array of younger men who are coming to the front and taking the leadership. At the head of the State Committee, HENRY CABOT LODGE, as chairman, is doing effective service in directing the details of the canvass, and also performing his share of work on the stump; and volunteer committees of citizens in different sections of the State, and especially in Boston and the other cities where the BUTLER hold is the strongest, are aiding the regular organizations in many ways.

On the BUTLER side the chief work on the stump is doing by the Governor himself. He is supported mostly by the men he has appointed to office, or who are under obligations to him for past favors. Chief among these is the ex-Collector of the Port of Boston, WILLIAM A. SIMMONS, a creation of BUTLER'S, who now works for his chief within the Democratic ranks while holding a position under the BUTLER administration in the city of Boston. Another is Mayor PALMER, of Boston, also a former Republican, who left that organization and joined the BUTLER party because as a Republican he failed of appreciation, and was defeated in his ambition to become President of the State Senate. Of the old Democratic leaders only a handful are found in his wake, or at any rate willing to take the stump for him. Several are courageous enough to oppose him openly, but the most of them are content to stand aside, keeping as quiet as possible lest they be singled out for attack by their party's boss and his followers, while he forges ahead with their party machinery, of which they fondly hope to regain possession by-and-by when his grotesque race is run.

The Massachusetts contest is of national importance both because of the fight against bad political methods and the vicious spoils system which it involves, and of the attitude of BUTLER toward the Presidency. It is now virtually acknowledged that his campaign is but a preliminary canvass for a Presidential nomination of some sort. Ever since his inauguration as Governor he has addressed himself to the country at large. All his state papers—the most remarkable set of documents that has ever lumbered the State archives—have been directed to the great public beyond the borders of the State, and all his sensational performances have been before this large audience. He has used his position solely for his personal ends, and he has defamed the State to make political capital for his own use. His agents, too, have been abroad in other States, newspapers and organizations have been worked in his interest, and his campaign literature, conspicuous among which is the scandalous and filthy illustrated pamphlet on the so-called Tewksbury almshouse exposure, has been, and is still, circulated far and wide. In his appeals for support he points to the record of his administration here this year, claiming to have accomplished much in spite of a hostile Executive Council and an opposing Legislature. But, in point of fact, he has accomplished nothing but mischief.

This is the record upon which this arrogant demagogue pleads for further confidence in Massachusetts, and upon which he proposes to go to the country as a Presidential candidate if he is re-elected in November. Upon it alone, if there were no other consideration, he ought to be rejected by the people of his State. The result of the Massachusetts canvass will be awaited with much concern by the great body of citizens who are demanding purer politics, real reform, and the retirement of the bosses.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

IN yielding up the command of the army on the 1st of November, preparatory to final retirement a few months hence, General WILLIAM T. SHERMAN substantially closes his military career.

Such an event must recall to many of his countrymen the brilliant services of this eminent officer, and may perhaps also suggest the query whether these services were exaggerated in the war enthusiasm of twenty years ago, or whether they lose nothing even when viewed critically in the perspective of years. No doubt SHERMAN'S soldiership was one of gradual growth, and there was a vast difference between the brigade commander who for the first time at Bull Run "saw cannon-balls kill men and crash through the trees," and the General who led his victorious armies through the Carolinas. Yet from the outset he showed soldierly insight and instincts, and took broad views of the art of war. It seems strange to recall that he was thought crazy because he told how many troops he needed in Kentucky, where he had charge of a department in the autumn of 1861. On many a battle-field SHERMAN'S quick intelligence and inexhaustible energy retrieved the mistakes of others as well as his own. "To his individual efforts" General GRANT generously ascribed whatever was saved from the first disastrous day at Shiloh, where the inexperience of officers, from highest to lowest, caused the onset upon the camps to prove so nearly fatal to the Union arms. To SHERMAN'S part in the campaigns of 1862 and 1863, which unfettered the Mississippi, and left the great river to run rejoicing to the sea, GRANT paid this tribute: "The siege of Vicksburg and last capture of Jackson, and dispersion of JOHNSTON'S army, entitle General SHERMAN to more credit than usually falls to the lot of one man to earn. His demonstration at Haines Bluff in April, to hold the enemy about Vicksburg while the army was securing a foot-hold east of the Mississippi; his rapid marches to join the army afterward; his management at Jackson, Mississippi, in the first attack; his almost unequalled march from Jackson to Bridgeport, and passage of Black River; his securing Walnut Hills on the 18th of MAY—attest his great merit as a soldier."

Nor do we believe that too much stress has been laid upon the service rendered by SHERMAN when, precisely twenty years ago, he moved from Vicksburg to Chattanooga, to succor ROSECRANS there beleaguered, took part in the victory of Missionary Ridge, and thence hastened to the relief of BURNSIDE at Knoxville. It was soon after these events that GRANT, on receiving his well-earned promotion to the revived grade of Lieutenant-General, with magnanimous impulse, wrote to his favorite subordinate: "I want to express my thanks to you and MCPHERSON as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you can not know as well as I." Yet, undoubtedly, the greatness of SHERMAN'S soldiership only fully appeared when he was intrusted with the responsibility of the Western campaign. For, looking back upon the extraordinary marches from Chattanooga to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Savannah, from Savannah to Raleigh, and coupling with them THOMAS'S splendid overthrow of HOOD'S army in Tennessee, we see to-day more clearly than ever how these achievements aided General GRANT'S crowning triumph at Appomattox to become also the end of the war throughout the South.

It was SHERMAN'S happy fortune, indeed, that the campaigns in which he was called to take part proved to be of prime importance. "The possession of the Mississippi River," he once said, "is the possession of America. It was vital to us, and we fought for it and won it." A fit sequel to this bisection of the Confederacy was the conquest of its eastern belt, from the great river to the Atlantic coast; and there is no more inspiring picture in military annals than that of the Western army fighting its way down from Cairo to capture PEMBERTON at Vicksburg; conquering one after another the Border States; sending its movable columns hither and thither through the Mississippi basin; pressing from Murfreesborough to the Alleghanies to attack BRAGG; sweeping southward again into the heart of Georgia; then dividing, one part to crush HOOD'S army at Nashville, while the other should offer Savannah as "a Christmas gift" to the nation; anon gathering into its garner Charleston and Wilmington; and finally, having overrun the Carolinas, planting itself upon the routes of retreat from Virginia, where it heard the glad tidings of the capitulation of LEE.

History, then, we may conclude, will accord to General SHERMAN as high a rank among the soldiers of his age as the partiality of his contemporaries may have claimed for him. For to eulogize him, as some do, chiefly as a strategist, does injustice to the comprehensiveness of his soldiership. He certainly displayed no less skill in organizing, feeding, transporting, and manœuvring his army than in planning operations. He had a genius for topography, which at a glance turned a landscape into a military position, and took an inventory of its natural features of strength or weakness. The thoroughness of his work was illustrated by his habit of making himself familiar beforehand with the agricultural and other products of every region through which he was to march. Such mistakes as he made were mainly those that grow out of the quickness of judgment and utterance, and the self-dependence which are of proverbial value to a military leader. It certainly was neither luck nor the possession of only ordinary skill that enabled him to move his hosts thousands of miles through the heart of a hostile country with the exactness of mechanism. To say of him that he possessed far greater resources of men and material than his adversaries is to say only what is true of other great Union leaders, and was the admitted ground of any attempt to grapple with the insurrection.

General SHERMAN will take with him into private life the consciousness that he has never failed to make the interests of the army during the fourteen years he has stood at its head the burden of his eloquent tongue and pen. The striking picturesqueness and vigor of his speech and writing that will give his *Memoirs* an enduring place in American literature, wholly apart from their value as a military chronicle, have always been at the service of his comrades in arms. The respect and affection of his fellow-citizens will follow him into his retirement.

G. E. POND.

ON THE YUKON RIVER.

THE Yukon River, supposed until the recent discovery by Engineer STONEY to be the longest river in Alaska, presents many points of great interest to the traveller. One of these is the trading station at Ikog-muhte. The house, which is quite picturesque, is built of roughly hewn spruce logs, the tops and bottoms being rounded in such a manner as to fit tightly into each other. Fastened with wooden pegs, and well calked with moss, the building, while but of rude construction, is eminently suitable to shelter its occupants from the rigorous winter winds and cold weather of the arctic. This style of house is similar to those seen in Russia, and was introduced into Alaska by the Muscovites when they first came to the Territory. The ease with which they are erected and the comfort they afford have led to their adoption by American traders. One portion of the erection serves as a kitchen and living-room for the trader and his squaw, while a store and trading-room occupy the remainder. The life led by these traders is a solitary one: from June, when the annual vessel arrives at St. Michael's from San Francisco, until the June of the year following, he receives no news from the outer world, his monotonous existence being only broken by his winter sled journey to St. Michael's to deliver his furs and obtain supplies.

Ikog-muhte is also the head mission station and residence of the priest belonging to the Russo-Greek Church—a Church whose tenets are held by numerous converts throughout the Alaskan Territory.

Residents on the island of St. Michael's and in the numerous villages surrounding Norton Sound are people whose language and general habits are closely allied to the Esquimaux of the eastern portion of the North American continent. In the winter, when the seas and rivers of the hyperborean regions are in the grasp of the ice king, these hardy people prosecute long and arduous journeys over the frozen expanse of waters in search of holes in the ice, where the spotted seal come up to blow and bask in the sun. For hours and hours they sit, muffled up in garments of reindeer and seal skin, patiently watching for the least sign of a seal protruding his black muzzle upward; when, after killing a seal, which is effected by means of a spear having a bladder fastened to its end, the wearied hunter throws the carcass upon his sled, which, with the dogs, has been stationed behind some hummock of ice, and proceeds homeward.

At a distance of nearly a thousand miles from its mouth, and at a point where the mighty Yukon sweeps on a northerly course to the sixty-sixth parallel of latitude—the arctic circle—the stream runs between two lofty mountains. These bounds are perpendicular red and gray granite cliffs, clothed on the sides with beautiful mosses, fish-

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ens, and straggling berry-bearing bushes, while on their summits may be seen a seemingly impassable forest of elegant spruce-trees. The water runs over hidden rocks and immense bowlders, tumbling and tossing in its impetuous course, and that at a rate which causes the little stern-wheel steamers of the trading companies to pant and put forth their utmost power to stem the current. At the Southern limit of these rapids the Yukon expands to a width of some five miles—a broad stream of water, with numerous islets.

During the latter part of May, when the river is clogged with immense sheets and lumps of ice, the scene at this point is grand; the huge masses of ice are dashed against the rocks, and piled up in every imaginable and fantastic form, rendering the navigation dangerous, while trunks of trees of no mean size are swept down by the long-imprisoned waters on their way to the sea.

The trading post of Nuklakayet is situated on the Yukon River, a short distance from the point where its largest tributary, the Tannanah, flows into the main stream. In common with all the erections throughout the northern portion of Alaska, the buildings are of hewn logs, the interstices filled in with moss, serving to keep the residents warm and cozy in the severe winter. The natives on this section of the Yukon partake in their physiognomy of the North American Indians. Many of the males are over five feet six inches in height, well built, and athletic. Generally speaking, they are nomadic in their habits, resorting to the banks of the rivers during the summer, when they lay in a supply of salmon for winter use, and living in either drill tents or huts made from branches of the spruce-trees. In the winter they reside in moose-skin tents, which are carried to and from the hunting grounds on the backs of the women, the men disdaining to degrade themselves by the performance of any labor whatsoever other than that of hunting and trapping. Consequent upon the rigorous climate and hard work which falls to the females, women are in the minority among these people. They grow old rapidly, a woman at thirty having the appearance of being over fifty or sixty, with haggard, weary looks. Their modes of subsistence and livelihood are entirely from the chase and fishing. In exchange for their furs—beaver, marten, wolf, lynx, fox, and moose skins—they receive tobacco, American clothing, sporting guns, powder, lead, and reindeer-skins for their winter overshirts. So far as their conduct toward whites is concerned, the traders report that with but few instances they are very violent-tempered when excited, are inveterate liars, and have scarcely any good qualities, but are brought to a sense of good behavior by an exhibition of stern and firm determination. They are arrant cowards, attacking only in a body, and, as a rule, are devoid of the better traits possessed by their Indian brothers of the Eastern Territories.

From its mouth on Norton Sound to the village or trading post of Andreavsky, nearly two hundred and fifty miles, the Yukon runs between low-lying alluvial grounds. The soil of these banks and of the surrounding country is a chocolate-colored loam, but of a slight depth, the strong current which runs during the months of May and June carrying away enormous quantities of the earth, and exposing to view the underlying sheets of what may be truly termed ancient ice. Upon the lower portion of the Yukon and its delta remains of the mammoth elephant are to be found, the natives using the bones as runners for their sleds. This portion of the river abounds in islands, sand-bars, and banks, upon which there is a stunted growth of alder, willow, and dwarfed cottonwood, while piles of spruce-trees brought down by the stream are drifted on to the banks, serving as fuel and building material for the natives. Upon these bars and banks myriads of wild fowl rest on their annual flights to the arctic regions in the summer, depositing their eggs, which are eagerly sought after by the natives.

One of the most ludicrous sights imaginable may be seen during the month of August, when the birds have lost their feathers. Being unable to fly, the natives go along the shore knocking the geese, swans, or ducks upon the head with sticks, while the birds waddle along, uttering discordant cries, as they strive to gain the waters of the river, when, gaining a refuge, they dive to elude their pursuers. The flesh of wild fowl in the arctic and subarctic regions from June to September is extremely delicious; the birds, having fed upon the luscious wild celery and berries that cover the interminable swales and marshes, are wonderfully fat, and when prepared for table are a welcome addition to the *menu* of the residents on the river.

HENRY D. WOOLFE.

HENRY IRVING.

HOWEVER widely critics differ concerning HENRY IRVING—and they differ very widely—the fact remains that he comes to us the foremost actor of England. Every dramatic production at the Lyceum of late years, whether critics found it excellent, indifferent, or bad, has been carried to the height of success by a steady tide of popularity. Adverse criticism has been directed mainly against Mr. IRVING'S delineations of Shakspearean characters, yet the popular success of his Shakspearean revivals in spite of adverse criticism is too great to be overlooked. It seemed to me, when I attended a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, that I had never been in a theatre where what may be called the worship of the too too was carried so far. A sense of æsthetic exaggeration pervaded the atmosphere. The dim lights of the auditorium, the music, the scenic accessories—all seemed arranged to steep the audience in the very luxury of woe. When the curtain rose on certain scenes, only SHAKSPEARE'S lines, properly spoken, were needed to produce an unprecedented affluence of grief. But it seemed to me that the void was not always filled. Every now and then found me almost decided that HENRY IRVING'S Romeo was an animated mannerism. Then suddenly he would electrify his hearers with a fine burst of passion or despair. By carefully following his performance I discovered that wherever melodramatic methods could be applied to the interpretation of Shakspeare, Mr. IRVING rose to the height of the situation, but that during the interim his voice was pitched in a key of monotonous exaggeration, and his gestures were stilted. I could, however, easily tell that, whatever his shortcomings in Shakspearean characters might be, as an actor of melodrama he must be unsurpassed. And herein seemed to me to lie the secret of his extraordinary success. His first great hit was as Matthias in the melodrama of *The Bells*. That was a genuine, startling success. One melodramatic hit was added to another, until the ever-swelling tide of popularity carried him beyond melodrama, and landed him safely in Shakspearean tragedy. But he applied to it the methods which had made him popular in melodrama, and his friends, recognizing the familiar methods, stood by them and applauded them, failing to perceive that he was applying them to the wrong material. Unwittingly he acts Shakspearean tragedy as if it were melodrama. Not being by nature gifted to soar to the heights of those plays which move in an atmosphere above all that has been written before or since, he unconsciously drew them down to himself. Hence it is that strangers and critics complain of his mannerisms, though they do not know exactly how to explain them, and at the same time account for his popularity. Here is the solution: they see plays which have always been acted as tragedies now acted as melodramas. This is repugnant to them, but not to the public, which has, as it were, grown up with Mr. IRVING, for to the latter custom has made his methods natural. Consequently what startled and bewildered strangers call mannerisms, the Lyceum public calls individualities. Thus may be solved the problem presented by the curious coexistence of intense adverse criticism and intense popular enthusiasm.

I do not know if Mr. IRVING feels himself that the novelty of his Shakspearean performances may strike a strange audience as too novel, but at any rate his decision to open here with *The Bells* was eminently wise, for *The Bells* belongs to a line of plays in which he is supreme. His supremacy in this line must be clear to the careful observer of even his Shakspearean delineations, and consequently it is natural that even the severest critics of the latter unite in praising his melodramatic characters. Matthias, in *The Bells*, was, I believe, the first character in which he exerted over a London audience the marvellous fascination springing from that subtle something of infinite value known as personal magnetism. Since then there has existed between him and the Lyceum audiences an *entente cordiale* probably unprecedented in the annals of the drama. It has made the elaborate Shakspearean revivals and fine setting of other plays possible. The success of *The Bells* was immediate and overwhelming. Such a weird, wild portrayal of horror had never been witnessed on the London stage as Mr. IRVING'S portrayal of the vision-haunted murderer Matthias. The element of terror is brought out in bolder relief by his capital assumption of unconcern in such moments as when he argues with Christian that his efforts to discover the murderer of the Polish Jew will prove futile. Mr. LEWIS'S adaptation of ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S *Le Juif Polonais* is a one-character play. In the hands of HENRY IRVING its strength lies in this one-character feature. No greater evidence of his power as a melodramatic actor is needed. A bit of by-play may be mentioned to show the care with which he elaborates his characters, and how artistically the points thus made harmonize with his conception of the character as a whole. As Matthias takes Annette's dowry out of his money bag he carelessly puts the string around his neck; a moment later he shivers with terror and snatches it off.

HENRY IRVING'S success was achieved by remarkable perseverance under circumstances discouraging to ambition as much as by his undoubted genius. A famous German author once advanced the dictum that genius was merely the power to persevere. The absurdity of the dictum is too apparent to be disguised by its originality; but certainly in many cases genius of a certain order succeeds with perseverance where a higher kind of genius without perseverance fails.

HENRY IRVING, whose real name is JOHN HENRY BRODRIB, was born near Glastonbury, February 6, 1838. He was sent to London as a youth to be fitted out for mercantile business, but his fondness for the stage led him to give up his desk in an India merchant's office. He first appeared in public as an actor when eighteen years old, September 29, 1856, at Sunderland, as Orleans, in *Richelieu*, and continued, with a brief intermission, until 1866, to play in the provinces.

From this hard, grinding, but thorough school he graduated to London. The credit of first appreciating Mr. IRVING at his full value belongs to a manager who, if not American born, was long enough here to be called an American manager, Mr. BATEMAN, who was then the manager of the Lyceum, engaged Mr. IRVING for his theatre. The first part he played on the stage which his successes have rendered famous was Landry Barbeau, the date, September 11, 1871. BATEMAN died in 1875, and after that his widow managed the Lyceum until September, 1878. On the 30th of December of that year, the play being *Hamlet*, the bills announced HENRY IRVING "sole lessee and manager." Miss TERRY, whom he engaged immediately on assuming the management, played Ophelia. At the conclusion of the play, acknowledging a call before the curtain, he said: "To produce the Hamlet of to-night I have worked all my life, and I rejoice to think that my work has not been in vain." What HENRY IRVING and Miss TERRY have made of the Lyceum is known to the world. It has made the establishment in London of a national theatre like the Théâtre Français unnecessary.

Mr. IRVING'S many personal graces have won him entrance to the highest social circles, and he has steadily used his influence to raise the social standing of the profession, while by upholding in public addresses and in private intercourse the moral influence of the stage he has broken down in many the prejudices against which liberal education and criticism had protested in vain. Of his genial personal qualities EDWIN BOOTH, JOHN MCCULLOUGH, LAWRENCE BARRETT, and other American actors can testify. That he can hold his own very nicely in point of satire in personal intercourse is shown by the following neat anecdote related by the anonymous author of a recent IRVING biography: In a burlesque, *The Corsican Brothers & Co.*, which came out when the melodrama was revived at the Lyceum, Mr. ROYCE gave an imitation of him (IRVING) which was almost too faithful to deserve the name of burlesque, and not long since a young actor mimicked him with much success in another burlesque. Mr. IRVING, who can not take such mockery in very good part, went, nevertheless, to see the performance. Not long after he met the culprit at dinner, and made himself so infinitely agreeable that his new acquaintance began to feel some qualms of conscience, till presently, when matters theatrical came under discussion, Mr. IRVING turned to the younger man and said, in a tone of bland inquiry, "And are you an actor too, Mr. Z——?"

Mr. IRVING is most careful in matters of rehearsal, but his short-sightedness once caused the introduction of an unrehearsed effect. It occurred in a performance of *King René's Daughter*, in which Miss TERRY played the blind daughter, Mr. IRVING, Count Tristan, and Mr. COOPER, Sir Geoffrey. Mr. COOPER is as short-sighted as Mr. IRVING. At the moment when Tristan is directed to hand the blind girl a talisman, Mr. IRVING dropped this property.

"Pick it up—pick it up, COOPER," said Mr. IRVING.

"I can't see it," was the reply.

Finally the blind princess was obliged to pick up the talisman, she alone being able to see it.

With Mr. IRVING comes Miss TERRY, who can claim with him an equal share of the Lyceum honors. When he played with her for the first time he promised her that if ever he became a manager he would engage her as leading lady. I remember very well the fervor of her passion and the music of her love-talk and her grace of bearing as Juliet. Of her Ophelia an English critic writes that if anything more intellectually conceived or more exquisitely wrought out than Miss TERRY'S Ophelia has been seen on the English stage in this generation, it has not been within his memory. Miss TERRY, who was born at Coventry on the 27th of February, 1847, first appeared at Hull, while yet almost an infant, in a pantomime. At the age of ten she played, in CHARLES KEAN'S production of the *Winter's Tale*, the part of the child Mamillius. Her progress was steady until she began at the Lyceum to share with Mr. IRVING in the successes of that theatre.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

At the recent meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society a paper was read on "The Relation of the Common School to the College." It is generally understood that the common schools turn out the raw material out of which the colleges make finished curve pitchers, ninety-pound coxswains with fifteen ounces of strategy to the pound of coxswain, and accomplished kickers for foot-ball purposes.

More than seventy-five million copies of a certain spelling-book have been sold in America, it is asserted, and all of them contained that absurd monosyllable of six letters which becomes a word of two syllables when one-third of its letters are taken away—*plague*.

It is charged that the Chinese government does not act wholly conscientiously in respect to the law of the United States restricting Chinese immigration. Of 132 Chinese who arrived in San Francisco recently, nearly half had certificates setting forth that they were tradesmen, and therefore not "laborers." The ratio was about the same in another ship-load. It is claimed that fully ninety per cent. of both lots were laborers within the meaning of the restrictive law.

It is solemnly asserted by a Southern newspaper that there is a calf in Virginia which "eats chickens carnivorously." This, however, even if true, is less remarkable than if the calf were to eat chickens herbivorously.

Near Bismarck, Dakota, three thousand buffaloes were slain in one day recently by one thousand Sioux Indians. The red man can occasionally equal the English hunting tourists in the wanton destruction of game; but it can be said of them in extenuation that they are untutored.

It having been printed in an English journal that many rich families in London prefer boarding in hotels to keeping house, an American newspaper adds, "No wonder; it gives them opportunities to converse with the clerks."

Monsignor Capel says that in Baltimore the Archbishop took him to call on a lady, who called up her four-year-old boy and said, "My son, speak to the Archbishop." The urchin extended his hand in a frank and hospitable way, and greeted him with, "Howdy, Arch?"

Mr. Labouchere learns, and prints it in *Truth*, that the Queen has issued a private memorandum enjoining the occupants of "a certain royal palace" to abstain from gambling, especially in the early hours of Sunday mornings. It is asserted that enormous sums have been won and lost by players in the royal apartments; but news put forth in terms so indefinite may always be taken with several grains of allowance.

The Corean envoy was greatly astonished at the smallness of our army. Probably he saw only the privates. But if the smallness of the army astonished him, what would have been his emotions had he seen our navy?

If Mr. Holman, of Indiana, is a handsome man, he has been singularly unfortunate in his portrait-makers.

An English journal mentions the hanging of a negro woman in the South recently who wore upon the gallows a large sunflower pinned on her dress. Black satin, says this journal, went out of fashion for some years because a certain notorious murderess was hanged in a dress of that material, and the question is raised whether the favor shown to the sunflower by this negro woman will make that flower unpopular. The English writer seems to have forgotten that the sunflower's popularity has withstood the test of even Oscar Wilde's ostentatious preference.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE HORSE SHOW.

"Ah, bonjour, chère Madame De Shetland, and how's the baby?"

"Many thanks, dear Monsieur De la Perche, the baby's all right, as you see. I'm taking it out for a little trot."

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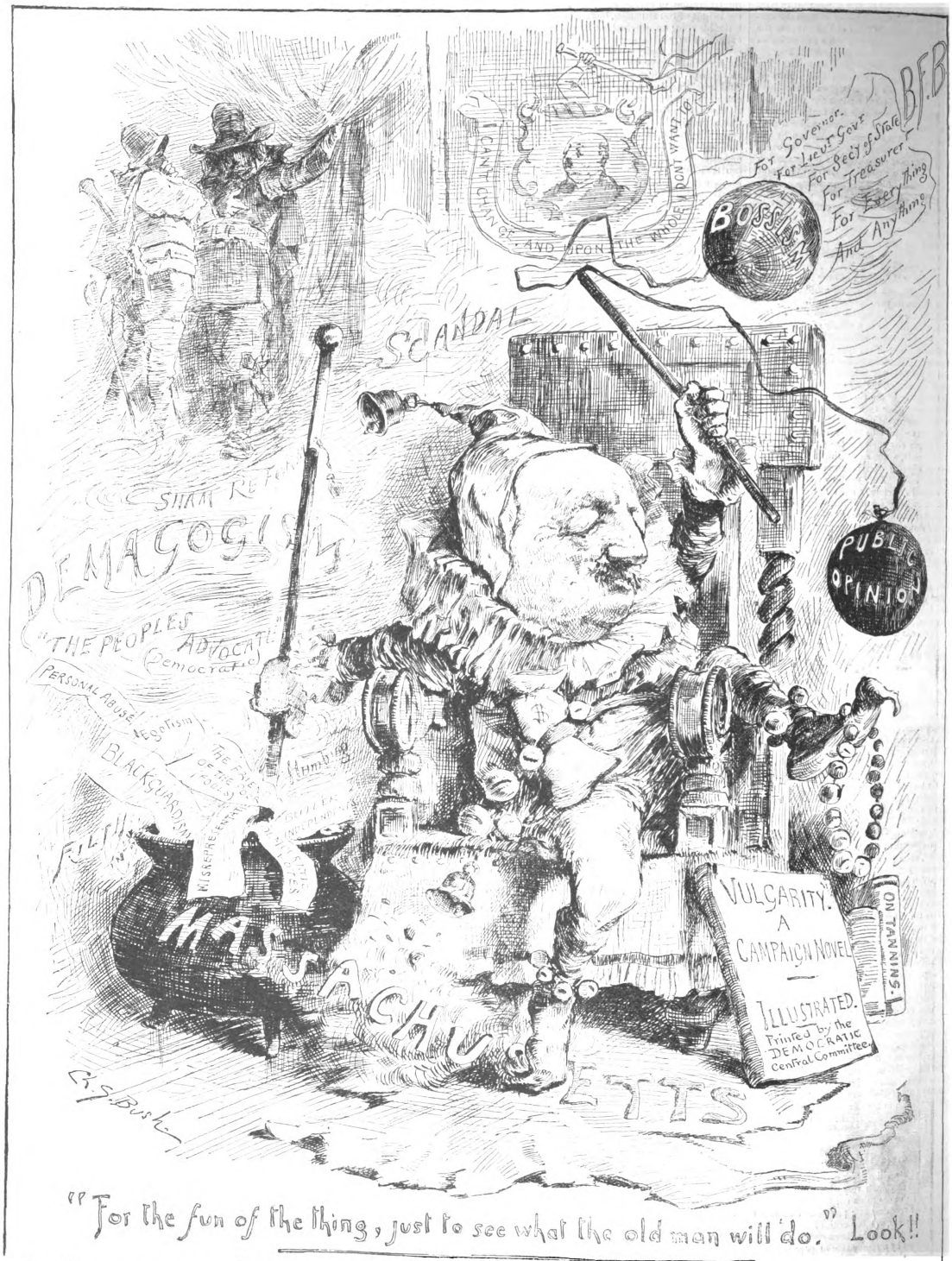

"For the fun of the thing, just to see what the old man will do." Look!!

The Puritan Governor "Prythee Captain, what manner of thing is this, that so disturbeth the colony?"

The Puritan Captain. "In truth I know not, your Excellency, but in my time fun of that kind was done by a Mountebank."

[See Article "THE BAY STATE CAMPAIGN," on Page 694.]

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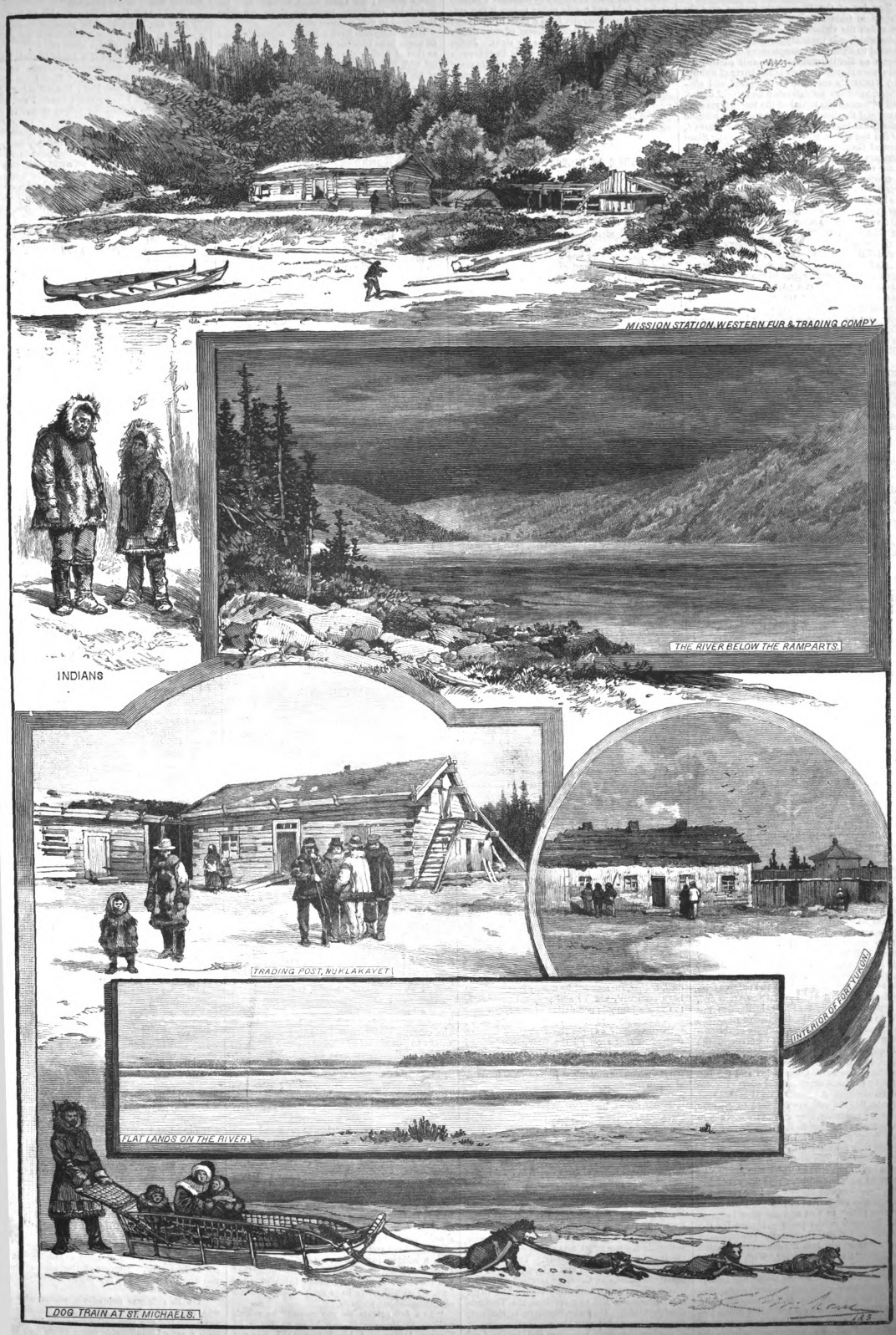

ON THE YUKON RIVER.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Recent Photographs.—[See Page 694.]

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THE PARTIES AND FREE TRADE.

THE joy of the Democratic leaders over the victory in Ohio is not unmixed. The methods by which the victory was obtained, and the results which will probably come from it, are calculated to disturb the complacency of such Democrats as MR. WATTERSON, who still cherish the vain hope that their party is the party of reform. Mr. RANDALL'S speeches at Cleveland and elsewhere, in which he defended high tariff duties, and advocated the repeal of the internal revenue taxes and the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, won some votes for HOADLY. So did the clever trick of the Democratic State Central Committee, who, by the distribution of circulars on the eve of the election, persuaded some wool-growers that JOHN SHERMAN was a statesman of strong free-trade tendencies. These votes were dearly purchased. Democrats who are insisting that their party is a free-trade party were not pleased with the spectacle of Mr. RANDALL vociferating for protection in the iron and coal districts, while Mr. MCDONALD was piping a weak treble for "tariff for revenue only" in the Miami Valley, and Mr. HOADLY, braving the malaria of the rural districts, was making pettifogging protection speeches to the wool-growers.

Is it surprising that a party so led makes few converts among young free-trade Republicans? The young men of the country who read the best books and do their own thinking have come to believe with GARFIELD that the great majority of the ablest writers on political economy favor the principles of free trade They also believe that all our tariff legislation should tend in that direction. As GARFIELD expressed it in a speech delivered in Congress in 1870, they favor that sort of protection which ends in free trade, while they favor free trade which is to be reached through protection. The principles of Republican free-traders are based on the conviction that there is a moral wrong in any legislation which unnecessarily taxes the many for the benefit of the few, and that the plea that the general welfare demands that all consumers shall contribute to the profit and support of those who own and work in the protected industries is unsound in morals and false in fact.

Whatever criticism may be made upon the Republican party, it must be conceded that when confronted with great issues it has manifested a capacity for generating within itself an amount of moral force which has resulted in the enactment of just and wise laws. Witness its solution of the grave problems which came with and after the war. It dealt with the war, with slavery, with the public debt, with the currency—in fact, with every question that touched the integrity or honor of the nation—as if it were the organized conscience of a Christian people. It is not a matter of surprise that such a party should win and hold so many men who, though exercising the largest liberty of criticism of their party's policy, are loath to ally themselves with a party led by such men as TILDEN, BAYARD, RANDALL, THURMAN, MCDONALD, HENDRICKS, and VOORHEES—leaders who have put their party on the wrong side of every question that has been before the country for twenty-five years. It is the boast and strength of the Republican party that it is mainly composed of men who think for themselves, and who compel obedience on the part of their leaders. These men demanded civil service reform, and many Republican Senators and Congressmen who sneered at civil service reform three years ago are sounding its praise to-day. There is no such force in the Democratic party. Its leaders do not stop to inquire, nor do they care, what their followers may think, if they think at all. They are quite sure they will go wherever they are led, as they have been taught in times past. What hope is there for tariff reform, or any kind of reform, from such a party under such leadership? Mr. WATTERSON'S platform palaver about "tariff for revenue only" is palaver and nothing more. Well meant it may be, but it has no force, for it has no backing.

There are some honest free-trade Democrats, and there are some free-trade Republicans equally honest. What assurance can Mr. WATTERSON or the Democratic party give a free-trade Republican that a Democratic Congress and a Democratic administration will enact and enforce free-trade laws? When in power, a few years ago, the Democrats showed neither inclination nor ability to take a step in the direction of free-trade or tariff reform. It became the duty of the succeeding Republican Congress to deal with the questions presented by our increasing surplus revenue, and it accepted the responsibility, and by means of the Tariff Commission and the law enacted by the last Congress made some progress in the right direction. And while it is true that free-trade Republicans are disposed to criticise that law with severity, they are not quite ready to transfer their allegiance to the Democratic party. Before doing so they wish to have some assurance that they are allying themselves with something better than "an organized appetite"—an appetite in the presence of which the question of what to do with our surplus revenue would become a "—— barren ideality." Free-trade Republicans who are invited to join the Democratic party may prefer to wait and see what becomes of Mr. RANDALL in the pending contest for the Speakership. What Democratic Congressman dare say that he will bolt the caucus nomination if Mr. RANDALL shall secure it? With what face can a free-trade Republican be asked to join the Democratic ranks and march under the leadership of such plate-glass and steel-rail protectionists as RANDALL, VOORHEES, and HENDRICKS, while over in Ohio Democrats are chuckling over a victory which will most likely result in the election of HENRY B. PAYNE, a strong protectionist, to the United States Senate, and which was won because the protected wool-growers were made to believe that the Democrats were protectionists and JOHN SHERMAN a dangerous free-trader. The Democratic party must in some way manifest a capacity for a bold and manly policy before it can reasonably expect recruits from a class of men who have faith in the ultimate success of some things because they believe them to be right. Judge THURMAN, in speaking recently of Mr. PENDLETON'S civil service law, said that if the Democrats came into power and got possession of the White House, he would be in favor of opening the doors and letting the boys in to warm their toes. We question whether there is a disposition on the part of Republican reformers to aid in bringing about such result. W. T. FISHBACH.

LUTHER IN HISTORY—1483–1883.

LUTHER was accustomed to boast that he was a peasant's son, and that all his ancestors were peasants. He was born at Eisleben on the 10th of November, 1483, just four hundred years ago. His father was a poor miner, working with his pick in the copper mines of Mansfeld; his mother cut and carried wood to the small cottage where the reformer was born. It was a hard life upon which the young child was ushered; often his parents beat him for little faults; their tempers were harsh and severe. Yet so tender and loving was the heart of the great reformer that he remembered only their real kindness, and wept bitterly, like Mohammed, over his mother's grave. He was the oldest of seven children. His father sent him to school at Eisenach, and sometimes he sang carols from door to door to pay for the cost of his education.

Soon his powerful intellect, that was destined to influence all mankind, began to show its rare strength. Like Burns or Shakspeare, he rose at once to notice. He was a musician, a poet, a fine scholar, a young man of pure and noble impulses, when he passed through the University of Erfurt with applause, and began to study law. His father had now grown wealthy, and was evidently anxious to see his gifted son rise to eminence and power. He would make him a lawyer. But suddenly a great change passed over the mind of the young student, and he fled forever from the allurements of the outer world. A friend, it is said, was killed at his side by a stroke of lightning, and the sight of death awoke Luther from his gay dream of pleasure. He vowed to St. Anne to become a monk. He entered an Augustinian monastery. His honest father opposed his sudden resolution. He thought it "a trick of the devil," and was evidently no firm believer in the conventual system. But Luther persevered, and with terrible penance and endless prayers, with whip, scourge, and sackcloth, strove to wash away his fancied sins and fit himself for another world. He little knew how much he was destined to do and suffer and enjoy in this.

Honest, fearless, enthusiastic, he went to Rome full of faith, and came back from the Holy City shocked and terrified by the enormities of the papal court. The sale of indulgences not long after aroused the conscience of Luther and all Germany. He spoke, and half Europe seemed to follow him. Convents were broken up, ancient rites abandoned, the whole world was transformed at Luther's powerful voice. History has no similar example of so swift a conversion of whole nations. The simple words of the honest German put to rout a host of errors. Saxony became his protector, all the people his friends. Soon Switzerland caught up the German sentiment of independence, and Zürich and afterward Geneva became the centres of Swiss nationality and progress. The old Italian influence—and Zwingle had once been a pensioner of Rome—was thrown off forever. In Germany, Hesse and Würtemberg, Brunswick, Brandenburg, and Saxony, by the year 1529 had become openly Protestant. Then Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, next Holland and the Low Countries, secretly joined the German league for freedom of faith, in the face of the Inquisition and the edicts of despotic kings. France was stirred by a vain impulse of reform. Austria, Bohemia, and Poland followed. Spain was held in check forever, like France. Last came Saxon England and Saxonized Scotland to unite in faith and sympathy with their Continental relatives. And before he died, Luther, surrounded by deadly foes, must yet have seen with wonder and grateful joy nearly the whole Teutonic population of the north joined in a common sentiment of progress and reform.

So thoroughly was the Reformation a German movement that soon all the eminent reformers were driven to take refuge in the shelter of Germany, and in its towns and cities were forged the intellectual arms that raised Europe from its feudal barbarism. Wittenberg, Strasburg, Geneva, Amsterdam, became the chief seats of Protestant influence, the shrines of powerful and contending sects. From France the reformers fled before the persecutions of Francis I.; from Spain they were wholly extirpated; from Italy they came in crowds to Switzerland and the North, pursued by the Jesuits and the Inquisition. For a century the great heart of Germany formed the asylum of the oppressed. The reformers—founders of modern history—were not faultless. Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Cranmer had much to learn. Fierce disputes raged between these great intellects. The world was shaken by their clamor. Some painful exhibitions of honest but unwise enthusiasm, some cruel acts of intolerance, were the fruits of their early severity. Yet, compared to their persecutors, the first reformers seem singularly humane, and Germany received within its borders the fugitives of every land. The Latin races drove out the new opinions, the Teutonic cherished them. Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, England, resounded with the clamorous outcries of modern thought. Strasburg and Geneva, London and Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Leyden, Berlin, became the centres of the world's material and mental advance. The Gothic and German races rose to rare prosperity at the touch of Luther's genius; the Latin races, because they rejected his teachings, have for three centuries slumbered in dull reaction and decay.

His countrymen have not been ungrateful, and no name is so honored among the Teutonic races as that of Luther, the peasant's son. He is studied with intense interest. The works that treat of his memory are numberless. In the British Museum six volumes of its index are devoted to Luther, only two each to Shakspeare and to Milton. Every noted act of his life has become a part of history, and is more memorable than a battle or a siege. His beggar songs at Eisenach, his visit to Rome, his conversion, and his faith have helped to guide the course of nations. He stands before the church door at Wittenberg (October 31, 1517) and nails fast the famous theses that were to begin a new era of thought. Modest, learned, uncompromising, he did what no other dared: he defied the covetous and cunning churchmen who would despoil his country. Next, in 1520, he burned the papal bull, and began the irrevocable conflict. He is summoned to appear before the princes, the priests, the Emperor of Germany. On the 16th of April, 1521, the reformer entered the ancient city of Worms, famous in German history and song, to defend himself and Germany against a spiritual and temporal tyranny. The countless hosts of Germans gazed at him with love and admiration from the highways and the house-tops as he passed along. On the 17th he began his defense before the crowded and hostile assembly of prelates, emperor, and Spaniards; the daggers of the German princes alone saved him from the malice of his foes. On the 18th he spoke with matchless eloquence on the rights of conscience and of humanity. "God be my help," he cried: "here I take my stand." He spoke for all future ages; he saved Germany; he created modern history.

He fled from Worms to hide for many months in the castle of Wartburg, and in his solitude his conflicts with Satan were fierce and terrible. He came out to live for twenty years at Wittenberg, to marry, to find happiness in his modest home, to labor with ceaseless energy in the cause of reform. His ponderous intellect moved incessantly, like some immense engine, pouring out an endless list of publications. The press was Luther's strong tower of defense; incessant toil, a cheerful nature, an intellect as vigorous as Aristotle's, were the human sources of his boundless influence. At length, in 1546, he died, at sixty-three, peacefully and hopefully, the master intellect of the Teutonic race. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MILLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY CONSTANCE IN LONDON.

FOR all my eagerness, I did not get away from Franzenshöhe as soon as I had expected. Much time was consumed in leisurely preliminaries and formalities, and it was not until the beginning of June that I reached London. Harry, with whom I had kept up a brisk correspondence during the intervening weeks, had good-naturedly volunteered to look out for quarters for me, and had finally secured a set of rooms in Sloan Street, where I found him awaiting my arrival.

"I've turned over a new leaf, Charley," he said; "I've given up—some bad habits that I had fallen into, and I hope I shall have the strength of mind to keep clear of them now. You think it rather odd, perhaps, that a little kindness should make such a difference in a man's life; but then you haven't been kicked and cut during very nearly twenty years."

"You won't be kicked and cut much longer," said I, hopefully.

He threw a quick glance of apprehension at me. "I do trust you haven't said anything about me in writing home," he exclaimed.

I replied that I had not done so—that I agreed with him in thinking that a favorable opportunity should be awaited, or created, for making the disclosure. I was wondering whether it would be at all possible to put Harry in the way of performing some deed of heroism, when he diverted the current of my ideas by asking me when I meant to call upon Lady Constance.

"I don't know—as soon as possible—to-morrow, perhaps," I replied. "When should I be most likely to find her at home, and alone?"

"Ah, when indeed? From what I hear, she is pretty constantly engaged. But you need not sigh so profoundly about that; one can talk just as well in a crowd as in a desert."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but at present I don't quite see how I am to find my way into the crowd. I know hardly anybody in London."

"Oh, you will get into society easily enough. Especially as young men have been at a premium since the declaration of war and the departure of the Guards. I got up early in the morning to see my old battalion march out," added Harry, in a low voice. "The fellow who commands it now was a subaltern in my day. Ah, well; I should like to have been going out with them."

"Why don't you go to the East?" I exclaimed, with a sudden inspiration. "By Jove! Harry, I believe it would be the very best thing that you could do. I wonder I didn't think of it before. You will never have such another chance of distinguishing yourself."

"As a full private, do you mean?" he asked, smiling. "Perhaps, if you knew as much of Tommy Atkins and his habits as I do, you wouldn't suggest that road to glory, even to a proscribed man. Also, I doubt whether the Medical Board would pass me."

"Well," said I, unwilling to give up my idea, "I dare say it wouldn't be pleasant to enlist as a common soldier; but couldn't you get a commission in some irregular corps?"

"I can't fancy myself a Bashi-bazouk, and I am afraid those picturesque warriors are not likely to see much service. No—I am much obliged to you for the hint; but, all things considered, I think I will remain where I am, so as to be ready to defend my native shores in case of an invasion."

This levity disappointed me. It seemed to me that Harry should have been only too glad to carry a musket and bear the hardships of a campaign, if, by so doing, he could hope to wipe out the memory of the past. I said nothing; and presently he resumed, quite good-humoredly:

"I see you set me down as a coward. Well, consider me so, if you like; you have the right to believe me incapable of any virtue."

I could not help thinking that my cousin sometimes carried this particular form of plea *ad misericordiam* to the verge of abuse. "You know I did not mean to accuse you of being afraid of wounds or death," I answered; "only, from what you said, I fancied you might be a little afraid of discomfort."

"But that would be a worse kind of cowardice, wouldn't it? However, we needn't discuss the point, and it is of no great consequence. If I had the courage of a lion and the fortitude of a martyr, I couldn't leave London just now. I have ties and occupations, like other men; though it would be rather inconvenient to me to mention exactly what they are. Lady Constance will tell you that I am a useful member of civil society in certain obscure ways."

With that he got up, saying that he must be off, but that he would look in upon me again in a day or two, if I would allow him.

I assured him that he could not come too soon or too often. "Or shall I go and see you?" I asked.

"That would entail rather a long walk," answered Harry, laughing. "I am not a young swell who can afford to live in Sloan Street, remember. At present I have lodgings down at Richmond; but I won't ask you to come and see me there, because I am generally in town all day; besides which, my abode is too humble a one for you to be seen entering."

I could not, of course, insist; neither could I give expression to the thought which occurred to me then, as it had occurred several times before, that it was difficult to reconcile this apparent poverty with the fact, for which both my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar had vouched, that Harry was in receipt of a liberal allowance. What was certain was that he was obliged to take refuge in the suburbs, while I was lodged in Belgravia; and his cheerful acquiescence in our respective destinies only made me the more determined to see justice done.

I did not see him again for more than a week. During that time I was busy familiarizing myself with my new duties, and leaving cards upon various friends, whom I thought it as well to acquaint with the fact that I was in London. Naturally, I lost no time in calling at Lady Constance's house in Hill Street, but I was not fortunate enough to find her at home, although I made three attempts, and it was only at the end of a week that I was rewarded by a formal invitation to dinner.

That evening we were honored with the company of a cabinet minister—a brisk, merry old gentleman, who arrived very late, apologizing for the bad cold which had prevented his wife from accompanying him. Notwithstanding this disappointment, which made us a lady short, and obliged me to descend the staircase all by myself at the tail of the procession, the party was a very pleasant and lively one. The dinner was excellent, as were also the wines. Lady Constance exerted herself more than usual to amuse her friends, and was undoubtedly successful in so doing; and if everybody went away rather early, it was only because we had sat down late, and because many other entertainments were appointed to take place in the course of the evening.

I lingered after the rest of the guests, thinking myself entitled to venture upon that liberty, and as soon as the last of them had vanished, Lady Constance threw up her arms above her head and yawned so loudly that the footman put his floury poll in at the door, and, on being asked what he wanted, replied, looking rather foolish, that he had thought he heard a cry for help.

"He was not far wrong, poor man, if he had only known it," Lady Constance remarked, with a slight laugh. "I am drowning in an ocean of weariness, and nobody will hold out a hand to save me. Yes—thank you; I know you have a large hand and a strong arm; but I should only pull you in after me if I were to clutch it. I must endeavor to swim as long as my strength will hold out; after which, I shall go under, and nobody will miss me. So you have come at last."

"It hasn't been my fault that I have not come sooner," said I.

"Nor mine. I hope you will have the gratitude to acknowledge that. And now that you are here, what do you think of it all? Wasn't Franzenshöhe a great deal pleasanter?"

"I don't know," answered I; "I never think of whether places are pleasant or unpleasant in themselves now. There are the places where you are, and there are the places where you are not; that is all."

"I wish this was one of the places where I was not," said Lady Constance, with another yawn. "Did you ever in all your life meet with such a set of insufferable bores as we had here this evening?"

"I must confess," answered I, "that I found them very amusing."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

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"And I found them as stupid as owls. It is bad taste to speak against one's own country; but I must say that I think the stupidity of the English people is only equalled by their sanctimonious self-complacency. When one reads the stuff that is published every morning in the form of leading articles, one doesn't know whether to laugh or to hide one's head. Because we set up a glass house in Hyde Park three years ago, and chose to play at universal peace, we are overcome with righteous indignation when we find that, after all, the Millennium hasn't begun yet, and that people still continue to throw stones. It is agreed by all thoughtful British merchants that war is an anachronism, and therefore it follows that the Emperor of Russia has provoked the present war, and that he ought to be denounced as the enemy of the human race. Yet Russia must have Constantinople some day, and England must have Egypt: these are geographical necessities, as any one may see by looking at the map. But it would never do to recognize the truth, so we join in an absurd expedition, which we shall be very lucky if we escape from without a crushing defeat, and in the mean time, by way of showing that war is an outrage upon civilization for which we were utterly unprepared, we send out an army that isn't fit to take the field, and allow it to starve."

"We shall lick the Russians, all the same," said I.

"How do you know? I don't think we shall, and I am better acquainted with Russia than you are. Anyhow, I must be allowed to relieve my feelings by abusing these people, who are more infuriating in private life than they are in public. After all, I am an Irish woman, not an Anglo-Saxon; so I have a right to despise them and their hypocrisy and humbug. I do despise them from my heart; but, for all that, I am ruining myself in purse and patience by trying to become a social power amongst them, and hardly a day passes that I don't stoop to flatter some foolish old woman in order to get asked to her parties. How do you account for that, now?"

I shook my head, not having an explanation ready.

"The game is not worth the candle," she went on. "I know that perfectly well; yet I can't resist playing it. I often wonder why I should take such pains to secure what I don't want, and sha'n't care about when I get it—if I ever do get it."

"Well," I said, "I suppose it is the pursuit that you enjoy. There is no grander sport than riding after a fox; but one doesn't want to carry his body home; one doesn't even care much about his brush."

"Really," said Lady Constance, "you have gleams of intelligence. I think I will stay at home and talk to you for a little, instead of going on to a ball. Now tell me—have you repented of coming to London yet?"

"No," I answered; "why should I repent? I came to London to be near you—and here I am."

She laughed a little at this succinct reply, and presently I remarked: "What a pretty house you have got!"

"Oh yes," she answered, carelessly. "I am in funds just now, you see, thanks to your friend Chapman. His information turned out to be most timely, and I believe he has profited by it, though not, of course, to the same extent that I have. He tells me, however, that he has been able to pay some outstanding bills."

"You often see him, don't you?" I asked, wondering whether she had any suspicion of Harry's identity.

"Not very often, but oftener than I like, for I still think him a rather despicable little person. In a certain sense, though, I am under obligations to him, and since it seems to give him pleasure to be admitted into the house, I don't send him away. When he comes, he generally talks about you, and praises you up to the skies. Have you paid him to blow your trumpet?"

I said I believed he was really attached to me.

"He may be. Indeed, I think he must be," Lady Constance agreed, "for the other day, when he said how kind you had been to him, his eyes became quite watery. Of course that may have been only the effect of drink, though."

"He has given up drink; he told me so himself," I said.

"That, perhaps, is not absolutely convincing proof of the fact. Still, I dare say he is your friend—or means to be so." And then a peculiar smile overspread Lady Constance's face, and lingered there so long that at last I asked her what she was laughing at.

"I was only thinking of some things that he said," she replied. "I believe he imagines that I might be induced to marry you, and he is evidently very desirous of bringing about this suitable match. What he expects to gain by it I don't know, but his wishes are clear, and he shows his appreciation of the motives that are likely to weigh with me by dwelling constantly upon your prospect of coming into a nice property eventually."

I was half touched by this evidence of Harry's good-will, half vexed to hear it spoken of so jestingly, and wholly embarrassed by the prohibition which he had laid upon me, and which prevented me from doing him justice. I said nothing, and Lady Constance went on:

"You are not a very dutiful nephew. Why have you not been to see that indulgent uncle of yours?"

I explained that it had hitherto been impossible to me to leave London, but that I should certainly run down to Norfolk as soon as the exigencies of the public service permitted of my absenting myself for a few days.

I had, indeed, written to Thirlby to this effect, and had received my uncle's assurance in return that he quite understood how I was situated. What I had not received, and what I had for a long time been impatiently awaiting, was a letter from George. I could only suppose that prudence had once more asserted its sway over impulse, and that he had not written simply because he had nothing of importance to write about. Whether, when he did make up his mind to speak, Maud would accept him or not seemed very doubtful. I could not quite bring myself to wish that she should do that, yet I felt that I would almost rather hear of her engagement to George than be kept much longer in suspense. I don't know what association of ideas prompted me to ask Lady Constance suddenly whether she had seen any more of Mr. Sotheran.

"I see him every day of my life," she answered, with something between a laugh and a groan. "There is a mulish obstinacy about that man which would have raised him into high places if only it had been a little better directed. By-the-bye, did I tell you that he had honored me with an offer of marriage?"

"You know you never told me," I exclaimed, my heart coming up into my mouth. "Have you refused him, then?"

"Oh yes; but he appeared to take that quite as a matter of course. I knew he would. Otherwise, perhaps—"

She did not finish her sentence, and presently I said, "I wish you would tell me whether you really mean to marry a man whom you dislike and despise."

"How can I tell you what I don't know myself?" she returned. "My fate must be decided by circumstances, not by my own will. Now go away, please, and when you next come here try to avoid offensive subjects."

CHAPTER XXIII.

I RESIST THE DEVIL.

ONE day in a moment of confidential despondency I told Harry that I felt sure that Lady Constance would end by marrying the odious Sotheran—a prophecy which made him look grave for a minute, but which he presently assured me would never be fulfilled without my connivance.

"Why, what can I do?" I asked, despairingly; "what influence have I with her? I am utterly powerless; I can only stand and look on, though I would cut off my right hand rather than such a horrible thing should happen."

Harry smiled, and said he didn't think that there was any need for such alarming sacrifices. "As far as I understand the case, you have only to lift up your little finger, instead of chopping off your hand. Would you mind if I spoke in plain language about Lady Constance?"

I said, "Not in the least."

"Well, then, I presume we may take it for granted that, if she marries at all, it will be because she is so hard up that she can't get on without somebody else's money."

I nodded, and Harry continued: "Very well. I presume we may also take it that she would rather marry you than Sotheran, supposing that you could see your way to supporting her."

"Yes," I assented; "she told me so herself once. But if you are going to say that I am my uncle's heir, I can only repeat to you that I am not that, and will never consent to be that."

"Not even to save Lady Constance from Mr. Sotheran?" asked Harry, with that faint ironical smile of his.

"Look here, Harry," I rejoined, with some heat, "Lady Constance put that same question to me one day at Franzenshöhe. I don't know whether she meant it—perhaps she didn't. But for the moment I thought she did, and almost hated her. Please never say that again. It's a temptation—it's a temptation that I might yield to, perhaps; for I am such a helpless wretch where she is concerned. But I know very well that, if I ever did yield to it, I shouldn't have another moment of happiness for the rest of my life."

"All right, old fellow," said Harry, looking rather surprised; "I didn't know you had such a strong feeling about it. The unfortunate thing is that, as I have told you many times already, my father will never leave Thirlby to me, and so you will lose Lady Constance and gain nothing, except the approval of a misguided conscience. I should have liked to see you two married, because you have both been friends to me, and because I think you both wish it now; but if you won't, you won't; and I suppose it will be all the same ten years hence."

"You agree with me, then, that she *will* marry Sotheran," said I, miserably. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I am bound to say that it looks like it. She is living at a deuce of a pace, and it isn't every day that one can count upon doing a good stroke of business in the City. All I can answer for is that she won't marry him if she can help it; and that you know already."

For some days after this conversation the devil was at my elbow. When I met Lady Constance in society, as I often did, when I saw her riding in the Row, with Mr. Sotheran jogging along on a fat gray cob beside her, when I was lying awake at night trying to picture to myself what my life would be after all that made it worth having had been taken out of it, I could not help asking myself whether it wouldn't be a very simple thing to hold my tongue. "Your uncle is in possession of his faculties," urged the devil; "he knows all the circumstances as well as you do, if not better. Why should you attempt to influence him against his better judgment? Besides, it seems very much as if you would have to choose between injuring one of two persons; and which of those two do you love the most?"

To escape from these torments, I resolved at last to go home and disclose the truth, whether Harry liked it or not. I said nothing to him of my intention, but merely wrote a line to my uncle announcing that I was coming down for a day or two, and departed.

It was evening when I reached my journey's end, and climbed into the dog-cart, which had been sent to the station for me. The red sun was sinking in the west, and converting Thirlby Broad into a sheet of flame, just as he had done two years before, when I had surprised Maud sitting in the punt among the reeds. In the quiet peacefulness of the landscape, in the soft whispering of the barley fields, in the silent stillness of the woods, showing black against the fiery sky, in all the familiar features of the broad and pleasant acres which I had come down to renounce, there was, to my fancy, something of a gentle reproach. "We are unchanged," they seemed to say; "but who and what are you? and what have you done with our old friend Charley Maxwell?" Ah! what indeed?

When I drew near the edge of the Broad I saw, bending over the water, a figure clad in brown velveteens which there was no mistaking. I handed the reins to the groom, told him to drive on, and jumped down to seek a change of thought in the conversation of old Jim Bunce. Bunce had just hauled in his net, full of silvery little bream, and was picking them out of the meshes. He scrubbed his wet hand violently upon his trousers before he would take mine, which I held out to him.

"Well, now," he said, "this do put heart into a man! On'y this mornin' I says to Squire, 'Look 'ee here, sir,' I says, 'if we don't get Mr. Chawls down now, what's the good of us havin' a holiday?' I says. And Squire he laughs, and says he, 'You're very imperent, Bunce,' says he. But, Lord love ye! soon as ever I seed his face I knowed very well as you was comin'. Better late than never, and better now than last week! When the cat's away, the mice 'll play, as they say. Dear, dear! what a age them cats do reach, to be sure! Talk about nine lives!—why, you might as well say ninety, and ha' done with it!"

"Do you mean that Mrs. Farquhar is away?" I asked, guessing to whom this elegant metaphor referred.

"Ah!" answered Bunce, nodding several times, and drawing his hand across his chin, which gave forth a rasping sound. "Gone off to Scotland for change of air. 'Ain't you heard?"

I said, "No."

"She've got lumbagey, that's what's wrong with she," Bunce continued, in a tone of undisguised satisfaction; "and *I* know what lumbagey is. Lord! I've seen folks in their beds with it for six weeks, and couldn't move hand nor foot without screechin' the whole blessed time. She 'ain't got so bad as that—not *yet;* but, come to her time o' life, she didn't owt to expect for to get rid of it no more. I never heerd tell of any one as *died* o' the lumbagey, though," added Bunce, reflectively; "but there! it don't do to question the ways o' Providence, as my old missus says. Mayhap we couldn't work things much better ourselves. So you've had enough o' furrin parts at last, Mr. Chawls?"

"Yes," I said; "I'm settled in London now."

Bunce grunted, and observed that he didn't hold much with London, but that it was better than Germany, anyhow.

In order to effect a change of subject, I remarked that Bunce's old regiment had been sent to the East; and this, as I had expected, started him on a succession of reminiscences which lasted until we reached the house, whither he accompanied me. Entering the back door, we encountered Cooper and Peters and many other old friends, all of whom were so kind in their welcome of me, and had so many questions to ask, that it was a good half-hour before I could get away from them, and pass into the quieter regions of the house in search of my uncle.

I found the dear old fellow sitting in his library, surrounded by open books, and looking more like himself than he had done since the evil day when Mrs. Farquhar descended upon him from the North to worry his life out. "Well, Charley," he said, quietly, looking up at me with a great kindness in his eyes; and then I forgot all about Harry, all about Lady Constance, and all about the follies and fatalities that separated me from the old days that could never come back any more. I sat down beside him in the same ancient leather-covered chair that I had been used to sit in long ago, when he patiently taught me the Latin grammar before I went to school—I sat down beside him there, as of old, and we had a good long talk.

I have always been a very poor letter-writer. My uncle, on the other hand, was an admirable correspondent of the old-fashioned type; but he had not precisely the gift which some people possess of talking upon paper; and therefore when we met we had a great deal to say to each other which was not of the smallest importance or interest to any one but ourselves. Important and disagreeable topics might very well be postponed until a later period of the evening, I thought; but in truth I scarcely thought of them at all until the sound of the dressing bell caused my uncle to remark: "By-the-way, Dennison said he would come in to dinner. He is all by himself just now." And then he added, "You know that my mother left for Scotland a day or two ago?"

"Yes," I said; "Bunce told me. Long may she remain upon her native heath!" My uncle smiled, and observed ambiguously that a little change was always a good thing, but did not assent to my further proposition that more change was a better thing, and permanent change best of all. "My mother is fond of affirming that all troubles are blessings in disguise," he said, and I am inclined to think that she is right, though I don't suppose that you and Tom could be brought to admit it."

I went upstairs, thinking to myself that Mrs. Farquhar was the most successfully disguised blessing I had ever encountered, and wishing that I could see any way of applying her theory to my own mishaps. Upon the whole, it seemed more easy to derive comfort from Harry's philosophical conviction that "it would be all the same ten years hence."

We dined in the library for the sake of old times, and, as the Rector said, were "as jolly as three school-boys out on a spree." He himself was overflowing with the genial jollity which a good dinner and a good conscience engender; and in listening to his rambling discourses I almost forgot that I was not at Thirlby for the purpose of catching fish or shooting down the rabbits. Unfortunately, as it was Saturday night, he was obliged to leave early, in order to brush up his sermon for the morrow, and this left me without any excuse for postponing my self-imposed task. I didn't want to spoil a pleasant evening; but there was no help for it. The thing had to be done; and not seeing how the subject was to be led up to, I attacked it without preface as soon as my uncle and I were left together.

"Uncle Bernard," said I, "I wanted to tell you that I have seen Harry."

His face changed at once. His lips became compressed, the fine lines about the corners of his mouth deepened, and he straightened himself a little in his chair. But all he said was "Oh!" in rather a chilling tone.

"We met at Franzenshöhe," I went on, "and since then I have seen a good deal of him. I didn't write to you about it, because he wanted me to keep it secret; but—"

"To keep what secret?" asked my uncle.

"Well, the fact of our having met. It was by the merest chance that we did meet, and so he was in a sort of way entitled to impose conditions, you see."

"Did you recognize him by his name or by his features?"

"I didn't recognize him at all," answered I, thinking that the question of name had better not be entered into; he told me who he was."

"I should have thought that nothing compelled him to do that. So you believe that your meeting was the result of mere chance?"

"I am sure of it," I answered. "What else could it be? You don't mean to suggest that he went out to Franzenshöhe on purpose to make my acquaintance?"

"Experience has made me suspicious," my uncle said, with a sigh. "Well, what does he want?"

"He doesn't want anything," I answered; "it is I who want you to give him another chance. He has said all along that it wouldn't be the least use speaking to you; but I thought I knew you better than he did. Hasn't he been punished enough? I quite understand that you don't mean to punish him, and that you only disinherited him because you thought it was your duty, and—and all that; but as a matter of fact it *is* a punishment, and a heavy one. Don't you think we should all be much happier if it were put an end to?"

"I believe," said my uncle, "that I gave you my reasons two years ago for acting as I have done. You have told me nothing as yet that should make them seem less cogent."

"I know I haven't," I acknowledged, "but I don't think it is quite a case for cold reasoning. I want you to have Harry down here. If you were to see him, I am sure it would be all right."

"I can't consent to see him."

"Why not? You are fighting against yourself all this time. You are so determined to be just that you will commit a cruel injustice rather than do the natural thing, which is, after all, the right thing. Your reason for refusing to see him is that you are afraid of yielding."

My uncle shook his head. "You either do not understand the point at issue or you shut your eyes to it. Dennison, who at one time thought much as you do, used to attack me continually with arguments which had no bearing upon the question, and if he has quoted the parable of the Prodigal Son to me once, I suppose he must have quoted it a hundred times. It was impossible to convince him that such talk was wholly irrelevant. I don't want to go over again all that I said to you before about Harry; but I will just put the case before you baldly and distinctly. What you ask for him, and what I think I may assume he asks for himself, is not that he should be forgiven, but that he should be re-instated. I refuse to re-instate him, simply because I can not. I can't make the county receive him, and he has done nothing to show himself worthy of being received. You say his punishment is a heavy one. I admit that it is so; but I maintain that it is inevitable."

"If people wouldn't receive him for his own sake, they would receive him for yours," I urged; "and as for his not having shown himself worthy, what opportunity has he had of doing that?"

"We shall do no good by discussing this, Charley," said my uncle, with a quiet smile. "I give you every credit for a generous intention; but I can only say to you, as I have had to say to others, that you are dealing with a subject which I have pondered much longer and more deeply than you have, and that you can't bring forward a single plea that will be new to me."

"It seems a great pity," I said. "Harry is really a good fellow, if you would only believe it; and he didn't send me down here to plead for him, though I know you think he did."

My uncle did not defend himself from this charge. He remained silent; and after some minutes I asked, "Is there really no way of persuading you to alter your mind?"

"I think I remember telling you," replied my uncle, "that there are two conceivable events which might cause me to alter my mind—or at least my will, which is, perhaps, more to the purpose. He might marry and have children, or he might earn some public distinction. I know of nothing else that would move me. My meeting him certainly would not."

"You are very hard upon him," I exclaimed.

"I suppose I must appear to be so. Nevertheless, I can only repeat that I don't believe in

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1. From the Portrait by Lucas Cranach the younger. 2. Luther Coin, possibly by Dürer. 3. Luther during his confinement in the Wartburg. 4. Luther lying in State.

FROM THE LUTHER EXHIBITION, BRITISH MUSEUM.—[See Page 698.]

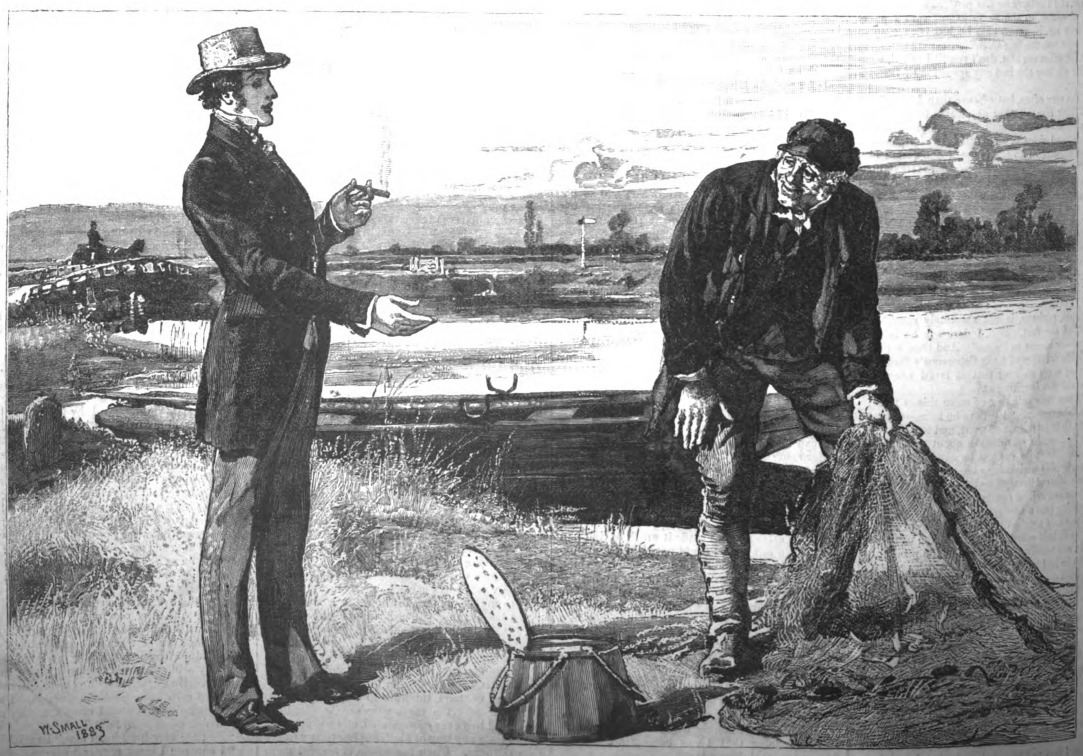
his disinterestedness. This is neither the first nor the second time that he has made efforts to approach me; probably it will not be the last. Yet he ought to know by now that I don't consider myself a free agent in the matter. I have never pretended that public distinction was an easy thing to achieve: all I have said, and still say, is that he must manage to achieve it before he can hope to set himself right in the eyes of his neighbors. Try to imagine yourself in his place. Don't you think you would have found some means of wiping out your disgrace? You would have gone to this war, for instance, upon the chance of doing something that would have made your name known to the world. I fancy that war nearly always gives such chances to brave and desperate men. In any case, you would have put yourself in the way of meeting with them."

"Perhaps I should," I agreed; "but is it quite fair to blame him for looking at things in a different manner? I don't think he is wanting in courage; but I think he has a good deal more common-sense than I have. Things that would seem natural to me would seem quite absurd to him, and—"

"In other words," interrupted my uncle, "he is not the man to risk his life in the hope of retrieving his honor. There, let us say no more about it. When you see him next, tell him that you have found me inexorable. He will not be surprised. My mother has taken him many such messages before this."

It was evident that persistence would be useless, and after some very unsuccessful and constrained attempts at small-talk we both went off to bed. I had at first a vague intention of telling my uncle about my own troubles, or at least of allowing a confession of them to be elicited from me; but now I thought that perhaps, after all, I would hold my peace. I had done what I had promised myself that I would do, and could at least return to London with a somewhat easier conscience, although my mission had turned out a failure. Further complications might be left for the future to unravel; and very likely my uncle would never know what havoc Lady Constance Milner had made of my life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"BUNCE HAD JUST HAULED IN HIS NET."—[See Serial "Thirlby Hall."]

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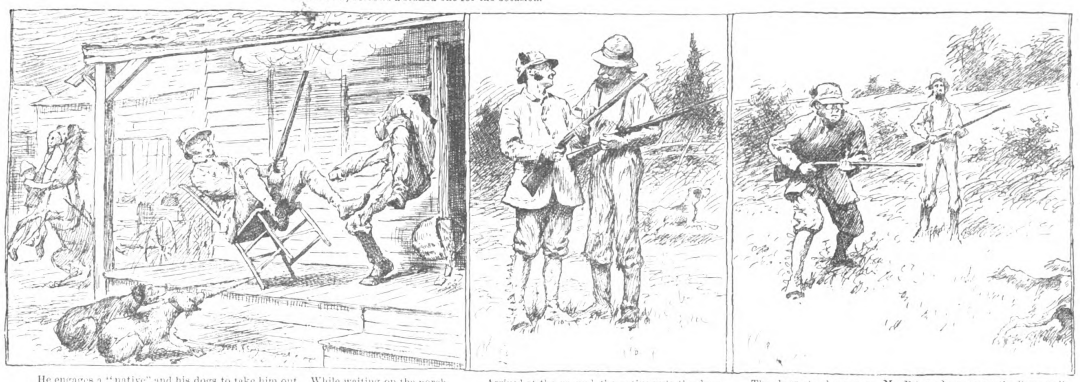
Mr. Bites, walking with his friend Wads, is much impressed by his manner of aiming his walking-stick at all the small birds that rise before them, and determines to become a sportsman.

Purchases a hammerless gun (after being assured by the dealer "that a child could handle it"), and an outfit such as he has been accustomed to seeing the "sportsman" of the stage gotten up in, and has his photograph taken as a first step; not having a dog of his own, borrows a stuffed one for the occasion.

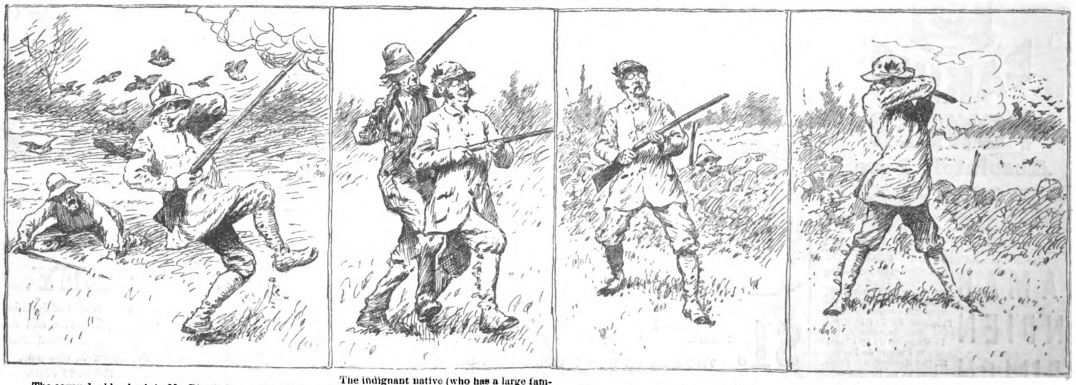
Undertakes to explain the action of the hammerless gun to a party in the bar-room of the Sportsmen's Hotel. He gets as far in his remarks as "Now, you see, this gun is loaded and cocked—" when he is quite astonished at the effect he produces.



He engages a "native" and his dogs to take him out. While waiting on the porch for the wagon, tries the locks of his gun, and finds them in first-class working order.

Arrived at the ground, the native puts the dogs out, and then gives Mr. Bites a few hints about managing his piece.

The dogs stand a covey. Mr. Bites advances on the "quarry" after the manner of the Bowery Theatre Indian on the war-path.

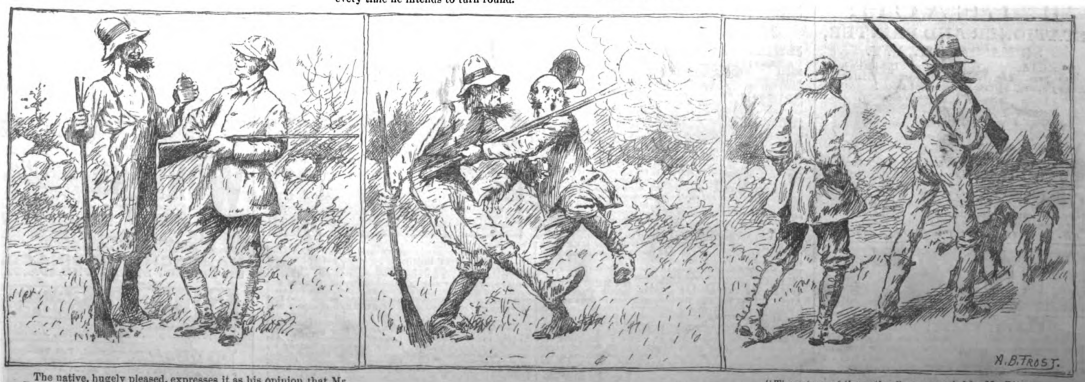


The covey doubles back in Mr. Bites's face. Not being used to such treatment, Mr. Bites is considerably alarmed. So is the native.

The indignant native (who has a large family to support) will consent to hunt with Mr. Bites only on the above terms—Mr. B. to keep his gun pointed straight ahead, and whistle every time he intends to turn round.

Dogs stand again. The native directs the movements of Mr. Bites from the shelter of a stone wall.

Covey bunches, and Mr. Bites shuts his eyes and pulls away, making a fine left quartering shot.



The native, hugely pleased, expresses it as his opinion that Mr. B. has been "playin' off," and is a "good un." Mr. B. tries to look confident and at home, when—

That wretched gun goes off again.

"The return of the native," accompanied by Mr. Bites. *(Mr. B., however, inwardly resolves to try it again some time.)*

MR. BITES AND HIS HAMMERLESS GUN.

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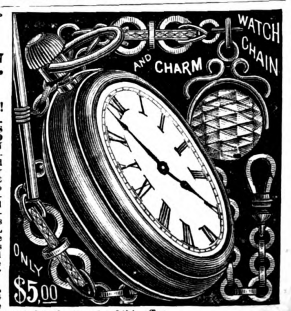

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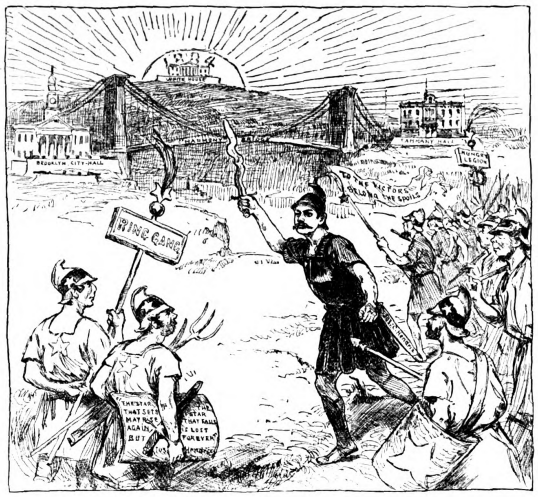

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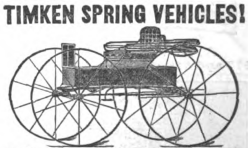

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"AN ORGANIZED APPETITE."

[See Article, "The Parties and Free Trade," Page 698.]

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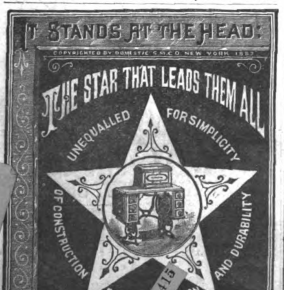

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The epitaph of PEARS' SOAP
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great bitterness. The attack was, of course, intended to injure Mr. ESTY in the pending election, and was an ecclesiastical interference with elections which is happily very unusual in this country. If, however, it should become common, if clergymen as clergymen should engage during election contests in opposing and advocating candidates upon sectarian grounds, the violence of old religious disputes would be aroused, and the situation would soon become intolerable. Bishop MCQUAID, as a citizen of New York, ought to remember that to introduce sectarian controversies into political debates, however artfully it may be done, is wantonly to promote public disturbance, and to invite the severe condemnation of all intelligent and patriotic citizens.

There is but one plea to be urged for such a course, and that is that the man who takes it is convinced that religious differences should be submitted to party judgment at the polls. This opinion, honestly held, would acquit a man of insincerity, while it would convict him of incredible want of common-sense and common humanity, and an absolute infidelity to the fundamental American principle of civil and religious liberty. In provoking such a debate as this question involves, Bishop MCQUAID seems to us to show neither sagacity as an ecclesiastic nor patriotism as a citizen.

HENRY IRVING.

THERE was no doubt of the impression produced by Mr. HENRY IRVING upon his first appearance in this country. It was that of a consummate master of his art, of a trained and resolute ability to overcome even natural obstacles, and to extort an almost protesting admiration. That the effect of his acting was very great is undeniable, and it was the more striking that it was achieved in a melodrama of accumulating horrors in which the whole weight and interest are sustained by himself.

It is, indeed, always fair to assume that a man does not rise to the chief position in his profession without unusual gifts. There may be characteristics and qualities which are not universally acceptable, but there must be a commanding force which is undeniable. This is especially true of the theatre, because the canons of criticism upon acting are undefined. As with oratory, the most simple and colloquial style and the most elaborate and artificial are vindicated by the genius of the actor.

In the affluence and perfection of the stage machinery, and all the accessories and appointments, Mr. IRVING'S drama will suggest WAGNER'S opera. His idea of proper histrionic effect is an *ensemble*. Acting is largely a realistic art, and when the interpreter transfers the arena from a reading-desk to the stage, he invokes new conditions, the reason and force of which he must thoroughly master. In a ball, seated at a table, Mrs. KEMBLE, by modulation of voice and subtle suggestion of mimicry, may summon the persons of *As You Like It*. But if the drama is to be represented, the forest of Arden must be seen by something else than the mind's eye. This principle, carried out fully and logically, is the principle of Mr. IRVING, the scene, however, dominated always by an imperious and adequate personality. Every one must wish well to such artistic skill, fidelity, and comprehension.

LORD LORNE LEAVES CANADA.

LORD LORNE and the Princess LOUISE have gone from Canada, and are probably heartily glad that their exile is over. The Princess has evidently never liked Canada, and the unfortunate accident which befell her there two years ago can not have propitiated her regard. The appointment was a piece of the BEACONSFIELD pyrotechnical statesmanship, the tawdry sensationalism of which intelligent Englishmen who then thought DISRAELI so "deuced clever" must be now a little ashamed.

If Lord LORNE had not been a quiet and sensible gentleman, who was content to fill a perfunctory place as head of the government, but had conducted himself in the BEACONSFIELD spirit and fashion, he might have made a great deal of mischief. "Showy" and "dashing" and "brilliant" statesmanship, especially when undertaken for personal or party aggrandizement, is dangerous statesmanship. BEACONSFIELD was praised as the savior of British prestige. But much of his work is already undone. England under BEACONSFIELD is already like a story of John Bull in the hands of CAGLIOSTRO, and the contemporary caricatures in *Punch* throughout his long career are still the shrewdest and best comments upon the clever politician.

Lord LORNE has been apparently a satisfactory Governor, and leaves with the good wishes of Canada. But doubtless the country would prefer that the old way be followed hereafter, and that the experiment of royalty in the province be not tried again. It may be true, as BEACONSFIELD believed, that Englishmen in the provinces like to be humbugged, but the particular humbug of a second-hand royalty they have certainly outgrown.

RATS *VERSUS* THE CAT.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a Democratic paper in Ohio, has bitterly opposed Mr. PENDLETON for his advocacy of administrative reform, and objects to the expense of the Commission as adding to the public burdens. The Poughkeepsie *Eagle*, a Republican paper in New York, attacks the Democratic party in this State for entailing a similar expense upon the tax-payers. As a shrewd critic well says, the rats object to the master's feeding a cat.

A little reflection would show the *Eagle* that the necessary tendency of the spoils system is to the multiplication of offices and emoluments. GARFIELD pointed this out, and the records of the service are full of the proof. A committee of experts reported that in some divisions of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, at Washington, the force was sometimes twice and sometimes three times as large as was necessary, and they recommended that half of the whole force employed should be dismissed, not evading the plain conclusion that the extravagance was due to the system of appointment by political favoritism. The JAY commission of inquiry at the Custom-house in New York recommended that one-fifth of the persons employed be dismissed. Their view of the cause of the situation was the same.

The money paid to the physician by a hard-working man is not wasted. It is returned to him and his family a hundredfold. The small expense to the public Treasury of the State Commission will be returned in the same way. Republicans may honestly hold that as a reform party the Democratic is less promising than the Republican; but to attack it for passing the reform bill in New York, and the Democratic Governor for signing it, is to imply that Republican arguments or Republican wits were exhausted.

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.

A CAREFUL and detailed account of the political situation in Maryland will be found upon another page, written by a person who is thoroughly familiar with the secret and dark ways of Democratic politics in that State. Maryland has been so long held firmly in the Democratic vise that it is well to study this article, and to reflect that this is the kind of domination to which that party hopes to subject the country.

Wherever an effort is made within the Democratic party to change this system, it is speedily crushed. In Ohio the mere identification of his name with reform has fatally injured Mr. PENDLETON with his party. In New York the party depends for success upon the favor of JOHN KELLY. In Massachusetts its effort of a few years since for reform ended in the supreme dictatorship of BUTLER. In Maryland Governor HAMILTON has been ostracized because he ventured to denounce Democratic dishonesty.

The article is an interesting and valuable chapter in current political history.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON NUMBERS.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is a man whose words are worth heeding. In the highest sense he is a critic, a man who looks at human society with shrewd insight and sympathy, and with great familiarity with human experience and thought as recorded in literature. The disposition to "nag" such a man because he has said some things about this country which are not agreeable, and which were said abstractly and without personal observation, is amusing, but not especially creditable. It is a sign of that peculiar sensitiveness which was so indignant with Mrs. TROLLOPE that it went far to justify her taunts.

Mr. ARNOLD'S lecture upon Numbers was a plea for the toleration of the minority, and against the doctrine that the majority, as a majority, must be right. The rule of the majority is a convenient and necessary device, as an alternative of brute force. When argument is exhausted, and a decision must be made, the majority shows simply the preponderance, not the correctness, of opinion, and it may often appear that the majority decided wrong.

There is no magic, but a possibly dangerous deception, in numbers. This Mr. ARNOLD pointed out with that clearness and charm of style and richness of illustration which belong to him. His word, indeed, was as friendly, and of much the same import, as that of Lord COLERIDGE at the Academy of Music. Size is not in itself a virtue, said the Chief Justice. Numbers are not inspired, said Mr. ARNOLD. Doubtless Mr. ARNOLD'S experience at Chickering Hall, which is a much larger room than those to which he is accustomed, will show him the necessity of a louder tone, for no hearer would willingly miss any part of the discourse of one of the great living masters of the English language.

PERSONAL.

THE present rage for yellow gowns and other yellow articles of dress leads an esteemed correspondent of this journal to observe that ladies who are indulging in the craze might remember that the women whom RUBENS and other masters have given to the world in yellow gowns and yellow locks do not change their complexions. Everything is permanent in those fine old portraits; once in harmony with its surroundings, a face is always in harmony. But a living woman's complexion is of various shades at various times, and sometimes does not harmonize at all with fashionable Mandarin yellow.

—An accomplished woman, whose earlier life was spent as a missionary in Africa, tells this story: "A Zulu chief, with six or eight wives, was invited to embrace Christianity. After ascertaining the range of Christian precepts to the extent of his ability, he asked if the Bible expressly asserted that a man should have but one wife. The missionary was compelled to confess that his sacred book did not contain any injunction in so many words, adding, however, that Christians practiced monogamy for very good reasons of their own. "I think they are right," replied the tawny son of Africa; "it makes more peace in a house to have only one wife." His conversion to Christianity was soon announced.

—Some Oxford dons were discussing the sex of George Fleming, author of the novel *Kismet*, and step-daughter of Mr. EUGENE BENSON, of Rome. They decided that certain passages in that work could have been written only by a man, and, in order to be confirmed in their opinion, they sent an invitation to dinner to the writer through her publishers. At the appointed time she floated into the room, a sweet and charming vision in claret silk and luxuriant blonde tresses.

—A distinguished editor and author of this city remarked the other day that last winter he never spent a single evening at any social gathering or place of amusement outside of his own house. He was too busy, and most nights he worked in his library till two o'clock in the morning.

—After achieving the incomparable success that attended his first appearance in this country, Mr. HENRY IRVING is not likely to reduce himself to commonplaceness by heeding the injunctions of those omniscient critics who affect to despise what they call his idiosyncrasies. It is melancholy to consider what an actor of his singularly ripened genius would become should he put himself through a course of newspaper dramatic training.

—A New York merchant relates an incident concerning the last hours of MARGARET FULLER, who perished at sea, not far from Fire Island. His summer residence at that time was on the Long Island shore, and after the wreck of the ill-fated vessel, a passenger who had been washed ashore said: "The last I saw of MARGARET FULLER she was standing on the deck just before the ship went down, her baby in her arms, her husband at her side, and her hand upon the head of a beautiful Italian girl, who, kneeling beside her, bemoaned the cruel fate that was to prevent her from being buried in consecrated ground. 'But,' said MARGARET FULLER, 'you believe in prayer; say your prayers, and everything will come right.'" A few hours after hearing the incident, the merchant instituted a search for the body of the Italian girl, and found it wrapped in sea-weed, the right hand grasping firmly the beads that she had piously counted. He caused her to be buried with the ceremonies of her Church, in a plot of land specially set apart for the purpose, and MARGARET FULLER'S prediction was fulfilled.

—Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P., agrees with JOHN WESLEY that an idle Church is a dishonorable Church, and does not believe "in resting merely upon the doings of the pulpit, for the world would thus never be converted. I rather look for a large accession of the lay element, particularly of woman's service in its unobtrusive yet powerful form."

—One of the charming features of the Christmas HARPER'S will be a Christmas poem, "The Kingdom of the Child," by Mrs. FRANCES L. MACE, to which Mrs. JESSIE C. SHEPHERD adds one of her delightful pictures of children. Mrs. MACE, who lives in Portland, Maine, is not widely known as a poet because she has published no volume of verse; but she has contributed to HARPER'S MAGAZINE within the last few years several poems which reach a very high mark.

—It is said to be very noticeable how the politics of the poor who have any politics at all consist of ideas bearing on the practicability of getting at the wealth of "the upper classes." The first glimmering of political interest among thousands of people takes just this form of rapacious greed.

—In Southern Russia, when a cow dies of the plague, its owner is compelled under heavy penalties to take the dead animal to a public crematory, together with the refuse and fodder of the infected stable. Both the cattle plague and diphtheria are permanently established in that country.

—The Vegetarian Society, which consists of men who eschew meat, has issued from Manchester its thirty-sixth annual address, in which it sends hearty greetings and warmest thanks to all parts of the globe where vegetarians are assembled. "We can say that we make progress. We are advancing on the whole line."

—The annual "lion sermon" was preached in a London church on the 16th of October. The service originated two hundred and fifty years ago, when the Lord Mayor was suddenly confronted by a lion while travelling in the East. Being unarmed, the distinguished civilian fell upon his knees and prayed for deliverance; whereupon the beast eyed him calmly, and left him peaceably. The Lord Mayor resolved to commemorate his escape by bequeathing a sum of money for such an annual service, and this year the preacher's text was: "The lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

—The Paris burglar is said to prefer music to the drama, and often to be a member of the *claque* at opéra bouffe, sometimes being able to whistle the *Mascotte* from the first note to the last. He finds little difficulty in wheedling the average *concierge*, who, though honest, is lazy, careless, and saucy.

—In the Hungarian dance called the Csardas each couple dances apart, and scarcely moves from its position. The gentleman holds his partner with both hands by the wrists, turns her rapidly around, and finally lets her go, when they dance face to face. The music is slow at first, but becomes faster and faster. On the last public occasion that the Emperor of Austria saw this dance he said to the crowd in the ball-room, "I thank you very much; these have been delightful days, which I shall ever remember with pleasure."

—At the annual meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in Norwich, England, the Rev. J. H. SHAKESPEARE created some interest by announcing that he was not altogether orthodox either in his younger days as a Quaker or in his present days as a Churchman. To a certain extent he hated orthodoxy, "for it is often a parasitic plant that preys on the vitals of Christianity."

—Though conducted with utmost decorum, TOURGUÉNEFF'S funeral, with its two hundred thousand witnesses and participants, was regarded in St. Petersburg as a successful demonstration against the authorities. The gorgeous car that bore the great novelist's body had a canopy of cloth of gold surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers, and the coffin was covered with a golden pall strewn with wreaths and flowers. The wreath-bearing deputations from all parts of Russia made a procession a mile long.

—"Ireland needs to be informed," writes Mr. JOHN BRIGHT; "but a large portion of Ireland is not willing to learn. I believe in just measures, and in their effect, and in time and patience, and I am ready to hope, and even to believe, that within a reasonable period we shall see a change for the better in Irish affairs."

—An esteemed foreign contemporary, in its review of the Crystal Palace Cat Show, notes incidentally that the exhibition may possibly help to dissipate the notion that keeping cats is a weakness or fondness peculiar to old maids, for the list of contributors shows that spinsters are not so many as one in six of the whole number.

—The Bishop of Lincoln declares that in his judgment no act of the last session of the House of Lords was more pleasing to God than the rejection of the bill authorizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. "It was really a bill for the separation of church and state, and its adoption would have been subversive of purity and of the peace of families, and disastrous to the safety of the national institutions, and perhaps of the monarchy itself."

—After his six years' service in command of the fortress of Gibraltar, the citizens of that rock desired to present a testimonial of their regard to Lord NAPIER. In view, however, of "the difficulty of making a suitable present to his lordship," they gave his wife, Lady NAPIER, a handsome gold bracelet, on whose massive band her monogram and coronet appear in brilliants and pearls. The proceeding, in this shape, met with the approbation of the entire family.

—POPE is said to have been but twelve years old when he wrote the poem, now a household word, beginning

"Happy the man whose wish and care,"

which is variously called an "Ode on Solitude" and "The Quiet Life." Mr. ABBEY, however, who has made for the Christmas number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a series of a dozen drawings for this twenty-line poem, catches its spirit in making the happy man an elderly gentleman of several times twelve years old, for the child-poet had indeed a "prophetic soul" by which he projected himself into mature life. The illustrations are, in fact, episodes in the rural life of England, perhaps not the less characteristic because seen through an American eye.

—That ROBERT BURNS (observes a late writer), in his pursuit of social intercourse, sometimes drank to excess, can not be denied; but that he was a habitual drunkard is the reverse of the truth. The best proof of this is founded upon the fact—to which his wife and those who best knew him testify—that he was never known to drink to excess in his own house. No one who goes to Dumfries, and who drinks to the immortal memory of the bard in the Globe Tavern, need be troubled with "compunctious visitings" on the ground that he is commemorating the fatal orgies of a confirmed Bacchanalian. The sentimental prudery that affects abhorrence of the name of BURNS because certain lordlings gave him the cold shoulder in the streets of Dumfries ought to be reminded that it was for his political far more than for his social excesses that he was made a martyr in his later days. The house where Mrs. BURNS (JANE ARMOUR) lived till her death, in 1834, is now tenanted by the master of an industrial school which is built on adjoining land. Another house, in whose parlor BURNS played with his children, and in one of whose bedrooms he died, is still an object of interest to pilgrims.

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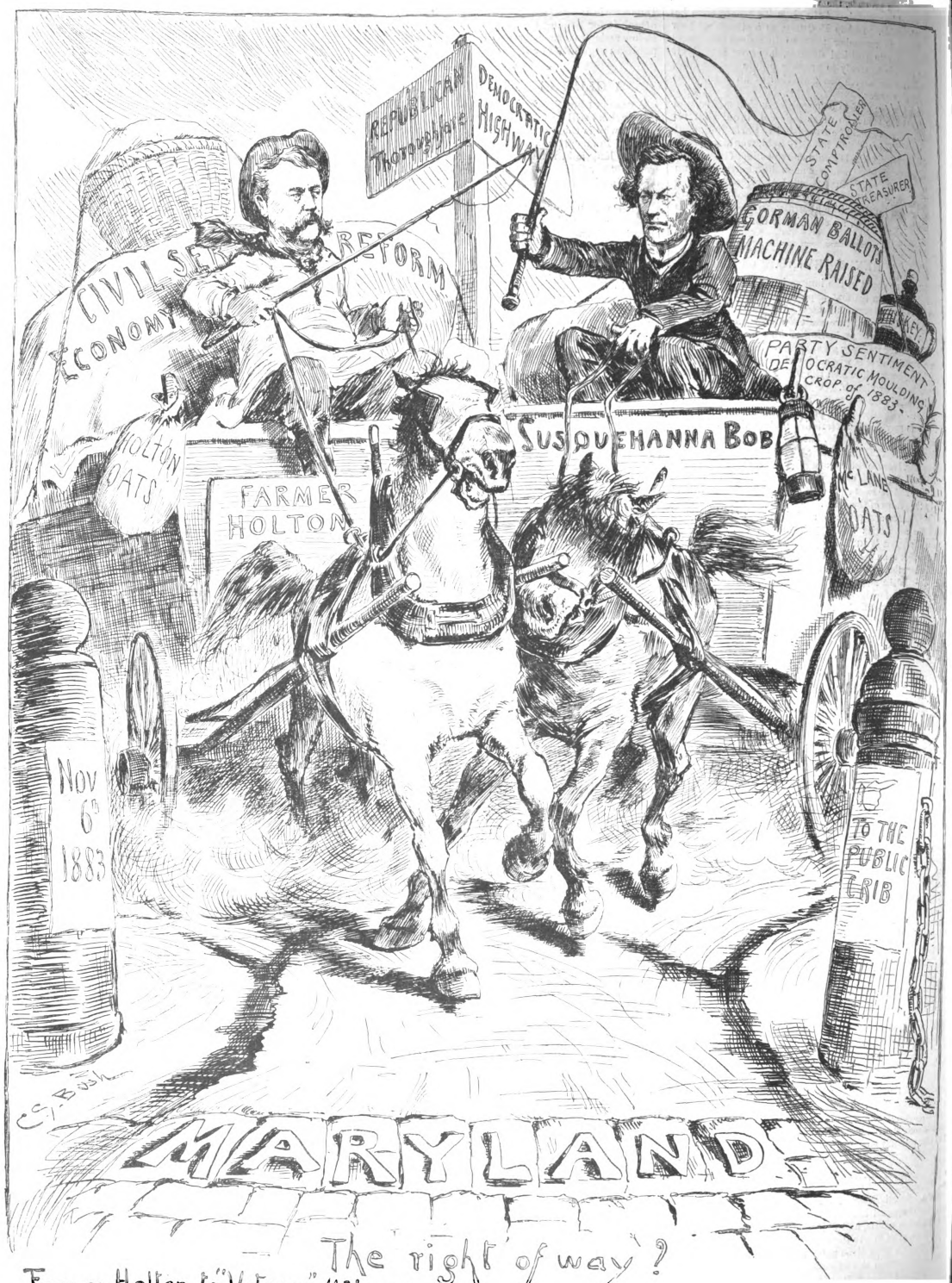

Farmer Holton to "Veteran" McLane.
"All right, neighbor, we'll appeal to enlightened Self-interest and fair play."

[See Article "MARYLAND POLITICS," Page 711.]

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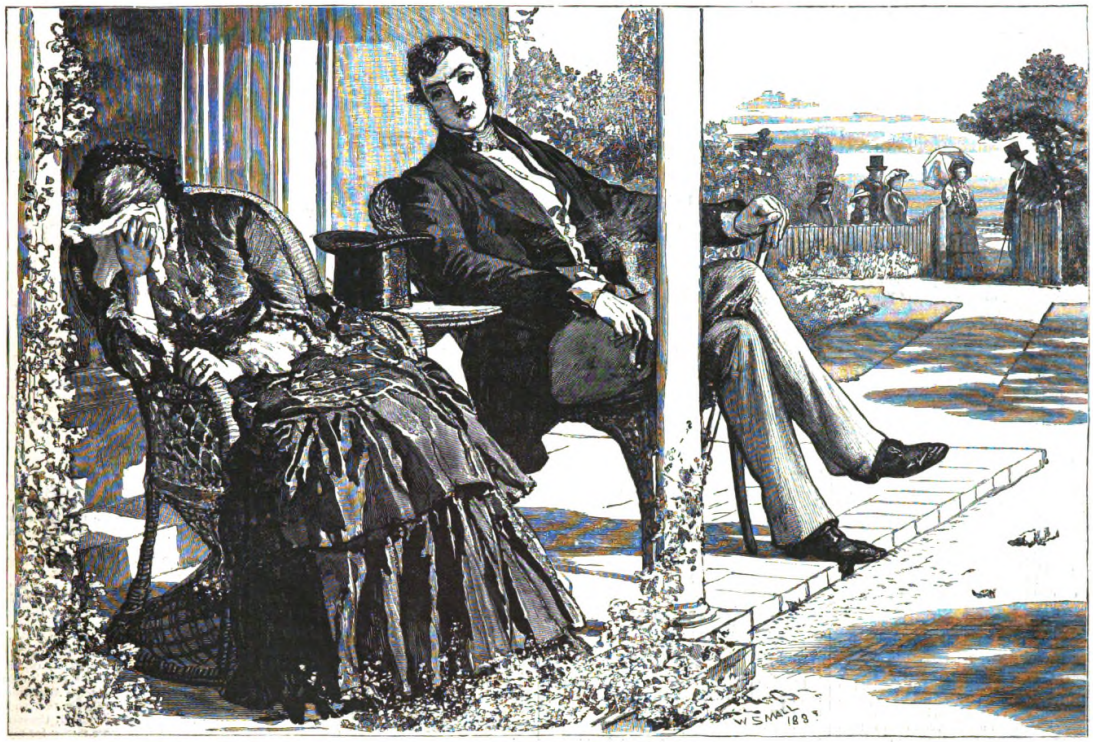

"THE MUCH TRIED LADY SANK INTO ONE OF THE CHAIRS BESIDE ME."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I AM PLACED IN A PAINFUL POSITION.

The next day being Sunday, my uncle and I, of course, went to church in the morning. The old square pew in which we sat, with its worm-eaten boards, its green baize curtain above them, and its shabby cushions and hassocks; the faint, musty smell, for which partly damp and partly the remains of our decaying ancestors were responsible; the village choir in the gallery, bawling out "I will arise" to the accompaniment of various musical instruments, which had always been dimly associated in my childish imagination with King Nebuchadnezzar and his image of gold—all these things brought back vividly to me the days of my boyhood; days that seemed far more remote then than they do now. I am afraid my mind was a good deal more occupied with memories and vain regrets than with the prayers and the Rector's subsequent homily.

This, like all his discourses, was constructed upon time-honored and unvarying lines. Firstly: What was so-and-so? Was it this?—No. Was it that?—No. Was it something else altogether improbable?—Again, no. What, then, was it? Which led to the agreeable discovery that, after all, it was very much what the untutored mind would have pronounced it to be at first sight. Secondly; How was this doctrine illustrated by examples from Holy Writ? Examples from Holy Writ, numerous, and more or less apposite, followed. Finally, brethren, how did this great truth come home to all of us? The unsatisfactory conclusion being that it ought to come home to us in many ways; but that, by reason of the hardness of our hearts, it didn't. Then there was a great scuffling of hobnailed boots, a great sigh of relief, and we were dismissed.

Week after week, and year after year, the same routine was gone through in that sleepy hollow. I wonder whether it died out by degrees, or whether it vanished suddenly to make room for the new ways which are so different! Sir Digby and Lady Welby were always waiting for us in the porch, and Sir Digby invariably remarked that the weather was seasonable, while Lady Welby as invariably informed us that she had a headache; "but not one of my bad ones to-day." Then they got into their yellow chariot and were driven away, and my uncle and I walked down the churchyard path to our more modest equipage.

This was a very ancient and almost springless vehicle, known among the servants as the "pheeayton," which, for some reason or other, was always used on Sundays, though I never saw it out of the coach-house on any other day in the week. Upon the present occasion it was drawn by a young horse, who had become fidgety, owing to the attacks of the flies and a quarter of an hour's waiting, and who broke into a gallop the moment that we had taken our seats; the consequence of which was that we made an abrupt and undignified exit, clutching our hats and bouncing about upon the slippery leather cushion, while John coachman, purple in the face, tugged at his reins, and used words that he ought not to have used. When we had passed through the park gates, and the "pheeayton" was progressing at a less dangerous rate of speed, my uncle reproachfully asked John whether he wanted to kill us; which gave me a good opportunity for mentioning an idea which had occurred to me during church-time.

"That horse wants exercise," I remarked. "Would you mind my putting him into the dog-cart this afternoon? I was rather thinking of driving over to Hailsham to look up George Warren."

"Oh! to look up George Warren!" said my uncle, fixing a disagreeably steady gaze upon me.

I felt myself reddening under this inspection; for I had been informed overnight in his presence that some one else was staying at Hailsham, and I did not know how far he might be disposed to connect my anxiety with that circumstance. However, I met his eyes, and answered steadily, "Yes; I am afraid I shall have to go back to town to-morrow, and I should like to see George, as I am here."

"To be sure," answered my uncle, with a certain dryness of intonation; "it is the least that you can do, considering that he went all the way to Franzenshöhe to see you last winter."

It was pretty clear to me from this that George's intentions and my own defection were an open secret, yet I shrank from acknowledging the truth in so many words. My uncle, who never invited confidences, said no more; and neither then nor at luncheon afterward did I recur to a subject which was perhaps best left alone.

Certain ill-conditioned persons, who can not be brought to allow East Norfolk has any natural advantages, ought to be compelled to drive from Thirlby to Hailsham on a June afternoon. Their course—that is, if they took the short-cuts—would lead them by pleasant devious ways through a country made fertile by good farming, a country of gentle swells and depressions, of thick hedgerows, and spreading oaks and hazel copses. Every now and again they would skirt a wide sheet of glittering water, and often they would catch glimpses of well-timbered park lands and solid mansions of an unpretentious order. I assert—not, indeed, without fear of contradiction; still, I will go so far as to assert—that there is no county in England which presents a more cheerfully prosperous and home-like aspect to the eye than East Norfolk in fine weather, nor any that produces a healthier or better-grown race of inhabitants. I am aware that the ill-conditioned persons aforesaid account for the latter circumstance by declaring that all weakly members of the population are killed off in early youth by the dreadful climate; but this is a mere *ex parte* statement, unsupported by evidence.

After that it must be acknowledged that the peasantry of this district are for the most part as ugly as the seven capital sins, and that their manners leave something to be desired. It must be acknowledged, too, that the weather, even in June, is seldom very warm. But that only makes the fine days seem all the finer when they come. The breeze that rushes to meet you has a fresh, salt smell; the snowy gulls, driven inland before it, hover overhead, uttering their shrill, yelping cry; the outlines of the distant woods and of the farm-houses and church towers are cut out sharply against the blue sky; and where within the four seas will you find an air more pure and invigorating?

If I did not enjoy all these good things as much as I might have done, it was because I was bothered by a pulling horse, and by sundry misgivings as to the prudence of the step that I was taking. When I had started for Hailsham I had had it strongly in my mind that I should like to see Maud; but now I felt quite convinced that I should like nothing of the sort. All that I wished was to hear from George what progress, if any, his suit was making; and I was not so eager even about that that I should have been very much disappointed to be told that the whole family had gone to church.

The family, as it happened, had gone to church; but probably they had been let off with a short sermon, for I overtook them marching homeward in a formidable troop, headed by the chief of the tribe, and whipped in by George, who said all that was proper in the way of surprise and gratification on recognizing me. I got down and shook hands with a number of persons of all ages (of whom Maud was not one), and accepted Mr. Warren's invitation to stay and take supper with them when I saw that he would be offended if I refused.

As soon as I could do so consistently with politeness, I fell back to the tail of the procession to join George, whom I took by the arm and led away toward the neglected wilderness which in more prosperous times had been one of the chief glories of Hailsham Hall. It was a damp and doleful pleasure-ground enough now—the alleys all moss-grown and choked here and there by tangled undergrowth, the rotting arbors festooned with cobwebs, and the benches falling into the last stage of decay, like the fortunes of their owner. Seating myself with precaution upon one of these, and finding that it did not crumble away under me, I requested George to do likewise, and to give an account of himself.

"Why have you never written to me, as you promised you would?" I asked.

"I was only to write if I had some good news to give, you know," answered he.

"And have you none?"

He shook his head.

"You haven't asked her, then?"

"Yes, I have; but it was no use. I might have known that it would be no use. I did know it really all along; but it was just as well to make perfectly sure, I suppose."

George spoke in his usual calm, level tones. He was prodding holes in the moist earth with his stick, and was to all appearance much interested in this occupation.

"I'm awfully sorry for this, old fellow," said I.

He glanced up at me for a moment. "I suppose you mean you are sorry for *me*. I don't think you ever much fancied the idea of my marrying Miss Dennison."

This was so undeniably true that I thought we would leave that point in abeyance, and proceeded to inquire when he had made his proposal.

"Oh, ever so long ago," he replied; "soon after I saw you at Franzenshöhe. I couldn't make up my mind to go back to London without knowing the worst."

"But she is staying with you now, isn't she?" said I, thinking it rather odd that she should be at Hailsham, under the circumstances.

"Well, yes; that was my mother's doing. My mother has been a good deal upset by all this, and by my change of plans, and she took it into her head that, if I would try again, it might all come right. Of course I knew that there was no hope; but as she persisted, and as Miss Dennison very kindly consented to come to us, I thought I ought to do my part. I asked her again yesterday, and I need not say that I got the same answer as before, only it was rather more emphatic. She told me that if I were the only man in the world she couldn't marry me."

"That wasn't a very kind thing to say," I observed.

"It was not said unkindly," answered George; "she only meant to make me understand that I was asking for something that she couldn't possibly give me. I didn't mind her putting it in that way."

I was really sorry for poor George; but it was difficult to show any sympathy with him, though I knew that, in spite of his cut-and-dried manner, he would have been glad of a friendly word or two. After we had both remained silent for a time, I asked him what was the change of plans to which he had alluded.

"I am going to Australia," said George, quietly; "I forgot I hadn't told you."

"You don't mean that!" I exclaimed.

"Oh yes. I have a cousin out there who is doing very well, and he has often suggested to me that I might join him. You see, my father can't afford to make an eldest son of me. When he dies, this place will have to be sold, and even then I don't

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know how my mother and sisters are going to live, I'm sure. I have a small capital, left me by my grandmother, with which I may manage to make my way in Australia—at all events, my cousin thinks so. I might, perhaps, have succeeded at the bar here after some years; but it would have been a long up-hill grind, and I haven't much heart for it now. So it's all settled," concluded George, drawing a long breath, "and I'm glad of it."

"I expect you are right," said I, after a little consideration. "I don't believe in the *cælum, non animum*, theory, and if things won't go on right in the Old World, it's well worth while to give the Antipodes a trial. I'm no better off than you are, you know. By Jove! I wish I were going with you."

"Two love-lorn swains starting off to seek their fortunes together—it would be a new kind of 'Sentimental Journey,' wouldn't it?" said George, smiling. "No, my dear Charley, matters haven't come to such a crisis with you yet that you need contemplate emigration. You must stay where you are, and— Shall I tell you something?—I shouldn't wonder if one of these fine days your troubles came to an end, and if you married your old love, who, after all, has been your only love, whatever Lady Constance Milner may assert to the contrary."

Ah, if that were only possible! I thought to myself; but I knew, though George did not, that there were insuperable obstacles in the way of such a happy issue. I did not, however, mention the most obvious of them, but contented myself with pointing out to him that he seemed to be making rather too sure of Miss Dennison's consent to the arrangement. "Did she—er—say anything that led you to suppose—er—" I inquired, with discreet incoherence.

"I must confess," answered George, dryly, "that when I spoke to her upon the subject of marriage I was more anxious to find out what my own chances were than yours. No; she said nothing about you; it was only a fancy of my own. Shall we go in now?"

We walked up to the house, and entered the faded old drawing-room, where Mrs. Warren, who was old and faded too, was holding a sort of Sunday-school class, composed of the junior members of her family. Mrs. Warren had not received the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in a philosophical spirit. She was peevish and plaintive; she talked in a melancholy voice which was almost a whine, and she generally looked as if she had been crying. The pleasure which she politely declared that she experienced in seeing me was not very visible upon her face, and from the uneasy glances that she cast at George I concluded that she was appealing mutely to him to take me away. He, however, apparently misinterpreted these signals, for he basely slipped out of the room, leaving me in the lurch; whereupon Mrs. Warren, with an evident sense of injury upon her, remarked that she had supposed I had gone to evening church.

"Those of us who stay at home in the afternoon generally attend the evening service," she said. "I should like the children to go, but their father thinks once is enough for them. The task of keeping them out of mischief all day does not fall upon *him*, and perhaps he does not know how fatiguing it is. Would you mind very much if I went on hearing them their Catechism now? I really dare not turn them loose."

I begged her not to let me interrupt the proceedings, and added that I thought I would go out and smoke a cigar—a suggestion which seemed to comfort her.

Outside the drawing-room windows there was a long veranda, where several wicker chairs had been left. I seated myself upon one of these, lighted my cigar, and lazily contemplating the light and shade of the flat landscape, wondered what had become of Maud. Long shadows from the sinking sun lay across the grass; the air was warm and motionless; the silence of Sunday hung over the deserted fields. Only from within came, every now and again, the querulous questionings of poor Mrs. Warren, struggling with her refractory troop.

"Tommy, what is thy duty toward thy neighbor?"

"Duty toward my neighbor is to believe in him, to fear him, and—"

"Nonsense, child! you know very well that it is no such thing. Answer me at once: *what* are your duties to your neighbor?"

"Two only, as necessary to salvation—"

"Thomas, you do this purposely to annoy me, and you will drive me to complain of you to your father. I do think, Jane, that you might try to help me a little, instead of sitting there giggling. Can't you make Tommy understand what will happen to him if he *won't* learn his Catechism?"

The voice of Jane, thus appealed to, responds with startling clearness and absence of periphrasis, that in such a case Tommy would infallibly go to hell.

"Jane, I am ashamed of you! How can you say such dreadful things? I meant you to tell him that his father would give him a whipping. Of course, though, he wouldn't have believed you. Really I can not endure this much longer! Now, Tommy, begin all over again. What is thy name?"

This dialogue went on, with variations, for half an hour or more, at the expiration of which time Mrs. Warren's patience appeared to give way suddenly. A tumultuous shuffling of feet and slamming of doors made themselves heard, and the much-tried lady stepped out on to the veranda, and sank into one of the chairs beside me.

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell," she exclaimed, "I hope it isn't very wrong to say so, but I do sometimes wish I had never married. If people only knew what married life was, they wouldn't be in such a hurry to rush into it."

I made the profound observation that nobody ever supposed that his own married life would resemble that of his neighbors.

"Ah, there it is! They have it all before their eyes, and yet they will fall in love and ruin their prospects and break their mothers' hearts if some tiresome girl or other won't accept them. You have heard about poor George, of course?"

I intimated that I had.

"I can't tell you how unhappy I am about it," Mrs. Warren went on, tearfully. "It does seem so hard that he should be sent away to the colonies, poor boy, just as if he had done something wrong—and he has always been such a good, steady fellow, too! And all because Maud Dennison does not know her own mind!"

Not being disposed to agree with the latter statement, I only remarked, "Well, you must take comfort from the thought that he has escaped the miseries of married life for this time."

Mrs. Warren retorted with some indignation that she had not expected me to be flippant; but, upon being assured that such had not been my intention, she was persuaded to resume her tale of woe. "I don't mean to say that I am anxious that George should marry; but naturally he will do so sooner or later, and his heart seems to be quite set upon Maud Dennison. She will have a very comfortable little fortune, too, when her father dies—one can't help thinking of that; and I suppose he would make liberal settlements on her marriage. I do think she might very easily be brought to consent."

"George thinks differently," I ventured to observe.

"George is so diffident, poor fellow! Don't you think, Mr. Maxwell," Mrs. Warren added, in a persuasive voice, "that *you* might be of a little assistance to him?"

"I?—well, upon my word, I don't see that I could," I answered, considerably taken aback.

"Ah, I think you could if you would. You will set me down as impertinent, I am afraid; but if you will remember that my son's happiness, not to speak of my own, is at stake, perhaps you will forgive me. Don't suppose that George has betrayed any secrets of yours; but one thing and another has come out; and—and—in short, Mr. Maxwell, I think if you would tell her that *you* wished her to marry George, it would have a great effect upon her."

"I certainly can't tell her anything of the sort; and if I did, it would have no effect at all upon her," I answered, curtly.

"Mr. Maxwell, do you want to marry the girl yourself?"

I began to experience an intense desire to arise and flee away; but I resisted it, and said, "No, since you ask me, I don't."

"Then surely you can not object to putting in one word for your friend. If you refuse, I shall think you most inconsiderate, most selfish, most unkind."

Mrs. Warren was sobbing aloud by this time, and I was frightened out of my wits. To pacify her I said: "Very well, very well; I'll do it, then. It will be horribly disagreeable, but I'll do it. Do be calm!—here they all come, back from church. Now do, please, Mrs. Warren, stop crying."

Probably Mrs. Warren's near relations were more accustomed to seeing her in tears than I was. At all events, not one of the half-dozen persons who presently crossed the lawn and joined us seemed to be in the least surprised or affected by her distress, though she continued to blow her nose in the most heart-rending manner for some minutes after their arrival. As for me, I was so utterly discomfited by the woman's behavior, and by the thought of what I had so rashly promised to do for her, that the ordeal of meeting and shaking hands with Maud sank into insignificance by comparison, and I found myself talking to the latter with as little embarrassment as she herself displayed.

How I got through supper, and what occurred during that meal, I have no idea; I only remember that the period of respite passed with astonishing rapidity, and that no sooner was it at an end than the whole company appeared suddenly to melt away, as if by preconcerted arrangement, leaving me alone with Maud. It was in the garden, whither we all had adjourned from the dining-room, that she and I were thus abandoned, and I perceived that the moment had come for me to redeem my pledge. Shivering on the brink was not to be thought of, and I plunged recklessly into the very midst of my task by saying: "George has been telling me about his disappointment. I was very sorry to hear of it."

Maud made no answer. She was leaning against a low iron fence, with those beautiful eyes of hers looking out at the far horizon. As I watched her furtively, the irony of the situation manifested itself to me with such humiliating distinctness that I felt as if I could not have the impudence to say any more. Nevertheless, I had to speak, since she would not, and after a long pause I resumed:

"He is awfully cut up about it. I suppose you know that he is going out to Australia?"

"Yes," she answered, shifting her position a little, so as to face me; "but I can't see any great misfortune in that. I am sure he will be much happier shearing sheep, or whatever it is that people do in Australia, than pleading in stuffy law courts; and he is far too sensible to go on crying long for the moon. I am sorry that he should have been caused any pain through me; but he will console himself, like everybody else."

I felt bound to say that I differed from her. "Whatever George may be, he is not fickle," I declared; "and there is no better-hearted or honester fellow breathing."

"Really!" said Maud. "That, of course, is a discovery which I should never have made without your help, and naturally it alters the whole aspect of the case. Are you extolling his virtues out of pure, disinterested friendship? or is it possible that Mrs. Warren has commissioned you to plead for him?"

I confessed at once that the latter surmise was correct, adding that I was fully sensible of the absurdity of my advocacy. "I refused as long as I could; but when she began crying, what was I to do?"

"Oh, don't apologize; you had no alternative. Perhaps it was not very wise of Mrs. Warren to imagine that you could persuade me when George could not; still, if she wanted to convince me of the unalterable constancy of man, I admit that she couldn't have made choice of a more suitable ambassador. One bright example is worth any amount of arguments."

I wished the earth would open and swallow me; I wished I had allowed Mrs. Warren to cry her eyes out before I had consented to lay myself open to this inevitable taunt. "I haven't a word to say for myself," I stammered out at last; "it would only make things worse to try and explain."

But Maud broke into a perfectly natural and good-humored peal of laughter. "Poor Charley!" she said; "it was too bad to take such a mean advantage of you, but I couldn't resist it. Don't look so woe-begone. I have always considered myself a sort of relation of yours, and, you know, almost all boys begin life by a harmless passion for one of their cousins. It would be a very literal sort of cousin who would take those early vows in sober earnest."

"That may be the pleasantest and most convenient way of putting it," said I; "but it isn't the true way, and I had rather you understood the truth. I recollect every word that I said to you that evening by the Broad, and it was as much sober earnest as anything in this world can be. I think you know it was, too. If I have changed since, it isn't because I was a boy then, but because I am a miserable weak fool, who never could have been worthy of you. I dare say I am a blackguard as well. I know I should call any other fellow a blackguard who had behaved as I have done."

"Oh, what ugly names! Do you think by any chance that I am breaking my heart over your inconstancy? Do I look broken-hearted? Then don't exhaust your vocabulary of remorseful epithets, or you will have none left to offer Lady Cecilia—is her name Cecilia?—when you take your next step on the road toward matrimony. The future Mrs. Charles is probably at this moment under the care of a nursery governess. When you bring her to me to be introduced I sha'n't tell tales, and I shall be too aged to excite jealousy. In the mean time, I wish you would treat me like a sister, and not like an enemy. I assure you I don't bear malice."

I was too sore and ashamed to answer her. By-and-by she went on, in a rather graver tone: "There was something much more serious that you mentioned to me that same evening. I wonder whether you remember it?"

"No," I answered, staring at her in surprise. And then—"Oh, you mean about Harry?"

She nodded. "I think he is coming to the fore again, and I feel less and less sure of Mr. Le Marchant. My father tells me that Mrs. Farquhar has changed her note; she doesn't praise you any longer, and she has begun to throw out ominous hints about 'poor dear Harry' and his misfortunes. You ought to have kept friends with Mrs. Farquhar."

"I haven't quarrelled with her," said I. "I haven't seen her for an age. As for my uncle, I doubt whether anything will make him alter his mind; but if he does, I shall be very glad. Didn't you yourself tell me that you thought it was my duty to take Harry's part?"

"Well," she said, "duty is one thing, and expediency is another. If he makes his appearance, I don't say that you shouldn't take his part; but, in the interest of everybody concerned, I shall take yours. It all rests with Mrs. Farquhar, whom I am ready to cajole or to fight, according to circumstances."

I hesitated whether to tell her that I had met Harry or not, but decided that perhaps I had better keep my own counsel for the present. I only answered that I believed the control of future events rested more with Harry himself than with Mrs. Farquhar or my uncle; and before anything further could be said, George came out to tell me that he didn't want to send me away, but that the dog-cart had been waiting for half an hour, and the brown horse was dancing about on his hind-legs.

I little suspected, when I said good-by to George and Maud, how and where I should next see those two together.

CHAPTER XXV.

LADY CONSTANCE TESTS THE EXTENT OF MY FOLLY.

THE first person whom I saw on arriving at my rooms in London was Harry; and the first thing that Harry said was: "So you have been down at the old place! Why didn't you tell me that you were going?"

He spoke with a perceptible degree of earnestness and impatience, and I saw at once that I should have to tell him what had taken me home.

"Oh! I ran down for a couple of nights," I said. "Was there any reason for my informing all my friends of my movements?"

"None whatever," answered Harry; "but I have had an uncomfortable sort of feeling that you might have spoken about me to my father. I hope you didn't do that."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I did," said I. "I am sorry if you are angry about it," I added, noticing the flush which overspread Harry's pale cheeks; "but I acted for the best; I thought it could do no sort of harm to say that I had seen you."

"I am not angry," Harry declared; "but I am a little annoyed, I confess. From one point of view, your having spoken will have done neither harm nor good; because, as I have told you times out of mind, my father will never be influenced one way or the other by anything that you or say of me; but though you may not have injur my prospects, you have hurt my pride. Perha you think I have no right to lay claim to such article of luxury."

He was walking up and down the room v quick, impatient steps, and for a minute or t thought he was going to quarrel with me. presently his ordinary serenity returned to and he threw himself down into an arm laughing good-humoredly.

"I know you meant well," he said; "no can't be helped. I wish you hadn't done it, all. I need not ask how my father receive advances on my behalf. Of course he stu you."

"Not exactly that," I answered; "but I admit that he was not very encouraging."

"And no doubt he accused me of harr stigated you to make this unwise attempt."

This, again, I was unable to deny; and Ha continued: "You see now that, supposing a little pride left, I might not altogether like accusations being brought against me. Bet er all, I don't care. What does it signify least this will have the effect, I hope, of co cing you that you had better submit to the i itable; and the inevitable has been know take worse forms than that of an unincumbe estate."

"I don't consider myself beaten yet," I s "I still think you have a chance. Indee told me so himself."

"What chance?" inquired Harry, with ironical smile.

"Well, he said that if you could disting yourself—"

"Oh! the old story. I wonder he doesn that he will be prepared to shake hands w as soon as ever I am appointed Archbis Canterbury. Suppose we talk about some else. Have you seen Lady Constance since return?"

"Of course not. I drove straight here the station."

"When you do see her you may as w her what you have been about these last days. I think she will consider it good n Don't look so indignant; it *is* good news for and good news for you. Come! I'll go a further, and say that it's good news for n though, to be sure, I can hardly call it I wish you would believe that I don't want by any more than I want the Archbishop Canterbury. I should like you to have I should like you to marry Lady Constance should like a little more money for now believe that pretty nearly expresses the s my earthly desires. No; there's one more that I should like. I should like, if it we the least possible, to make my father understa that I am not using you as a cat's-paw to my chestnuts out of the fire. They are chestnuts any more; and if I had a little after them, I should prefer burning my o gers to letting you burn yours. But it wo asking too much to ask him to believe that

"I am afraid," said I, penitently, "that I made rather an ass of myself."

"To be quite frank with you," answered Harry, laughing, "I think you have. How Lady Constance doesn't think so, it matters little what anybody else may think."

I had an opportunity of ascertaining Constance's views upon the subject the evening, when I met her at a large part Foreign Office. She was dressed with usual magnificence; she wore a necklace spray of diamonds which must have been a small fortune; and, as she ascended the staircase, with a cloud of satellites about thought I had never seen her looking to advantage. The distinguished statesman at that time presided over the Department eign Affairs paid her marked attention; political personages elbowed one another near her; she seemed quite unapproach so humble an individual as myself. It w fore with a thrill of gratified pride that her, after a time, detach herself unceremo from the group with which she had be gaged in conversation, and make straight corner whence I had been admiring her afar.

"You may take me through the rooms like," said she, placing her hand lightly arm. "You have been following my advice visiting your relations, I hear."

"How did you know that?" I asked, as moved on through the crowd.

"Oh, the well-informed Chapman, of He called yesterday and told me that gone down to Norfolk. I think even called for the purpose of telling me; for very little else to say, and he is not on the-way, what *is* this singular Chapman? a phenomenon, do you suppose, or a hum

Feeling myself upon dangerous ground returned, cautiously, "How do you mean?"

"He must be the one or the other. Is a disinterested friend of yours, he is a p non; if he isn't—which is a great deal ly—he is playing some game that I don stand."

"I believe," I answered, "that you m him credit for being disinterested. I suppo say this because he has been good-natur ing to dispose you a little in my favor."

"There was no necessity for that. is trying to do, in the most open and unde way, is to convince me that I should do marry you instead of Mr. Sotheran. I am that he has succeeded, so far; but I rather s his coolness."

"I wish I had half his audacity," I sigh

"You have a fairly good supply of my I think; half Mr. Sotheran's income would

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good deal more to the purpose. Does it make you any happier to know that I would marry you to-morrow if you had ten thousand a year?"

"I am not sure that it does," I answered. "That is only equivalent to saying that you would marry anybody who had ten thousand a year."

"Not exactly anybody," she returned, composedly; "there are some people from whom I should require at least double that price. What a foolish fellow you are!" she went on. "I am several years older than you; I am neither pretty nor good; I hold some odd opinions, and have not always the courage of them—how thankful you ought to be that you have not ten thousand a year!"

"You are yourself," I said. "All the rest means nothing to me, even if it were true. You are quite right to call me a fool; but my folly is all that I care to live for." And then I broke out into passionate phrases which I don't care to reproduce at this time of day, and to which Lady Constance paid very little heed.

"How far would your folly carry you?" she asked, all of a sudden. "Far enough to lead you into doing something really foolish to serve me?"

"Try me!" I cried, eagerly. "The more difficult and the more dangerous it is, the better I shall be pleased."

"Oh," said Lady Constance, with a short laugh, "I am not going to ask you to slay a dragon; my requirements are much more commonplace. Perhaps some other time I may tell you what they are. Meanwhile, here comes an elderly relative of yours to save me from falling into bathos."

I followed the direction of her glance, and became aware of the General bearing down upon us with a countenance irradiated by smiles. He took Lady Constance's hand, bowed over it, gave it a perceptible squeeze, and then favored me with a slap on the shoulder.

"You're a nice fellow, Charley!" said he. "What do you mean by never letting me know you were in town? Too busy dancing attendance upon the ladies, eh? Ah, Lady Constance, these young gentlemen cut us out in all directions; but they're not to be trusted, take my word for it. Here to-day and off to-morrow—butterfly business, you know. If you want a steady, respectful adoration, warranted to last, you must go to the middle-age division. I'm middle-aged myself," he added, modestly, "so I ought to know."

But Lady Constance had already turned her back upon us, and was conversing with a dignitary of the Church, whose arm she presently took. As she moved away, she looked over her shoulder and said to me, "You are going on to Brentford House later, I suppose," in a tone which seemed rather to imply a command than a question.

The Duchess of Brentford was giving a great ball that evening, to which all London had been bidden, and I among the rest. Thither I now repaired, in obedience to Lady Constance's hint; and there, very soon after my arrival, I came upon the object of my search. She saw me at once; but it did not please her to take any immediate notice of me, and while I was patiently awaiting her summons I was led away and made to dance. When I was free again, which was only after a considerable interval, I was unable to discover her; and so it was not until early morning that she suddenly appeared at my elbow, and told me that she wished to be taken down to the garden.

The Duke of Brentford, as everybody knows, inhabits a big, isolated house, with pleasure-grounds attached to it which, for London, may be called extensive. These had been prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns, and, as the night was warm, a good many people were strolling over the grass, or lounging in the marquee which had been stretched outside the ground-floor windows. Lady Constance seated herself upon a vacant bench, made room for me beside her, and—

"Let me see," said she; "where did we leave off? Hadn't you been protesting that you were consumed with a desire to do something, possible or impossible, to serve me?"

"Whatever I said, I meant it."

"Very likely. Well, I am going to put your devotion to the proof. Do you like asking favors? I suppose not. No one does; although most of us have to come to it one time or another of our lives. And perhaps it is just as well that such necessities should arise, because there are very few other ways that I know of by which one can so easily find out what one's friends are worth. The lady in the ballad who flung down her glove among the lions and told her lover to fetch it must have had a moment of real happiness when she saw him drop down into the arena. Why he should have behaved in the brutal manner he did afterward I never could understand. No doubt he had sworn heaps of times that he was ready to die for her; and what business had he to lose his temper, and throw her glove in her face, when she took him at his word? You will say that he never meant his precious skin to be put in jeopardy out of mere wantonness; but I can't admit his right to make reservations. The moral of the tale is that it is a very foolish thing to accept vows literally."

"I make no reservations," I declared. "If you want me to jump over London Bridge, you have only to say the word. I'll do anything that you tell me to do; and I can't claim much credit for it either, because you can *make* me do anything."

"Really!—anything?" she repeated, with an odd smile. "I wonder how you feel now, or rather how you will feel presently! Suppose I were to ask for Mr. Sotheran's head upon a charger?"

"Well, then, I should have to refuse. I forgot to say that I must draw the line at crime."

"Come, we are getting on," observed Lady Constance; "I thought we should hear of some reservations presently. Do you draw the line, for instance, at carrying a letter to Warsaw which will certainly bring about your death if the police catch you with it in your possession?"

"No," I answered; "I'll do that gladly."

"But I don't want you to carry a letter to Warsaw, as it happens."

"Would you mind," I asked, mildly, "telling me what you do want of me?"

"Yes," she replied, laughing and sighing, "I mind very much; but I'll tell you, nevertheless. I want you to raise a couple of thousand pounds for me. Now, are you disgusted?"

Shall I confess that I was? In the abstract there seems to be no reason why a lady to whom you have just sworn unquestioning obedience should not ask for your money as much as your life; yet I suppose that no one can receive such a demand without at the same time experiencing a disagreeable shock. You may accept anything from your friend but his money. You may drink his costliest wines, you may smoke his choicest cigars, you may work his horses, his carriages, and his servants, and feel no overwhelming sense of obligation; but you would be equally astonished and displeased if he offered to pay your railway fare. In some houses one finds a box of postage stamps on one's writing-table; but I imagine that few people make use of them. For my own part, I always have an uncomfortable dread that the house-maid will abstract them after my departure, and that I shall be held responsible. This, no doubt, is a highly artificial sort of scrupulousness; but we live under artificial conditions of society. As Mrs. Gamp justly observes, "We are born into a wale, we were brought up in a wale, and we must take the consequences of such a sitiwation." Therefore, since I am no more philosophical than my neighbors, and since at that time I desired to think of Lady Constance as being, in certain respects, very superior to hers, I wished with all my heart that she had asked me for anything else. However, I made shift to conceal my feelings, and said, cheerfully, "Is that all?"

"That," answered Lady Constance, dryly, "is all. Observe, please, that I am not asking you to *lend* me this sum; where truth is possible, I always prefer to employ it. I may repay you in a month or two; but I may not be able to repay you at all. In the mean time, I hope you understand that I have paid you a compliment in making this request, if I never pay you anything else."

I said I understood that thoroughly, and thanked her; after which there was a pause.

"Perhaps," resumed Lady Constance by-and-by, "you may think it rather odd that I should be in such straits; but it is hardly worth while to enter into explanations. As a matter of fact, I am so short of ready money just now that I am actually in danger of getting into trouble with the butcher and baker. It may be only a temporary difficulty, but it is an unpleasantly real one."

I could not help glancing at the magnificent diamonds that she wore; and she immediately read my thoughts. "All paste!" she whispered behind her fan. "See what a sham I am, in spite of my love of truth! Nevertheless, I have a sort of excuse. These jewels are assumed to dazzle the butcher and baker, who will hear of them through the servants; they are not intended to delude you, nor society at large, whose opinion is of less importance for the moment."

Then she rose abruptly and yawned with unfeigned weariness. "Oh, how tired I am!" she exclaimed. "Will you go and look for my carriage, please? And don't come and see me for two or three days—I am going to have one of my attacks of suicidal mania."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARYLAND POLITICS.

AN INSIDE VIEW.

A DEMOCRATIC newspaper of Washington, D. C., remarks, as to the nomination of ROBERT M. MCLANE for Governor by the Democrats of Maryland, that "the selection of such a man is not only good for his State and for the interests of his party therein, but it is such an example as the country has needed.... Maryland has done the country a service by calling on a veteran and honored statesman to lead his party to victory." Nothing could be much further from the truth than this. Mr. MCLANE is not a statesman in any proper sense of that much overworked word, and his selection as the Democratic candidate for Governor was not due in any respect to what will be "good for his State," or even to the general "interests of his party therein." He was chosen because he is the most admirable figure-head for the piratical craft of a political machine which United States Senator ARTHUR P. GORMAN, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, is just now navigating toward what he hopes will be a safe mooring at the public crib on the 6th of the present month. To this end the national reputation of his party, the welfare of his State, and the judgment of the disinterested members of the Maryland Democracy have alike been disregarded and flouted by this Senatorial machine leader.

The starting-point of the existing political situation in Maryland is Governor HAMILTON'S truthful and terrific arraignment of the actual administrative capacity of his own State government. This picture of business waste and public dishonesty was unfolded in order to promote Governor HAMILTON'S desire for a re-election, and was distinctly set forth as an effort to secure reform "within the party." But all its assertions of fact remain, and no one has ever questioned their substantial accuracy. The Democratic State machine, under Mr. GORMAN, closed its eyes, took the blow, and went on as before. He and his followers had already made up their minds that worthy Farmer HAMILTON of Washington County was of no further use to them, and his appeal to the business sense and disinterested sentiment of the Democratic party only served to stiffen their resolution. Accordingly the measures for carrying the primary elections for delegates to the State Convention and for local candidates went on as before. The Democratic expenditure of about a thousand dollars for each law requiring newspaper publication had prepared the local press in the various counties for the task of "moulding party sentiment" in favor of the existing system; the multiplication of officers of all kinds and degrees to the extent during one legislative session of providing 111 members with 105 officers and attendants had filled the State with a horde of active and obedient agents ready to shape every detail precisely as it was determined at headquarters; the deficiency of $772,738 in the accounts of tax-collectors, sheriffs, clerks, registers, and incorporated institutions—the total revenue of the State running under $2,000,000—furnished nearly a hundred men, distributed among the twenty-three counties and in Baltimore, whose necessitous circumstances forced them to efficient service as sergeants and corporals of the machine forces; the legislative lobby, which the prevailing system has brought to organized proportions, furnished another contingent; and when all these personal and trained instruments failed to coerce genuine public sentiment, money, obtained by assessing office-holders and from private contributions, was poured in to purchase the votes that remained unaffected by any other consideration. This machine was brought to bear upon a party that cast 93,706 votes for HANCOCK in 1880, and 75,587 votes for the Democratic candidate for State Comptroller in 1881, in a State where family relations are of great account and very numerous, where, out of a population of 695,364, the number ten years of age and over who can not read is 111,387, under the name of a party that has been in uninterrupted possession of every branch of the State government since 1867, and by a machine leader who unites great personal suavity to practical political skill and undaunted resolution. The result was almost inevitable. Governor HAMILTON, as an advocate of reform "within the party," barely got the delegates in his own county; and in the Convention, when it was proposed to recognize his work as Governor, the resolutions to that effect were contemptuously voted down. It may be thought odd that a man of Governor HAMILTON'S character did not, during his administration of four years, impress his own purposes upon the active political forces of the party; but the fact is that the Democratic machine organization is too perfect to allow of any such catastrophe as that would be. The political patronage of Maryland is mainly in the hands of the Board of Public Works, consisting of the Governor, the State Comptroller, and the State Treasurer, or a majority of them, and the machine holds two of these offices as of right. Mr. GORMAN insists upon this point for his own security, and his venal followers agree with him as a guarantee that they will get their reward.

Mr. MCLANE'S nomination for Governor was the political product of this packed Convention. He is an intensely respectable gentleman, who has been known as "Susquehanna Bob," because of the premature remark, ascribed to him in 1860, that if the slave-holders began war, the Susquehanna would be made the battle line, and not the Potomac. Politically he regards the Democratic party precisely as the personal followers of the late Comte de Chambord regarded the public pretensions of that estimable gentleman; and, provided other people will do the dirty work, he is always ready to accept with pride any political honors that may fall in his way. He is a perfect type of that large class of Southern gentlemen, as they are in respect to hospitality, courtesy, breeding, and taste, who will wink at the waste of public funds, the multiplication of unnecessary officers at the cost of the tax-payer and the rent-payer, bribery, and even the interruption of criminal justice, provided all these things are done for the good of the Democratic party, without the slightest conception that their personal honor, as individual Democrats, is concerned in the matter. Mr. MCLANE knows that he was nominated by a predatory gang of corrupt and conscienceless scoundrels, who are getting their living and their whiskey at the expense of the honest industry of the State; but he announced, while the political cards were being packed for his benefit with patronage, bribery, and promises of office, that he was ready to take whatever Mr. GORMAN'S Convention had to offer him.

The forces united on the Republican side against this order of things are very considerable. At the Congressional elections of 1882 the Democrats cast 82,314 votes, the Republicans 74,520. This gave a Democratic majority in the whole State of 7794. But in Baltimore the Democrats cast 31,999 votes, and the Republicans 23,495, a Democratic majority of 8504, showing that the Republicans had a majority of 710 votes in the State outside of Baltimore. Since then the registry system of Baltimore has been improved; and provided a tolerably honest election can be secured there (it is believed that J. MORRISON HARRIS, the Republican candidate for Governor in 1879, was "counted out" in Baltimore in favor of Governor HAMILTON, who was one of the prophets), it is certain that the Republican city vote will be able to take care of itself, with perhaps a little to spare. The Maryland Democrats themselves fixed the date of the State election separate from Congressional elections, so as to avoid Federal interference in any shape; and the new civil service law has deprived Federal Republican officers of those promises of patronage which they have sometimes scattered with great profusion, to the utter confusion or disorganization of the Republican lines. This year the Republican forces stand mainly upon solid public grounds, and the life-blood of honest party sentiment is running freely through their veins. This is a most encouraging circumstance, and gives consistency and force to all their efforts against the Democratic State machine. Honest and hard-working Democratic tax-payers are coming to see that a party name does not lighten the burdens of maladministration, and they want a more efficient and less costly government.

On the affirmative side the Republicans have a good candidate for Governor. HART B. HOLTON is a man who has come up from small beginnings; he is a man of affairs, both private and public; and he represents in his own career that new tide of industrial activity and material growth that is now sweeping over the Southern and border States. In 1882 he was elected to Congress from the Fifth Maryland District, carrying five out of the six counties (excluding the part of the district lying in Baltimore) by a majority of 2205, coming out of the six rural counties with a majority of 1999, as against, in the same counties in 1880, a majority of 904 for HANCOCK, and carrying the whole Congressional district by a majority of 1536, as against a Democratic majority on the Congressional ticket in 1880 of 1786. Mr. HOLTON accomplished this political revolution by means of his known fitness for public life and his zeal in behalf of better administration, and under political conditions which, while they raised no antagonisms between him and factional leaders or Federal office-holders, made it clear that his political strength was his own, and that he was free to serve the people according to his own judgment. His associates on the State ticket are men of like quality. Fortunately the rivalries of Eastern Shore and Western Shore have not entered into his nomination for this higher office, while the adoption by the Republican Convention of the resolutions for the purification of the State government, which were rejected by the Democratic Convention, shows that the fight is to be pressed upon grounds of serious moment to every tax-payer in the State.

In a State like Maryland, where all public property is regarded and treated as if it belonged to the Democratic party, it is not difficult to suggest worthy and needful ends for political effort; but the hopeful fact in this instance is that the means proposed for securing these ends deserve public respect and confidence. The Republican canvass will gain some strength from the growing public conviction of the need of civil service reform on the score of economy. In Maryland one main question is as to whether the taxing power can be employed for creating and maintaining offices designed and used solely for party or factional purposes without bringing the State into financial danger. The Democratic State machine has carried office-mongering so far that the plain people begin to see the close relation between bad politics and their pockets; and if enlightened self-interest has fair play in the canvass, undisturbed by the old and irrelevant prejudices to which the Democrats will appeal, it is a pretty safe prediction that Farmer HOLTON will succeed Farmer HAMILTON as the next Governor of Maryland.

LUTHER AT THE WARTBURG.

By JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

At Wartburg still the ink they show
Which Luther at the Devil threw.
In these last days we've learned to know
He fought more wisely than he knew.

For this far more than flaming tongue
The powers of evil filled with fright:
The inkstand by the printer flung
The Prince of Darkness put to flight.

Now silent lies great Luther's tongue,
And palsied is the hero's hand;
But that black thunder-bolt it flung
Still rolls and smites from land to land.

The martyr's stake and prison cell,
The tyrant's yoke and scourger's rod,
And other enginery of hell,
It smites as with the wrath of God.

E'en when consenting captives lay
In Superstition's ghostly halls,
This bolt has thrown the light of day
Between the thunder-riven walls.

With Argus eyes, Briarean hands,
And myriad tongues to curse or bless,
There walks the earth's enlightened lands
One king of all—the PRINTING-PRESS.

His royal form is wrought of steel;
His spirit is the steam's hot breath;
Before him Power and Genius kneel;
His smile is life, his frown is death.

The harnessed lightnings are his steeds;
His hands are on the curbing wires;
Each courser every whisper heeds,
And checks or loosens all his fires.

His hand is on the telephone;
The light electric burns his path;
He speaks his thought from zone to zone
In tones of love or peals of wrath.

If sometimes with a backward fling
He smites when he should help instead,
Yet mainly aims this noblest king
His inkstand at the Devil's head.

His Wartburgs crown a million hills;
The walls are all of paper made;
His ink, which countless measures fills,
Is on these walls most deftly laid.

And whether by his hot breath blown,
Or seized with all his hundred hands,
The whole around the world is thrown,
To bless and brighten all its lands.

King of the inky sceptre, hail!
We own thy sway, court thy control;
Thy power shall more and more prevail
Until it spread from pole to pole!

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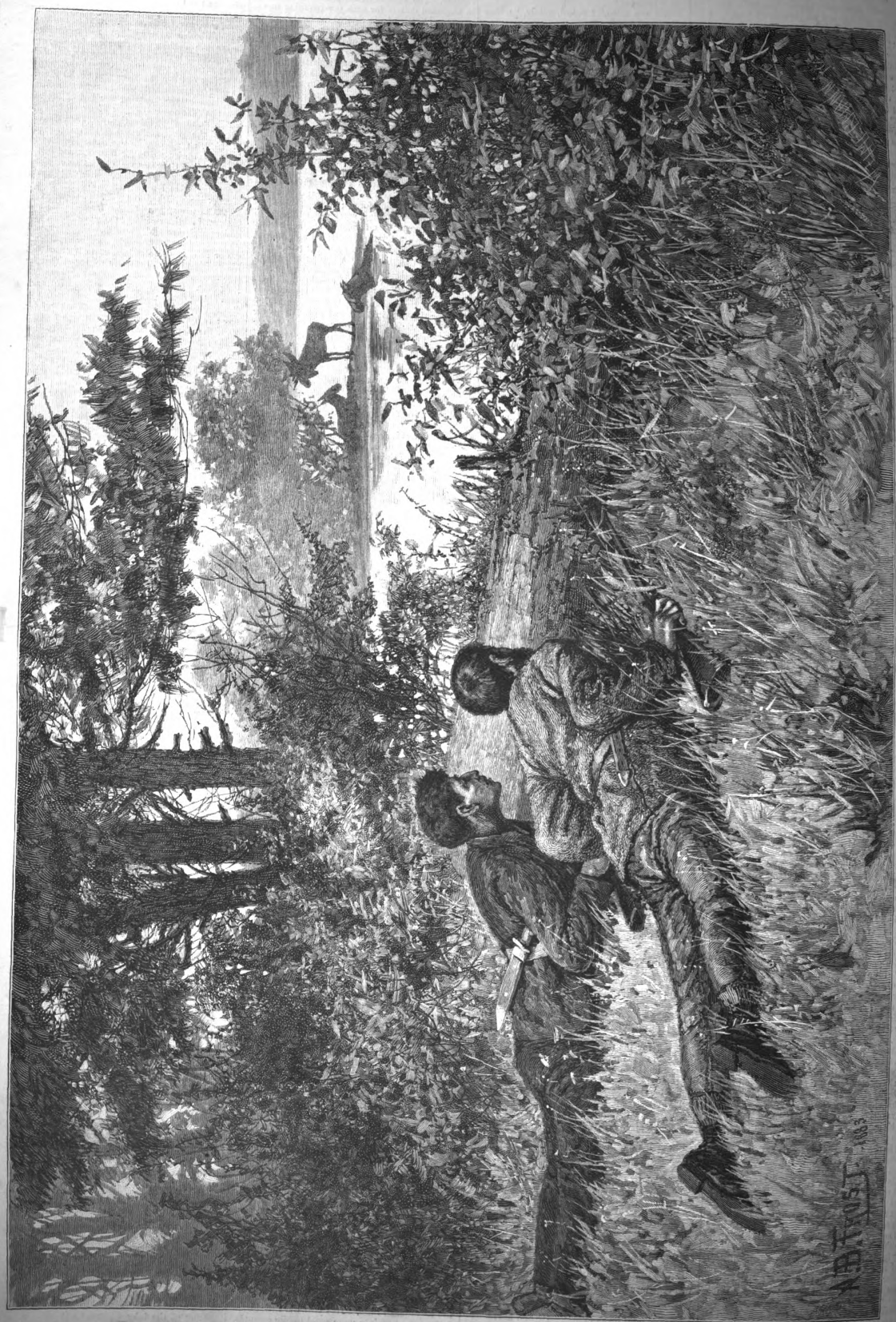

STILL-HUNTING THE MOOSE.—A LONG SHOT.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 715.]

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1. Castle Geyser and Devil's Well. 2. Splendid Geyser, after playing. 3. Grand Geyser in action. 4. Giant Geyser, in repose. 5. Riverside Geyser. 6. Lioness and Cubs. 7. A hot Spring. 8. Old Faithful Geyser, in action. 9. Grotto Geyser. 10. Bee-hive Geyser, in action. 11. Grotto Geyser, in action.

THE GEYSERS OF THE UPPER BASIN, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—DRAWN BY J. W. ALEXANDER.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

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TO HENRY IRVING.

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Sent with some Roses on a Benefit Night, Lyceum Theatre, London.

We dream of moon-lit roses, dashed with dew,
From Belmont's terrace waving welcome sweet
To Belmont's mistress, speeding through the night.

We dream of reddest roses, brimmed with sun,
In gay Messina, by the woodbine bower,
Where crouches, blushing, Leonato's niece.

We dream of whitest roses, showering down
In tender royal largess, to atone
For maimèd funeral rites, at Elsinore.

We dream of sumptuous roses, which prepare
With languid sighs and glow of sensuous bloom
A garden in Verona, where Love waits.

We dream of roses by a mossy well,
The centre of a humbler scene of joy—
The rustic garden of Ann Hathaway—

Where in the twilight once two lovers stood,
And eyes smiled into eyes, and hand sought hand,
When all unconscious, in the kiss of troth,

The simple maiden on her brow received
The chrism of Fate—the seal sublime and sad
Of Fame eterne, of love that touched—and passed.

Yet, rarest roses of the land of song—
Roses that brightened Portia's wedding day,
Or laughed and listened with gay Beatrice,

Or hid with sad Ophelia in her grave,
Or sighed with Juliet on that night of nights—
Or English roses of our Shakspeare's time,

Could scarce have been more gorgeous in their tints,
More bounteously brimmed with sun or dew,
Than these, their kindred of a prosier day.

Time has not strained from out the royal flower
The splendent dye which gladdened Shakspeare's eyes;
As golden still the clustered stamens, set

Deep i' the crimson. So from age to age
Wise Nature sends her rarest life-drops down,
And so, heart within heart, hides, to reveal

Her golden secret—Genius! Thus it is
We find thee, Irving, in an alien time,
After the wane of centuries, allied

By mystic ties, by something "more than kin,"
To thy Great Master; thus as true, as like,
As are these flowers to roses red and pale

That sweetened all the summer ways and days
Of dear old Stratford, seems to his, thy life
Of grave high thought, of pure intent in art;—
Like in the worship of a loyal mind;
Like in the passion of a noble toil.

MISS ATKINSON'S OPINIONS.

"Oh, Will, I am so glad!" and pretty Mrs. Danvers, quite forgetful of the soft balls of many-colored worsteds in her lap, rose hurriedly to meet her husband. "I had a very, very, very important letter to-day—*from London!*"

"From London, Fan? I did not think that you knew any one in London."

"I was three years in a London boarding-school, sir! Do you think it is only men who make bosom-friends at school? John Lawrence and you were chums at school, and are ridiculous about each other yet; I suppose *I* can have a school friend too."

"Nonsense, Fan! David and Jonathan have no sisters. Women get a husband, and then there is an end of 'my darling Angelina,' and 'my darling Fanny.'"

"Her name is not Angelina, sir, and she always called me Frances. If there is one thing Elizabeth detests, it is nicknames. She used to say, 'If your name is Frances, don't allow any one to call you anything else.' She is quite a remarkable woman, Will, I assure you."

"And her name is Elizabeth?"

"Yes—Elizabeth Atkinson. She is very rich—very rich indeed; and I thought, Will dear, if I could get her to be baby's godmother—she's an old maid, Will—she might leave baby something, you know."

"You mercenary little mother! You would lay the weight of those two dreadful names upon baby for the sake of a possible legacy? Elizabeth—Atkinson—Danvers. The little mite could not bear it, Fan."

"We could call her 'Bessie,' Will; her godmother would never know. Bessie is pretty; don't you think so?"

"No, I do not think so. I am for calling her Lily, or Violet, or Grace, or something flowery and pretty."

"I never knew a girl called Lily that did not grow up fat and red, or one called Violet that was not loud and vulgar, or one called Grace that was not ill-tempered and gawky. Now there is something very stately about Elizabeth."

"And very likely baby will grow up a little fluttering, frizzly-haired fairy, all curves, and ringlets, and ribbons."

"I am ashamed of you, Will, talking about your own dear, darling little daughter in that way. And after all the trouble I have taken to select a proper godmother for her! And Elizabeth so delighted, and coming all the way to New York to see her goddaughter, too, and everything else. I must say I expected more appreciation from you, Will. Lilian Morris was here this afternoon, and she of course opposed Elizabeth. I expected that. She is all for those horrid Saxon names, like Maud, and Elfrida, and Bertha. But a man of the world—a sensible man like you, Will! I am astonished."

"Oh, don't scold, Fan. I think Elizabeth lovely; and, as you say, we can call her Lizzy."

"No, Will, I never said Lizzy. Lizzy, indeed! I said *Bessie*."

"Yes, dear, Bessie. I beg pardon."

"And I shall write to Miss Atkinson to say that we will have the christening in May, if that suits you, Will."

"Yes, yes; that suits me very well. John and I are going to the Adirondacks in June, but it will be all over by that time."

"All over, Will! I must say that is not flattering to baby."

"I dare say baby will be glad enough to have it all over. But is this lady really coming here?—to New York?"

"She is really coming. I was going to ask you about refurnishing the blue suite of rooms for her."

"Why, they were refurnished when we were married, two years ago, and nobody has used them but John Lawrence."

"And he smokes. Elizabeth is very sensitive on that subject."

For a short time Will held his ground about refurnishing; but after Fanny shifted the point of attack from her rocking-chair to his knee, the resistance grew fainter and fainter, and finally the weak husband not only agreed to the carved oak furniture upholstered in rich wood colors, but also professed to see the necessity for looking after the carriage.

"That Mrs. Lorimer has had hers lined with dark purple satin, Will, and it is really an effective background for light hair," skillfully suggested Fanny. "And I am so sick of those gray horses! Can't we have bay ones, Will? They are more English and stylish."

So the oak furnishing, the new carriage-lining, and the bay horses were determined on, and, what is more, Will Danvers had no sense of having suffered a defeat.

Will Danvers heard a great deal of Miss Atkinson between March and May, and was allowed to read specially wise and lofty paragraphs in her letters. He affected a great admiration for the lady, but in reality he was quite sure she would prove a tremendous bore. "But John and I can get out of it," he reflected; "that is one comfort. And if she manages to put Fan under her thumb, she is cleverer than I am; that's all. I don't believe Fan will give in—much; I never knew her do it. I'll bet twenty dollars they have a civil fight before a month is over, and that Fan comes out ahead."

In a week after Miss Atkinson's arrival Will had modified this opinion. Her appearance was not formidable—quite the contrary. Indeed, she was so petite, so gentle, so appealing, that Will had not at first thought it necessary to guard one of his prerogatives. But gradually he found himself abandoning his dearest rights. "Miss Atkinson was not well; would Mr. Danvers kindly breakfast alone, and allow darling Frances to have a quiet talk and cup of tea with her?" Mr. Danvers politely consented, and in a week the favor had become a custom, and Mr. Danvers breakfasted alone as a matter of course.

It was the same in everything: Miss Atkinson took possession of his wife, his child, and his house. Her cool, calm, authoritative way was irresistible, and she delivered her opinions with such an air of settled conviction in their infallibility that few cared to dispute them. "She was really sorry to find so much to disapprove of in New York society, and she wished she knew how to pass it over; but it was her nature to speak the truth, though it was often a very disagreeable duty."

And even Will gave her the usual credit for this unpleasant characteristic. "It is just her honest, straightforward nature that makes her say this kind of thing," he said to John Lawrence one night; "but I wish she was not so fond of 'plain truths': Fan is made to see faults in me she never would find out by herself."

"'Plain truths!'" answered John, spitefully. "I have always noticed that these people who are so fond of 'plain truths' never feel called upon to tell pleasant truths. I have always refused to meet the lady, Will, because I like women who are not above nice little hypocrisies to please us; but I declare a woman who proposes to accompany us into the woods, and turn our private pleasure into a public picnic, must be a character. I'll go home with you to-night and see her."

"Oh, John, thank you. I sha'n't feel so helpless against Fan and her then. Poor Fan! She hates the woods, and can't endure a dinner without entrées and dessert; yet this English woman has absolutely persuaded her that she is looking dreadfully ill, and that nothing but a pure natural life will save her from consumption."

To say that John Lawrence had no curiosity about Miss Atkinson would be false. He had heard about her continually for a month; she was always doing or saying something which contradicted his ideas of what a woman ought to do or say; so that going home with Will was not committing himself to any great act of self-denial.

It was a lovely June evening, and just dusk, as they entered the parlors. They were empty, and they walked through them on to a balcony latticed with vines that overlooked the little plot of city garden. Miss Atkinson was standing in the very centre of a small lawn. She was quite unconscious of any observation, and John stayed by an imperative motion Will's first movement to announce their approach. "Let me look at her," he said, in an agitated whisper.

As she stood there in the June twilight she was worth looking at. A woman about twenty-eight years of age, of the most delicate type of English beauty. Her small, slight figure was exquisitely robed in fawn-colored silk and grenadine. She had a pink rose at her throat, and another in her hand, but, even as they looked at her, she dropped it from her listless grasp. For a moment she regarded it pitifully, and then there passed over her face an expression of such hopeless sorrow or weariness that Will was quite startled, and turned to his friend:

"She does not look very bad-tempered now, does she? Why, John, what is the matter? Do you know her?"

"I can not tell, Will. Either I know her, or have been dreaming about her for eleven years, that's all."

Half an hour afterward they were sitting side by side in the gas-lit parlor. Every trace of sensibility had left Elizabeth's face. That womanly melancholy that had made her so lovely in the twilight garden had quite vanished. She was now only a keen, clever little woman.

But somehow John felt sure that she had assumed a character, and was playing up to it. "She is a clever actress, and enjoys interpreting her rôle; but why she chooses to do so is a question." And from this evening forward John Lawrence fell as completely under the spell of Elizabeth Atkinson as Fanny had done—with this difference: Elizabeth soon became aware that in this case her slave was also her conqueror.

Will was disgusted with the whole position. He took a couple of servants and set off to the Adirondacks without John, who did not now want to go fishing. He seemed, indeed, to desire nothing but to idle away the long summer days in Fanny's garden or parlors. Necessarily Elizabeth and he were often left alone, and it was a noticeable thing that after the first two weeks of their acquaintance they found nothing to dispute about in their interviews. Elizabeth sat quietly rocking and pretending to sew, and John watched her and pretended to read.

Sometimes they glanced at each other, sometimes they said a few words, but John was really gaining a silent victory. Then there would be days in which Elizabeth rebelled against this growing power over her, and at such times she resolutely refused to leave her own room; but such struggles only left her more weak and impressionable. John conquered by his absence as surely as by his presence.

The first really hot weather had sent the Danverses out to their country home—an old stone house among great pine woods—and John spent most of his time with them. But not one word of love did he say during those charmed weeks of hot summer-tide. They wandered through the pines, and played with the baby, and sailed down the river in the cool mornings and the moonlight nights, and John said nothing beyond the pleasant, courteous words of an intimate acquaintance. In those days Elizabeth was often very weary. "I must wear my mask," she thought; "he must not know how really weak and tender I am. Once! ah! once— But what did it bring me? *Contempt*. If women show they have a heart, they invite a betrayer."

It was the last day of August, and Elizabeth was to return to England early in September. It had been a still, hot, exhausting day. Fanny had a bad headache, John was in the city, and Elizabeth was slowly walking her little namesake to sleep in the darkening parlor. By-and-by John came home, and sat down. Elizabeth smiled faintly at him, and continued her monotonous walk and lullaby. John followed her every movement. Then the child was asleep, and she was leaving the room.

He stood before her, all his soul in his face. "You will come back, Elizabeth? I want to speak to you."

It was the first time he had ever called her Elizabeth. She knew what he wanted to say, and yet she answered, almost in a whisper, "I will come back."

He was awaiting her return with the greatest impatience. Now that he could no longer withhold speech, he was eager for his opportunity. He met her as she entered, and drawing her passionately toward him, said: "Oh, Elizabeth, you must not leave me now. I have loved you, darling, loved you and sought you, for eleven years."

"Oh, John, I love you too! But you must know the truth: I have loved some one else the greater part of those eleven years—some one who barely won my childish heart, and then left me to such hopeless misery as makes me tremble yet to think of. I was a simple, loving, romantic soul, and he thought it but a holiday to take all the glory out of my life, and all the trust out of my heart."

"Are you sure of that, darling?"

"Quite sure. He left me in Rome one 1st of November; I never saw him again, and he never wrote me a line."

"He was killed three days afterward, dearest, in a pass of the Apennines. There was a long letter to you in his pocket, but it was unfinished and had no address. I have it here. Will you read it?"

"No, no, John; it is too late now. You knew Stephen?"

"He was my dearest friend. We were travelling together. I knew that he was deeply in love with a young English girl, but he was very secret and jealous about this matter. I did not care to irritate him with questions, for he regarded the subject as too sacred a one for common conversation. Sooner or later I was sure he would give me his confidence. Alas! he had only strength after he was stabbed to whisper some words which were quite inaudible, and explained nothing. The brigands who had attacked us suffered me to redeem my friend's body and my own life, and I kept as a sacred trust and relic the letter he had intended for you, and your picture. The lovely face gradually became a dream and a hope to me; I sought you all over Europe; I have not found you now only to lose you, have I, Elizabeth?"

She answered at first by a passion of tears and sobs. It was a gracious rain, and washed away all the sense of wrong that had imbittered so many years. It was just, also, that she should first give this tribute to the memory of a lost and wronged love. John understood the feeling, and shared it. After all, it was a short sorrow, from which was to spring for them long years of confident joy.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

In parting with its honored and illustrious General, under the law of retirement for age, the army is fortunate in being able to call to its head so distinguished a successor as Lieutenant-General PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

As this officer, in the prime of manhood, now reaches the highest prize open to the soldier's profession in America, a backward glance is naturally be cast upon his career with a view to anticipate his probable conduct in his new position. Is that dashing soldiership, it has been asked, which gave SHERIDAN his laurels, compatible with the cautious, wise stability needed at the head of the army? It might be briefly answered that the impetuosity of youth not infrequently becomes steadiness in the veteran of fifty; but the true response is that SHERIDAN was never a mere *beau sabreur*. The quality which made him a popular hero was fiery energy on the field; the qualities which have brought him to his present exalted place are stanchness, acumen, and great prudence, combined with whatever other qualities are necessary for a general officer. This his history will show.

In the first stages of the civil war Captain SHERIDAN was CURTIS's quartermaster, somewhere else in Missouri, and one muses what his subsequent career might have been save for a lucky disagreement that left him idle, and free to become the Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. As Colonel his conduct during ELLIOTT's raid upon Booneville, in May, 1862, led to his command of the brigade; and a month later his fight at the same point elicited this encomium from FISK: CRANS: "The coolness, determination, and fearless gallantry displayed by Colonel SHERIDAN and the officers and men of his command, in this action, deserve the thanks and admiration of the army." At Perryville, the ensuing October, he distinguished himself for good judgment and promptness. But it was in the subsequent fierce three days' engagement among the cedar brakes of Stone River, which saw the old year out and the new year in, that SHERIDAN first clearly exhibited his tactical skill in the stress of battle, and his splendid steadfastness. "For hours," says the historian, "he held the Confederates at bay—hours precious, priceless, wrenched from fate and an exultant foe by the skill and courage of this officer, and bought by the blood of his valiant men. All to his right had gone like sea-weeds torn by waves from jutting crags; but the swelling surges dashed in vain against the rock-like resistance of this division. He had lost men in the first onset; he now lost ROBERTS, soon afterward SHAEFFER—all his brigade commanders killed. He had lost 1796 men; and with the ooze of their heroic blood had won three hours, which ROSECRANS had been using to the best advantage. 'Here is all that are left,' said he, sadly, as he joined his chief." At Chickamauga SHERIDAN offered a like stubborn front to the enemy's fury; there fell another brigade commander, the lamented LITTLE. In the ever-memorable storming of Missionary Ridge—that famous battle in which the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland forced their way to the foot of the ridge by the orders of the General commanding, and then swept over its summit "by their own"—it was "the centre of SHERIDAN's division," General FOX tells us, that "reached the top first, as they were nearest the crest," instantly seconded by the whole line, breaking almost simultaneously over the heights. Such was the climax of SHERIDAN's career at the West.

HALLECK, who is entitled to the credit of having commended Captain SHERIDAN, then at the head-quarters, to the Governor of Michigan, when that magistrate applied to him for an officer to command a cavalry regiment, now rendered another good service. For when General GRANT, planning his Virginia campaign of 1864, spoke of his anxiety to find a suitable head for the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, "Why not take SHERIDAN?" suggested HALLECK, and GRANT answered, "The very man." The result of this choice, made known from step to step throughout the campaign from the Rapidan to Appomattox, is familiar history.

The combination of good soldiership and good fortune found in nearly all great military successes is visible in SHERIDAN's Virginia campaign. Had not his troops confided in his skill, they could have safely trusted to his star; but they believed in both. Of his cavalry operations with the Army of the Potomac, and his conduct of the campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah, a distinguishing trait was the extreme precautions he invariably took to insure victory before willingly undertaking an operation. Few, if any, Union generals ever fought less at hap-hazard, or with more careful preliminary study, or accomplished greater results with less loss. Even when baffled by the enemy he had the art of putting a bold face on the situation, and of persuading others that, on the whole, the outcome had been success. "To most temperaments," writes a former staff officer, "disaster is disheartening, but it passes by from General SHERIDAN as an eddy glides round a pier." Doubtless it is true of SHERIDAN, as of every other Union leader in the Virginia campaigns, that were he to conduct them again, with the light of present knowledge, he would here and there present a different course; but it can not be asserted that he has any manœuvres of rashness to retract, or that any conceivable change of method or fortune would have added to his present renown as a popular hero.

There is ground for believing that the career of SHERIDAN has not yet reached its climax. And while there can not fail to be wide-spread satisfaction in seeing at the head of the army one who rendered the country services so brilliant in the days of need, and perhaps also a certain feeling of confidence in the propitious influence that have hitherto attended his public career, he crowned it with success.

G. E. Pond.

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SUGAR-MAKING IN NEW JERSEY.

In this country we have been dependent for our supply of sugar almost absolutely upon sugar-cane, and as this requires long-continued heat to perfect its growth, our "Sugar States" have been only those on the Gulf of Mexico. We have been compelled to import the very great proportion of sugar needed for consumption; but there is much reason to believe that a change in this respect is speedily coming, and some are sufficiently sanguine to assert that the United States will within a limited number of years be able to export sugar, as well as to satisfy our own requirements.

All this is founded on the fact that now we can produce sugar with facility and with certainty from sorghum-cane as well as from sugar-cane; and inasmuch as the sorghum grows readily and successfully as far north as Indian corn can be depended on for a crop, it follows that our sugar States have suddenly become immensely increased in extent.

This it is which gives interest and importance to the sugar-making at Rio Grande; otherwise it would concern none but the owners; now it is really of national importance, and we will state briefly what we have seen, and confine ourselves entirely to what our personal observation has shown.

The Rio Grande Plantation is at the southern end of New Jersey, the company having bought a tract of 3000 acres, the lower border of which is within two miles of Cape May. The land, like most of that between Delaware Bay and the ocean, is level and sandy, being what a farmer would call of poor quality for making a crop. They had, however, learned that sorghum thrives well on land so poor as not to be desirable for the growth of corn, and they selected this particular region as being little liable to injury from early frosts.

They began the cultivation of sorghum on this land in 1880. The whole matter was new, much of their work was experimental, and their apparatus rough and imperfect in its operation; but they have made constant improvements, until now it is no longer an experiment; it is a sugar plantation and a sugar factory in full and successful operation. They planted in April and May of this year 975 acres in sorghum, the fields of it through which we rode extending about two and a half miles. Two varieties were employed, Early Amber and Orange, these two being the only ones of extent, though others were planted in small lots for trial. The Amber matures most quickly, and cutting was commenced about the middle of September, and most of this variety has been already cut and worked.

Chemical research has demonstrated within the last few years two points in relation to sorghum, and on these the great change of which we have spoken entirely depends: the cane must become *fully mature*, and it must be *worked promptly* after being cut. With these two conditions, sorghum yields sugar freely and richly; failing in them, it yields only syrup from which no sugar will crystallize. Here is the solution of the difficulty, and at Rio Grande we see the result of attention to the points mentioned. The cane is cut and hauled by mules on a narrow-gauge rail track to the mill, and crushed at once. All the operations at the mill are precisely like those for sugar-cane. The company claim several items as points of their own introduction, for which we believe they have, or hope to have, patents, but the fact remains that the juice of mature sorghum-cane will produce its sugar as readily and as surely as that of sugar-cane.

The sugar already made this year amounts to about 250,000 pounds; the molasses, over 40,000 gallons. Assuming that the remainder of the crop yields at the same rate, Rio Grande will sell in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 pounds. The wise legislation of New Jersey appropriates a grant of one cent a pound for sorghum sugar and one dollar a ton for sorghum-cane produced within the State.

THE LACROSSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The third annual tourney, given under the auspices of the United States National Lacrosse Association, which took place at the Polo Grounds in this city on October 27, developed the fact that our leading lacrosse clubs had made rapid progress in playing skill within the past year or two; in fact, no exhibition of lacrosse playing seen in the United States at the hands of American club teams has ever equalled in excellence of team-work, as well as of individual effort, that which marked this tourney. The prize for which the contesting teams struggled was the Oelrich Challenge Cup, the emblem of the Association championship. This was won by the New York Lacrosse Club in the tourney of 1881, but in 1882 the Harvard College Club won it. On this last occasion—the tourney of 1883—the New York Club regained possession of it, but not without a more exciting series of contests with stronger opponents than the victorious team had previously encountered in the same arena. The tourney contestants this time included the club twelves of New York and Baltimore, and the college twelves of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the New York University. The first match brought together the Yale and New York University teams, and the former won easily by the appended score: Goals scored—Yale, 2; New York University, 0. Goals taken—by Spencer, 1, in 5 minutes; McHenry, 1, in 2 minutes. Referee, F. S. Wheeler, of the New York Club.

The second match introdneed the team of the Druid Club, of Baltimore, and the Harvard team, the latter having the week before defeated the local rivals, the Unions, of Boston. This encounter proved to be a surprise in its result, as the Druids played in very strong form, and easily defeated their college opponents by the following score: Goals scored—Druid, 3; Harvard, 1. Goals taken—by W. B. D. Penniman 1, in 5 minutes; Wreck 1, in 8 minutes; Ober 1, in 8 minutes; Woods 1, in 7 minutes. Referee, J. R. Flannery, of the New York Club.

The next match of the tourney was that between the Princeton and New York teams, and the collegians found their opponents to be a far superior team to the New York twelve they defeated at the tourney of 1882, as the appended score shows: Goals scored—New York, 4; Princeton, 0. Goals taken—by Ritchie 2, in 5 minutes and in 4 minutes; Burns 1, in 7 minutes; McCaffrey 1, in 3 minutes. Referee, R. R. Brown, of Baltimore.

The six teams having now faced each other in the first round, the second series of matches was begun; and as Yale drew a bye, the Druids were called upon to face the New York twelve. The result of the contest was a victory for the New York team by a score of two goals to one, Ritchie capturing the first goal for New York and Flannery the second, Wreck taking the single goal for the Druids. This left the final contest for the cup between the New York and Yale teams, and the latter entered the field after an hour's rest, while the New-Yorkers had to play their third game in succession with but ten minutes' breathing-spell between each contest. This is the game taken as the subject of our illustration. It proved to be the closest contest of the tourney, the Yales making a gallant struggle for success against their more experienced opponents. The result of the match was the success of the New-Yorkers by the appended score: Goals scored—New York, 2; Yale, 0. Goals taken—By Ritchie, 2. Time of goals—first, 27 minutes; second, 5 minutes. Referee, Mr. R. R. Brown, of Baltimore.

MOOSE HUNTING.

The time is close at hand when the moose will become extinct. Pursued at all seasons of the year by roving Indians and hunter tramps, to say nothing of the common ruck of sportsmen, bulls, cows with young, and half-grown calves are killed indiscriminately at all seasons. These creatures are the largest of the deer family, measuring, when full grown, five feet eight inches to six feet in height, and weighing twelve hundred pounds or more. They have a coarse, erect mane, while under the throat dangles a long tuft of hair. Animals indigenous to these high latitudes usually assume a white fur during the winter months; that on the moose, on the contrary, becomes much darker in color. Their antlers are foliated and of immense weight and size, averaging six feet from tip to tip, and weighing upward of sixty pounds. These they shed in January. By the month of June they have again attained the normal size. Their fore-legs are so disproportionate in length as to seriously interfere with their grazing; consequently, when feeding upon grass, they will, if possible, pasture upon a slope. Their hind-feet are splayed, and furnished with long, loose, horny points, which rattle as they shamble along. Notwithstanding their awkwardness and great size, when alarmed they travel with astonishing speed, seemingly impossible in an animal crowned with such immense and weighty antlers. His head-gear, however, gives him, when in flight, less trouble than his legs. The head, carried so high as to prevent him from seeing the ground directly in his front, causes him to trip and stumble over the fallen trunks and branches which may lie in his path. The cow-moose is somewhat smaller than the male; her coat has a more reddish tinge. Early in life she gives birth to but one calf; as she advances in years the number is increased to two.

"Crusting" (or hunting with snow-shoes), "driving," "creeping," and "calling" are the various methods employed to hunt the moose. "Crusting" is the method employed when snow is upon the ground. It is, moreover, the most certain and deadly manner of killing the animal. Its great weight and the formation of its splayed hoofs render it comparatively helpless when attacked and pursued on the crust of the snow. At every step it breaks through the surface, cutting its legs, so that its tracks are marked by trails of blood. Even when taken at the disadvantage which "crusting" offers, a vigorous man on snow-shoes must put forth all his powers of endurance in order to overtake it, its enormous strength enabling it to flounder for a considerable distance at great speed. In consequence of the difficulty which the moose experience in travelling in the snow, they form during the winter season what are called "yards." Large numbers congregate together in the depth of the forest. The trampling of their feet soon beats down the deep snow. This forms a rampart all about them. As they move in a circle in feeding, this bank is always about them. The wolves hover on the edges, ready to pick up any discontented old bull which may be expelled by his companions. They know better than to enter the portals; in a moment they would be torn to pieces by the sharp hoofs of the moose.

In the spring and summer the moose frequent the edges of sedgy lakes and lagoons buried deep in the forest. In the waters of these they submerge themselves until only their heads are visible, in order to escape from the tormenting attacks of the black fly. Moreover, they find in these sheets of water aquatic plants on which they delight to feed. At this season they may be approached in canoes much more readily than in the forest.

More reprehensible still is the "calling" of moose; it is, however, above every other form of shooting, whether for large or small game, the most interesting and exciting. It is a shabby way, however; but no man, no matter who he may be, and how thoroughly equipped with the exalted sporting principle, can resist its most potent attractiveness. "Calling" is practiced during the rutting season. It consists in imitating the call of the cow-moose by means of a birch-bark cone. On a clear, still night the caller, armed with his trumpet, mounts to the top of a high tree. From his lofty perch he projects to a great distance in the still air of the night the bellow of the cow-moose. For a long time he repeats the call without a response. At last, in the far distance, the answering cry of the bull is heard. The caller now descends from the tree and joins the hunters at its base. The bull, in response to the call of the guide, approaches nearer and nearer. The success of the stratagem now depends entirely on the skill with which the caller imitates the low deep grunts of the cow. If he makes a single blunder, the male hesitates in his advance, takes alarm, and hurries off. If, on the contrary, his call is up to all the requirements of the occasion, the hunter is rewarded by the sight of a magnificent animal, his crest elevated, and great wreaths of vapor issuing from his distended nostrils. There is not a moment to lose. The hunter shoots at once. The animal lingers but an instant, for his instinct tells him that where he stands the cow-moose should be.

GASTON FAY.

COLORADO MINING LIFE.

When the snow has disappeared from the passes in the Colorado ranges, so that the mule trains can pick their way up the rocky defiles, the miners leave the comfortable log camp where they have spent the winter, and prepare to explore the higher regions in search of the precious metals. Pitching their tents on some desolate plateau where the indications are favorable, they proceed to "prospect," sometimes with success, but oftener with disappointment. Even a promising "find" may lead to nothing, and another winter may send the miners back to their log camps as poor as when they started out in the spring.

For weeks and perhaps months the miners remain in their mountain camps without news from the outside world, until the passes admit of travel by stage, when tourists invade the picturesque solitudes. The arrival of the first stage-load is always an occasion of great rejoicing and hilarity among the miners. It brings them intelligence from the great world from which they have been secluded, and newspapers weeks old are read with an eagerness of which we can have little conception, and for a few days serve to enliven an existence that is dreary and monotonous beyond comparison.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

According to a correspondent in London, there is considerable interest there in the question as to what shall be the reward of the Marquis of Lorne on his return from his five years' service as Governor-General of Canada. Commoners retiring from the office of Governor-General are usually made peers, and peers are advanced in rank. But Lord Lorne is a marquis, and is heir to a dukedom, and it would not be in accordance with custom to give him rank equal to that of his father. It was at one time thought that he would be made a Knight of the Garter, but one of the two vacancies at the disposal of the Queen has been given to the Duke of Argyll, and the other is not likely to be given to his son. There is ample precedent, however, for giving to the marquis a seat in the House of Lords under the present "courtesy title," a notable example being furnished in the case of the late Earl of Derby, who was created a Peer in Parliament under his courtesy title of Lord Stanley, while his father was yet living.

It was a North Carolina paper that entertained an especially kindly feeling toward a Democratic candidate because he "is not better-looking than the rest of us, and does not offend our self-love when we look at him." This confession, however, suggests no explanation of the Holman "boom." By common consent Mr. Dana is regarded as one of the handsomest men in the country.

It is fairly astonishing to see the immense crowds that every afternoon and evening fill the great Institute Hall to enjoy the beautiful and well-ordered Fifty-second Annual Exhibition of the American Institute, the largest and most interesting it has given for many years. Whether it is the delightful promenade, the magnificent display, or the fine music that attracts so many thousands it is difficult to say, but certain it is that the house is filled every night. There is something to interest everybody. The farmer will find new mowing-machines, reaping-machines, and all sorts of farm implements; the merchant, new conveniences for his counting-room and warehouse; the mechanic will find many evidences of the skill of his companions; the manufacturer can examine the goods his competitor is making; the good housekeeper will discover on every side house ornaments and home comforts for the parlor, the kitchen, and the chamber; and the sprightly young damsels and happy young wives will find any number of beautiful articles to please their eyes and to bother their lovers and husbands for.

It is said that the name of the Bag o' Nails Inn, in London, was a puzzle to everybody till an antiquary renovated one of the old signs, and discovered that Bag o' Nails was a corruption of Bacchanals.

Some of the wealthy patrons of the opera in this city take their valets along to stand guard at the box doors, and to make the applause for the party. But it will be a long time before the man-servant will be trusted to go out between acts and procure the clove for the head of the family.

The difference between a farmer and a planter has been explained by a Southern newspaper, after nearly twenty years' patient and magnanimous waiting on the part of the victorious North. A farmer raises diversified crops, while a planter cultivates cotton or sugar chiefly.

The Episcopal Convention in Philadelphia having inserted the word *flood* in the prayer for deliverance from evils, a Western man desires to have an extra session called in order that *cyclone* may be included also.

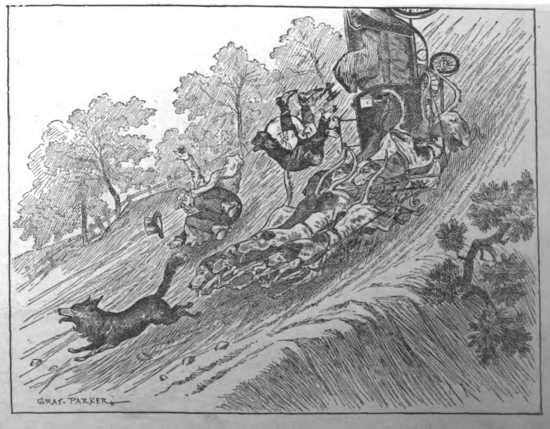
The *Saw-Mill Gazette* is a new paper which has hope of being considered worthy to be filed.

American aptitude for finding short names for things that must be often mentioned has already provided the designation "seventy-five time" for the new standard of this longitude, which is the time of the seventy-fifth meridian.

Men should be too broad, liberal, and sensible to entertain intense hatreds, says a Kansas paper, "for they always result in misery—and occasionally in shooting."

Resolutions have been adopted by the local law-makers in a Kansas town in which the goat is characterized as a "terror," a "curse," and a "ruthless destroyer." The Western goat's fatal gift is his appetite for circus posters.

A gentleman of Fall River who testified before Senator Blair's committee as to the cost of living in Massachusetts succeeded in attracting the attention of mathematicians. He declared that he earned only a hundred dollars last year, of which he paid seventy-two dollars for rent. "Now," says the Boston *Herald*, "as the records show he paid forty-seven dollars in fines for drunkenness during the time, he had nineteen dollars less than nothing left with which to support his family and buy whiskey; and if he spent it all for whiskey, there is still a frightful disproportion to be explained between nineteen dollars less than nothing's worth of whiskey, and forty-seven dollars' worth of fines."



No. 8.—As ill luck would have it, however, a genuine fox crossed old Perkyns's path when out one day with his dog team. My! to see the joy of the hounds; to hear their yelping and barking! The old instinct was there, and off they went at a break-neck pace across country!

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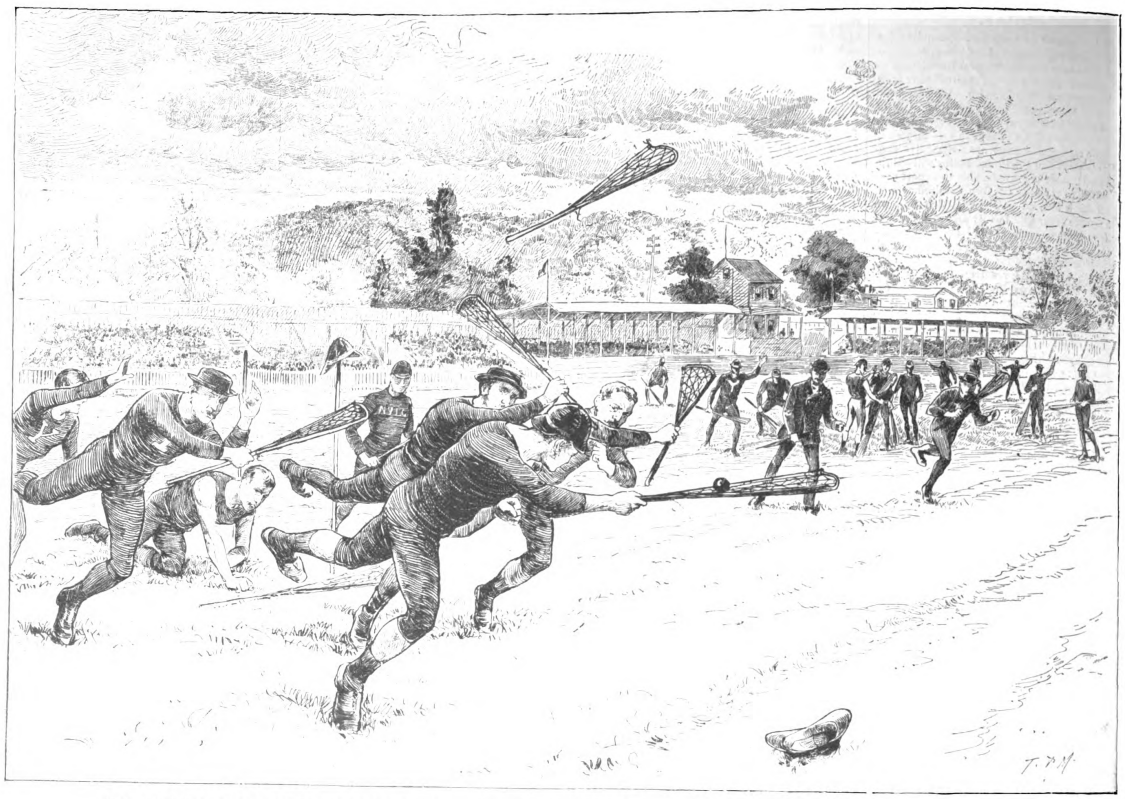

THE AMATEUR LACROSSE TOURNAMENT AT THE POLO GROUNDS—FINAL GAME BETWEEN THE YALE AND NEW YORK CLUBS
DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

SUGAR PLANTATION AT RIO GRANDE, NEW JERSEY.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK C. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

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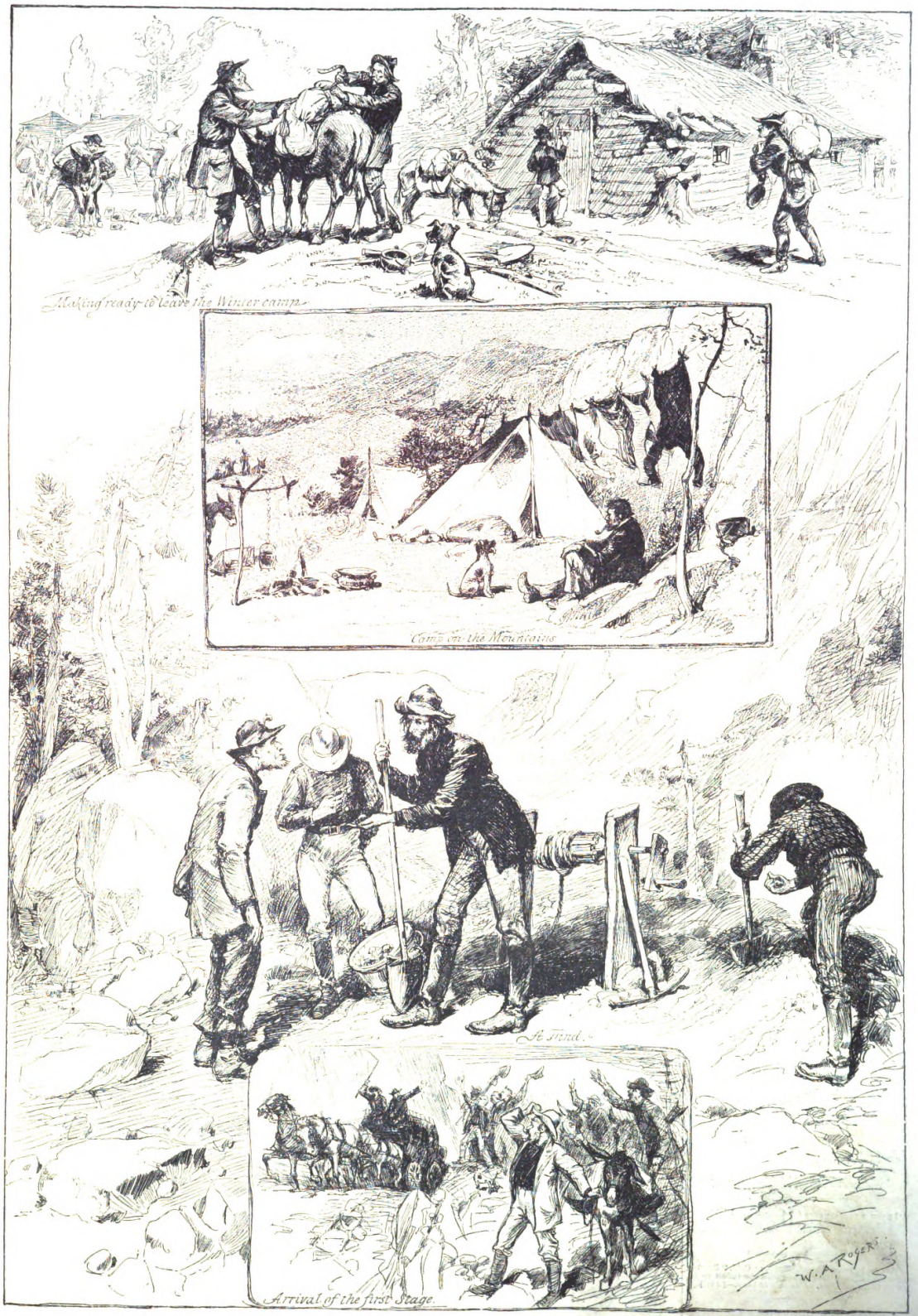

MINING LIFE IN COLORADO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 715.]

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THE YELLOWSTONE GEYSERS.

THE geysers of Iceland and New Zealand, wonderful as they are, sink into insignificance when brought into comparison with those of the Yellowstone. None to equal these, either in variety or size, have been found in any other part of the globe.

These magnificent geysers were visited last summer by our artist, Mr. J. W. ALEXANDER, and the picturesque results of his sketches are given in the series of illustrations on page 713. They belong to the upper basin, where the phenomena attending their eruptions are more remarkable than those of the geysers of the lower basin. Prominent among these geysers is one which has received the prosaic name of "Old Faithful," from the regularity of its eruptions. At intervals of about an hour it throws a column six feet in diameter to the height of one hundred and thirty feet, holding it up by a succession of spoutings from four to six minutes. On the subsidence of the eruption the water sinks out of sight within the basin from which it springs. The crater is a conical mound about twelve feet in height, and measuring fifty-four by twenty feet at the top. The eruption makes a splendid spectacle.

The "Bee-hive Geyser" is a smaller mound, on the other side of the river, and when in action, which takes place once in about twenty-four hours, it sends up a column of water about three feet in diameter to the enormous height of two hundred and nineteen feet. The eruption lasts from fifteen to eighteen minutes. Dr. HAYDEN describes the column as assuming a fan shape toward the top, and says that, during the eruptions which he witnessed, it was resolved into fine spray, which appeared to evaporate as soon as formed.

The "Grand Geyser" is one of the most powerful in the basin. Each eruption is announced by a rumbling and a trembling of the ground, followed by a column of steam. Then the water bursts forth in a succession of jets, which rise to the height of from one hundred and seventy to two hundred feet, while the white cloud of steam floats upward for a thousand feet or more. The eruptions take place at intervals of about twenty-three hours, and last about twenty minutes.

The "Giant Geyser" has a ragged, irregular crater, shaped somewhat like a broken horn. It is eccentric in its habits, not keeping regular intervals, but spouting away at its own sweet will, sometimes throwing water to the height of one hundred and forty feet, and sometimes to a much greater elevation, sometimes giving a grand display for hours, and again shutting down after spouting for a few minutes only.

The surface of the earth all around the geysers is covered with a white deposit, which at a distance resembles snow, and which gives a wintry effect to Mr. ALEXANDER'S sketches.

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FOR ALCOHOLISM.

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MRS. A. N. VAN BUREN of Marion Avenue, Fordham, states that it is the best remedy for hoarseness or a cough that she ever tried, and will never be without it.

DR. TOBIAS,—I have used on myself and in my family for years your Pulmonic Life Syrup. It has never failed to cure. I believe it is the best medicine for throat diseases ever sold. I am acquainted with the ingredients of which it is composed, and know them to be perfectly harmless. C. H. GALLAGHER.
Brooklyn, April 21, 1883. 990 DeKalb Ave.

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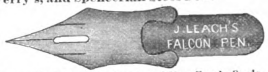

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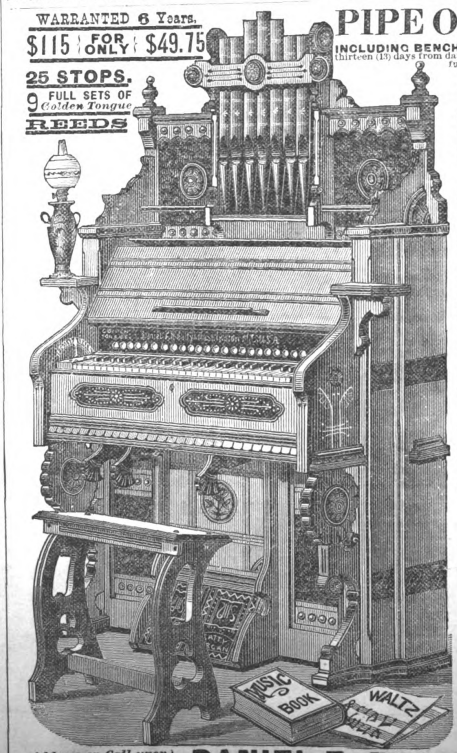

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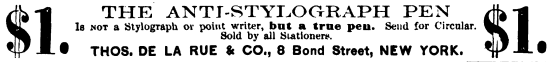

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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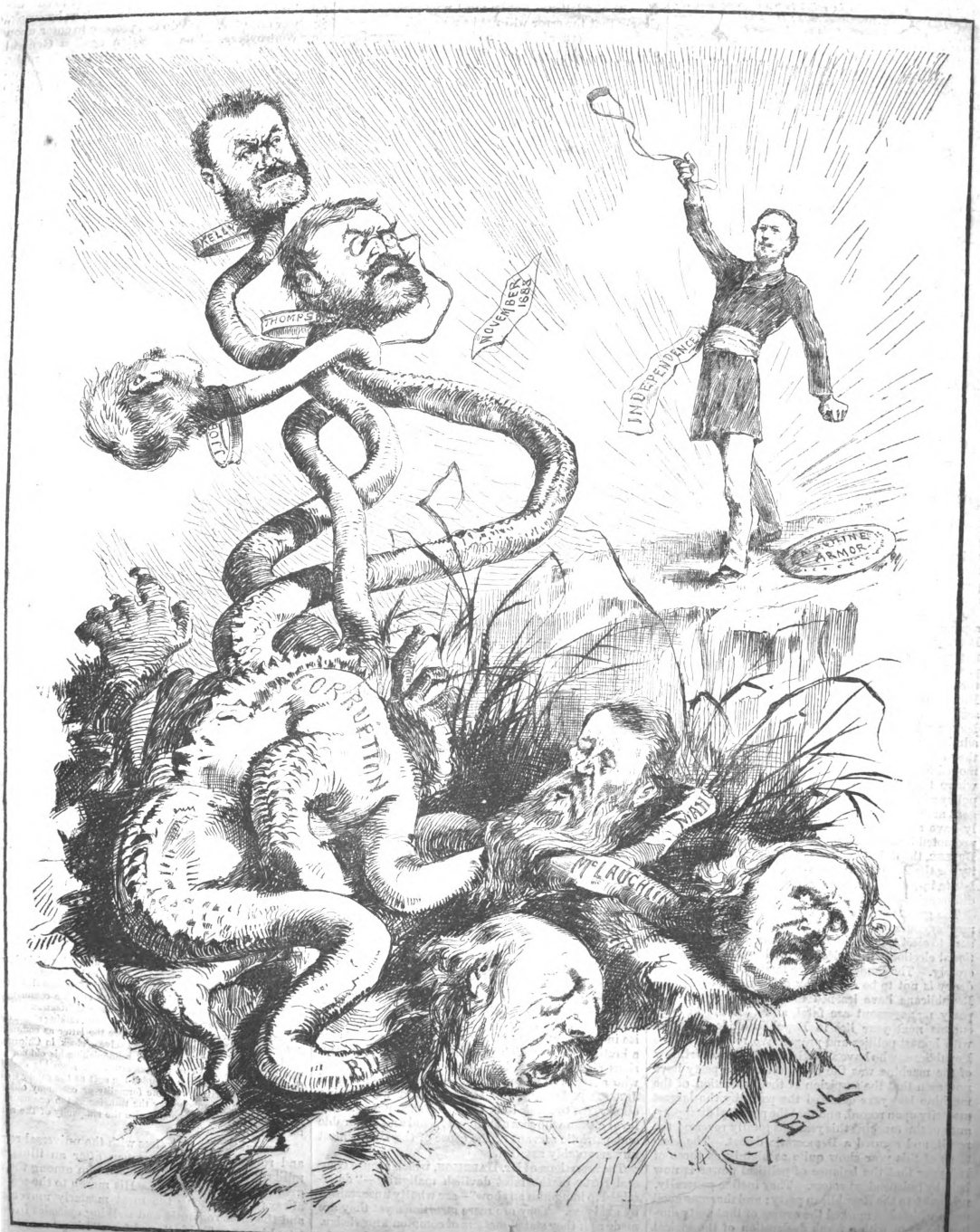

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

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THE ELECTIONS.

THE result of the election of the 6th of November was a singular vindication of the good sense of the people, and a striking illustration of the independent character of the Republican party. Last year, in New York, the Democratic Governor was elected by nearly two hundred thousand majority, and the Legislature was wholly under Democratic control. This year the head of the Democratic State ticket is defeated, and the Legislature is Republican by a large majority. In Massachusetts BUTLER and Butlerism are overthrown. In Pennsylvania the Democratic success of last year is reversed. In Maryland the result was warmly contested; and in Brooklyn Mayor LOW is re-elected. The significance of all this is not to be mistaken. The insolent Democratic contempt for the intelligence of the people has been sharply rebuked. As we have often said, the result of last year did not indicate preference of Democratic rule; it was a protest of Republicans against Republican abuse. The people naturally prefer Republican ascendency, and as the Republicans during the year have shown plainly a disposition to reform, and the Democrats have shown nothing but a contempt for political character and principle, and sought to hustle the country by a careful evasion of any positive policy, and a silly cry of "Turn 'em out," the people have now spoken, and the Republicans are substantially victorious.

Any other result would have been discreditable to a popular system. For what was the attitude of the Democrats? In Massachusetts they had selected BUTLER as their representative. In New York they had practically surrendered to JOHN KELLY. In Maryland their own Governor had exposed their dishonesty. In Brooklyn they had sought by a mere party appeal to secure the defeat of the ablest and most incorruptible Mayor, who wholly abjured partisanship in municipal administration. In the First District of New York they supported for Senator a man who had been removed for bribery by their own Governor; and everywhere they had sneered at reform. There was no policy advocated, no principle asserted; and no intelligent man upon a survey of the situation could seriously have supposed that the public welfare was to be promoted by Democratic success. The re-election of BUTLER, the defeat of Mayor LOW, an emphatic majority for the Democratic State candidates and the Legislature in New York, would have revealed a public indifference which would have been alarming.

The great moral of the result is obvious, and it is most encouraging. It is not that the Republicans are sure to elect the President next year, but that the national election will be decided intelligently and deliberately. The Democrats have learned that the Presidency is not to be caught by a trick or a cry. The Republicans have learned that the old methods of party management are fatal, and that the hope of success next year lies in Republican identification with honest politics and progressive reform. Those Republicans who have secretly felt that the overthrow of the machine was the downfall of the party have now seen that the suspicion of the restoration of the machine last year defeated the party by the largest majority upon record, and that the practical disappearance of the machine this year has totally reversed the result, and secured a Democratic defeat. The elections of this year show quite as plainly as those of last year that the balance of political power is now held by independent voters. They incline generally, no doubt, to the Republican party; and the same good sense which has marked the course of that party during the year, with a frank declaration of the logical Republican position next year, and the nomination of a representative candidate, now plainly promises Republican success.

THE GOVERNOR'S MISTAKE.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND made one great, but certainly not an irremediable, mistake during the recent political contest. He wrote a letter to JOHN KELLY in which he said that for his own personal comfort and satisfaction he did not wish Senator GRADY to be re-elected, and he appealed to Mr. KELLY to prevent it. As politics are usually managed, it is not unusual for an intimation to be given out in a way which is known to be authoritative that this or that nomination will be or will not be agreeable to the Executive. But he does not personally appear. The very fact of the letter, therefore, shows the sincerity and simplicity of the Governor. He goes openly and directly to his object. But he should not have had such an object, as he now doubtless sees. It was a signal error to write the letter. But he must now perceive it so clearly that the error will not be repeated.

If the Governor had sent a circular into every Senatorial district in the State, or had published a proclamation, announcing his desire to have certain persons elected to the Legislature or defeated, the storm of public censure would have been an overwhelming tempest. But this is precisely what he did in one district. He wrote to the person who, as he supposed, represented its voting force, and told him that he did not wish a certain person to be elected. The Constitution, however, vests the election of members of the Legislature in the people, not in the Governor. If the Governor should dictate the selection of the Legislature, the two branches of the government, which are purposely separated, would be united, and the executive and legislative powers would be blended in the hands of the Governor. The letter was an extraordinary error.

But it threw great light upon the actual political situation. The Governor did not address himself to the district, but to a single voter in it, thus recognizing the fact that that voter, and not the people, elected the Senator. This, unluckily, is true. Mr. GRADY represented Mr. KELLY in the late Legislature, not the people of a district. This most dangerous system the Governor acknowledged by addressing his letter to Mr. KELLY. But we attribute the great error of the Governor to inexperience and want of thought, not to any discreditable motive. Under a constitutional system, however, executive acts which proceed from thoughtlessness are sometimes as mischievous as those which are designed.

EX-JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL HOLT.

THE prominent actors in a great civil war will always be the victims of bitter calumny and malignant falsehood, and the leaders in the American contest of twenty years ago do not escape the common fate. JACOB THOMPSON, a member of BUCHANAN'S cabinet, and a Southern leader in the war, but unknown in the field, and notorious only as one of the emissaries in Canada to plot the burning of Northern cities and to spread mortal infection through the loyal States, recently took occasion to malign ex-Judge-Advocate-General JOSEPH HOLT, who is now living quietly in Washington, retired from all public activity, and seeking no controversy. The unprovoked attack of THOMPSON made no public impression, and has not been noticed by the press. But General HOLT, unwilling that statements should pass unchallenged which, if not summarily and promptly refuted, may be hereafter accepted as authentic, has issued a complete and conclusive exposure of THOMPSON'S calumnies, which refer not only to the conduct of General HOLT during the war, but to the circumstances of his appointment to the cabinet of BUCHANAN. The details we do not cite. It is enough that the answer shows completely the falseness of the charges.

But one of THOMPSON'S accusations is made important by a recent article of Mr. BURTON N. HARRISON'S, the private secretary of JEFFERSON DAVIS, who, in discrediting DAVIS'S capture, speaks of a charge against him as "the charge invented by STANTON and HOLT of participation in the plot to murder Mr. LINCOLN." And again he says: "STANTON and HOLT, lawyers both, very well knew that Mr. DAVIS could never be convicted upon an indictment for treason, but were determined to hang him anyhow, and were in search of a pretext for doing so." Mr. STANTON is dead, and his patriotic energy and public service in the suppression of the rebellion were such that a hostile feeling which would easily credit any injurious charge against him is but natural to any man who shared the fortunes and aided the enterprise of JEFFERSON DAVIS. For General HOLT we have no other right to speak than that which belongs to every loyal citizen who sees a steadfast friend and honorable and patriotic servant of the cause of the Union most unwarrantably assailed.

The assertions of Mr. HARRISON, which accuse General HOLT of the most devilish malignity—"determined to hang him anyhow"—are wholly unsustained by evidence. They are mere assertions, yet they are made as if they stated matters of common knowledge. But the real position of General HOLT may be gathered from his reply to a similar allegation of JACOB THOMPSON'S that General HOLT tried to implicate him in the assassination. The facts are of record that a man named CONOVER offered to procure evidence for the investigation; that upon consideration his offer was accepted; that witnesses were produced by him; that nothing occurred to excite the slightest suspicion of CONOVER'S integrity until two witnesses confessed that they had sworn falsely, being suborned by CONOVER, upon which General HOLT promptly and thoroughly investigated the matter, and convinced of the truth of the confessions, he instantly prosecuted CONOVER for perjury and subornation of perjury, convicted him, and sent him to the penitentiary. This throughout was the course of honesty, of humanity, of justice, and legality, and it is for candid men to decide whether a public officer, and that officer General HOLT, who took this course, was a man to "invent" charges against JEFFERSON DAVIS, or to be "determined to hang him anyhow," by hook or by crook, justly or unjustly. We do not propose to enter upon any controversy. The allegation against General HOLT has been made, and we submit facts in reply. It may be possible to relieve the farce of the circumstances of DAVIS'S capture as they have been hitherto understood, but it is not necessary to that enterprise to assume as of course the truth of the most disgraceful imputations upon loyal citizens and faithful public servants. The lost cause will certainly not gain by re-opening controversy, nor by assailing honorable and patriotic men.

A USEFUL RECORD.

JUST before the election the civil service reform associations in New York, Brooklyn, and Buffalo, in this State, asked the views of candidates upon the enforcement of the State law, which provides also for the municipal service. A large number of answers were received, and almost all of them expressed the intention of supporting the law. It will be observed that this is very different from a vague declaration in favor of reform in the abstract and of good government in general. It is a distinct pledge to support an actual law.

The replies received from the successful candidates will be published, and the little pamphlet which they will form will be a convenient manual for reference when any proposition affecting the enforcement of the law appears in the Legislature. We are glad to say that many Democratic candidates adhered unreservedly in their replies to the soundest principles of reform. But, for some reason, none of the Democratic candidates for the State offices responded. This was exceedingly suspicious, because in this case silence was peculiarly expressive. The State law establishing the new system does not go into effect until the 4th of January, which leaves time for "a clean sweep" in every department by the newly elected officers. They will be carefully watched to see whether they propose to respect the spirit and purpose of the law. Should they do so, we shall gladly record the fact, as we shall certainly point out a disregard of the law.

In the omission of which we speak, as in their general treatment of the whole subject since their return to power became possible, the Democrats have foolishly alienated the friends of reform and the whole body of independent voters, whom it is not wise to alienate. They have done nothing whatever as a party—although individual Democrats are among the most efficient friends of reform—to persuade the country that Democratic success means anything more than a distribution of the spoils among Democrats. The whole influence of the reform sentiment, therefore, will probably be against the Democratic party next year, and of the actual power of that sentiment at the polls the elections of this year are very significant.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

THE retirement of General SHERMAN from the command of the army is a very important event, achieved so quietly as to be almost unnoted. But the actual circumstances of the change have a most agreeable Republican simplicity. We quote the account from the *Herald*:

"General SHERMAN was in his office at twelve o'clock, when General SHERIDAN, accompanied by the three members of his staff, entered the building. The former was still the General commanding the army, while General SHERIDAN was still the commander of the Military Division of the Missouri. General SHERMAN and SHERIDAN engaged in conversation for half an hour, talking about official matters that were likely to come before the latter as commander. A few minutes later, when it was twelve o'clock in Chicago, the official order of General SHERIDAN relinquishing his old command was promulgated. General SHERMAN arose from his desk, and General SHERIDAN at once occupied the seat as the senior General of the army. That was all the formality or ceremony observed. The official orders announcing the transfer of the command and its assumption were in keeping with the simplicity of the actors, the two great Generals."

General SHERMAN retires with the universal regard and respect of his countrymen after an illustrious military career which has placed him among the first great soldiers of his time. His march to the sea will always rank among the most masterly movements and the most [illegible] and striking episodes in military history. His "good fame" [illegible] ities will [illegible]

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plicity, his quaint humor and fluent, racy speech, even his bluntness and want of tact, add a certain original charm to his character and personality, upon which the camp and the mess-room will long fondly dwell, while for his signal service to his country, history will always honor his name.

General SHERMAN is the one great and successful General in this country who has played no political part. The leader of the Revolution was most justly and fitly the first President, in no sense, however, as a politician, but as a patriot. General JACKSON, the hero of the second war with England, General TAYLOR, the chief figure of the Mexican war, and General GRANT, the General of the civil war, were all called to the Presidency, while SCOTT was called, but not chosen. SHERMAN in military genius is certainly the peer of any of them. But thus far he has declined the contests of politics. For his own peace and renown he should still decline. His temperament is not that of a politician, and he would be ill at ease in the fierce personal controversies from which he could not stay his voice and his pen. Meanwhile he enters upon his retirement with unabated vigor, and with the grateful affection of his country, which turns with confidence and admiration to his successor.

THE BROOKLYN VICTORY.

THE re-election of Mayor LOW in Brooklyn is a subject of national congratulation, not for any party reason, but as an illustration of the ability of individual citizens to rise above party. The best qualities of American citizenship were shown in his support, not only in the great skill with which the work of the canvass was conducted, but in the character and activity of his supporters, and in the principle involved. The opposition to him was desperate and untiring, and it was carefully and skillfully organized. It relied solely upon the party whip and spur.

But in the dead pull between a mere partisan and an honestly non-partisan municipal government the people of Brooklyn have beaten the most unscrupulous and clever politicians. Among these were machine Republicans who would gladly have seen Mayor LOW defeated, because his success would be the victory of honorable and decent political methods. As Brooklyn is a Democratic city by a considerable majority, and as such Republicans undoubtedly voted against the Mayor, his majority is clearly due to Democrats who are independent enough to vote according to their convictions and not according to orders.

Mr. ALFRED C. CHAPIN, the late Speaker of the Assembly, and the successful Democratic candidate for Comptroller, was not one of these Democrats. He lives in Brooklyn. He was first elected to the Assembly in a strong Republican district by independent Republican votes. But as Speaker of the Democratic Assembly his course was strongly partisan. As President of the Democratic Convention at Buffalo, he claimed for his party the laurels of civil service reform. It would be interesting to know why Mr. CHAPIN, as a State candidate, returned no answer to the inquiries of the Reform Association, and why during the late contest his voice and influence were thrown in favor of a movement for a mere partisan control of the city government, confessedly for a partisan purpose, against one of the most honorable and successful practical endeavors ever made to carry on municipal administration upon business and non-partisan principles. It is against Mr. CHAPIN'S efforts that reform has triumphed in Brooklyn, and both his silence and his speech in this campaign will be remembered. But however individuals falter and fail, the proof which the re-election of Mr. LOW affords of the sound political health of an immense city is most gratifying to every man who believes in popular intelligence, and it is of the utmost encouragement to those who hold that honest and clean politics are not always unsuccessful politics.

THE MASSACHUSETTS VICTORY.

THE result in Massachusetts is of the same general kind as that in Brooklyn. They are both triumphs of honesty, intelligence, and ability over mere partisan demagoguery. In both canvasses there was the same appeal to class hatred, the same endeavor to excite prejudice, in the one case against Mr. ROBINSON, who is a poor man, and the son of a poor farmer, as a "silk-stocking candidate," and in the other against Mr. LOW as a millionaire.

If it be a crime to be rich, General BUTLER and Mr. TILDEN and hosts of their supporters are guilty, and industrious and intelligent Americans everywhere are trying to be guilty. The appeal was worthy of its Democratic origin, and Mayor LOW'S treatment of it was one of the best incidents of the canvass. "I am accused of being a rich man. Well, fellow-citizens, a man's a man for a' that."

In both cases the victory was that of the sturdy, industrious, intelligent, moral, and self-respecting people, who are the strength and the hope of the American republic. Butlerism was the lowest form of demagoguery, and its support by the Democratic party in Massachusetts is a revelation of the spirit and character of that party which will be carefully remembered next year.

AMERICA IN GREECE.

AT a recent meeting of the Archæological Institute at Boston the latest accounts from the American classical school at Athens and from the explorations at Assos were announced. The school was established by the co-operation of fourteen colleges, including Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, the universities of Michigan, of Virginia, and of California, and each of the fourteen colleges is to provide for one year a director of the school, which will train classical students upon the spot, in the air, surrounded by the relics and the language of Greece.

Professor GOODWIN, of Harvard, was the first director, and his report speaks most favorably, not only of the design, but of the results of the school. He is of opinion, however, after his experience, that a permanent director is indispensable, because of the desirability of local knowledge, which can not be adequately acquired in a year.

The news from Assos, of which Professor NORTON gave so interesting an account in New York last winter, shows both how valuable the work at that point is, and at what disadvantage it is prosecuted, owing to Turkish dominion, a hot and trying climate, a wretched population, and imperfect communications. There are, however, the results of two years of excellent work to be prepared, and the report of it, with the publications already issued by the Institute, are among the best monuments of American scholarship.

CONVICT LABOR.

THE large vote in the State of New York at the late election for the abolition of the contract system of convict labor is a mere expression of opinion, and effects no change. It will, however, influence legislation, and the question assumes an immediate practical importance which gives peculiar significance to Mr. SANBORN'S admirable article elsewhere in this paper. No man in the country is more competent to discuss the subject, and his paper is exceedingly instructive and suggestive. He favors, upon the whole, Mr. BROCKWAY'S view, and the policy which Mr. BROCKWAY and Mr. SANBORN both approve has the strongest claim upon public favor.

THE PEDESTAL LOAN EXHIBITION.

IT is a pity, and it is a little shameful, that the subscription for the BARTHOLDI pedestal fund still lingers. But it is not so shameful as the long delay in raising the funds for the Bunker Hill Monument fifty years ago. WEBSTER delivered the address at the laying of its corner-stone in 1825, and he celebrated its completion, but not until 1843.

The committee upon the pedestal are indefatigable. They have touched every chord which ought to respond. Their diligence and activity are the illustration of what should be the general disposition. If zeal and intelligence will build a pedestal, the BARTHOLDI pedestal will be built. The present device is a great art loan exhibition. The committee has laid all the best collections in New York and in other cities under contribution, and loans are upon the way from England. Moreover, the great New York galleries will be probably thrown open to the public for a fee during the month of December.

The character of the ladies and gentlemen in charge of the details of the exhibition, and the resources at their command, are such that there is promise of a collection such as has not been seen since the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair. It will be an exposition of much of the best art treasure in the country, not, of course, in paintings alone, but in every form of decorative art, old china, old lace, coins, medals, arms and armor, embroidery, carving, costume, and all things beautiful and rare. The exhibition will be held at the National Academy of Design, and any one who is willing to contribute should address Mr. MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.

DORÉ'S STATUE OF DUMAS.

A BRONZE statue of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, by GUSTAVE DORÉ, has just been erected in Paris. As EDMOND ABOUT said at the unveiling, it is the first statue obtained in France by a simple novelist. In the evening, says the report, at some of the theatres his dramas were played; but "to-morrow DORÉ'S statue alone will recall the memory of the great entertainer."

The statue represents DUMAS sitting wrapped in a loose robe, the right hand holding a pen and hanging over one arm of the chair, the left hand holding a manuscript volume; the face is turned to the right with a pensive smile, as if half amused with the fancies that he is about to record. Upon the pedestal is a bass-relief of a young woman and an artisan listening to the reading of one of DUMAS'S romances, and upon the other side is a figure of D'Artagnan.

D'Artagnan was a favorite character of THACKERAY'S. He classed him with Leatherstocking and other prize heroes of fiction. THACKERAY had the true love of the novel, a delight in story-telling. Yet he owns that he could not himself tell a story without preaching little sermons by the way. Nevertheless he greatly admired those who could, and his admiration of DUMAS was generous and sincere. EDMOND ABOUT'S little speech at the statue was a sparkling panegyric of the novelist, the prodigal who left a princely heritage, the egotist who gave his life to kindred and country, the fond parent who survives in an immortal son. It was a gay and glittering tribute, not to the most profound, or significant, or elevating, but to the most fascinating and entertaining of French story-tellers.

PERSONAL.

THE young artists of this country may work under unusual stimulus this winter. In addition to the prize of $3000 offered by the Messrs. HARPER, prizes of $300, $200, and $100 have been instituted by Mr. JULIUS HALLGARTEN, and a further prize of $300 is the gift of Mr. THOMAS B. CLARKE. The National Academy of Design will arrange for the distribution of Messrs. HALLGARTEN and CLARKE'S prizes, and Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, corresponding secretary of the institution, will give information on application.

—The Japanese are not altogether destitute of a sense of personal dignity, as was illustrated recently in a school in New Haven. A small Jap, aged fourteen, feeling that he had been insulted by one of his comrades, surprised his teacher by gravely asking permission to kill the offending lad. It is to his credit, however, that he seemed entirely satisfied when told that such was not the custom of the country.

—Among the copies of old masters now in the loan collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are several works by Mr. WILLIAM PAGE—among them one of RAPHAEL'S Madonnas (in which the American artist has taken the liberty to change the color of the child's shirt from a positive yellow to white) and several examples of TITIAN. It was while painting these latter pictures that Mr. PAGE established his scientific method of treating chiar-oscuro and color. A correspondent of this journal writes: "I have a diary, written by Mr. PAGE, mostly at dictation, while he was copying the 'Venus' of TITIAN, containing an analysis of his own methods, even in the matter of the ultimate glazings. I wish that two or three of Mr. PAGE'S own 'Venuses' could be placed beside these copies; but they would all need the richest surroundings and the most elevated appreciation. I wait with curious anxiety for the effect of this startling advance in the exhibition of the nude. Mr. PAGE has never been able to exhibit his 'Venus' as freely as its art would demand, though he modelled it strictly from the antique, and designed by it to express a purely ideal character. If our people are ready to appreciate this high art, it is a great advance."

—Mr. THOMAS NAST has been very seriously ill with pneumonia at his residence in Morristown, New Jersey. His friends throughout the country will be glad to learn that he is recovering.

—The portraits of Messrs. NILES and LIVSEY, the successful Republican candidates in Pennsylvania, appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 21; that of the Hon. JOSEPH B. CARR, re-elected Secretary of State in New York, in the issue for September 29, and those of the successful Democratic candidates in the issue for October 9. The portrait of the Hon. GEORGE D. ROBINSON appeared in this paper for September 29.

—The Empress of Germany has honored herself by sending to Mrs. ANNA OTTENDORFER, of this city, a beautiful silver decoration in recognition of her noble and great charities. The gift is inscribed with the words, "For Merit," and shows the monogram of her Imperial Highness, surmounted by a crown. The following letter accompanied it: "To Mrs. ANNA OTTENDORFER, New York:—I have learned with special gratification of your humanitarian works, especially in favor of our countrymen and women in America, and desire to show to you that works of charity done abroad are also gratefully remembered in our native country by sending you herewith a token of merit. — AUGUSTA.—Homburg-vor-der-Höhe, September 18, 1883."

—A marriage notice in the Baltimore *American* of May 23, 1839, reads as follows: "Married at Guilford, on the 24th ult., Mr. JAMES DENNIS, a Revolutionary pensioner, to EMMA DENNIS, after a cruel and distressing divorcement of more than two years."

—Captain COPEMAN left Dover on the 26th of October for Calais, at eight o'clock A.M., on a raft that was provided with a lug-sail and four oars. A light wind from the northwest soon became a strong breeze, and at two o'clock the captain had sailed across the Channel, and was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd on the Calais docks.

—Mr. EDWARD CLARKE, Member of Parliament, advises college students to study short-hand writing, and to try, "at least for a time in their lives, the experiment of totally abstaining from alcoholic stimulants." The president of a college in Wales informs his students that it is a bad error to suppose that the study required of them is for the sake of the examinations; "on the contrary, examinations are for the sake of the study;" and that "athletic exercise of the body is necessary to render the mind healthy."

—From the London *Times:* "Those who know Mr. MAPLESON will readily believe that so experienced an impresario would not enter the arena unless he were to some extent secured from pecuniary loss. Mr. ABBEY, on the other hand, is believed to be supported by the enormous financial prestige of the name of VANDERBILT. That American CRŒSUS might say with Heartwell, in COXGREVE'S *Old Bachelor:* 'Why, 'twas I sung and danced; I gave music to the voice, and life to the measures. Look you here, Sylvia' (pulling out a purse and chinking it), 'there are songs and dances, poetry and music. Hark! how sweetly one guinea rhymes to another, and how they dance to the music of their own chink!' Upon the question whether he or the rival financiers at the other theatre will the sooner grow tired of producing this agreeable but very expensive 'chink,' the final victory of the Metropolitan Opera-house or the Academy of Music will largely depend."

—Field-Marshal VON MOLTKE, now eighty-four years old, is in the habit of rising early. He works till the hour of his simple dinner, having always his snuff-box near him, as was the custom of FREDERICK the Great. He smokes some too, but usually only in the forenoon. His afternoons are given to paying or receiving visits, and his evenings to whist, a favorite pastime which the old soldier did not intermit even in the smoke of the Franco-German war. Next to the Emperor, the Field-Marshal is the most popular man in Germany.

—The survivors of the memorable charge at Balaklava have been eating an anniversary dinner, and it is believed that some of them were less spry after the dinner than after the charge.

—Many missions are now established on the banks of the Congo, and the slave-trade has become too hazardous to be carried on. STANLEY'S discoveries have shown that the river, with its many tributaries, is of more interest to European settlers than to slave-dealers. Several European governments are now deeply interested in the region, and a simple squabble among traders might result in a European war.

—About ten thousand inhabitants of Newfoundland are cod-fishermen, and the average annual value of the results of their labors is $1,250,000, or $125 per man. It is estimated that, so far as nutritive qualities go, dried cod-fish is to beef as nine to ten. The quantity of dried cod-fish produced during a season is about eighty thousand tons.

—Soothsaying still exists in India, and is complained of as "an unmitigated public nuisance" to the Europeans. Once a week, in a thick, dark, shady grove, at midnight, a soothsayer professes to cast out devils. His howlings and drummings disturb the neighboring sleepers, especially the children, and gather an assemblage of dangerous law-breakers. His favorite process of cure seems to be the administration of a sound beating, particularly in the case of young girls.

—The breakfast given by Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, the Hebrew philanthropist, in honor of his having entered upon his one-hundredth year, was a brilliant affair. Though not present himself at the table, the distinguished host sent down word from his bedroom that he shared in the feast to the extent of drinking of the wine that had been sanctified for the occasion, and partaking of the bread and salt which, according to Oriental custom, had been passed from guest to guest.

—The total number of Jesuits is now about eleven thousand, and more than half of them are legally excluded from their natural homes. The present General of the Jesuits is eighty-nine years old, and being unable to discharge his duties with satisfaction, has been provided with an assistant, whose title is, "Vicar of the General," and whose age is sixty-four. The Vicar visited America in 1848. He is a learned theologian.

—In a recently published letter from WASHINGTON IRVING to CHARLES DICKENS, the American author asks: "What are my slight and erratic sketches to your ample and complete pictures, which lay all the recesses of human life before us? And then the practical utility, the operative benevolence, which pervade all your portraitures of the lowest life, and give a value and dignity to your honest humor; that exquisite tact which enables you to carry your readers through the veriest dens of vice and villainy without a breath to shock the ear or a stain to sully the robe of the most shrinking delicacy. It is a rare gift to be able to paint low life, and to be comic without the least taint of vulgarity. I have been dwelling on your comic picturings, but I have found yourself equally the master in the dark and terrible of real life; not the robbers and villains of high-strained romance, and feudal times, and castellated scenes, but the dangerous and desperate villainy that lurks in the midst of the busy world, and besets the every-day haunts of society, and starts up in the path of the plodding citizen, and among the brick walls of the metropolis."

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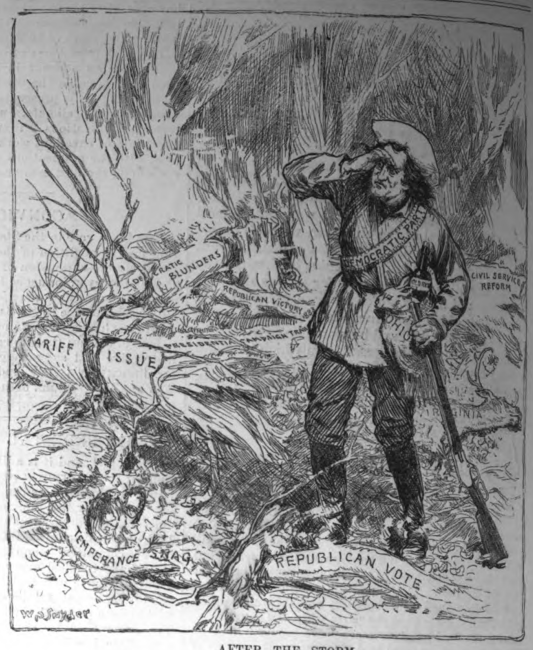
MASSACHUSETTS.

"ONE MINUTE, MR. ROBINSON, WHILE I SWEEP OUT THIS RUBBISH."



AFTER THE STORM.

WILL HE EVER BE able TO FIND THE TRAIL AGAIN?

THE LATE GOVERNOR RANDOLPH.

NEW JERSEY loses an incorruptible statesman in the death of ex-Governor THEODORE F. RANDOLPH, who suddenly succumbed to heart-disease at his home in MORRISTOWN, on the 7th of November, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. A descendant of the RANDOLPHS of Roanoke, and the son of a member of Congress, the traditions of his house were closely allied to the service of the State; and after reading proof in a newspaper office, and acquiring a fortune by dealing in coal and iron, he became successively a member of Assembly, a State Senator, Governor of New Jersey, and Senator of the United States. While President of the Morris and Essex Railroad Company he caused its stock to double in value. While Governor he secured the abolition of the odious taxes levied upon every passenger who travelled through New Jersey, made the State-prison self-supporting, and by his firmness and promptness prevented a threatened riot against the Orangemen.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

THE new Governor-General of Canada has an illustrious lineage. HENRY CHARLES KEITH PETTY FITZMAURICE, Marquis of Lansdowne, traces his origin through the Earls of Kerry to WALTER FITZ-OTHO, Castellan of Windsor in the eleventh century. His grandfather, an eloquent public speaker and enlightened statesman, was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord President of the Council. His father was a Lord of the Treasury and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. One of his ancestors, the first Earl of Kerry, became celebrated for undertaking a survey of Ireland, and in 1666, two years after beginning operations, had completed the measurement of 2,008,000 acres of forfeited land. The present Marquis is no stranger to public life. Having survived the rumor that the dynamiteurs were to pay him attention, he was brilliantly inaugurated in Quebec on the 23d of October. The walls of the Government Building were gayly hung with bunting, and the canopied throne draped with crimson cloth, and decorated with the crests of LORNE and LANSDOWNE. On his way to the ceremonies the Marquis, in Governor-General's uniform, with Lady LANSDOWNE by his side, acknowledged the frequent appearance of the crowd that lined the streets. The Royal Commission appointing him to the office was read, and the oath of allegiance administered in the presence of a multitude of distinguished spectators. To the Mayor of Quebec, who had presented an address of welcome, Lord LANSDOWNE expressed thanks, trusting that his cordial reception might prove a happy augury of the relations that would exist between himself and the citizens of Quebec. "I accept the address," he continued, "in the name of the illustrious sovereign whose commission I have the honor to hold, and toward whom the people of the Dominion entertain feelings of loyalty and devotion not less profound than those of her subjects on the other side of the ocean." The citizens of the United States will wish Lord LANSDOWNE a peaceful and prosperous administration.

THE LABOR OF SENTENCED PRISONERS.—[SEE ARTICLE, PAGE 727.]

PRISON OFFICIAL. "Have as many systems as you like, gentlemen, but, for his own salvation, let him work."

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LORD LANSDOWNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 724.]

LEON ABBETT, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.
[SEE PAGE 731.]

ROBERT M. McLANE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MARYLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BENDAM.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MADLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HARRY HAS A LITTLE SURPRISE.

AFTER I had helped Lady Constance into her brougham, I walked slowly back to Sloane Street in the gray light of the summer morning. The sun had already risen by the time that I reached my rooms, and I was so hopelessly broad awake that it was ridiculous to think of going to bed. I dropped into an arm-chair, lighted a cigar, and reflected over all that had passed during the night. I was not altogether satisfied. There was a certain vulgarity about the service which I was required to perform. Like Naaman the Syrian, I should have been better pleased if I had been asked to do some great thing; and an idea of the extreme juvenility of my temperament at that epoch may be gathered from the fact that I spent a good hour in idle imaginings and introspections before I realized that the raising of £2000 would not, after all, be a task of the easiest kind. In fact, upon further consideration, I didn't in the least see how the thing was to be done. Unfortunately, the small capital which I had inherited was left, under my father's will, in the hands of trustees until I should have reached the age of five-and-twenty, and was consequently not available; to ask my uncle to advance me the sum was out of the question; and of the ways and requirements of money-lenders I knew next to nothing. It seemed tolerably clear, however, that I should have to seek out some accommodating Hebrew now. The questions were, Where was I to go? and What security was it in my power to offer?

In this strait I bethought me of Harry, whose experience would in all probability prove equal to the emergency, and I determined to consult him forthwith. He had given me his address—Clarence Cottage, Richmond Hill—as I often had occasion to send him a note, and it now occurred to me that I could not spend a fine morning better than by riding down to see him. It was true that he had expressed a strong objection to my doing this; but I thought, nevertheless, that I would chance his displeasure and go. I did not want to lose time, and probably he would be good-natured enough to pardon my intrusion in consideration of the pressing nature of my errand.

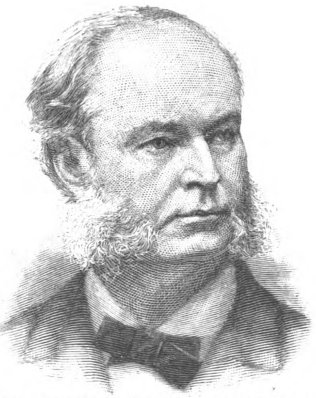
After taking a bath and changing my clothes I walked round to the stables, where I saddled my horse, to the astonishment of the sleepy helper, who was the only man about, and rode slowly away westward, enjoying

> "The world of pleasant sounds and sights
> That vanish with the dew."

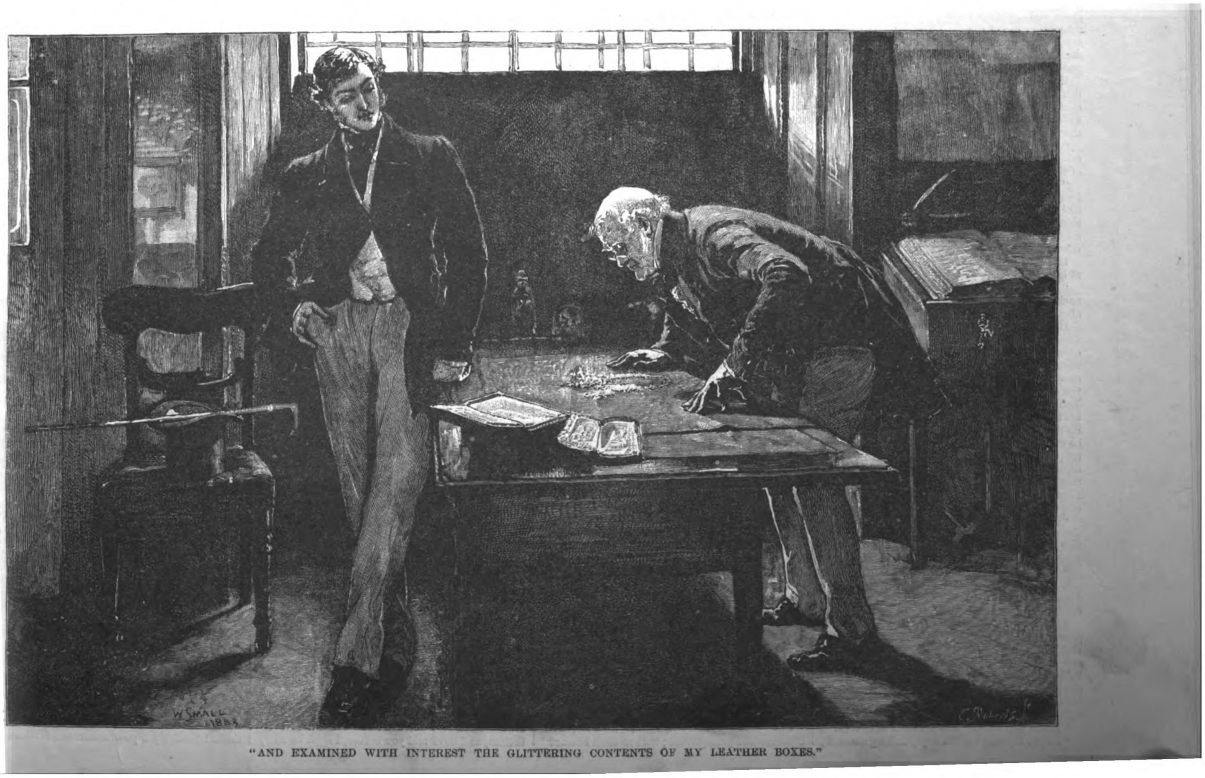
I jogged along easily through Hammersmith and Barnes to Wimbledon, and by indulging my horse with a gallop over the common, and taking a circuitous route across Richmond Park, managed to put off *the time until nine o'clock*; by which hour Harry would, I presumed, be ready to receive an early visitor. From what he had told me I imagined that Clarence Cottage was situated in a back slum, and was therefore pleasantly surprised when the policeman to whom I applied for information pointed out *to me a pretty little* rustic dwelling, overgrown with creepers, and standing in a small garden. Having reconnoitred the position, I rode away to stable my horse, and presently returned on foot.

"Chapman?" said the maid-servant who opened the door for

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1281.



THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR RANDOLPH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON.—[SEE PAGE 724.]



"AND EXAMINED WITH INTEREST THE GLITTERING CONTENTS OF MY LEATHER BOXES."

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me. "You've come to the wrong house, sir; this is Mr. Le Marchant's."

"Le Marchant, to be sure!" cried I, with much presence of mind. "I shall forget my own name next! Mr. Le Marchant is at home, I suppose?"

"Who should I say, sir?" asked the young woman, who may perhaps have had some acquaintance with the importunities of duns.

"Oh, it's all right," I answered, impatiently; for I could hear the cheerful clatter of plates in a room on the right of the entrance, where Harry was evidently breakfasting. I pushed past her, knocked at the door, and, without waiting for permission, popped my head in, saying, jocosely, "I've run you to earth, you see. I hope I haven't been indiscreet—"

The remainder of my sentence died away upon my lips, and I stood gaping foolishly in the doorway; for the enormity of my indiscretion was now startlingly apparent. Harry, in a shooting coat and slippers, was sitting at the head of the breakfast table; opposite to him, behind the urn and the tea-cups, was a lady of commanding presence—tall, rather stout, rather handsome, with a pair of bold black eyes; while immediately facing me was a little fair-haired boy, who broke the awful stillness by remarking, placidly, "Here's a go!"

For the first moment or two I think Harry was as much put out of countenance as I was myself; but he rallied quickly. "The murder's out," he said, with a smile. "Charley, let me introduce you to my wife. Paulina, Mr. Maxwell. Jimmy, this is your cousin Charles, already known to you by report. You had better go and say 'How do you do?' to him."

The lady behind the urn rose majestically, and made me a sort of stage courtesy, accompanied by an unnatural smile and one of those killing glances which are seldom seen except beyond the foot-lights. "This is, indeed, an unexpected honor!" she said.

"What a truly awful woman!" I thought to myself; but, on the other hand, I felt an immediate liking for the quaint little mortal who slid off his chair, trotted round the table, and held out his hand to me. It was evident that the humor of the scene was perceptible to Jimmy, and that he was enjoying it. His lips were tightly compressed, a dimple had formed itself on his cheek, and his blue eyes were dancing with subdued merriment.

"Why didn't you tell us you were coming?" he asked, with an air of great innocence.

Harry laughed, and I laughed too, which set us both a little more at our ease; but Mrs. Harry called out in a disagreeable, husky voice, "James, go back to your place, sir, and finish your breakfast. He's a spoilt boy, Mr. Maxwell, I am sorry to say. His father does so indulge him that he has no timidity, like a child ought to have. Now let me assist you to some ham and a cup of tea. Or would you like something stronger? I believe there's spirits in the house. Harry, why don't you offer your cousin a brandy-and-soda?"

I didn't dare to raise my eyes from my plate. What poor Harry's feelings must be I could well imagine, though his self-possession enabled him to make the best of a very uncomfortable situation. The others had already finished their breakfast; I swallowed mine with all possible dispatch, and as soon as I had done, Harry, to my great relief, said, "Perhaps you would like to take a turn round the garden with me now. We are going to talk business, Paulina, and I dare say Charley will not see you again before he goes."

Mrs. Le Marchant was kind enough to take this hint. "Delighted to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Maxwell," said she; and, with another sweeping courtesy, she retired, dragging the reluctant Jimmy after her.

"I don't think this quite fair play, Charley," said Harry, when we were left in sole possession of the dining-room.

"My dear fellow," I answered, "I assure you I wouldn't have come here for the world if I had had the slightest idea that I shouldn't find you alone; but how could I guess that you were a married man? I never even dreamed of such a thing!"

Harry looked at me keenly. "Well," he said at last; "I believe you."

"Hang it all!" I exclaimed, with some indignation; "you don't suppose I should tell a lie about it, do you?"

He laughed. "No," he answered; "I don't think you tell lies; but, mind you, there are precious few people in the world of whom I should venture to say that. I don't suspect you of meaning to steal a march upon me; but whether you meant it or not, that is what you have done. You are in the position of a man who has overheard something that he was not intended to hear. He can either take advantage of his discovery or he can dismiss it from his mind. A good many people—I myself, for example—would probably adopt the former course; others would consider that their duty as gentlemen obliged them to adopt the latter. I should think that you were one of the others."

"Well," I replied, "I suppose I am; but at the same time I can't see why you should wish to be so mysterious. I suppose that—lady *is* your wife?"

"Yes; that—lady is my wife," answered Harry, mimicking my momentary hesitation. "Which, I should think, will sufficiently explain my desire for mystery."

This was a little awkward. I shifted my ground, and asked, "Have you been long married?"

"Twelve years," answered Harry, with a sigh. "Jimmy's just turned eleven. Poor little beggar! I sometimes wish he had never been born. Now I suppose you would like to hear who my wife was, and all that?"

"If you don't mind telling me," I answered.

"I can't say that I much enjoy talking about it; but since you know now that I am married, you may as well know the rest. Paulina, as you can see for yourself, is not of aristocratic origin. In fact, she was a bar-maid. Her father, who, I am glad to say, is dead, kept a public-house at Newmarket, and it was there that I first made her acquaintance, ever so long ago—before my *fiasco* came. Afterward, when I was awfully down on my luck, and hadn't a soul in the world to exchange a word with, she used to be kind to me, and I was grateful; and so—so the natural stupid consequence followed. If by any stretch of fancy you can imagine yourself a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail, you may guess what your feelings would be toward the person who took the dreadful thing off for you. Paulina couldn't quite do that; but sometimes she made me forget my tin kettle. I declare," exclaimed Harry, bringing his hand down with a resounding slap upon the table, "that if she had been as old and ugly as Sycorax, instead of being, what she was at that time, a remarkably handsome young woman, I would have married her, and thanked her for taking me."

"And quite right too!" cried I, with generous enthusiasm. "I admire you for having done as you did."

"You are very flattering," answered Harry, dryly; "but I don't advise you to display flattery in its sincerest form. A man who marries beneath him pretty generally makes a grievous mistake; and though it is open to you to retort that I couldn't well marry beneath me in one sense, I could and did in another. As Paulina is my wife, it would perhaps be in better taste not to criticise her; but, strictly between ourselves, I may whisper to you that she has certain small defects."

I said I was sorry for that.

"So am I sorry," rejoined Harry. "So is Jimmy. Jimmy don't like having his ears boxed, and I myself have a weakness for a quiet life; whereas Paulina prefers a stormy one. However, what can't be cured must be endured. Do you begin to understand now why I have so little ambition to see my father kill the fatted calf? And do you also perceive why I am unable to go and fight the Russians?"

"Yes," I said, "I see that you couldn't have enlisted; but I believe you are wrong about my uncle. He has distinctly told me several times that if you married and had a son, he should reconsider the question of your right to inherit Thirlby."

Harry was evidently struck for a moment. He changed color, and seemed to breathe more quickly. "You never told me this before," he said.

"Didn't I? I thought I had. Anyhow, so it is; and I hope you'll lose no time in letting him know the truth. If all goes well, I shall meet you and your wife at Thirlby before the summer is over."

Harry burst into a laugh. "I beg your pardon," said he; "but really the idea of Paulina at Thirlby was too comical. For the hundredth time, my dear Charley, let me assure you that my troubles are past mending. You can't seriously suppose that my father would consent to sit down to dinner with Paulina, and I don't care to go where my wife would not be received."

"What nonsense! Of course she would be received," I said; but I couldn't help thinking that, though my uncle might consent to receive his son's wife, he would hardly be able to stand her company long. "It isn't a question of your taking up your permanent abode at Thirlby," I added, not very felicitously.

"Happily, it is not," observed Harry. "Nor is it even a question of our taking up our temporary abode there. Many thanks, Charley; but, all things considered, I prefer my crust of bread and liberty."

"That is all very well," said I; "but do you think you have any right to ruin your son?"

Harry's face softened. "Poor little chap!" he muttered. "You have no idea, Charley, what a clever child that is—as sharp as a needle, and the most independent young rascal you ever saw. He'd think nothing of walking off to the station all by himself and taking his ticket for London. Sometimes he swears he'll do it when his mother has one of her little fits of temper on."

"What are you going to do with him?" I asked. "You will have to send him to school one of these days, I suppose."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so; but he is young yet, and small for his age. I have taught him to read and write; but, barring those accomplishments, he is as ignorant as a savage."

At this *moment* the subject of our remarks strolled toward us across the garden, whither we had betaken ourselves, and Harry called out:

"Jimmy, my boy, do you know that your cousin has been telling me I shall have to send you to school before long? What do you think of that?"

Jimmy, after considering the question for a short space, replied, well, he shouldn't mind, if it was a school where there was no whipping.

"Gets enough of that at home, by George!" muttered Harry, under his breath.

I took upon myself to assure Jimmy that it was only naughty boys who were whipped at school, and expressed a hope that he was not a naughty boy, to which he replied that he was not. He then approached me more closely, did me the honor to examine my watch and chain, and, after making further personal investigations, inquired where I lived. This gave me an opening by which I felt that I ought to profit, and I answered that at present I had rooms in London; but that when I was at home I lived down in the country, at a place where there was any amount of fishing, sea and fresh-water bathing, trees admirably adapted for juvenile climbers, and a well-stocked kitchen-garden. "Wouldn't you like to come and see me there?" I asked.

Jimmy nodded. "All right," he said, with business-like promptitude; "when shall I come?"

"The very next time that Sunday falls in the middle of the week," interrupted his father, hastily. "Now, young 'un, be off, and tell the cook to give your cousin an eatable luncheon, if she can."

I explained that the cook need not be troubled on my account, as I must return to London directly. "I only came down to consult you about something," I said, "and I have overstaid my time as it is." And then, as Jimmy sauntered away, with his hands in his pockets, I added, "Now, Harry, surely you can't be so hard-hearted and so wrong-headed as to deprive that poor boy of his own."

He looked at me from beneath his eyelids with a curious expression. "You surprise me," he said—"you really do surprise me. I am bound to believe that you are sincere; but in all my experience I never met a man so confoundedly eager to ruin himself."

"In the first place," I answered, "I shall not ruin myself at all, because my uncle won't leave me unprovided for; and in the second place, I have a superstition that ill-gotten gains never bring luck. Do be sensible, and make up your mind to write home at once."

For a moment Harry seemed to waver. He remained silent, frowning intently at the ground, and buried in thought. But presently he shook his head, and threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, half-angrily, "No; it won't do; it's out of the question; it never could be worked. It sounds devilish ungrateful, I know, but I wish to Heaven you would let my affairs alone!"

He spoke with a good deal of agitation, and I flattered myself that I had moved him; though it might be more polite to say nothing further just then. "Anybow, you'll think it over," I urged.

"Yes," he answered, impatiently, "I'll think it over; only you must not worry me; and you will be kind enough to remember that you are really bound in honor to secrecy this time. Now, for goodness' sake, let us drop the subject. You said you wanted to consult me about something."

"Yes; I thought you might be able to give me a hint as to the best way of raising a little ready money. I have to find £2000 as quickly as possible, and I know no more how to set about it than a baby. I suppose there are people who would accommodate me, are there not?"

"Heaps of people," answered Harry; "the only thing is that they won't do it very cheaply. Solomons is about as good a man as any of them; that's to say, he isn't a greater thief than most. But if it is a question of paying tradesmen, I should strongly advise you to let it alone. They'll give you credit for a year or two, and, if they are at all decent people, they won't charge you interest, don't you see."

"It isn't a question of paying trades-people," I answered; "it's—it's—in point of fact, it's a rather pressing call that has been made upon me."

Harry raised his eyebrows, and stroked his mustache meditatively. Then a light seemed suddenly to break in upon him, and he smiled. "Allow me to congratulate you, Charley," said he. "I don't know what idea you may have formed of Lady Constance Milner: many people would tell you that she isn't the woman to stick at a trifle. But I have known her, off and on, for a good many years, and I have no hesitation in saying that she would not have allowed you the privilege of helping her out of a hole unless she had made up her mind to allow you other privileges eventually."

I was not by any means equally sure of this, and I was vexed with myself for having so stupidly let out what I ought to have been most careful to conceal. "I said nothing about Lady Constance Milner," I remarked, coldly, knowing, nevertheless, that this disclaimer was not likely to carry much conviction with it.

"To be sure you didn't," Harry agreed, with a slight smile. "What you want this money for is to make a remunerative investment in the savings-bank; that is understood. Still, if you had required it for Lady Constance, I think I should have had good reason to congratulate you. As it is, permit me to withdraw my congratulations and to come to the point. Well, Solomons will let you have the two thousand, I have no doubt: only you will have to pay something like two thousand five hundred for it, you know, and the question is, will you be in a position to do that some six months hence?"

I was obliged to confess that I saw no reason at all for supposing that I should.

"H'm—you can't sell out any principal?"

"Not yet awhile, unfortunately."

"And you wouldn't like to apply to my father, I suppose?"

"Not upon any consideration whatever!"

"Ah! And yet it looks very much as if you would have to apply to him in the long-run. See here, Charley—you need not trust me unless you like; and if you only want me to give you the addresses of a few money-lenders, of course I can do that, and say no more about it. But if you would allow me to speak to you as one friend may to another, I would try to advise you to the best of my ability."

"Well," I said, after a moment's consideration, "I should be very much obliged to you if you would advise me. There isn't much use in my pretending that the money is not for Lady Constance."

"Then," said Harry, "I will put the case before you plainly as it appears to me. I think you have just two alternatives—the first is to tell Lady Constance point-blank that you can't find the money, and take your chance of what may follow. What *will* follow will almost certainly be that she will marry our friend Sotheran before the end of the season; and that might be the very best solution of the difficulty, so far as you are concerned—I don't say it wouldn't. Nevertheless, as I have told you before, I shall be sorry if it comes to that. Your second alternative is to tell my father that you have an urgent necessity for a couple of thousand pounds, at the same time requesting him either to deduct that sum from what he may propose to leave you at his death, or to let it stand over until you can dispose of your own fortune. He won't ask what you want it for."

"Neither alternative will do," I answered. "The first is not worth discussing, and I couldn't face the second. My uncle wouldn't ask for explanations, perhaps; but I should have to give them all the same."

"I am sorry," said Harry, "that my imagination is not equal to the discovery of a third course. You haven't a stud of hunters or a valuable picture or two to dispose of, unfortunately."

"I tell you what," I said, struck by a sudden thought: "I have some jewels at the banker's which used to belong to my mother, and which are worth a good lot of money, I believe. I might just as well sell them. The idea was that they were to go to my wife; but I am not bound in any way, and as it is in the last degree improbable that I shall ever marry, I shan't feel that I am defrauding that mythical lady by parting with them."

"Upon my word I don't think you could do better," said Harry, meditatively. "Does my father know of the existence of these jewels?"

"Of course he does, though."

"Yes; but he need never know that they are not lying safely at the bank. What a fool I was not to think of this before!"

I could not help regretting a little now that I had unnecessarily taken Harry into my confidence; and he did not lessen this regret by remarking, with a smile: "There is a certain appropriateness about the arrangement, too. Lady Constance will get her money instead of her diamonds; that's all. Moreover, when you tell her what you have done, she will feel a great deal more bound to you—that is, unless she is very unlike other women—than she would have felt if you had raised the money in a more expensive and troublesome way. So that you will score all round."

"Good gracious me!" I exclaimed, in some disgust: "you don't suppose that I am going to tell her anything about it, do you? Of course I don't want her to think herself under the smallest obligation to me."

"I am justly rebuked," said Harry; "but really you must not look for delicacy of feeling in me. The bloom was rubbed off the peach a great, great many years ago, and I confess that I can't even understand now why a man should desire to take his profit out of circumstances. However, I dare say you are right, and I am glad you will not need to trouble Solomons."

Soon afterward I got up to go, and Harry accompanied me through the cottage, where we encountered Mrs. Le Marchant, looking somewhat flushed and perturbed. From the anxious manner in which she scrutinized us I fancied that she was in doubt whether to regard me as a friend or an enemy; so, to make her mind easy, I said: "I hope you will allow me to call upon you some day, now that we have become acquainted. I should like to see more of my friend Jimmy, too."

"Well, I'm sure you're very kind," she answered, glancing dubiously at her husband, who said:

"Oh, come if you choose, Charley, and if the Foreign Office can spare you. I trust you implicitly not to reveal the existence of Paulina and Jimmy; and as for myself, you know it is always a treat to me to have a visit from you."

"Indeed, sir, I think it would do him good if you was to come sometimes," said Mrs Le Marchant, suddenly dropping her fine-lady manner, and speaking quite naturally and humbly. "He don't see many friends."

"Then you may expect me very soon," answered I, shaking hands with them both. I turned to look at them as I unfastened the garden gate, and my heart was filled with compassion for them. Poor, flushed Paulina, with her hand resting upon her husband's shoulder; Harry, pale and listless, leaning in the doorway—there was a whole drama in that little vignette of a coarse, loving, passionate woman, and a weary man who has outlived love and passion, who only asks for peace, and is disgusted by outbreaks which he unconsciously arouses; a drama which has been enacted by thousands of couples in all ranks of life since the world began, and which will continue to be enacted, one may suppose, till the end of the chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. SOTHERAN FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY.

THE next day I went down to Yarmouth and got my jewels from the bank, where they had lain hid for so many years. By good luck, I fell in with no acquaintances in the course of my hurried visit to the town; but I must have had a narrow escape of making the return journey to London in company that would have been a little embarrassing; for, on reaching Sloane Street, I found a note from George Warren telling me that he had only that afternoon left home to join the ship which was to take him to Sydney.

"I need not say how sorry I am not to shake hands with you before I start," George wrote. "I thought I should be able to manage it; but there was a hurry at the last moment; and so here I am on board ship and expecting to be down the river by early morning. Of course when I saw you the other day, I had no idea of sailing so soon. The opportunity came, however, and it was best in every way to profit by it. I think you will be glad to hear that Miss Dane and I parted friends, and that she has promised to write to me sometimes. She was very kind"....(here a few lines were carefully erased) "I suppose you and most other people would thiuk friendship a poor substitute for love; but

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THE CITY AND HARBOR OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 730.]

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THE "ROYAL IRISH" AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

There's ne'er a lad in all our band
But loves the shamrock green,
Thinks with dimmed eyes of Erin's skies,
And seas that roll between.
Yet on we march through shifting sands,
'Neath stars with ghostly sheen:
Each man goes by content to die
For country and for Queen.

Full well we know there's grief at home
That blights our shamrock fair,
But here we see pure loyalty,
Ready to do and dare.
So on we march 'neath heaven's wide dome,
Dark, quiet, and serene,
To conquer brave or find a grave,
For country and for Queen.

Soft, soft we step, and make no noise,
In silence one and all.
The Egyptian day dawns red and gray—
Who'll see the evening fall?
But be it life or death, my boys,
Let's keep our shamrock green!
Whate'er betide, we lived, we died,
For country and for Queen.

A TURK'S CAP.

AN EXCEEDINGLY BRIEF PARLOR PLAY, PERFORMED ONE NIGHT ONLY.

PERSONAGES MOST CONCERNED THEREIN.

Hope Proctor: a country girl; nineteen; poor in the worldly sense of the word, but rich in goodness, intelligence, and beauty.

Ernest Gaynor: a New York city youth, in love with Hope, spending his vacation in Wildrose; twenty-three; and also poor in the worldly, etc., etc., but rich in goodness, etc., etc.

Madeline Clinton: from San Francisco; twenty-five; very rich in the worldly, etc., etc., but not at all poor in goodness, etc., etc.

Norah Nixon: a native of Milwaukee, at present residing in New York; twenty-eight; in love with Ernest, and tolerably well off in the worldly, etc., etc., but rather poor in goodness, etc., etc.

Nancy Warner: a humble relation of Norah's; of uncertain age and no importance whatever.

I.

Scene: *A large and brilliantly lighted parlor in Grandmother Proctor's very old-fashioned country house. Flowers and vines everywhere. Somebody playing a waltz on the piano, accompanied by somebody on the harp. Breeze laden with the sweets of roses, lilies, and honeysuckles floating in at the open windows. Feminine figures in pink, and masculine figures in blue, all closely masked, dancing or strolling about, with the exception of two pinks, Norah Nixon and Nancy Warner, who are standing just outside of a door leading into the garden, looking on.*

Nancy. And how are you to know her in this crowd of girls all dressed alike?

Norah. Why, haven't I told you? I thought I had. Well, you see, this afternoon I was walking through the lane that divides the hotel from the Furman cottage, and hearing Jessie's voice—which, although I have heard it so seldom, I could recognize by its peculiar lisp anywhere—on the other side of the hedge (she is Hope Proctor's most intimate friend, you know), I stopped to—rest. "I sha'n't be able to get there until quite late," she was saying, "and unless you give me some clew to your identity, Hope, I'm afraid it will be impossible for me to find you out." "I shall wear my favorite Turk's cap," says my lady Hope; "but mind you don't breathe it to another soul, for I don't want to be recognized by any one but you." "All the same, you will be," said I to myself, "and in consequence you will hear some truths about Mr. Ernest Gaynor that may induce you to withdraw your encouraging smiles from that too-willing-to-be-encouraged young gentleman."

Nancy. But why are you so bitter about Ernest, Norah? You used to like him very much once.

Norah. Ah! there's the rub. I did like him very much, and he liked me, and would have liked me more, if this girl, whom he has known only a few weeks, hadn't bewitched him with her big gray eyes, her blushes, and her buttercup-and-daisy ways. But I think I can persuade her to turn those eyes away when he approaches by telling her what he really is, in spite of his *distingué* appearance, and recalling to her mind a promise, of which I happened to hear by the merest chance, that she made her dying mother. She can't afford to marry Ernest, and I can. And I'm going to win him back if possible. Ah! there's a Turk's cap. (*She darts from Nancy's side, follows a tall slender figure whose black satin mask is surmounted by a bright scarlet fez, and quickly overtakes it.*) A word with you, fair maiden.

Scarlet Fez. A hundred, if you like.

Norah. Thank you. A hundred be it, then. That will suit me better. You are trying to discover Ernest Gaynor; I can help you to a greater discovery in regard to that young man than any you have yet made, or are likely, unaided, to make. Do you know who and what he is?

Scarlet Fez. Yes; a handsome, clever, lovable fellow.

Norah. Granted. But none the less the son of a common workman and ex-waiting-maid, and a lower clerk, at a salary of twenty dollars a week, with no hope of promotion, in a merchant's counting-house.

Scarlet Fez. Well?

Norah. Consequently no match for you. You are poor yourself, and entirely dependent upon the caprices of a whimsical old grandmother, who will cut you off completely, as she did your mother, if you marry to displease her.

Scarlet Fez. But suppose we love each other?

Norah. Nonsense! You only met a month ago.

Scarlet Fez. A month! Why, that's a long time. I have heard of people falling in love at first sight.

Norah (*impatiently*). Miss Proctor, do you remember the promise you made your mother a short time before she died?—your mother, who had suffered so long and terribly from poverty. If *you* do not, *I* do. You promised her that never would you marry a man as poor as your father was. And Ernest Gaynor is just as poor. True, your father lacked the energy and strength that the younger man possesses, but it will be years before that energy and strength will avail him anything, and if he were hampered by a family the chances are that they would never avail him anything, but would soon be worn out in a struggle for daily bread. Take the advice of one who is older and much more experienced than you, and who, although a stranger to you, has your interest at heart. Let Ernest Gaynor go, and accept your other suitor, who, with a few more years, has many more dollars. Let him go, Miss Proctor, for truly he can earn barely enough to support in the plainest style himself and his widowed mother, the ex-waiting-maid. (*She turns away, and, gliding through the crowd, rejoins Nancy, while the scarlet fez is seized by a blue domino and whirled off in a mad galop.*)

Nancy. Have you told her?

Norah. Yes, very plainly.

Nancy. What did she say?

Norah. Very little, and that in so low a voice that I could scarcely catch her words. But I think by her manner she was much impressed, and that our friend Ernest will receive his congé to-night. And now I must be ready to try to catch a heart on the rebound.

II.

Scene: *Supper-room. Table spread with various refreshments. Pink dominoes seated. Blue standing behind them. At a given signal all unmask, and the scarlet fez is seen to be resting lightly on the smoothly braided dark brown tresses of Miss Madeline Clinton. Bewildered and surprised, Norah hastily glances around the table. At the opposite corner sits Hope Proctor, a glorious red lily with recurved leaves glowing among her graceful, almost black curls. She looks up with the brightest of smiles into the face of Ernest Gaynor as he bends to whisper something to her.*

Young Man (*attendant on his youthful-looking mother, who sits next to Norah Nixon*). That lovely girl with the Turk's-cap lily in her hair is Hope Proctor, mother; and that handsome chap with her is Ernest Gaynor, her lover, and one of my chums. He met with a great piece of luck to-night, only a little while ago. Miss Clinton, the lady in the scarlet fez, found him out in spite of his masquerading toggery, and to his immense surprise and immenser joy offered him a position on one of her estates that will give him at least five thousand a year. And I suppose the next thing will be invitations to a wedding. Ah! Miss Nixon (*suddenly recognizing her*), good-evening. May I have the pleasure of getting you an ice?

Margaret Eytinge.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

By B. H. Richardson.

Savannah, the chief sea-port city of Georgia, the thirteenth American colony, which was founded in a spirit of true benevolence, has a history that is replete with thrilling incidents and grand events, its glorious past possessing scarcely more interest than its prosperous present and encouraging future. The illustration which is presented in this issue gives an accurate and comprehensive view of the city, sketched, by Harper's special artist, from the top of the electric tower on River Street, near the Rice Mill, looking in a southerly and southeasterly direction. Within the limits of a sketch of this character it is only possible to glance briefly at its past, that proper consideration be given to its present and future.

In January, 1733, Edward Oglethorpe, with a party of one hundred and twenty-five emigrants, arrived in the galley *Ann* at Charleston, being vested by a royal charter granted by George II., with the possession of certain territory between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers. The party proceeded down the coast to Beauport, where they were left temporarily by Oglethorpe, who, with a few companions, among whom was Colonel William Bull, of South Carolina, ascended the boundary river of Georgia, and selected as the site of his settlement the high bluff on which now stands the city of Savannah. Here, on the 1st day of February (old style, 12th of February new style), were laid the foundations of the oldest English town south of the Savannah River. The plan of the town was, after due consideration, decided upon, and is maintained to the present day, rendering Savannah one of the loveliest of Southern cities. Broad streets were laid out, and a public square was reserved in each quarter.

The following July, on the 7th day, the settlers assembled on the strand (Bay Street) for the purpose of designating the lots. In devotional service they united in thanksgivings to God "that their lines had fallen to them in a pleasant place," and that they were about to have a goodly heritage. The wards and tithings were then named, each ward consisting of four tithings, and each tithing of ten houses. A half-mile distant was located a small village occupied by the Yamacraws, an Indian tribe, of which Tomichichi was chief, and which portion of the city retains the name of that tribe to the present day. The settlers were kindly received and treated by the Indians, and a treaty was entered into between Tomichichi and Oglethorpe, which was strictly adhered to. Having established his settlement, Oglethorpe returned to England, accompanied by Tomichichi, but in February, 1736, revisited these shores, bringing with him a new colony of three hundred, that cast their fortunes in this little town. Among them were Reverends John and Charles Wesley, the former the reputed father of Methodism in this country, and who on the 7th of March of that year preached for the first time on American soil in a modest frame building on the site of the present splendid Episcopal edifice known as Christ Church.

The charter under which the colony was established having expired by limitation on the 19th of December, 1751, the trustees decided not to petition for a renewal, and on the 23d of June, 1752, surrendered their trusts, which were accepted by the crown. On the 29th of October, 1754, John Reynolds, the first royal Governor of Georgia, arrived at Savannah, and assumed the reins of authority, but being of a tyrannical nature, his administration proved unpopular, and in consequence of the disaffections of the colonists, in obedience to the summons of the King he resigned the government into the hands of Lieutenant-Governor Henry Ellis on the 16th of February, 1757, and returned to England.

The change proved beneficial, as under the wise government of Ellis the colony prospered for a brief while, but his declining health compelled him to resign in 1759, and the following year he was succeeded by James Wright, the last of the royal Governors, who was forced to flee the country in 1775 to escape the wrath of the indignant people whom he had bitterly opposed in their resistance to the Stamp Act. On the 17th of April, 1763, the *Georgia Gazette*, the eighth newspaper in the colonies, was established, and the succeeding year Robert Bolton was appointed the first postmaster.

On the 5th of June, 1775, the first liberty-pole in Georgia was erected in front of a public-house on Bay Street (the site now occupied by Jones's range), kept by Peter Gondee; and on the 3d of March, 1776, the first attack of the British on Savannah was made, and resulted in the defeat of the regulars under Majors Maitland and Grant. In the second attack by the British, on the 29th of December, 1778, the British arms were victorious, and the gallant little town of Savannah capitulated. The French and American allies, under Count D'Estaing and General Lincoln, in October, 1779, made a desperate effort to recapture the town, but were unsuccessful. In this attack Count Pulaski was killed at a point about one hundred yards from the present depot of the Central Railroad.

The British army remained in possession of Savannah until the 11th of July, 1783, when it was formally surrendered to the American forces commanded by Colonel James Jackson, who entered the city the same day.

Civil authority soon assumed its sway, and in January, 1784, the first session of the Legislature was held in a brick house on South Broad Street, near Drayton, which is still standing, and is the oldest brick building in the city.

Savannah was incorporated as a city in December, 1789, and the first Mayor, John Houston, was elected in 1790. In May of the same year General Washington visited Savannah, and was received with great rejoicings. The house in which he lodged is on the northwest corner of Barnard and State streets, and is in a good state of preservation—an interesting landmark visited by hundreds of Northern people who yearly come South.

Subsequently the city has been honored with visits from President Monroe, Marquis de Lafayette, President Fillmore, ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, and very recently by President Chester A. Arthur, to whom distinguished consideration was shown, and every hospitality for which the people are noted extended.

The city is located on a high bluff, fifty feet above the level of the sea, and is bounded by well-drained lowlands under dry culture on its eastern and western sides. The Savannah River forms its northern boundary, and the ridge upon which it is built tends in a southeasterly direction to the salt rivers that separate the mainland from the sea islands which fringe the coast of the South Atlantic. The streets are wide, and so adorned with shade trees that Savannah justly bears the title of the "Forest City of the South." Forsyth Park, a magnificent and unrivalled tract of thirty acres of native forest trees, within the limits of the city, and twenty-five smaller parks or squares, which may properly be termed the lungs, constitute some of the great advantages possessed by Savannah as a Southern city remarkable for its excellent health. Within a cycle of half a century it has been visited by only two serious epidemics, the last several years ago; and with the thorough drainage suggested by that experience there is every reason to believe that such a calamity will never again to the same extent afflict the community.

Fire has also ravaged the fair city. In 1824 over four hundred houses were burned, and the little modest sea-port seemed doomed; but energy and enterprise triumphed. In January, 1865, an even greater calamity threatened the city, and the people were panic-stricken, fleeing hither and thither in terror. A fire broke out in a stable in the rear of old "Granite Hall," on the corner of West Broad and Zubly streets, which had been used by the Confederate authorities as an arsenal for fixed ammunition, and in which there were twenty thousand rounds stored. One hundred buildings were destroyed, and to the horrors of a destructive conflagration were added the frightful dangers of a terrible bombardment. Before the ammunition could be removed the fire communicated to the arsenal, and explosion succeeded explosion, fragments of shells flying in every direction, mangling and killing. On the 31st of last October another fire caused a destruction of property to the extent of a million of dollars. But despite the ravages of war, of fire, and storm, Savannah to day stands forth the second cotton port on the south Atlantic coast, and among the first commercial and prosperous cities in the South. Since the war between the States Savannah has progressed, and has far outstripped her neighbors in solid and substantial growth. Indeed, it may be said rightfully, without disparagement to Atlanta, which rejoices in the name of "Gate City," that Savannah deserves the crown as the "solid" city of the Empire State of Georgia.

Her cotton receipts have enormously increased of late years, and with the additional railroad facilities there will be an excess the coming season over the past. The foreign and coastwise shipping has greatly increased, and with the improvements mapped out for the river completed, there is no doubt that the largest foreign freight ships will visit the port of Savannah.

The merchants are energetic and public spirited, ever ready to seize upon any enterprise. It is the first Southern city to adopt the electric light and introduce the tower system, and in a few weeks it will unquestionably be the most brilliantly and thoroughly lighted city in the South.

Savannah has a paid fire department admirably equipped, a military police considered the best organized and disciplined in the State, a thoroughly organized sanitary system, with corps of inspectors who weekly make visits to every private residence and public building in the city. Among the industries are a paper mill, at which fine wrapping paper is manufactured from Florida palmetto, a prosperous cotton factory employing nearly one hundred hands, three large rice mills, four cotton compresses, immense railroad shops of the Central Railroad, and Savannah, Florida, and Western, at which is turned out everything from a car coupling to a splendid passenger parlor coach, sleepers, and locomotives, iron foundries, guano factories, flour and grist mills, barrel factories, cotton-seed-oil mills, and a projected ice factory. The system of street railways is excellent, two corporations covering the principal streets, and having their termini at very desirable resorts on the coast from four to ten miles distant from the city.

The library owned by the Georgia Historical Society is the model one of the State, and is filled with thousands of volumes of value, and numerous rare relics. The Academy of Sciences and Arts will shortly be opened under the liberal bequest of the late Miss Mary Telfair, daughter of the late Governor Telfair of Georgia.

The public-school system is acknowledged to be a model in its ramifications. It is conducted by a Board of Education, a corporate body who control eight schools of eight classes each for white, and two very handsome colored schools of six grades each, in the city, besides some ten county schools. The appropriation for the support of these schools from the county amounts in the neighborhood of $50,000 per annum, which is independent of State aid. The white high schools are partially self-sustaining, a tuition fee of $5 being charged per month. The session of these schools lasts nine months.

During the past year, Major B. J. Bussey, formerly of the Cape Fear (North Carolina) Military Institute, established here a military school under the name of the Savannah Military Academy, conducted on the plan of the Virginia Military Institute. So popular has the Academy become in the community that a board composed of a number of prominent citizens has been formed, and subscriptions to the amount of $10,000 have been raised for the purpose of erecting a model building on desirable lots opposite the Park extension, which will be leased by Major Bussey for the term of ten years, and be under the control of trustees. The total amount required is $15,000, which will be readily obtained. Work is to be commenced at once. The Academy now has a roll of eighty-four cadets, about one-third of whom are from adjoining counties and States, who are boarders.

The telephone is most liberally patronized, and the Exchange probably has more subscribers than in any other city of the same population of the South. The Burglar Alarm and District Telegraph Company is also in successful operation here, and has a capital of $20,000, and has under protection over one million of dollars' worth of property in this city, there being sixty-four subscribers, including the principal merchants.

Among the important public buildings may be mentioned the Savannah Hospital, the Abrams House, the Savannah Female Orphan Asylum, St. Mary's Home, St. Joseph's Infirmary, Georgia Infirmary (especially for colored persons), Cotton Exchange, Savannah Board of Trade Rooms, and the Episcopal Orphans' Home. The Masonic Temple, granite front, is the finest building of the kind in the State.

The theatre is the oldest theatre in the country, and while modernized in interior and exterior, is the same structure that has stood for over a century, having been erected in the latter part of 1779.

The commercial interests of the city are well protected and fostered by the Savannah Cotton Exchange and the Savannah Board of Trade, which are very influential and wealthy institutions.

The volunteer military of Savannah is excellent, there being a full regiment and battalion of infantry, squadron of cavalry, and battalion of artillery, of whites, and a battalion of infantry and artillery and cavalry companies, colored. They receive but little aid from the State. The soldiers are well disciplined and maintained, and Savannah enjoys the reputation of having the best division of volunteer soldiery in the South. Your artist has given a sketch of a prize drill of one of the companies of the Savannah Volunteer Guards Battalion, which was organized in 1802, and has a career extending through three years of this country.

In a word, the Savannah of to-day has a future before her full of hope, and her people look forward confidently to the time when she will have recorded the front rank in the [illegible] cities of the South.

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CAMPING OUT AS A FINE ART.

WHILE wandering in the Adirondacks last summer, our artist was agreeably surprised to receive an invitation to visit the pleasant and attractive camp depicted in our illustration on page 732, and situated on the picturesque shores of Raquette Lake. Hastily packing up his blankets, a small "A" tent that had seen service in the Rocky Mountains, an alcohol stove, and a camp kettle, he took up his line of march toward the heart of the Adirondack wilderness.

Imagine his surprise when he found himself before the beautiful camp shown in the upper right-hand sketch, and was invited to an elegant repast in the rustic dining-room depicted in the lower corner! After spending a few days in this beautiful villa, where camping out was combined with the comforts and luxuries of city life, our artist proceeded to Little Forked Lake, where he was treated to a fresh surprise in the form of another villa camp. Here he found the curious fire-place shown in our illustration. In the middle of the living-room was a large six-sided box, built of heavy oak plank, and filled with stones, on which a cheerful fire was blazing. Over it was a funnel of sheet-iron connected with a stove-pipe leading up through the roof. By an arrangement of pulleys the funnel could be lowered or raised to regulate the draught. In these instances camping out has certainly been reduced to a fine art; but has it not been robbed of some of those features which have always been supposed to lend a charm to a life in the wilderness?

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

RAIN-WATER.

ONE might suppose that there was not a great deal to be said about drinking-water, but who ever begins to study the subject will be surprised at its complexity, and at the extent of its literature, especially in foreign languages. The history of the discussion begins long before the time of the Roman aqueducts. Hippocrates of Cos described the leading qualities of good and of bad drinking-water as well as they have ever been described since his time; and the topics treated range from the irrigation of ancient Babylon to the newest piece of inefficiency in the way of a kitchen filter.

What are the characteristics of good water for drinking and for domestic use? I will answer in the words of Mr. Homersham, the engineer of the works at Chiltern Hills, in England. Good water should be "(1) at all seasons clear, transparent, bright, and when seen in large bulk pure blue, that being the natural color of uncontaminated water; (2) it should be well aerated, holding in solution from seven to eight cubic inches of air per gallon, consisting of two or more cubic inches of oxygen and six of nitrogen; (3) it should have at its source a uniform temperature equal to the average of the climate for the year; (4) it should be free from living organisms, vegetable and animal, and from all dead decomposing organic matter, and should not dissolve lead; and (5) it should hold only a moderate quantity of mineral matter in solution, and thus be soft, and not deposit a coating of lime or magnesia when boiled."

Rain-water, as the source of all other water, will naturally take the first place in this review of the subject. How many of the above conditions of excellence does it satisfy?

Rain-water is pure at the moment when it leaves the clouds, but only then; when it reaches the earth it is always more or less impure. In passing through the air it absorbs four or five different gases, and takes up floating organic particles in less or greater quantity; and especially in or near towns it may be very far from pure. "Rain collected half a mile from the extreme southwest of Manchester," says Dr. Corfield, "although the wind was blowing from the west, after it had been allowed to clear itself of suspended matters, contained more than two and a half grains of organic matter in a gallon, and was, moreover, obviously impure."

These impurities from atmospheric sources, except in cities, are not often excessive; yet they should be guarded against, and care should be taken that they be not accidentally augmented, as when, for instance, the first washings of the roof after a dry spell are allowed to go into the tank. This should be prevented; and, indeed, more tanks than one are always desirable for the better purification of the rain-water, if it is intended to be used for drinking. This is done in parts of Italy, where three tanks are used. In the first the rain-water is received, and its chief impurities are allowed to settle. It is then strained off into the second, or storage tank, where it sometimes remains for a year; and here it constantly improves in quality, for it absorbs carbonic acid gas from the air, and becomes better tasting and more sparkling. When quite pure and clear the water is drawn into a third tank for use.

It will be long before such a thorough system of purifying rain-water will come into vogue among our housekeepers. Our ruder tanks are not well adapted for the preservation of drinking-water, and the purest rain-water has its own disadvantages and risks. In proportion to its purity or softness it is more likely than hard water to dissolve lead. Leaden cisterns, leaden fittings, even leaden covers to the tank, pump, or well that contains very soft water are sometimes the cause of danger. Thus the fourth of the conditions of excellence named above, and of course the third also, because the temperature of rain-water must vary with the season, are not satisfied by rain-water; nor is the fifth, for rain-water contains an insufficient quantity of salts. When collected away from towns it is generally very pure, but it is not the best for drinking; its lack of salts, besides making it liable to dissolve lead, gives it also an insipid taste.

But whenever it is convenient to do so, rain-water should be kept as a reserve supply for drinking. Sooner or later, when other sources are contaminated by accident or by an epidemic, it will be found of great use; as, for instance, when cholera or typhoid fever prevails; at such a time the ordinary water-supply sometimes becomes an open highway for the travel of those diseases; an alternative supply may become, in such a predicament, the means of preserving health or life.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS.

NEW JERSEY and Maryland each elected a Democratic Governor on the 6th inst., whose portraits will be found on page 725. The Hon. LEON ABBETT, of Jersey City, was born in Philadelphia, October 3, 1836, but when still a young man removed to New Jersey, where he has been a prominent figure in politics on the Democratic side. He was three times elected to the State Assembly, and afterward to the State Senate, and was for three years President of that body. For three years past he has been Corporation Counsel of Jersey City. His majority over the Republican candidate for the Governorship was about 6500.

A full discussion of the character and purposes of Mr. ROBERT M. MCLANE, Governor-elect of Maryland, will be found in the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 10.

THE FAR NORTHWEST.

PRIOR to the purchase by the United States of Alaska the extreme northwestern possessions of this country were the San Juan Islands, away up in the corner of Washington Territory, and separated from Vancouver's Island by the Straits of Georgia. At one time, pending the location of the international boundary line, these islands were in dispute, and it was doubtful whether they would ultimately become American or British soil. According to treaty the boundary was to follow the line of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude to the middle of the channel separating Vancouver's Island from the mainland, thence it was to follow this main channel to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and continue in the middle of this passage out into the Pacific. The controversy arose from the fact that at this point the Straits of Georgia divided into two main channels, one of which lay to the east of the San Juan archipelago, and the other to the west of the islands. The British claimed that the former was the one specified in the treaty, and that the islands belonged to them, while the Americans insisted that the western was the main channel, and that the islands thus became their property. Troops were sent by both sides to maintain the positions taken, and a collision was imminent; but the dispute was finally settled amicably, and the American claim allowed.

It was amid the magnificent scenery of these far-away islands that the steamer *Northern Pacific* recently bore our artist, and afforded him the opportunity for making the sketches that appear on page 728. Thirty-five miles inland to the eastward, but seeming to rise from the sea, towered Mount Baker, piercing the purple haze that blotted out its foot-hills, and lifting its snow-crowned pinnacles 11,000 feet into the clear upper atmosphere. Mount Baker is one of the grandest peaks of the Cascade range, and although overtopped 3000 feet by Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, a hundred miles to the southward, the former appears the higher because viewed from the sea-level. It was ascended for the first time last summer by an enterprising photographer of Victoria, who gives vivid descriptions of the crater of its extinct volcano that he discovered on the extreme summit.

Objects of interest to our artist nearer at hand than Mount Baker were parties of coast Indians fishing for salmon from queer-looking canoes or dug-outs with primitive hooks made of fat pine splinters and bone. The canoes are very long and heavy, each being hollowed with infinite labor from a single tree. The outside is painted black, and the interior a bright vermilion, while the high beak or prow is ornamented with rude devices traced in the same vivid color.

Although it is now customary to speak of all these coast Indians as "Chinooks," the term was originally only applied to the pigeon, or trading, English by means of which the Hudson Bay Company's traders and the Indians who met at Chinook Point conducted their negotiations.

Vancouver's Island, on the extreme southern point of which is situated Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, was supposed to form part of the mainland from the time of its discovery in 1778 by that redoubtable navigator, Captain COOK, until 1792. In that year Captain VANCOUVER, of the British navy, proved it to be an island by circumnavigating it. He gave it his own name, and thus left an everlasting monument to his memory. He was so struck with the appearance of the land of his discovery that he wrote, "It is as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure-grounds in Europe."

In spite of Captain VANCOUVER'S praise of this land, no attempts were made to settle it until 1843, when the Hudson Bay Company established a fort and trading station at Victoria. Ten years later an act was passed by the British Parliament constituting British Columbia and Vancouver a crown colony, with Victoria as its capital. It remained, however, for Americans to give an impetus to the settlement of the country. This they did in 1856, when gold was discovered on Fraser River, and so mad an exodus was made from California in this direction that two years later 20,000 miners were in the country. The gold fever passed, and Victoria settled down into a staid business and political community. To-day it is one of the most beautiful and substantial cities of the Northwest, the seat of a quiet but solid prosperity that is steadily increasing. Its citizens look upon it as one of the future great cities of the world, and predict that with the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway it will become the leading port of the Northwest.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Tourguéneff's place in Literature.—Binding Oaths.—Gladstone and Tennyson.—Madness or Wickedness?—A confiding Author.—A Ticket-of-leave Curate.—A literary Mare's Nest.

TOURGUÉNEFF, being dead, has been placed in the Walhalla of novelists. He did not, it seems, like "plots" in novels, and preferred *Pickwick* to any of Dickens's works. Yet without "plots" where would his Nihilists have been? I have read *Virgin Soil*, and found it a stiffish one. "One loses so much in translations, you know." All great men who love posthumous applause ought, like him, to die in the dull season. At the bottom of the extravagant praise that has been lavished upon him is perhaps a secret wonder that a Russian should write novels at all.

There is great credit due to Tourguéneff that he has introduced us to a new people, burdened, alas! with unutterable sorrows. Since *Oliver Twist* was written, none of our own writers have gone deep enough down, yet terrible things lie ready to their hands. For example, I read that in a certain Union work-house snuff has been at last allowed to its old people. It is, it seems, their only pleasure. Heretofore "the old women took ashes, and the old men ground up stones, and mixed them with clay, which injured their health." What a picture of human life among ourselves is seen through this little loop-hole! In the expenditure of one of our great London clubs snuff figured forty years ago at £120; it has now sunk to thirty shillings; but these poor folks belong to the old school.

A Roman Catholic young woman has refused to take her oath, in a court of justice, upon the English Bible. She would have a Douay Bible, or "it wouldn't be binding," she said. What a queer notion she must have had of the nature of an oath! On the other hand, as if to restore the average, a coroner's jury in Middlesex have been going too far in the other direction. They have all been sworn upon a copy of *Tristram Shandy*.

Never was a higher compliment, or one more gloriously expressed, than that paid by Mr. Gladstone at Kirkwall the other day to Alfred Tennyson. A visitor, in the years to come, looking upon the names in the roll of burgesses, and coming on mine, may well (he said) inquire, "Who was Gladstone?" but in the case of Tennyson he would have no difficulty, "since he would know both who he was and what he had done to raise the intellects and hearts of his fellow-creatures." It is quite true that the mission of a poet is higher than that of a politician, but it is not every Prime Minister who would have confessed as much. It is this honesty of thought and candor of speech which lies at the root of Mr. Gladstone's personal popularity.

A philosophic journal, however, while admitting the gracious humility of the speech, demurs as to its truth. "The world," it says, "remembers Moses, the lawgiver, as well as David, the sweet singer of Israel, and Munoo perhaps better than Valsniki." This latter statement is an exaggeration; it would surely be sufficient to have said that the world remembers Munoo as much as it remembers Valsniki—a remark which would certainly not be open to cavil.

A gentleman who has shown little scruple in getting rid of his family at all hazards is just now awakening much interest. He has been convicted of murdering his five children in cold blood, and therefore, say the philosophic wiseacres, must needs be a madman. He nevertheless made some shrewd observations about the cost of offspring, and the desirability of starting again in life without incumbrance. The truth is, with a large class of dull, commonplace people, a great crime always suggests madness; they have no experience of the desperate wickedness of the human heart, and have not the intelligence to imagine it. In to-day's paper I read of a cattle-dealer who sent a number of horses to be slaughtered in London, in such a manner that they took six days to accomplish the journey, throughout the whole of which time he withheld food from them, since it was not worth his while to pay for it. Some of them were, in fact, starved to death before they reached the knacker's hands. As they call a murderer mad, perhaps the philanthropists in question would consider a wretch of this kind unaccountable for his actions. I can only say that there is another, though I allow a much smaller and less blatant, class of persons, to whom women and children are objects of pity, and who would take such measures with these so-called madmen that no living creature should ever again be troubled with their eccentricities.

I am always sorry to hear of popular authors coming on the parish—I mean appealing to the public. Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper is the last—and ought to be the last in another sense—to do it. What is the use of having one's books run to thirty editions if this is what comes of it all? His contention is—or rather his friends contend for him—that, notwithstanding their immense sale, he did not receive the royalty for his poems for fifteen years. He let it accumulate, and then his publisher burst. It is enough to make all the other publishers burst—with envy—to think that there should have been such a confiding author, and they not to have him. There must be some mistake in that statement about the fifteen years. Mr. Tupper may not have been a high-class poet, but he was never such a fool as *that*.

How a poor novelist would have caught it over the knuckles from the reviewers if he had ventured to portray a popular curate as a ticket-of-leave man! Yet the Rev. Thomas Morris Hughes, it seems, has united these two rôles in his own person for a considerable time. The cause of his present trouble was his having married two wives, the last lady being his rector's cook. This was, no doubt, a marriage of convenience, or rather of economy. He seems to be of a very practical turn of mind, and quietly inquired of the police inspector what was usually given for bigamy. Whatever it is, he will probably get it.

The Irish press is almost as queer as the Irish people. "If it is necessary," says a Dublin paper, "twenty thousand pounds would be subscribed to-morrow for the defense of O'Donnell. He has committed the *most popular murder* since Head-Constable Talbot was shot in Dublin." It does not seem to strike the editor of this hurdy-gurdy (for one can hardly call it "organ") that except in Ireland "murders" are not generally spoken of as "popular."

The finest mare's nest of the day has been found by a six-shilling quarterly. In instituting an inquiry into the respective merits of Browning and Tennyson, it takes the lines "Flower in the crannied wall," etc., as a proof of the superiority of the former poet over the latter. Tennyson had not the philosophy for such a marvellous piece of reflection; couldn't have written it to save his life, etc., etc.—an argument which possibly may have been very effective, and settled the matter; only, unhappily, it was not Browning, but Tennyson, who wrote the lines in question. I wonder where editors find the reviewers who perform feats of this kind, and especially what they pay them for it! And yet there are people who wonder that authors who have been at work all their lives upon their own subjects are not more moved than they are by "Notices in the Press." In the case of a high-class review, however, I only remember two examples of such a complete fiasco as this; a notice in *The Quarterly*, by Hallam, of some rival scholar's book, in which there was some Greek poem, of which, taking it for the author's own, he fell foul most unmercifully: "a bit of modern stucco," etc., when, unfortunately, the poem was Pindar's. Then, in comparatively late times, I recollect, in another quarterly, a notice of "In Memoriam"—written, let us hope, in haste, and "as we were going to press"—in which the book is described as "a volume of verse written by a widow to her deceased husband"; the proem beginning,

"Strong son of God, immortal Love,"

was set down as "an invocation to Cupid"!

Every one expresses astonishment that Trollope should have made £69,000 in thirty-five years of writing. There is not a successful barrister of even the middle rank who has not made as much, nor a fashionable physician; and yet Trollope was one of the three most popular novelists of his day. It is perfectly amazing that people should have such ludicrous notions of proportion.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

A NOTABLE GROUP.

IMMEDIATELY after the autumn manœuvres at Homburg-vor-der-Höhe, in Hesse-Nassau, the Emperor of Germany conceived the idea of commemorating the presence of the twenty royal personages who had assembled to witness the magnificent military spectacle by having them photographed in a group.

Accordingly, on the 26th of September, they took their places on the steps of the grand portal of the royal castle, forming a most striking and impressive galaxy around the heroic figure of the aged but still vigorous Emperor. He was dressed in the simple uniform of the Household troops, and on his breast were displayed orders of England, Spain, and Saxony. On his left was ALFONSO of Spain, resplendent in his Uhlan uniform, which a few days afterward excited the ire of the Paris mob, and came near involving Spain and France in war. The white toilets of the royal ladies gave brilliancy to the group.

Taken altogether, this was one of the most notable gatherings of modern times, and the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be glad to find, on another page, a reproduction of this remarkable photograph.

AN IMPORTANT WORK.

THE dedication of the building of the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston affords a fitting occasion for a notice of the increase of such structures during the last seventeen years. In 1866 there was but one Association building, valued at $10,000; there are now seventy-three, valued at nearly $3,000,000. This is, however, but a single illustration of the growth of Christian Associations during the same period. In fact, since the close of the civil war, the Associations have entered upon a career of progress such as was never before known. At that time they were but eighty in number throughout the entire United States; there are now more than seven hundred, and the aggregate of members is nearly one hundred thousand.

This rapid increase is mainly due to the formation of an "International Committee," located in New York, but operating throughout our country and Canada as a fostering and missionary agency. This committee has created special branches of service among commercial travellers, Germans, colored young men in the South, railroad men, and college students, there being for each branch a special secretary. One very admirable part of the methods of the committee is the special training of young men for service as Association secretaries. What might be called secretarial institutes are sometimes held for the drilling of candidates. In all the varied planning and administration of the International Committee the practical interest predominates. The end to be attained is steadily kept in view, and the means

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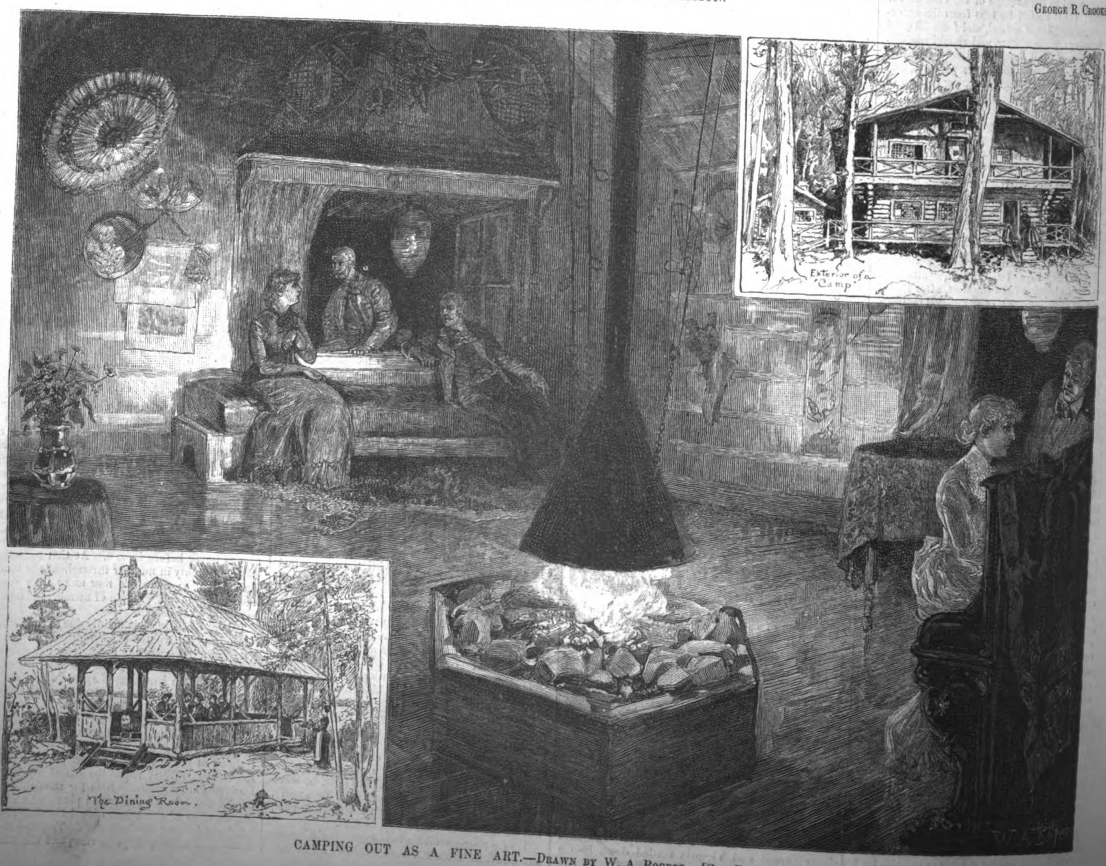
THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

which experience has suggested as suitable are vigorously applied. Thus commercial travellers who are members of Christian Associations are furnished with membership tickets, which secure them a welcome to Associations everywhere. The benefits accruing to railroad men from connection with Christian Associations are so fully recognized by the railway companies that they themselves provide two-thirds of the necessary expense. Even considerations of enlightened self-interest justify such expenditure; for Christian influence brought to bear upon their workmen means better service, and better service means less loss and larger profit.

Among college students Christian Associations naturally find a home. There are now 170 such college unions, having more than 9000 members. College graduates furnish the best material for secretaries. A college bulletin spreads information relative to the Associations in our schools of learning. Unquestionably the forming of this bond of Christian fellowship among students is destined to have a very perceptible effect upon the tone of college life.

A farther expansion has been attempted in a world's organization of young men. The interlocking of national Christian Associations so as to create out of them a world-embracing unity is very pretty in theory, but its practical utility may fairly be questioned. Still, its effect is to broaden sympathy, and to make universal brotherhood something better than a dream. It must be confessed, however, that in the Latin countries of Europe Christian Associations do not readily take root; they flourish most among the Teutonic, and especially the English-speaking, races. Thus in North America there are 840, but in South America only 3; in Great Britain, 388, but in France only 64; in Germany and Holland, more than 700, but in Spain, Italy, and Austria, taken together, only 26. Christian Associations are a distinctively Protestant growth; similar unions, though existing among Catholics, have never developed such manifold activities as are outlined here. Judging from the expansion of the last twenty years, there is no telling to what extent this agency for the religious improvement of young men may spread in the Protestant world. If the same practical sagacity which the leaders have so far exhibited shall continue to appear in their plans, a Christian Association, as a rallying-point for young men, may become a feature of the life of innumerable cities and towns of Protestant Christendom. Already there are more than 2000, all of them the growth of a single lifetime, for the founder of the first one is still living, in the enjoyment of an honored old age.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.



CAMPING OUT AS A FINE ART.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

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The weird legend of the poet has inspired the weird genius of the artist to produce some of his most powerful designs. He has found in it, indeed, many things that readers of the ordinary text would not dream of. The poet could have had no more ghostly visions than are given in some of these marvellous pages of the artist. Each one is a study, and the variety in their treatment is one of the most extraordinary proofs of Doré's amazing imagination. * * * The Doré "Raven" will easily take a place in the front rank of the gift-books of this season.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

They are every way the noblest monument which the genius of an Old World artist has yet raised to a New World poet.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Every admirer of Poe—and his admirers are many—who can afford to do so, will buy a copy of this magnificent work of art. * * * As regards the rare merits of the engravings that shadow forth the weirdly imaginative lines of the poem, no words of ours can give the reader a proper conception. They must be not only seen, but carefully studied. * * * One can turn again and again to these engravings, and each time discover something that was before hidden from his view.—*Portland Argus.*

The lovers of that great work cannot fail to have their interest therein greatly heightened by the strikingly dramatic pictures here portrayed, while the admirers of artistic workmanship are certain to be delighted with the superb manner in which the Harpers have done their part.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

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THOROUGHLY effective renovation of the system must include not only the removal of corruption from the blood, but its enrichment and the strengthening of the vital organs.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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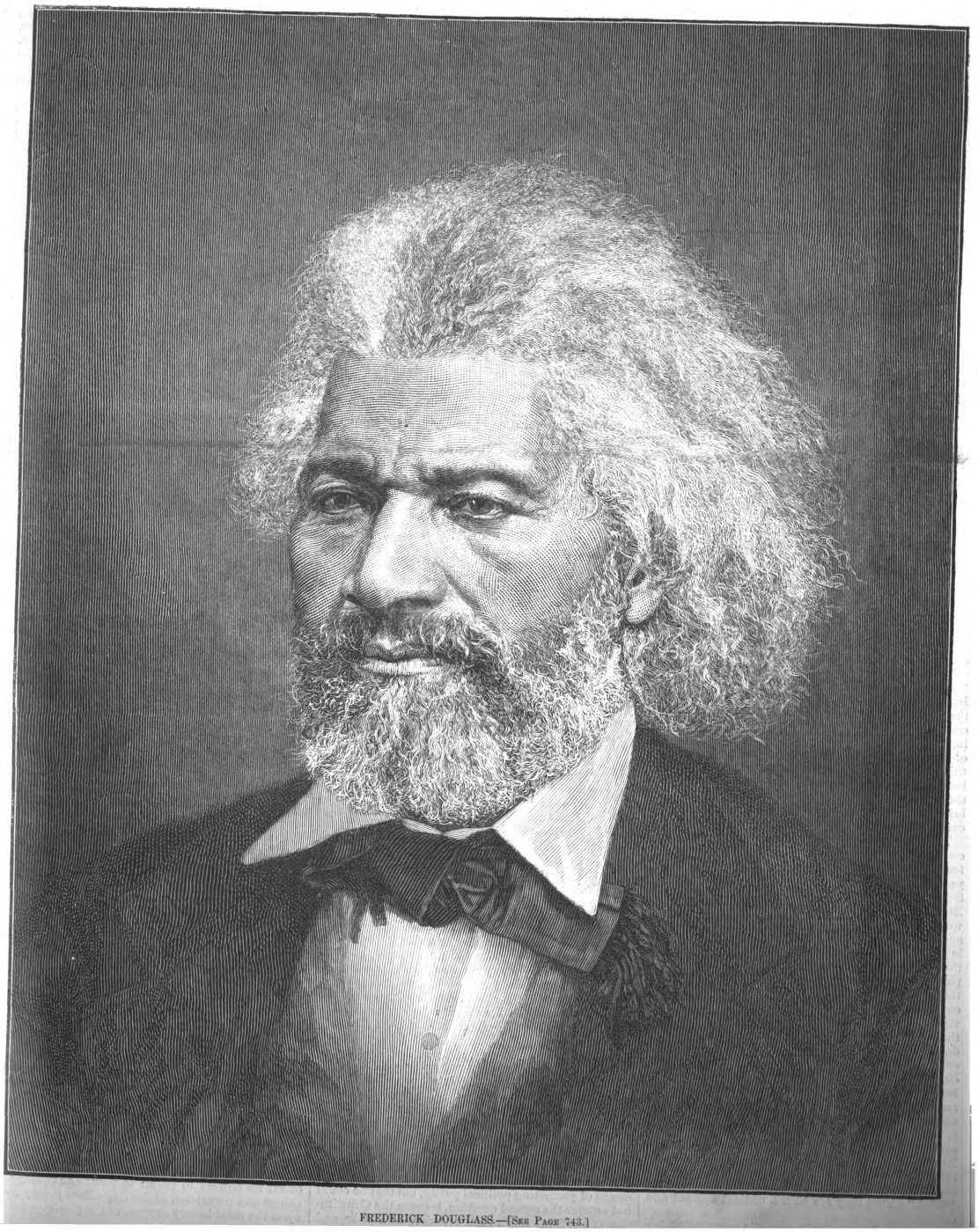

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

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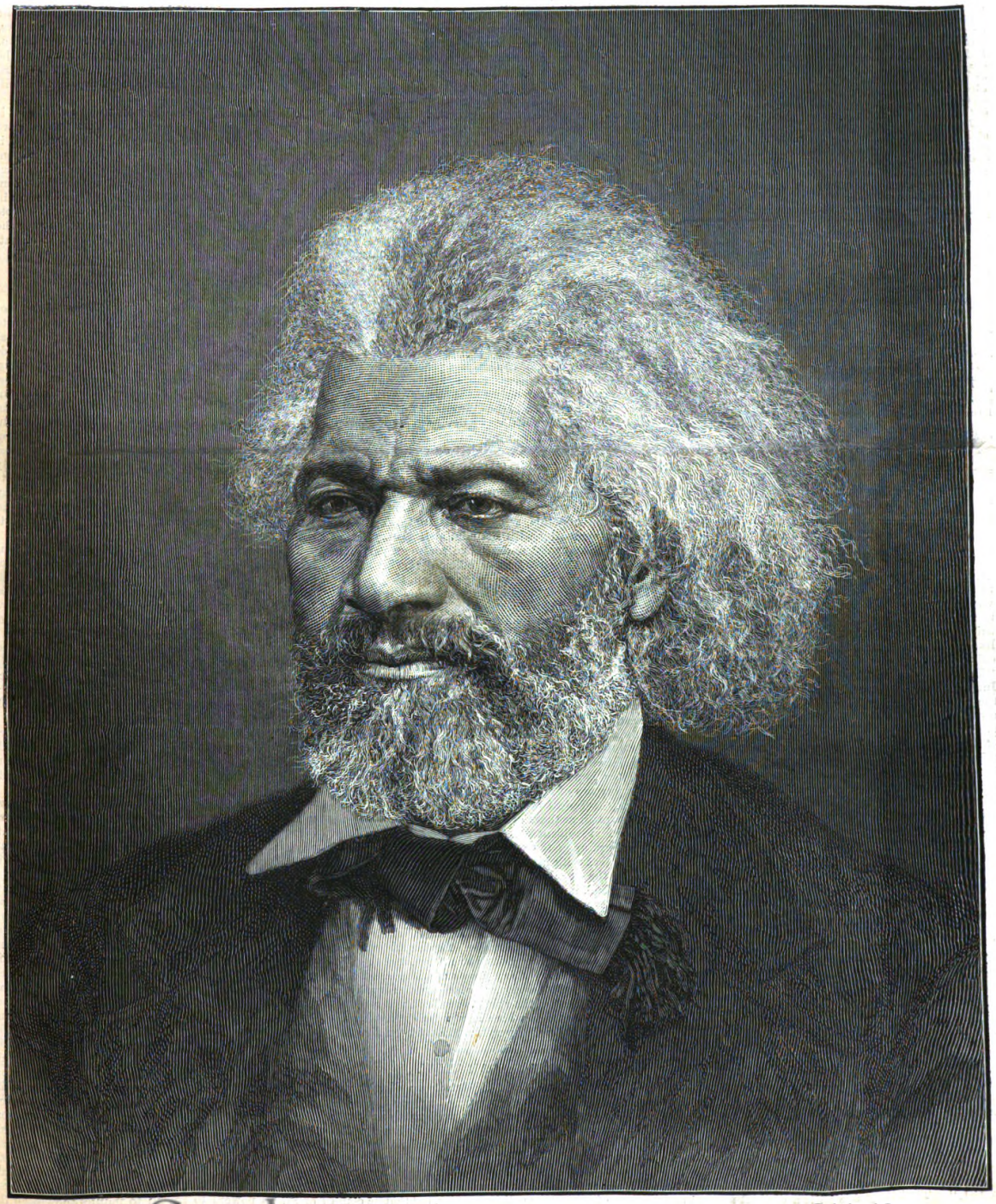

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported [see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September 1] that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March 1, 1884, addressed "*Art Competition, Harper's Magazine*"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December, 1884; and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *$500; one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, *$500; one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *$500: these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEXT YEAR.

THE Democratic fancy that the Republican party, with its record and character and tendency, was to be summarily displaced by the Democratic party, with *its* record and character, vanished at the late election. It had not occurred to the eager gentlemen who think that this country can be carried with a whoop like a Tammany caucus that the cry "Turn the rascals in!" was quite as likely to startle the country as "Turn the rascals out!" was likely to stimulate it. Indeed, the careful avoidance of any issue but that of the general character and conduct of the parties concentrated public attention upon the probabilities arising from the history and common knowledge of each of them, so that, had a general election taken place this year, the Republicans would unquestionably have been successful. It is certainly not surprising that the Democratic press now remarks with plaintive sobriety that Democratic success next year can be secured only by a hard fight.

The moral of the recent election is that the Democratic party must represent something besides a greed for spoils if it means to make any fight at all next year. It may safely count as usual upon the solid South, which of itself should array every intelligent Northern voter against it, because Democratic success would mean Southern ascendency in administration, and that is not desirable. There is plenty of patriotic and national feeling in the Southern States, and there are able and honorable men among Southern political leaders, but the political bond which unites those States is not a sound and good one. It is not common devotion to a definite national policy. It is vindictive feeling. It is, in a plain word, hatred of the North, inherited from the war. This feeling undoubtedly is disappearing. It is yielding to the inevitable influences of time, and to the want of a special sectional interest around which to organize itself. But it exists. This feeling, and that of the immense foreign element in the Northern States, are the chief strength of the Democratic party, and for that reason it is undesirable for the great and general national interests that the party should succeed. There is no Republican policy or measure to which the Southern States as Southern States can fairly object. In any normal party division those States would not be "solid." That they are so is a distinct menace and danger.

But, sure of them, the Democratic party will labor to carry two or three doubtful Northern States, and especially New York. Indeed, even before the election, when, as usual, they were most jubilant, the Democratic papers insisted that the vote of New York was indispensable for Democratic success next year. Since the election this is evident. Now the New York elections of this year and of the last show conclusively that neither party can count surely upon the State, and that the balance of power is held by the independent voters. The real question, therefore, is, which party will probably win those voters. In reply to this question it may be truly said that the Republicans have shown how to lose them, but the Democrats have never known how to gain them. They can certainly never be gained by the cowardly and shuffling policy of dodging the real issues. The independent voters, for instance, are generally civil service reformers, and, except in Pennsylvania, revenue reformers. The Democratic course upon both these questions has strongly repelled both classes, nor can that party seriously change its position upon either without risk of greater harm than advantage. It is now, indeed, tolerably clear, as we have said, that its shuffling and silence will not win: but if it be true that it can not stop shuffling without peril, it is evident that, at this time, the probabilities are strongly against Democratic success next year. To strengthen these probabilities the Republicans, taught by the events of two years, must take no steps backward. There is now something of the old Republican enthusiasm and unity. It is obvious how these have been gained. It is equally obvious how, and how swiftly, they may be lost.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REFORM RULES.

THE recent amendment by the President of one of the civil service rules is of importance as showing his disposition toward reform, and of still greater importance as committing him to a certain course in his own action. He has now required that the selection among the four eligible candidates for appointment whose names are submitted to the appointing officer shall not be determined by political or religious considerations. This, of course, is a provision that can not be enforced, because the actual reason of the choice can be known only to the chooser. But it relieves the President and the Commission of the charge that the rule as it stood was a device to secure an opportunity for partisan choice among the eligible names. The President distinctly declares that such is not his view, and he accordingly amends the rule, a violation of which is good cause for removal.

Such an amendment justifies the expectation that for the offices to which the President himself nominates and appoints, while he will naturally select men in sympathy with his administration, yet that he will not appoint and remove for mere party advantage, but for reasons of efficient service and of good character. The evidence which the country looks for of the interest and purpose of a President in regard to administrative reform is found not less in the manner and methods of his own discharge of the great Executive function of appointment and removal than in his enforcement of rules affecting the minor positions in the service. Mr. MAHONE expressly and vehemently acquits the Administration of any complicity with his performances in Virginia. This is a timely declaration, because if the Administration were prostituting the civil service in Virginia in the very way which it is the prime object of reform to correct, it would be vain to point to its enforcement of reform regulations in New York and elsewhere.

There is no mistaking a thoroughly earnest Executive purpose of reform. It does not show itself in a merely technical or perfunctory manner. Its signs are as plain as those of a general foreign or domestic policy. President ARTHUR'S attitude toward reform has been, upon the whole, friendly, and there is no doubt that with his observation of public sentiment, and of the excellent practical working of the reformed method, he becomes more and more friendly. It is, however, difficult to understand why he does not see that the presence of a man like Mr. HATTON in a highly responsible position is an inexplicable anomaly in a reform administration. The Republican party is now so fully committed to reform, and the President has given so many proofs of his interest, that any conspicuous inconsistency is the more surprising. His amendment of the rule is excellent, and removes one of the points at which it is probable that Democratic criticism in Congress would have been directed.

A SINGULAR VIEW.

SENATOR LANSING, of the Watertown district, was asked before the election whether, in case of his election, he would be prepared to vote for such measures as the inquiries of the State Civil Service Commission might show to be necessary and expedient, the expediency and necessity, of course, being clear to him. To this question Mr. LANSING replied that he was in favor of enforcing the reform law, and of every other means of promoting political purity, but that he could not answer the second question, because the Constitution of the State treats such promises as a bribe, and it is made a ground of exclusion from the Legislature. The constitutional clause in Article XII. cited by Senator LANSING requires a member of the Legislature to swear that "I have not.... made any promise to influence the giving or withholding" of a vote at his election.

The secretary of the society which wrote the letter to the Senator, in reply to questions upon the subject, has shown conclusively that the intent and spirit of such a prohibition, and not its possible literal construction, is always considered by the courts. If Senator LANSING'S view were correct, if the declarations before an election of certain convictions, and of the purpose to embody them in law—a declaration made with the object of obtaining votes—were to be regarded as bribery, it would be impossible for the people to elect their representatives intelligently. It would be equally unconstitutional for a citizen to accept a nomination upon the usual platform of a party, because such an acceptance would be a declaration that he asked votes for the reason that he held certain views, and would endeavor to carry them out in legislation. This would be a promise of the same kind that he makes in stating that if certain propositions in regard to reform seem to him necessary and expedient he will support them.

The position of Senator LANSING upon this point is untenable. But his course at the last session gave the assurance that his vote would not be wanting if any measure prepared by the Commission should seem to be necessary and expedient—unless, indeed, that course should have operated upon some of his constituents as a bribe or tacit promise of his conduct in the next Legislature, and have induced them to vote for him, in which case it might be a question with the excellent Senator whether he might not be unseated for bribery!

LIGHT WANTED.

JUDGE DAVIS has suggested to the Grand Jury of the Oyer and Terminer a thorough investigation into the frauds recently disclosed in various municipal departments, and, in fact, into the general methods of city administration. It is a most timely suggestion. There is a general conviction that the corruption, the waste, the incapacity, and inefficiency of that administration are enormous, and that reform has no richer field. The charter of the city was contrived by knaves then in command of the city, and contrived for their own purposes. There is general ignorance of the complicated machinery of the city government, and nothing would be more agreeable to the great body of tax-payers and of the people than to know in detail something of the methods of disposing of the enormous revenue which they pay into the city treasury.

The government of the city of New York has long been cited by the skeptics and enemies of popular government as the most striking illustration of its total failure in large and miscellaneous communities. Wasteful, corrupt, and imbecile, they cry, the government of the city of New York is not in itself so deep a disgrace, or so strong an argument against a popular system, as the acquiescence of a vast and intelligent body of citizens in the plunder of their property and the dishonor of the community in which they live. The possession of the City Hall and the control of the administration by a band of vulgar robbers like TWEED and his gang, the submission of a great party to the behests of that squad of swindlers, and the doubt whether they could be expelled without a civil convulsion, they say, not without reason, are quite as discreditable as any situation in any city of the world to which we profess our superiority.

In addition to the investigation by the Grand Jury which Judge DAVIS recommends, it will be remembered that extraordinary powers of investigation into city and county affairs are given by law to the State Civil Service Commission, and we trust that it will not suffer them to be unused. The Commission is empowered to require a sworn statement from all city and county officers of the amount and sources of all their receipts, of the number and salaries of all employés, and in fact a complete, accurate, and detailed statement of all their financial transactions. Is there any reason why the people should not know how much their agents are paid? If there are officers who receive from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars for such services as they render, is anything gained by concealment? And is it not evident that such salaries are corruption funds, and so meant to be? The exposure of all this obscure iniquity is strictly in the path of civil service reform. There is plenty of talk about the extravagance and corruption of the national government, but the dishonesty, fraud, and wild squandering of the municipal government of New York are quite as flagrant, and require as searching and fiery a broom. Mayor EDSON, who has just submitted an admirable code of regulations for appointment and employment in the city service, is made well-nigh powerless by the charter. But the State Commission is in full accord with him, and in the use of all its powers to reveal to public knowledge the abuses and corruption of the city offices it may count upon the most hearty support of the public.

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A NATIONAL DEBT OF HONOR.

As the celebration of Evacuation-day in New York will close the series of centennial Revolutionary commemorations, it is a proper moment to suggest that arrears of pay are still due to the descendants of Revolutionary officers. The debts have been acknowledged, and in his admirable oration at Yorktown, two years ago, Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP said that he thought this claim "called loudly, even amidst these centennial rejoicings, for equitable consideration and adjustment."

The contract was made with the officers on the 21st of October, 1780, and was confirmed by the Commutation Act of March 22, 1783. In 1790, Mr. MADISON tried to persuade Congress to do justice, but it was felt that the country was very poor. But the foreign officers, as we understand, were fully paid, interest and principal, according to the act of Congress of May 8, 1792. On the 13th of May, 1828, Congress fully recognized the debt due to the native officers, and provided for the payment of that part which fell due after March 4, 1826, but no provision was made for that part which accrued from the disbandment in 1783 to 1826. This still remains unpaid, and it is to this that Mr. WINTHROP alluded.

On the motion of Mr. SEWARD, a bill passed the Senate on the 22d of February, 1855—auspicious day!—to pay this remainder of the debt; a similar bill passed the House of Representatives on the 30th of July, 1856, by a large majority; and even the opponents of the measure, who were subsequently secession leaders—MASON, SLIDELL, C. C. CLAY, and others—in a debate in the Senate on the 15th of January, 1857, acknowledged the justice of the "contract" debt. But it is not yet paid. Can any honorable reason be offered for not paying it? Does the money which was solemnly promised to the officers belong in the Treasury of the United States?

AN APPEAL OF THE LADIES.

THE committee of ladies who have charge of the distribution of newspapers to the hospitals desire to thank the kind givers, whose generosity is unfailing. Every day several hundred newspapers are dropped in the boxes provided for them at the railway stations and ferries, and they are promptly distributed among readers to whom they bring not only the satisfaction of reading the news, but the gratification of knowing that they are not forgotten. A simpler, easier, and more satisfactory little deed of charity is not possible than that of dropping in the box the newspaper that you have read.

Akin to it is the gift of books. The ladies have found an eager and general demand for books to wile away the long and weary hours when reading is permitted. In almost every house are books that can be spared, if only it were known how great a boon they would be to the sick and suffering inmates of the hospital.

All gifts of books should be sent to that head-quarters of good works and of wise charity, No. 79 Fourth Avenue, and the friendly givers are assured in advance that their gifts are deeply appreciated, and that the little trouble of selecting and sending them would seem very light if the givers knew how very great a pleasure and consolation they afford.

CRITICS OF LUTHER.

IN the midst of the LUTHER jubilee upon the four-hundredth birthday of the great reformer there were two or three dissonant voices, which proceeded from ministers of the Church of Rome. One charged LUTHER and his supporters with dissolute lives. But even had this been true, the clerical censors could hardly wish to challenge a comparison between LUTHER, for instance, and the BORGIA Pope ALEXANDER VI. If they find no difficulty in accepting such a man as the vicegerent of God, why should anybody else be troubled by the character and habits of LUTHER, even had they been as bad as the critic might desire to paint them?

Another censor claimed the Church of Rome as the good genius of liberty. This remark recalls that of WILLIAM GODWIN, that the Church of Rome "reposed with a generous confidence upon the folly and blindness of mankind." The censor of whom we speak evidently reposes with equal confidence upon the ignorance of his hearers. The numerous Christian sects in England and this country were cited as against the unity of the Church of Rome. But the unity of that communion is the Czar's peace at Warsaw. The Protestant diversity of form is the proof of religious freedom.

Again, it was urged that LUTHER'S protest was the first step toward agnosticism and infidelity. But the retort is obvious that religion suffers as much from ignorant superstition as from unbelief. Fire is as fatal as frost. Moreover, if LUTHER leads to unbelief, Rome led to LUTHER. The excellent clergymen of whom we speak undertake an arduous task when they propose to stem the advance of human thought and to curb religious freedom.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OPERA.

A CURIOUS observer asks why it is that nothing occupies proportionately so large a space in the newspapers as reports of the opera, and why the sayings and doings of singers are described with a prolonged detail which implies the utmost public interest. The greatest and most significant public events, he says, are turned off with a paragraph or a line. But day after day the faithful recorder notes the more or less skill with which the tenor struck the high C, and for the hundredth time the soprano's representation of the same character is elaborately described.

Yet the number of people who go to an opera is comparatively very small, and they are not generally readers of newspapers. It is a high-priced luxury, and as PATTI in *Lucia* and NILSSON in *Faust* and GERSTER in *Somnambula* are very much on one evening what they are on another, and as their performance in those parts has been familiar for many years to those who can afford the luxury, it is amazing to observe the fullness and elaboration with which the same remarks are made upon it, and the satisfaction with which they are perused. What, he asks, does it mean?

At least this satisfaction must be assumed. The conductors of great journals understand the tastes and wishes of their public, and there would not be the daily recurring descriptions of the same singer in the same part if there were not a public demand for that kind of reading. The explanation doubtless is, the general desire to know what is going on in the world, that is, in the community around the reader, and the fact that he is really more interested in the cold of PATTI or the voice of CAMPANINI than in the withdrawal of England from Egypt, or the chance of war between France and China. The curious observer of life must remember that ever since opera began it has been ridiculed and belittled, and yet never until now in New York did an opera-singer receive five thousand dollars a night.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

IN the New York Republican campaign of this year, which accomplished such gratifying results, there was less money collected and spent than in any campaign of recent years. This fact disposes completely of the assertion of HUBBELL and company, and of the defenders of the assessment outrage, that the contributions from the public offices were voluntary. They were not voluntary gifts; they were in effect the price of the places. This year, when the national and State laws stringently forbade assessments, and the public employés were actually free to do as they chose, the amount received from them was very small.

It is to be said to the honor of the State Committee that its action in this matter was conformed both to the letter and the spirit of the law. The treasurer took care to print the law in his circular, that there might be no misunderstanding, and there was no coercion, direct or indirect.

There are, however, large honest expenses at every election, and those who are glad to know that the old system of robbery and extortion to supply a fund has been largely abolished ought to take care by their own contributions that the necessary sum is raised.

LADY HARRIET ACLAND.

IT is obvious that the Revolutionary centennial season has aroused New York. Several permanent memorials will be erected upon famous spots, especially along the Hudson, the river which is identified with many of the most important and interesting Revolutionary events. The Chairman of the Tablet Committee of the Saratoga Monument Association has already placed several tablets at noted spots upon that famous field, and it is understood that Lord CARNARVON is considering the propriety of marking with a tablet the spot upon the shore where Lady HARRIET ACLAND left BURGOYNE'S lines to proceed to the camp of General GATES to attend her husband, who was a prisoner and wounded.

Lord CARNARVON is, we believe, a grandson of Lady HARRIET, who is a charming figure in all the stories, and he writes to Mr. W. L. STONE, secretary of the Monument Association, and author of a work upon the surrender, as of other valuable historical works:

"....Lady ACLAND was a lady deserving, I fully believe, all the praise you have bestowed upon her, and of as high gifts of mind as she was graceful and charming in person and manner. There is at Killerton a very striking portrait of her by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, of which I have the copy here. It is, however, remarkable that in the place where she lived so long and where she died there is little remaining to preserve her memory.

"As I have only just returned from America, I wish I had had your letter in time to have visited Saratoga and considered on the spot the question you ask."

Lord CARNARVON hopes soon to return to this country, when he can visit the battle-field and decide the somewhat delicate question. The name of his ancestress is so closely and romantically identified with the field that such a tablet would be an exceedingly interesting memorial.

PERSONAL.

THE *Evening Post* ventures to assert that "a large proportion of the judges" on the bench "hold railroad passes, and have asked for them, or have, in other words, incurred obligations to railroad companies which ought to disqualify them, but do not, for sitting on any railroad case, and which the law ought to make a punishable and disgraceful offense."

—Governor BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, of Massachusetts, ventilates his "smartness" by inditing a Thanksgiving proclamation which brings verses of the Bible into ridiculous association, and which no clergyman could read from his pulpit without exciting the risibilities of his audience. It was not to this sort of thing that Massachusetts was used aforetime.

—The death of Mrs. JOHN W. GARRETT, of Baltimore, has awakened wide-spread sympathy for her bereaved family, and a profound recognition of her many and rare virtues. She had lain unconscious at her home ever since the deplorable accident by which she was thrown from her carriage.

—The late WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was often humorous in his after-dinner speeches. At a dinner given some time ago in New York to Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, Mr. BRYANT responded to a toast on poetry by saying that, although the novelist has laid society under great obligations, the poet should not be forgotten, since it is to him that we are indebted for some of our most labor-saving productions. "What," he continued, in his gravest manner, "could be more useful, more winning, more worthy of being remembered than that immortal song"—here the audience held themselves in breathless silence—"beginning, 'Thirty days hath September'?"

—Two athletic girls, Miss TERESA JOHNSON and Miss LAURA SAIGEMAN, contended in a swimming match at Eastbourne, England. The distance was one mile, and the prize one thousand dollars. Miss TERESA, who is only fifteen years old, swam in splendid style, and won in thirty-five minutes and thirty-four and a half seconds.

—Mr. HOWARD PYLE, to whom our readers need no introduction, has given an outward and visible sign of his professional success by building in Wilmington, Delaware, where he resides, a commodious and very pretty cottage, highly artistic inside and outside. Its main room, twenty-five by thirty feet, with lofty ceilings, is a studio; the walls are hung with burlap, whose upper edges are studded with big b[illegible], and beneath the large north window, and extending ita[illegible]th, is a seat of yellow pine. A mantel-piece of yellow pine, beautifully moulded and marked, stretches above the fire-place of pressed brick. The furniture is of the Colonial period, familiar to the spectators of Mr. PYLE'S pictures, and the waxed floors are partly covered with Turkish rugs of antique designs. The inhabitants of Wilmington are justly proud of this building, and of the appreciated genius that made it possible.

—The late Professor JOHN T. SHORT, of the Ohio State University, was the learned author of a book on American antiquities (published by the HARPERS), and of a work called *Historial Reference Lists*.

—Mrs. FRANCES L. MACE, of Bangor, Maine, has just published a volume entitled *Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets*, which will greatly enhance her reputation as a poet. Some of its contents are already known to readers of the magazines; and the poem "Only Waiting," written in her eighteenth year, and printed in the Waterville (Maine) *Mail*, has found a welcome in almost every hymn-book subsequently issued in this country, and has re-appeared in England also. It is related that JOHN G. WHITTIER, on first meeting Mrs. MACE, said: "In Bangor I know but two persons, HANNIBAL HAMLIN and thee. I know him from his statesmanship, but I know thee from thy beautiful poems;" and the old Quaker poet has been very prompt and cordial in congratulating Mrs. MACE on the appearance of her new book.

—A learned member of the Paris Academy of Sciences has invented a method of towing barges on rivers by means of two endless chains. If he is as successful with his "grip" as our Brooklyn Bridge engineers are, he is bound to make a sensation.

—The London *News* makes no mistake in saying: "It is clear that the New York audience has recognized Mr. IRVING'S finest qualities with a positive warmth of admiration, and has seen in him a man who, when all deductions have been made for this defect or that, is distinctly one of the comparatively small group of really great actors whose careers make up the history of the stage. England and America are becoming decidedly international as far as the drama is concerned. We interchange actors and actresses, and of late years it hardly ever happens that the approval of the one people is not accepted and indorsed by the other."

—There is a "club" for working-girls in London. Two nights in the week are devoted to singing, needle-work, and "cutting-out," and five nights to a school, a drill, and instruction in the Bible.

—Lord CHICHESTER has, he says, been studying for many years the subject of a man's right to marry his deceased wife's sister. "I find nothing in Scripture," he declares, "prohibiting those marriages, and I can not think it right that any human law should prohibit or throw disgrace upon what might be a true marriage in God's sight."

—The handsome recumbent statue of the late Dean STANLEY, to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is of the finest white marble, the figure being life-size, and in the Dean's dress, with hands clasped across the breast. The monument over the grave of Lady AUGUSTA STANLEY records that she was "the beloved wife of ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, Dean of this collegiate church,.... for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen VICTORIA and the Queen's mother and children, and for twelve years the unwearied friend of the people of Westminster, and the inseparable partner of her husband's toils and hopes, uniting many hearts from many lands, and drawing all to things above."

—The Egyptian judges, under the new legislation, being called upon to punish slave-dealers, find it difficult to do so, because they have been brought up in the firm belief that the institution of slavery is both politically and religiously legal. They will probably be assisted on the bench by some European judges whose scruples in favor of the "divine institution" are less pronounced.

—The finest Turkish tobacco is produced by about five hundred cultivators on a southeast slope of the Rhodope range of mountains. These men are splendid specimens of Turks, and, strange to say, are remarkable for honesty, urbanity, and simplicity. There are twelve villages of them, and in order to obtain the best tobacco of all, it is necessary to blend the specimens raised in the different villages, according to the nature of the year's crop. This science of blending is very delicate, and the number of connoisseurs equal to the task is few.

—The charming town of Nice is noted for the highness of its death rate and the abundance of its visitors. Works of a gigantic nature have recently been constructed for the supply of water, and the health of the place will doubtless improve, especially since it is intended to purify the river Paillon, which usually presents sewerage, soap-suds, dead animals, and everything but a stream of water. The washer-women of Nice, who are forced to use every stagnant pool formed by the hollows of the river-bed, will have cause to rejoice. And so will the invalids, domestic and foreign.

—The children of working-men and tradesmen in Paris are so often sent into the country to be nursed that more than fifty per cent. of the whole number of children born in that city die in the baby farmers' hands before reaching their second year. The tradesman whose shop is on the ground-floor, and whose sleeping-rooms are on the fourth or fifth floor, could not keep children without losing the services of his wife, whom he needs in his business. If he had children, his wife would be compelled to stay upstairs and take care of them. The case of the workman is similar. A baby farmer charges five dollars a month for the keep of a baby.

—The "lasting memorial" which it is proposed to raise to Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE will very appropriately take a form that will benefit suffering women and poor children. Cottage homes for convalescent persons will be established, especially for those who have been discharged from hospitals after painful operations, and who else would linger long in illness in the vitiated air of unwholesome homes.

—Persons who use stimulating fluids, either with or without the advice of a physician, will find it advisable to note the quantity of alcohol contained in what they consume, this being the stimulant of all wines, spirits, and beer. A pint of beer contains as much alcohol as half a pint of claret, a quarter of a pint of port or sherry, or a wine-glassful of gin, whiskey, or brandy.

—The Bishop of St. David's declares that the notion that the ministers and members of the Church of England occupy a higher social scale than that occupied by the Dissenters is bad and false, and has done more than anything else to imbitter the enemies of that Church.

—Mme. ZIEGER—better known as Alboni—lives at the little town of Ville d'Avray, France, on a handsome estate called Villa Cenerentola. She delights in taking long walks, always carrying a pedometer so that she may know the exact distance travelled. This exercise keeps her in excellent health, and no one would suppose, from her looks, that she was fifty-six years old.

—NICODEMUS, the new Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, is a man of grateful feelings. On reaching Odessa lately he greeted the inhabitants in a short speech, in which he congratulated himself upon being the first Patriarch who ever entered that city alive. "The first Patriarch," he said, "was brought here a corpse," referring to a predecessor who had been beheaded in Constantinople, and brought to Odessa for burial. "I thank God I come to you alive; and I am very pleased to see you, and to remark some of my acquaintances among you." Thereupon he kissed the Mayor and other Greek gentlemen, who doubtless appreciated the courtesy. NICODEMUS is sixty-five years old, and ever since his thirty-sixth year has been a "black deacon"; that is, one who takes vows of celibacy in contradistinction to a "white" or marriageable deacon.

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"AUTUMN LEAVES."—From the Picture by Howard Pyle.

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THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(*Continued.*)

MR. SOTHERAN FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY.

It was rather a disappointment to me, on arriving there, to find that Lady Constance was not alone, nor likely to be so for some little time. Surrounded by a circle of visitors, amongst whom were Mr. Sotheran and that jovial member of the Ministry to whom I have already had occasion to allude, she was commenting upon the last news from the seat of war, and did not allow the current of her observations to be disturbed by my entrance.

"If there is one thing that puzzles me more than another," she was saying, "it is your delight at the success of the Turks. You are as jubilant as if you yourselves had forced the Russians to raise the siege of Silistria; you don't seem to suspect that all Europe is laughing at your army, which can't move, and has to look on while the Turks do the work. When you do begin fighting, what do you expect to gain? Do you even know what you are fighting for? Is it to 'protect an oppressed people from the insolence of a tyrant,' as Mr. Sotheran told his constituents the other day?"

"Well, for that, among other things," good-humoredly answered the Minister, to whom these questions were addressed; "we English may be fools, but give us credit at least for possessing a conscience."

"You represent the sentiments of the nation so admirably," returned Lady Constance, "that I can't understand why everybody should say that you will be out of office before you are much older. You care as much about the oppressed people in the East as you care about the oppressed Poles. You would like to take Egypt, only you daren't do it. You plume yourselves upon your moral cowardice; you shout out that it is a conscience, and all the people cry Amen! Look at Mr. Sotheran, for instance. Mr. Sotheran is a typical Englishman."

The gentleman referred to, who, with his hands folded upon the top of his walking-stick, and his chin resting on his hands, had been studying the pattern of the carpet, assumed a more erect attitude, and cleared his voice. Probably it was not disagreeable to him to be described as a typical Englishman.

"Mr. Sotheran," continued Lady Constance, "is possessed of the most reckless physical intrepidity. I can bear witness to that, and so can Mr. Maxwell, who will remember a certain afternoon on the Friedensberg. But morally I am afraid he is not quite up to the mark. I am afraid he made that speech the other day, not because he believed what he was saying, or supposed that anybody else would believe it, but because he felt bound to drop the customary grains of incense upon the altar of the great British god Humbug."

Mr. Sotheran reddened a little, but made no reply; and the Minister rose to take his leave. Lady Constance was evidently not in an amiable temper. By degrees her visitors decamped, looking more or less pained; only Mr. Sotheran held his ground, and received several broad hints with dogged obtuseness. This disturbed me very little, for I was quite determined to sit him out, and I felt pretty sure that, if he did not soon take the initiative, he would be dismissed with a flea in his ear. Also I derived a malicious pleasure from observation of his extreme anxiety to get rid of me. He looked at the clock, he fidgeted about in his chair, he examined his watch; finally he took to throwing me glances of direct and piteous appeal. Mr. Sotheran had never manifested any jealousy of me—nor, for that matter, of any of Lady Constance's admirers; he regarded me, I believe, as a complete nonentity, and if he sometimes found me in the way, did not care to show that he did so. His present uneasiness, therefore, could only be accounted for upon the supposition that he had something particular to say to Lady Constance; and that this was in fact the case was presently shown, when she, losing patience, remarked:

"I see you are looking anxiously at the clock, Mr. Sotheran. Pray don't let me detain you if you have other engagements."

Thus challenged, Mr. Sotheran rose slowly to his feet, and, with an odd mixture of flurry and dignity, opened fire. "I was in hopes, Lady Constance, that I might have spoken a word or two to you in private before I went away; but I have no particular objection to Mr. Maxwell's hearing what I have to say. You were pleased just now to speak of me before several gentlemen, one of whom is a leading member of the political party to which I belong, in a tone which was calculated—perhaps I may add intended—to bring ridicule and discredit upon me. Now I think you will allow that I am not prone to take offense—"

"It is only common justice to you," interpolated Lady Constance, "to say that you are not."

"—but I must be permitted to observe that, if your opinion of me is what your words imply, it is, to say the least of it, strange that you should continue to receive me, and invite me to your house."

The remonstrance was not an unreasonable one in itself, but there was a covert insolence about the manner of its delivery which did not escape me, and which Lady Constance, too, evidently understood. She started up from her chair and took two steps toward the speaker, with a look upon her face which, I frankly confess, frightened me. Her cheeks, always pale, were as white as marble now; her lips were tightly set; two vertical lines had appeared between her brows, under which her eyes were blazing with concentrated anger. The great coarse man whom she faced shrank away from her like a whipped hound. His height must have exceeded hers by nearly a head, but at this moment she seemed positively to tower above him. For about a minute she stood thus, motionless and silent; then, in a low, clear voice, she spoke:

"Say that again, please."

But Mr. Sotheran's courage was not equal to the task required of it. He made a desperate effort to assert himself; he tried to look her in the face, and failed ignominiously; at last he muttered, in a sulky tone, "I suppose you understood what I said."

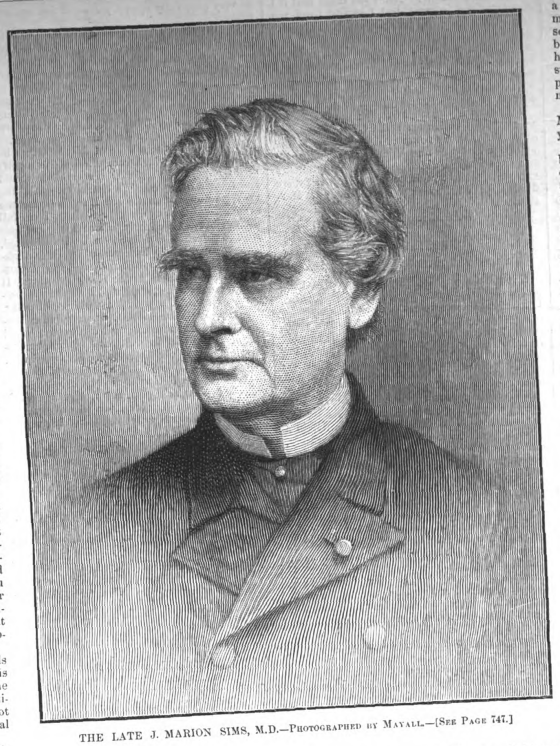
She disdained to make any rejoinder. With a slight contemptuous movement of her shoulders she turned away and rang the bell.

"Good-by, Mr. Sotheran," she said, curtly.

Mr. Sotheran made as though he would have spoken, cleared his voice, stood first on one leg, then on the other, struggling ludicrously to recover his equanimity, found that recovery was not possible, and finally, picking up his hat, left the room without a word.

"I think I frightened my friend that time," remarked Lady Constance, quietly, as the door closed behind him.

"Indeed you did," said I. "For the matter of that, you frightened me, too."



THE LATE J. MARION SIMS, M.D.—Photographed by Mayall.—[See Page 747.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

"I CAUGHT ONE OF HER HANDS, AND COVERED IT WITH KISSES."

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ened me too. I declare I thought you were going to strangle him."

"It was a triumph of spirit over brute force," said Lady Constance, sedately. "No, it wasn't," she exclaimed, with a swift change of tone; "it was a ridiculous, melodramatic, degrading scene, and I wish you had not been here to look on at it. I was obliged to suit my weapons to my antagonist, though: you can't kill a rhinoceros with swan-shot."

"Anyhow, you were successful," I remarked. "He won't come back here in a hurry."

"He will come back in a day or two," answered Lady Constance. "At least I hope he will," she added, with a bitter laugh; "because, if he doesn't, I shall be driven to send for him."

"Don't say that!" I exclaimed: "I can't bear to hear you talk so. Why do you want the man back? You *don't* want him; it is only because you are in need of money, and because you are afraid of the future, that you keep him hanging about you—isn't that it?"

"Why, of course that is it," she replied, calmly. "You don't suspect me of being enamored of Mr. Sotheran's boiled-gooseberry eyes, do you?"

"I don't believe you would marry him if you were starving!" I cried. "You deceive yourself—you are always trying to make yourself out capable of baseness that is not in your nature. You talk as though you would sell yourself to that pitiable fellow, and yet the moment that he presumes ever so slightly upon his advantage, you are ready to tear him limb from limb. You shall never marry him while I can help it. And we have not reached starvation point yet. See—I have done what you told me to do." And I dropped the bundle of notes into her lap.

She started, and stared at me for a moment with parted lips. Then, to my utter astonishment and dismay, she suddenly burst into tears.

I was down on my knees beside her in an instant. I caught one of her hands, and covered it with kisses; I poured forth I don't know what incoherent absurdities; I besought her to tell me what agitated her so terribly; I swore that no one should harm her while I was alive to stand between her and misfortune—in short, I talked as arrant nonsense as I suppose that most men would have talked in my place.

She regained her self-control as quickly as she had lost it. She drew away her hand, dried her eyes, and— "There!" said she; "you have seen what you won't see a second time, I think. After all, I am only a woman, and my nerves have been completely upset these last few days. Your kindness has put the finishing touch to it all. You are a dear, good fellow, Charley," she added, in a low voice; and as I was kneeling beside her, she passed her hand gently once or twice over my hair, murmuring, "a dear, good fellow—only a very foolish one."

The touch of her fingers seemed to send—for aught I know to the contrary, it *did* send—a succession of electric thrills through me. With my heart beating wildly I looked up into her face, and saw there an expression of great kindness and gentleness, mingled with just a shade of surprise. "Is it possible," I gasped, "that you can care for me a little?"

"I can't make it out," answered she, with a low laugh; "but it seems to me that I do—a little."

Then, in the midst of my exultation, an odd thing happened to me. The old sensation of angry helplessness which had vexed me at Taormina came back with startling vividness. I seemed to see myself swept away by a slow, steady current, which I ought to have struck out against, but could not; I had an intense momentary longing to shake myself free of this woman, and to say to her, "If I am to love you, it shall be by my own will, not by yours." All this passed away directly; perhaps it may have been rather an effect of memory than of any present volition. It did not prevent me from protesting my rapture, my gratitude, my unalterable devotion, while Lady Constance, listening silently, continued to stroke my hair.

However, such soft moods were hardly in accordance with her temperament, nor—for some reason which I can't explain—was I altogether sorry when she resumed her ordinary demeanor. She rose, gathering up the bundle of notes, and moved away a few paces. I, too, scrambled up from my knees, feeling, to tell the truth, just the least bit in the world foolish.

"Do you know, Charley," said Lady Constance, presently, "I never thought you would take me at my word. I was sure that you either couldn't or wouldn't find me this money."

"But you did want it, didn't you?" I asked, anxiously.

"Oh," she exclaimed, drawing a long breath, "if you only knew how I wanted it! I wanted it so much that yesterday I very nearly fell into the jaws of Mr. Sotheran. He would have gobbled me up this very afternoon, I believe; but you came, like Perseus, and the monster fled. It was I who showed him Medusa's face, though," she added, laughing.

"Thank Heaven! you did," I ejaculated, piously. "You won't let him come back again now, will you?"

She made no immediate reply. "This may tide me over into calm water," she said, presently, in a thoughtful tone. "Have you brought me the whole two thousand?"

I nodded. "And five hundred extra, for luck."

"Poor boy! Well, you have saved me from something worse than death, perhaps, and I shall not go through the form of thanking you. I don't suppose that Andromeda thanked Perseus, By-the-bye, what *did* Andromeda do? Do you recollect?"

"She married the hero, and they lived happily ever afterward," I replied, promptly.

"How dull! There is not much chance of the parallel being carried out in our case, however."

"But you said you cared for me a little," I murmured, reproachfully.

"Is that a reason? Don't you think that if I cared for you a great deal I should hand you back your money, and turn you out of the house? But we won't dwell on that ugly thought. It is enough that you can't possibly afford to marry me now. Whether you will be able to afford it some day, and whether when you can afford it you will do it, the answer to both of these questions depends, I imagine, entirely upon yourself."

I did not say much in reply; but I reflected with comfort both then and as I walked home afterward that my fortunes depended no longer upon any action or abstention of mine, but upon the circumstance, which must reach my uncle's ears sooner or later, that down at Richmond there dwelt a queer little being named Jimmy Le Marchant.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I LOSE ALL FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

HARDLY a day passed at this time that I did not run down to the cottage at Richmond, where I was always made welcome, and where my cousin's sympathy and encouragement were a great comfort to me. I had established thoroughly friendly relations with Paulina and Jimmy, the former of whom decidedly improved upon acquaintance. When she was at her ease, and discoursed in the vulgar tongue natural to her, she was by no means a disagreeable, and at times rather an amusing, companion. Her love for her husband, though it often manifested itself in a querulous guise, was evidently deep and sincere, and the outbreaks of temper at which Harry had hinted never took place in my presence. That they did occur at other times was unfortunately beyond a doubt; for Jimmy met me one day with a fine black eye, for which he accounted by announcing in a matter-of-course way that mother had pitched a lump of coal at him the night before. "Father said he'd give her the stick, though, if she did it again," added the little man, with unfilial glee.

I am bound to say that Paulina showed signs of great contrition and embarrassment after this untoward incident, and I was glad to see that she was at least ashamed of having been found out, though I looked in vain for any change in her behavior toward the victim. Truth to tell, there was no love lost between the mother and child; and this was perhaps the least satisfactory feature in Harry's domestic concerns. Paulina seldom spoke of her son by any other name than "that brat," and Jimmy informed me, with that simplicity of language which distinguished him, that he hated his mother like poison. Upon my rebuking him, he put it to me whether I shouldn't hate any one who pulled my hair, and banged my head against the wall—a query which I evaded ignobly by asking him if he had never heard of the Fifth Commandment. He replied that he had, but that father didn't think much of the Ten Commandments, adding, triumphantly: "And no more do I. I don't think much of the Bible at all. Father never reads his Bible, and mother says he'll be sorry for it after he's dead; but I don't believe it, because she reads hers, and it don't make her any better. She's a regular bad one—blow me tight if she ain't!"

I endeavored to point out to him that his logic was faulty, and that he really must not say, "Blow me tight!" but he answered that the boys down at the river made use of the expression, and proceeded to run over a string of far more objectionable flowers of speech which he had culled from the same prolific soil.

All this, together with Jimmy's remarkable precocity, seemed to render it highly desirable that he should be sent to school as soon as might be; but Harry paid very little heed to the representations which I took the liberty to make upon this point, and one can't very well tell a man that neither he nor his wife is suitable company for their own child. I could only hope that better times were in store for all three of them, little as they appeared to contemplate or desire any change of circumstances.

Once I broached the forbidden subject of Harry's possible return home to Paulina, and was surprised to find her strongly opposed to any such scheme. "He don't want to see his father again," she affirmed. "Anyhow, he says he don't; and Lord knows I don't want him to! He's very well as he is, in my opinion. But one thing I'm determined on—if ever he goes to Norfolk, I go with him."

I said I sincerely hoped she would, whereupon she turned on me with an angry gleam in her eyes, declaring that she knew very well what I meant when I spoke in that polite voice, and that she was not going to be talked out of her rights. "Harry can't say but what I've been a good and obedient wife to him, though he does try me so at times that I can hardly keep my hands off his face. I'll do whatever he tells me to do, good or bad, and he may go away and travel for months, without so much as leaving an address, and I sha'n't make no complaint; but to be pensioned off and told to stand o' one side after all these years is what I'll not submit to—that's flat!"

I was unable to convince her that no such sacrifice would be required of her—perhaps in my heart of hearts I was not quite convinced of it myself—and perceiving that she could not be enlisted as an ally, I thought it better to let the subject drop.

But Mrs. Le Marchant was not often so aggressively disposed. Once or twice I hired a boat, and took the whole family out on the river, and it was upon these occasions that Paulina appeared to enjoy herself most. Living the secluded life that she did, even those unexciting jaunts were a treat to her; and it was pathetic to see how at such times she would try to attract her husband's notice by an assumption of that sprightliness which may have possessed charms for him in former years, but which, it must be owned, did not sit very gracefully upon a person of her age and figure.

Harry responded to these efforts by blank silence, by faint smiles, occasionally by an ironical word or two that brought flames into Paulina's eyes and cheeks. I wondered sometimes whether he knew what he was doing, or whether he was merely what he appeared to be—good-humoredly indifferent. Certainly I never heard him speak harshly to his wife, despite the provocation which she often gave him in her anger.

It was about the middle of July when an incident occurred which compelled me to modify in an important particular the estimate that I had formed of my cousin's character. Walking up from the station toward Harry's house one evening, and turning a corner sharply, I ran full tilt against a veiled lady, whose form and gait seemed somehow familiar to me. I apologized, and probably should have passed on without taking any further notice of her if she had not started so violently as to invite closer scrutiny. It then became clear to me that I was in the presence of no less a person than Mrs. Farquhar. Great as my surprise was, it was altogether surpassed by her confusion; and from the agitated and eager manner in which she hastened to inform me that she had been to see her friend Mrs. Macpherson, who had taken a house at Richmond for the summer, I could not but perceive that the old lady was not telling the truth, or, at all events, not the whole truth. It was no part of my duty to set her more at her ease, so I asked her whether she didn't find two thick veils rather stifling in the dog-days. But Mrs. Farquhar was not the woman to be put out of countenance for many minutes. She answered that veils were more necessary in summer than in winter, on account of the dust, and then turned the tables upon me by saying, "And pray what may you be doing here?"

"I also am on my way to visit a friend," I replied.

"Ay, ay," said she; "you will have plenty of friends here, I dare say. They tell me that Richmond is a favorite resort of people of—doubtful reputation."

"Dear me! you don't allude to Mrs. Macpherson, surely," I observed.

"I'm talking of *your* friends, not mine," returned Mrs. Farquhar, severely. "Since we have met, I may just avail myself of this opportunity to tell you that I hear strange accounts of your friends."

Considering that Mrs. Farquhar and I had parted, a twelvemonth before, upon the most affectionate terms, this looked very like an open declaration of hostilities, and I had no doubt in my own mind that she had decided upon once more rejecting me in favor of Harry, and had just visited him in order to make known her intentions. It so happened that I asked for nothing better than such a change of front, while as for any feelings of animosity that Mrs. Farquhar might harbor against me, I was more curious to learn the cause of them than troubled by the fact of their existence.

"Will you explain yourself?" I asked, blandly.

"To be sure I will," she answered, without a moment's hesitation. "That Lady Constance Milner whom you picked up, or rather who picked you up, abroad, is not what I would call a safe friend for a young man."

"But perhaps you don't know very much about her," I took leave to suggest.

"I know more than you think," retorted Mrs. Farquhar, nodding a flowery bonnet at me impressively. "I'm an old woman, and I don't see much of society, but I have acquaintances who are better informed than myself, and when I make inquiries about your Lady Constance, what do I find? Why, that she is just one of those ladies whom decent people don't care to visit."

"Really, Mrs. Farquhar," I said, "your informants appear to be rather rash in their statements. Lady Constance Milner is the sister of Lord Rossan, who was my chief at Franzenshöhe; she is pretty well known in what is called good society, and this is the first time that I have heard a word breathed against her character."

"Am I speaking of her character?" returned Mrs. Farquhar, not in the least abashed. "She may have a character, or she may have none; I'm willing to give her the benefit of the doubt. What I said was that decent people don't care to visit her, and to that I stick. Moreover, I know that she has run through all her money, and won't scruple to run through yours if ever she gets the chance. Now I think I have explained myself, and as I have to find a fly and drive down to the railway, I'll wish you good-evening."

I certainly could not complain of any want of explicitness on Mrs. Farquhar's part, and I thought I would not pursue the topic. In common civility I could do no less than offer to fetch a fly for her, and she said I might do that if I liked.

"I wonder Mrs. Macpherson did not think of sending you down in her carriage," I remarked, just by way of letting her see that I knew very well where she had been last.

"Mrs. Macpherson does not keep a carriage," Mrs. Farquhar replied, an obstinate look coming over her face, which I took to mean that wild horses should not drag any compromising revelations from her. "I'll just sit down on yonder bench and wait for you," she added, suiting the action to the word; and when I had performed my errand she bade me good-by, saying that she would tell my uncle that she had seen me.

"Do, Mrs. Farquhar," I answered; "and tell him at the same time that my friends at Richmond are not bad people, though I must confess that they are not in society. Lady Constance Milner, as perhaps you know, lives in London, and notwithstanding the testimony of your informants, I must continue to believe that decent folks visit her."

"Keep your opinion, and I'll keep mine," rejoined Mrs. Farquhar. "We shall see who is right if we live long enough." With which she told the coachman to drive on, and was presently lost to sight.

I proceeded thoughtfully on my way toward Clarence Cottage, feeling that a crisis was at hand, and by no means sorry for it. Nothing but an unequivocal crisis could disentangle the threads of my present and future life; it would be a clear gain, too, to be freed from the various engagements of secrecy which I had permitted to be imposed upon me, and which I had found very irksome of late in more ways than one.

"So you have had a visit from Mrs. Farquhar," I said to Harry, whom I found leaning over his garden gate.

"*I* have a visit from Mrs. Farquhar!" he ejaculated, removing his cigar from his lips, and staring at me in blank amazement. "From my revered grandmother, do you mean? What on earth are you talking about?"

I was so positive as to the fact that it had never occurred to me to suppose that Harry would deny it, and I was a good deal offended by the apparent want of confidence shown in his reply. "I have just seen and spoken to her," I said, in an aggrieved tone.

"Well?"

"Well; I took it for granted that she had been here."

"But she didn't tell you so, I presume?" observed Harry, smiling.

"She didn't tell me so, certainly; but I felt no doubt whatever upon the subject; and, to tell you the honest truth, I feel none now."

"You are not complimentary," Harry remarked.

"You haven't said yet that she has not been here," I answered, bluntly. "If you do, of course I shall believe you."

Harry laughed outright. "You seem to think I have a very pretty talent for prevarication," said he. "I assure you the old lady hasn't been to see me. In years gone by she used to arrange meetings with me from time to time, and she was always good for a tenner, which was very convenient. But since your star has been in the ascendant she has dropped me like a hot coal. I gave up writing to her as a bad job ever so long ago."

After that I could only congratulate myself upon my prudence in not having mentioned Harry's name to Mrs. Farquhar, as indeed I had been upon the point of doing. I told him of this, and he whistled, remarking that it might have been rather awkward if I had let the cat out of the bag. "Not that the old lady would have been likely to pay me a call; still, she might have taken it into her head to do so, and I don't care to let her know that I am married, you see."

"My dear fellow, that's the very thing you ought to let her know!" I cried. "It's the very thing that would make all the difference to you, if you would only consent to let my uncle hear of it."

But Harry answered, with some impatience, that we had already discussed that question, and were not likely to agree about it; and after we had speculated a little upon the cause of Mrs. Farquhar's obvious embarrassment on being recognized by me, we began to talk about other matters.

"Whom do you suppose Charley saw this afternoon, Paulina?" said Harry, when we went into the house. "Why, my old grandmother. He made up his mind at once that she had been to pay us a visit, and I had some trouble in persuading him to believe that we hadn't been honored so far."

"I don't know about honor," grumbled Paulina, sullenly. "She hasn't been here, that's certain; and for the matter of that, I don't want her here—nor yet any of them."

Now, after all this, my stupefaction at what followed will, I think, be considered excusable.

I had taken my leave, and was walking down the hill, when a pattering of small feet behind me caused me to look round, and Jimmy, breathless and excited, dashed up to me. "Oh, Cousin Charley," he gasped, "have you heard the news? Such a funny old woman has been to see us, and she says she's my great-grandmother. She talked to father ever so long, and she cried—oh, my! how she did cry! And she gave me this," concluded Jimmy, triumphantly, holding up a bright sovereign.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed; "this really does beat everything! Jimmy," I went on, feebly, "there must be some mistake. Are you sure—quite sure—that the old woman saw your father?"

Jimmy nodded repeatedly. "I should just think she did!" said he. "You ought to have seen her cry! Isn't it very silly for grown-up people to cry? And father kissed her, and so did mother, and so did I, when she gave me the quid, and—" But here he suddenly broke off, and put his forefinger in his mouth with a look of apprehension. "P'r'aps it's a secret, though," he said. "Do you think it's a secret, Cousin Charley?"

"Eh?—what?—a secret? Oh yes, I should think it is. Sure to be!" answered I, endeavoring to collect my scattered wits.

"My wig! I say, you won't let on about my telling you?" said Jimmy, evidently much alarmed.

"No, I won't let on," I answered. "I don't suppose you'll say anything about it at home, either?"

"No fear!" returned the urchin, shaking his head. Then he said he must go, and withdrew in a sober and chastened mood.

I don't know whether he would have been shocked at hearing that his father had told me a monstrous falsehood—probably not. But in any case it seemed best to keep that knowledge from him. As for me, I felt that my faith, not in Harry only, but in humanity at large, had received a crushing blow. "If he had at least had

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the grace to look a little ashamed of himself," I thought, indignantly, "it would have been something; but to lie in that unblushing way, it was enough to bring the roof down upon him! And Paulina too!—she was just as bad. Oh, Ananias and Sapphira couldn't hold a candle to them! Well, one lives and learns; I shall never believe in man, woman, or child again."

However, I did Jimmy the justice to remember that he, at least, had been no party to the fraud. I was so disgusted with his ungrateful and untruthful parents that, if it had not been for him, I would have washed my hands of them then and there, being now quite convinced that they were not worthy of the sacrifice which I had contemplated making for their sake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS is the most conspicuous American of African descent, and his career is a striking illustration of the nature of free popular institutions. Born a slave, he is to-day, by his own energy and character and courage, an eminent citizen, and his life has been a constant and powerful plea for his people. Over infinite disadvantage and prejudice, his patience, intelligence, capacity, and tenacity have triumphantly prevailed, and in himself he is a repudiation of the current assertions against the colored race. Mr. DOUGLASS's address at the late Colored Convention showed a comprehension of the situation of the colored people in this country which justified the regard in which he is held, and which explains the leadership that he has held so long. Its tone toward his people is not that of flattery and sentimentality, but of rebuke and exhortation; and he understands, if no other colored man perceives, the immense and crushing power of that prejudice which overwhelms a race whose color is an ineffaceable sign and suggestion of prolonged servile bondage.

The story of Mr. DOUGLASS's early life has been told by himself with a simplicity and power which make his autobiography one of the most striking and unique books in our literature. There is no closer and more intimate view of slavery as it was fifty years ago, and it is impossible to read it to-day as a tale of recent American life without incredulity. No man who directly or indirectly, by sophistry, or evasion, or resolute refusal to know the truth, sustained the system of slavery, can read the narrative of FREDERICK DOUGLASS without sorrow and remorse. Three books contain the most complete and vivid picture of American slavery in its details, in its spirit, and in its influence upon master and slave, and upon industry and society. These are DOUGLASS's narrative, OLMSTEAD's *Sea-board Slave States*, and Mrs. STOWE's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Careful study of these reveals the nature of the malign power with which good men at the South as elsewhere were called to contend.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS was born in Talbot County, Maryland, sixty-five or sixty-six years ago. Like all slaves, he was not permitted to know his age, but he supposes, from the conversations of his master which he overheard, that he was about seventeen years old in 1835. His master was probably his father, and he was at different times a field hand and hired out to mechanical work in town. He was partially taught to read by a kind mistress, whose husband "stopped the nonsense" as soon as he knew it, and he taught himself by stealth to write. He was undoubtedly a very clever boy, and it was perhaps an instinctive apprehension that his cleverness might make his fellow-slaves troublesome which caused him to be frightfully flogged and abused in the hope of breaking his spirit. Fortunately the savage treatment stimulated rather than subdued his manhood, and when living near Baltimore in 1835 he organized a party of his comrades to attempt to escape. The scheme was betrayed, and he expected to be sent to Alabama; but this doom was averted, and, waiting patiently a little while, on the 3d of September, 1838, he quietly left Baltimore by a railroad train, and soon after reached New York, at two o'clock in the morning.

He was working in a ship-yard at the time, and observing a sympathy for his race among the sailors, he thought that he could disguise himself as a sailor and so escape. He had caught the air and the vocabulary of sailors, and carefully dressing himself and carrying a "protection," which he does not say how he procured, and knowing that if he offered to buy a ticket he would be exposed to a searching examination, he jumped on the train after it was in motion. The disguise was so good that men who knew him did not recognize him. The conductor, passing through the cars, asked for his free papers, and DOUGLASS, with a sailor's air, showed his protection, and said that he did not carry his papers to sea, from which he had just returned. So the slave became a freeman, and the most powerful witness against the woes of the house of bondage found his tongue.

In 1841, at an antislavery convention at Nantucket, Mr. GARRISON first saw Mr. DOUGLASS, who had vaguely heard of the abolitionists, and was curious to know what they proposed to do. He was persuaded to address the convention, and after apologizing for his ignorance, the slave of three years before spoke with such force and eloquence that Mr. GARRISON said that he had never hated slavery so intensely as at that moment. From that time Mr. DOUGLASS was one of the most popular and powerful of the antislavery orators, and his life was devoted to arousing public sentiment, that the liberty which he had gained for himself might be secured for his fellow-victims of slavery. He shared the fate of all the antislavery pioneers. He was denounced, mobbed, and pursued, and the very fact that he was a living example of the abuses of his race seemed to give peculiar malignity to the hatred with which he was regarded. If such men were slaves, how unspeakable was the wrong of slavery to humanity! ISAIAH RYNDERS, who says in a recent statement that he "got mad with GARRISON because he was an infidel," replied to a speaker in one of the antislavery meetings who cited DOUGLASS as evidence of the equality of the races, "That won't do; he is half white, and that accounts for him." "Oh," retorted DOUGLASS, "then I am only your half-brother," which, Captain RYNDERS adds, was "as good a shot as ever I got in my life."

In later years Mr. DOUGLASS has been an editor, a popular lyceum lecturer, and a devoted Republican orator. He was a Republican Presidential Elector in New York, and he has been Marshal of the District of Columbia. His address, of which we have spoken, at the late Colored Convention, was the wisest word that has been spoken for his race for many a year. He is still a Republican, but he exhorts his brethren to subordinate party attachment to their own welfare. Mr. DOUGLASS is one of the most interesting figures in the country, and no American career has had more remarkable and suggestive vicissitudes than his.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE EVACUATION, 1783.

No part of the country suffered as did New York from the pains of the Revolution. More than half its territory—and that the most populous and important—lay for seven years in the power of the invader. It could have neither privateers nor trade. It had no sea-board. Its fine river and harbor were used for its destruction. Of its remaining territory the larger part was in the very track of the war. The savage inroad of BURGOYNE from the north left everywhere traces of desolation. The merciless CLINTON covered the shores of the Hudson with the proofs of his barbarity. Towns, villages, and farms he laid in ruins. But even all this might have been borne had not our distracted State been threatened and harried along its borders by the constant invasions of the Indians, and in the interior by the plots and turbulence of the Tories. It is wonderful that GOVERNOR CLINTON and his almost fugitive Legislature were able to maintain its independence, collect their taxes, and contribute so large a share of men, arms, and money to the Continental armies. CLINTON, the LIVINGSTONS, WILLETT, SCHUYLER, MCDOUGAL, VARICK, ROOSEVELT, PLATT, and, above all, a patient, courageous people, carried New York through seven years of pains and sorrows such as few communities ever bore.

And now suddenly had come the almost unlooked-for liberation. The invaders, beaten, were about to escape sullenly from the fallen city. It was once more free. For the first time in seven years of captivity New York Island, Staten Island, and Long Island were to hear the notes of their national music, and listen to the voice of peace.

Here, on the 25th of November, 1783, was performed the last act of the war of liberation. The people of New York took possession of their metropolis. The seven years of expectation, doubt, fear, or exultation WASHINGTON had never ceased to keep his eyes fixed upon the city from which he had fled in 1776 a beaten general. He had hoped to snatch it away from the foe by some swift strategy or bold attack. He had won it at last in Virginia, and now was to enter it in peace. The day, the scene, rise upon us at its hundredth anniversary. In the morning of the 25th a detachment of the American army had marched from Harlem as far as Grand Street; the English troops retired at their approach. The Americans took possession of the forts, lines, intrenchments, so long held by their foes. The English and the Tory exiles moved slowly down to the Battery, and embarked in the great fleet of war-ships and transports that filled the bay. Reluctant, sad, they passed through the ruined city, symbols of a dying past, adherents of a political creed long since banished from among men.

But at the upper end of the island all was exultation and hope. Escorted by the Westchester Light Guards, and followed by a crowd of citizens and patriot exiles returning joyfully to their homes, two eminent men rode down together from Harlem to the city. One was WASHINGTON, pale, care-worn, exultant, full of hope, and one Governor GEORGE CLINTON, active, brave, sincere, the war-Governor of New York. They were both on horseback, of fine appearance and striking carriage. Both were sincere friends of the people, possessed of the very spirit of reform. To CLINTON New York owes its common schools and its general education; to WASHINGTON its freedom to follow knowledge. They rode together on that auspicious day along Bowery Road, down Queen, or what is now Pearl Street, through Wall to Broadway, amidst a crowd of rejoicing citizens, and saw for the first time in seven years the fair city of their love. But what a change! They came to a city of ruins. How had not New York suffered? It was a picture of despair, lightened only by the new era of hope.

In the evening there was a memorable dinner at Fraunces' Tavern, on the corner of Broad and Pearl streets. The room is still shown, almost unchanged, where WASHINGTON, CLINTON, and the heroes of New York met at this triumphal banquet. Its fare was solid and plain. Toasts were pledged to all who had aided the cause of freedom—the French King, the United Netherlands, the Northern powers. With one heart they exclaimed: "May America be the asylum to the persecuted of the earth!" "May the remembrance of this day be a lesson to princes!" "The memory of the heroes who have fallen for our freedom." All was excitement and hope. A display of fire-works was given a few days later. Of the touching traits of the festal season were the congratulations (November 29) offered to WASHINGTON and CLINTON by the exiled patriots, and their replies. "May the tranquillity of your city be perpetual!" wrote WASHINGTON; "may the ruin be repaired!" "To your sufferings, and the invincible spirit with which they were surmounted," wrote CLINTON, "I have been witness."

The 25th of November was long the great day of New York. LAMBERT, who landed here in 1807, describes it in its early ardor. The military assembled, the people came out in crowds. The Continentals, in buff and blue, acted again the scenes of the evacuation; they took possession of the abandoned forts, and marched in triumph to the Battery. Slowly the observance died away. Yet it is the celebration of the new birthday of New York. No State had suffered so much from the terrors of war, none profited so largely from their results. The city sprang up at once from its ruins to become the metropolis of the continent. Its people were full of energy and hope, its wharves were hid in a forest of masts, its streets were gay with trade. In the seventeen years from the evacuation to 1800 its population rose from 20,000 to 60,000—a threefold increase; it passed on before Philadelphia and Boston, and was the chief city of the West. It is well for New York to celebrate yearly the birth of its freedom with glad rejoicings, and remember with tender gratitude the brave and honest souls who in their sufferings laid the foundations of its prosperity.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is pleasant to observe that a person of inventive genius has turned his attention to the needs of oarsmen without producing a new kind of rowlock. His invention is a contrivance consisting of a combination of mirrors fastened to a light cap, for enabling an oarsman to see over the bow of his shell without turning his head. Thus, by wearing one of them, Courtney could see the finish of a race in which he was a contestant.

On a first night at a West End (London) theatre, just after one of the actresses had disclosed herself amid appropriate surroundings, and softly breathed, "How lovely is the night, and the solemn calm that prevails!" there was a tremendous crash of falling scenery, and the maiden was frightened nearly to death. Concerning the incident, the *Court Journal* observes: "There is a great deal of this tumbling about of property and scenery of late. When some fair being is knocked out of her being, the Lord Chamberlain will see to the fixings."

A Chinese restaurant has been opened in Paris in which patrons may be served with such Oriental delicacies as bird's-nest soup, smoked sharks' fins, dried cuttle-fish, salted rat, and eggs that have been purposely kept till they have become opaque and unsuitable for hatching purposes. It is said that the last-named dish requires that the eggs shall be covered with a mixture of cinders, chalk, lye, soda, powdered licorice root, and oil, and left by themselves for several months. The edible bird's-nests are built by a species of swallow. They are boiled in chicken broth or in milk of almonds. The experiment of the Chinese restaurateur is in its beginning as yet.

In Pennsylvania a skull has been unearthed which measures forty inches in circumference at the forehead. It is conjectured that the man died on the morning following his celebration of a Democratic victory at the polls.

The preponderance of spinsters in Boston receives a noteworthy illustration in the fact that when a cat show and a chrysanthemum show were held recently in neighboring halls there, the receipts from the cat show exceeded those from the show of flowers by some seventy-five dollars.

Nothing came of the plot to tar and feather the Lord Mayor of Dublin while he was attending a meeting of the University Philosophical Society at Trinity College. Maybe the plotters were placated by the assurance that he would let it be the last time he would attend a philosophical society meeting.

In a Boston household was a cat named Bianca. The pet died, and was buried in the yard. Over its grave was placed a slab, on which the eldest child had printed the deceased creature's name, "Beeyanker."

"They are not wanted any more," said a policeman in the Tombs, as one hundred and ten men were sentenced as vagrants for terms varying from three to six months; "they had a soft time for thirty days before election, and will have a hard time for three hundred and thirty-five days." The experience of these citizens, and of those who have flocked to Washington in the hope of obtaining offices which the Democratic Congressmen have to dispense, shows how imprudent it is to resolve to live by politics with nothing to fall back on.

Hannibal Hamlin was never known to wear an overcoat. Nor was he ever known to wear that anxious, "Am I getting the pneumonia?" look of the overcoatless dudes of this wind-swept metropolis.

Some of the most characteristic stories of steamboat travel on the great Western rivers are associated with the bar-rooms of the immense craft that ply on those waters. In almost every instance, perhaps, they have passed through the process of amplification in the fancy of the successive narrators, but there has been usually something more in the way of foundation than a mere suggestion. The movement which has been going on for some little time for the abolishing of bars on the Mississippi and Ohio river boats promises to do away with liquor-selling on all the boats of those waters. This is a reform of greater dimensions than would be that of shutting up the closets in which liquor is sold on the steamboats of the Sound and the North River. The reason for the abolition of the bars on the Western boats seems to be mercenary, the owners believing that the room devoted to their liquor trade will be more valuable if occupied in other ways.

A farmers' congress is to be held next month in Kentucky, and somebody asks why the lawyers of the country don't hold a congress somewhere. Bless you, they do: at Washington, in the Capitol, every winter.

Two missionary men of the sect known as Plymouth Brethren were travelling in Persia, partly for business and partly for pleasure. In the course of their journeying they converted a beautiful Armenian widow. Humanity forbade that they should leave her to the persecutions of her heathen relations, and propriety forbade them to travel about with their convert. So it was agreed between the missionaries that they should cast lots to see which of them should marry her. This part of the proceedings, by-the-way, is probably what recommended the story to the London *Life*, in which paper it appears. Well, the one to whom the lot fell promptly married the widow, and he lived happily with her until she died. The fortunate missionary was Lord Congleton, whose death was recently announced.

When the future tabulator of facts puts it down that in the winter of 1883 the opera singers in New York produced a macaroni famine, the question as to where Italian opera has received the most encouragement can be settled by reference to statistics as often as it arises.

An east-side Chinese laundryman of the name of Sam Chin had his name anglicized before putting it on his sign. It now appears as Sam Jaw.

An old lady from the country sat all the afternoon recently in the new Senate-chamber, in Albany, listening to the arguments of a distinguished lawyer before the Court of Appeals, and industriously knitting. As she was departing, after the court had adjourned, she said to the superintendent of the Capitol, "The man that delivered the comic lecter was pooty fair, but I've hearn better."

Of the painting which the Queen has commanded an English artist to execute, a large picture representing the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, "as seen from the position where the Duke of Connaught was with his regiment of Guards, Mr. Labouchere writes: "*It will*, I presume, be a companion picture to the well-known work of art entitled 'London in a Fog.'"

It is claimed by the officers of the government secret service that every man in the United States who is known ever to have been engaged in counterfeiting Federal money or securities is so closely watched by detectives that he can not work in connection with other counterfeiters without detection. This claim is supported by the fact that when city detectives were recently detailed to watch a suspected gang of counterfeiters they found the criminals already closely "shadowed" by secret service men. The requirements of successful counterfeiting are in this age such that one man working alone can accomplish nothing.

"Quaker Indians" is the Colorado name for the Moquis—an inoffensive tribe, some of whom are held as slaves by the Navajoes.

NEW YORK ENTRANCE TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

EVIDENTLY THE "ELEVATED" GENTLEMAN INTENDS TO STAY.

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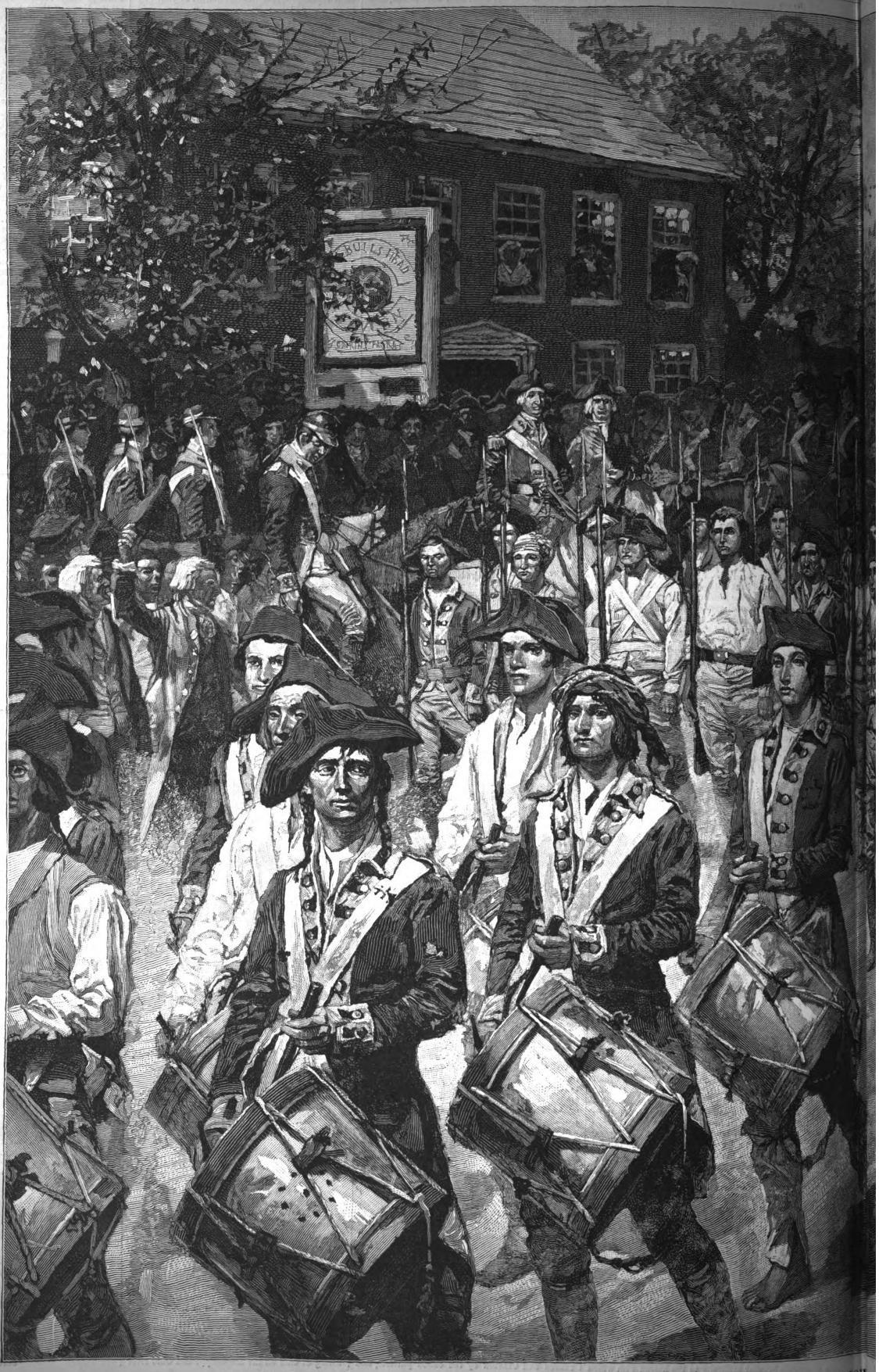

EVACUATION-DAY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE CONTINENTAL ARMY MARCHING DOWN

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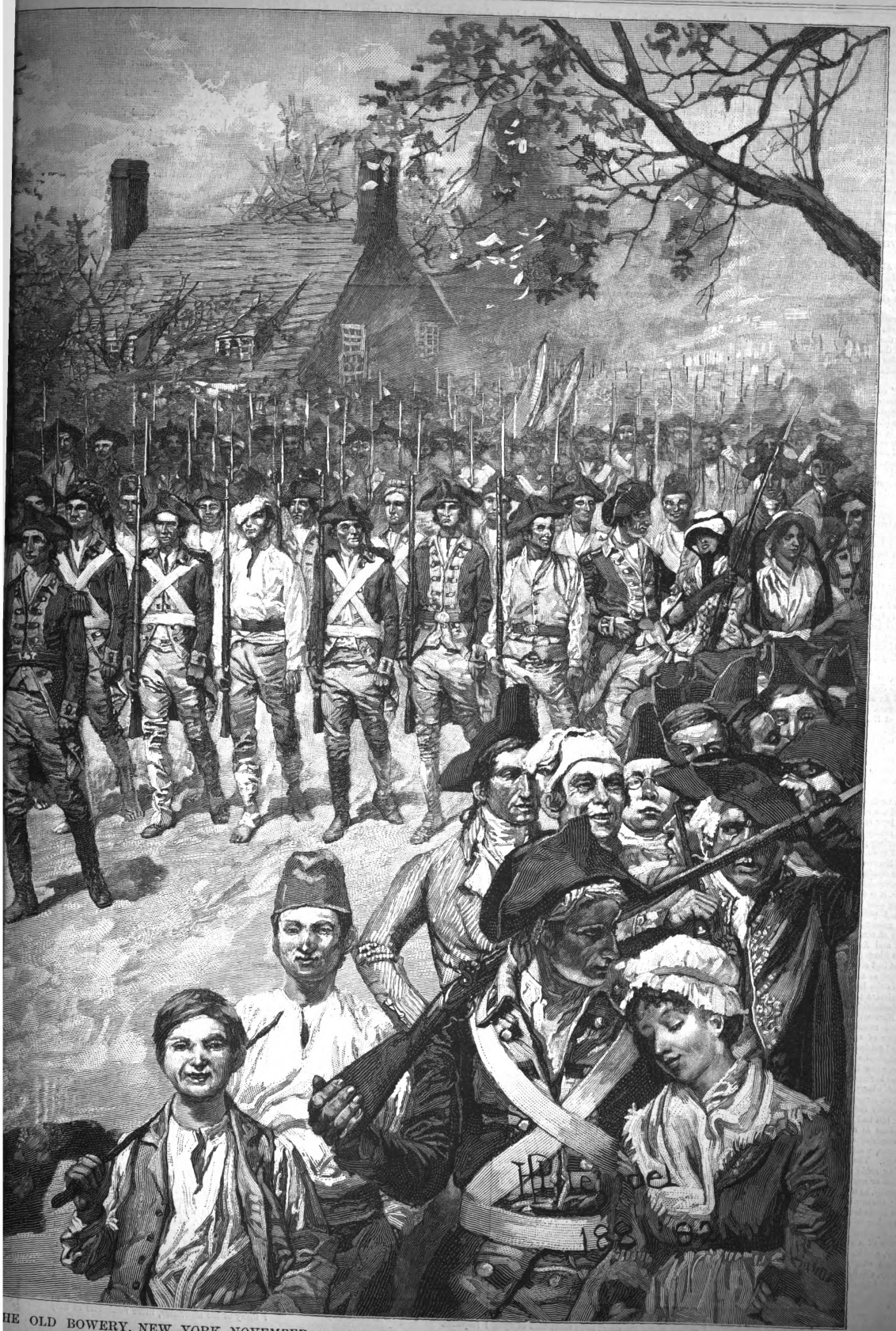

HE OLD BOWERY, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1783.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 743.]

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TWO MOTHERS.

A MOTHER whose pale face was worn with weeping
Gazed with sad eyes upon her only child,
A lovely girl who, though the death-sleep sleeping,
As if of heaven dreaming, softly smiled.
And "Must I part, beloved, from thee forever?"
She cried, in anguish, as she bent to kiss
The smiling mouth. "Ah! woe is me, there never
In all the world was grief as great as this."

Spake then another mother: "There is sorrow
Which makes thine gladness; sorrow so unblest
That it sees naught but waking every morrow
With the old pain, from sleep that brought no rest;
Sorrow that deems *thy* grief a blessing, knowing
That she thus lost to thee is glorified;
Sorrow that sobs—the while no tears are flowing—
'Would that, like thine, *my* only child had died!'"

MARGARET EYTINGE.

A NERVOUS LADY AT HEIDELBERG.

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

I.—THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

THE Frankfort train reached Heidelberg at five o'clock on a July afternoon, and two ladies descended—the elder timorous and suspicious of railway officials; the younger confident, eager, and full of enthusiasm. A carriage soon bore them away from the depot and suburb of modern aspect, along the Anlage, damp with recent heavy rains, toward the town.

"These villas and gardens resemble any American city—Buffalo, for example," quoth the Nervous Lady.

"Buffalo!" echoed her niece Margaret, in the scornful accents of Young America. "The idea, aunty, of comparing beautiful old Heidelberg on the Neckar with one of *our* towns!"

"Buffalo is more accessible, certainly, and I am not quite sure the comparison is just to our towns; for I should judge by the evil odors here that the Electors Palatine and their successors have devoted less time to sewerage than to hair-splitting over religions," retorted the Nervous Lady, with a droll twist to her thin, mobile face.

Niece Margaret sighed profoundly, and gazed at the tree-tops. She declined to bring herself down to the level of such arguments. Niece Margaret was a dignified young woman of twenty-five, with a white intellectual brow, a pair of clear gray eyes, a firm mouth, and money in her own right. In travel she was the layer of cotton-wool to which a certain Madame De Staël has compared the feminine element in society, and the Nervous Lady expended her whims on this safe elastic resistance of a calm temperament.

"I am always afraid of my life in a carriage," resumed the latter, after a moment of silence. "These horses appear harmless, however, and they eat black bread, I am told. Why, Mrs. Thorpe's boy is studying at Leipsic or Heidelberg."

Down came Niece Margaret's gaze from the tree-tops to the depths of the carriage, where she discovered an absorbing interest in the strap of her shawl-case.

"He is at Heidelberg, studying medicine," she said, quietly.

"Dear me, how time flies!" sighed the Nervous Lady. "I am actually an old woman. I remember Willie Thorpe, in a jacket, firing a Fourth-of-July cannon, and breaking my parlor windows. He was a handsome rascal, and made a polite apology for having frightened me into a fainting fit. Now he is a German philosopher, I suppose, and would not recognize us, with his meerschaum pipe and beer tankards."

"No," assented Margaret, gravely.

The carriage paused in a narrow, crooked street of the old town, paved with round cobble-stones, and the Nervous Lady, entering a low massive door, was conducted to her destination.

The educational *pension* belongs to Germany. As a rule, it is dingy, lugubrious, and barren; its pervading odor is a faint suggestiveness of blackboard and pencils, mingled with boys' boots, woollen garments consigned to a camphorated seclusion at times, and wet umbrellas. English comfort and American cookery are frequently the baits which gild its austere simplicity. Niece Margaret had selected an educational *pension* at Heidelberg as a suitable haven, keeping her true motive in the background, and assuring her deluded relative that all the world flocked to this popular establishment.

The Nervous Lady found herself in an old-fashioned mansion, mantled with green vines suggestive of spiders and earwigs, and with a neglected garden in the rear. The wide stone corridor, adorned with angular portraits of a greenish hue, after Holbein, was redolent of greasy soup and kerosene oil at this season of year, with hints of wintry draughts and diphtheria. The chambers, large and lofty, were oddly shaped, as if originally they had intended to be square, or oblong, but had been moulded into their present dimensions at a moment of indecision. There was something rambling and disconnected about the house, which terrified and fascinated our travellers. The landlady was vague in manner, swerving aside instinctively from a decisive affirmation or negation, and vanished into by-ways continually, as if searching for a lost article never found; the menials were limp and indifferent.

Two hours later the Nervous Lady stood at her window, her countenance reflecting many emotions. She had dined in an apartment like the refectory of a convent; the viands had proved inferior, and had been served in eccentric combinations wholly new to her experience. The company, chiefly ladies from English rural districts and Scotland, had adhered to the custom of dressing for dinner, appearing in silk attire, with those long and draggled trains, like the tail of a kite, peculiar to feminine fashions in the British Isles, and usually accompanied by caps, and white lace cuffs made by the wearer.

Outside the window, life manifested its many phases. The Heidelberg students were abroad at this sunset hour. Here a group wearing caps of a mustard-yellow tint linked arms affectionately, whips and canes taking, naturally in time of peace, the attitude of fencing. There a blonde and a brunette youth, in blue caps of the Polish aristocracy, lounged in an open landau, gazing superciliously at pedestrians. A pair with military bearing doffed their white turbans to a professor. A lofty and cynical hero, with a broken nose, and gold-embroidered head-covering the size of a saucer tilted over one eye, stalked alone. A boy in a green cap, with the face of a cherub, perched a tinted eyeglass on his pretty nose to ogle Margaret.

In an adjacent garden two students occupied a summer-house draped with vines. Both were stout, of heavy aspect, and wore those patches of white plaster on cheek and chin denoting recent duels, the scars of which might serve as a badge of bravery in after-life, but which imparted, for the time being, the aspect of sailors on shore.

"They are drinking brandy in wine-glasses, and then a horrible black beer," cried the Nervous Lady. "Oh, where are their mothers?"

"Prince von Bismarck was one of the maddest of the Heidelberg students, I believe; hence their license," said Margaret, smiling. "However, the German government is about to interfere with duelling and other irregularities in the universities."

"It is time. I wonder how many drunken ruffians emerge into the world to one scholar who has sown his wild oats here?"

"Nonsense, aunt!" said Margaret, sharply. Her usually calm gray eye flashed, and the color mantled her cheek.

"I have a right to my opinion," pursued the Nervous Lady.

At this moment the setting sun separated the heavy clouds on the horizon, and the castle appeared spanned by a glittering rainbow. The distant valleys were still veiled in dissolving mist, the roofs and gables of the ancient town glowed in the warm light, and the rainbow slanted across the majestic ruin on the hill-side as memory may linger about the terrace of the Frederic building or the ivy-mantled bastions of the time of Elizabeth Stuart.

The Nervous Lady prepared to retire at an early hour. She dismissed Margaret, after assuring herself that she knew the exact locality of the latter's room, situated at the extremity of the tortuous corridor. Scarcely had she done so when she remembered that her chloral pearls were in the pocket of a certain black bag borne away by her niece.

"I shall not require the bag to-night," she soliloquized, ignorant of all the adventures which would hinge on the trifling circumstance.

Insomnia had presided at the cradle of the Nervous Lady, and accompanied her through life. Her later years, otherwise prosperous, were remarkable only for the localities and nights during which she had slept. In travel, London, Paris, and Venice were cities cherished by her with peculiar tenderness. Why? "I slept soundly in each from eleven o'clock until five," she invariably explained, with a certain wiry gayety peculiar to her.

The clock struck ten as she laid her head on the stony pillow of the educational *pension*. The first train quitted the Heidelberg depot for Würzburg, and rushed through the town like a shrieking demon, vanishing in a distant tunnel with a prolonged howl. At the same moment the convivial songs of a party of students became audible in a neighboring garden, mingled with the click of billiard balls and the report of pistols in a shooting-gallery. Scarcely had the Nervous Lady accustomed her ear to these sounds when the *pension* awoke to simultaneous melody. The young English lady in the next room began to warble sentimental ballads; the youth attending lectures launched himself on the "Beautiful Blue Danube" with the aid of the tinkling instrument of the salon; while the classical musician below-stairs commenced a sonata. The Nervous Lady thus found herself between a cross-fire of music on either side, and with Beethoven rising through the floor, thus producing excruciating discord. She bounded into an upright position, and removed her night-cap. "Oh, why was the piano ever invented?" she groaned. "I am confident the first piano-maker is meeting with a just retribution—somewhere. I wonder what Margaret is about? Surely nobody but a deaf-mute sleeps at Heidelberg."

Niece Margaret was seated before her writing-desk, and the music did not disturb her. "My old friend Willie," she began, at the head of a sheet, then blushed, paused, and tore the page in fragments. "Dear Mr. Thorpe," she recommenced, "have you forgotten your school-mate and playfellow, Margaret Cooke?"

Margaret's letter was destined never to be completed. Eleven o'clock tolled solemnly from a church tower. The Blue Danube ceased abruptly, the songs languished, the sonata below-stairs grew more muffled and distant. Outside, the report of the pistol became intermittent, while the click of billiard-balls and the mirth of the students increased. The second train, emerging from the tunnel, swooped down upon the town as if with the intention of cutting in twain the very chamber of the Nervous Lady. Twelve o'clock struck. The audience of a theatre dispersing passed beneath the window with heavy tramp of feet and laughter. One o'clock was announced from the belfry. The students emerged from the garden, with gibes and jests, piercing whistles to attendant dogs, disputes in loud and thickened utterance.

"They must be tipsy," thought the Nervous Lady, acutely wakeful, and her eyes fixed on the ceiling, where the street lamp made bars of light. Then she experienced a stab of pain in her side. "Pleurisy or pneumonia," she said, and rose in search of remedies. She found a box of licorice drops, and ate one. Everything was in the missing black bag. Perhaps the pain was not pneumonia, but the hard texture of the mattress. Reassured, she returned to her pillow, and fell asleep, although she would have taken oath in any court of justice that she had not even "lost herself."

Two o'clock sounded, and the strokes beat on her startled brain. Then it was that the third train of the night approached slowly with heavy rumbling movement, paused, backed, puffed spasmodically, and entered the depot. The Nervous Lady's last remnant of composure vanished with this train. Her teeth chattered, her head whirled, she even wept with rage and weariness. Half the maledictions she wished on the heads of the community about her, if fulfilled, would have swept the university town from its foundations. Grimly she lighted a candle, wrapped herself in a dressing-gown, and issued forth on the tortuous corridor in search of Niece Margaret and the black bag. At the threshold she made her first blunder; she turned to the left instead of to the right. Arrived at Margaret's door, as she supposed, she knocked, and said, quaveringly, through the key-hole: "Could you give me the black bag, dear? I have not slept a wink to-night."

A masculine voice growled a sleepy response.

The Nervous Lady fled in dismay. Evidently she had knocked at the wrong door. She stumbled down several steps, vaguely aware that the passage narrowed, and turned a sharp angle near a window. A draught of night wind through a broken pane of this casement extinguished the candle. The midnight wanderer stood alone in fearful darkness. Where was she? How could she discover her own room again? Should she scream, and alarm the whole household? Instead she leaned against the wall, and laughed weakly at the absurdity of the situation. The educational *pension* was a labyrinth. She would not be surprised if a trap opened beneath her feet, consigning her to the dungeons of the Vehmegericht, or the arms of an Iron Maiden. She found a match on the candlestick; it refused to ignite. A second, struck against the wall, flared and went out. Chilled, bewildered, and enraged, she groped her way back. She stumbled up several steps again, ran against an open door, and discerned a faint ray of light. Possibly Margaret was coming in search of her.

The light proved to be a night taper burning in a chamber of which the door also was open. A man was extended across the threshold, his eyes closed, and his face covered with blood.

"It's murder," gasped the Nervous Lady, and stood still.

II.—THE NERVOUS LADY FULFILLS HER MISSION.

A man had fallen on the floor with blood pouring from a wound in the cheek and chin verging on the jugular vein. Such was the startling spectacle presented to her eyes. The Nervous Lady did not shriek or faint. Nervous ladies seldom do in those grave emergencies of life which require them to forget themselves. Incredible and appalling circumstance! Instead of a bottle of chloral pearls in the pocket of a black bag, she had found a fellow-creature bleeding to death. She had arisen and sought this stranger in response to a mute appeal for assistance, instead of obtaining relief for her own petty ailments. She stepped across the prostrate form, and glanced about the room. The taper burned on a table, but no watcher had guarded the feverish slumber of the young man. He was alone. Swiftly the Nervous Lady gathered the pillows from the bed, placed them on the floor, and raised the wounded head. The man groaned, opened his eyes, and again closed them. His new friend knelt beside him, coolly and firmly re-adjusted the bandages, which had slipped aside, thus occasioning the hemorrhage, and restored the head to the pillows as if she had served as hospital nurse instead of swooning at the sight of a penknife wound on the finger of a comrade in girlhood.

Her next move was not less collected. She lighted a lamp, took it in her hand, and went out on the landing. The fact that the fingers which grasped the lamp were stained with blood did not even impress her as ghastly. A flight of stairs led down to an entrance door. *She was in another house!* The Nervous Lady winked violently several times, but did not permit this astonishing circumstance to disconcert her. In the tranquil clearness of her mind at the moment she remembered having seen from her window a brass plate inscribed with a doctor's name on an opposite house. She found it the most natural circumstance in the world to seek the physician in her dressing-gown. She opened the street door. At last the town was hushed in slumber. The silence and darkness were oppressive; a damp fragrance of flowers from a neighboring garden reached her. Such sweet flowers are placed on coffins, she thought.

A tall form approached the opposite house, paused, and looked at her. She beckoned energetically. A dignified gentleman, wearing gold spectacles, crossed the street.

"If you are a Christian, and understand the English language, follow me," said the Nervous Lady.

"Good!" replied the tall gentleman.

Soon the young man was restored to bed, stimulants and restoratives applied, and the tall gentleman surveyed the result with evident satisfaction.

"You are the doctor opposite?" inquired the Nervous Lady.

"Yes, madame."

"Good," said the Nervous Lady in turn.

"Possibly this trial is too much for you," continued the physician, with a searching glance at her thin face, rendered shadowy by the obscurity.

"Oh no; I never felt better," was the jerky response.

"He is your son?" hazarded the doctor.

"I do not know who he is, where I am, or how I came to be here," retorted the Nervous Lady, incoherently. "I found him on the floor bleeding to death. That is sufficient."

"He is a good fellow enough," said the doctor, slowly. "An American student; the name Thorpe."

"Oh, Lord!" ejaculated the Nervous Lady, suddenly collapsing into a chair. "How I wish my niece Margaret was awake!"

"Shall I awaken her?" demanded the good-natured doctor.

"You would not be able to find her in the educational *pension*, unless you are a magician. He is alive; that is one comfort, anyway. I thought him dead, stone-dead, at first."

She rose and approached the doctor mysteriously.

"I know what it is," she whispered. "He has fought one of those wicked duels."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and smiled leniently. He had a scar on his own cheek.

"Some boyish scrape," he admitted.

"Don't talk to me about your barbarous customs of the Dark Ages! I wonder you are not ashamed that you have not outgrown them! There! I will watch while you go to the pharmacy and bring your assistant. I am not weary; and, besides, I could not find my way home if I tried. He must be Willie Thorpe, Mrs. Thorpe's boy, the only son of a widow. Dear! dear! what a wicked world it is!" She seated herself beside the bed, discovered a handkerchief in the pocket of her dressing-gown, and began to cry.

The physician departed. The nurse soon dried her tears, and began to move about the chamber, peering at different objects in the anticipation of discovering a whole magazine of deadly weapons—at least a blood-stained sword. She shook her head at the heaps of ink-marked books, the pipes and loose tobacco scattered about, the general aspect of dust and disorder. The ways of young men, especially of students, were too wonderful for her. On the chimney-piece were two photographs framed, one reflecting the pale, sad face of Mrs. Thorpe, with hair meekly smoothed on either side of a care-worn brow; the other a girl's head in a large hat.

"Why, it is Margaret!" exclaimed the Nervous Lady. "Ah, the home influence was too remote for this youth in a foreign land."

She returned to her post beside the bed, sighing profoundly. At this moment the patient opened his eyes, gazed at her dreamily, and extending his hand, touched her arm, as if attempting to establish the reality of objects about him.

"Mrs. Cooke," he said, faintly.

"Yes, my dear," she replied, beaming on him as if he were not a sinner.

"Do you remember the Fourth-of-July cannon?" vaguely and mechanically uttered, the mind still astray.

"To be sure. Go to sleep."

The young man's eyes did not immediately close in response to this injunction. He glanced about the room, visibly disquieted by some thought.

"I tried to open the window or the door," he muttered. "I was stifling, and Jack did not answer when I called. Where is Margaret?"

The Nervous Lady smiled, nodded, and placed a finger on her lips.

"You shall see her when you awaken," she replied.

Willie Thorpe sank into a refreshing slumber, and his nurse, bolt-upright in her chair, followed his example. When the latter opened her eyes, Margaret was embracing her with ardor, while the doctor bent over his patient.

"What a dreadful night you must have had, dear!" said Margaret, pale with excitement and sympathy. "You saved him, aunty."

"I do not think much of him," were the first words of the Nervous Lady. "However, we must play the good Samaritan, as we are his country-women, and he is Mrs. Thorpe's boy."

Margaret rose to her feet with a reproachful glance.

"Where is the educational *pension* located this morning?" added the Nervous Lady, in a flighty manner. "If that establishment still exists, it might be well to bring me some raiment."

"The door of communication with this house was left open by a servant," explained her niece. "The landlady is very sorry."

"Is she? Then I advise her to illuminate her crooked corridors by means of the electric light."

Margaret joined the physician. She did not attempt to touch Willie Thorpe, although her emotion was plainly written in the pallor and trouble of her face.

"Permit me to be chief nurse," she pleaded, tremulously. "I am very strong."

"He requires little nursing, only careful watching," he returned, cheerfully. "You are doubtless strong, as you say, but your relative is far stronger. She had nerves of steel during the night, and this young man owes his life to her."

The convalescence of the American student was rapid; it was also painful. There can be no manner of doubt that Willie Thorpe found the presence of the Nervous Lady irksome, and his debt of gratitude uncomfortable. She was the surgeon who probed the wounds of his moral nature with unflinching hand. And Margaret? The proximity of a girl whose father had forbidden him to correspond with an only daughter, above him in worldly position, when he came abroad to study, was scarcely less embarrassing. He had vowed to forget her, in anger and deep resentment. Now the intervention of these women from home signified conscience, tender memories, regret, to him after an absence of four years. The petted son of an ambitious mother, gifted with a bright intelligence, possessing a careless good-humor of disposition which rendered him popular, and a much lighter purse than many of his associates, these reminders of duty

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pricked him sharply. He had attained that crisis of youth when the ship either obeys the helm and sweeps around on her course, or openly defies all future restraint. Was he a dissipated student, having already required a dazzling reputation for audacity, recklessness, and being "fast"? Not as yet, but gay, fond of pleasure, with many social engagements which do not render the brain clear next morning. None the less did Willie Thorpe stand on the first step of that decline from fun to vice which Alphonse Daudet compares to the luxuriously carpeted stairway of the café, flooded with gas jets above, and leading down to the darkness and the gutter of the street.

The Nervous Lady spoke to him of his mother, with an inflection of severity in her voice. Margaret, on the contrary, persisted in making a hero of him by a thousand subtle inferences of glance and manner. The gaze of the hero followed her with profound gratitude, which rendered himself only the more miserable. Oh, the cheerfulness of this usually sedate Margaret! She sang, she read aloud, she described the career of old playfellows at home. Her aunt glanced askance at her. Her calm niece was no longer recognizable in this tender nurse, this girl full of a gentle mirth, yielding to little fluttering tremors of smiles and capricious frowns. Possibly the surprise of the Nervous Lady was not untinged with the prejudice of jealousy. Was Margaret's manner due to the virtuous satisfaction of playing the good Samaritan, or to the joy of again seeing Willie Thorpe?

The subject of the duel had never been broached. Now the invalid turned over cards and notes on the table, selecting one which bore a coronet, and poised it in his hand.

"He has never asked to see me, I suppose?" he questioned, while the gloom deepened on his face.

The Nervous Lady, as guardian dragon of the premises, replied in the negative.

"Was he a friend?" inquired Margaret, softly.

Willie turned the card, tossed it aside, and laughed bitterly.

"He was the best friend I ever had; we were inseparable—until we fought."

"I marvel you did not slice off each other's noses, or put out an eye," observed the Nervous Lady, in a withering tone. "Such privileges are accorded by the university code, I believe, although the neck is swathed in leather."

Willie's eye flashed, his face crimsoned, and he struck the table with his clinched hand.

"It is easy enough to avoid quarrels," he said. "The duels of drinking beer on a wager, usually forced on a new arrival, sicken him fearfully at first, but do no harm. I would fight him over again to-morrow if he hurled the same taunts and sneers at me about—American girls, and at a supper table."

Margaret looked at him, advanced a step, and gave him her hand with an eloquent gesture.

"Thank you," she said, in a low tone.

He bent his head and kissed her hand.

"It is true; I thought of you at that moment," he whispered.

The Nervous Lady remained wholly unmoved. "Willie Thorpe, how many years have you been here?" she demanded, in a magisterial tone.

"Four years."

"What have you accomplished?"

"Little enough, I am afraid. Studied, played, joined debating societies, dabbled in science and philosophy."

"How do you intend to occupy yourself now?"

The student winced, rose, and paced the floor.

"Aunty!" remonstrated Margaret.

"Look here, Mrs. Cooke: I will go home and turn farmer, if you like," he said, pausing. "Shall I dwell like a patriarch on the old place, reaping and sowing the hill patch, while mother feeds the chickens in the barn-yard?"

"No," retorted the Mentor, slowly. "Your mother sold the farm long ago to defray the expenses of your foreign education. She boards in the village."

Willie stood with a bewildered and stricken look on his face. "She never told me," he murmured.

"Reverses come to every one. Oh, aunty, how can you be so disagreeable?" Margaret again interposed.

"'A curse from the depths of womanhood
Is very salt and bitter and good,'"

quoted her aunt.

III.—THE NERVOUS LADY DEPARTS.

"A pair of lovers!" said a mocking voice in the distance. Careless words echoed by the light breeze which rippled the masses of ivy on the wall, and found confirmation in the glance of a grave professor seated on an adjacent bench, musing on matters human and divine.

Margaret and Willie stood on the castle terrace. They did not heed the criticism, if they heard it, and no vows of reciprocal affection had been exchanged as they gazed down on the Neckar winding below to join the Rhine. Why was not the river like the stream of life?

"Such air-castles as I have built for you, Willie, in these four years, dwelling quietly at home!" she said, presently. "It is easy to decide on the glorious career of another, especially for a woman. I have always believed you would be like the great and noble Dr. Graefe, of Berlin."

The student bent his head, and flecked the ivy with his cane. The example of Dr. Graefe had not been held especially before his eyes.

"How good of you to believe in me at all!" he exclaimed. "I intend to apply myself seriously now; I have idled away time enough. Margaret, will you help me?"

"Yes."

A pair of lovers? Vaguely conscious of a happiness as yet expressed only by glances and the desire to be together, neither of them accepted the title. The bookworm smiled cynically, but the pretty Fräulein, in white with blue ribbons, leaned on the parapet and looked at them sympathetically with half-lowered blonde eyelashes.

The Nervous Lady was seated in the Graimburg Museum, awaiting the return of her young people from exploring the dungeons. The rooms were silent, as if the memory of the Lords Palatine still lingered, in ghostly fashion, about the relics of their earthly reign. The spot soothed and pleased her; she nodded drowsily in her chair. Opposite hung the portrait of Theresa Caterina, daughter of the Polish Prince Lubomirsky and wife of Charles Philip. The Polish woman is unique in the collection. Her powdered hair is gathered back from a mobile, irregular face, the tresses confined above one temple by a cluster of gray pearls; her robe is a deeper gray tint, fastened across the bust with a second pearl cluster, from whence soft lace depends over the bodice, while her mantle, ermine-edged, is of a peculiar slate blue. What a contrast she forms to the pictures about her!—princesses blooming with the shimmer of amber satin, and rustling furbelows in crimson, green, and brown, and royal consorts in flowing peruke, doublet, and armor.

The solitary occupant of the place found this neutral-tinted portrait full of interest, as the original had been of subtle tact and grace in her day. She gazed at it meditatively, until she fancied the soft rustling of a summer breeze wafted through the open window actually blended with the movement of the gray robe. Then a hand was placed on her shoulder, and Margaret said,

"Confess that you have had a nap, auntie."

"Not at all. I never slept in a public place in my life," said the Nervous Lady, testily.

Margaret and Willie betrayed in a smiling glance behind her back that treachery to which the nearest relatives of nervous ladies are prone. She recovered her good-humor as she descended the steep path to the corn market. "A beautiful old castle and town, but I shall be glad to leave to-morrow," she admitted.

In the evening Margaret made a communication, twisting her watch chain nervously the while:

"I have decided to remain at Heidelberg, to study German and music."

"Oh, indeed," retorted her aunt. "I have decided to depart to-morrow. It is a delightful city to keep awake in, doubtless."

"I can remain in the educational *pension* with propriety; besides, the Morgans will be here later. You know I positively adore the German language and literature," concluded Margaret, fervently.

"You are old enough to judge for yourself."

The Nervous Lady departed grimly.

One year later she was seated beside the identical window of her American home once smashed by the Fourth-of-July cannon of Willie Thorpe. Mrs. Thorpe was with her, visibly agitated by the contents of a letter which her neighbor read aloud. The letter was from Margaret, warmly affectionate, and exalted in tone. Her friends the Morgans were still with her, and that day she had married the Heidelberg student in London.

"I thought devotion to German literature did not detain her at Heidelberg, and it could not have been the attraction of the educational *pension*, you know," remarked the Nervous Lady.

"Ah, dear Mrs. Cooke, they have always loved each other!" cried Willie's mother. "I urged Margaret to go abroad, when she became her own mistress at the death of her father. My boy writes me he is coming home to work. Now he will reap the advantages of his foreign education."

"Yes," assented the Nervous Lady, mildly; "such a wife as Margaret will make a man of him."

Left alone, she added, musingly: "What on earth can she have discovered in him—a weak lad enough. I firmly believed Margaret destined to be an old maid."

Then she re-read a postscript to her letter, which she had not communicated to Mrs. Thorpe, although in the handwriting of that lady's son.

"You are destined to love me as Margaret's husband and your future nephew, O kindest of aunts. According to one of the finest phases of philosophy, you can not do otherwise. Did you ever see *Le voyage de Monsieur Perrichon* performed at the Paris Odéon? If so, you must be aware that if you feel grateful to the man who saves your life at a moment of peril, you experience a warmer sentiment toward the man whose life you have saved. On this circumstance the claim is founded of your dutiful and affectionate

"WILLIE."

"The scamp!" said the Nervous Lady, folding the letter. "After all, he has a good heart. Dear! dear! when I have a nightmare I am always back in Heidelberg!"

THE "JUNIOR CENTURY."

THE parochial work undertaken and accomplished by the energy of Dr. POTTER since he became rector of Grace Church is one of the most cheering facts not only in the church life, but in the civic life of New York. Much of it is noteworthy from being distinctly outside of the sphere to which parochial work is commonly restricted. Within the past few months the picturesque and attractive group of church buildings which constitutes so note-worthy a feature of Broadway has been made more picturesque and attractive by two new buildings, one Grace Memorial House, which occupies the rear of the church grounds on Fourth Avenue, and one Grace House, which stands between the church and the rectory on Broadway, and is entered through the porch of the north transept. This building owes its existence to the liberality of Miss WOLFE, and the lower two floors of it are devoted to the uses of the "Junior Century."

The Junior Century is not an imitation in its scheme of the well-known Century Club. The resemblance of name comes from the fact that at the outset it was intended, as it was also intended in the case of the senior Century, to limit its membership to one hundred. The name of the older club has long grown so inapplicable that it has been facetiously proposed to rechristen it "The Eighteenth." Although the younger body has only been in existence a few months, its style has already become a misnomer, and the limit now proposed is of one hundred and fifty members. The size of the club is practically limited by the seating capacity of the rooms in which its entertainments are given, and this is rather less than the proposed limit.

THE object of the club is to provide a social centre for young men and women engaged as clerks, artists, teachers, and students in New York who are new-comers to the city, and who, living in lodgings, feel the lack of the social privileges which the club affords. The only requisites for admission are good character and this condition of homelessness. Whoever wishes to join the club fills out a blank form of application, with name, residence, occupation, and references, and this application is submitted to the Standing Committee, composed of the younger members of Grace parish, who are appointed by the rector, and form the governing body of the club. Now that the club is fairly under way, it is proposed that the committees on library, entertainments, and so forth, shall be chosen by members of the club.

The club differs in its aim from such a body as the Young Men's Christian Association in being much smaller, and therefore more available for forming friendships—much more in the nature of a real club, that is to say—and also in including both sexes. The ground-floor of Grace House is given to men, and the second floor to women. The ground-floor has an ample reading-room, and a chess-room and lounging-room, from which tobacco is not excluded. The second floor has a ladies' reading-room corresponding to that below, and over the chess-room are dressing-rooms and bath-rooms. The library is about equally divided between the two floors, and an attendant brings from one reading-room such books as may be required in the other. The reading-rooms are, however, chiefly used to read periodicals and to consult works of reference. The library, which already contains a thousand volumes, the last five hundred of which were bought on the application of members, is a circulating library, and the volumes are taken in exchange for a deposit and a registration by the borrower. The usual result of putting "on honor" people of honorable antecedents has followed, and no losses are reported.

The members of different sexes meet at the receptions, which are given twice a month; one a social reunion on the first Monday of the month, at which simple refreshments are served; the other, a literary and musical entertainment, on the third Monday, at which excellent artists appear. The rooms for men are open in the evening; those for women, in the evening and from three to six in the afternoon.

Mr. NELSON, the assistant minister of the parish, has his office in Grace House; but anything in the nature of surveillance of the members is rigorously avoided. The investigation before admission is considered to furnish a sufficient guarantee of good behavior afterward, and this confidence has not been abused.

Although the club has been founded and equipped by members of the parish, membership in the club by no means involves membership in the congregation. On the contrary, no church tests whatever are imposed, and only a small minority of the club are even Episcopalians. For very obvious reasons, a fee is required of members; but the annual subscription is the trifling sum of $2 50, and the aggregate of the fees scarcely covers the cost of the stationery supplied to the members.

IN THE FAR NORTHWEST.

WHEN the traveller along the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad crosses the great mountain ranges and descends upon the Pacific slope, he begins to encounter large numbers of Chinese laborers. They congregate in camps formed chiefly of A tents, although sometimes they build huts of scantling. These camps are said to be models of neatness, and our artist states that the Chinese laborers pay great attention to personal cleanliness. They wash themselves thoroughly morning and evening, and are very particular in the use of the tooth-brush. The camps are often tastefully decorated, and on holidays are gay with banners and streamers, and noisy with fire-crackers.

Every evening the laborers gather in a large tent for social amusement. They have theatrical performances and concerts, the latter made hideous with tom-toms and other Chinese instruments of musical torture. Opium-smoking is a rare vice among them, and is discouraged by the better class. There is a merchant in every camp, who supplies the laborers with provisions, groceries, and other necessities. When the work requires it, the tents are struck, and the camp is moved on to another point.

The Chinese pay tender care to the burial of deceased comrades, and graves like those depicted by our artist may be seen all along the route. They are marked by head-boards, on which is inscribed the name of the deceased. Each grave is protected by a pile of rails, and beside each are laid votive offerings in the form of decorated tea-cups, etc., which are never meddled with by the white laborers.

The singular-looking train in the foreground of Mr. GRAHAM'S sketches is in reality a village on wheels, containing about 500 inhabitants, and everything necessary to their work and maintenance. As the labor of laying the railroad track proceeds, the train is moved forward, forming a movable base of operations. Provisions, implements, giant powder or dynamite for blasting, etc., are stored in various cars. Others serve as lodging-houses, restaurants, kitchens, etc. When the train is stationary the guy-ropes shown in the sketch are used to stay the cars, and prevent them from being blown off the track by the high prairie winds.

DR. J. MARION SIMS.

1813–1883.

A GREAT benefactor in surgery has passed away; a benefactor whose originality and whose skill will not be contested. How rarely is this the fortune of a great benefactor! The most important discovery of medical science in our age is doubtless that of anæsthesia; but the credit of this great discovery must in fairness be shared among no less than five discoverers—LONG, WELLS, MORTON, JACKSON, and SIMPSON. Dr. SIMS's inventions and his wonderful operative successes are peculiarly his own. Only once, and that early in his career (1833), has any serious effort been made to detract from his credit in the invention of the silver suture; and this effort, which failed, need not be recalled at length.

Dr. SIMS had a remarkable combination of gifts. In the sciences of healing, as in others, the famous names fall mainly into two classes—those of discoverers and those of successful practitioners. BICHAT and VIRCHOW are eminent instances of the one; VELPEAU, TROUSSEAU, and VALENTINE MOTT of the other. There is a third and a smaller class in which theory and practice, the invention and its application, go hand in hand. PASTEUR is perhaps the most eminent living example of this rare combination. In his own domain of surgery Dr. SIMS belonged to this class of minds equally divided between invention and its practical end—the relief of human suffering. Dr. SIMS never stumbled upon results. His great discovery, the one by which his name will always be memorable in the annals of surgery, was carefully thought out beforehand; it was prosecuted with as long delays and disappointments, and at last as unswervingly carried out, and with as perfect and *individual* success, as COLUMBUS's discovery of the New World. This discovery, that of the cure of a grievous and previously incurable complaint (vesico-vaginal fistula), and the subsequent introduction of silver sutures in surgery, are the main triumphs of the eminent career that is now closed. They are triumphs that no one will dispute.

The record of Dr. SIMS's work would be far too long for this place, even in the mere transcription of the titles of his monographs. These cover a score of subjects, and bring new light to all of them; but they nearly all converge upon the practical treatment of the ailments peculiar to women. Whether in the related pathology, anatomy, chemistry, or microscopy of these subjects, he ranges over the ground with an alertness, an enthusiasm of intellect, that is seldom equalled. There was a rapture in his work like that of a lover's pursuit or of a great artist's creation. This glow, this *élan*, was Dr. SIMS's distinctive intellectual trait; and it need not be said that it lent a peculiar charm to his style. It was this that led him through delays and troubles to one of the most real and well-deserved triumphs in the brilliant history of American surgery. Of his early efforts to perfect the operation already mentioned, he writes: "My repeated failures brought anguish that I can not now depict, even if it were desirable. All my spare time was given to a single idea. My brain was oppressed, my heart was heavy, but never for one moment did I despair of eventual success. At last I happened to remember that when a boy I used to make sinkers to my fishing-lines by cutting a shot half in two, laying the line in the cut, and then compressing the shot on it with my teeth. I can not express the delight that filled my heart at this simple suggestion. Its beauty, simplicity, and perfect adaptation to the purpose gave me a sleepless night There I lay with an etherealized brain, performing in imagination a magical cure on each of my devoted patients."

In this passage we have the key-note of Dr. SIMS's success through life, as well as of all other success that is not merely chanced upon, but won, namely, an ardent pursuit, and a fertility of intelligence that makes the pursuit fruitful. Sometimes, indeed, his ideas outran his time. Some of his favorite ideas have not as yet been realized; they bide their time. It will be remembered that when General GARFIELD was shot, Dr. SIMS advocated a "heroic treatment," namely, to cut down to the ball and remove it. The proposition was blamed by many surgeons as venturesome surgery. It was at least no sudden or unconsidered suggestion. Seven years before that time Dr. SIMS had published these words: "The time will assuredly come when gunshot and other wounds of the abdomen, and perforations of the intestine, will be treated by opening the abdominal cavity and washing out or draining off the septic fluids that would otherwise poison the blood."—(*On Ovariotomy*, 1873.) But we need not look to the possibilities of the future to vindicate the well-earned eminence of Dr. SIMS's name. His founding of the Woman's Hospital (1855), his presidency of the American Medical Association, and his frequent medals from foreign countries may be mentioned. But his personal work was for woman, in relieving her sufferings, and often in the scientific removal of her gravest sorrow. His patient skill enabled many a woman to exclaim with LEAH, "Happy am I, for the daughters will call me blessed." Dr. VALENTINE MOTT once said to him, "You will have in all time an enduring monument; that monument will be the gratitude of woman." It is the verdict of his professional brethren upon this worthy and distinguished career. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

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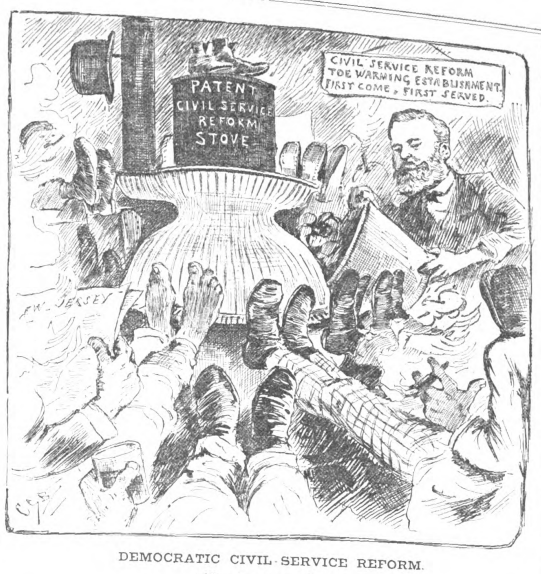

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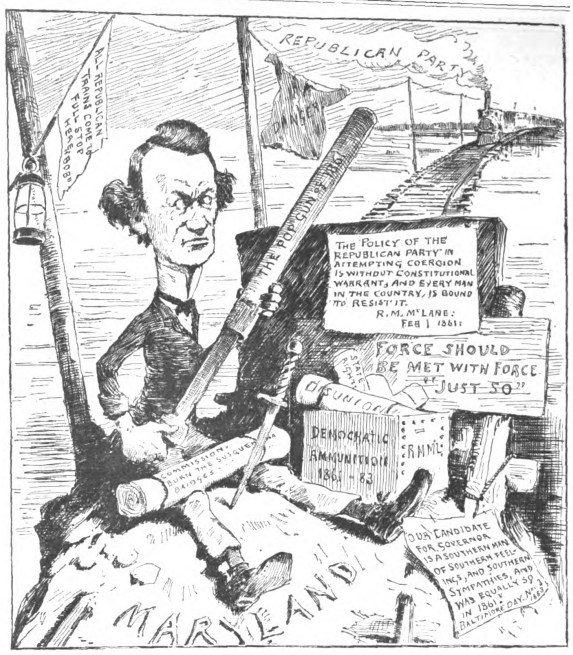

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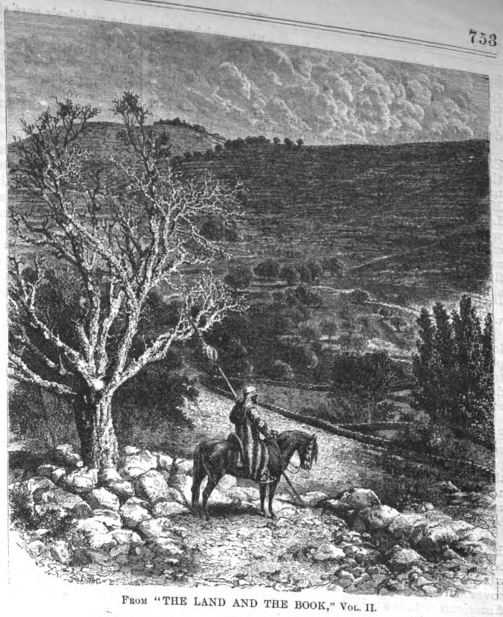

FROM "THE LAND AND THE BOOK," VOL. II.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BOOKS are a necessity in every home. They are no longer counted among articles of luxury, but are one of the indispensable things of daily life, and the constantly increasing demand for good books on all subjects, and also for volumes of rare artistic merit and beauty, is a sure index-finger to the rapid growth of intelligence and culture among all classes.

The extreme cheapness of thousands of well-bound and well-printed volumes enables every household to possess a good library, and as the desire for reading is something that grows by practice, the possessor of a few volumes soon becomes ambitious to increase his store as fast as possible. With books in the house, one is never at a loss for something to do. Even the terrors of stormy winter evenings vanish before the magic influence of these silent yet eloquent companions.

Books are among the most popular of holiday gifts, and as the Christmas season draws near, what are the best new books and what are the best old ones, becomes a universal inquiry.

To those seeking books for Christmas presents the publications of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS present a vast variety of works of all descriptions, from sumptuously illustrated holiday volumes to neat story-books for youthful readers. Art, literature, history, travel, biography, and fiction are all largely represented by works by the best authors, and special attention has been paid to the durability and elegance of form in which they are offered to the public.

The Raven, by Edgar Allan Poe, with illustrations by Gustave Doré, aside from its own intrinsic merit, possesses a deeper interest than any other volume issued for the coming holidays. A pathos hangs around it as the last great work of Doré's pencil before he too became "nameless here forevermore." It is the only set of illustrations this artist-magician ever drew to a work by an American author. The subject, the wild hallucinations of a desolate and sorrow-stricken soul, was especially congenial to the genius of Doré. He carried it in his mind for many years before the wondrous imagery it suggested took visible form and shape: none too soon, for scarcely was the last drawing completed when the artist let fall the pencil, and the mystery of death, the "distant Aidenn," was for him a mystery no longer.

There is little change of situation in this magnificent series of drawings. Nearly all of them picture the midnight chamber with its solitary occupant, solitary yet never alone. How the room becomes peopled with the wild visions of the poet and the artist! Mysterious shapes of beauty hover in the uncertain light, horrors group themselves in the shadows, and the black form of the raven watches with statuesque calmness from its perch above the door. Most pathetic of all is the final drawing. Visions of

FROM "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE," 1883.

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horror and visions of beauty have alike vanished, the room is bare and desolate as commonplace reality can make it, and in the shadow of the bird of evil omen lies a solitary prostrate figure, struck down by ruthless destiny.

"Poe's raven is a distinct conception," writes Mr. Stedman, in his "Comment on the Poem," printed at the beginning of the volume, "the incarnation of a mourner's agony and hopelessness; a sable-embodied Memory, the abiding chronicler of doom, a type of the Irreparable." A dismal, symbolic bird it evidently was to the mind of Doré, a symbol more than itself a central overshadowing point in the poem, for he never makes it the prominent object in a picture. Its influence is there, the "shadow on the floor," the grim shadow of death, which it has brought from the "nightly shore" to throw forever on the soul with whom it takes its abode.

It is impossible to speak in detail of Doré's marvellous conceptions of the varying shades of feeling expressed in Poe's verses. Never did artist's pencil portray more keenly the sense of loss, the despair and desolation, of one left alone on earth with no soul-companion save the wild phantasms of a weary brain.

The world is richer for this unique book. Mr. Stedman's words, "A work is called out of the void; where there was nothing it remains—a new creation, part of the treasures of mankind," are fitting alike for the creation of both artist and poet. This volume is a beautiful memorial to the two master-minds whose work it perpetuates, and its wide-spread acceptance by an appreciative public is suitable and gratifying.

Doré prepared this magnificent series of twenty-six drawings expressly for HARPER & BROTHERS. The best engravers of America have reproduced them with wondrous skill and delicacy of workmanship; the cover is superbly illuminated with a design by an American woman; Elihu Vedder has adorned the title-page with symbolic figures; the letterpress is perfect; and altogether this rare volume, a sumptuous folio, is the most magnificent specimen of American book-making ever issued.

Doré's illustrations to Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* are also published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS in a magnificently bound and printed folio volume. The wondrous imagery of Coleridge's celebrated poem found its true interpreter in Doré. The horror-stricken ship, spell-bound in haunted seas, the ancient mariner, with "long gray beard and glittering eye," passing "like night from land to land," are represented with soul-thrilling power. These great works of Doré are all the more precious now because the limit of their number is set, because of them we shall have no more.

In the two magnificent quarto volumes *Pastoral Days* and *Highways and Byways*, written and illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson, may be found the most beautiful tribute to New England, her flowers, her birds, her poetic sylvan life, that has ever been published. In *Pastoral Days* the author illustrates the cycle of the four seasons, and in his hands each progressive movement of the year brings a revelation of new beauty. Text and drawings are gracefully interwoven, and form a new poem on every page, and the same praise may be given to both alike.

This exquisite book was enthusiastically received in England as well as in this country. The London *Saturday Review* said of it: "People must be strangely constituted who do not enjoy such pages as Mr. Gibson has presented to us here. It is not merely that he writes well, but the subject itself is irresistibly fascinating. We plunge with him into the silence of a New England village in a clearing of the woods. The spring is awakening in a flush of tender green, in a fever of warm days and shivering nights, and we hasten with our companion through all the bustle and stir of the few busy hours of light so swiftly that the darkness is on us before we are aware. Then falls on the ear a pathetic, an intolerable silence; a deep mist covers the ground, a few lights twinkle in scattered farms and cottages, and all seems brooding, melting, in the deep and throbbing hush of the darkness. All this is described with great sympathy and delicacy; but perhaps Mr. Gibson is most felicitous in his little touches of floral painting. He has a few words about the earthy, spicy fragrance of the arbutus that might have been said in verse by the late Mr. Bryant; his description of the effect of biting the bulbs of the Indian turnip, or 'Jack-in-the-pulpit,' is inimitable in its quiet way; while the phrase about the fading dandelions—'the golden stars upon the lawn are nearly all burned out; we see their downy ashes in the grass'—is perhaps the best thing ever said about a humble flower, whose vulgarity, in the literal sense, blinds us to the beauty of its evolution and decay."

In *Highways and Byways*, Mr. Gibson selects special subjects—the old country road, the rail-fence, which in his hands becomes the "squirrel's highway," the fields, and the busy insect life and tiny flowerets "among our foot-prints"—around which he groups his dainty, poetic fancies. How many bits of genuine New England life are found in these pages! Who does not remember the old water-trough by the road-side, on which the sunlight falls through overhanging boughs in dancing golden sparkles, or the village street with its shaded vista and church spire, where the peddler's cart stops under the trees, and thrifty housewives come out to drive a "way-side bargain" with the itinerant salesman? But it needed Mr. Gibson's pencil to give them their full poetic significance, their artistic place in rural life.

The wood-engraving in each of these beautiful volumes is of the finest modern workmanship, and in a style only attained by the best American engravers. The London *Athenæum* says of *Highways and Byways:* "Every one who has admired the so-called new 'American' mode of engraving on wood should possess himself of this book, for the sake of the soft and delicate cuts which enrich its pages with the charm of finish, breadth, and beautiful draughtsmanship. The book is a perfect example of its kind—a treasury of modern labor, skill, and graceful taste."

Bound in covers elegantly embellished with floral designs, and printed on thick, smooth paper, either of these beautiful books is suitable for a holiday gift—a garland of poetry from the woods and flowery fields to wreathe with the holly of Christmas-tide.

A very elegantly bound and printed quarto volume is *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick*, with drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. Mr. Abbey's dainty conceptions of the lyrics of this poet, who has been called the English Anacreon, are above criticism.

One can only pause over these beautiful drawings with exquisite delight, and wonder that poetry so suggestive of quaint imagery waited so long for its artist-interpreter. It is a matter of congratulation that it has found him at last. Mr. Abbey shows a vast range of fancy, poetic grace, and feeling, and great strength of handling where the subject requires robust treatment. Here are landscapes thoroughly English in tone, as they should be, quaint interiors, shepherd lads and lasses, hags and fairies, delicate figures of maidens, stately cavaliers of "ye olden time," and in each one recognizes the exceeding fitness, the harmony between artist and poet.

In England as well as in this country Mr. Abbey's work has been received with appreciative favor. "If there be merit in originality in these days of copious imitative illustration, that merit belongs in a very striking degree to the American draughtsman Mr. E. A. Abbey," writes an English reviewer. "He brings to the task of interpreting his poet a totally new view of life and nature."

The preface to this charming book is written by Mr. Austin Dobson. It is a delicate and heart-felt tribute to the old English poet from one of the modern brotherhood.

There never was a more attractive book on American scenery than *The Heart of the White Mountains*, by Samuel Adams Drake, with illustrations by W. Hamilton Gibson. These drawings by Mr. Gibson are faithful copies of actual scenes, and those familiar with the magnificent landscapes of the White Mountains will recognize many a favorite haunt.

Mr. Drake's charming power of description is familiar to all readers of his delightful volume *Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast*. Here in the White Mountains he finds ample material for pleasant discoursing. Not content with describing scenery, he lingers in each locality to study its history, its legends, and the peculiar character of some of its inhabitants. With this charming book in hand, one may sit at home by the library fire, and, although it be a tempestuous winter night, pass delicious summer days climbing mountains and resting by streamlets in shaded mossy glens.

The Heart of the White Mountains is a handsome quarto, issued with all the *luxe* of a holiday gift-book.

For the convenience of those desiring to use Mr. Drake's work as a hand-book, a special Tourist's Edition has been published, which contains the entire contents of the larger volume printed on a smaller page, with additional maps, and with information concerning routes, distances, and other things adapted to the use of actual travellers.

When George Parsons Lathrop and Charles S. Reinhart set out together to visit the Iberian Peninsula, those who knew about it began to enjoy in anticipation the fascinating volume, entitled *Spanish Vistas*, which contains the record of their wanderings up and down, Mr. Lathrop writing the delightful and sparkling descriptions of the ancient and musty cities and towns, with their indolent inhabitants, their flowers and fruits, their luscious-eyed maidens, their picturesque rustics and tattered, importunate beggars; and Mr. Reinhart meanwhile noting down with his skillful pencil the form and likeness of whatever of beauty or grotesqueness struck his artistic fancy.

Spanish Vistas is a charming and entertaining book, and contains, too, a vast amount of information valuable to any one meditating a trip to that country, which is all the more inviting as being at one side of the route usually followed by Continental excursionists. It is published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS in very handsome form, with the arms of Castile emblazoned on the cover, and would make a holiday present very acceptable to the recipient.

Besides the magnificent array of sumptuous gift-books resplendent in gold and brilliant colors, there are many volumes of more modest appearance, whose contents are gold indeed, and of that pure quality the brilliancy of which nothing can tarnish. A good book is always a good thing, a constant friend if one allows it to become so. Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS publish a vast number of works any one of which, if chosen according to the taste of the recipient, is an acceptable and graceful holiday offering.

Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces, by William Henry Bishop, is a very sparkling book of travel in the most interesting sections of North America. Mr. Bishop is an excellent traveller. He notices everything, and tells about it in chatty, familiar style. He sets out on his journey by way of Cuba, where he lingers a few days in passing, before proceeding to Vera Cruz. His description of this old Mexican seaport is picturesque and charming, and as faithful as a photograph. One can almost hear the bells ringing in the old gray towers of this little dot of a city on the barren stretch of sandy shore. Then up the long mountain slope goes the traveller, among coffee plantations, groves of oranges and mangoes, and wildernesses of flowers; he crosses the table-lands of Apam, and reaches the great valley where lies Mexico city.

From the capital Mr. Bishop went horseback across the country to Acapulco, on the Pacific coast, traversing picturesque barrancas, stopping in odd little towns and inland cities, and seeing much of Mexican country life in regions reached by few travellers.

Of the customs of the country, the new enterprises, especially the railways, he writes in great detail, and his book is very valuable to those desiring information of the present condition of things in Mexico.

The last half of his charming book is devoted to the Pacific slope of the United States, the "lost provinces" of the country of the Aztecs.

Mr. Bishop has the advantage over some travellers of being artist as well as author, and many of the illustrations in this volume are from his own drawings.

To read one of Mr. Du Chaillu's books of travel is the next best thing to visiting the country itself—a better thing even for those who dread giving up the comforts of daily life, which every traveller must make up his mind to do. Then, too, one might make many trips to Sweden and Norway and still know less of the country, its magnificent scenery, its industries, and its social and domestic life, than can be learned from Mr. Du Chaillu's delightful book *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, one of the most sparkling, valuable, and reliable books of travel ever written. Mr. Du Chaillu never travels in a hurry, and he never goes to a strange country without due preparation. He studies the language, and, so far as is possible, the habits of the people, in advance, so that even in the beginning he is not among strangers, and can without waste of time begin his personal observations. In summer and in winter during five years he journeyed up and down in the Scandinavian Peninsula, going often by irregular routes, and visiting localities where the ordinary traveller never penetrates. In this way he gained a vast amount of new and valuable information, which he presents with force and judgment, and in the peculiarly brilliant and sparkling manner well known to the readers of his books of African travel. *The Land of the Midnight Sun* is published in two handsomely bound volumes, superbly illustrated from photographs taken exclusively for use in this work.

A sumptuous work of travels in the Holy Land is *The Land and the Book*, by William M. Thomson, D.D. During his forty-five years' residence as a missionary in Syria and Palestine, Dr. Thomson had advantages which no others have enjoyed to the same extent for studying the scenes where the events of Biblical history are located. The devout spirit with which he pursued his work renders his descriptions of mountains and hills and valleys and streams hallowed by sacred associations both faithful and touching. As a descriptive account of a remarkable country the work is one of absorbing interest, and as a reference-book for clergymen and teachers it is unequalled. The two large and richly illustrated volumes (which may be purchased separately if desired) are devoted respectively to Southern Palestine and Jerusalem, and Central Palestine and Phœnicia. It is a work eminently suitable for a family library, as youthful readers can not fail to take interest in its glowing descriptions of sacred scenes, and many a Sunday-school lesson would be studied with more pleasure and profit were it done in connection with this faithful account of the land where Christ and His apostles lived and labored.

A very useful present to any Bible student is *Mosaics of Bible History*, by Marcius Willson and Robert Pierpont Willson, which is published in two neat volumes. It is the Bible record with added historical information, and with poetic and prose selections from the best modern authors on sacred subjects.

The same authors have also prepared another work on a similar plan, entitled *Mosaics of Grecian History*. This charming book is in one convenient volume, and is an intensely interesting outline of the history and literature and art of Greece from the fabulous and legendary period to the present time. It contains numerous illustrative poetic and prose selections from ancient and modern authors. For those readers who have no leisure for the perusal of more extensive works this volume is as complete as could be desired, and those who wish to pursue the subject

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more in detail will find in the preface excellent suggestions for a broader course of reading.

The Rev. J. P. Mahaffy's *History of Classical Greek Literature*, in two volumes, is a learned and valuable work on the poets and prose writers of ancient Greece, and is the most modern and reliable guide for students of this special branch of classic literature.

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Library editions, in uniform style with the histories, of the miscellaneous works of Lord Macaulay, in five volumes, and of Oliver Goldsmith's works, in four volumes, also form valuable and attractive sets for a holiday present.

A scholarly work on *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, by Thomas Sergeant Perry, is among the new books of the present season. It is an excellent book of reference for teachers, and one of great interest to ordinary readers. It gives a clear picture of the progress of English literature during the period of which it treats, illustrating the style of the different authors by numerous and judiciously chosen extracts from their work.

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An Autobiography, by Anthony Trollope, is a new volume of peculiar interest, as being the frank story of a life which outwardly was marked by no important event, but still one which will be long remembered for the place it has filled in modern English literature. Mr. Trollope wrote this entertaining account of himself six years before his death, when his high position as an author enabled him to look back with calmness upon the struggles and mortifications of his early years. He was a sensitive, awkward boy, and had a very hard time of it in school, in the clerkship at the Post-office, in every way, until he came to be a man, and, turning author, took his fate in his own hands, and made a success. He dwells briefly on this unhappy boyhood, and devotes the most part of the book to his literary career, introducing in the proper place reminiscences of English novelists of his time, and criticisms on their works. His chapter "on novels and the art of writing them" contains many suggestions which young writers would do well to consider carefully.

The *Life of James Buchanan*, by George Ticknor Curtis, and the *Memoirs of General John Adams Dix*, by his son, Morgan Dix, are two important biographical works recently published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. Each of these eminent Americans holds an important place in the political history of the United States, and while the story of their lives possesses a deep personal interest, it also forms a part of our national history.

In the preparation of the life of Buchanan, Mr. Curtis has shown masterly skill in his arrangement of the materials and documents at his command. It was not an easy task, but it has been performed with conscientious fidelity. These two handsome volumes, each containing a steel-plate portrait of Buchanan, form the most complete history hitherto published of the period immediately preceding the civil war.

The *Memoirs of General Dix*, also in two volumes, form one of the most interesting books of the year. During his long life General Dix took an active and honorable part in the public affairs of his country, and his life is one which all American youth should read and consider carefully, as such soldiers and statesmen as he bring honor and glory to the nation, and their example is a golden legacy to their young countrymen.

An ornamental as well as useful volume, which would be a well-chosen Christmas gift for a family of young people, is *Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*, edited by Epes Sargent. This volume, which contains nearly one thousand pages, is a complete epitome of English and American poetry from the time of Chaucer to the present day. The poetical selections, which are carefully chosen, and the short biographical sketch of each author, make the work a valuable literary reference-book.

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A neat volume of excellent short stories is *Dialect Tales*, by Sherwood Bonner (Mrs. Katharine S. McDowell). These tales represent a peculiar side of life in the Southern States, and the strange dialect and negro humor are handled by a master-hand, and have never been better portrayed.

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Two novelettes which have become deservedly popular both in this country and in England are *Anne* and *For the Major*, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. Those readers who have not already become familiar with *Anne* have a rare enjoyment in store. It is a thoroughly American novel. The plot is animated, and sustains its interest to the end, and the characters are handled with a strength and clearness of purpose which place Miss Woolson in the foremost ranks of modern writers of fiction.

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Another valuable reference-book is *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*. A new edition of this work has been published recently, revised for American readers, which gives dates of all important events of all nations and all ages to the autumn of 1881, together with much explanatory reading matter. It is a complete historical and biographical encyclopædia in one volume.

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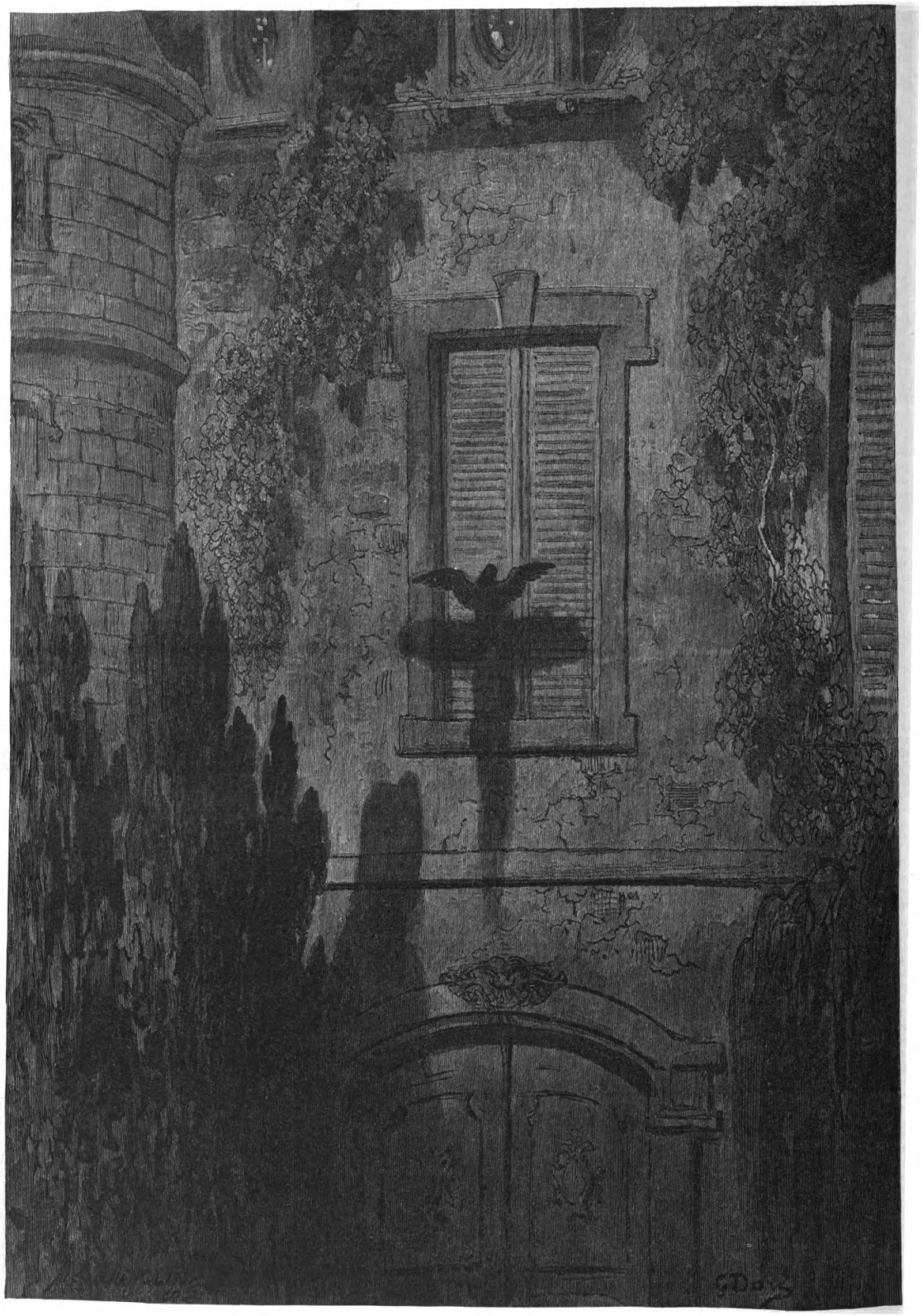

"'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore.'"

[From POE'S "RAVEN," illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ.]

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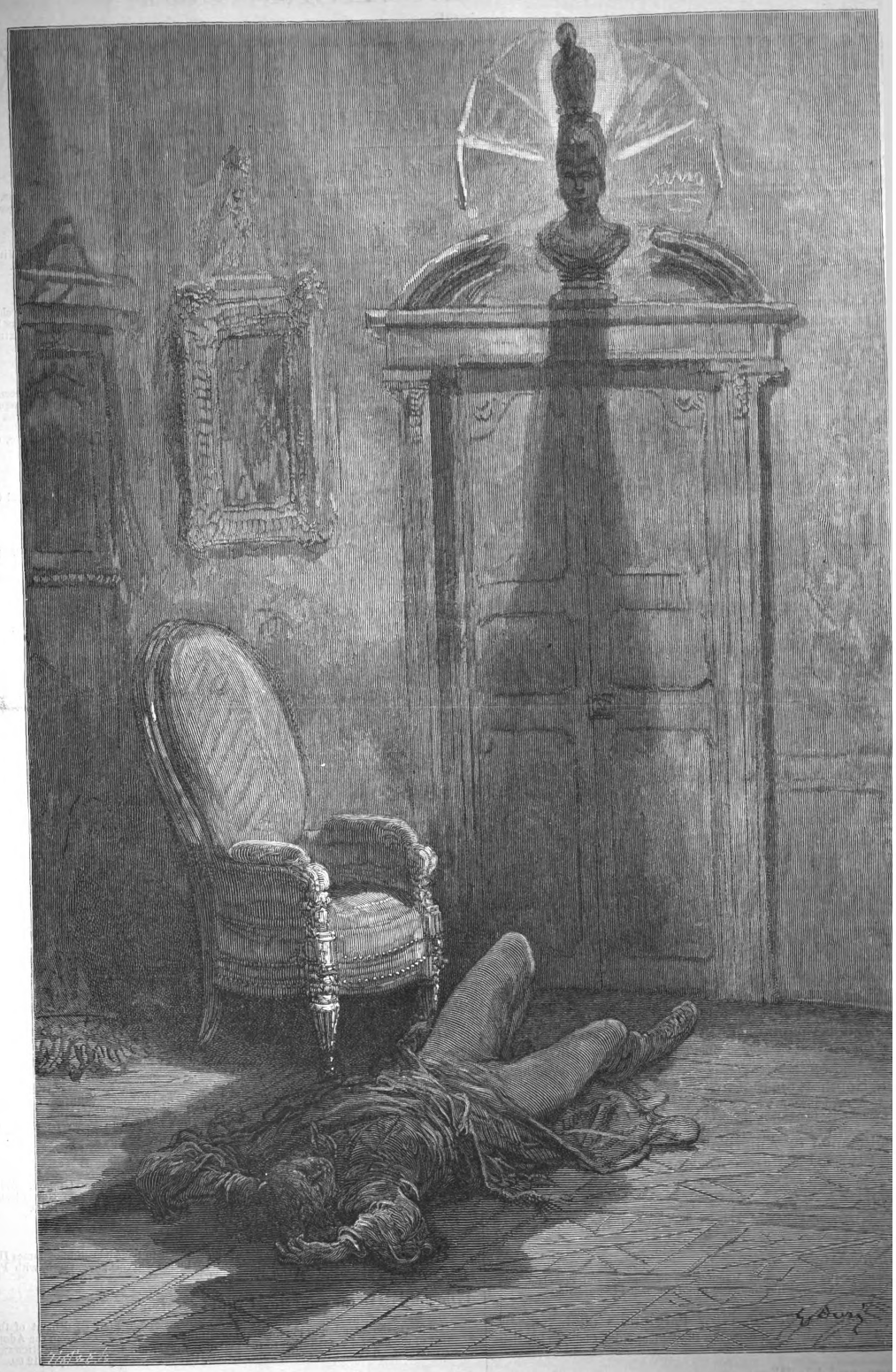

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

[From POE'S "RAVEN," illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ

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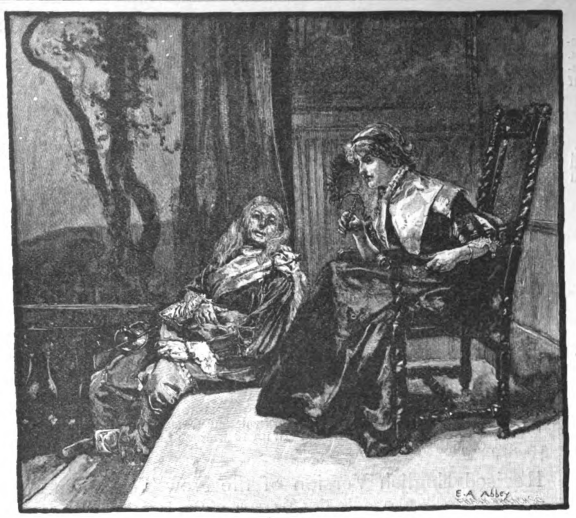

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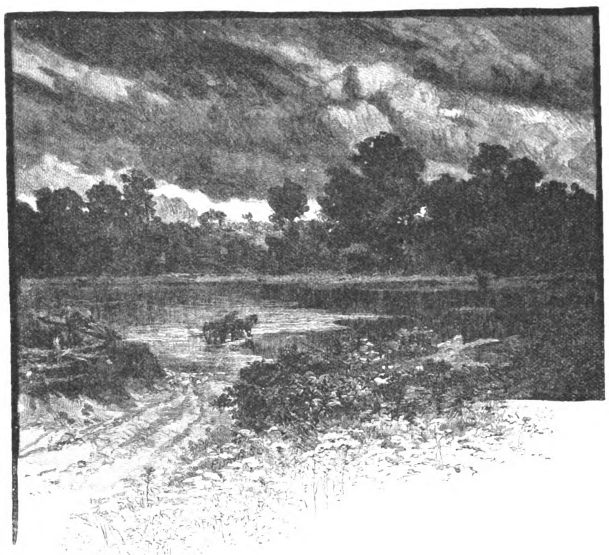

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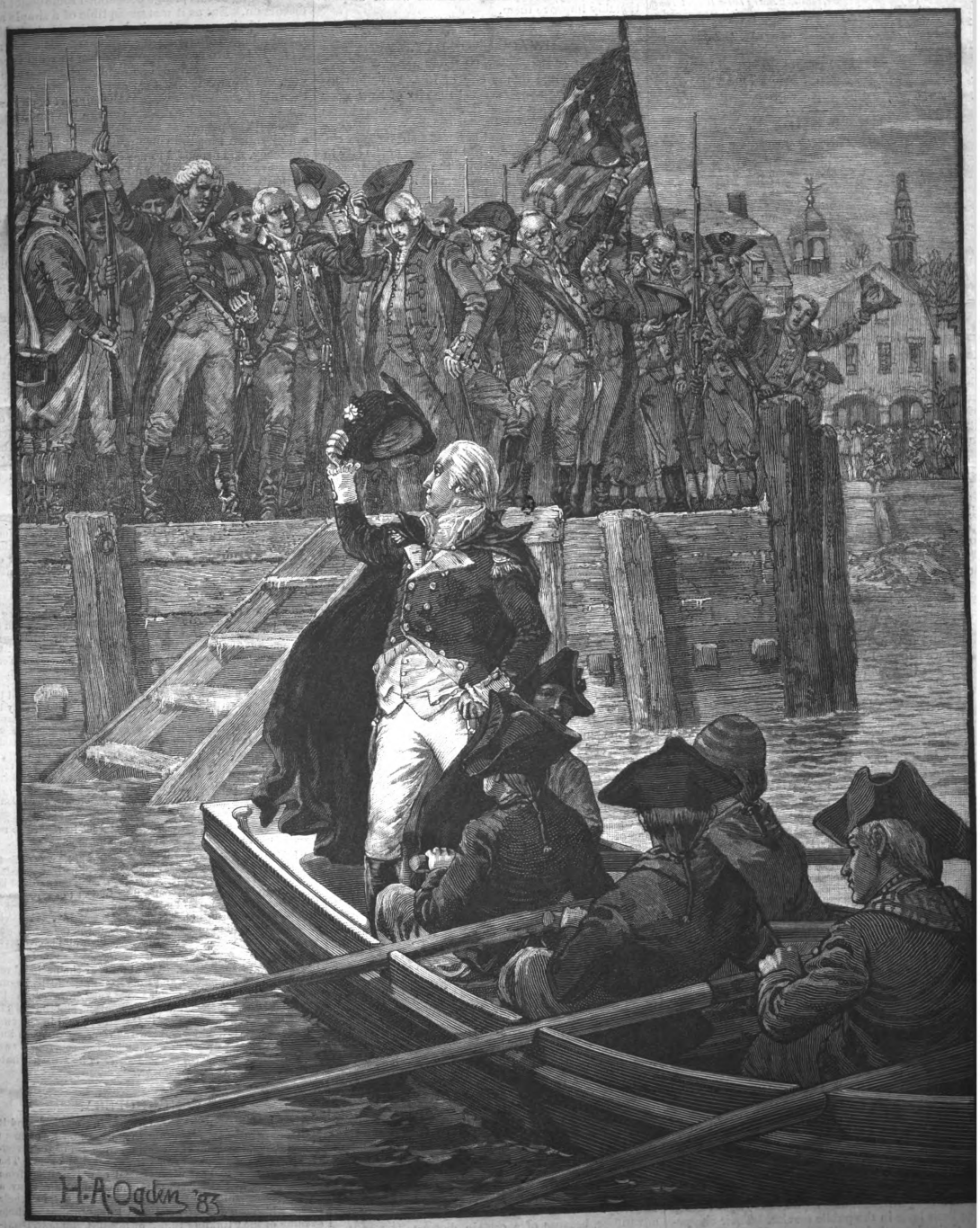

WASHINGTON LEAVING NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1783.—DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

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THE CONTEST FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE spectacle of gentlemen going to Washington and "opening head-quarters" to secure their own election to the Speakership, and to urge members of the House to pledge themselves to vote for them, is not agreeable, and is very different from the practice of other and, in this respect certainly, better days. It is, however, a custom which has become universal in the pursuit of every office. The doctrine that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office, is obsolete. Nothing is more common or more discreditable than the personal efforts of candidates for the Senate of the United States to win by actual solicitation the votes of members of a Legislature. The spectacle of two summers ago in Albany will not be soon forgotten, and while this kind of contest for securing a party nomination to the Speakership is proceeding at Washington, it is announced, not, indeed, authoritatively, but as something to be naturally anticipated, that the President is about to open his campaign to secure a nomination next year. We believe the President to be wronged by such a report, and while it is probable that he desires to be nominated, we believe him to be much too shrewd a man to suppose that such a course would aid him to secure the prize.

The renominations of Republican Presidents have been really spontaneous. Ordinary machine politics did not procure and could not have prevented them. Mr. LINCOLN was renominated in 1864 and General GRANT in 1872 in obedience to the honest wish and choice of the Republican party. And the conspiracy to secure the nomination in 1880, although the effort of the most powerful and thoroughly organized "machine" known in our political annals, was totally baffled, because it outraged the real conviction and desire of the party. None of the leaders of that machine, although they were all managers who were powerful by patronage, were men of political sagacity. There were plenty of their lieutenants who could have taught them that the art of the politician is not to try to sail against the wind, but to turn it to his own account. It is true, however, that to do this he must be able to perceive both its direction and its force. A great office acquired by bargain, or by any means but the force of character, of service, or of legitimate argument, is not an honor. A Speaker whose election represents private understandings and pledges and promises gains his office at the cost of the respect and confidence of the country. Many men who are most fitted by character and capacity for high public place constantly decline the controversy necessary to obtain it, because it is not a controversy which is consistent with their self-respect. Yet the unwillingness to engage in the scramble is urged as a conclusive plea against them. Refusal personally to solicit votes is denounced as a high and mighty disdain of the public which ought to be severely punished. If a man does not care enough about his election to work for it, why should he expect anybody else to work for him? is the simple-hearted query of the heeler.

The three gentlemen who aspire to the Speakership have been long in the public service. Their characters, their views, their parliamentary abilities, are perfectly well known. They can not change the impression which these have produced. Their "canvass," therefore, the personal endeavor to persuade members to support them, is open to serious suspicion. In itself it costs them a regard which is better than votes. The same thing is as true of the President. His administration is his platform. If the party should desire his nomination, it would be because, upon the whole, it is satisfied that nothing would probably be gained by attempting a change. But a personal effort upon his part, by the use of patronage, or by any "aggressive" means whatever, to obtain a nomination, would, in the present temper of the public mind, probably turn the scale against him. No vigorous and obvious attempt to secure the nomination could improve the President's chances, whatever those chances may be. But a vigorous and obvious administrative impulse in the directions which public and party opinion plainly indicates would unquestionably improve them.

EVACUATION-DAY.

THE last of the centennial Revolutionary celebrations takes place in the city of New York just before this paper appears. Yet the city of New York took no part in the actual Revolution after the battle of Long Island. The British occupation was absolute and continuous, and there was a strong Tory element among the people. But the story of the city in the preliminary movements of the contest is exceedingly interesting and honorable, and it will doubtless have been adequately told in the newspapers. New York has always shown a certain indifference and negligence toward her own annals, which is partly due to the Dutch temperament of the early settlers, and partly to the mixed and cosmopolitan character of her subsequent population. A large part of the crowd which will gaze upon the pageant of the celebration of Evacuation-day will wonder what Evacuation-day was, and the electric national appeal of great national anniversaries, which brings homogeneous communities to their feet with pride and joy, will be wanting here.

The incidents of the day a hundred years ago were narrated in Mr. JOHNSTON'S article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November, and it is exceedingly pleasant reading. The city of New York, indeed, was bound fast during the war, but the State of New York was the theatre of great and decisive events, and the Revolution both culminated and, in the final evacuation, ended here. The events that were recently commemorated at Newburgh, and the completion of the Saratoga monument, which will probably be celebrated next year, recall some of the great Revolutionary memories of the State; and the plains of Long Island, the field of Oriskany, the heights of Ticonderoga, the waters around West Point, are all eloquent of the days whose centenary has now passed.

The celebrations of these events have been a remarkable series of commemorations. They began with the observance in Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1874, of the centenary of the assembly of the Continental Congress, and they end with that of the evacuation of New York, on the (25th) 26th of November, 1883. Their culmination was naturally that of the central event of the Revolution, the Declaration of Independence. During this long period the Revolutionary story has been told and retold in a manner deeply to impress it upon the national mind and memory, and the final result is unquestionably a more vivid and adequate knowledge of the national history. It is one of the great good fortunes of the country that the centennial season did not occur until the civil war had ended, and the national Union had endured successfully the prolonged and vital test of its character and power. That war is already merely one of the incidents of our story—an incident which will soon have left no baleful consequence. To one more celebration we must now look forward, to the centenary of the institution of the government of the Union in 1889, and then the country will enter upon the second century of its national life with memories as proud as its anticipations may be justly sanguine.

REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK.

THE reorganization of the Republican party in the city of New York is an important event, which throws a great responsibility upon critical and independent Republicans. The overwhelming defeat of 1882 was followed by general apathy in the party, and a stunned feeling among the party managers. Some months elapsed without action of any kind, although various projects involving reorganization were entertained and discussed. Finally a plan of enrollment in the city was adopted, to go into effect after the election. The State Convention approved it, and directed inquiries into an extension of representation in the Convention, and the purification of primaries. The State Committee selected at the Convention proved to have what is known as a Stalwart majority. It entered upon the campaign at great disadvantage, because of a certain distrust, and of the indifference of an off year, and of the small contribution to the treasury. But its conduct of the campaign was skillful and efficient, and it can not justly be accused of the least factional purpose or effort. On the contrary, it dropped all considerations but Republican success, and the result speaks for itself. It has totally changed the Democratic tone and feeling in regard to the election of next year.

All this shows an honorable spirit upon the part of the official managers of the party, and Republicans who have complained hitherto have had an opportunity to secure that share of initiative and control the want of which they have denounced as a wrong. It is obvious that in a great city there must be some kind of registry, or it can never be known whether those who control Republican meetings may not be Democrats. The registry offered was perfectly free, with the exception of a pledge not to take part during the year in the caucuses of another party. The exact meaning of this pledge occasioned some doubt and discussion. But as it was susceptible of a simple and reasonable interpretation, it does not seem to us that it should have discouraged enrollment. It could not be fairly held to prevent participation in what is called a citizens' movement, because the characteristic of such movements is that they are non-partisan. Neither did it commit the voter to the support of any candidate who by any means may obtain the party nomination. The pledge, as we understand it, was merely a declaration that the voter preferred Republican ascendency, and proposed to use every honorable means to secure it. There was, undoubtedly, some dissatisfaction with the fact that the machinery for the new organization was in the hands of the "old set." But that was not important until it was seen that they intended to abuse their trust, and then they would be dealt with as they were in 1882. No form of organization, indeed, and no kind of enrollment, in which intelligent and honorable men take part, will constrain them to support candidates whom they think to be unworthy of support.

There are a great many voters, of course, who are content to vote at the election, and who will not trouble themselves with preliminary details. But the remedy for deprivation of the chance "to begin at the beginning" has been offered, and those who neglected it can not fairly complain if hereafter they find themselves debarred. On the other hand, it would be folly for those who may obtain control in the new organization to forget that "regularity" is no argument with those who hold the balance of power, and that the Republican party will not succeed because of a new registration, but only because it deserves to succeed.

GOOD CHEER FOR THANKSGIVING.

WE trust that the Republican Legislature of New York will heed the words of Mayor EDSON. He repeats what every intelligent man who consents to become Mayor of New York discovers that—he is practically powerless in most important matters.

Mayor EDSON says:

"In my view the government of cities is rapidly becoming a serious question. The State of New York has done very well in giving Brooklyn so excellent a charter. If, now, the Republicans give New York city as good a government as that possessed by Brooklyn, they will strengthen themselves all around. New York city asked this of the Legislature last year, but failed to get it. I haven't changed my mind at all in respect to the legislation needed. It is now only a question as to whether the Republicans will be far-sighted enough to grant the request, which will certainly be repeated the coming winter. Brooklyn's charter gives the Mayor some powers which he has not before enjoyed, and which he ought to have. In saying this I do not mean to be understood as hankering personally for increased power. But in the future the people of the city of New York should select a man in whom they have confidence, and then he should have fully as comprehensive powers as those granted the Executive of Brooklyn. This rule should apply to all cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, and I don't know but to the smaller cities as well."

The Mayor says further, and his conduct in regard to reform has been worthy of high commendation:

"I think the working of civil service reform in New York State is excellent. Even the simple rules which will be recommended this year will do good. In cities of over a certain number of inhabitants the civil service is and will be subject to such rules as the Mayor may adopt. So far as New York city is concerned, I expect before January to have civil service rules adopted which, though simple, will be of great help in carrying on the government of the metropolis. I am heartily in sympathy with the civil service reform movement."

This is most suggestive. Within a year the national reform bill has been passed, and the reform practically begun under a friendly President. The New York State reform bill has passed, and the Commission is organized, and the work is about to begin under a friendly Governor; and in the two cities of New York and Brooklyn the reform will begin immediately by the direction and under the control of two friendly Mayors. In these facts there is no reason whatever for political discouragement.

THE COMING OPERA.

A WAGNER SOCIETY has been formed in New York, and it is therefore to be expected that the modern opera, or, more distinctively, the opera of the future, will soon begin to contest the prize of popular favor with the Italian opera. The latter has now to bear a great deal of objurgation from many critics, and the young students of music display a great deal of polite disdain for the childish taste of their elders, which can patiently endure, without protest, a whole evening of the "tinkling tunes" of ROSSINI, BELLINI, DONIZETTI, and VERDI.

The performance of *La Gazza Ladra* for the return of PATTI seemed, indeed, to reveal a decided change of taste.

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Despite the exquisite vocalization and the great charm of the prima donna, there was an evident feeling of inadequacy and triviality in the opera, and even the bright gayety of the ROSSINI music left a sense of disappointment. It is, indeed, impossible that the masterly rendering of WAGNER'S music now for many years by Mr. THOMAS and his orchestra, and the evident delight which it awakens in great audiences, should not show some positive effect upon the ruling musical taste. Moreover, every great successive master in any art expresses the spirit of his age, and is, in so far, more agreeable to those who are influenced by that spirit. The words "quaint" and "old-fashioned" imply an appreciable change in the general taste and appreciation.

These words are already applied in music to HANDEL and HAYDN and WEBER, and even MENDELSSOHN is "patronized" by the "young person" of the Wagnerian epoch. The great success of *Lohengrin* at the Metropolitan Opera-house is an unmistakable sign of the interest that would attend an equally adequate representation of the WAGNER series. There would, indeed, be some kind of struggle for public favor at the beginning, as there was in the first performances of the BEETHOVEN symphonies, which were also derided as unintelligible. But, with the fitting accessories, such as the composer contemplated and required, his claims as a great composer could be justly treasured. It is, however, hardly to be supposed that the sweet and charming melodies of the familiar Italian operas would become wholly obsolete even in the event of a complete triumph of the modern opera. They would survive in the available resources of the opera as WATTEAU and GREUZE and WOUVERMANS survive in the famous galleries of pictures. Meanwhile, as an earnest of what is coming, Mr. THOMAS has completed arrangements with Madame MATERNA, the chief WAGNER prima donna, and two other singers who are especially interpreters of his music, for a series of concerts in the chief cities of the United States, beginning in April.

AN INSTRUCTIVE CASE.

THE case of the removal of E. R. DUDLEY, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at Newbern, North Carolina, merits the attention of the public and of the Administration. The Hon. J. E. O'HARA is a member of Congress from North Carolina, who for some reason does not like Mr. DUDLEY, and the public service is therefore deprived of an admittedly good officer. Mr. I. J. YOUNG, the Collector, writes as follows to Mr. DUDLEY:

"SIR,—Hon. J. E. O'HARA has just been to see me, and insists on your removal. I hope you and your friends will appreciate my position, and the partiality I have shown you by retention so long against the demand and wish of our M. C. I had hoped that time would soften him, and bring about some concessions; and I yet feel, if patience and forbearance prevail on the part of yourself and friends, that all differences may be healed, and equal justice done to all concerned. I shall appoint Mr. PALMER your successor. Be ready to turn over to him November 1.

"Please work up all unfinished business in your Div. by that time.

"I feel it due to you to say that I deem you a good officer, and will gladly give you the chance to resign prior to that time.

"Would be glad to talk personally with you, and hope you will so act as to not cause a wider breach among our political friends, and trust to time, the great arbitrator of human grievances, to heal feuds, and repair the wrong you may feel done you by appointing your successor."

The commendation of the victim to the assuaging influences of time is very touching. But Mr. DUDLEY declined voluntarily to resign a position for which his superior officer declared him to be fit, and he was summarily removed, to gratify the Honorable J. E. O'HARA.

It is in this way that the positions in the civil service of the United States are made to serve the personal and political ends of politicians and members of Congress, and it is the necessary consequences of this system of allowing individual citizens to use the public money for their own purposes, and to pay their henchmen out of the national Treasury, which have aroused the people to insist upon reform. Mr. O'HARA had no more right to demand the removal of Mr. DUDLEY than to require that of any employé in the office of this paper; and the lever by which he pried an admittedly good officer out of his place was the implied threat that he would pry out the superior officer if he did not do his bidding. Such incidents are conclusive arguments against the spoils system.

MRS. FRY.

JOHN HOWARD awakened general interest in prisoners and prisons, and much of the reform of modern days is fairly attributable to his exposures of the wrongs and sufferings of prisoners. ELIZABETH FRY, a little later—about seventy years ago—again drew attention especially to the condition of women in prisons. The story of her beneficent and self-sacrificing life, all the more interesting from its Quaker sweetness and simplicity, was told after her death by her two daughters. But the volume was large, and is long since out of print. EDWARD RYDER, a preacher of the Friends, has prepared a tale of her life and labors from all the existing sources, which gives an adequate and impressive picture of the admirable woman. Mr. RYDER is his own salesman of a book which naturally treats Mrs. FRY'S career from the religious point of view.

"FIRST AID TO THE INJURED."

ONE of the excellent forms of humane activity in the city is the instruction in "first aid to the injured" which is furnished by a society of ladies and gentlemen organized for that purpose. Human life can often be revived and suffering greatly relieved by prompt and intelligent treatment of those who are wounded and disabled by casualties of every kind, and the object of the association is to promote such treatment.

The central society in New York has organized branches in Boston and Philadelphia. In New Brunswick and Orange, in New Jersey, there are classes, and other branches are forming in Buffalo, Baltimore, Providence, Rochester, and Newark. Nearly a thousand persons attended the New York lectures last winter, and the work is sustained by many of the chief churches in the city.

The classes are made up of railroad and factory employés, of working-men of all kinds, of machinists, policemen, clerks, theological students, and school-teachers. The lectures are generally free. The pupils are duly examined, and those who pass satisfactorily receive a suitable certificate. The society is maintained by life memberships, subscriptions, and donations. The expenses are: printing, postage, medical appliances and material, small salaries and clerical services, and rent. The expense of the last year was only about $1200.

MR. IRVING AND MISS TERRY.

MR. IRVING has finished his present engagement in New York, and with Miss TERRY, who has "charmed the town," and his admirable company, he now goes to Philadelphia and Boston and other cities. The perfect stage setting of the dramas in which he plays is not only exceedingly attractive, but it is an essential part of theatrical representation. The imagination will do much, but the imagination is aided by fine and fitting stage appointments as it is by fine acting.

There is no question of the impression which Mr. IRVING has produced as that of a masterly artist. He has the supreme gift of accomplishment in his art that he is able to turn even his disadvantages to profit, as we have known singers of the utmost musical feeling and skill produce exquisite effects even when nature had stinted the richness of the voice.

This "reverse action," as it is happily called by one of Mr. IRVING'S most sympathetic critics, enables him to produce the effect in a manner which is the very reverse of the author's probable intention. Thus for a passionate explosion of feeling may be substituted a kind of speechlessness, the seeming inability from very intensity of emotion to give it adequate expression. These are the touches that reveal the consummate artist; and such mastery, with his intellectual comprehension of the art which he illustrates, has won for him his great distinction.

Miss TERRY has given us the most perfect of Portias, and as she filled the eye and mind in the delightful drama, SHELLEY'S line was the due description of the scene:

"She was one of SHAKESPEARE'S women."

O'DONNELL'S POSITION.

THE trial of O'DONNELL for the murder of CAREY, the Irish informer, is a singular commentary upon the state of Irish feeling. He has been made a popular hero, and money has been subscribed for his defense, upon the ground of his noble and patriotic devotion in murdering the "infamous informer." But it is understood that his plea is that he killed CAREY in self-defense, which plea, if sustained, ruins him as a devoted hero and martyr.

O'DONNELL, therefore, is in the awkward situation of a man who does not merit popular gratitude and enthusiasm unless he should be proved guilty of murder and be sentenced to the gallows. If he escape hanging, it will be because he is proved not to deserve the popular homage. The situation illustrates the condition of Irish feeling. Crime, however dastardly and cold-blooded, if it be committed in revenge upon the "Anglo-Saxon," is a passport to public favor, or at least to the sympathy of the great mass of the poor and ignorant Irish.

Meanwhile the British Government continues its efforts to correct abuses and to do justice. The result of the late criminal trial when the jury disagreed shows the untruth of the assertion that juries are impanelled to convict. There is certainly no European government which would maintain so humane and reasonable a course, under the same circumstances, as that of the GLADSTONE administration in Ireland. Much undoubtedly remains to do, but how much more promptly and satisfactory it would be done if the Irish leaders were wisely friendly to the Government!

PERSONAL.

A PARISIAN journalist begins a leading article as follows: "It was with the keenest satisfaction that, nine months ago, I learned of the death of RICHARD WAGNER." He then proceeds to vent his anger against classical conceits and the German Empire.

—The French (observes a Paris correspondent) do not attach to their newspaper articles the same importance that foreigners do; and for one Frenchman who reads an editorial on the subtleties of Chinese diplomacy (the details of which are, of course, obtained from the English press) there are ninety-nine who read the accounts of the drollery of the new operetta, the splendors of the restored Alcazar Théâtre, and the enthusiasm provoked nightly at the Opéra Comique by Madame GALLI-MARIÉ'S splendid impersonation of Carmen.

—A late essayist announces that "men of vast powers do not need the stimulus afforded by foreign travel, and the ordinary tourist frequently deludes himself in supposing that he will gain more knowledge and more enjoyment by spending his vacation abroad." Artists who want to go to Europe, but can not, may find comfort in these words.

—The cast of LUTHER'S face, taken three days after his death, is preserved in a public library in Halle. Some hairs of the eyebrows, which came out while the cast was being removed, are religiously cared for by a firm of art-dealers in the same city. These modest souvenirs of the Reformer are stiff, and iron-gray.

—JOHN RUSKIN will lecture at the London Institution, on the 4th of February next, on "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century." The subject seems to be outside the realm of art criticism, and his discussion of it will doubtless be all the more valuable.

—Field-Marshal VON MOLTKE, though more than eighty years old, takes much pleasure in hunting, and is very successful in the sport.

—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA writes: "Miss MARY ANDERSON, whose success on the English stage is now fully established, was stately, graceful, and winsome in the part of Pauline. No criticism, gentle or ungentle, will bar the fact that there is no more beautiful lady on the stage than Miss MARY ANDERSON. She is to the full as highly favored by nature as was the late Mrs. ROUSBY; but she carries herself with greater dignity, and her movements are more symmetrical. An actress who is extremely pretty in visage, lithe in form, and refined in manner may be considered to have gained half the battle which she has to fight. I am not at present qualified to pronounce whether Miss MARY ANDERSON is the possessor of real genius, or only of very highly developed dramatic training. As Pauline, an ample display of pathos is demanded from her; and Miss ANDERSON did not convey to my mind the idea of her feeling the part. She was never carried away. She was not by any means cold, but her warmth lacked *abandon*. She seemed to be perfectly well aware of what she was about, and determined that not one of her graceful poses, not one of her careful touches of byplay, not one toss of her pretty head, nor undulation of her shapely neck, should be lost on her audience."

—Critics must have something to criticise, and one of them, we notice, is tired of seeing Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, of the St. James's Theatre, London, in parts where they are required to make love to each other. "Is there any particular law," he asks, complainingly, "that requires Mrs. KENDAL invariably to make love to her husband, and Mr. KENDAL to be so theatrically devoted to his wife? It is very pretty, no doubt, but it becomes monotonous. It would puzzle one to state for how many years they have been love-making on the stage—classical love-making, comedy love-making, modern love-making, comic love-making; now they are Pygmalion and Galatea, now the hero and heroine of sublimated farce, now old lovers parted, and now young lovers reunited. But we have had enough of them, as Dean SWIFT said when he sickened of rabbits, and apostrophized them in a famous grace."

—In responding to an address of welcome while at Liverpool, on his return from Canada, the Marquis of Lorne said that if he had been able to advance the prosperity of that country, it was very much owing to the labors of the Princess LOUISE, who had "undertaken voyages and journeys which must have been trying to any one, even in the strongest health, with the view of helping to make the people of Europe know the advantages and resources of Canada." This explains very handsomely why the Princess was so often and so protractedly absent from the Dominion.

—During the fifty-five years that have elapsed since the death of the composer SCHUBERT so many alterations have been made in his songs that the original text of the music is often widely different from the present one. An attempt is making to restore the text to its primitive condition by comparing it with the autograph copies made by SCHUBERT himself, and preserved in public and private collections, chiefly in Vienna.

—Sir WILFRID LAWSON, the Radical statesman, does not know why people should quarrel over politics and religion. He would as soon think of quarrelling with a person having the rheumatism. "A man has the rheumatism because it is a disease of his body, and a Tory is a Tory because he is not strong enough to resist the attacks of error." "Mr. GLADSTONE once said that the duty of a government is to make it easy for men to do right, and difficult for them to do wrong, and the duty of the people in relation to the government is to make it easy for the government to do right, and difficult for it to do wrong."

—Queen ELIZABETH of Roumania was seen recently, on a state occasion, in an elegant national costume. "The skirt and corsage, full and flowing, were cream-colored, with gold embroidery; a gauze veil of a rosy tint enveloped her head and neck, and like a morning cloud floated round her sweet and smiling countenance, on which at moments appeared a passing shade of repressed sadness. Her deep blue eyes, with this background, have an intense light, her delicately cut lips have a frank smile of welcome, and her figure, slightly leaning forward, reminds one of SARA BERNHARDT in the sweet and poetical vision of Roland's daughter." The Queen writes books, and has a talent for painting and illuminating.

—GUSTAVE DORÉ'S statue of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, unveiled in Paris on the 4th of November, in the Place Malesherbes, only a stone's-throw from the house of DUMAS the younger, represents the novelist sitting in flowing robes in an arm-chair, and leaning back, pen in hand, as if collecting his thoughts. The likeness is said to be excellent. Below the statue, on the step of the marble pedestal, are seated three bronze figures, the central one a girl reading a novel of DUMAS'S, while a young man at either side of her looks over her shoulder. This monument, said one of the speakers, would have been of solid gold had all whom DUMAS instructed or fascinated contributed a centime each to it.

—Mr. MOODY, the evangelist, is again at work in London, and the *Times* of that city says that he "expounds Scripture in plain, homely phrase, in fervid, earnest tones, with marked American accent and animated gesture, turning aside from his text now and then to humorously relate some experience or point a moral, which elicits a laugh or wins a smile."

—Several hundred girls in a shirt manufactory in Derry, Ireland, have been on a strike because Sir WILLIAM MILLER, M.D., has not been dismissed from his position as medical officer of that establishment. Sir WILLIAM is a Protestant, and the girls are Roman Catholics. The girls parade the streets singing, "God save Ireland," and groaning dismally when opposite Sir WILLIAM'S house. Sir WILLIAM must soon see the error of his way.

—Policemen in London go about in pairs. They are an army in numbers, but no censure of the cost of the constabulary has ever been heard from the most parsimonious rate-payer.

—In Russia the Nihilists are now broken up into widely scattered groups, each more or less independent of the rest. They are desperately in need of funds. Last spring a rich Russian widow married a young Pole, and soon afterward was murdered and robbed. Six months afterward, on being arrested as a Nihilist, he confessed that he had murdered the widow for the sake of her money, which he had distributed among the young Nihilists of Poland. Similar cases have frequently occurred.

—Of the engravers on wood who exhibited at the triennial Salon only three were accorded the first rank, and of these three Mr. ROBERT HOSKIN, of this city, was one. He has received a large gold medal, on one side of which appears a medallion of MICHAEL ANGELO. Mr. HOSKIN'S beautiful work is well known to the readers of this journal, and fully appreciated by his brother artists, not less than by the public.

—CHARLES WILLIAM SIEMENS, the eminent electrician, engineer, and savant, who in 1875 received the Bessemer Medal of the Iron and Steel Institute, is dead, in his sixty-third year. His disease was rupture of the heart.

—We congratulate our veteran and esteemed contemporary the *Commercial Advertiser* on the accession of that accomplished journalist Mr. ISAAC H. BROMLEY to the post of editor-in-chief. Mr. BROMLEY'S pen has already made for him a *clientèle* of which any editor might be proud, and his brilliant social gifts have endeared him to troops of friends. It is always pleasant to see the right man in the right place.

—During the days of the old Volunteer Fire Department the mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the laddies nourished as gallant a temper as the women of classic Greece. Mrs. EDWARD MOYNIHAN, whose family have long held an honorable position in the annals of the Volunteer Fire Department, sends to one of our esteemed contemporaries a communication in which she says: "I see that Old 44 Engine Company are to turn out on Evacuation-day. I suppose the men, all young and handsome, who belonged to 44 in those days, are, like myself, grown old and gray. They worked in the ship-yards, and the Eleventh Ward was a pleasant place to live in. I hear that the old firemen are short of funds for a band. If that be so, then, for old acquaintance' sake, and in memory of the good and true men of a past day, I am willing to contribute anything that is lacking. All I ask in return is that they will march past my door, as I am unable to go out, so that I may once more see about all that is left of the old Eleventh Ward to remind me of the past."

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Ye True Story of Granny Greene of Salem Town

Set to Rhyme for ye better entertainment of ye Reader by Howard Pyle. AND MDCCCXXCIII

I.

SOME folk there are, I sorely grieve
To say, do not in full believe—
Oh, scoffing times!—in witches;
Who shake their heads, with doubtful look,
When told these cross a stream or brook
In egg-shell boats, by hook or crook,
Or fly on birchen switches.

But lithe and listen, all good men,
To this strange tale about a hen
That I have sought to gather
From that which certain papers state
Of sundry things appertainate
To matters brought before the late
Deceased Cotton Mather.

II.

[*It is now to be related of the manner of living and of the condition of one Charity, sometimes called Granny Greene.*]

Dame Charity Greene, of Salem Town,
Was not overwise, as you shall see,
For in all the settlement, up or down,
Nobody grumbled as much as she.
And yet she had chickens and ducks and geese,
A cottage, a cow, a garden plot,
But still in the spite of all of these,
And plenty to eat and plenty of ease,
She oftentimes said to Barbara Reese,
Her gossip, with tearful whine and wheeze,
She was poor as the township charity pot.

III.

[*It is furthermore told of certain things that happened to Granny Greene upon a hill back of Salem Town, and of a stranger that she met there.*]

Granny Greene walked over the hill,
Over the hill nigh Salem Town,
With a bag of grist for the valley mill.
The wind piped high and the wind piped shrill
As it caught the grass and bent it down;
And far in the hollow, windy sky
The white-winged sea-gulls flickered high,
And wheeled and screamed with a harsh wild cry.

Deponent saith she was snug and warm
In a long gray cloak and comforter too,
That not a breath of the wind could harm,
No matter how high and chill it blew;
That she thought she was walking all alone,
As she grumbled of money and this and that;
But she suddenly saw, with his hand to his ear,
And his head bent forward as if he would hear,
A strange little man in a sugar-loaf hat.

His coat was red,
And so was his head;
His stockings were red, and his breeches too;
And shriller far than the wind, and higher,
He spoke in a voice as thin as a wire,
And sharp and keen as the point of a pin:
Oh, Charity Greene, oh, whither so fast?
Why turn away when you've found at last
A helpful friend—from no matter where—
Who can lift the weight of your load of care?
Oh, stay! oh, stay!
Oh, tarry, I pray!
And listen to what I have to say.
I'll ease the troubles in your hard case,
For every morning your hen shall lay
A golden egg, from this very day.
Then he skipped and danced in a wanton way,
And grinned all over his sharp, shrewd face.

The wind shrieked out more wild and shrill;
Dame Charity's cloak flew over her head.
She struggled and twisted and turned until
She had freed herself: she stood on the hill
Alone. The stranger in red
Had fled.

IV.

[*Now it is shown what cometh of evil communion with that which is not of a goodly nature.*]

The next morn, so the deponent said,
After the one all clad in red
Had spoken to her in this strange way,
The speckled hen, in the out-house shed,
Cackled as though it would wake the dead;
So putting her knitting and yarn away,
She went to find where the fresh egg lay.

A beam of light like a misty bar
Reached through a knot-hole smooth and round,
As though it leaned from the wall to the ground,
Where it shivered and broke in a blaze of light,
And shattered amid the lumber old.
There, near by, was the strangest sight
That ever was thought of, or seen, or told;
For amongst the straw, like a blazing star,
In the dusky light, lay an egg of gold.
The dame stood stark, as though shot with a bullet,
At the sight she saw in the nest of the pullet.

V.

[*From that which followeth may be seen, however, those things which we most desire have their bitterness.*]

All day she walked in a daze,
And her soul was wrapped in amaze
At the thing which the hen had done.
And at night, when she went to bed,
The thoughts so skipped in her head,
Each jostling the other one,
That she'd ne'er caught a wink of sleep
When the daylight began to peep,
And the little birds began to sing
At the waking up of everything.

For now that such wealth untold
Was hatched from an egg of gold,
She bethought her of what to say
To her gossiping cronies when
She should tell of the golden hen
That was blessed in no godly way.
Likewise not a thought was found,
Though she chased all her wits around,
To tell her of how the egg of gold
Could be taken to Boston Town and sold.

But still her wits danced around,
When a shrill and piercing sound
Stabbed straight through the hush like a knife.
A scream, a clatter, a shrieking,
As though fifty imps were squeaking
And yelling and fighting for life.
Out of her bed she tumbled,
And out of the house she bundled,
With never a limp of her rheumatic leg.
She opened the door of the out-house, when
She found the hen
Had been at it again,
For there lay another bright golden egg.

Another day passed by, and then
Came another egg from the speckled hen.

A week passed by, and every day
A golden egg was put away.

VI.

[*Following this is shown how wealth, more especially that which is ill-gotton, weigheth down the heart.*]

She filled a barrel, she filled a bag;
She hid them back of the four-post bed.
The hen kept on with never a lag—
For every morn of every day
A golden egg was put away.

Dame Charity hated her golden store,
And the hen so cursed by the one in red,
As she never had hated a thing before.

GRANNY GREENE SEEKETH YE LIFE OF YE HEN.

She'd have given an eye to be free once more,
And would have wrung off the pullet's head;
But the thing grew wild and hid away,
And only came back
With shrieking and clack
At the gray of the dawn of the coming day,
To lay.

VII.

[*This shows how ill happenings follow upon evil doings.*]

And now when she went to take a walk,
As she used to do in the days of old,
Before she was cursed with the weight of gold,
The folk began to whisper and talk,
For she muttered of gold, and this and that,
And there came to her house a great black cat
(The one in red,
It was afterward said);

DAME CHARITY GREENE MEETETH YE STRANGE LITTLE MAN.

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GRANNY GREENE FALLETH INTO ILL REPUTE.

And the boys would shout things after her which
Had a sound that was strangely like that of witch.

* * * * * *

What is that noise
Of men and boys?
Of scuttling, scurrying,
Hustling, hurrying?
Out runs the smith with his arms all bare,
The landlord out from the tavern there,
The carpenter too, and the undertaker,
The one-armed soldier, the old shoemaker,
The tallow-chandler, and the baker.
There's a noise of men and boys in the street—
There's a hubbub of voices, a tramp of feet.
"The witch! the witch!" is shouted loud.
"They've taken the witch! they've got her fast!
They've caught the old she-cat at last!"
Down the street comes the noisy crowd,
And right at the head of the press is seen
The County Sheriff and Granny Greene.

VIII.

[*The proof of the witchcraft in all these doings is clearly set forth by what follows, as is likewise a moral adduced from them by a goodly man.*]

Now when they searched the cottage through,
As they were called upon to do,
They found—so I am told—
A barrel where some onions lay,
Some last-year's turnips hid away,
But not a bit of gold.
Which shows how witchcraft changes things,
And how ill-gotten wealth takes wings.

A discourse preached by Parson Groane,
In which it was full clearly shown
How wealth is but a bubble;
Showed also how the lusts of men
But lead weak flesh to evil, when
They find they get a speckled hen
That hatches naught but trouble.

THE ARREST.

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NO SUNSET TO-NIGHT.

No sunset to-night, no glory
Is over the pallor of snow;
Dark is the heaven above us,
And dark is the earth below.
No sunset to-night, no tinting
Of purple, or pink, or gold:
The day dies sadly in shadow,
And the night comes dark and cold.

Sunshine to-morrow morning! Sunshine
Will brighten the eastern sky;
The birds will tell us at dawning
As they go twittering by.
The pallor of snow will vanish,
And the dark clouds drift away;
The grass is under the snow-drifts,
And the blue sky under the gray.

No sunset to-night in the household,
The hearth-stone is dreary and still;
There is something the matter with father,
And mother is weary and ill.
No playing to-night in the parlor,
No story, no laughter, no song,
And the little ones go to their sleep
With a feeling of sorrow and wrong.

But to-morrow, when shadows lengthen,
The hearth will be ruddy and light;
Children will climb on the father's knee,
And the mother be well and bright;
And the sun o'er the little household
Go down in the glory and bliss
Of laughter, and story, and music,
Of a father's and mother's kiss.

And my heart has oft mournfully said:
"In my life no sunset to-night:
Gray is the sky and horizon,
Clouds piling to left and to right;
Gone are the purple and amber tints,
The shimmer of pink and of gold:
My day has been all in the shadow,
And my night cometh dark and cold."

Then, lo! in the morning new glory,
New beauty of earth and of sky,
New hope in my love and my duty,
As the lark sings gladly on high:
"Shadows last only a night-time;
Like a happy bird, sing them away;
For after the night comes the dawning,
And the blue sky is under the gray."

THANKSGIVING, 1783—1883.

THANKSGIVING is no new thing. A national day of thanksgiving to the Source of all has been observed in China for unknown ages. On that glad day in every year the Emperor proceeds in state, and in Oriental pomp, to an altar near Pekin, and offers alone prayers and sacrifices in return for the gifts Heaven has vouchsafed his people. For the moment he becomes the representative of the nation. On the same day, at the same hour, three hundred millions of his subjects bring grateful offerings to their unknown gods. Despotism has produced an unparalleled unity of religious rites. Custom rules the half-civilized Chinese with a rigor unknown to the West. Nowhere else is there so large a portion of the human race united in one cry of gratitude, one universal prayer.

The Chinese seem to belong to a prehistoric period, and unite unheard-of cruelties to several unusual virtues. With the Greeks and Romans thanksgivings were occasional, and followed important public events. There was joy all over Greece after Marathon or Salamis, and sacrifices and prayers were offered in all its temples. But Greece was seldom united, and the cruel wars the Greeks waged against each other allowed no room for a general thanksgiving. It was seldom that the early republics could rejoice in peace and ease. The Romans, more successful, sang hymns of praise after the fall of Carthage, or in the empire celebrated the peaceful rule of Augustus in secular odes and Saturnalian license. But nothing in the form of an annual thanksgiving was known to them. The Jews suggested it in their Feast of the Tabernacles, the Romans in their annual sacrifices to Ceres or to Flora.

An American President summons fifty millions of freemen to give thanks for peace and its abundance. It was seldom that the Roman Consul or Emperor could feel so much at ease. In the dawn of history a national life was a perpetual disease, and men preyed upon each other. That curious, instructive symbol, the closing of the gates of Janus, happened only twice in the history of the most powerful of the ancient republics, and even then was scarcely to be held allowable: war and disaster hung over the walls of Rome. In the Middle Ages the nations dashed madly against each other in ceaseless conflicts. The world was sad and dark, and men sang only a "Dies Iræ." Modern Europe has been scarcely more fortunate. It has sung "Te Deum" for countless victories, but has never been at peace. The gates of Janus are wide open. Sometimes it is Russia plunging headlong into a Crimean war, sometimes England protecting its colonies and canals by military expeditions, or France and Germany tormenting each other.

But with us it is different, and Thanksgiving is an American custom. It came to us slowly. The Dutch and the Puritan may dispute for the credit of its origin. Holland appointed a day of national thanksgiving after the siege of Leyden, 1575. The early Governors in Massachusetts made their public thanksgiving irregularly as early as 1631, 1632, and 1633. The Dutch Governors of New York in 1644 and 1645 began the national custom. But it was not until the war of the Revolution had passed away in triumph that the people of America united in one great song of praise. New York led the way. In the midst of the joy of the evacuation of 1783, Governor George Clinton called upon the people of the State to give thanks for their new freedom. "All worldly labor and recreation," we are told, are to be laid aside; all was gratitude and rest.

Washington proclaimed the first national Thanksgiving in 1789, and afterward in 1795. But the annual celebration of a Thanksgiving-day was long confined to New England and to China. It was not until after the peace of 1815 that the custom was observed in New York. It is only since the death of Lincoln that the President of the United States recommends yearly to all the people the virtue of gratitude. The growth of the custom has kept pace with that of intelligence. It is a useful one. Gratitude softens and refines human thought. The mind or the nation that can say heartily, "I thank you," is tending toward the good, and is in the path of progress.

Never was New York more ready for its annual Thanksgiving. For a hundred years it has been free, and freedom has brought it a boundless prosperity. It has just celebrated the day on which the ancient tyranny faded from its sight. A story is told of an English officer who, a few days after the evacuation, returned to the city to collect some property that had been left behind. With some alarm he landed from the British fleet, and applied to the government for a guard. He was told that he needed none so long as he acted prudently; but his request was granted. He found New York in November, 1783, quiet and peaceful as a country village. There was no disorder, no retaliation. "Why," he said to a friend, "for seven years our army failed to keep the peace of the city: every day and night there was riot and disorder. Now we are gone, everything is peace and safety. These Americans," he added, "know how to govern themselves, but nobody else can govern them." It is for this that we give thanks. Our Thanksgiving-day is the united impulse of fifty millions of people, grateful for the prosperity of the past, and the opportunity of progress in the future.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE LOSS OF THE FAMILY PLATE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

THE town of Locustville is situated on a majestic river, and sufficiently near the city of New York to be deemed suburban. Why Locustville? a Betsy Trotwood might have inquired, as these trees are not numerous in the vicinity. Possibly the memory of the delicate foliage and sweet blossoms lingers in a locality once described by a French translator of Fenimore Cooper, with the aid of his dictionary, in these words, "The stranger alighted before the door of the mansion, and fastened his horse to a large grasshopper." Suffice it that Locustville is modern, pretty, and picturesquely perched on the river-bank, with the railroad track below, while the more prosaic element of butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker is grouped about the station. The spot is a true paradise of the man of business, who dreams even at desk and ledger of rural repose.

There are cottages painted white, with green shutters, and usually shaded by weeping-willow-trees; and eccentric cottages, slate gray in hue, with facings of black and orange; and English cottages of red brick, the casements boasting diamond panes of glass. Nor are nice shades of distinction wanting in this suburban community. The red-brick cottage, as home of a banker, looks down on the modest white one, abode of a mere clerk, while the slate-gray house soars above both, as nest of an æsthetic poet.

The most remote of these residences is Gothic in structure, and of all Locustville resembles the home of the friendly sparrow in the trees of city squares. There is a freshness, a smiling expansiveness, so to speak, about this domicile which arrests attention. The smoke floats up like a banner from a span-new chimney, a crystal bubble of a conservatory sparkles on the left side, and striped awnings flutter over the windows when the sun is hot. There is an entrance gate capable of admitting a wheeled vehicle, with a tiny sweep of gravel leading up to the front door. Nor are external decorations lacking. A diminutive fountain adorns the grass-plot, while a pagoda-shaped summer-house is built on the river-bank. A tree trunk covered with ivy simulates a ruined column, and a net-work of twine stretched across the porch still held some sprays of drooping vines in the mild November weather of which we write, trained by the fostering care of the mistress of the house.

Said Pamela, "Have another buckwheat cake, darling."

"Well, no, love; but these corn muffins are excellent," replied Walter.

Then Pamela buttered delicately one of the praised muffins, and presented it to her lord and master, while he partook of breakfast, with his watch placed on the table beside his plate, and his ear alert for the locomotive whistle at the next station, which should warn him to flee on the path of duty cityward. Walter Timbs was book-keeper in the great dry-goods house of Drugget & Co. He adjusted his habits of life with the same regularity that he balanced his accounts. The ménage of the Gothic cottage was young, even as the furniture was new. Walter and Pamela had not been married a year.

"No, indeed!" said Pamela, rising from the table; "we are to keep Thanksgiving-day—our first Thanksgiving—at home. I made up my mind to that a month ago, and I told papa as much when he invited us to town." She put on a stylish seal-skin cap and coachman's cape to accompany her husband to the cars. Pamela performed this act of devotion with gayety, for she was still more bride than matron.

Walter smiled, and then looked grave. "I wish you would teach Bridget to keep the front door locked, my love," he admonished. "I invariably find the entrance gate half open, besides. Some day a band of gypsies will come along and steal every tea-spoon. Depend upon it!"

"Perhaps they will carry off the grand piano," suggested Pamela, in sprightly vein, and she tripped down the bank to the station. "If Bridget is careless about leaving doors and gates open, she is a perfect treasure in other respects. Have you forgotten Maggy, who spent her time flirting with neighboring gardeners, to the detriment of your dinner? or Catherine, who got drunk, and threatened you with a carving-knife?"

"I have not forgotten all those delusive Swedish and German maidens, claimed by stalwart cousins for Western farms just when they learned to make hot biscuit," rejoined Walter.

"Bridget is as honest as the sun, and *so* ugly that even Mikey, the grocer's boy, has jilted her for a better-looking girl," added Pamela.

Walter bit his lip. "All that goes for nothing if the front door is not locked," he said. "You should enforce it."

"Nonsense!" laughed Pamela.

Locustville awaited the train at the station, for the railway was the centre of life. Young ladies seated in pony-phaetons bade lovers adieu for the day, mothers imparted anxious advice to sons, while paterfamilias kissed the babies. Even Pamela was not insensible to the exhilaration of being ogled by an entire train of cars as she stood there in her coachman's cape and seal-skin cap. She was a handsome young woman, tall and slight, with fine blue eyes, a creamy skin, and rich black hair brushed high from the nape of a very white neck, and arranged on top of the head in a fashion deemed purely American in Europe.

Away went the train, leaving feminine Locustville to a day of quiet routine. Walter Timbs was perturbed as he took his place in the cars. A cloud had chilled his sunshine. Pamela had made very light of his first attempt at asserting authority. What would come of it? Perhaps his nerves had been tried by a business knot of the previous day at Drugget & Co.'s, impossible to untangle. Possibly that last corn muffin was a tax on digestion calculated to produce gloom of spirit.

"She should not have said 'Nonsense!' when I suggested locking the front door," mused the husband, and immediately took an opposite political view to his companion of the same seat concerning the election of a new mayor.

Pamela retraced her steps until she regained the Gothic cottage. This day before Thanksgiving was to be long memorable to her, yet it began like all other mornings. She washed the delicate cups and saucers, and put them up in the china closet, after the most approved housewifely fashion. Then she played a Strauss waltz on the grand piano, which nearly filled the tiny drawing-room. Afterward she adjusted curtains, patted cushions, and hovered about the plants of the little conservatory, herself a glowing human blossom, for it was inseparable to her ideas of duty at this date to wear a coquettish cap, decked with scarlet bows, a distracting apron, and red slippers. Valuable rings flashed on her fingers, while a pair of diamond solitaires twinkled in her ears. These were wedding gifts, together with the grand piano and the household furniture. Pamela enjoyed her pretty things, and liked to have them scattered about. She was rehearsing the courses of her Thanksgiving dinner, with the aid of a cook-book, when a shadow darkened the window, and the tramp looked in on her, as a famished dog scents a larder. Scum of European vice and slothfulness, thrifty Switzerland or Italy had sent him in some teeming ship-load to fatten on American prosperity. Dull, sodden, brutal, and ferocious, according to the amount of drink accessible, here he was, a creature preying on the peaceful country until such time as frost and snow should drive him to some city den to plot in darkness, crime, and robbery. Pamela shivered, then gave him bread and meat. The tramp received the food with an inarticulate growl, and slouched away again to stretch himself on the ground in the sun at a distance from Locustville, and smoke a pipe. Pamela played another Strauss waltz to efface him. The tramp, swarthy, bearded, and unkempt, with heavy jaw and strong white teeth like the fangs of a wild animal, remained stamped on her mind, like a phantasm of the night.

After lunch a bustle of preparation for Thanksgiving pervaded the house. The guest-chamber was re-arranged, and windows opened. At two o'clock Pamela came down-stairs, having unlocked the closet of her own room and taken out a bag. This bag contained the family plate. Soon spoons, forks, knives, pepper-casters, and sugar-sifters were spread on the dining-table, together with all those trifles in shining metal given by friends at a wedding.

"There will be work enough to do to-morrow, so these had better be brightened a bit now," thought Mrs. Timbs.

Just then Bridget announced that a steamer was passing on the river, with a band of music and soldiers on board. Steamers gay with flags did not pass Locustville at every hour of the day, so mistress and maid ran to the summer-house to see the excursionists. As they emerged from the back door of the cottage to gain the summer-house on the bank, a man entered the gate stealthily, tried the front door, which was unfastened, and penetrated the house. Oh, rare chance of thieves! Silver was outspread temptingly on the dining-table, and the bag from which it had been taken reposed on a table near at hand. The man glanced around, listened, swept the silver into the bag, and departed as he had come. When mistress and maid returned, the family plate was gone. They gazed at each other in speechless consternation. Was the front door unfastened? Well, yes, an hour earlier Pamela had admitted the Maltese kitten.

Walter Timbs was later than usual in coming home that night. He had paused to smoke a pipe with the poet of the slate-gray cottage, and their talk had turned on a tramp lurking along the hedges with his bundle on a stick. "What will become of us, as a country, if these vagrants are landed on us by Europe, to be supported or live by depredation?" Walter had exclaimed. "Could you not write a—poem—on the subject?"

The poet had removed the amber mouth-piece of his Oriental pipe, and answered, "I might make a tragedy of such a theme."

Then Walter had come home and found the house door so firmly bolted that he had much ado to enter.

"I am glad you remember my injunctions, Pamela," he said, briskly.

Pamela looked at the carpet in pale silence. Bridget peered in the door, disappeared, and a crash of falling crockery signaled her return to the kitchen. Confidences froze on Pamela's lips. Should she tell the truth? Never had such a dinner been served in the Gothic cottage as on that day before Thanksgiving. Mr. Timbs raised the lid of the soup-tureen with the eagerness of a hungry man, dipped the ladle into the milk-thickened oyster stew, and exclaimed, sharply, "Take it away!—this soup is burned."

"I never left it no more nor five minutes," asserted Bridget, and sidled off with the tureen, gazing at her master over her shoulder in such a very strange manner that he might have been warranted in believing sudden madness to have smitten the household.

Pamela played with her spoon. Alas! it was a plated one for every-day use. The chicken was hopelessly raw, the potatoes were cold, the apple-pie scorched to a cinder, with the addition of a flavor of ashes. Humanity, with an empty stomach, asserted itself in the master of the house as he ate a pickle.

"Really, the prospect for Thanksgiving is a lively one, my dear. I hope the banquet may not prove a Barmecidal feast after all. I should like a Polynesian pudding I once read about. The bread-fruit, ripe plantain, taro, palm or pandanus nut, are rasped, pounded, and baked separately. Then a large tray is filled with cocoa-nut milk, kept simmering by popping in heated stones, and the other ingredients, fresh from the oven, are added. Think of cocoa-nut milk for a pudding sauce!"

"Perhaps you had better live in Polynesia," snapped Pamela.

The wretched meal concluded, Walter took refuge in a cigar, while Pamela attacked the grand piano in a storm of discords.

"Spare my nerves," groaned the hungry husband, after a time.

Pamela rose, and flounced into the darkness of the little conservatory. Her heart ached, tears were ready to overflow her eyes, and her nerves were strung to a tension of excitement by the disaster of the day; but pride still upheld her. The conservatory was dark and fragrant; the young wife moved about with an assumption of indifference, and sang a little tune. The stand of large plants formed a denser foliage at the end, with a recess behind. As she lifted a spray of flowers to inhale their perfume, Pamela saw a man crouching on his hands and knees in the recess. She recognized the shock head of the tramp. Pamela's heart bounded violently, and stood still; the blood ran cold in her veins. She did not scream or fall. In a lightning flash of swiftest conviction she beheld the tramp, discovered, spring forth to stretch Walter lifeless at her feet, if she ceased to sing. Held by this mortal dread, she continued to hum her song; she even plucked a flower from the plant nearest the hidden foe. Then she crept away slowly, faster and faster, until she swung to the door of the adjoining room, slid the bolt with stiffening fingers, and fell in a little heap, gasping, "*A man—the tramp—is hidden there!*" At the same moment there was a noise in the conservatory of falling plants and crash of glass, incident to the tramp's escape through the casement rather than be taken like a rat in a trap.

Walter gathered up Pamela in his arms and placed her on a sofa. Then he gave chase, revolver in hand. Soon all Locustville joined in pursuit of the outcast. Every cottager turned out, to a man, to defend his own hearth-stone. The news flew like lightning through the night that Mrs. Timbs had found a burglar hidden in her conservatory, ready to plunder and murder when the household should have retired to rest. Weapons were snatched up, lanterns lighted, and watch-dogs let loose, as if ever tramp waited under cover of darkness for all such preparations of capture! Even the poet came forth in embroidered dressing-gown and cap, his spectacles polished, and a silver-mounted poniard in his grasp. The tramp had vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him, and only the rustling of the wind through the trees and the murmur of the river responded to the shouts of the pursuers. When Walter returned to his abode, flushed with the fruitless search, he found Pamela weeping bitterly on the sofa, while Bridget stood by with her apron to her eyes.

"I am not hurt, my pet, and the rascal will not return," said Walter, lavishing endearments on his wife, for his heart began to melt.

"Oh, it's not that!" sobbed Pamela.

"No, indade, it's not that, thin," echoed Bridget, with a sympathetic howl.

"What is it, then?" coaxed Walter.

"Why, he had been here—before!" cried Pamela.

"He had, jist, bad luck to him!" added Bridget, behind her apron.

"Ah! the tramp had been here before. Did you leave the door open?" pursued Walter, with a deceitful smile.

Pamela swept the handkerchief from her eyes with a tragic gesture. Concealment was no longer possible. "What I have suffered this day!"

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she exclaimed. "You may as well know the worst at once. The silver is gone, and we are ruined. Oh, those darling spoons with little curly ends, and that duck of a sugar-sifter shaped like a thistle! I shall never have any more."

"The silver gone!" repeated Walter, springing to his feet. "Let me see with my own eyes, for I can scarcely believe it."

He took a candle, and ran upstairs, followed by Pamela and Bridget. He unlocked the closet door, and produced the bag containing the family plate.

Mistress and maid were dumb. What did it mean?

"The fact is, I was the thief," explained Walter. "I came home at two o'clock to surprise you, and I found the gate ajar, the door unlocked. I had passed the tramp on the road. Neither of you was in the house. I put the silver in the bag, and carried it to the garret, and later took a chance to put it back safely in the closet. Then I slipped out, and spent the afternoon with the poet, in order to return home at the usual hour."

Pamela stared at him rigidly, but warmth and life began to re-animate her frame. Bridget sniffed.

"Let it be a lesson for the future, my love, to be more careful," concluded Walter, with masculine superiority. "I did not intend to speak until the hour of dinner to-morrow, which would become a true Thanksgiving with the re-appearance of the family plate."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself to play such tricks," retorted Pamela, finding voice at last. "So like a thoughtless man! I might be worn gray and worried into a fever with such nonsense. Pity you spoke at all!"

Walter's countenance fell under this volley of feminine indignation, and somehow the result seemed rather lame.

"If I had not stolen that silver, the tramp might have got it," he reasoned.

Pamela dreamed that night Walter was cook, in the white apron and cap of a French *chef*, preparing the famous Polynesian pudding, while Bridget had given warning in consequence.

Next morning brought restored peace and sunshine to Walter Timbs's interior. Pamela's parents arrived at noon, and of all Locustville the Thanksgiving dinner served in the Gothic cottage was the most enjoyable. At an early hour the poet accosted Walter over the fence.

"I have been meditating on my tragedy of the *Dangerous Classes*. I shall make your wife the heroine—a splendid creature with creamy skin and stately throat. There must be crime to enhance the light effects, you know. The tramp slays you, or the heroine falls in defense of her home."

The poet blew a cloud of smoke from his lips, and watched it dissolve in mid-air.

The restored family plate adorned the table, and Pamela's eyes sparkled when they reverted to the treasure. Two notable results became manifest: the front door of the Gothic cottage is always kept locked, and Walter never attempts to enforce marital authority.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

A BITTER TRUTH.

THERE are some faces so exceeding bright
And full of witching grace that with delight
All eyes upon them dwell—faces that make
Men mad with love, faces for whose fair sake
Hundreds would gladly die—yet those who own
This wealth of loveliness have hearts of stone,
Their beauty being like the light that lies
On polar seas and shines in polar skies—
Light that the never-sinking sun bestows
With many jewel gleams and rainbow glows,
But with no warmth. And so the splendor there
Is cold as death, and cruel as despair.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THANKSGIVING TURKEYS:

ARE THEY GRATEFUL TO US?

"I HAVE been thinking," said I to my friend, as we sat as usual over our post-prandial cigar, "over what you were saying yesterday about the dogs in Mexico and the wickedness of demoralizing animals generally. And though I agree with you on the broad principle, I don't think that we ought to forget the other side of the question, or overlook the *elevating* influences which man undoubtedly exercises over the lower animals. The world's history abounds with proofs of the immense services which man confers upon beasts and birds."

"Such as, for instance, at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, I suppose," replied he, with a smile.

"Well," I said, "and who can dispute the very excellent effects of Thanksgiving and Christmas on the beasts of the field and the fowls of the farmyard? Will you deny that our dinners on those occasions fulfill a great moral purpose—that they bring an honorable ambition within a reasonable distance of every turkey, and point the fat ox to the skies? Be it fowl or beast, the reward in this life, if it does its duty and fattens properly and industriously, is ease and peace, and after death there is honor of men, and gratitude, and immortality."

"But you can not pretend," said he, "that fat poultry and prize cattle look forward with any satisfaction either to Thanksgiving or Christmas?"

"No," I replied, "I do not pretend they do, for poultry and cattle never look forward at all. They live in the present, fortunately for them, or their anticipations would be of a rather solemn kind, and their emotions very mixed."

"But the turkey cares very little, I fancy," said he, "whether it has cranberry sauce served with it or not, and it does not much matter to the dead beef whether he is tender eating or tough."

"Very possibly," I answered. "Yet why should they not, all the same, pride themselves upon the honors of consumption on a public festival day? It is not every turkey chick that pips its shell that lives so long or so well as those we eat at Thanksgiving and Christmas; and do they not owe the comfort of months and their good feeding to the simple fact that they were destined to be cooked on those days? Which is better for a goose, that it should have waddled out a short and ignominious existence in a country farm-yard, and then suddenly one day have been killed and devoured by some promiscuously feeding villagers, or that it should have its months of life prolonged, be carefully fed and tended all the while, and ultimately be cooked with appreciative skill at Christmas-time, and consumed with honor? Give the cattle their choice, and which would they prefer, the existence that leads only to some suburban meat stall in the fly-blown months of summer, or that which, fattening on special foods, and enjoying the pleasures of careful attention and ample repose, is crowned with Thanksgiving honors, and concludes in the universal respect of men and women?"

"I don't think, though," interrupted my friend, "that the birds and beasts have learned to reason in this fashion about being eaten."

"Perhaps not," I replied. "But the ancients believed that the oxen dedicated to sacrifice walked to the altar with a prouder step than when they went to the pastures. The garlands round their necks and the ribbons on their horns made them, it was said, conscious of some special dignity about the occasion, and so they went to their death, as Queen Elizabeth danced, 'high and composedly.' And perhaps the old Greeks and Romans were right, and that our American turkeys are proud of being reserved for November, preferring the sacrificial honors of Thanksgiving to the undistinguished fate of other months."

"At all events, let us hope it is so."

"Yes; for I can not help thinking it must be better, moreover, for bullocks and turkeys to believe that they are living for a final day of probation, and to have set before them the high standard of Christmas excellence, that they may try and live up to it. The pig that lies in his pen, doing his duty with all his might, studying, so to speak, for the gold medal, and conscientiously doing his best to get as fat as possible in as short a time as possible, is in its way an inspiriting spectacle. There is a nobility in the effort with which men and women ought to sympathize. It should brace them up to their own labors in life. A turkey, in the same way, cramming or being crammed for the Christmas examination, presents itself to the well-regulated mind as an admirable example of hard work honestly undergone; and when eventually we see the same pig selling for so many cents the pound higher than any other pig in the market, we are glad to see that solid worth has met with its due reward. Whether pigs understand this, and exhibit such heartiness of co-operation in the process of fattening from a high moral sense of duty and loyalty, is a question which they alone can answer; but, in the mean time, it is our privilege to extend to them the benefit of the doubt. Yet even supposing that it isn't so, and that the obese hog only gets fat because he likes eating, there still remains the argument in favor of Thanksgiving and Christmas that his life is lengthened and made comfortable by the process of fattening; and is not length of life one of the blessings we Christians regularly pray for? Had it not been for the festive 29th, the turkey might have been nipped in the bud months ago. Once it had young companions every bit as good as itself, and where are they? For them, the playmates of the Thanksgiving turkey's sportive childhood, no honors were reserved, and no one can remember exactly when they were eaten, or who ate them. They died unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Such, however, is not the case with the heroes of our annual feast days, for after a life of luxury and attentions they find themselves an object of admiration to the public, and even after death live in the pious memory of those who had the good fortune to eat them."

"Ah, well: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

"Which, I suppose," said I, "means, 'it may be said of the dead that they were nothing if not good.'"

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL.

THE fourth day of December, 1783, witnessed a memorable scene in Fraunces' Tavern, on the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, in the city of New York. WASHINGTON was to take leave of the officers with whom a few days before he had made his triumphal entry into the city which had been the head-quarters of the British during nearly the whole period of the Revolutionary war. His comrades in arms awaited him in one of the large rooms of the tavern. They were silent, their hearts beating quick with suppressed emotion. Their beloved General entered the room with a firm step, as was his wont, but with flushed cheek and swimming eye. A man of action and of few words, he looked for a moment into the faces of the men with whom he had fought and won the great battle for liberty and independence, and then, in a voice trembling with emotion, he uttered these simple words:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I can not come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

Tears blinded the eyes of the hero, his voice failed him, and he could say no more. An overpowering, manly grief prevented reply on the part of his officers. One by one they advanced, and in silence took him by the hand. Not a word was said. When the last man had pressed his hand, WASHINGTON turned away, with tears streaming from his eyes, and left the room.

From Fraunces' Tavern WASHINGTON repaired to Whitehall Ferry later in the day, attended by many of his officers, and followed by throngs of citizens, and thence was rowed across the river to what is now Jersey City. There was no ceremony in this affecting leave-taking. It was simple and soldier-like, befitting the character of the men who in a long and heroic struggle had won freedom for their native land.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN English artist who came to America in the interests of one of the illustrated papers of London fell in with bad company in the course of his stay in Chicago. In the morning he had neither money nor any other valuables, but he remembered the faces of those who had been his companions. So he made portraits of them from memory, and took the pictures to the police, who arrested three of the "originals."

Some recent experiments of the veteran aeronauts the brothers Tissandier, made near Paris, seem to have been more satisfactory than any others that have ever been made in the way of aerial navigation. The balloon consisted of a cigar-shaped envelope, from which a bamboo car was suspended. It carried an electric motor, which moved a propeller, and could run for three hours without being replenished. A London engineering journal says that the aeronauts ascended to a height of five hundred meters, where they found the wind blowing at the rate of three meters a second, and "proved that they could outspeed and breast the wind, as well as steer the balloon in it."

At one of the weekly meetings of the Reformed pastors—why should these men of not unsavory antecedents designate themselves collectively by such a misleading word?—a paper was read on "The Difficulty of Reaching a Tenement-House with the Gospel," and that topic was discussed at considerable length. It is undoubtedly true that the difficulty complained of is real. So is the difficulty of reaching a tenement-house with soap. The first-named difficulty is largely an outgrowth of the second, and no better work could be carried on among the poor of New York than that which could be prosecuted by all lovers of mankind working together to give the toilers of this city homes in which cleanliness would be possible.

In a speech in England, a short time since, M. De Lesseps said that he had received from the engineers of the Panama Canal assurances that the waterway would be opened within five years. Not even in the fervor of the occasion did he indicate the value which he placed on those assurances. Five years is a brief period for doing the work that has been laid out.

Walking for walking's sake is said to be very fashionable in Washington these days. Pennsylvania Avenue, says a writer, is crowded every afternoon when the sky is bright. The usual autumnal influx of "bridal couples"—wretched expression!—has been large, and so fashionable has it been to roam the avenues that these contented ones have been compelled to turn out and walk too, under penalty of being looked upon as "queer" if they refused.

There is a little French restaurant in a downtown basement where many of the more youthful workers on the morning press take their dinners. Between six and eight o'clock in the evening there can usually be found at one of the tables some party of young journalists whose conversation has to do with the opera and the theatre exclusively, and consists chiefly of criticisms of the leading singers and actors, and of the methods of operatic and theatrical managers. A stranger might think that he was dining in the presence of the brilliant and powerful fellows who by a scratch of the pen make or unmake the reputations of those who claim a share of the honors of the stage. But his delusion would disappear when the loudly talking young men, after having lighted their cigarettes, confided to one another the nature of their tasks for the evening. It would then appear that they were not all about to betake themselves to opera-houses and theatres, but that one was to investigate the circumstances of a suicide in a lodging-house, another to linger on some ward politician's door-step till he should return and be interviewed, a third to make the round of the East Side police stations, and the other member of the party to perform some similar errand. When the stranger became better acquainted with the faces met there he would recognize among the men of more quiet demeanor some of the old and trustworthy workers in newspaper fields, whom long experience had made less blithe.

Lieutenant-Governor Ames and Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, were riding in the western part of the State—so the story goes—the Governor on the back seat of the carriage, and the Lieutenant-Governor facing him.

"Ames," said General Butler, after some moments of deep thought, "why are you now like the Democratic party?"

Mr. Ames promptly gave it up, as became a Lieutenant-Governor and a man riding backward, when assailed with a conundrum by a Governor and a man riding forward.

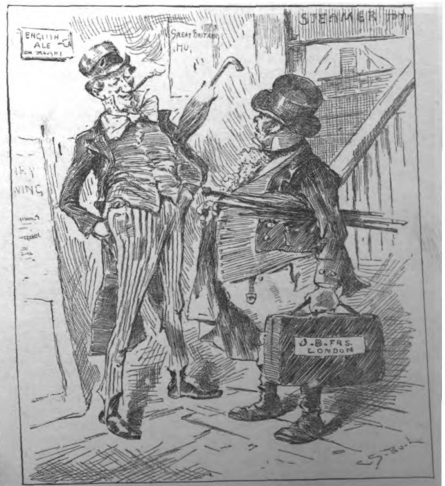
"Because," said the Governor, "you can't see anything till you have passed it."

The first railway in Spain was laid in 1848. It was fifteen and a half miles in length. In the next two years the railway system of the country grew just one mile and a half. Something has been added to it in every succeeding year, until there are now about six thousand miles of railway in Spain.

A writer in a San Francisco paper describes a "bee cave" which he claims to have seen in the mountains north of San Bernardino, California. He writes that in the side of a perpendicular cliff is an opening large enough to admit a man standing upright, which widens as it goes back into the mountain. How far it extends back no one knows. It has been in the possession of the bees during many years, for great sheets of honeycomb, blackened by age, hang from its roof and sides. Continuous streams of bees are pouring in and out. An enterprising settler has boarded up the mouth of the cave, leaving a grated opening for the bees, and when he wants some honey he puts on a wire mask, goes in, and cuts down as much comb as he desires.

According to a Russian statistician, whose name seems to be Narces Jarrasenko Otreschkoff, the people of the world from the time of Noah till the days of Christopher Columbus took from the earth gold and silver of the value of about ninety-two hundred million dollars. Mr. Otreschkoff does not tell where he got the figures as to the pan-outs of Solomon's Argonauts in the land of Ophir.

A still shorter way than calling it by the number of the meridian has been found for designating the standard time of each of the five divisions between ocean and ocean. Instead of "seventy-five time," the standard in this division is to be called "red time." It came about in this way: On the map prepared by Mr. Allen, showing the advantages of the new system, the several divisions of territory were in different colors, beginning with brown for the Eastern provinces, and following on toward the West with red, blue, green, and yellow in the order named. Thus we have red time for New York and yellow time for San Francisco. It is a good illustration of the wonderful importance of the railroads in this country that railway time has taken the place of local time, even where the difference was half an hour. It has been decided that operations in the Federal buildings throughout the republic must be timed according to the meridian of the place, for the reason that only Congress can change the government's method of timing its doings; but it has already been shown that the railway mail service of the Post-office Department must be conducted by railway time, and an exceptional order recognizing the necessity has gone forth.



AND STILL THEY COME.

J. B. "I take it you know me, Samuel."
U. SAM. "Wa'al, I should smile! Blowed if I see what you fellers left for, anyway."

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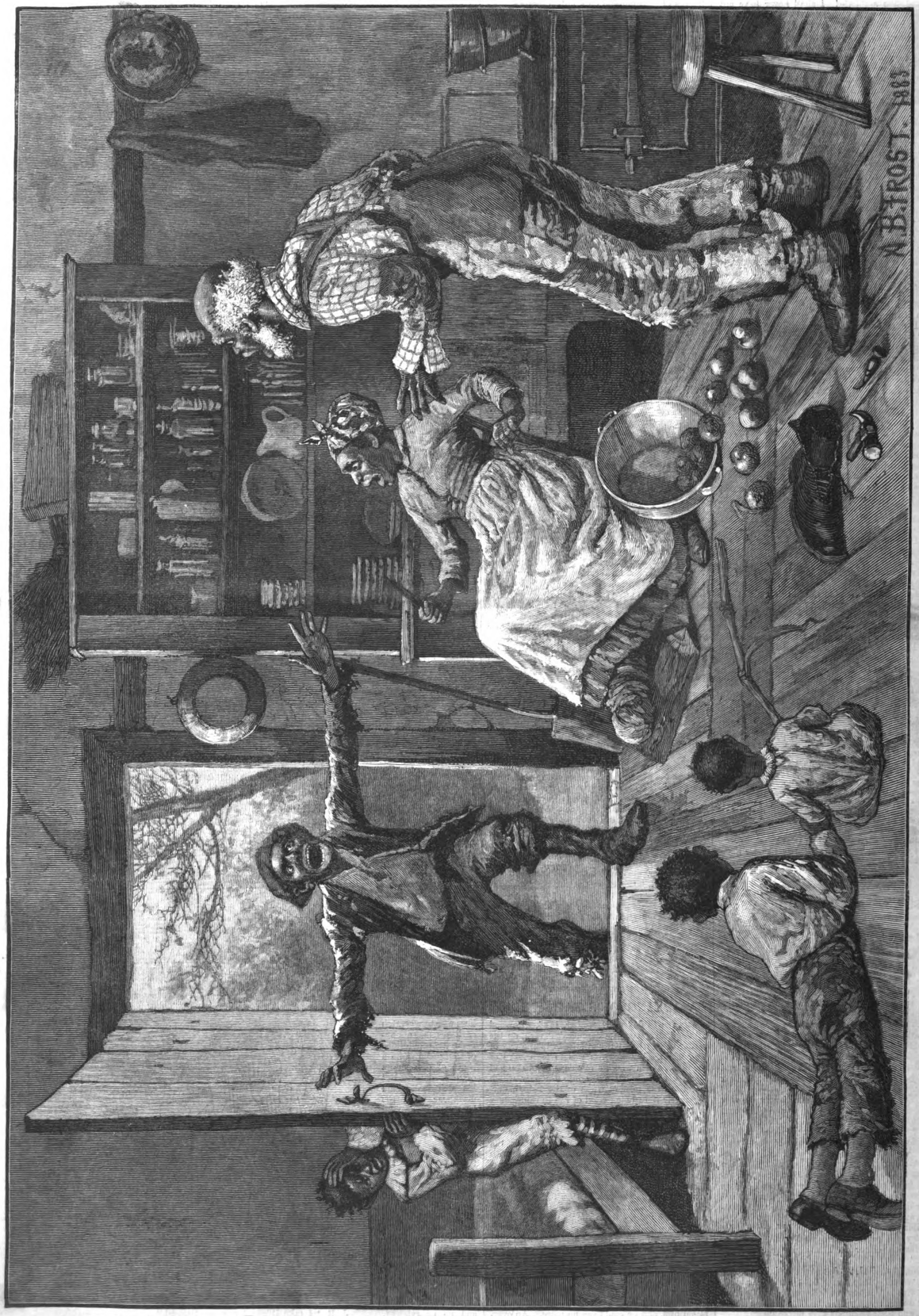

NO THANKSGIVING DINNER FOR THE JOHNSING FAMILY.

"Somebody done stole de Shoat."

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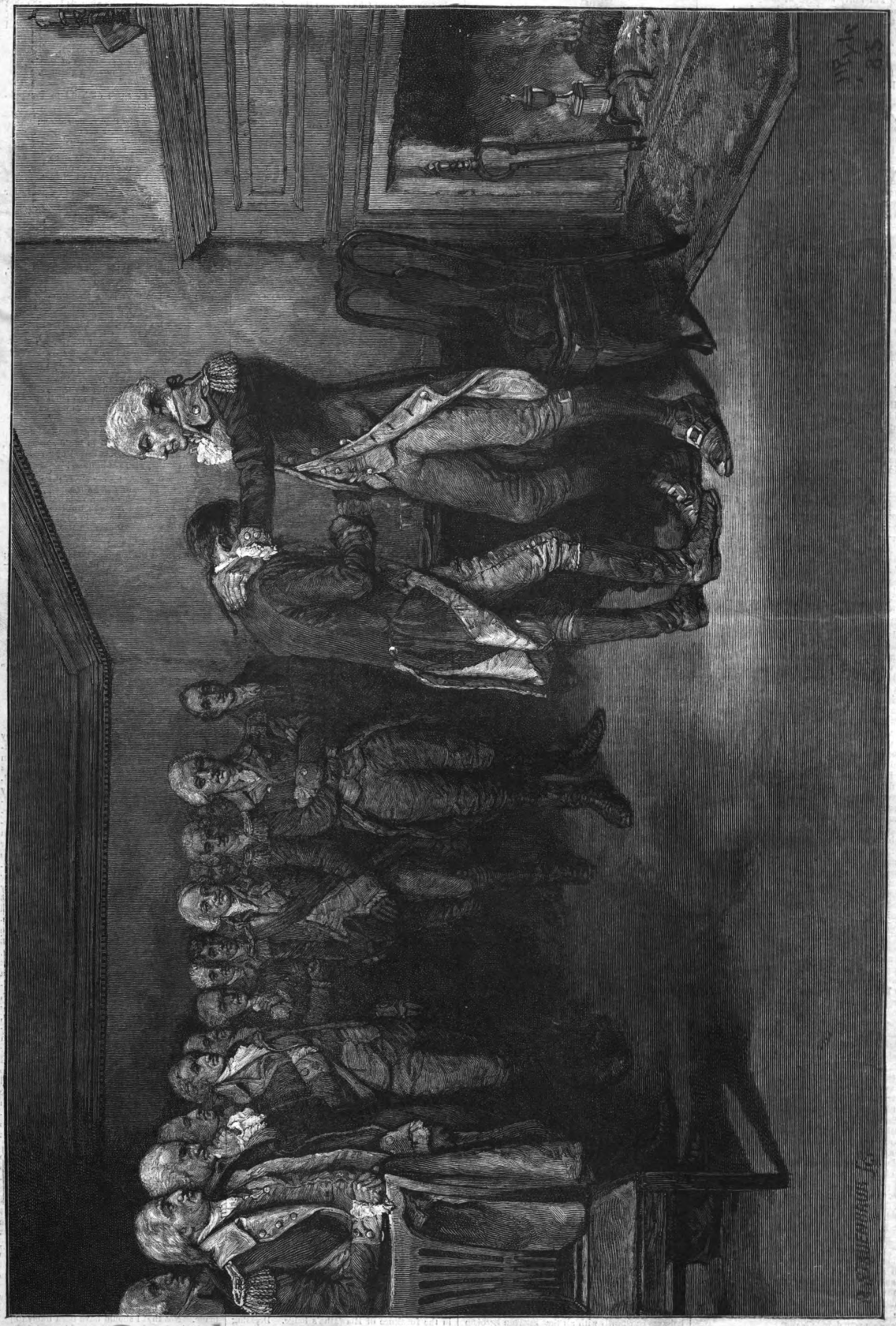

WASHINGTON TAKING LEAVE OF HIS OFFICERS, DECEMBER 4, 1783.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 767.]

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ENGAGED.

And so I'm fairly engaged at last;
In the meshes of Cupid's net held fast!
I can't forget it, for, turn where I may,
The ring on my finger seems to say,
With its glitter and flash: "You're no longer
your own;
And you'd better let flirting and folly alone."

Now, Belle, do help me a bit, there's a dear,
To empty this drawer full of relics here—
Trophies of last year's "season," you see,
When I had the jolliest times at B——,
And no more dreamed than the man in the
moon
That Fred and I would—ahem!—so soon.

He followed me round, as the others did,
As though I were "put up for the highest bid":
And to tell the truth, in learning the art
Of flirting, one injures a trifle the heart.
And I—well, here is a photograph
Of—surely you've seen him. Now pray don't
laugh.

A pair of gloves and some faded flowers,
Relics of sweet last summer's hours.
A broken fan—oh, Willie broke that.
I broke his heart, he said: tit for tat!
And here's a button: I think it came
From the uniform of young What's-his-name.

Those gloves?—well, throw them away: I wore
Them riding with Clark three times or more.
Of course I know it is only right
That I should forever put out of sight
These nice old relics, since never more
Can I live the same old jolly times o'er.

But, Belle, my dear, now, honest and true,
If I had this "engagement" over to do,
I think—I think—between you and I,
If Fred didn't mind, I really would try,
For the sake of one more summer of fun,
To postpone the engagement till summer were
done!

AMERICAN BODIES.

Recent years have seen great changes in the out-door life of our youth. The ball-player of 1863 would be a tyro now. He would be bothered enough when he found that instead of knocking the ball anywhere, it must fall within a comparatively narrow angle or be "foul." The foot-ball player would be lost in the maze of technicality of the present Rugby game, and could not define a "touch-down" or a "punt-about" were he paid roundly for it. A university oarsman of that day would be all of twenty-five pounds too light for a place in the eight to-day. The influence of Tom Brown on American sports by land and water has been greater, perhaps, than that of any other Englishman. Had he introduced us to hare and hounds alone, we might well thank him, for a better sport for most American youth could hardly be devised. But the pupil has been apt, and England must come to this side to-day to learn to scull, to row, or to box. Whom has she ready to match against Hanlan, the Ward brothers, or Sullivan in their respective lines?

And the years which have seen these changes have been wholesome ones. Athletic matters have nearly found their level. It is doubtful if we ever again see the thirteen college crews abreast, the many hundred entries at a single field meeting, and the whole nation watching the score of a go-as-you-please foot-race. Records have been steadily cut down, crack performance in all the recognized events have been so accurately gauged, and the distance which man can jump, or throw ball or hammer, has been so often measured, that twenty years more can hardly better the score much in any of these lines. And instead of making them mere pastime, men have trained for them at large expense and with great care, and have given them their entire time and thought, for money, until a great professional oarsman, ball-player, wrestler, boxer, or pedestrian makes a larger income than almost any college president in the land.

But this reaching fine performance in these many lines of manly sport has not been without its lessons. Now that shells and canoes are housed, and foot-ball is at present king, look at the youth who, this week, on a thousand fields, are struggling for the mastery, willing almost to lay down their lives if only their side may win the goal, and what do we see? The ones who most need vigorous out-door work, do they compose these rival teams? By no means. It is the pick and flower of the whole school, the heroes of a hundred fights, to whom are intrusted the fair name of Michigan or Wesleyan, Columbia, Princeton, or Yale. Look through that little observation window, a foot and a half square, of the crew-room at the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard at five o'clock this afternoon, and the eight massive fellows swaying back and forth there with clock-like precision under the sharp yells of their coach, hoping again, seven long months hence, to show Yale the stern of their boat, look as if bodily exercise was the last thing they needed. But the pale spectacled student in the great hall outside, what is doing for him?—for eight men out of fourteen hundred leaves quite a perceptible majority. Have we yet managed to provide for the bodily education of most of our youth at all? Left to be their own tutors, the apt and the strong have shone in the sports; but they have with unerring certainty crowded out their weaker brethren, the very ones who, far more than they, needed any work which should bring them sound, hale bodies.

Nor to the student only is this neglect confined; for, much as we boast of our educational advantages, but one youth in a hundred to-day gets in this country a collegiate education. Stand this evening at the door of any factory of all the mighty chain which, beginning in New York city, stretches on up the Sound, up the Connecticut Valley, through central Massachusetts, and on up the Merrimac, and see the hundreds of thousands of men and women starting for their homes. How many of them are erect of carriage? How many move with strength and ease? What proportion of them are thoroughly deep-chested and well made, not in parts of the body, but in all the body, and in every limb? Not one in a score. The parts their ten hours of labor call into play are strong and useful, and the rest small and neglected. Most clerks and salesmen are still worse off. Even on the farm, with all its grand vigor and freedom, the same thing stands out. The parts used get strong. The rest do not. Many wondered in the war why farmers could not walk. But what farmer ever walks? If it is a single mile, or even half a mile, to the mill, or store, or station, he must hitch up. Most farmers never walked twenty miles in one day, and probably never will. But many postmen do it every day, and up and down a thousand stairs besides.

England has taught us many lessons in the use and development of our bodies. But the day she will so impress on every in-door man and woman in this country the almost priceless value of the vigorous constitutional, so common among the well-to-do on her own busy island, that every one shall, as do Ericsson and Bancroft at eighty, make as sure of their hour or more of sharp exercise daily as they do of their breakfasts, she will increase the working capacity of our countrymen to an extent that they will never, till they make actual trial of it, believe.

William Blaikie.

"THE HALF-REASONING BEAVER."

It is an American humorist who says that one of the first and holiest passions of man is that of making mud pies. He goes on to say that it is also one of his latest. He begins as a child by messing about on the ground, and when he grows up concentrates his hopes and his ambitions on possessing a piece of that same ground as his own.

In this the beaver approaches somewhat in character to man. It never grows out of this weakness for dabbling in mud. Half its life is spent in making it into little heaps and patting them down smooth with its tail. Its tail was evidently designed for this purpose, or, if not, it is a wonderful example of development on the Darwinian theory. It would be difficult for beavers to buy such tails ready made: they have to grow them. For they can never lie about missing, are flat below and rounded above, heavy yet conveniently weighted; something like a good fives bat, with all the wood in the right place, and springy in the handle. One judicious flap with a beaver's tail will settle as much mortar as an average mason would spread with his trowel in a morning—if working by the hour. Yet this does not make them proud. They are too matter-of-fact to be vain. Though they are double-barrelled, as it were—a carpenter at one end and a mason at the other, they are always as diligent as an apprentice in his first week, and as intelligent. Nothing puts them out. If they want a log of wood, they go out in a family party all together and get it. Propping themselves up on their tails, one on each side of the tree they have chosen, they begin cutting their way into the wood with their wonderful chisel teeth, with an industry which is so inspiriting to watch that the spectator feels half inclined to go down on all fours himself and help. And when they see the tree is about to fall, they get out of the way. In this they are more sagacious than monkeys and some men. For there is no instance on record of a beaver ever having had a tree fall upon him.

Man for his many wants and fancies has to make use of nearly everything that breathes, and more or less sympathy attaches to all his victims. It is hard for the innocent old hippopotamus wallowing in the Zambesi to be shot for food by Portuguese travellers, as it is for the tiny ortolan to be netted to furnish our tables with becaficoes in aspic. Like the carpenter in *Wonderland*, we greatly sympathize with oysters, but nevertheless we sort out those of the largest size.

Yet none of our victims, furred or feathered, deserves, perhaps, more sincere commiseration than those sturdy, indefatigable little workers, the beavers. They are fast being exterminated, as many as two hundred thousand skins coming in a season into the market, and, moreover, continual trapping makes them so shy that they are leaving waters which they lately haunted, and beginning to congregate more than they did in particular spots, thus facilitating further slaughter. There are few Hiawathas nowadays in beaver-land to make friends with the soft-furred creatures and befriend them. They carry their death-warrant on their backs, and it is as much as their lives are worth to leave the imprint of their feet or tails upon the muddy river-banks. A quick-eyed trapper marks the tell-tale impression, and next day sets the strong-jawed trap, cunningly baiting the spot with some strong-scented "beaver medicine"—cloves or fennel seed, cassia, anise-seed, thyme, asafœtida, or any other drug of pungent and lasting odor—so that the passing beaver, tempted by the scent, may turn from the water to investigate the cause of the sudden fragrance, and, sniffing about too curiously, may spring the trigger-plate of the concealed trap, and find itself a captive in those ruthless fangs of steel. When caught, the beaver behaves constantly with all that Spartan heroism which fable has attributed to other animals, and gnaws off the entrapped limb, so that when the fur hunter goes round in the morning, an average of one beaver in every three that has been caught is considered a fair take. Many of us—those, for instance, who look at the small hut-builders only from our own (the human) side of nature—regard this courageous trait only as it affects the fur trade; but when we think of it from the beaver's side, and picture to ourselves the number of those busy folk that go about their work maimed and crippled from the trap, there is a curious pathos in the silent, uncomplaining life of the little moralists of the Western stream.

If a harmless, secluded, and busy life could suffice to secure safety, the beaver should certainly be secure; for who could kill the small builder that passes its life in sawing up logs on the banks of unfrequented streams, in laboriously piling them together into wigwams for the family use, and laying up stores of bark and edible twigs? Left alone with its skin on a well-wooded river-side, the beaver would have annoyed no one, indulging in mud pies to its heart's content, and keeping its teeth sharp by constant filing. Its skin, however, is an unpardonable offense in the trapper's eyes, and it is hunted down, therefore, as if it were a criminal, simply because it lives inside its own fur. The wolf that desolates the sheep-fold and carries off children has comparatively a larger measure of immunity than the innocent beaver, for no one can forgive it for having such a fur. In fables we are told that the castor, when pursued for the sake of its scent pouch, bites off the perilous possession, and thus saves its life.

Another step in courage is all that is needed, for if the beaver would only flay itself, and consent to go about skinless, trappers would leave it in perpetual peace. They might saw up all the cottonwood on the continent into any lengths they chose without a word of molestation, and build up for themselves with the fragments towers that would reach to the clouds, if they pleased.

Yet, after all, it seems a heavy price to pay for immunity that one should go without his skin, and almost beneath the dignity of humanity to exact it. The world has indeed come to a pretty pass if man will let these harmless little river-folk alone only on condition that they shall peel off their own fur.

Poets make little use of this delightful animal—"the beaver that with patient teeth cuts his timber." It is used now and again as expressive of wild nature, as in Bryant's

"No tree was felled in all that world of woods
Save by the beaver's tooth";

or of solitude, as in Brainard's

"The beaver feeds
Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds";

or of remoteness from human habitation, as in Hoffman's

"Our home shall be by the cool night stream
Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat";

or to denote the retirement of wild life before the rapid advance of population and civilization in America:

"But the beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face: among Missouri's springs
And pools whose issue swells the Oregon
He rears his little Venice."

Once and again, too, as an accident of a trapper's or an Indian's life, the beaver's lodge, or dam, or pelt is mentioned. But there seems to me to be whole poems in the animal which are altogether wasted. How it adds to the romance of a stream, how it lengthens out the poetical past, to be told that there "used to be beavers in it." An English poet, speaking of the Tivy, writes:

"More famous long agone than for the salmon's leap,
For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred
What else no other brooke of Brittaine nourished,
Where nature, in the shape of this now-perisht beast,
This propertie did seeme t' have woundrouslie expresst,
Being bodied like a beast, with such a myghtie taile
As served him for a bridge, a helme, or for a saile."

Drayton's zoology was a trifle defective, but, after all, it was an improvement upon Spenser's, who includes the "bever" in his catalogue of hybrid monsters. Darwin speaks of "the half-reasoning beaver," and Campbell, Shelley, Mackay, Oldham, Ben Jonson, and perhaps one or two others, refer to the animal incidentally. But taken altogether, American and English, the beaver strikes me as a conspicuously neglected incident of nature.

"Hiawatha" is, of course, a notable exception, and the poet, tracing the first efforts of the red man to ameliorate his condition by developing the resources of his forests, streams, and prairies, and allegorizing the natural religion of the tribes, accords to the beaver the prominence which belongs to it both in wild nature and in the social economy of the people of the wigwams. It is specially enumerated among the chief gifts of Gitche Manito to his children; among the totems of the tribes; among the prominent allegories of nature. "The lodges of the beaver" are acknowledged as one of the sources of the poem's inspiration, and the secrets of the beaver were one of Hiawatha's attainments in occult knowledge. Kwasind's capture of Ahmeek, the beaver king, is the crowning exploit of "the very strong" man's story; while the storming of the beavers' lodge where Pau-puk-Keewis had taken refuge is the most notable incident of Hiawatha's vengeful pursuit of the demoralizing spirit. Furs of beaver precede those of sable and ermine in the spoils of the mighty Megissogwon's wigwam, and also in the furniture of Hiawatha's lodge. Dressing the pelt is one of the chief accomplishments of Ojibway women, and the skin is used in the sacred medicine procession of the great Medas, the Wabenos, the magician, and the Jossakeeds, the prophets.

In the episode of Pau-puk-Keewis as a beaver king the description of the animals is very exact and felicitous. The fugitive from the wrath of Hiawatha has reached the beavers' dam, and begs to be given an asylum.

"From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger."

But it declines to agree off-hand to Pau-puk-Keewis's request:

"With reserve he then made answer:
'Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers.'
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom."

After a short interval of sickening suspense for the hunted Pau-puk-Keewis,

"From the bottom rose the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head, and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
Full of black and shining faces;"

and, satisfied with their inspection of the stranger, invite him to join them. So

"Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-puk-Keewis.
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
Black his moccasins and leggings;
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox tails and his fringes:
He was changed into a beaver....
Silently sank Pau-puk-Keewis;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine;
Found the lodge, with open doorway
Leading into spacious chambers."

But he has little leisure to enjoy the kingship which the beavers proceed to bestow upon him, for on a sudden the cry is raised of "The hunters!—Hiawatha, with his hunters!"

"Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken.
On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice;
Sprang the beavers through the doorway"—

and left poor Pau-puk-Keewis to his fate.

Phil Robinson.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. Norris,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I AM TAKEN TO THE OPERA.

"Blessed," runs the modern adage, "are they that expect little, for they shall not be disappointed;" and doubtless we are all too prone to form an exaggerated estimate of what is due to ourselves and to society at large from the mass of our fellow-creatures. Great injuries—which commonly arise out of great temptations, for which the philosophic mind can make allowance—are comparatively easy to pardon; it is the minor and meaner offenses, such as perhaps our own guardian angel may have been called upon at one time or another to make a note of—it is the shabby little scandals, the ingratitudes, the infidelities, of every-day life, that cause us to cry aloud in our anguish that mankind is corrupt, and altogether become abominable. For my own part, by dint of growing old, and making use of such small powers of observation as I possess, I have, I believe, schooled myself into something not unlike the beatific state of mind above mentioned; but thirty years ago I was, as a matter of course, much more exacting. Human nature did not at that period of my life strike me as being at all a complex affair, and I had little difficulty in dividing mankind roughly into two categories, namely, good fellows and scoundrels. Liars, I need hardly say, were *ex officio* members of the latter class, and after what had occurred at Richmond I really could not see my way to exempt Harry from the penalties attaching to the denomination under which his conduct necessarily brought him. I remembered now with bitterness what my uncle had told me long before about his son's habitual mendacity, and, without stopping to ask why the culprit's past sins had seemed to me so much less heinous than his present one, I anathematized myself for having been such a fool as to think the same fountain could give forth sweet water and bitter.

One thing was certain—I could not attempt to associate with Harry upon the old terms, or to feign ignorance of his duplicity. I felt fully entitled and very much inclined to write him a short note, saying that I had found him out, that I should abstain from saying a word that might prejudice him in my uncle's eyes, but that, since he preferred intrigues to plain dealing, he must expect no more aid from me. For Jimmy's sake, however, I would not do that; only I took care to be out all day, in order to avoid a passing visit from my cousin, and I determined to go down to Richmond no more.

It would have been a relief to me to tell Lady Constance of the distressing discovery that I had made. Not that I should have been likely to get much pity from her, for she would certainly have

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both thought and said that I was rightly served; but all my life long I have experienced a necessity for relating my various troubles, immediately after their occurrence, to somebody, and, like most people who own to that kind of weakness, I have seldom lacked patient listeners. It was, however, out of the question that I should take Lady Constance into my confidence in this matter, for Harry had repeatedly and pointedly mentioned her as one of the persons whom he especially desired to keep in the dark as to his identity, and his having been false to me did not, of course, release me from the promises that I had made to him.

For the rest, Lady Constance was far indeed from entertaining any suspicions of the insignificant Chapman, and my lugubrious looks, which she very soon noticed, were attributed by her to dissatisfaction with her treatment of me—a form of ingratitude that never failed to provoke her to anger.

"What is it that you want?" she asked, impatiently, one evening when I had been dining with her, and, according to my custom, had outstaid her other guests. "You sit there with a face as long as one of Mr. Sotheran's harangues; you won't talk to people and do your duty to society; you make yourself supremely ridiculous, if you only knew it. Do you imagine that you are the only person in the world with whom life goes askew? I myself have anxieties enough and to spare; yet I manage to show a tolerably unconcerned face to my friends."

"You can do a great many things that I can't," I observed.

"Very possibly; I shall not contradict you there. But patience and self-control are virtues within the reach of the humblest capacity, and if you possess neither, it is because you don't choose to be at the pains of acquiring them. How foolish you are not to enjoy the present and make the most of it! The present does not satisfy you? Wait, then."

"How long?" I asked. "Until I lose what I am waiting for?"

Lady Constance struck the palm of her hand sharply with her fan. "You are assuming the pettishness of a spoiled boy," she exclaimed; "and I detest spoiled boys. You were much pleasanter at Franzenshöhe."

Now it so chanced that that was exactly what I was thinking of at the moment, though I didn't like to say so.

"Come!" she said presently, in a more amiable tone; "what shall I do to put you in a good humor? Will you come to the Opera with me?"

"Isn't it rather late?" I objected, looking at my watch; for I infinitely preferred staying where I was.

"Oh no; we shall hear the last two acts of the *Puritani*, and that is enough in all conscience. Anyhow, I mean to go; you can do as you like about accompanying me."

To be taken to the play against one's will is a small hardship enough, and is submitted to uncomplainingly by a great many people every night of the year; yet at this particular moment I chafed against the tacit command which obliged me to answer mechanically that I should be delighted. Was I to be Lady Constance's bond-slave for the rest of my natural life? Would it always be sufficient for her to raise her little finger in order to turn me round it? And in the very improbable event of my ever becoming her husband, would such unconditional submission on my part be calculated to win her respect? I asked myself these questions while she went away to make some change in her dress, and afterward while we drove rapidly through the streets toward Covent Garden. I was not angry with her; for it is evident that if a man chooses to prostrate himself at a woman's feet, she will hardly be able to avoid treading upon him—I was not angry with her; but I was angry with myself for having assumed so unbecoming an attitude, and still more so for being unable to abandon it.

It so chanced that we reached the Opera during an *entr'acte*, and our entrance into the large and somewhat conspicuously placed box which some one had lent to Lady Constance for the evening consequently aroused an amount of notice which it might not have done a little earlier or later. Independent as Lady Constance was in her habits, and little as she cared about ruffling the prejudices of the British matron, she seldom chose to place herself in a really compromising position, and to appear at the Opera attended by one young man only was undoubtedly a compromising act, so far as it went. I had not thought of this before; but I realized it fully when I saw that eyes and opera-glasses were being brought to bear upon us from all quarters of the house, and I wondered whether she realized it also. I saw people staring at us and whispering together; I could guess pretty well what they were saying. I knew that for the moment my name was upon the lips of a large proportion of the audience. But, truth to tell, all this neither disconcerted nor displeased me. From what I can remember of my own feelings, and from what I have observed of others, I am inclined to believe that young men generally glory in situations which at a more advanced period of life we learn to regard with holy horror. I had no objection to being spoken of as one whom Lady Constance Milner delighted to honor; it did not strike me that any of those who thus spoke of me would be likely to be laughing in their sleeves. I was conscious, indeed, of an amiable wish that Mr. Sotheran might be somewhere among the spectators.

But before the curtain rose again my silly vanity was snuffed out in an unexpected fashion. While I was surveying the house languidly, and scrutinizing the various boxes and their occupants, a face came on a sudden within the field of my vision which caused me to lower my glasses and to turn hot and cold all over. Since I was so willing to advertise myself as Lady Constance's favored suitor, it would have been difficult to say why I should have minded Miss Dennison's recognition of me in that character, but I did mind it. I minded it so much that if escape had seemed in any way practicable I should most certainly have arisen and fled without more ado. As it was, I sat motionless, unable to remove my eyes from her, and aware that she, for her part, was gazing steadily and somewhat eagerly in my direction. My sight as a young man was remarkably good, and I could distinguish every detail of Maud's features across the intervening space as clearly as if she had been within a few feet of me. I saw that she was looking, not at my companion, but at me. Her lips were slightly parted; her large gray eyes were opened rather widely. I almost fancied that she wished to attract my attention. At last I felt bound to bow, and received a nod in return. Then I glanced at Lady Constance, and perceived that none of this by-play had been lost upon her.

"You look quite overcome," she remarked, with something not very far removed from a sneer in her smile. "May I ask whether the young woman over the way is our old friend Dulcinea Dennison?"

The nickname of Dulcinea was inappropriate and offensive, but I thought perhaps I had better not take exception to it. "It is Miss Dennison," I replied, a trifle sullenly.

Lady Constance raised her opera-glasses, adjusted them deliberately, and made a lengthy and careful inspection of Maud, after which she delivered her verdict, without any sort of regard for my feelings. "She is pretty, extremely pretty, in her way. If you still possess any influence with her, though, you should use it to dissuade her from sitting with her mouth open: a habit of that kind would be enough to make Venus herself look like a booby. But I believe all the Norfolk rustics have mouths from ear to ear, have they not?"

Now, as I have already hinted, I had been vaguely desirous of picking a quarrel with Lady Constance all the evening, but this really outrageous speech would have roused my ire at any time. "She is *not* a Norfolk rustic," I retorted, hotly. "Her mouth is simply perfect in shape, as anybody can see; and as for her sitting with it open—well, I must say that you yourself yawn more often than any one that I ever saw or heard of."

My rudeness did not provoke Lady Constance, who only laughed slightly. "But I am always careful to conceal my yawns behind my hand," she observed. "Besides, I am not pretty, so it doesn't signify. You have not quite got over your first love, after all, I see."

"You know very well that that is not true—" I was beginning, but she laid her finger on my arm and stopped me.

"We won't wrangle over it in public, please," she said, still laughing. "Do you know that you are as red as a turkey-cock, and that everybody is staring at you? Very likely Miss Dennison only opened her perfect mouth in horror at the sight of you in your present predicament—which would show what a well-brought-up young woman she must be. She is quite right; I am neither old nor ugly enough to dispense with the safety of numbers, and in my heart I am dreadfully frightened of Mrs. Grundy into the bargain. Let us hasten to put a stop to the scandal. Quite down there, in the left-hand corner, near the entrance to the stalls, you will see a large white patch standing out of the shade: it is the waistcoat of Mr. Sotheran. Go down and fetch him. We will not have him alone, though, on account of Miss Dennison's mouth and Mrs. Grundy's tongue. In other parts of the house you will discover other acquaintances. Tell them all to come up here and talk to me. As for you, you had better go and talk to Miss Dennison."

"Thank you; I think I will," answered I, defiantly; though I had no intention of doing anything of the kind.

I carried out my instructions; I collected the gratified Sotheran and two other men; and then, retiring to the back of the box, gave myself up to disconsolate meditation. I was by way of being offended with Lady Constance, both on account of the ill-natured manner in which she had spoken of Maud, and of the readiness she had shown to dispense with my society; but soon I abandoned this pretended grievance, and acknowledged inwardly that it was not with Lady Constance, her sayings or her doings, that I was dissatisfied, but with my own life, and with what I had made of it. The four people in front of me were keeping up a brisk interchange of chatter and chaff; even after the curtain rose three of them continued to talk in an under-tone, only Mr. Sotheran, who occupied the place which I had vacated, relapsing into serene, radiant silence. None of them took any notice of me; nor did I pay much attention to their proceedings. While they were whispering together, while solo, chorus, and recitative were succeeding one another on the stage, while bouquets were being thrown and hands clapped, I was wandering in spirit far away from all that noise, heat, and glitter. I was sitting in a punt among the tall reeds of Thirlby Broad; I was standing in the conservatory at the old Rectory, the cold moon shining upon the glass, upon the colorless flowers, and upon a shadowy white figure bent over them: in a melancholy procession the lost days of my youth were passing before me, and every now and again I was muttering inaudibly, "Oh, you ass!—you unspeakable ass!"

Thus it came to pass that at the end of the act I yielded to an impulse which had been growing upon me for half an hour or more, and, slipping quietly out into the corridor, passed round to the door of the box which was occupied by Maud and her friends. I was at once admitted, and was presently shaking hands with Mrs. Saville—that sister of the Rector's under whose roof Maud's childhood had been spent, and with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I was introduced to her daughter, and the two ladies received me with that modified civility which is all that a young man without definite intentions or definite prospects is entitled to expect; but from Maud herself I met with a much warmer greeting.

"Oh, Charley," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come! I was afraid you didn't intend to speak to me, and I was thinking of making a signal to you; only Aunt Charlotte said it wouldn't be proper." Then she bent forward and added, in a lower tone, "I want rather particularly to talk to you about something."

The opportune entrance at this moment of an eligible young gentleman, upon whom Mrs. Saville bestowed a motherly smile of welcome, enabled me to reply that I was all attention. Maud ceded her place to the new-comer, who dropped into it without much protestation, and, withdrawing into the background, beckoned to me to follow her. I asked her whether she was going to stay any time in London, and she answered that she would probably remain a few weeks with her aunt. "But my real reason for coming up now," she added, "was that I hoped to see you. Charley, you must go home at once—*at once*, mind. Things are going badly there."

I was startled for an instant; but her meaning flashed across me directly. "I know what it is," I said. "Mrs. Farquhar has found Harry, and means to bring him back to Thirlby."

"Yes, that is it; but there is worse than that. I am afraid your uncle is giving way. My father says he is sure of it, and that he hasn't seen Mr. Le Marchant in such low spirits for years. You seem amused; but I can assure you there is nothing to laugh at. I believe your only chance is to go down and see him immediately, and I came to London to tell you so. You will go, won't you, Charley?" she concluded, persuasively. "You won't be so silly as to ruin yourself, when a word or two might set everything straight!"

"It's awfully kind of you to interest yourself about me," said I; "but—"

"What nonsense!" she interrupted. "Of course I interest myself about you, and I hate to be called 'kind' by my friends."

"Very well," I answered, laughing; "then I'll endeavor not to call you 'kind' any more. But don't you see that even if, as you say, I could set things straight by a word or two, I should be bound to hold my tongue? The real truth is that no words will ever move my uncle in one direction or the other; but, anyhow, I have always thought, and still think, that Harry has been unjustly treated, and that he ought to have his own again."

"Perhaps so; but let us at least have fair play. If Mr. Le Marchant, after all these years, suddenly discovers that he has done his son an injustice, and determines to have him back again, well and good. But what I do object to is that he should be put in your place because he is supposed to be a steadier fellow than you are."

"I don't know that any one supposes that," said I.

"Of course not: you don't know anything about it. But *I* know. Mrs. Farquhar has done you a great deal more harm than you think. She goes about everywhere saying that you are extravagant and idle, and—and—well, all sorts of disagreeable things that are not true."

"But perhaps they are true," said I.

"I don't believe it," answered Maud, stoutly. "Mrs. Farquhar makes a great deal of a small farm being put up for sale; but Mr. Le Marchant himself told my father that you had not asked him for a penny; and as for the rest—well, perhaps that is not true either. But even if it were—"

She paused here, and I inquired what further iniquities had been laid to my charge.

"Will you be offended if I tell you?" she asked. "It isn't worth while to repeat little shrewish speeches and hints; the sum and substance of it all is that Mrs. Farquhar suspects you of wanting to marry somebody who will eat up the property."

This was a subject upon which I was not disposed to enter. "I can't make out about my uncle's wanting to part with land," I said; "it is very unlike him to do that. Do you know which farm it is that he means to dispose of?"

"Deepham, I believe. It is poor land, you know; but the Welbys have always had a banking-ering after it because it juts into their property, and my father says Sir Digby will give more for it than it is worth. At all events, Mrs. Farquhar was not telling the truth in saying that Mr. Le Marchant needed the money to pay your debts."

"No; she certainly was not," I agreed; "but if it amuses her to tell lies, she's welcome: it doesn't hurt me. By George!" I exclaimed, in a sudden access of disgust with the entire human race, "I believe everybody tells lies except you and me and Uncle Bernard!"

"Won't you even make an exception in favor of Lady Constance Milner?" asked Maud, with a slightly malicious smile. "Is that Lady Constance in the box opposite?"

I answered gloomily that it was.

"She is distinguished-looking," observed Maud; "and she seems to have plenty to say for herself. Tell me, Charley, is it really true that you want to marry her?"

"Down at Hailsham you laughed at the idea of my doing such a thing," I remarked.

"Did I? Well, I am not laughing now; and I want very much to know whether you are in earnest about her."

"Oh, I suppose so," I answered, in a sort of despair. "I don't know. Sometimes I think I am, and sometimes I think I am not. However, she won't marry me now that Harry is to have Thirlby; so it doesn't matter."

Maud frowned thoughtfully. "She can not very well marry you if she is badly off, and if you have only a few hundreds a year. But if you are in earnest—and I think you must be—you ought, for her sake, to stand up for yourself."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, irritably, "you are very anxious to see me married to her! Luckily, I am not in a position to yield to temptation. If my uncle has decided to forgive Harry, it is not because of anything that Mrs. Farquhar has said against me: I am as certain of that as I am of my own existence. I don't think that there can be any harm in my telling you now that I met Harry a long time ago, and that I have been doing my best ever since to smooth the way for his return."

Maud looked completely puzzled, and confessed that she was so. "I am convinced that Mr. Le Marchant is displeased with you," she said at last, "and my father thinks the same thing. Tell me about this young man. What do you think of him?"

"He isn't a young man any longer," I answered. "Honestly speaking, I don't think much of him. At first I liked him; but he told me a very shabby sort of lie the other day, and I can't get over it. I shall let him play his own hand now. Of course I shall not stand in his way, but I don't mean to help him again. To be sure, I couldn't help him much if I would."

Maud was about to make some rejoinder; but the rising of the curtain and the departure of the eligible youth put a stop to confidential intercourse, and she only managed to say, as I was bidding her good-night, "You will go to Thirlby, won't you?"

"I won't promise," answered I. "As far as I can see at present, my going there would do no earthly good."

Then I returned to Lady Constance's box in a less sentimental but not much more cheerful frame of mind than that in which I had quitted it. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Sotheran was kind enough to congratulate me, in a loud, sonorous voice, upon my good fortune in having been accorded so lengthy an interview by the beautiful girl opposite. "We all saw you," said he. "A very charming young lady, upon my word! May I venture to ask her name?"

Lady Constance answered for me. "That young lady," she said, laughing, "is a Miss Dennison, an old flame of Mr. Maxwell's. They broke a sixpence together in their childhood, and when he left his happy home she gave him a 'bacca-box marked with his name, or some other token of her regard. And she has never been false, she declares—whatever he may have been during his wanderings. Don't look so angry, Mr. Maxwell; they are all envying you, especially Mr. Sotheran, who is innocent of having broken any sixpences or hearts in his life."

So we made our way down the staircase; but when I was handing Lady Constance into her brougham she turned upon me all of a sudden with a cold look of contempt. "After all," said she, "you are not worth much."

She was gone before I had time to ask her what she meant; and I walked away westward, wondering whether it was possible that she could be jealous of Maud.

CHAPTER XXX.

I RECEIVE ADVICE FROM HARRY AND MR. SOTHERAN.

It falls to the lot of most men, at one time or another of their lives, to be compelled to look through the papers of a deceased friend or relative; and some people, if one may judge by their subsequent oracular utterances and shakings of the head, do not find this task a wholly distasteful one. It is apt, no doubt, to lead to highly interesting discoveries, to throw broad and unexpected lights upon the character of the defunct, and to add something to the searcher's stock of knowledge and wisdom. Nevertheless, the act of prying into the private letters of a dead man might seem, if it did not come under the head of a duty, to be not very far removed from the quintessence of meanness; and therefore, let us hope, there will always be a certain number of honest folks in the world who, after performing it, will go about for some days with shamed faces and depressed spirits. Perhaps, upon the whole, it is more charitable to prevent the risk of honest persons being put to shame by destroying all letters of a strictly private nature while one is still in a position to destroy them; and, for my own part, I have always endeavored to act upon this principle. When I die, my heirs, executors, and assigns will not find themselves overburdened with manuscript. In the dispatch-box which stands upon my writing-table they will discover my will, a few other documents of importance, and only a single packet of letters, every one of which they are heartily welcome to peruse, and will, indeed, be all the better for perusing.

These letters are written in a clear, cramped writing—the writing of a student accustomed to making marginal notes. The hand that traced the crabbed characters has turned to dust; the paper is yellow with age; the ink has faded to a pale brown hue; the subject-matter relates to events which, for the most part, have long since passed into the category of forgotten things. Yet it still happens to me, every now and again, to read them over, and one of them (dated Thirlby, 10th July, 1854) lies before me now. In it I am informed that my uncle, having been told of Harry's marriage and Jimmy's birth, and having seen attested copies of the marriage and baptismal certificates, has felt bound to invite the whole family to pay him a visit. "After all that I have said to you at different times," the writer proceeds, "you will easily understand that I have not as yet committed myself in any way as to the ultimate disposal of my property; nor shall I do so in haste. At the same time I want you to clearly understand that your chance of succeeding me here has been changed by events from a very good to a very indifferent one. I don't care to disguise from you that I consider what has happened as a misfortune both for you and for me; but I hope our backs are broad enough to bear most burdens. If not, we must try to broaden them."

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"LADY CONSTANCE ANSWERED FOR ME. 'THAT YOUNG LADY,' SHE SAID, LAUGHING, 'IS A MISS DENNISON, AN OLD FLAME OF MR. MAXWELL'S.'"

And then, after many kind words and some sensible advice, he goes on: "One thing you ought certainly to know, namely, the amount of income that you may henceforth expect; and as to that, I may say that, during my life, you will always have a thousand a year (including the interest of your own money). After I die there will be a little more; but not very much, I am afraid, for I think I am bound to hand over the estate to my successor as I received it."

My uncle was evidently very sorry for me; but for myself I had no regrets. For some weeks past I had felt convinced that Harry's restoration was only a question of time, and it was a relief to have done with suspense and mystery. Of my own prospects I preferred, for the moment, not to think. I pushed the consideration of them into a pigeon-hole of my mind, only remarking to myself that they were no worse than I had expected them to be. At that time I hardly knew whether a thousand a year was a large or a small income for a bachelor; though I could not but be aware that would be ridiculously inadequate to the requirements of Lady Constance Milner's husband.

My cousin had behaved so badly to me that I felt under no obligation to congratulate him upon the change in his fortunes; nevertheless, on the day succeeding that of my meeting with Maud at the Opera, I could not resist taking the train for Richmond. In this I was actuated, I own, chiefly by curiosity. I wanted to see what Harry would do when confronted with a direct accusation of double-dealing; added to which, I was anxious to hear any account that Paulina might have to give of her share in the discreditable business.

Jimmy, who was swinging on the garden gate, descried me from afar, and came tearing down toward me with extravagant demonstrations of joy. "Oh, Cousin Charley!" he exclaimed, "*have* you heard? We're all going down to-morrow to that place where you live, and we're to stay a long time. Perhaps we shall stay there always, if we're good, father says; but mother says she don't believe a word of it. Why don't you come with us?"

I answered that I hoped to join the party later.

"I say," Jimmy went on, turning his sharp little face up to me, "do you think the old buffer will let us stop?"

"I hope so," I replied; "but I wouldn't call him 'the old buffer,' if I were you. He is your grandfather, you know."

"So he is," said Jimmy, with a delighted chuckle. "What a rum start! I should think he's sure to like father and me; but if mother chucks a glass of water in his face, or something, he may cut up rough, don't you see."

"I dare say she won't do that," I remarked.

Jimmy shook his head doubtfully. "I wouldn't answer for her," said he; "she's been precious queer *all* day—laughing and crying, you know, the way she always does before she pitches into one of us. I tell you what: I wish she'd stop here and let father and me go without her!"

I thought to myself that Jimmy was, perhaps, not the only person who entertained that amiable wish; but I made no reply. As we approached the cottage, Harry came slowly down the path to meet us. He looked a little nervous, and seemed anxious to avoid my eye; but it was in his ordinary calm voice that he said:

"I'm glad you thought of coming down this afternoon. We are off to-morrow, as I suppose you have heard. Now, Jimmy, make yourself scarce; your cousin and I are going to have some private conversation." When the boy was gone, he added, "I am afraid you are not best pleased."

"I am not pleased at having been humbugged," answered I, bluntly; for I didn't see why I should mince matters. "I think it is quite right that you should go to Thirlby; you know that well enough."

Harry sighed. "The experiment is not likely to prove a success," he said; "but I am bound to make it, I suppose. You are annoyed, I fancy, because I didn't tell you that my grandmother had been here the other day; but really I couldn't help that."

"Why, you told me in so many words that she had *not* been here!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"That comes to pretty much the same thing, doesn't it? What could I do when you put the question to me? The old lady had made me promise that I wouldn't let anybody know we had seen her."

"I don't think you ought to have said what you did, all the same," returned I. "It isn't as if you had contented yourself with simply denying the fact; you spoke in such a way that it was impossible to disbelieve you."

"But is there any particular merit in telling a clumsy lie?" asked Harry, mildly. "If you say that all lies are wicked, I understand you; but as the only conceivable object of lying is to deceive, it seems to me that one may as well do the thing artistically while one is about it."

"Well," I said, "I give you every credit for being a first-class artist. I shouldn't much care to excel in that particular branch of art myself; but there's no accounting for tastes. The drawback to being so very clever is that when a man finds that you have taken him in once, he is apt to suspect you of having taken him in before."

Harry stole a quick sidelong glance at me, but said nothing.

"You tell me," I continued, "that Mrs. Farquhar did not wish you to mention her having been in your house; and that is all very well. But what made her come to your house? I have an idea—and if I am wrong, you have only yourself to blame for it—that you have been privately scheming to make your way back to Thirlby all the time that you have been protesting to me that you did not want ever to see the place again. I tell you this because I may not have another opportunity, and because I should like you to understand that I am not an absolute fool, though I may be credulous."

Harry's apparent shamelessness had goaded me into saying rather more than I had intended; but I became furious when he rejoined, quietly:

"Are you not feeling a little sore at the prospect of losing a fine estate? After all, it would be strange if you were not."

"Think that I am, then, if you like," cried I, in great wrath. "Think so, if you can, after all that I have said and done to prove myself your friend. I suppose you can't understand how a gentleman feels about such things."

"By all means," said Harry, "let it be agreed that I am incapable of entering into a gentleman's feelings. Nevertheless, I didn't ask Mrs. Farquhar to come here, and I didn't want her to come. I thought, and think, that the sight of Paulina would be quite enough to complete the sentiment of disgust with which my father has honored me for so many years; and therefore, if I had been scheming against you, the very last thing that I should have wished to make known would have been my marriage. The old lady had my address, and she chose to make a descent upon Richmond without giving me a hint of her intentions. If you don't believe me, ask her."

I did not know what to think. I had lost faith in Harry; yet it was difficult to doubt that he was speaking the truth in this particular instance. "Perhaps I ought to apologize," I began at last, rather reluctantly.

"Pray don't think of doing that," he interrupted, with a short laugh; "nobody is bound to apologize to *me* under any circumstances. The only wonder is that you should have trusted me as long as you have done. But I tell you candidly that your present indignation seems to me positively ridiculous. Why should I have wished to conceal from you that my grandmother had been here? She asked me to keep it dark, and I made no difficulty about obliging her. As far as I understand you, you would have done the same thing; only you would have quieted your conscience by doing it so badly that you would have been detected at once."

I was puzzled, and ingenuously confessed as much; whereat Harry laughed again.

"I know you are," he said; "you think there is some dark plot on foot. Let me tell you the truth: you can believe me or not, as you please. Mrs. Farquhar has thrown you overboard, not out of any love for me, but because she has taken a scare about you. She is a parsimonious old creature, and some one has told her that you are developing into a spendthrift. Besides which, she heard that it was quite upon the cards that you might marry an extravagant woman. Immediately it occurred to her that even I, bad as I am, might be less likely to ruin the estate than Lady Constance Milner, and she dashed up here post-haste to tell me so. She was so much in earnest that she accepted Paulina without making many wry faces, and wept over Jimmy. All this would probably have led to nothing; but when my father heard that I had a son, he found out that it was his duty to try and make friends with me, and he has sent for me accordingly. What that will lead to remains to be seen. If you ask me, I expect that it will lead to the whole lot of us being kicked out of the house at the end of a week."

By this time I was a little ashamed of myself. I held out my hand to Harry, who said, "Do you acquit me of plotting and scheming, then?"

"Yes," I answered; "I do. The fact of the matter is, Harry, that you and I have different ways of looking at things; and I confess that I was a little staggered by your—your—"

"By my readiness of resource, let us say. Now I do wonder whether I shall put you in a rage if I repeat the question that I started with! Anyhow, I'll risk it. Are you feeling at all sore about my going to Thirlby?"

"You don't put me in a rage by asking such questions," I replied; "but you astonish me rather. Haven't I been doing all I could to bring about this very thing ever since I first met you?"

"Yes; but success is not always as pleasing as endeavor. You ought to be feeling sore, you know; it must be an infernal nuisance for you. What about your matrimonial prospects, for instance?"

I shrugged my shoulders in silence.

"Now listen to me, Charley," said Harry, laying his hand upon my arm; "don't you hurry off to Lady Constance and tell her the game is up. The game is not up at all. My father detests me; unless he is very much altered from what he used to be, he will be simply horrified at Paulina; and I doubt whether he is of an age to enjoy the playful ways of small boys. I couldn't, in justice to Jimmy, refuse to accept the olive-branch; but I look upon this visit as a very doubtful experiment, and I think there is an excellent chance of my being finally cleared out of your path before the autumn."

"You don't understand your father," said I. "He will do what he believes to be his duty, whatever happens. Also, you are quite mistaken in thinking that he will detest any of you."

"We shall see," answered Harry, smiling. "At all events, don't push Lady Constance into Mr. Sotheran's arms before you know what your fate is to be."

"I shall tell her the exact truth," I said. "I shall tell her that my uncle has sent for you."

"Including my anticipations as to the result?"

"Oh yes, if you like. Now I must be off. Am I to be allowed to shake hands with Paulina before I go?"

"By all means," answered Harry. "I'll go into the house and fetch her."

However, he returned presently, saying he was sorry that his wife was not visible. "She has worked herself up into a state of excitement over this business, and the consequence is that she is lying down now with a splitting headache. I'll say good-by to her for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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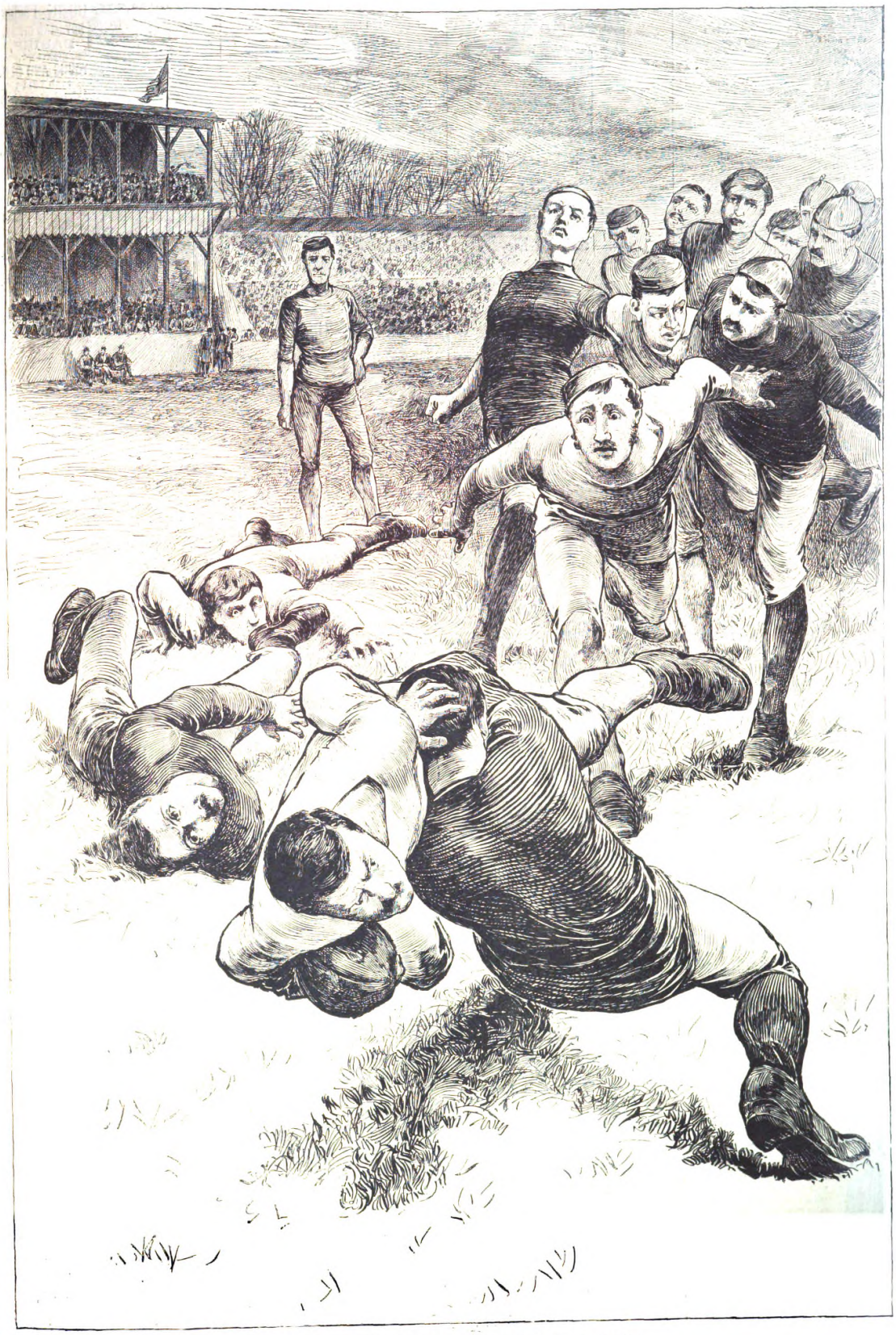

FOOT-BALL—"COLLARED."—[See Article, "American Bodies" Page 770.]

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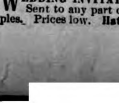
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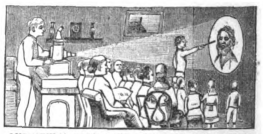
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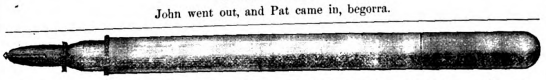

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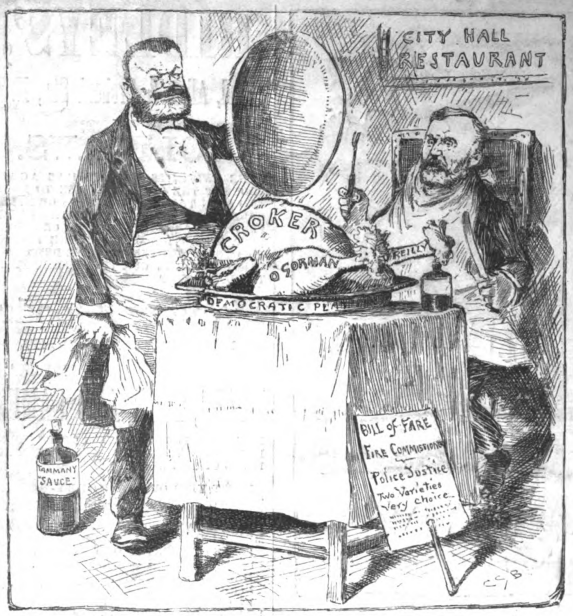

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SUSPENSORY BANDAGES.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Support, Relief, Comfort.
AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.
DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.
The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its presence.
Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free.
Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely. S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

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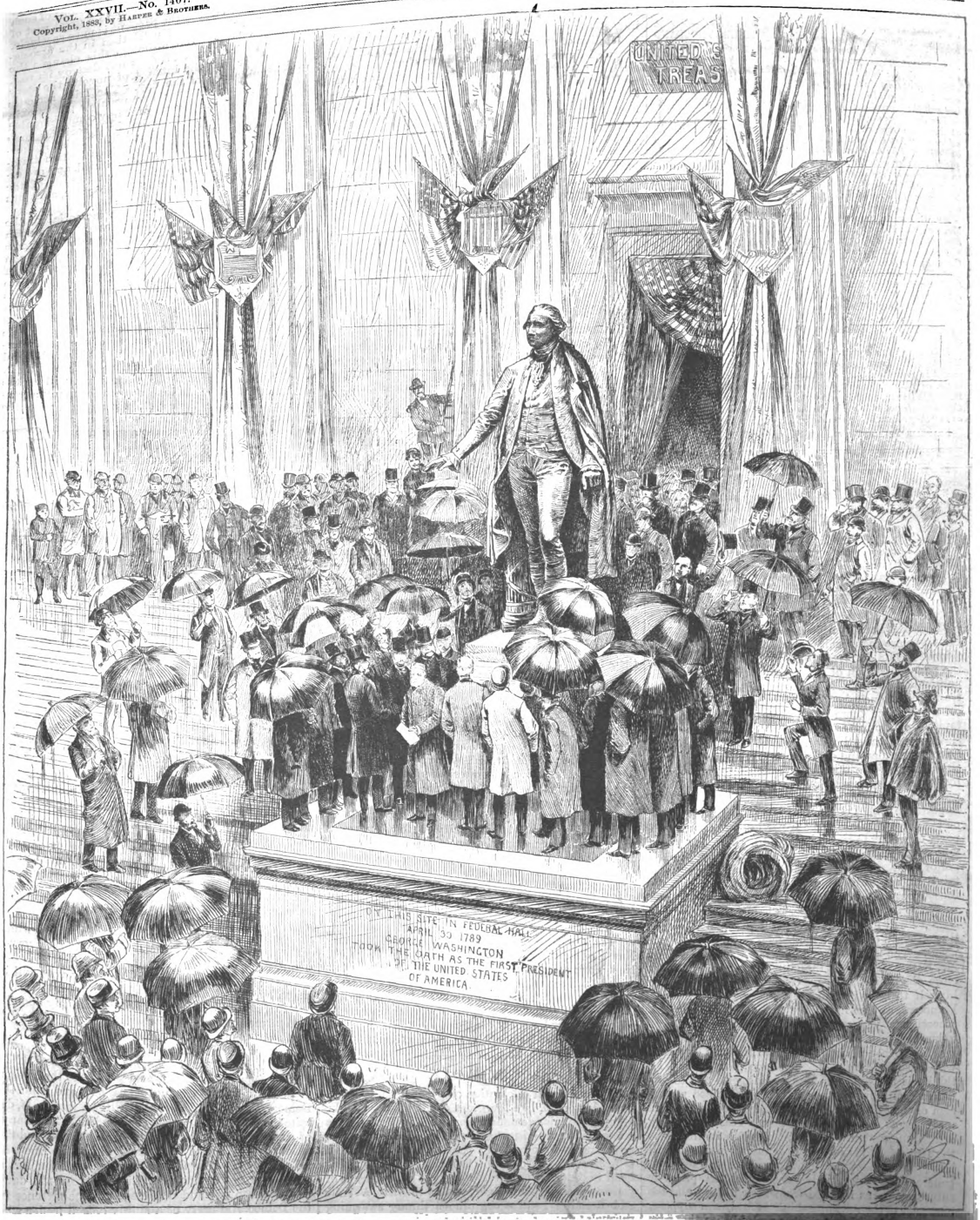

EVACUATION-DAY—UNVEILING WARD'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON IN WALL STREET.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 783.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [see HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1*st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed "*ART Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

NEW SERIAL STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

We take pleasure in announcing that a new serial story by this popular author, entitled

I SAY NO;

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED,

will begin in HARPER'S WEEKLY *for December* 22, 1883. *The story is one of exceptional interest and power.*

CONGRESS.

THIS will be a President-making Congress. Yet there are many subjects which require wise consideration and deliberate treatment. But the key of the probable action of Congress is seen in the actual political situation. Naturally financial and administrative questions take precedence in importance of all others, because there is no absorbing and supreme topic of public interest, as there was during the anti-slavery epoch and the war. Here, however, the situation is singular and difficult, from the fact that parties do not divide upon actual questions, but cohere by tradition and association. The question which naturally suggests itself to many persons as of chief importance is that of tariff revision. But the friends of tariff revision are in both parties, and there is no party expressly to secure that result. The Democrats who favor it are not, so far as appears, the real leaders of their party, while its Republican friends certainly do not anticipate any satisfactory action upon the subject from the Democratic party.

By the time that this paper is issued the election of Speaker will have thrown some light upon the relative strength of the two tendencies in the Democratic party. The letter of General GORDON, of Georgia, to Mr. RANDALL showed the situation, of which every close observer is aware. General GORDON declares himself to be a revenue reformer, but still more a Democrat, and as he thinks that his party can not succeed next year without the sympathy and support of business men, who would be alarmed by any serious tariff disturbance, he is of opinion that the least said will be soonest mended. The true party policy, he thinks, is to keep mum and to look wise and to say nothing, and by such means having obtained possession of the government, to proceed to such free-trade measures as may be thought best. This is certainly a *naïf* suggestion. But none the less it illustrates the truth that parties are now maintained and will be supported next year mainly upon their traditions, general sympathies and tendencies, and their probable future action as inferred from their history and the character of their membership. Nobody can suppose, from any evidence or from the probabilities, that wise financial legislation, a sound revenue system, or improved administration would follow Democratic success. The party represents no policy except that of silence, evasion, and running for luck.

But these are certainly not reasons for displacing a party which has shown itself so heedful as the Republican of the demands of public opinion. The protective sentiment is strong in that party, but the same kind of reasoning which leads General GORDON to deprecate free-trade action upon the part of the Democrats holds in check extreme protective legislation by the Republicans. The reason is, as we have already said, that the parties do not divide upon that issue. Republican revenue reformers and Democratic protectionists each think that upon the whole the general public interest would be more surely promoted by the success of their parties. If we are mistaken in this view, the error will appear in the light of the legislation of this session. If the Democratic party intends to appeal to the country next year as the representative of any policy of administration, it will be disclosed during the winter, and the chances of the election next year then could be more surely calculated. To rely upon a declaration that the Democratic party is honester, wiser, and of higher administrative sagacity than the Republican, and to appeal for support upon such grounds, would be worthy of the extraordinary folly of the Democrats. But, although that folly is unfailing, it must not be the dependence of the Republican party, while it will doubtless be its ally. The Republican argument will be the general record of the party, its amenability to public opinion, its adherence to administrative reform, and the public confidence in the moderation and good judgment of Republican administration. Apparently the battle is to be offered upon the ground of general good character and promise, and that is a contest which Republicans do not fear.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND IN NEW YORK.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND is not a familiar figure in the city of New York, and his sturdy form was seen with great interest and pleasure on the late centennial day. This interest culminated at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce in the evening, when he made a speech which was heard with the closest attention, and whose significant passages were received with warm and equally significant applause. Governor CLEVELAND is, like the rest of us, a party man. But he is plainly a conscientious and devoted magistrate, who does not surrender his independence, and is not afraid of "bosses."

In the course of his speech at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce the Governor alluded to the commercial interests of New York, and asked the company whether they were sure that in the Legislature the city had true and worthy champions of those interests. This question produced a hearty response, which was only to be interpreted as a sign of the consciousness of the merchants that they were quite sure that they had not such champions in the Legislature. The earnest suggestion of the Governor that in the performance of political duties the citizens of New York should not fall behind the noble example of their forefathers, is not only one that is needed, but it was an intimation, not less needed, that the Governor can not atone for the negligence of the citizens, and that if a community chooses to send unworthy representatives to the Legislature, it must expect unworthy legislation, and has no right to grumble at it.

The Governor was careful not to make a sweeping generalization including every representative from the city. But there was no misunderstanding the fact that the Governor of the State gravely said in effect that the city sends unfit men to represent her interests. It was not a new saying, but it was a true saying. The men whom the city of New York sent to the Legislature a hundred years ago were of a very different kind from the majority of those whom she sends to-day. Governor BUTLER in his speech thought fit to malign the merchants and professional men of the earlier day by saying that they were not the men who carried on the Revolution. It was a bit of cheap demagoguery, and of course it was untrue that they were less patriotic than their fellow-citizens. Let any New-Yorker read the names of the men whom old New York selected to lead her councils, and he will understand the wisdom and significance of Governor CLEVELAND'S question, and ask himself whether it is impossible that the city should be worthily represented, not as now by a few gentlemen in the delegation, but by the entire body of the representatives.

A GREAT DAY.

THE centennial celebration of Evacuation-day is already historical, like the great event itself, and, like all great popular demonstrations in New York, it was a most interesting illustration of the effect of popular government in producing popular moderation and self-restraint. A New York crowd, vast as it is, keeps itself in order. There were hundreds of thousands of persons packed upon the sidewalks in Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and a continuous throng swarming through the neighboring streets. But there was no disorder or accident, and, despite the pitiless pelting of the storm, there was universal good-humor. The storm, also, did not seem to affect the popular ardor and interest in the pageant of the procession. The multitudes stood fast during the four hours occupied by the procession in passing, and cheered lustily any person or object that it wished to honor; and, as usual, interesting and striking as the procession was, the chief interest was the mass of spectators.

Of course the crowd, as must be always the case in New York, was a heterogeneous throng. It was composed of persons of many nationalities; for New York is the largest Irish city in the world, and almost the largest German city, and the numbers of natives of other lands are always large. The traditions of such a day are consequently unfamiliar to a great part of the spectators, to whom the pageant is pure spectacle, and who feel no thrill of patriotism in the associations of the hour. But, although this changes the nature of their pleasure, it does not destroy its zest, and they hear with the interest of novelty the story of the significance of the day. The Irish societies may be supposed to have had peculiar pleasure in recollecting that *in* some way the day commemorated British discomfiture. But the Irish societies may also wisely ponder the fact that, while British authority was happily expelled, the glorious British traditions of constitutional freedom remained, and are organized in new forms. It is the tradition of the English-speaking race that still dominates, as it has always controlled, our civilization.

It was well that the permanent memorial of the day should be the statue of WASHINGTON raised upon a spot hallowed by a whole history of patriotic events—a spot upon which it will be seen by more persons in one day than now probably see all the other statues of WASHINGTON in the same time. Of all appropriate places in the country for such a memorial this was the most appropriate, and with the stone imbedded in the rostrum beneath it, upon which WASHINGTON stood in the balcony of the old Federal Hall when he took the oath of office, it forms one of the most interesting monuments in the country. It is a noble and dignified figure, and the rostrum, a platform below it, which will be surrounded by a railing, will be the place from which American orators for many a generation will make their patriotic appeals, with the great exemplar of patriotic devotion and achievement lending by his calm presence a gracious emphasis to the loftiest eloquence of which human lips are capable.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

TWO things must be very disagreeable to New York Democrats. One is their general acknowledgment that their success next year is impossible without the vote of New York, and the other is the hostility of Governor CLEVELAND and JOHN KELLY. Such a situation means great trouble. The Governor is not a man to surrender a principle or a conviction, and JOHN KELLY has shown his perfect willingness to defeat his party if he can not have his own way. We have pointed out more than once the fact, which is distasteful to honorable and sincere Democrats, that their party can succeed only by yielding to KELLY. The County Democracy was organized to shake him off, and he brought it to his feet. It has really ceased to exist except in name. Democratic harmony means only submission to JOHN KELLY, and Governor CLEVELAND does not propose to submit to JOHN KELLY.

Moreover, Mr. KELLY has published a private letter from the Governor which has drawn upon him a great deal of censure. Now the Governor's friends control the party organization, and by preference and necessity they cling to him. Governor CLEVELAND is not, in the ordinary sense, a politician. He is an honest man, of strong nature and convictions, honestly seeking to do his duty. He seems, at least, to be a man who would prefer to see his party defeated rather than successful by surrender to JOHN KELLY. In this situation a rupture seems to be inevitable. Mr. KELLY professed a great desire for harmony, and the County Democracy, understanding him, immediately concluded a bargain with him. The Governor would not submit, and wrote him a letter, which KELLY published, and declared that the Governor had destroyed harmony.

Next year the price of his Tammany vote will be much higher. The Democratic newspapers will bellow for harmony, meaning buying Tammany upon its own terms. The Governor will not buy. If the delegation to the National Convention and the consequent prospects of Tammany are apparently unpromising, Mr. KELLY will take his own course. If he gives a negative and lukewarm support to the National ticket, the State can not be carried, and from the Democratic point of view that will be fatal. If, despite the Governor, the party surrenders to Tammany, of course it will not obtain a single vote beyond the strict party line, and very many within the line will be alienated. It is thus a familiar situation, but a very disagreeable one, a position between the devil and the deep sea, and it comes from the presence in the Democratic party of a sturdy official leader who refuses to do what the County Democracy leaders have done—bow to Gesler's cap upon the pole.

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THE REPUBLICAN ENROLLMENT.

THE Republican enrollment in the city of New York contains more than twenty thousand names. This is about a third of the total Republican vote in the city; and if the enrolled voters remember an old saying about eternal vigilance, and act upon it, they can correct many of the abuses of which there has been just complaint hitherto, and which have been often disastrous to the party.

The "old stagers" of politics will certainly not relax their activity, and a large enrollment will not be a benefit if its purpose is not fulfilled, which is to secure large and independent primaries. Yet the "old stagers" must see that the old tricks will be useless at a time when public and party feeling are so strongly arrayed against them. The knowledge that a candidate is a machine or boss favorite would be in itself enough to defeat him.

This is the lesson which all managers must now lay to heart for next year. When such strong party men as Mr. BEECHER and Mr. WATTERSON say substantially that their parties do not own them, it is evident that a spirit of independence is abroad, which is most becoming to the close of the centennial Revolutionary season. If bosses of high and low degree, and machine men of every kind, will but remember that there are many voters of the same mind, they will see that in a contest, as that of next year promises to be, between party traditions and prospects rather than actual policies, everything which can weaken regard for the party must be carefully avoided; and nothing will so certainly alienate Republicans as old-fashioned machine management.

MR. LOWELL AS LORD RECTOR.

MR. LOWELL'S election as Rector of the University of St. Andrews is an extraordinary compliment. But no man could have better deserved it. He is now one of the chief of living authors in the English tongue, and certainly one of the two or three most eminent names in American literature. He is, however, the chief official representative of America in England, and by common consent one of the most admirable and acceptable representatives that we have ever had in England.

It is sometimes suggested that a minister so popular in a foreign country can hardly be a good American. But there was never a more popular American representative abroad than Dr. FRANKLIN, and it would be hard to name a better American. Indeed, it was in large part his Americanism which made him socially attractive. He had shrewd sense and mother-wit and the art of conciliation, and Mr. LOWELL has the same qualities, and is as genuine an American.

He has also remarkable scholarship, and a gift of most graceful speech, besides his gifts and achievements as a writer. When such a man occupies such a position in a foreign country the friendly feeling of the country can not express itself more happily than by his selection for an honor which is usually, but not necessarily, confined to Englishmen. The duty of the position consists wholly, we believe, in the delivery of an address, a duty which in recent years, at various universities, Mr. MILL, Mr. CARLYLE, Professor HUXLEY, and Lord BEACONSFIELD, with other noted men, have discharged amid general attention and applause. It is a task in which Mr. LOWELL is not likely to fail.

THE PARDON OF MASON.

THE pardon of MASON, the soldier who fired at GUITEAU, whom he was guarding, is doubtless judicious, and will be generally approved. The President wisely refused to listen to the earnest appeal for remission of the sentence which was made to him at the time, because he felt, undoubtedly, with other intelligent men, how great an offense MASON had committed—an offense greater, under the circumstances, than if it had been committed by any other man.

For the time, while he was guarding GUITEAU, MASON had in his keeping the honor of the United States. That honor required that the assassin should have a judicial trial, and be safely guarded from mobs and individual avengers while the trial proceeded. It was the very fact that the government had intrusted GUITEAU to MASON for this protection which gave MASON the opportunity to try to shoot him.

The offense was great, but it was largely condoned by public feeling, and the punishment has been adequate. There will be no censure of the release, and there can be no sentimental treatment of MASON as a martyr. The claims of law and justice have been satisfied, and the pardon is the exercise of a wise clemency.

REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIALS.

THE close of the Revolutionary centennial season finds, as the fruit of the long attention of the country, a disposition to promote the erection of memorials both of men and events, and especially of battle-fields. Congress has made specific grants of money upon certain conditions to certain memorial enterprises, as at Newburgh, and the Pennsylvania Historical Society has urged strongly the claims of Valley Forge to such aid and remembrance.

There is no spot whose name is more grimly familiar in the Revolutionary story than Valley Forge, and nowhere could the stern sacrifice of the patriot soldiers be more fitly recalled. The Valley Forge Centennial Association proposes to urge the passage of a general bill, which has been already introduced in Congress, providing for a conditional grant. It is a kind of share project. The national Treasury contributes in proportion to a sum contributed by the community in which lies the memorable spot.

This condition prevents any serious draft upon the Treasury, while the contribution by the community is evidence of a warmth of local interest, which the country may wisely recognize and make effective. Such appropriations are made undoubtedly to gratify sentiment. But as there is no nobler sentiment than that of patriotism, nor any more sure to promote a wise and lofty public spirit, the question is whether grants for such purposes are not grants for most desirable public uses. A Revolutionary battle was of no limited significance. It was part of a great united movement, and its results are common and not local. There is no reason that the entire cost of a memorial to designate and honor it should be thrown upon the neighborhood, and a wisely guarded bill of the kind that we have mentioned we believe would receive general approval.

THE LATE MR. BLACKFAN.

MR. JOSEPH H. BLACKFAN, the late Superintendent of Foreign Mails in the Post-office Department at Washington, was an original member of the first Civil Service Commission appointed by President GRANT. His perfect comprehension of the situation and needs of the postal service, his clear mind and admirable judgment, made him one of the best of counsellors, and his name attached to the first report and scheme was a guarantee of their practicability and value which experience has demonstrated.

Mr. BLACKFAN was a man of singular modesty and of gentle urbanity of manner, which greatly endeared him to all his friends and associates, and his long and upright official career, his unusual experience in the service, and his ability to turn it to account, made him a model public officer.

His tranquil life passed in the faithful discharge of duties which bring no *éclat*, and like a war-worn veteran—although not an old man—he died at his post. He was himself a signal illustration of the excellence of the reformed methods in the civil service of which he was an unwavering advocate, and the honest and capable officer, the unassuming, friendly, and cordial companion, will be tenderly remembered.

MANNERS UPON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

THERE has been much serious comment upon the persons, mainly Englishmen, who were said to have behaved discourteously upon the famous Northern Pacific trip during the summer, and, notwithstanding the positive and apparently peculiarly well-informed denials and corrections in the New York *Evening Post* and elsewhere, the tale has been repeated until, as the Milwaukee *Sentinel* says, it has become accepted as a fact, and still holds its course through the newspapers.

The *Sentinel* again, and very clearly and conclusively, explains that the story has arisen from two sources: one, the probable confusion of the Yellowstone Park trip of Mr. HATCH, which apparently did encounter some social mishaps, with the Northern Pacific excursion; and the other a mistake of the Earl of Onslow, who supposed that "a private car" meant a car exclusively for himself and family—an error, however, which was promptly corrected, and the correction perfectly understood by him; and the intrusion of an Englishman who came upon the ticket of another invited guest, and his sons, who thrust themselves upon the party without permission, all of whom were dismissed from the excursion. This was a *contretemps*, but it does not in any manner justify the assertion that the invited guests of the Northern Pacific disgracefully misbehaved themselves. It was a trip which the *Sentinel* describes in words which, so far as we can learn, express the general feeling of the guests, remarkable in plan, complete in performance, and of unalloyed delight to the travellers.

PERSONAL.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD agrees with PLATO, that a good education is not fitted for all sorts and conditions of men, and that an intelligent man will pursue those studies which shall result in his getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will discard all the rest.

—Mr. RUSKIN expresses his conviction that "nothing much matters in a nursery, except the mother, the nurse, and the air." Such small things as warmth, sunshine, cleanliness, rattles, and soothing-syrup are beneath his notice.

—ISMAIL Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, explains that the Egyptian troops under HICKS Pasha were defeated because, more than any other soldiers, they needed a flag, military music, and all the *éclat* of war, and these they did not have. The ex-Khedive was not surprised at the calamity.

—If some genii should arise to-morrow (says Mr. HENRY WATTERSON) and offer to restore the South its slaves, the South would stand back aghast and say, "Get behind me, Satan."

—A newspaper called *Truth*, published in San Francisco, California, and devoted to the propagation of Socialistic doctrines, in its issue for November 17 appropriates a chapter from Professor RICHARD T. ELY'S work on French and German Socialism, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS, and prints it in the form of an original contribution, under the Professor's own signature. This may imply appreciation of the author's views; but as it also conveys the false impression that he writes for the paper, our San Francisco contemporary should either change its name or mend its ways.

—In a recent divorce case in London the presiding judge said that "if the plaintiff's husband called her and her mother liars, that was a very gross insult, but it was no excuse for her slapping him on the face; and the fact that she got out of bed and slapped him three times on the face showed that she was not afraid of him." The question often arises as to what a man should do when another man has called him a liar, and it would be interesting to know what the learned judge's ruling would be in that case.

—The new Italian Minister of Marine, Signor DEL SANTO, is at least as good a sea-dog as some of our Secretaries of the Navy. At the battle of Lissa, in 1866, he gallantly went down with the frigate *Italia*, of which he was commander, after a brilliant engagement, but on rising to the surface he managed to get hold of a spar, and after floating six hours was picked up.

—France, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and Portugal have together a population of 90,000,000, of whom only 680,000 are Protestants. In France alone there are 630,000 Protestants; in Belgium, 15,000; in Italy, 14,000; in Spain, 30,000; and in Portugal, 500. The great object of the French Protestants during the present century has been to avoid conflicts with the Catholics, but they have signally failed in rescuing from infidelity men who were willing to be Christians, but unwilling to be Romanists. The French Protestant clergy receive their salaries from the national treasury. One of the most eloquent and eminent of them is M. DE PRESSENSÉ, who has just been elected a life member of the French Senate.

—Disgusting (observes a late writer) as the sale of wives may seem to be now, the belief in its lawful character has descended from very early ages, when a wife was actually a chattel bought for so many cattle from her father—as daughters are still bought among the Zulus—and salable by her owner when he found a suitable customer. Only a few days ago, at the Liverpool assizes, a woman charged with bigamy pleaded that her former husband had sold her for a quart of beer, and the witnesses who testified in her behalf really seemed to think that a man has as good a right to sell his wife as his pig or his bull-dog. In 1832 a farmer in England sold his wife at auction for twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog, and the authorities made no objection. In 1815 an Englishman sold his wife for eleven shillings, in 1820 for five shillings, in 1826 for thirty shillings, and in 1835 for fifteen pounds.

—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who finds time to vary the toils of politics with the sports of literature, has been reminding a popular audience that the best writings of modern times are but reproductions of the same thoughts, the same feelings, and the same spirit which distinguish the ancient writers; that some of the most beautiful lines in MILTON'S poems are taken straight from THEOCRITUS; that some of the most curious and amusing conceits of *Gulliver's Travels* are copied or adapted from LUCIAN; and that certain passages in HORACE which describe the house of a vulgar rich man, or the way in which a great bore fastened himself upon the poet while he was out walking, apply with much force to our own times.

—The new Lord Mayor of London announces that when he goes to church he will not take out four horses, nor put his servants into state liveries. To ride to church for the sake of a show on a Sunday morning would be inconsistent with his principles, one of which is, "to save my servants on the Lord's day from all work that it is possible to avoid."

—A Scotch wine-merchant writes: "I do not believe in drinking one wine during a lifetime. At one time I drank nothing but port; now I seldom touch it, because my constitution is changed. If spared to live a few years longer, I shall probably take to it again as a vitalizer. Any food may give you the gout if it does not agree with you, and the same wine that would produce it in one person would cure it in another."

—Prince BISMARCK, lean and thin, his face yellow from jaundice, and expressive of great suffering, his gait uneasy and constrained, seems at length to be really on the sick-list.

—M. DE LESSEPS professes himself ready to listen to any complaint brought against himself or the administration of the Suez Canal by any ship-owner. "I shall be glad to meet such gentlemen face to face, because I have always found that it is by the interposition of a third busybody that difficulties arise, and that when people meet face to face such difficulties can be settled in peace and harmony."

—An English jury found themselves at variance respecting the amount of damages to be awarded in a breach-of-promise suit. One juryman thought that $25,000 was the proper sum; another that $27,500 should be given; a third that much less would do. Finally they agreed to add up the several sums mentioned by the various jurymen, and to divide the gross results by twelve. This gave $12,750, which was accordingly awarded to the plaintiff.

—Mr. FRANKLIN B. GOWEN said in the United States Circuit Court, Trenton, New Jersey: "I am now about to retire from the railroad to the legal profession, and I want to take a good character back with me. In all the fifteen years I have been connected with railroads I have never been directly or indirectly interested in speculation in the stock of any road with which I was connected."

—The late Judge BLACK used to say that it was the business of the clergy to preach Christianity, and of the laity to defend it. We are glad to learn that Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS has prepared for a popular magazine a series of articles in defense of the Christian religion, which deal specifically with the theories of creation and evolution, and in which he treats his readers as a jury, and applies to the subjects treated the rules of evidence and the principles of rational belief.

—The interest of the wealthier classes in the project of the pedestal for the BARTHOLDI statue has certainly been manifested by the alacrity with which the owners of valuable collections of pictures have responded to the appeal of the committee of the Loan Exhibition. These owners have so often been called upon to lend their choicest works of art that of late years the exercise of such generosity has in many cases been very wearisome. To some minds it is difficult to understand why a favorite oil-painting should be lent in charity any more than a favorite piece of furniture or a favorite pair of horses.

—The Pope having given to the people of Detroit, with his blessing, an oil painting representing the betrothal of St. CATHERINE, the gift has been acknowledged with "very sincere and heart-felt thanks for the picture so graciously sent." We notice with pleasure that the work of establishing in that city a permanent art museum is going on prosperously, and that the committee who have the matter in charge announce to their fellow-citizens that "those who wish to travel on the same train should get aboard at once."

—Mr. COURTLAND PALMER'S Nineteenth Century Club will resume its sessions on the 6th of December, with a paper by Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE, who reads as well as he writes. This meeting will be the forerunner of a series which promises to be even more interesting than the brilliant assemblies of last winter. It is worthy of mention that among the guests of this literary club the ladies are believed to be even better able than the gentlemen to appreciate and discuss the subjects introduced.

—The enterprising managers of the Salmagundi exhibition of works in black and white have made some money this year by selling their lease of the National Academy to the BARTHOLDI exhibition committee. Their fine and unique display in the American Art Rooms will accordingly be a financial not less than an artistic success, and for several years to come, doubtless, the public will share in the benefits of this favorable turn in the tide.

—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA gives a curious account of his ancestry. Some writer inquired whether he was a Jew. He answers: "In reply to my esteemed correspondent, whose communication is evidently of a *bona fide* character, I beg to state that I have no knowledge of ever having any Jewish ancestors. On the other hand, my maternal great-grandmother was a red Indian."

—Baron de St. Amand, the diplomatist, has just published at Paris an account of the Empress JOSEPHINE'S first four years of wedded life, under the title of *La Citoyenne Bonaparte*.

—M. DE LESSEPS had, after all, only a second-hand idea when he propounded the cutting of the Suez Canal. The first Napoleon, according to history, is credited with the plan, and the fact is recorded in these words, written in 1797: "In the course of the next decade I shall sail to the canal which is now cutting across the Isthmus of Suez. The Polytechnic School and Corps of Engineers are employed in devising means for conveying my heavy artillery across the great desert. Soon shall India hail us her deliverers, and those proud islanders, the tyrants of Calcutta, shall fall before the heroes of Arcola."

—One of the most agreeable features of Baron GEORGE VON BUNSEN'S visit to Yale College, immediately before his departure for Germany, was his meeting with the venerable Professor of Latin, THOMAS L. THATCHER, who had been tutor to the Crown Prince of Germany in the latter's boyhood. In an article contributed to HARPER'S MAGAZINE some time since about the family of the Crown Prince, the Baron makes no mention of the interesting fact that the man who subsequently married the daughter of Queen VICTORIA owed his knowledge of English largely to a Yale graduate. Baron VON BUNSEN confessed afterward, however, with much chagrin, that while writing the paper referred to he was ignorant of that which, considering the audience he was about to address, he should have taken exceptional pleasure in stating.

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MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON.—Photographed by Sarony.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.—Photographed by Sarony.

MADAME ETELKA GERSTER.—Photographed by Falk.

MADAME MARCELLA SEMBRICH.—Photographed by Mora.

THE FOUR PRIMA DONNAS.—[See Page 787.]

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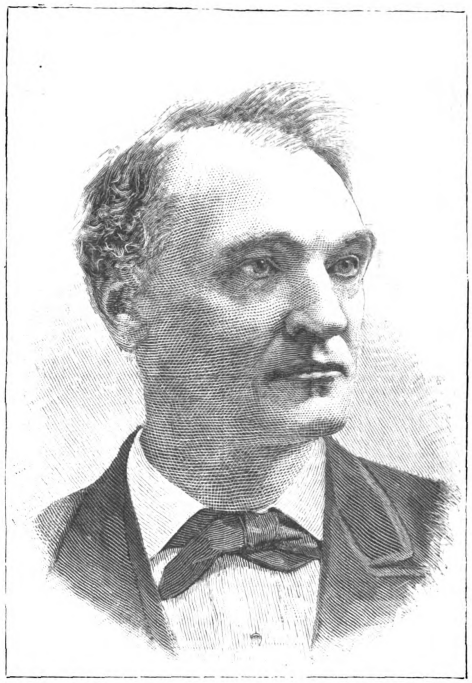
"THERE WAS SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR THE SCRATCHING OF HER PEN."



HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—(*Continued.*)

I RECEIVE ADVICE FROM HARRY AND MR. SOTHERAN.

I RETURNED to town, meditating over Harry's advice, which seemed to be well meant, and wondering what Lady Constance would say to it all. I expected to meet her at a dinner party that evening; but when the time came she failed to make her appearance, having, as subsequently transpired, sent an excuse at the last moment. I was not sorry for this respite, as I thought matters might be more comfortably discussed in Hill Street, whither I repaired as early as possible on the following afternoon.

The door was opened, after some little delay, by a young man in plain clothes, who looked as if I had interrupted him in the act of brushing the powder out of his hair. It appeared to me that he was struggling with a smile, as he said, briskly, "Ladyship's left town, sir."

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, involuntarily; and then I proceeded to ask when Lady Constance had left, and how soon her return might be looked for.

"Not coming back at all, sir," replied the ex-footman, evidently much enjoying my discomfiture. "Her ladyship left yesterday morning for the Continent."

I was so astounded that I turned, without another word, and should have walked away, if I had not at this moment become aware of the slow and majestic approach of a well-known white waistcoat. I could not refuse myself the pleasure of watching Mr. Sotheran's demeanor under the blow which was about to fall upon him, and I stood aside as he mounted the steps.

He recognized me with much affability—"How do you do, Mr. Maxwell?—how do you do? Warm afternoon, is it not?"—and marched on unsuspectingly to receive his sentence from the lips of the servant, who was now grinning delightedly.

For a moment he was evidently staggered. His eyes became as large and round as those of the First Dog in the fairy tale of the Tinder-box; his jaw fell, and he gasped out, "Eh?—what?—gone abroad?" But presently he regained his customary phlegmatic calm, and drew out his card-case, merely observing, "I had an appointment with Lady Constance for this afternoon."

"Indeed, sir? Dear me, sir!" said the young man, upon whose manners sudden emancipation from the shackles of livery seemed to have produced a deleterious effect.

Mr. Sotheran frowned at him heavily. "I presume that you are no longer in Lady Constance's service," said he. "Has she broken up her establishment, pray?"

"Yes, sir. We was took by surprise, having been given to understand as we should be wanted for another month at least."

"Well, you got a month's wages, I suppose," said Mr. Sotheran, shortly. "What is Lady Constance's present address?"

"Her ladyship didn't leave no address, sir."

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Sotheran; "she must have left some address for her letters."

The young man said he would inquire, and came back, after a short absence, with the somewhat startling information that letters were to be forwarded to Poste Restante, Constantinople.

Mr. Sotheran and I walked down the street together, community of misfortune making us almost friends for the time being.

"This is a bad job," I remarked. "She has gone to have a look at the war, of course."

"No doubt she has," agreed my companion. "Yes; no doubt that will be it. It is, as you say, an unfortunate freak, and one that may be attended, I fear, with considerable risk. The last accounts of the cholera are most alarming. I almost question," he continued, speaking rather to himself than to me, "whether I should not do well to follow her."

"I hope to goodness you won't do that!" I exclaimed. And when he asked me why he should not, I answered, not very civilly, "Oh, well, you might get the cholera yourself, you know."

"I should not allow myself to be deterred by any fears of that kind," said Mr. Sotheran.

"But might you not allow yourself to be deterred by fear of intruding where you were not wanted?" I suggested; for, not being able to go to Constantinople myself, I was unwilling to allow my rival so great an advantage over me.

"My young friend," said Mr. Sotheran, not unkindly, "you are, of course, aware of the hopes that I entertain with regard to Lady Constance. I have been told, and I believe that there is a foundation of truth in the rumor, that you yourself have similar hopes. Will you allow me to advise you, in all good faith and sincerity, to dismiss any such vague notions from your mind? The fact is that you have not the ghost of a chance against me."

"You are very modest!" cried I, laughing. "How can you possibly tell what my chance may be?"

"Don't misunderstand me," went on Mr. Sotheran; "I am far from asserting that Lady Constance may not prefer your society to mine. But when it comes to so serious a question as that of marriage, I have advantages over you which every man and woman of the world must at once see and admit. I have reason to believe that Lady Constance does admit them."

So had I, but I didn't say so. I contented myself with observing that Lady Constance was not always and altogether influenced by considerations of wordly wisdom.

"I think, however, that she will prove to be so in the present instance," Mr. Sotheran rejoined. "So far as I am concerned, you are very welcome to try your best with her; but I warn you that you will be disappointed. I have, in short, made up my mind to succeed," he concluded, calmly.

"And do you consider that an infallible recipe for success?" I inquired.

Mr. Sotheran paused for a moment before replying. "Well, I have failed in some things, like most men; but that has always been when I have attempted a task beyond my powers. This task is within my powers, and I have no fear of failure. I have been perfectly open with you, Mr. Maxwell," he added, "because, in spite of the—may I say juvenile petulance?—with which you have sometimes treated me, I like you, and because I think it is a pity that you should waste your time in the pursuit of shadows. Believe me, you will do very well without Lady Constance Milner. I will even go further, and say that, in my humble opinion, Lady Constance is not good enough for you. I am by no means blind to her defects, I can assure you; but the difference between us is that you will outgrow your present fancy, whereas I am too old to change. Good-evening to you. Think over what I have said."

And Mr. Sotheran turned into Brooks's, while I walked on, somewhat nettled, but with an increased respect for my elderly rival. I soon banished him and his warning from my thoughts, however, and fell to busying myself with conjectures as to the cause of Lady Constance's flight. Debt—satiety—caprice—any one of these might have sufficed to send her off on her travels again, and it was quite in accordance with her habits to disappear without taking formal leave of her friends. Yet I thought that she might have made an exception in favor of one of them, and as soon as I reached home I wrote her a letter, in which I gave pathetic expression to this sentiment. Remembering that we had parted almost in anger, I implored her to forgive me, if I had been so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure; I begged her at least to let me know what her movements were likely to be; but, after considering of it, I decided not to bring forward the subject of my cousin's resuscitation. Such an announcement at such a time might be fatal; and if Mr. Sotheran carried out his threat of following her to the East, there was no saying what she might not be brought to consent to in a moment of despondency.

When I had finished and dispatched my letter, I surprised myself whistling in a light-hearted manner, and asked myself sternly what I meant by such conduct. I ought to have been weeping and tearing my hair. I had been deceived—more or less deceived, at all events—by my friend; I had been deserted by the object of my affections; I had been calmly defied by a formidable rival; and I was about to be disinherited by my uncle. Why, then, in Heaven's name, should I feel like a school-boy let out for a holiday?

Being unable to reply to these pertinent questions, either then or the next day, when the same unaccountable gayety of spirits took possession of me, I felt drawn toward obtaining the opinion of an unprejudiced person upon my case; and so it came about that, exactly twenty-four hours after the disappointment which I had met with in Hill Street, I was ringing the door-bell of Mrs. Saville's house in Portman Square.

Mrs. Saville, I was informed, had gone out driving, but further inquiry produced the pleasant intelligence that Miss Dennison was at home and would see me. Under which circumstances, I devoutly hoped that Mrs. Saville's drive might be a prolonged one.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY CONSTANCE MAKES A FINAL CONCESSION.

IT was an immense comfort to me to be able to talk openly to Maud, without betraying any one's confidence. I made her acquainted with all the circumstances relating to my first meeting with Harry, to our subsequent friendship, and to my discovery of his wife and child, not forgetting the episode of Mrs. Farquhar's visit to Richmond, and Harry's explanation of his conduct upon that occasion; and when I had done, she observed that, for a diplomatist, I did not seem to be very quick at distinguishing honest men from rogues.

That Harry was not a rogue, and a very clever one too, she declined to believe. "The whole thing is as clear as daylight," she said. "He has contrived to get what he wants without any assistance from you, because it would not at all suit his book to be indebted to your generosity, and I have no doubt that it is he who has traduced you to your uncle. My only hope is that Mr. Le Marchant may be a little less blind than you. You had better leave them alone, I think, for the present; there can be no use in your going to Thirlby now that matters have reached such a pass."

But although Maud scolded me more than was quite just, and although she had some searching questions to put to me about Lady Constance, whose unexpected departure I was obliged to mention, I spent the best part of an hour so agreeably with her that I walked away at last thinking to myself that perhaps such visits might not be altogether wise. Upon calmer reflection, however, I perceived that, if Maud's vicinity stirred up memories and regrets within me, there was nothing very alarming in that, nor indeed anything new. I had regretted my infidelity to her all along; I should doubtless continue to regret it to the end of my days; but regrets were hardly likely to change either her or me. The romance of my boyhood was dead and buried—so deeply buried that Maud seemed actually to have forgotten that it had ever had any existence. I might perhaps at one time have had a chance of winning her love; but I had thrown that chance away finally and irrevocably. There remained to me her friendship, of which I should be exceedingly foolish to deprive myself, seeing that I had not precisely a plethora of disinterested friends in the world.

Fortified with these convictions, I did not hesitate to dine in Portman Square, as I was invited to do a few days later; and, after that, finding Mrs. Saville and her daughter disposed to be amiable, I spent a good deal of my spare time in their house. After the first few days, Maud and I spoke little of Thirlby and of what was going on there. She yielded a reluctant assent to my proposition that the subject was one which had already been more

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

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than sufficiently talked over; and indeed the home news that reached us was of the most meagre description. My uncle wrote much as usual, scarcely alluding to the circumstance that his family circle had been increased, although he asked me to try and find him a Shetland pony of docile character, suitable for a child learning to ride—an order which seemed significant. As for Harry, he did not write at all.

Nor did any letter reach me from the East. Once or twice I encountered Mr. Sotheran, which was proof positive that he had thought better of his intention to pursue Lady Constance; but on these occasions he only nodded to me without speaking, and I did not ask him whether he had any news of the absentee, feeling tolerably certain that he had none.

The London season, meanwhile, was drawing to its close. Parliament sat late that year; but the dearth of entertainments, added to the alarm of cholera, drove away most of those who could leave town before the end of July; and Mrs. Saville followed the stream, taking Maud with her. During the two or three weeks that followed I had a great deal of my own company, and very dull company I found it. My anxiety about Lady Constance, which had slumbered peacefully enough while Maud had been in London, woke up again and pestered me day and night. If I had known at all where to look for her, I might have been tempted to spend the month of leave which was all that an exacting country would allow me in making a dash for the seat of war; but as there was an even probability of Lady Constance's being by that time fomenting sedition at Warsaw, or stirring up a clearer conception of the political crisis in the breast of a philosophical potentate at Berlin, I abandoned the idea of engaging in any such wild-goose chase. Moreover, the path of duty plainly led toward Norfolk.

Three-quarters of the month of August had passed slowly away, and I was in the act of packing my portmanteau, one evening, preparatory to a move homeward on the morrow, when a note was brought to me, which, on being opened, proved to contain only the following laconic command: "Come and see me any time after eight o'clock to-night at Claridge's Hotel.—C. M."

Lady Constance had returned, then! I gazed at the paper which bore the evidence of her presence in London with somewhat mixed feelings. Of course I was overjoyed at the thought of seeing her once more, and very glad that she had arrived just in time to catch me before my departure for Thirlby; but the thought which did not overjoy me at all was that of the long-deferred statement that I should have to make that evening. Still, it was impossible to foresee what Lady Constance's views might be upon any given subject, and it was some comfort that I had my uncle's authority for assuring her that no irrevocable settlement had as yet been decided upon.

I was at Claridge's at five minutes past eight, and was shown without delay into Lady Constance's sitting-room, where I found her still in her travelling dress, answering letters, of which a large heap lay open upon the table before her. She glanced up as I made my entrance, but did not move or offer me her hand. "Is that you?" she said. "Sit down and read the papers; I shall be ready for you in a few minutes."

I was too familiar with her peculiarities to resent this cold welcome. I did as she bade me, and for some little time there was silence, except for the scratching of her pen as she dashed off and addressed note after note, apparently oblivious of my presence. I scrutinized her features, upon which the light of a shaded lamp fell, and it struck me that her journey had not done her much good. She looked paler than usual, and more care-worn, and from time to time she pressed her hand upon her temples, as though her head ached. At length she threw down her pen, and requested me to ring the bell, and Antonio appearing presently in answer to the summons, she handed her pile of letters to him, telling him to have them posted. Then she got up and took a chair nearer to the one upon which I was seated.

"Well," she began, "did you think you had seen the last of me?"

"I didn't think it would be quite so bad as that," answered I; "but I have been feeling very uneasy about you lately, I confess. Did you get my letter?"

"Your letter? Oh, you mean the one that you wrote directly after I started. Yes; it reached me; but you know I never answer letters unless I am obliged."

"Why did you go off like that?" I asked, reproachfully. "I don't think it was very kind of you."

"Ought I to have asked your permission first? I should have let you know that I was going, but I couldn't tell that you would allow twenty-four hours to pass without coming to see me, and I found it quite impossible to wait. I am not like most people, who grow gradually weary of their surroundings: a disgust for places seizes upon me all of a sudden, and then I feel that it is a case for immediate departure or self-destruction. You would not have liked to find me on the drawing-room floor in Hill Street with my throat cut."

"No; but you might have sent me a line to say that you were leaving, and to give me an opportunity of bidding you good-by. Then at least I should have heard what part of the world you were bound for."

"I didn't think of it. I apologize. It seems, however, that you did discover my destination."

"Only by chance. I was so astonished at hearing of your departure that I was going away without asking any more questions, when Mr. Sotheran came up, and, with great presence of mind, demanded your address."

"Ah, yes. He also favored me with a long letter."

"Which I trust you didn't answer."

"Yes, I did. He wished to know whether I intended to keep my promise of visiting some neighbors of his during the autumn, and he said he should pursue me to Turkey or elsewhere if he did not receive a speedy reply. So I wrote to tell him that he might expect me back in England before September. I thought it unnecessary to take that precaution in your case, as you had not held out the same threat."

"I suppose that means that you wanted to be rid of both of us."

"I can't contradict you. There are times when one wants to be rid of everybody, one's self included. In a general way, I should say that any one who was tired of life could not do better than go to Constantinople at the present time; but I have the constitution of an ostrich, and I suffered from nothing worse than a prolonged attack of the blues. Then I went to Varna, and had a look at the allied armies, by way of raising my spirits. They are dying like so many flies, and though they talk of invading the Crimea and taking Sevastopol, the knowing people say that a peace will be patched up, and the whole expedition will collapse. When I had seen and heard enough horrors to satisfy me for the rest of my days, I retreated to Vienna; after which I looked in upon my brother at Franzenshöhe—who begged me to say all sorts of kind things to you, by-the-bye—and so I made my way back to London. Now you have heard the history of my doings, and it is your turn to speak. Have you made up your quarrel with Miss Dennison yet?"

"I never had any quarrel with her," I answered.

"No? But are you engaged to be married to her?"

"I don't think you need ask that question," said I. "If you don't understand that I shall never marry anybody, unless, by some miracle, it should be yourself, I am sorry for it; but I can hardly say or do anything more than I have done to convince you."

"She is a very pretty girl," observed Lady Constance, abstractedly. "I remember making you quite hot and angry at the Opera by some disparaging remarks about her, which were not in the least sincere. The vulgar belief that a plain woman is always jealous of a pretty one is perfectly correct, like most vulgar beliefs, whatever assertions may be made to the contrary."

"You, at all events, are not plain, and need not be jealous of anybody," I remarked.

"Ah," said Lady Constance, smiling, "I see you have realized the truth of another vulgar aphorism, that you can never go wrong in telling a woman that she is pretty. Stick to that rule, and you will do well. I presume you have been to see Miss Dennison since that night?"

"Of course I have," answered I. "We are very old friends; and though I was in love with her once, she never was at all in love with me. You don't mind my seeing her, do you?"

Lady Constance laughed outright. "Why should I mind? The miracle hasn't occurred yet, you know. Now tell me some more news, if you have any to tell."

"I have one thing to tell you," I replied, eager to acquit myself of my task, and have done with it; "but I don't know whether it will interest you. You remember the story of that cousin of mine who was sent away from home in disgrace, and whom I was in a sort of way supposed to replace? Well, my uncle has almost made up his mind to pardon him. At least Harry has been staying at Thirlby for some weeks upon trial, as it were, and I believe I may look upon it as tolerably certain now that I shall never be one of the landed gentry of Norfolk."

Lady Constance, who had up to this point been lying back, with her eyes half closed, and had spoken in a weary, apathetic *tone*, sat up in her chair now, and looked at me anxiously. "Do you mean to say," she asked, "that you have been so insane as to put this man in your place?"

I explained that my cousin's restoration was due to no efforts made by me on his behalf, but simply to the fact that he had a wife and child, of whose existence my uncle had until lately been ignorant.

"A wife and child!" repeated Lady Constance. "This sounds serious. What sort of a wife, and what sort of a child?"

"His wife," answered I, "is a very good sort of woman in her way; but she is not a lady, and I am afraid she will never be made to resemble one. The boy, of course, can be sent to school and formed like other boys."

"H'm! I wouldn't give a five-pound note for your chances. Let me see: what was it that cousin of yours did? Was it forgery?"

"No; I am sorry to say it was cheating at cards," I answered. "But this happened a good many years ago, and—"

"Ah, I remember now," interrupted Lady Constance. "That man Chapman told me the whole history, but I did not attend particularly to what he said. Probably he knew very little about it."

"He ought to know as much about it as anybody," I observed. "I am free to disclose now that his name is not Chapman, but Harry Le Marchant. It was his own history that he told you."

Lady Constance started visibly, and I asked her, laughing, whether she was very much astonished.

"I am indeed!" she said; "I am astonished beyond measure. I have always been told, and I have always believed, that it takes a sharp man to make a fool of me; but your gifted cousin has successfully accomplished that feat. He must be a very finished rascal. I wonder, now, what interest he had in taking me in!"

"I don't think his assuming a false name was so very unnatural," I remarked.

"I was not thinking about his name. What I should like to arrive at is his motive for having urged me to marry you."

"If he did that," said I, "I believe it was out of pure good-will."

"So I should think!" returned Lady Constance, sarcastically. "I never did the wretched creature an injury," she went on. "On the contrary, I always paid him well, and I was more polite to him than ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have been; and yet, knowing all the time that he intended to cut you out, he actually had the audacity to tell me in so many words that your expectations were as assured as anybody's in the kingdom."

"It looks rather awkward, I admit," said I; "but the explanation is simple enough. He never believed that my uncle would be induced to overlook his offense; and indeed I don't know that he wished very much to be forgiven."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CONDITION OF THE FREEDMEN.

By FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

WHETHER the lately emancipated slaves in the Southern States have made any sensible degree of progress since they obtained their freedom is a question often put to me in a tone of doubt and denial. Another question, equally pertinent, and even more *momentous* in view of the history of Yazoo, Hamburg, and the recent slaughter at Danville, is this: Have the recent slave-holders made any sensible degree of progress in civilization since the emancipation of their slaves? Are they more industrious, honest, and humane than when they bought, sold, and flogged their fellowmen to toil for them without wages? These two questions, like the two sides of a horse, should go together, since they are largely dependent upon each other. Plainly enough the recent bondsmen can make little progress without the consent and co-operation of the ruling class among whom they live, and who own the land upon which they live. Nobody seems to doubt the progress of the masters, but everybody is curious to know how the freedmen are getting along.

Well, it is not for me to speak for the late slave-holders. They have never been in want of defenders. It is mine, by your leave and magnanimity, to speak for the class less favored. The answer to the question now put to them is of vital importance. If it shall be found that the freedmen are progressive and improving, that they only need time, patience, and a fair chance in the race of life to become useful citizens, making the nation prosperous in peace and powerful in war, there is, I believe, justice and generosity enough in the American people to supply the needed conditions of success. If, on the other hand, they are found to be non-progressive, worse masters to themselves than their old masters were to them, that liberty neither improves their character nor condition, they are sure to be treated in the end as cumberers of the ground, and will in due season perish from the earth. Civilization is all love and tenderness toward whatever accords and co-operates with it, but implacable, cruel, and remorseless to all obstacles. It spares neither forest, mountain, nor ocean, and it will not spare Indian, Mongolian, or Ethiopian. All must go along with it, or be crushed beneath its swift-flying wheels.

Before answering *pro* or *con* concerning the progress of the freedmen, candid men will see the justice of another inquiry, namely, what these people were before they were emancipated, under what conditions they were emancipated, and what have been the means of improvement within their reach since they were emancipated? All will admit that it would be manifestly and grossly unfair to judge the freedmen without taking their antecedents into account. They should be measured, not from the height yet to be attained, but from the depths from which they have come.

My relation to these people does not make me close my eyes against facts favorable or unfavorable to them. I know no race in my regard but the human race. The same feeling that led me to risk my life to save that of a white boy in my boyhood made me espouse the cause of the slave as soon as I was able to think.

The question asked at the beginning of this article includes mental, moral, and material improvement. What the American people want to know, and have a right to know, is whether the lately enslaved lead better lives and have made for themselves more comfortable conditions of existence than in slavery—whether during these twenty years they have advanced, stood still, or retrograded.

Let us first compare their mental condition of twenty years ago with what it is at present. Prior to emancipation the colored intellect of the South made no visible sign—and could make no sign—of life or power. It was suppressed and shrouded in darkness. Letters were unknown. The law made fine and imprisonment the penalty for teaching one of these sable children to read. So far down were they in the scale of intelligence that they were deemed by many incapable of mastering the rudiments of an English education. Even in religion nothing more than oral instruction was allowed them. "Servants, obey your masters, and be contented with your lot," was the most they got of this, but of this they got abundance, both by arguments from the pulpit on Sunday and by the rhetoric of the lash in the field on Monday. In those days a colored man who could read was a curiosity, and was generally set down in the estimation of the white people as a dangerous character. It would be easy to enlarge upon this mental midnight darkness, but I will leave something to the reflection of the intelligent reader.

I affirm that in nothing have these illiterate and benighted people made more progress than in the acquisition of knowledge. There are now in the Southern States, according to statistics in the Bureau of Education at Washington, between two and three hundred thousand colored children attending schools during some portion of the year. Of course this is but a small proportion of the children there of school age, and for whom there is no provision. The amount of illiteracy is therefore still great and deplorable. The indisposition inherited from slavery to allow the States to be taxed for the education of the laboring classes is still strong, and the general government, which had no hesitation in crossing State lines to catch slaves, has thus far too much respect for the sovereign dignity of the States to cross their lines to secure civil rights or education to its citizens.

It may be adduced as a fair argument that the freed people have made some progress in the matter of education, that now nobody can be found to deny their capacity for education. If any such could be found, they would only need to visit the public schools here in Washington, and witness the qualifications of the colored teachers and the aptitude of the colored pupils to have their doubts and denials made ridiculous. Colored children, to the credit of the statesmen of twenty years ago, have commodious school-houses, competent teachers, and are pursuing the same course of study that white children pursue, and with almost equal success.

With respect to the moral progress of the lately enslaved class I am sorry to speak in a somewhat lower tone. But the same rule of judgment should be applied here as elsewhere. They are in this respect, as well as others, the legitimate results of their antecedents. The sense of right and the voice of conscience had little chance of cultivation in the relation of master and slave. Conduct in that relation was guided by force and fear. Mutual interest and common welfare were excluded from that relation. Its corner-stone was composed of the blood-cemented fragments of the moral constitution of human nature. Each party to it found himself impelled to do that which was not to the advantage of the other. They were mutual enemies on the same territory, and in daily unfriendly contact. In his notes on Virginia Mr. Jefferson says, "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unlimited despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other." In such a state of society the moral sense was blunted, and the voice of conscience suppressed. The attributes of a manly character such as liberty now demands had no chance of development. The master forced what he could and all he could from the slave, and the slave in turn stole all he could from the master, his only restraint being the fear of detection and punishment. He was born into a society organized to defraud him of the results of his labor, and he naturally enough thought it no robbery to obtain by stealth—the only way open to him—a part of what was forced from him under the hard conditions of the lash. I do not pretend to deny that there was ever a generous slave-holder or honest slave, for I know the contrary, but I equally know that the system made tyrants of one class and thieves of the other.

As to social relations, the system was even more destructive and deadly. Its victims were herded together like horses, sheep, and swine, without the restraints of moral instruction or decency. The master was made more important by every addition to his slaves. Marriage did not exist; the family was abolished. The young had no reputation to gain, and the old had none to lose.

Let it be remembered in respect to the morals of these people that streams are not easily diverted from well-worn channels; that the moral character formed under the conditions thus feebly described is not easily or speedily reformed. There is not only much to learn, but much to unlearn. It is sad to think of the multitude who only dropped out of slavery to drop into prisons and chain-gangs, for the crimes for which they are punished seldom rise higher than the stealing a pig or a pair of shoes; but it is consoling to think that the fact is not due to liberty, but to slavery, and that the evil will disappear as these people recede from the system in which they were born.

From what has been now said it must not seem that I have conceded that there has been no improvement in the manners and morals of the freedmen since emancipation. I do not admit any such thing, for in morals, as in mental power, according to my knowledge, obtained from many sources of information, there is a visible and growing improvement both as to honesty and chastity. What was once done among these people not only with impunity, but with mirthful boasting, and without apparent sense of wrong or shame, does not now escape the rebuke and reprobation of a large and growing class of their own color. There is everywhere among them a dawning recognition of the new order of life and society into which freedom has brought them, and they are gradually adjusting themselves to the requirements of a higher civilization. Churches, preachers, teachers, Sunday-schools, night schools, day schools, singing schools, and other schools, societies for mutual aid, debating societies, libraries, and literary clubs, lawyers, doctors, editors, and newspapers, have sprung up and have multiplied with wonderful rapidity. These come not from immorality. Sin is death to such effort. They show an upward tendency which may well invite patient and benevolent effort in their behalf, and justify Mr. Slater in his magnificent donation to the cause of their elevation.

It is noticeable, too, that the old camp-meeting emotional religion is subsiding among them, and that thought is taking the place of feeling. In the dark time of slavery, when this world held only toil, stripes, and pain for them, they were easily wrought into paroxysms of momentary joy by the painted and promised glories of another world. They are now beginning to see that something can be made of this world as well as of the

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other. Of course some of them are still wearing the old cast-off theological hats and coats of fifty years ago, but the young people who have learned to read and write have no further use for these old garments. They now demand an educated, chaste, and upright ministry. This spirit of improvement has cost the old-time preachers many sighs and groans. They see in it only decline of true religious feeling. However that may be, it is evident that morals and manners have gained by the change, and will continue to gain as the lamp of knowledge grows brighter among them. No doubt that even the wild incoherent Sambo sermons were a help in time of slavery. It was something to be told that their suffering time would soon be over, and that for stripes on earth they would have stars in heaven, even though it was clumsily and wildly told; but the rant of those days will not do for these. These old-fashioned preachers minister to passion, decry the intellect, and induce contentment in ignorance and stupidity, and are hence a hinderance to progress. The effect aimed at by their preaching is to excite feeling, and raise a shout—a thing which can be as well done by an eloquent stump-speaker as by any modern Whitefield.

Among the instrumentalities which have been most effective in lifting up these people to a higher plane of life none is more worthy of mention than the American Missionary Association. While it has taken the church among the freedmen, it has not forgotten to take the school-house. But nearly all denominations, Catholic as well as Protestant, have rushed into this vast field, each after its kind, to labor for the salvation of the late slaves. This is the more surprising in view of the long years during which our churches could more easily see the heathen thousands of miles over the wide waste of waters than at home. But let the dead past bury its dead.

I now come to the question as to what was the physical condition of these people before emancipation; and in referring to it I bear in mind that I am speaking to many of a generation to whom slavery is little more than a name, and who have no adequate idea of what that name covered. I have had this class of readers in mind in all I have said, and I deem it fortunate that you have allowed me to speak my word on this subject through your respected journal. With the exception of a few highly favored house servants, the physical condition of the slaves was indescribably wretched. A bushel of corn and eight pounds of salt pork per month were considered a large allowance for a full-grown man. The huts in which they lived left them largely exposed to the mercy of the elements. Their beds were boards, and their covering a miserable blanket, with which they were served not even once a year. Much of the time they were worked under the lash in all weathers. Want, exposure, and cruelty brought to them daily ills and general physical deterioration often to the extent of repulsive deformity. That physical well-being is essential to physical perfection is easily demonstrated both in the case of man and beast. Men laugh at the irregular make-up of the negro, but forget that no people, white or black, could preserve the finer attributes of physical manhood subjected to two hundred and fifty years of slavery. The woes of the slave mother can be read in the faces of her children. Slavery has twisted their legs, flattened their feet, and imparted a depressed and cowardly aspect to their features. Let those who laugh rather be ashamed of the crime against human nature which has produced the deformity over which they make merry.

Looking at the freedmen to-day, in that class which remains on the old plantation, we see but little improvement in food or raiment, in form or feature. Twenty years are but a speck in the life of a race. Still, even here there is improvement. Many have managed to get a few acres and a little home of their own. In the State of Louisiana colored people pay taxes on more than twenty millions' worth of property, and in Georgia, according to the late Senator Hill, of that State, they paid taxes five years ago on six millions. I doubt not of a showing equally creditable in North Carolina, Virginia, and other of the old Slave States. The manner in which these people were set free should never be overlooked. No people were ever emancipated under conditions more unfavorable for good results. The Israelites had spoils of the Egyptians; the serfs of Russia had three acres of land given to each head of a family; the West India slave was permitted to remain upon the old plantation; but the American slave was turned loose to the open sky without money, land, or friends, and, worst of all, under the fierce resentment of those who owned the land from which he must obtain his bread. These in the heat of momentary wrath drove him away; and away he went, free, but free only to want, hunger, and pain; free to the chilling blasts of winter, free to starve. Off he went with his sick and well, young and old, and the infant in arms. Many died, and the mortality for a time caused the belief that the race would speedily die out. From the gallery of the United States Senate I heard an able Senator from the North answer Mr. Sumner's plea for suffrage with the remark that it was useless to legislate for these people, since they were sure to die out in a short time. But the old masters who thus resented emancipation relented, if they did not repent, and after a time called back the freedmen to their old fields and quarters. They saw that they had sent away the hands, but had left the mouths, and that they still needed the negro to work their fields—a fortunate discovery for both. Instead of dying out, as predicted, the census tells us these people have increased ten per cent. faster than the native-born white people of the South.

In conclusion:

When I consider that these people have only been free during the last twenty years, and that this freedom has been more in name than in fact; when I consider the manner in which their emancipation was brought about, not with the consent, but against the consent, of the masters; when I consider the fact that it was born of blood boiling over on the battle-field, the wounded pride and sullen determination it left in the old master class smarting under defeat, and the many obstacles thrown in the way of the progress of these people—I am far from discouraged or dissatisfied. On the contrary, I see the colored people steadily rising, and I believe they will ultimately fully justify all the endeavors made in their behalf, and fulfill the highest hopes of their friends.

WASHINGTON IN WALL STREET.

THE rain-storm which fell upon New York upon the hundredth anniversary of the last day on which a foreign soldiery trod its streets was a serious public misfortune. We have no knack, as a rule, at making pageants. But the pageant which was to celebrate the centennial Evacuation-day was arranged, and would have been carried out, with a liberality and comprehensiveness, and at the same time with a measure and decorum, that would have impressed the importance of the event celebrated upon every man and woman, native born or foreign born, in this great and diverse capital. There does not seem to have been a detail of the programme nor of its execution, so far as it was executed, from the formal "exercises" of the day to the least pretending decoration of a dwelling or a shop front, to which just exception could be taken.

And even the chill November rain could not deprive the ceremonies of their greatest and best impressiveness—that which came from the evidence that the celebration was spontaneous and popular. Those who, with EMERSON, "have not the smallest interest in any holiday except as it celebrates real and not pretended joy," must have been cheered to see the universal glow of patriotism that many waters could not put out. An occasion which assembled the President of the United States and the Governors of seven States of the old thirteen would have been memorable in any event; but it was not the official but the unofficial celebration which was most memorable, the tens of thousands standing their ground doggedly to see the great procession—of more than 20,000 men, it was reckoned—pass by, that they might not miss the memory of the centennial celebration so soon to become legendary with the event it celebrates.

It was a fortunate thought that the unveiling of the statue of WASHINGTON should be the culminating event of the celebration, while the bronze colossus remains as a durable memorial of the day, "and bids the distant generations hail." But, as the readers of Mr. CURTIS's oration already know, the event which the statue specifically commemorates is the inauguration of WASHINGTON as the first President of the United States within a few feet of the station of this effigy, April 30, 1789. It is not the sworded Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces, but the first President of the United States, with the fasces of magistracy, whom Mr. WARD's statue represents.

The figure is of bronze, twice the size of life (twelve feet and a half high), and stands upon a marble pedestal level with the floor of the portico of the Sub-Treasury, erected in the centre of the broad flight of marble steps that gives access to the building. Below and in front of the pedestal is a simple platform for speakers, in the pavement of which is imbedded the veritable slab of red sandstone upon which WASHINGTON stood when he took the oath of office. It was one of the flags in the flooring of the balcony of Federal Hall, the renamed City Hall, enlarged and decorated by popular subscription, at a cost of $32,000, for the inauguration of the first President and the meeting of the first Congress of the United States under the Constitution, with the hope of securing the seat of government for New York. And this slab was happily saved when old Federal Hall was torn down to make room for the Greek temple which was built for a Custom-house and now does duty as a Sub-Treasury.

The placing of the figure is very fortunate, and the statue justifies its conspicuousness and its size. The only faults found with it have been that it is too large and too glaring. This last drawback a very short season of weathering will amend; and it is not a fault, for the color is in fact unusually mellow for brand-new bronze. It is questionable, however, whether the shining expanse of the right cheek does not aggravate, if, indeed, by throwing the eye into deeper shadow than was meant, it does not cause, the unpleasant expression of this side of the face from any point of view to the southwest of the statue and at a moderate distance. The countenance, lofty and not without sweetness from any other point of view, is from this point of view "lofty and sour"—an expression which the sculptor can not have intended, and could not have passed unamended if it had been in his model, from which, of course, the sheen and reflection of the bronze surface were absent. As to scale, that is in part a question of position and surroundings. It should not be forgotten that the scale of the statue will often be given by a human figure on the rostrum beneath, and continually by passers on the steps, and that a figure nearly the size of life would be dwarfed by this juxtaposition, while a more nearly normal size would be more appropriate in a position where the detachment of the work was secured. But the question of scale is at last a question whether the work justifies its magnitude, and for us this is what Mr. WARD's WASHINGTON does. From every point of view the silhouette of the figure is admirable; and in a detached figure it is the silhouette that chiefly counts. The hanging cloak is an excellent device for securing a visible stability and poise, and the action is very cleverly carried to the point, and very decisively stopped at the point, at which animation threatens to become inconsistent with sculptural repose. One can take a circuit from either buttress to any point of view from which the whole figure is within the field of vision without finding an awkwardness, without finding a point of view at which the artist has not been beforehand with him. The one disappointing view of the face we have already noted. But, upon the whole, it may perhaps be said that the figure as well as the face is more commanding and inspiring when seen from the east (the left) side than from the west, though this remark notes a difference merely between the positive and comparative degrees of impressiveness, not between impressiveness and unimpressiveness. From one point of view, to the east, the statue seems to hit the superlative degree in modern sculpture, so large and free and noble it looks. From everywhere it is unmistakably a human figure, the anatomy felt through its vestments, not a stuffed suit of bronzed clothes, and this is a position attainment in contemporary sculpture. The modelling of detail is everywhere thorough, sometimes exquisite. But what is most admirable is the subordination of all this detail to the outline and attitude, which speak from afar, and make or mar a statue. There is no exploiting of subtleties of treatment, nor of the technical finesse which misleads so many clever modellers. The treatment is large, simple, severe—in one word, sculptural, and the more so, perhaps, in that the sculptor has accepted what we may call the mythic WASHINGTON, without undertaking to refine upon it in subtlety of characterization. One is almost tempted to say, in spite of the inability to be misunderstood, that subtlety of conception has nothing to do with sculpture, and is inexpressible by sculpture which is sculpture. Of the statues in New York that are worth talking about at all, more than one is subtler than Mr. WARD's WASHINGTON. This one is more characteristic, and that one more intimately expressive, more than one is more picturesque, but it is hard to say that any other is equally statuesque.

It is fortunate that WASHINGTON should have been commemorated by an effigy worthy of the duration that seems assured to this. It is especially fortunate that Wall Street should have a lasting reminder in a noble work of sculpture, as it had already in a noble work of architecture, that a man's life really does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE La Crosse *Chronicle* notes appreciatively the presence in that town of the Hon. Nathan Myrick, of St. Paul, who was the first settler upon that spot on the prairie which is now occupied by La Crosse. Mr. Myrick left Prairie du Chien in a keel-boat on November 4, 1841, and arrived at La Crosse Prairie on November 9. It was forty-two years later to a day that the *Chronicle* noticed Mr. Myrick looking around with pride upon a city of 20,000 inhabitants. Mr. Myrick is a vigorous man, and one would not believe, to look at him, that he was twenty years of age when he left his keel-boat and built on the prairie the shanty that grew into the present city of La Crosse.

AN account of a "lynching" in Russelville, Kentucky, closes with the assurance, "The mob is said to have been composed of the best citizens." It is to be inferred that the hanging took off nobody more valuable than one, perhaps, of the second-best citizens.

A red-skinned urchin of the Western wilds abandoned the religion of his fathers for that of the pale-faced missionaries, and was sent to England to be educated at Eton. In an unfortunate moment of displeasure a tutor soundly birched the youngster. Shortly afterward the tutor was mysteriously scalped, and the red-skinned student was seen at Eton no more. The young American who thus distinguished himself by carrying away what no other student had ever acquired at Eton was none other than Sitting Bull. All American journals using this information are indebted to the Paris *Figaro*, whose intimate knowledge of persons and things in this country has on countless occasions helped out the American press.

A person who describes himself as "a gentleman on the wrong side of middle life, with a family at home," writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of his purchase of a stamp in an English post-office where young women clerks are employed. Two girls were behind the counter when he asked for his "Queen's head," and though they heard his request, he avers, they continued the conversation which engaged them. "And did he kiss you?" one of them asked, while he waited. The other assured her that "he" did; and this important point being settled, one of the girls condescended to hear the waiting man's repeated request.

Locomotive No. 20 on the Detroit, Lansing, and Northern road is known as the haunted engine. Several persons have been killed under the wheels on one side of the locomotive, and the men who are employed about it aver that when the engine is running it gives out a sound on that side like the moaning of a human being in distress. It has been thoroughly oiled, but the mysterious sound can not be stopped. Several persons who claim to have been near support the engineer in the assertion that recently, while No. 20 was standing on the track, and no one was touching the bell-rope, the bell began ringing, and continued for several seconds. There was an "unlucky engine" on one of the New England roads a few years ago, which at last came to be regarded as haunted.

If we may believe the cable report that Queen Victoria weighs two hundred pounds, and is getting comfortably fatter every day, the disturbance caused to her by the news that the Irish societies had invited O'Donovan Rossa to walk in the Evacuation-day parade must have been very slight. O'Donovan said, when he received his invitation, "I chuckle to think what the Queen will say when she hears of it." It does not transpire that she said anything. Perhaps the news was kept from her. The patriot can not in decency find fault if it was. He had his chuckle; she retains her peace of mind. The balance is preserved.

The utility of the telephone is illustrated in some new way every few days. Mr. Ward Hunt, Jun., of Utica, arose the other morning to find that his house had been ransacked by burglars. The dispatch says further, "Mr. Hunt's wardrobe was so depleted that he had to telephone for a suit of clothes." Now if Mr. Hunt had been robbed a few years earlier, or the telephone had been invented a few years later, his dilemma would have called for more than a casual mention.

A Texas paper threatens to print the names of its delinquent subscribers. "Better stick to the old plan of printing the names of those who pay," says a neighbor; "it is easier."

Within a comparatively brief period two residents of Louisville have died of strains suffered while acting as pall-bearers. It is believed that this fact moved Professor J. Lawrence Smith, of that city, a well-known scientific man, to request in his will that none of his friends be asked to be bearers of his coffin, and to direct that six strong men be employed for that purpose. Upon his death six muscular students in a theological seminary volunteered to be pall-bearers; but their services were not accepted, and nine robust laborers were procured in a marble yard, who, still wearing their blouses, went to the funeral and bore the coffin.

It is announced that there is to be in Washington during the coming winter a Russian lady of remarkable beauty, who "speaks English perfectly." Her acquired accomplishment will be less likely than her natural gift to provoke jealousy.

An item in the local column of a Western newspaper notices: "William Lechleidner invites his friends to call at his place, corner of Vine and Third streets, and enjoy a choice pork-and-bean lunch all day Saturday." That seems a long time to devote to a lunch of such a substantial character, but of course there is no deep-seated objection to the whole-souled pursuit of any innocent recreation. The manner in which Mr. Lechleidner's pork and beans were eaten all day Saturday in response to this invitation may be inferred from the following item, which appears in the same newspaper: "The ladies of the Episcopal church met with MRS. J. J. French yesterday. In the evening a number of young gentlemen were invited in to tea, and partook of the boundless hospitality of the ladies with a very easy and natural grace." When any man eats pork and beans from the rising to the setting of a Saturday's sun, or through the fullness of any other day, it were interesting and commendable to have the grace wherewith he does so of the sort herein specified.

ANTIQUARIAN LORE.

MRS. CROESUS. "What is the price of that clock in the Louis XV. style?"

ANTIQUARIAN. "Excuse me, but that is in the style of Louis XVI."

MRS. CROESUS. "Oh, that's of no consequence. What is one *Louis*, more or less, to us?"

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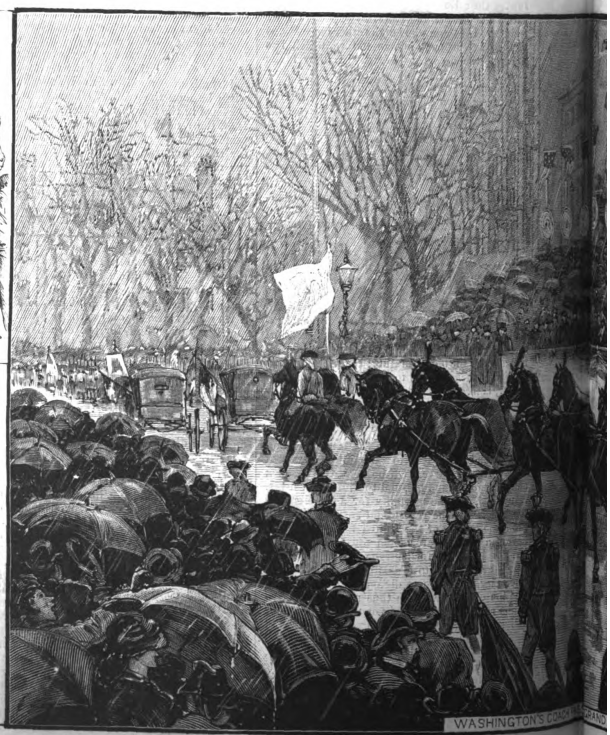
EVACUATION-DAY—THE GREAT MARINE PARADE, AS VIEWED FROM

PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEER FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION

"BIG SIX."



EVACUATION-DAY—THE MILITARY AND CIVIC

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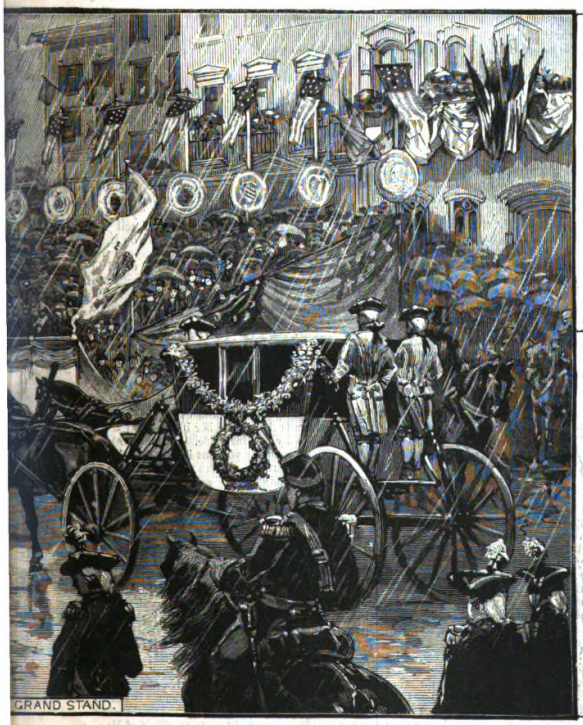
BROOKLYN TOWER OF THE BRIDGE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.



—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 783.]

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A SWEET FAREWELL.

The snowy blossoms of the clematis
Linger the last of all the fragrant flowers,
Bringing remembrance of the summer's bliss,
And softly blessing autumn's misty hours.
And as—the winter being almost here—
They fade and die, they sweet and sweeter grow,
Like some fair spirits that become more dear
Nearing the time when they from earth must go.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER I.

It had been a bright and bitterly cold day. Toward sunset, however, clouds gathered, and the wind, which grew every hour more intense in its ice-like chill, soon spread these clouds over the upper part of the sky, and banished the brightness which had made the cold seem more endurable.

A lad about twelve years old was standing on the ridge that crested one side of a steep valley. He drew up the fur collar of his coat about his ears and pulled his fur cap down over his face before he began to descend to the river, which almost circled the town of Freitenberg, standing on the heights opposite.

Behind him the sun was still shining in fitful splendor. Ten minutes ago, before the clouds spread over its brightness, the old town, with its walls and numerous gate towers, had been bathed in gold. Now this had changed to a deep gray, except for the gilded vanes of the Rathhaus and those of the twin church spires, and against this massive background carts and horses and figures hurrying out of the city by the Regen-Thor showed with startling distinctness. While the boy on the opposite hill gazed at the multitude which came thronging out of the gate he saw that they all took the same road—that which led down the steep cliff to the one-arch bridge, and so on to the road below where he stood.

"What can have happened?" he said to himself; "it is not quite a week since I went away from Freitenberg."

The way took him out of the open field where he had been standing to a wood on the side of the steep descent; river and road were alike hidden from view by the close-growing tree stems, and he hurried on, eager to learn what all this concourse meant.

"There is no fair till Easter," he thought; "it is not even market-day."

Then he smiled, for he well knew that market-day never brought such a throng of people into Freitenberg.

Long before he left the wood his ears told him that the crowd was passing along the road below, and when he at last reached the gate leading into this, he saw with increased wonder that the hurrying people were not strangers, but fellow townsmen and townswomen.

He looked first at one face, then at another, of those who were hurrying by, and there was the same look on every face—a look of terror.

"Hullo, Heinrich!" he called out; "what is the matter, and where are you all going?"

The man, a big brawny-limbed smith, shook his head, and pointed to the cart beside which he walked. In it were his wife, two children, and a heap of household goods that seemed to have been flung into the cart at random.

Franz Herber turned to walk beside the smith. "No time for words, my lad. Have you not heard the French are marching on Freitenberg? They will be here to-night. Get in, if you will."

The woman in the cart began to sob. "The French are butchers; if they catch us they will kill us," she cried, and she hugged her little ones closely.

"Thank you, Heinrich," the boy said; "I must go home at once to see after my grandmother."

"Lorenz Inchoff will see to her," the smith answered. "You are foolish if you go into Freitenberg."

"How long has this been known?" the boy asked.

"To-day," said Heinrich briefly; and he whipped on his horse.

Franz left him, and went rapidly toward the bridge. Everywhere he saw sullen, sometimes terrified, men and sobbing, despairing women. Those he asked had but one answer to his questions: "The French are coming; they are even now at the gates; that devil's crew, the worst of all that came out of Moscow."

In spite of his excitement the boy had to climb the opposite hill slowly, for the severe frost had made the steep road slippery. The gate was so thronged that instead of trying to force his way in, he passed on along the road outside the walls until he came to a smaller gate, a sort of postern, and through this he entered the town.

Here all was hurry and bustle, making a strange contrast with the leaden-colored sameness of the sky; and by this time the clouds had drooped so low that they seemed almost to touch the high-peaked roofs of Freitenberg. Under this canopy the red roofs looked taller than ever, and every detail of carved wooden gable, of sculptured stone dormer, and the plaster ornament between the multiform and irregularly placed windows showed out vividly.

Many of the houses of this small city seemed made for princely habitation, they were so lofty and stately-looking, though, for the most part, the lower stories were made up of court-yards, or Höfe, as they were called. These larger houses were chiefly found in the Herren-Gasse, a broad, handsome street, with the Rathhaus at one corner, and leading down to the small gate by which Franz had come in. The market-place was at its further end, in front of the Rathhaus, and Franz [illegible] the Herren-Gasse was deserted, he saw a crowd of people at the corner of the market-place, and as he reached it the councillors came out, and one of them stood on the steps of the Rathhaus, and said a few words to the crowd. Then he, too, hurried away, and Franz went back into the Herren-Gasse.

Presently he turned out of it into a much narrower street on the right, and then into a curiously twisting alley leading into one rather wider. Here some of the houses were large, too. All had high-pitched gable ends, but few of them had large Höfe, and the living-rooms were on the ground-floor. Scarcely two houses were alike in either of the narrow streets. At the angle they made stood a house remarkable for the carving on the gable and on the oriel at one side. Two angels were used as brackets to support this window; in a niche above the nail-studded door was a figure of Our Lady with the Holy Child in her arms. The windows were low and square, protected by ornamental iron-work. Franz opened a little door in the large carriage gates and went into a small covered court-yard. He stopped and looked round, but there was no sign of departure here, and then he closed the door behind him.

The court-yard was dark, only lighted by the window of a great stone staircase at its farther end. And on this murky afternoon, if Franz had not known his way well, he must have stumbled against the steps leading up to a door on the left of the entrance; but ever since the death of his parents, some years ago, he had been reared in his grandmother's old house. He hurried up the steps and opened the heavy door, pushed away the curtain that screened its inner side, and went in.

The large low room looked gloomy, but it felt warm and comfortable to the lad, who had been walking so many miles in the cold. Dark woollen curtains were drawn in front of the broad windows, and a fire of logs blazed up the broad chimney, showing the dark projecting oak beams, and the white ceiling between them. The cumbrous table and chairs were all of dark oak; so were the floor and the walls. This room was the kitchen as well as the living-room, so, instead of a closed stove, the broad stone hearth was open.

Beside the hearth an old woman sat in a three-cornered wooden chair, behind her was a huge folding black screen; her spinning-wheel was at her side, but she was not spinning; her withered hands were folded together on her knees, and she sat quite still and silent. When the door opened, however, she gave a quick glance toward it; but when she saw her grandson she smiled.

Franz went up to her and kissed her forehead, then he stood beside her chair.

"Well, my boy, has your time passed pleasantly?" she said.

As the fire-light shone on his fair hair and sun-browned face her smile vanished, for there was such a sad seriousness in his bright blue eyes.

"What is it, my child?" she said. "Tell me, Franz, what has happened to you."

The boy looked round the room. "Nothing has happened to me, and I left my uncle well."

"She will be here presently; she is with Gretchen upstairs. But what is the bad news, my boy?"

"Every one is running out of Freitenberg, away from the French; they are going down the hill and across the bridge like a flock of frightened sheep. I saw all the Councillors leaving the Rathhaus as I came up the Herren-Gasse."

She drew herself up by grasping the arms of her chair, and sat erect looking earnestly at Franz.

"What do you mean, child? The Räthe do not hold council at this time of day."

"But, grandmother, don't you see—" he began, impatiently; then, checked by the pale still face so near his own, he went on more quietly: "I had better begin at the beginning, and then you will understand. This is what I heard as I came along some hours ago—I don't know how long—a man came riding through the Spital-Thor, his horse covered with foam and ready to fall with fatigue when it stopped in front of the Golden Hirsch; the man gasped out, 'The French, the French are coming'; and then the Herr Walters and the Herr Slautchen, who were standing by, took the man into the inn."

"Well?" said the grandmother.

"Well, he came to bring news of the French. Only last week Lorenz Inchoff was telling how the great French army had been defeated, and he said the soldiers that were left would perish on the way from Moscow; but they are alive, grandmother, and"—the boy's eyes were round with excitement—"that regiment, the worst of all, that calls itself 'Sans Merci,' is coming here to ruin Freitenberg."

His grandmother did not speak, but she clasped her hands together as she looked up, and her lips moved.

"Now do you not see why the Räthe called a council? One man said all the gates must be closed, and all the towers over them filled with fighting men. But, grandmother, that puzzled me, for we have no soldiers in Freitenberg—and there are two places in the walls which have never been mended, through which soldiers could get in directly."

"I heard a stir," Frau Herber said; "but Magdalena has been busy all day with Gretchen; she has not been out, and we have heard no news.... We are in God's hands," she went on, after a pause. "It would be impossible to defend Freitenberg without regular troops."

Franz patted her shoulder. "You ought to be a Rath," he said—"that is just what they decided. Louis Werner came out into the Herren-Gasse and told some of the people so as they stood there waiting."

"Is this all you heard, dear child?"

"Yes, grandmother."

"It is very terrible news," she said, shuddering. "God help us!" She knew that the treatment given to unoffending citizens by French soldiery was at that time burning in the minds of all classes. "Did you say many people were leaving the town, dear child?"

"Every one, I think. Heinrich the smith said the French would be here very soon; they will stop the night here, and take all they can get, and go on again in the morning. But I shall not let them rob you, grandmother," he said, proudly; "I shall bar the gates, and fire at them with my father's fowling-piece."

She stroked his hair with her withered hand. "You are a brave boy, Franz; but you must not disobey orders; and if the Räthe say no resistance is to be offered, we must all submit."

Franz stood looking at her. "I saw women crying fit to break their hearts, grandmother, but you do not seem frightened."

"I am an old woman, and it does not much matter what happens to me; I shall stay quietly here. But you and Magdalena may find a securer shelter." She paused. "And yet, perhaps it is better for you to stay. See how far we are from the main streets: the French will keep to them, for they will be worn out with cold and hunger and fatigue. God can keep us as safely here as anywhere else."

Franz shook his head. "No, no, grandmother; we must not stay here to be murdered on our own hearth. If you will not let me fight, we must find some way of escape. If Lorenz Inchoff would let you stay here, I will not."

A door on one side of the fire-place opened, and a woman came into the deeply shadowed corner. Her black dress made her at first indistinct, but as she advanced a fair young face with golden hair like her brother's showed plainly.

This was Franz's sister, Magdalena Herber. She looked at the boy's flushed, eager face, and then she saw that her grandmother was unusually serious.

"Something has been happening," she said. "Tell me what it is."

Franz broke in before Frau Herber could speak: "Magdalena, if you knew some one was coming here to rob the house, and perhaps murder you, what should you do?"

She laughed. "To begin with, there is nothing in the house worth stealing, and there has not been a murder in Freitenberg since I can remember. What has excited you, Franz? Have you been reading fairy tales? You have not even kissed me."

Franz went up to her and kissed her forehead. Of late he had grown impatient of her playful raillery. When he was her Franz, and felt sure that he had no rival in her affection, then Magdalena might do as she pleased; but for some months this had been changed, and Franz felt secretly uneasy. Lorenz Inchoff, the son of one of the wealthy citizens of Freitenberg, often came to the house, and Franz noticed that his sister blushed when Lorenz came; besides, his schoolfellows had jeered him, and had asked him when the wedding was going to happen.

"I am not more excited, as you call it, than Herr Walters is, or Heinrich Tafel, or Louis Werner, or any good citizen of Freitenberg. Ah, well, laugh away! Grandmother does not think it a laughing matter. You will not laugh when the French soldiers are in the town: and they are on the road, and the Town Council says we are to sit still while the butchers rob and murder us."

Magdalena's usually pale face turned very white, while her eyes distended. She went up to her grandmother, and put her arm round her. "Can this be true?" she said.

Frau Herber bent her head. "I fear it is too true, my child. Still, when the French soldiers come, they may not harm us. They can not do more than they are permitted to do."

She said the last words in a low voice, but her grandchildren heard them. The girl's face brightened, and Franz looked a little less confident.

"Is there anything to be done?" Magdalena asked.

A minute ago Franz would have told her to pack what she most valued, in readiness for their flight, but now he waited to let Frau Herber speak.

"It seems to me," she said, "that we may safely stay here; but if Lorenz Inchoff should come and propose to take you both away, then we will consider what he says. Still it is best to be prepared, and it may not be safe to go out late to purchase provisions, my dear child."

"That is what I mean," the girl said. "Come with me now, Franz, or shall I take Gretchen? She has just been telling me of something she will need to-morrow."

She went out of the room quickly to fetch her hood and cloak.

CHAPTER II.

The gates of the Inchoff house in the Herren-Strasse stood slightly ajar, though not wide enough to permit entrance. Any one who had peered into the opening thus made would have seen a large covered court-yard, vast enough to allow more than one carriage to drive in and deposit its occupants at the foot of a splendid stone staircase on the right of the entrance.

Beyond the first court was another, much longer, but narrower, open to the sky, and surrounded on three sides by two tiers of galleries supported on pillars; open on one side to the court. Both these inner and outer Höfe were paved with round stones, and on this bitter winter's day these were covered with household articles of all kinds, waiting to be packed in a long narrow cart, to which three stout horses were harnessed.

Two men in flat cloth caps and jackets, and a bare-headed woman with full skirts, were packing with the most reckless haste, almost throwing one thing after another into hay which lined the sides and bottom of the cart, as if they were working for a wager. Every now and then they stopped to stamp their feet and rub their hands, for the icy wind whirled into the court-yard as if it was bent on freezing the workers, and on dispersing the hay which lay heaped about, ready to pack with.

Above, in the lowest of the galleries, stood a young man about twenty-five years old, leaning over the carved panelling. He had a frank, handsome face, and a well-grown figure. At this moment he looked very impatient. "Be careful, Johann," he called out, as one of the two men below caught up a chased metal goblet and pitched it into the cart. "As well leave the valuables here for the French as damage them by your recklessness. Maria, take that out again, and see that it is carefully wrapped up, and place everything more gently, if you can."

The woman shook her head. "Yes, Master Lorenz, it is well said—'if you can.' Time presses. We don't know how soon the French may be here."

"Yes, yes," the older man said; "we ought to have been away from here before now. Hans B—— says they are but three leagues off. By now the Herr Rath and the Frauen Rathinn are safe at Ahnborn."

"I believe the whole town is leaving," the young fellow said to himself; and then he hurried down the carved staircase, and out through the large double doors (which had been unbarred for the exit of the cart), and went into the street.

This Herren-Gasse—so called because the finest houses of the town stood in it—was silent as the grave. This, indeed, was its normal state, for, except on market-day or on the occasion of any public festival, life and movement were shut in behind the great doors of the houses; the grass grew between its pointed paving-stones. But this afternoon the street which crossed it from the market-place was full; a line of carts and trucks was passing along on its way to the Regen-Thor, on the opposite side of the town, and that by which the French soldiers, in full retreat from Moscow, were expected to enter. Women and children and household goods were heaped into these vehicles, while men walked beside them with sulky, downcast faces, as if they were going against their will.

The young fellow looked at them, and then he went on quickly up a turning at the end of the street. This brought him, as we know, among houses of a different character. Very soon—for the twisted alley was a long one—he stood before the quaint old gabled house with the carved oriel. He turned the handle of the entrance door, but it did not yield; he tried again, and then he rang the long wire bell-pull with a wooden handle which hung beside the gate-post. The door was opened by Franz, but as soon as Lorenz entered, the boy bolted and barred the gates.

Lorenz looked round him impatiently. There were no signs of packing—everything looked quiet and undisturbed. "Your grandmother has not taken alarm, then?" he said, angrily; "nor Magdalena either?" He went on, without waiting for an answer, and lifted the latch of the inner door. As he entered, he saw Frau Herber sitting before the fire.

She gave him a startled glance, but she did not move.

"Did you not get the message I sent you?" he said, abruptly. "I hoped to find you all ready to start. I only waited to see my own people off, and then I came round for you. We have not a moment to lose. Where is Magdalena? I have a carriage and two good horses waiting."

While he spoke she stretched out her hand, and he paused.

"Take the young ones, if you will, Lorenz Inchoff; I can not move."

"You need not; you shall be carried, and when you reach Ahnborn you will not know that you have made the journey."

She feebly shook her head. "I have not stirred across the threshold since winter began, and to-day it seems to me that the cold is bitter enough to freeze one as one sits by the fire. No, Lorenz, I must take my chance. My trust is that in this by-street our house may escape notice, and," she added, "God will watch over me."

"If you stay here," he said, angrily, "you will be butchered by these Frenchmen. I tell you they are the very pick of devils that are on their way here—that regiment that has dipped its name in blood by its cruelties. Their creed is that the old must be rich, and that all means are lawful which can extort money."

Frau Herber grew a little paler, but she kept her faded blue eyes fixed on his glowing face. "Lorenz, my son—for I think you will be my son if you come safe out of these troubles—do not waste time with me; call Magdalena and Franz, and go away with them to Ahnborn. Do not fear for me."

"They will not go without you; I am sure they will not." Then he bent and kissed one of the withered hands that lay on her black gown. He was touched by her fortitude. "Grandmother, forgive me for urging you, but is it not selfish to sacrifice these two young lives? for they will not leave you."

Her lips trembled, but she did not answer. Soon, however, she looked serene again.

"Well," he said, "you will come?"

She shook her head. "I agree with King David," she said, pleasantly—"I prefer to fall into God's hands rather than into those of men. I stay here in full trust that He will watch over me; and look you, Lorenz, these men, merciless though they be, will be foot-sore and exhausted, perishing with cold and hunger. You say they will pass the night here. Believe me, they will keep to the beaten track; they will need food and warmth and shelter from the icy wind; they will not come into the by-ways of the city."

"Perhaps that is true," said Lorenz. "Certainly this is a by-street, and the house is not so tall as some of the others are, but the [illegible] it noticeable. You will not, then, think of Magdalena, and urge her to fly with me?" His [illegible] sounded [illegible]

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She gave him a smile full of tender pity. "Even if she stays, I do not fear for her, as you do; but call her, my friend, and let her decide for herself."

Lorenz hurried across the room into the outer court, and running up some of the steps of the huge stone staircase at its farther end, he called out, "Magdalena!"

CHAPTER III.

MAGDALENA had not really believed in the panic which had seized on the little town, but when she went out with Gretchen, the sight of hurrying men and women, the sad, tearful faces, the reckless confusion in which people whom she had always seen calm and collected were leaving their houses, as if they were in flames, thrilled through the girl's sympathetic nature. Two women came hurrying along, and one of them fell down at her feet in an agony of hysterical sobbing. She shrieked and tore at the ground; so convulsed was she that two strong men could scarcely hold her; but at last she was lifted up and placed in a wagon on its way to Ahnborn.

At this the maid Gretchen burst into violent sobbing. "I must go too," she cried. "I will not stay and be murdered, and worse, by those brutes of Frenchmen. Come with me, Fräulein; let us go to Ahnborn."

She began to run along the street, heedless that she had taken the wrong direction. The two men who had lifted the shrieking woman into the cart came up to Magdalena.

"You are Fräulein Herber," one of them said. "This wagon belongs to Herr Walters; there is still room for you and for your maid, and you will be safe at Ahnborn; you will not be safe in Freitenberg, Fräulein," he said, significantly.

Magdalena shuddered with fear, but she shook her head. "You are very kind, but I can not leave the others. Perhaps if Gretchen could go—" then, looking after the maid, she saw that she was almost out of sight. "Wait!" she cried to the men, and then she ran swiftly away.

Terror so possessed Gretchen that when she felt her skirt pulled vigorously she thought herself attacked by a French soldier, and gave a despairing shriek; it took some minutes to assure her that her young mistress had stopped her.

"Husb, Gretchen," the girl said; "I am ashamed of you. Suppose every one behaved as you do! You must quiet yourself."

"I can't," Gretchen sobbed. "There is no use in bidding me come home, Fräulein. I will not stay and be slaughtered like a lamb by those wicked men."

It seemed to the girl that they would be well rid of this excited, frantic creature.

"You are not much like a lamb," she said. "I think you had better go to Ahnborn. There is a place for you in the wagon of Herr Walters."

And when she had seen her placed in the wagon, Magdalena went home. She did not tell in detail what she had seen, or the terror it had aroused in her. Her grandmother's calm sweet face, and the smile of pity she bestowed on the account of Gretchen's alarm, quieted this terror. After all, God could save them if He willed to do so, and if He did not will it, then they might run into equal danger by flight.

Gretchen's absence kept her young mistress well employed, but though she had not told her fears to her grandmother, Magdalena's heart trembled, and she resolved to stay upstairs as long as possible, and thus, like a message of joy, Lorenz's call reached her ears.

"Magdalena!" he called again.

There was a pause of waiting silence; then a door shut and opened overhead, and light steps sounded, and then Magdalena came tripping down the massive staircase—panelled so high up that only a glimpse of her fair hair could be seen moving down the upper flight. In a few moments she appeared on the landing. Her fair sunny hair showed golden as she passed the window, and her sweet young face was full of brightness. She looked very lovely as a faint tinge of color rose in her pale face, and a corresponding glow in her dark eyes, at the sight of Lorenz Inchoff.

She held out her hand, and her lover kept it between both his while he talked with her. They were not yet formally betrothed, so he did not offer her a warmer greeting, and something in the atmosphere of the coming peril gave a certain restraint to his manner. In the face of such danger he who could indulge himself in a caress, it seemed to him, ought to be made of steel.

"Magdalena"—her smile made him think she was unprepared—"have you not heard the bad news? I sent to warn your grandmother; did she not tell you about the French?"

The smile faded out of Magdalena's deep brown eyes, and carried away with it the pretty shell-like pink from her cheek. "Yes," she said, softly, "and Franz has told us."

"You will go with me, then? There is no time to lose."

Magdalena drew back from him. "Oh, Lorenz, I could never leave grandmother. We have sent away the maid, because she was crying with fear, and she has gone in Herr Walters's wagon. How could my grandmother stay here alone?"

"Well, but, dearest"—he again took possession of her hand, as if he felt that that gave him greater power over her—"when she sees that you and Franz are ready and willing to go with me, she will come too."

Magdalena shook her head. "She could not—she must not. I believe she ought to be in bed in this bitter cold; even I can not keep myself warm. If she were to go ever so short a journey, we should find her dead when we arrived." The girl said this with a shiver of horror at herself for using the word in connection with her grandmother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUR PRIMA DONNAS.

THE presence of four great prima donnas in New York is the most remarkable feature of this season of opera. There is not a week during the season which does not afford the public the opportunity of hearing Madame NILSSON, Madame PATTI, Madame GERSTER, or Madame SEMBRICH. Indeed, the attractions sometimes offered simultaneously by both houses are so evenly great that it is difficult to choose between them. For instance, on Wednesday of last week the public was confronted with the announcements that Madame NILSSON and Madame SEMBRICH were to appear at the Metropolitan Opera-house in "Don Giovanni," and Madame PATTI at the Academy in "Aida." The masterpiece of MOZART was pitted against the masterpiece of VERDI, with all its modern glamour, while the greatest living Italian singer, and one but slightly her inferior, were pitted against Madame PATTI, who is, I believe, *generally considered* the greatest living Italian singer.

I have been careful to speak of Madame NILSSON as the greatest living prima donna, and of Madame PATTI as the prima donna who is generally considered the greatest. Though all four artists are in the first rank, there is a slight gradation in their merits. I would grade them as follows: Madame NILSSON, Madame PATTI, Madame GERSTER, and Madame SEMBRICH; and on looking back I find that I unconsciously mentioned them in this order in speaking of them above. I am aware that all the box-holders at the Academy, and many even at the new house where Madame NILSSON sings, will take exception to my placing the Swedish prima donna ahead of Madame PATTI. I am sure, however, that the small band of musicians who go to the Italian opera will agree with me, and as it is much easier to acquire a million than it is to acquire correct musical taste, I prefer in this instance their indorsement. At the same time it must be remembered that while distinctions are made in favor of one or the other of the artists, the degrees in which one appears to the writer to surpass the other are very slight, and that each has a band of stanch admirers who unhesitatingly proclaim their favorite the greatest of all; therefore, though Madame NILSSON is placed first and Madame SEMBRICH last, I have spoken of the latter as one but slightly Madame NILSSON's inferior.

And now why is Madame NILSSON put down as the greatest of the four? On the principle that the artist—be he or she poet, painter, or musician—who gives expression with the greatest sincerity and truth to the greatest passions is the greatest artist. Madame NILSSON excels in the interpretations of music which sways the deepest emotions. It is impossible to imagine her in a flippant, trivial rôle. She leaves the *Rosinas* and *Aminas* to others, investing herself with the majesty and pathos of *Elsa*; and it is no difficult to think of Madame NILSSON interpreting one of the unsubstantial heroines of Italian opera as it is to think of *Elsa* flirting with the *Herald* or making eyes at the *King*. It is her glory that she excels as *Elsa*, the greatest character ever attempted on the Italian stage, though not so great as other heroines of WAGNER. To interpret *Elsa* requires majesty and grace, and at the same time dramatic passion far beyond the requirements of Italian opera. Singers who have succeeded with the entire range of Italian heroines have attempted *Elsa* and failed; for this character, while musically beautiful, is dramatically truthful, and its interpretation calls for more than the mere ability to sing. It requires as much study from its dramatic side as any heroine whom SHAKSPEARE created, and the singer who attempts it must possess a fine dramatic method as well as a voice fraught with that mystic clang of passion which we call personal magnetism. Madame NILSSON's native grave and queenly bearing blend beautifully into the character of *Elsa*, who in the midst of her troubles and grief remains a "royal maid." Her sensitive nature, though subjected to the sonorous machinations of *Ortrud* and *Telramond*, is calmed by her simple faith in the dream of her deliverance. She appears like one under the charm of a lovely vision. But when at last *Lohengrin* conquers *Telramond*—when she awakes, as it were, to find her dream realized—she throws herself with ecstasy into the whirl of the wonderful music with which WAGNER brings the first act to a close. It is unnecessary to go into details concerning the rest of the opera. Her performance reflects the purport of the drama as well as the spirit of the music. I would, however, call attention to one scene in which, to be true to her conception of *Elsa*, she throws away an opportunity for self-display and applause. It is the scene immediately preceding the departure of *Lohengrin*. I have seen other prima donnas at this point portray *Elsa* as crazed with grief. With Madame NILSSON *Elsa* is so overcome by the fate she has brought upon herself that she stands dazed and almost motionless until the critical moment, when she abandons herself to the emotion she has so long suppressed, and which by contrast comes to the hearer with greater force.

The majority of opera-goers, I believe, prefer her *Margherita*. I fancy this preference exists because, to the operatic public, GOUNOD's music is more intelligible and delectable—it interferes less with conversation—than WAGNER's. Madame NILSSON's *Margherita* is not nearly so complete a conception as her *Elsa*. Though she rises swiftly and surely to the passion and despair of the final climax, she lacks the simplicity of the untutored German maiden in the earlier scenes of the opera. It may not be amiss to add that *Elsa* is Madame NILSSON's favorite character. She says she never enjoyed a performance so much as a representation of "Lohengrin" at the Vienna Imperial Opera, in which she took *Elsa* to Madame MATERNA's *Ortrud*. Shortly afterward she paid a tribute to the great German singers, which shows that, unlike many who excel in one department or the other of art, she is free from unworthy jealousies. She frankly acknowledged that the great heroines of WAGNER's later music-dramas, standing upon heights from which the heroines of Italian opera seem dwarfs, require greater scope of acting and singing for their interpretation than the latter, and that German singers like MATERNA, who interpret them, are greater than the singers who confine themselves to Italian music—and here Madame NILSSON gracefully included herself in the latter class. But very few who have heard her *Elsa* will agree with her in this modest estimate of herself.

As a mere singer, Madame ADELINA PATTI is supreme. Her voice is beautiful in quality, she has complete and absolute control over the mechanism of song, and her acting is not deficient in grace and sentiment. Indeed, she shows excellent taste and judgment from a dramatic standpoint. But as she has clung steadily to the light traditional heroines of Italian opera, and has not chosen to appear in any character which requires breadth of treatment, it is not unreasonable to suppose that she finds herself limited by nature to the light genre; and it is on the hypothesis, suggested by her own course, that she is wanting in the passion and fervor called for by the interpretation of really great parts, that she is placed second in the list of our prima donnas.

It is unfortunate for Madame PATTI as an artist that she does not merge her personality into the character she is portraying. Thus you do not hear *Lucia* one night, *Traviata* the next, and *Amina* the third, but always Madame PATTI. Take her Lucia as an instance. You sit during the mad scene in rapt admiration of the marvellously executed scales and trills. The luckless Scotch maiden is entirely lost sight of. And if you do think of her, it is not as luckless. She can afford to go mad at so many dollars a trill; and when it is all over she will put a warm cloak around herself, be driven to a comfortable hotel, and send down next morning for her shekels. And yet it is fortunate, from a certain point of view, that in our admiration for Madame PATTI we lose sight of the particular heroine, for we also lose sight of many of the absurdities and incongruities of Italian opera. Consider "La Traviata" as an example. It is a musical setting of "Camille." *Camille* dies of consumption almost immediately after her reunion with her lover, and the few broken accents in which she gasps farewell are among the most pathetic words spoken in emotional drama. But in the opera this is all very different. The consumptive not only gasps, but sings, and that, too, *fortissimo*. The opera is therefore as interesting from a scientific as from a musical standpoint. For a woman who, when in the last stages of consumption, can advance with her lover to the foot-lights with an air which says, "I am about to die of consumption, but before I do so permit me to execute this difficult passage," and then executes it, is certainly a phenomenon worthy of the attention of medical experts. But to the non-experts among the public such a scene would be absurd and incongruous if their attention were not concentrated upon Madame PATTI.

How supremely Madame PATTI is mistress of the art of song is proved by a little incident in the music-lesson scene in "The Barber of Seville." Before she begins the series of brilliant solos which forms the main attraction of the scene to the general public, she sits down at the piano and executes her solfeggios. They are merely everyday exercises, but they are sung with a matchless grace and purity of tone. Then, too, her execution of rapid passages is remarkable, not only for the rapidity with which they are sung, but also because every note receives its full valuation, so that her phrasing is always clear and distinct, never vague or blurred.

Madame GERSTER's voice is distinguished by a clear, bell-like purity of tone which gives it a unique value. As an actress she is bright and vivacious. Even the rocks in the Academy scenery, which belong to the palæozoic strata of Italian opera, seem to advance to a less remote period when she is on the stage. The quality of Madame GERSTER's voice is admirably suited to operas of the light genre, like "Somnambula" and "Linda di Chamounix." She, however, takes more ambitious parts with success. She is pre-eminently the *Amina* of the modern stage. With less breadth than Madame NILSSON, and less command of the mechanism of song than Madame PATTI, she has a voice so pure, so clear, so supple, that it lends itself with simple and artless grace to BELLINI's melodies. Her singing of "Ah Non Giunge" is perfection of its kind. Song and voice appear to blend like two petals of the same flower. Besides in Italian opera, Madame GERSTER is heard to great advantage in SCHUBERT's and SCHUMANN's songs. Madame GERSTER was born in Kaschau. Her father, who was wealthy, gave her a musical education, that she might sing, as a graceful accomplishment. By the advice of competent judges, she, however, determined to adopt the stage as a profession.

Madame MARCELLA SEMBRICH is a pianiste, violiniste, and singer. She has appeared in concert in this threefold capacity, but is most distinguished as a singer. She is passionately fond of CHOPIN's compositions, and it is said makes a pilgrimage to his grave whenever she is in Paris. SEMBRICH is her mother's family name. Madame SEMBRICH's maiden name was MARCELLINE KOEKAUSKY. She was married to WILHELM STENGEL, her first piano teacher of distinction. Madame SEMBRICH was taught in a hard school. Her father was a wandering Galician music teacher, and stories are told that he would awaken during cold nights, and remembering melodies heard during the day, would force MARCELLINE to accompany him on the piano. In time she aroused the interest of an old pensioner, who provided her with the means to study music systematically. LAMPERTI was her instructor in singing.

Madame SEMBRICH's success at the new opera-house has been complete. She brings to a pure, buoyant, ringing soprano the methods of the best school of singing. You can follow her without fear of the result as she soars intrepidly up to the highest notes of the soprano register. Her répertoire covers a wide range. Her success in highly dramatic scenes is, however, limited by her elementary acting. But she is, despite this limitation, the most charming singer who has made her début here since Madame GERSTER was first heard at the Academy.

While the appearance of these four prima donnas is the most remarkable feature of this opera season, another feature not less gratifying is the great success of "Lohengrin" at the new house. It has drawn the largest audiences—in fact, the only great audiences—from the opening night until the performance of "Don Giovanni." It proves very conclusively that the tendency of the day is toward the Wagnerian music-drama, and it will infuse hope into the projectors of the union which is to pave the way for the production, on a suitable scale, of WAGNER's works in this country.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

ROCK FORMATIONS ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE famous Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior annually attract to the southern shore of that mighty body of water vast numbers of tourists from every portion of the republic and from Europe. The cliffy border of the lake is of sandstone interlaid with strata of gravel; and stretching along the shore at a point beginning at about one hundred miles from the Sault Ste. Marie, and ending at a point sixty miles from Marquette, are the Pictured Rocks. The entire panorama, if we may thus call it, is in Schoolcraft County, Michigan, and the curious formations have been named by French voyageurs, tourists, and chance comers. Not altogether appropriate or euphonious are these titles, but the localities depicted by our artist on page 789 are fitly named La Chapelle, Grand Portal, and The Cascade; to the native guide, however, these are known as "The Great Door" and "The Chapel." Less prominent in the series is "Sail Rock," a fallen mass of limestone which bears so close a resemblance to a schooner under full sail, and heading for the cliffs, that a passing stranger might well hail her ghostly skipper, if he beheld her in the dark, and warn him against the dangerous coast. The Grand Portal gives into a cave worn into the massive ledge of limestone. The cave widens slightly from the entrance, and is one hundred and eighty feet wide at its amplest part, and four hundred feet long. The floor is the crystal wave, except in the back part, where the rocks are exposed, and afford a firm footing for the explorer. From the watery floor to the arched roof above, the height varies from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. The sweep of this arch is well-nigh perfect in its symmetry; and as one looks out upon the surface of the lake from the rear, the effect of the exterior picture, framed as it is in the rocky curve of the portal, is striking and novel. The yellow sandstone drips with moisture, and is festooned here and there with close-growing mosses and lichens that darken with olive greens and grays the stony surface. The side entrance to this wonderful cave is flanked by rocky columns of an exaggerated Egyptian type. They remind the traveller of the gigantic monoliths of Thebes and Karnak; or, to use a more commonplace figure, they are Titanic hour-glasses in shape, the lower members being partially submerged in the crystal tide. At evening, when the rays of the setting sun light up the surface of the lake, and the colors of the sunset are diffused throughout the atmosphere, the reflections that play along the inner walls of the cave, and gild with strange beauty the glistening roof, make the place seem like a bit of fairy-land.

The Chapel so closely resembles the ruin of some ancient temple that it is difficult to resist the idea that this is the work of men's hands, rather than the result of centuries of action by wind and wave upon the friable rock. Seen from the beach, where the outlines are partially concealed by the thickets, one may fancy that here are the gloomy portals of some crumbling Hindoo temple, or the outer columns of the caves of Elephanta. The dome, which is deeply concave, is a solid mass of sandstone one hundred and ninety feet long and sixty feet wide. In the rear, and on the eastern side, it is supported by the cliff, into which it, the cave, has been hollowed, and on the front and west by huge columnar masses, resembling in contour the supports of the vaults of The Portal. A few of these masses stand out from the general structure, so to speak, and one of them, west of The Chapel a few feet, is about eighty feet in height from the surface of the water. The Pictured Rocks are stained with the wash of mineral oxides, and the hues prevailing are a greenish-blue, pale blue, verdigris green, old gold, pale yellow, and innumerable shades of brown and gray.

The Cascade is a bright sheet of water, about thirty feet wide, which falls from the overhanging cliffs sheer into the lake, having a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. The projection of the cliff from the lip of which the cascade springs is so great that a space of twenty-five or thirty feet remains behind the fall and between it and the rocky shore. It is the custom of guides to invite those who do not dread a slight shower to paddle around betwixt the cascade and the cliff—a proceeding entirely safe, provided the slight bark of the adventurer is managed with a steady hand. From The Cascade numerous headlands, bright with color and fantastic in shape, are in sight, and the eye may linger long and delightedly on the unique panorama that is spread out on either hand, and is mirrored in the transparent wave that holds the picturesque shores in its embrace.

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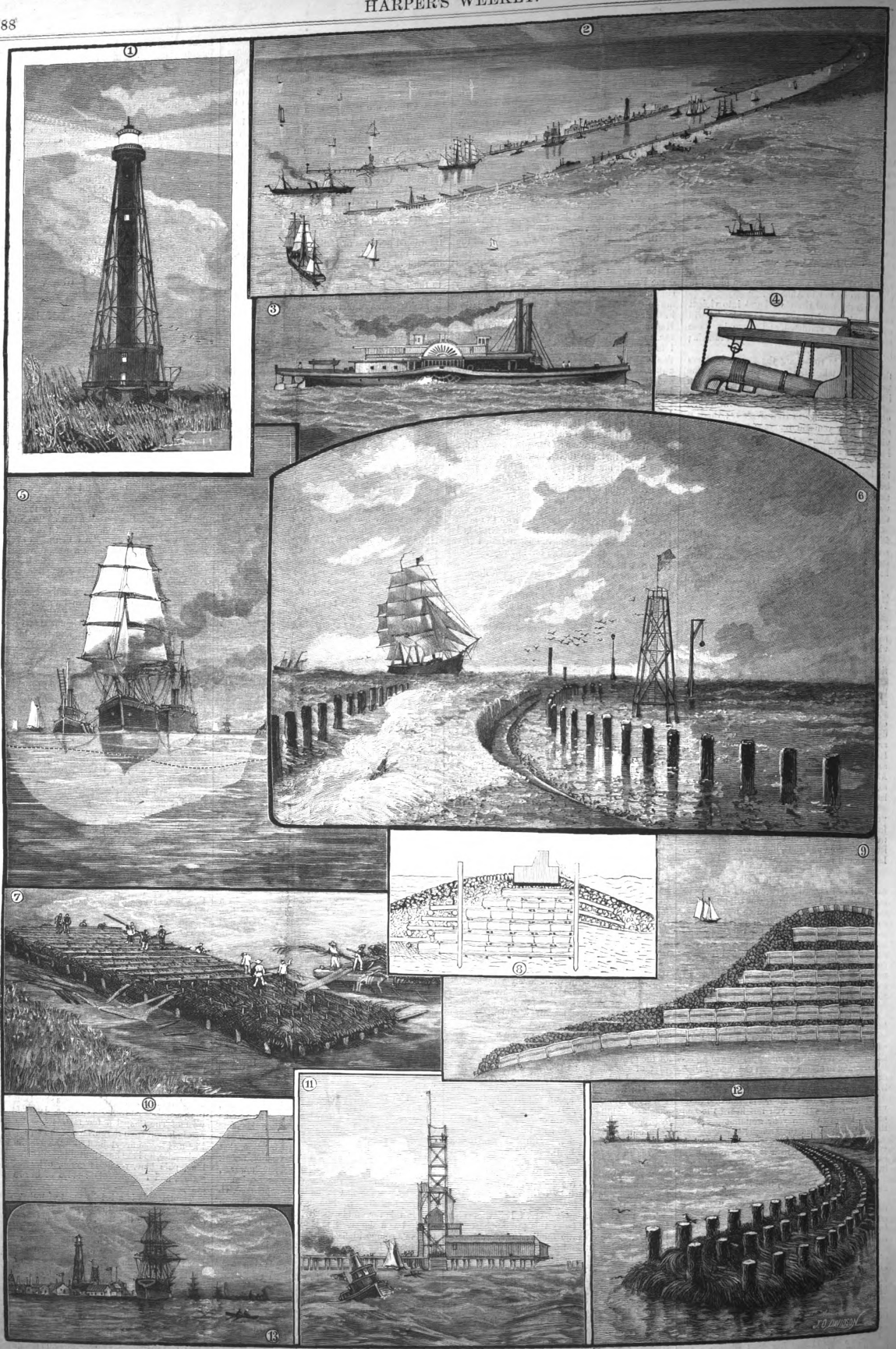

THE SOUTH PASS JETTIES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 790.]

1. Port Eads Light-house. 2. Bird's-eye view of the Jetties. 3. Dredging steamer *G. W. R. Bayley*. 4. Dredging apparatus of *G. W. R. Bayley*. 5. Showing former and present Channel. 6. Seaward end of Jetties. 7. Mattress-making. 8. Section of Jetty 11,800 feet at sea. 9. Section of Jetty. 10. Channel made by Current—2, former depth. 11. Concrete Works. 12. Inside Willow Sand-barriers. 13. View within the Jetties.

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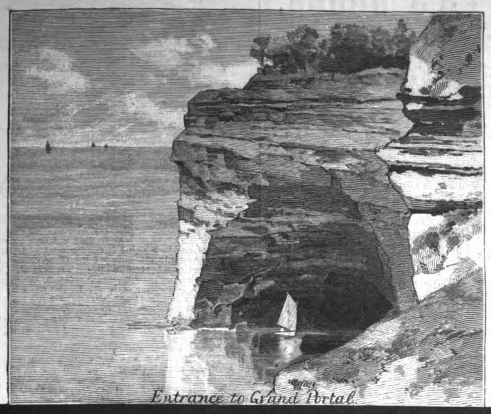
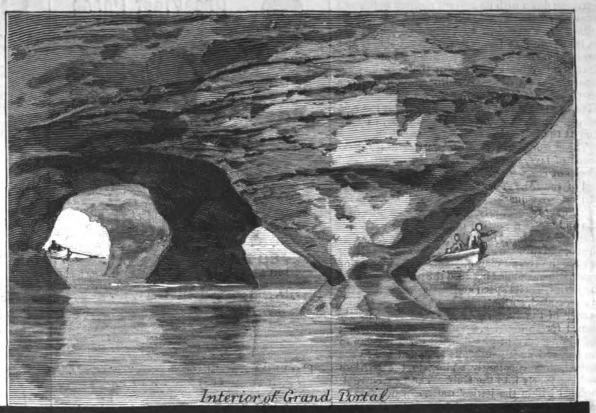
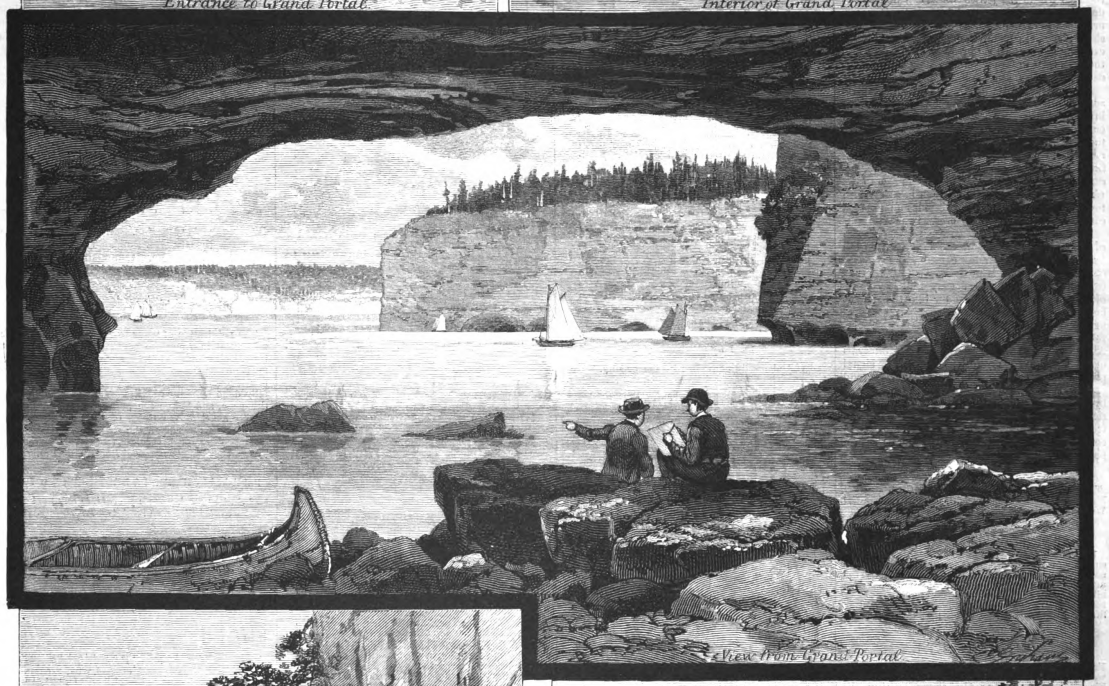
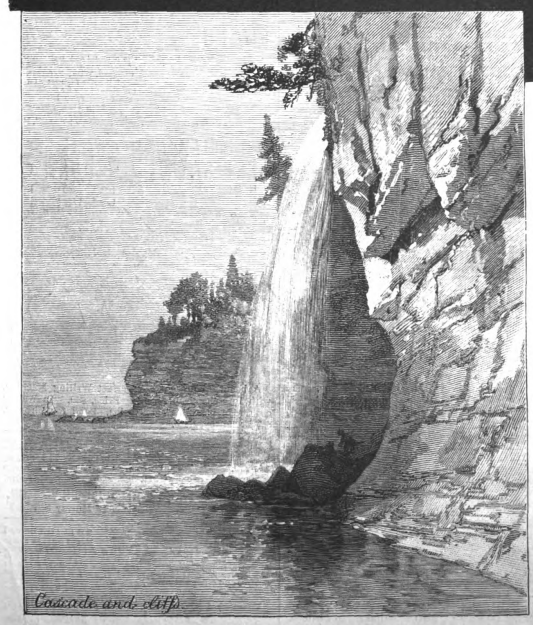

Entrance to Grand Portal.


Interior of Grand Portal


View from Grand Portal


Cascade and cliffs

La Chapelle

THE SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 787.]

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THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

THE great Mississippi for centuries has been hurrying down with its current the rich sediments wrested from the lands through which it and its tributaries make their way, and, depositing them at its mouth, has formed those great shoals and bars which for so long a period had almost closed that great commercial door at the maritime entrance to the richest agricultural district of our continent. Many remedies to remove the evil have been tried, but none have met with the success of the EADS system of jetties now in operation at the South Pass of the great delta.

These works are simply immense dikes composed of layers of willow mattresses, stones, and blocks of concrete and cement, built up from the bed of the sea. They are parallel to each other, two and one-quarter and one and three-quarter miles long respectively, and are designed to confine and guide a portion of the Mississippi's volume, eight hundred feet wide, over the intervening shoals, and through and beyond the great bar lying outside the river's mouth. This great current of water, when confined between the narrow banks of the jetties, has its speed and scouring power greatly augmented, so that, meeting with the opposing barrier of the bar, a great contest immediately ensued for supremacy. The old wide-spreading and slower current was delayed when it came to the bar, and, as it paused, its sediment fell to the bottom, thus constantly adding to the barriers pushing yearly into the Gulf. The new current, confined within the jetties' walls, can not stop to deposit sediment, but, urged forward by the pressure of waters behind, rushes over the bar and shoal places, tearing up the deposits of centuries, carrying them and its own through the bar into the deep Gulf waters beyond, leaving a wide, ever-deepening channel behind.

This great undertaking has proved a complete success, and stately fleets now breast the current in safety where a few years since they were barred out altogether, or only attempted the passage at the risk of disasters or delays well-nigh insupportable to commerce. Within the past month the British steamer *Silverton*, the largest freight-carrying steamer in the world, next in size to the *Great Eastern*, has passed through in safety with ten thousand bales of cotton, besides an assorted cargo, the largest that ever crossed the Atlantic.

The voyager passing from the restless waters of the Gulf into the comparative calm within the jetties looks about for the cause of the remarkable transition, and is pointed out as the jetties two narrow low strips of gray wall stretching like thin ribbons on the water into the distant horizon. A tall skeleton lookout tower stands near one end; a low wooden structure with scaffoldings and stagings is perched on the other. Along their length appear at varying intervals queer structures, mysterious scaffolds, signal poles with swaying pendants and spheres and outstretched arms, whose meaning can be read by the Pass pilots only. Over the low-lying barriers dash here and there feathery sprays of foam from the turmoil of ocean outside, while between comes down with a silent and impressive rush a portion of the mighty river.

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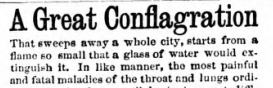

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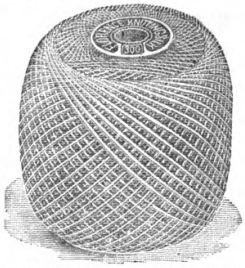

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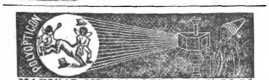

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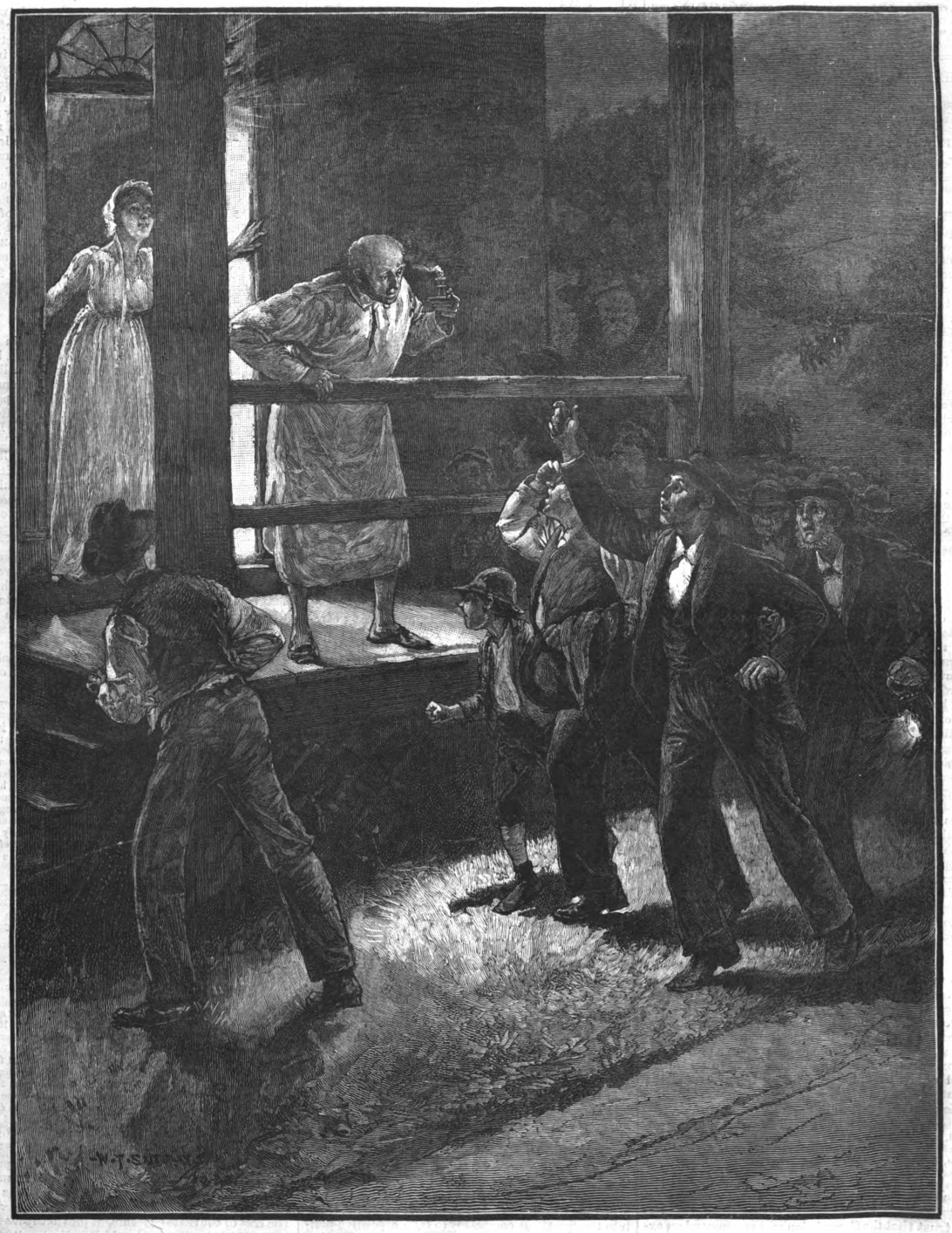

"HOW WE FOUGHT THE FIRE."—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Carleton's Poem on Page 802.]

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THE President's message has made a remarkably pleasant impression upon the country, and the comments of the Democratic are hardly less commendatory than those of the Republican press. This is due to two reasons—that the message is a simple and clear statement of the condition of the country, and that it contains no political or partisan disquisition. The fact that such a message is most fitting for the situation is a gratifying tribute to the Administration. There is nothing to defend, or explain, or apologize for, and the national condition which the message reflects is of the kind which is always most satisfactory to the country.

We are at peace with all the world, and there are no clouds of trouble upon the horizon. The fishery provisions in the Treaty of Washington will be duly abrogated, and the exodus of paupers from British almshouses to this country will be arranged without serious friction. At home, the important questions are the finances and taxation, the sea-coast defenses, the Mormons, the reform in the civil service, the Presidential succession, and the postal telegraph. The redundant revenue, in the President's opinion, may be wisely reduced; but as the probable excess for the year will be but about $60,000,000, and as it is impossible definitely to foretell the effect of the tariff reduction of last year, the President does not favor any radical revision or sweeping modification of the existing laws, and would prefer to see the neglected coast defenses rehabilitated and local postage reduced from two cents to one cent. This, of course, is a temporary provision until the reduction of revenue now in operation can be measured. The Secretary of the Treasury thinks that the reduction will be $30,000,000 less than was anticipated, and that the excessive revenue should be diminished by a reduction of tariff taxation, especially upon sugar, molasses, and raw material. But the Secretary, like the President, and for the same reason, is not ready to recommend present action, as all such action must, under the circumstances, be experimental.

But it would be wise for the Republicans in Congress to acquiesce in any moderate reduction which should still leave resources enough for the proper aid of the coast defenses, rather than to insist upon a revenue which the Republican administration concedes to be excessive, and which it admits should be diminished. The political situation is such that it is unquestionably sound policy for the Republican party to become the party of a reasonable reduction, rather than by opposition to all reduction to leave to the Democrats the prestige of a demand for a reduction of taxation. The reason is that the friends of a moderate reduction would greatly prefer to see it effected by a party whose action could not be interpreted as the first step toward free trade. It would therefore be a political blunder for the Republicans to resist every movement of the kind.

The President's urgent counsels upon a proper provision for the Presidential succession, to which we shall recur, should be heeded by Congress and the country.

He speaks of reform in these gratifying words:

"Its practical methods appear to be adequate for the ends proposed, and there has been no serious difficulty in carrying them into effect. Since the 16th of July last, no person, so far as I am aware, has been appointed to the public service in the classified portions thereof at any of the departments, or at any of the post-offices and customs districts above named, except those certified by the Commission to be the most competent on the basis of the examinations held in conformity to the rules."

We trust that the Commission will recommend an extension of the rules, which have been found so adequate and practicable, to other classes in the service, and that the President will acquiesce.

CONVICT LABOR.

THE total vote upon the abolition of contract labor in prisons at the late election in New York was 673,000, of which 405,882 favored the abolition of the present contract system, and 266,966 were opposed to the abolition. As we have already pointed out, the vote effects no change, and is merely an expression of opinion. But it will be cited as a proof of the popular desire for a change of system, and as it represents the feeling of knavish demagogues and their ignorant followers upon the one hand, and the views of many of the sincerest and most eminent prison reformers upon the other, it is a subject which demands the most careful and prompt attention from intelligent members of the Legislature. It is they who should take the initiative upon the question, and they will be culpable if they leave it to the demagogues.

The vote undoubtedly largely represents those who are opposed to any kind of convict labor. Ohio also has declared against the ordinary contract system, and the Constitution of California prohibits it. But all prison reformers, however they may differ upon methods, earnestly concur in the imperative necessity and justice of such labor. Denunciation of it catches the fancy of the most ignorant, but no intelligent man seriously thinks that honest men, besides supporting their own families, should also support 45,000 criminals in absolute idleness. If anybody should be made to work for his living, it is the man whose crimes have made him a danger and a burden to the community. But the demagogue's cry against the competition of convict labor is a demand that the honest laborer shall support idle prisoners.

The article upon the question by Mr. F. B. SANBORN which was lately published in HARPER'S WEEKLY has naturally attracted a great deal of attention, because Mr. SANBORN is known as one of the authorities upon the subject. He and Mr. Z. R. BROCKWAY, of the Elmira Reformatory, whose labors in what may be called penal science are familiar to all persons who have looked into the subject, agree in the opinion that the mixed or piece-price system of prison labor is the best. This is a system "by which the prison authorities direct the labor without the intervention of contractors or their employés, but have contracts with manufacturers outside the prison to supply stock, and take the finished product at a certain specified price per article, thus avoiding the day's-work price, and the supervision of the convicts while at work by men who have no higher interest than salaries or profits in their management of prisoners." The agreement of these gentlemen upon the preferable system of convict labor should have great weight with members of the Legislature who are considering or who will be called upon to consider the subject. Of one thing they may be sure—that the spirit which prompted the submission of the proposition to the voters at the recent election is a spirit which seeks only to cajole voters, and is absolutely ignorant of the principles of prison discipline, and utterly careless of the public welfare. The proposition was mere political "gag." But the vote having been taken, wise legislators will heed the actual situation.

THE SPEAKER.

THE selection of Mr. CARLISLE as Speaker was a surprise. The reports of the few days immediately preceding the caucus had, indeed, shown that he was a much stronger candidate than had been supposed; but the nomination of Mr. RANDALL had been so long conceded and assumed that the result was practically unexpected. The significance of Mr. CARLISLE'S nomination is not that of a simple division between the protection and the free-trade Democrats. It is partly sectional. Of the 95 votes from the Southern States Mr. CARLISLE received 72. Of the 93 others he received 34, and the minor officers were of the same section. This fact must be taken into the estimate, as it certainly will be by the country, for it was frankly admitted during the last days of the contest that sectional considerations were in full play.

Apart from this, so far as the selection signifies anything, it shows that the number of Democratic members of the House who are disposed to undertake a revision of the tariff is larger than had been supposed. This question, indeed, can now hardly be avoided, and here begins the peril of the Democratic party which has been long foreseen. Undoubtedly its possible course has already aroused apprehension in business and industrial circles. The election of Mr. RANDALL would have been accepted as a declaration that the party was fully aware of the delicacy and danger of tariff tinkering, and that nothing of importance would be done. But the choice of Mr. CARLISLE shows the probability of an active and vigorous policy of tariff revision in what is called the free-trade direction. It tends, therefore, to alarm that great manufacturing and industrial interest which a large part of the Democratic party wished to propitiate by silence and evasion. It forces the party into the light. It compels it to take a positive position, and to declare a policy, because the question having been raised during the canvass, the nomination of Mr. CARLISLE will be interpreted as a distinct committal of the party. The Speaker's speech upon his election shows the Democratic consciousness of the fact, and the deprecatory and explanatory and defensive tone of the Democratic press confirms it.

For the same reasons the election of Speaker will have the further effect of forcing the tariff forward as a leading issue in the campaign of next year. It will present the Democratic party as a free-trade party, although it will plead that it means only reasonable revenue reform, and compel it to encounter the cry of protection to American industry as against pauperized labor. But here the actual situation of the country and its own State platforms during the year will compel a Democratic policy of hedging, which in a general campaign, requiring simple and clearly defined issues, will be very disadvantageous. In this situation wise and moderate action upon the part of the Republicans will attract that large body of voters which, while not desiring a high protective policy, would carefully respect vested interests and established industries, and, fearing the spirit and extent of Democratic innovation, would prefer to see the subject under Republican control. The unexpected Democratic choice of a Speaker, therefore, should not be allowed to drive the Republicans into an extreme position. They may wisely co-operate in judicious measures of tariff revision as a means of reducing the revenue to the legitimate demands of the government. There are many Republican revenue reformers who profoundly deprecate Democratic ascendency upon many grounds, and there are many Democratic protectionists who would not wish to see "Democratic reform" of the tariff. The chances of Democratic success next year are not increased by the election of Mr. CARLISLE, but the Democratic party now professes to represent something besides evasion and trickery, which is a great improvement in the political situation.

THE SITUATION IN VIRGINIA.

THE "Re-adjusters" and the "Bourbons" in Virginia, or the MAHONE party and the Democrats, have each published a document describing the political situation in that State. One of the original and ostensible objects of the formation of the MAHONE party, and that which gave it its distinctive name of Re-adjuster, is disposed of by the acquiescence of the Democrats in the decision of the Re-adjuster Legislature and the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States. This leaves each organization to be tried by its general character and the results of its administration. The Democratic address asserts that the question of the debt having been settled, the real reason for the new party has disappeared, and that the late election shows that the voters are returning to the Democratic fold. The MAHONE charges of systematic murder and bloodshed in certain counties and in Danville are met by the Democratic address with the assertion that in those counties the Re-adjuster or coalition vote was increased, showing that the disorder arose from individual quarrels. The address retorts the accusation by the declaration that the only intimidation was that of non-coalition colored voters by coalition colored voters. The general Democratic arraignment of the coalition party is this:

"A Legislature pledged by its majority in advance to obey every mandate of a party caucus, that caucus sitting only to register and transmit the decrees of its master; the executive and judicial offices greedily seized by the dictator's personal adherents; blind loyalty to one man set up as the sole test of fitness for positions of trust; the asylums for the insane, those touching monuments of the public charity, and the free-school system, that nobler monument of the public wisdom, thrown in to swell the dirty heap of party spoils—so much of this wild revel of mock statesmanship has passed into history. What was threatened—re-arrangement of Congressional districts and judicial circuits, repeal of municipal charters, usurpation of the powers long vested in chancery courts to control through their own commissioners judicial sales of lands—all this was intended to fix, confirm, and perpetuate the power of the autocrat, this new Dr. FRANCIA."

To all this the MAHONE manifest offers a powerful counter-statement, the chief allegations of which, so far as they regard administration, do not seem to be challenged. The coalition claims more successful financial management, and charges the Bourbons with hostility to the colored voters and to the school system:

"The Funders by their unfriendly legislation and administration reduced the number of public schools from 3087, of which 709 were colored, to 2491, of which but 89 were colored. They reduced the pupils from 131,088, of whom 38,076 were colored, to 108,074, of whom but 5208 were colored. They reduced the teachers from 3084, of whom 504 were colored, to 2504, of whom but 94 were colored. They reduced the expenditures from $587,472 for the year to $511,902. On the other hand, in their three years the Re-adjusters have increased the number of schools from 2491 to 5587, the number of colored schools from 89 to 850; the pupils from 108,074 to 257,362, the colored pupils from 5208 to 49,500; the teachers from 2504 to 4538, the colored teachers from 94 to 644. The expenditures from $511,902 were increased to $1,157,142."

The coalition also insists that it has greatly improved the care of the insane, removing them from prisons to asylums with kind and skillful attendance, and that it has abolished the whipping system, which was made "a disfranchising machine" against the colored voters. The cost of the State government previously averaged $1,084,664 annually; under the Re-adjusters it has averaged $802,234. The rate of taxation has been reduced from sixty to forty cents on the one hundred

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dollars. Within the last three years the floating debt of the State, which was nearly two millions, has been reduced to less than three-quarters of a million ($715,000), while the balance of cash in the treasury has increased from twenty-three thousand dollars to over a million and a half.

The coalition claims, therefore, that while it has truly respected the spirit and purpose of the equal citizenship conferred by the Constitution of the United States, it has administered the government of the State more wisely and prosperously than the Bourbons. There is no question that its manifest is much the stronger of the two. But the coalition movement has failed to command general favor among intelligent and patriotic men, because its original purpose was *quasi* repudiation, and because it resorted to the bribery of patronage. Had it proposed the security of colored citizens in their rights, the improvement of the school system, and more efficient and economical administration as its great objects, it would have been sustained by the best and strongest Republican sentiment in the country. But handicapped as it was, it has not had united Republican sympathy, as BUTLER has not been supported by reformers, despite his profuse professions of reform. The massacre at Danville, according to the careful report in the New York *Times*, was not preconcerted, but it revealed a state of feeling which seems to make fair play for the colored voters very uncertain. The assertion that MAHONE ought to have been supported by all Republicans, whatever his financial plans and his political methods, because of his efforts for the colored people, seems to us extremely ill-judged. It is only another form of the Jesuit doctrine that the end justifies the means.

THE "ALASKA" COLLISION.

THE running down of a pilot-boat by the steam-ship *Alaska*, and the consequent great loss of life, should be most thoroughly investigated, because there is a general feeling that the enormous ocean steamers, relying upon their superior strength, are more anxious to maintain their record of speed than to proceed with caution. The suddenness and completeness of the terrible collision were appalling, and both the proprietors and officers of great steamers should be taught that they will be held to a strict account by public opinion.

The *Herald* says that the *Alaska's* officers and other employés in the office of the company were very reticent, and not disposed to answer the questions of reporters. But this was one of the instances in which the reporters were justified in seeking information. They often ask impertinent questions about matters with which the public has no rightful concern. But a disaster which involves a great loss of human life it is the business of the press to investigate and to lay before the public in its details.

This is equally true of railroad accidents, the causes and details of which companies and employés are very apt to try to conceal. The mishap upon the City Hall branch of the elevated railway the other day has caused general uneasiness, which would have been obviated if the company had itself published an accurate statement of the circumstances. The attempt to "hush up" such accidents always results in greater apprehension.

OUR READERS.

A FIERCE little paper in Baltimore, called the *Sun*, makes an appeal to "the Southern people" against HARPER'S WEEKLY, of the kind that was familiar before the war. It says that it is for those people to determine whether a journal "which so systematically maligns them" is worthy of admission to their homes.

We refer this question most cheerfully to the people to whom it is addressed, and we are perfectly willing to hear their verdict upon the charge of systematic maligning. HARPER'S WEEKLY treats "the Southern people" as it treats "the Northern people," frankly discussing before them public questions in which all parts of the country have a common interest, and regretting that by the political "solidity" of the Southern States a sectional aspect and tone should inevitably be given to political controversy.

If the suggestion of reasons for this situation should seem to any reader in those States to be incorrect and mistaken, HARPER'S WEEKLY certainly does not do such a citizen the ludicrous injustice of supposing that he would indignantly cry out to stop his paper. The Baltimore *Sun* is probably not aware that there has been much change during the last twenty-five years. The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, wherever they may be, in the Southern or the Northern States, are quite intelligent, and perfectly capable of selecting their own reading, and we have no hesitation in saying for them that they do not look upon a strenuous difference of opinion from theirs, properly stated, as malignant misrepresentation of their views.

MR. BLAINE'S LETTER.

THE letter of MR. BLAINE upon the distribution of the whiskey tax among the States has naturally attracted general attention, but the comment has been pretty unanimous that the scheme would be practically unequal, and that whether constitutional or not, it involves very serious consequences. It assumes a perpetual whiskey tax, and furnishes very strong motives for promoting the traffic in intoxicating liquor. This would be a serious misfortune. But while the scheme reckons upon a fixed amount of receipts from the tax, it forgets that it would be most unequally paid by the States.

A table published in the *World*, based upon the official returns, shows, for instance, that while the four States, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, pay, in round numbers, a liquor tax of $55,000,000, they would receive, under the plan of distribution proposed, only $17,000,000. On the other hand, while the six New England States contribute in round numbers $7,000,000, they would receive $14,000,000.

But besides such objections there is that of the immense and dangerous centralization involved in such a scheme. To the plausible question whether it is not better to tax whiskey than farms and homesteads, the answer is yes; but it does not follow that it is well to tax whiskey according to this method and for this purpose. Indeed, nothing is well which seriously weakens the interest of the people in their local government, and this would be the inevitable result of this proposition. The reception of the suggestion has not been favorable; and there are those who see that the plan, like that of the total repeal of the internal revenue taxes, would necessarily make a judicious revision of the tariff much more difficult and improbable.

THE NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S appointment of MR. WHEELER H. PECKHAM to succeed MR. JOHN MCKEON as District Attorney has been received with universal commendation, and is another illustration of the high sense of public duty which has generally characterized the Governor's administration. MR. PECKHAM is a lawyer of honorable eminence, and a public-spirited citizen, who was selected by MR. O'CONOR to conduct the suits against TWEED, and who admirably discharged the duty. He has not held other public office, and his appointment is of the very kind which good citizens hoped that the Governor would make, and which the ordinary party politicians hoped that he would not make.

AID FOR ASSOS.

THE Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS introduced a resolution at a public meeting lately held in Boston, declaring that the work of the Archæological Institute ought to be supported and prosecuted, and authorizing the appointment of a committee to secure means for publishing the report of the investigations at Assos, and for other work.

The sum of twenty thousand dollars is proposed, and as the most interesting enterprise which has been completed at Assos is not as yet fully reported, and as the report will be one of the most valuable contributions of American scholarship to the elucidation of ancient history, it is hoped that the pride and interest of liberal Americans will be sufficiently enlisted to furnish at least part of the amount desired without delay. MR. HENRY L. HIGGINSON, of Boston, is the treasurer.

DISTRICT REPRESENTATION.

THE Republican National Committee, which will soon meet, will elect a chairman, and appoint a time and place for the assembling of the National Convention. It will also, in obedience to the instructions of the last Convention, provide for the appointment of district delegates by district conventions. The selection of a chairman and the provision for the conventions are peculiarly important duties, and the manner in which they are discharged will seriously affect the result of the election next year.

There is no question that the appointment of MR. DORSEY as secretary of the committee in 1880 was a great mistake, and for obvious reasons. A choice of the same kind this year, the selection of an unscrupulous party politician, would justly alienate a sympathy and support that can not be spared. This is a plain truth, which certainly does not need to be enforced.

The rumor that the committee will interpret the mandate of the National Convention in regard to the district conventions in a manner certainly unauthorized, we do not credit. Nothing was plainer than the purpose of the Convention, nor more precise than its provision. It meant to secure to each Congressional district the selection of its delegates to the National Convention, uninfluenced by a State Convention, and by the methods which are practicable at such a Convention, but not at local conventions. An attempt to baffle this purpose by the National Committee would be a most disastrous beginning of the Presidential campaign, and it is not to be apprehended. The performances of the winter and spring of 1879–80 are among the most distasteful in the Republican annals, and we have no fear that they will be repeated this winter.

PERSONAL.

DURING his recent visit to this country MR. HUBERT HERKOMER painted a number of portraits of Boston gentlemen, one of whom declares that to listen to that artist's talk, while his brush is delineating your features, is worth fully the price of the picture. As MR. HERKOMER'S price was twenty-five hundred dollars a head, this estimate constitutes a very respectable tribute to his conversational powers.

—MR. WILLIAM BLAIKIE, author of *Our Children's Bodies, How to Get Strong*, and other hygienic manuals of importance, expresses his conviction that, so far as the taking of bodily exercise goes, MR. GLADSTONE is the ideal man, the Premier's practice being in winter to walk an hour daily out-doors, and in summer to chop down trees an hour daily. MR. BLAIKIE has long maintained that in hot weather a properly cared for person should feel as vigorous as in cold weather, and should eat as much and drink as much, the fluid, of course, being non-alcoholic. Race-horses, he says, do their best when the mercury is in the nineties.

—"During the war," said a hearty-looking ex-Confederate soldier the other day, "I was shot through the foot, but it is all right now, and my skin was broken twenty times, but the balls never went through."

—MR. WILLIAM H. BEARD'S easel contains a canvas representing a new version of the touching story, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" The maid is a monkey dressed in rural style, and carrying a tin milk pail. In the presence of several cows with inquisitive but wondering eyes, she has just made to a strutting and indignant male monkey her considerate reply, "Nobody asked you, sir, she said," while a saucy young monkey, her brother, perhaps, crawls through the grass to pull the tail of the rejected suitor, which protrudes curlingly beneath his ulster. MR. BEARD'S revised version is full of snap and humor, and the expressions on the faces of his deeply interested cows are enough to make a bangman laugh.

—When "CHARLEY" BACKUS died, it was said by some of his admirers that negro minstrelsy in this city would die with him. The old firm of BIRCH, WAMBOLD, & BACKUS is now extinct, the late sole surviving partner, MR. "BILLY" BIRCH, having succumbed to circumstances, although the new "end man" whom he had selected to take BACKUS'S place was a melodious actor of unexampled impetuosity. Whether the business of the departed, continued under the name of Haverley's San Francisco Minstrels, will be prosperous it is vain to predict; but the present temper of the metropolitan amusement-loving public, as manifested in the quality of the programmes nightly prepared for it, does not promise the speedy advent of the lay of the last minstrel.

—"Yesterday," said a New York man of letters, "I appreciated for the first time what our 'Munich painters' are driving at. After visiting the collection of pictures at the Bartholdi LOAN Exhibition, where the effect of the juxtaposition of the COROTS, ROUSSEAUS, RIBOTS, VOLLONS, COURBETS, MILLETS, and the rest is so low-toned that at first it struck me as dirty, I went to the gallery of a popular picture-dealer. Here the effect was rank and spotty. I prefer the other."

—MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, of Edinburgh, Scotland, is publishing an edition of the works of MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and has already issued a reprint of *Prue and I*. Following the practice of American publishers in their dealings with foreign authors, MR. DOUGLAS has sent MR. CURTIS a pecuniary acknowledgment for the privilege of printing his work. It is pleasant to note the spread of American ideas in the old country.

—A number of New York ladies—among them MRS. EDWARD CURTIS, MRS. WILLIAM BRADFORD, MRS. HENRY E. HOWLAND, MRS. FRANCIS C. BARLOW, and MRS. ROBERT B. MINTURN—who desire to give their children an opportunity of hearing good music, have planned a series of "Concerts for Young People," to be held in Steinway Hall on three successive Saturday afternoons, beginning on the 22d of December. MR. THEODORE THOMAS will furnish an orchestra of the best Philharmonic musicians, and will procure the services of eminent vocal talent; and while the music chosen will be of the same artistic excellence as that given at the regular Philharmonic concerts, it will also be specially adapted for the entertainment and instruction of boys and girls between the ages of eight and sixteen years. This project bears the stamp of common-sense; of course it will succeed.

—MR. COURTLANDT PALMER, President of the Nineteenth Century Club, announced to its members at their first meeting this season that he was neither an atheist nor a theist, but an agnostic. He denied that the club was an irreligious organization, and clinched his remarks by advising his listeners to attend Father PRESTON'S course of lectures, in St. Ann's Church, in refutation of infidelity and atheism. Father PRESTON, he said, was the most eloquent preacher in the Roman Catholic Church.

—MR. GEORGE W. CABLE, of New Orleans, rising to read his essay on the "Ideal Life and Art of the Fictionist" before the Nineteenth Century Club, presented the aspect of a man of thirty, slimmer and shorter than the average, with raven-black hair and raven-black full beard and long mustaches. His manner was modest, his voice irresolute, and his manuscript in some parts so illegible as to cause many breaks in the decipherment. MR. CABLE maintained that it was the distinct duty of the novelist and of every other artist to aim for the moral well-being of his fellow-men. The Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, who followed him, remarked incidentally that the maxim "Be virtuous, and you will be happy," states what is untrue. It would be more nearly true to say, "Be happy, and you will be good."

—The present King of Siam is doing his best to give his sons a European education, and his people good government, good roads, and good carriages. His army is drilled by Europeans, and many of his high functionaries of state can speak English, and have provided their houses with English furniture. Siam is rapidly advancing in prosperity.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON had an aunt, MARY MOODY EMERSON, whose life, he said, "has to me a value like that which many readers find in Madame GUYON, in RAHEL, in EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN." Miss EMERSON wrote in her diary the following, among other things: "My opinion is that a mind like BYRON'S would never be satisfied with modern Unitarianism; that the fiery depths of Calvinism, its high and mysterious elections to eternal bliss beyond angels, and all its attendant wonders, would have alone been fitted to fix his imagination."

—MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE proves from a letter of the Rev. HENRY VENN, an English vicar of the last century, that the phrase "to enjoy poor health" is evangelical English rather than American. The letter is dated October 19, 1784, and reads, "We expect JOSEPH SCOTT here to take home his wife, who is something better for our air, though at best *she enjoys poor health*."

—It is one of the distinguishing merits of the sons of Queen VICTORIA (observes the London *Standard*) that they have been trained to understand that this is a workaday world, in which every good citizen either finds his special share of duty allotted to him, or speedily discovers for himself some useful and honorable task. Upon the heir to the throne naturally devolves much of those social duties which people unfamiliar with them call pleasures, and cynics prefer to describe as frivolities. The keen professional interest exhibited by the Duke of Edinburgh in the navy is known to every one; and in the Duke of Connaught the crown has contributed a thorough soldier to the English army.

—A friend of the late ANTHONY TROLLOPE writes of that novelist's strong affection for Ireland, in connection with the appearance of his last novel, *The Land Leaguers*. "MR. TROLLOPE knew Ireland as few Englishmen have known her. So far as Irishmen can be understood, he understood them. But of Nationalist M. P.'s, of their patriotism, of their good intentions, he thought contemptuously. Captain YORKE CLAYTON speaks the writer's sentiments as well as his own when he says: 'I do believe that men become cowards when they are tempted to become liars by getting into Parliament.'"

—M. DE LESSEPS boasts that his family is Scotch; that in Scotland there are LESSEPS and LESSELS, but in France none of his own name besides himself and his numerous family; and that the Cathedral of Edinburgh was constructed by an architect named LESSEPS, who was one of his ancestors.

—Lord COLERIDGE is again on the bench, hard at work. In a recent case tried before him he propounded this conundrum: "If a man has a large house, and asks a number of his friends to a reading from Shakspeare by his family, does that make his house a place of public entertainment?"

—The first person who ever sent his friends a Christmas card is said to have been the late Sir HENRY COLE. Acting upon his suggestion, MR. HORSLEY, the artist, designed a festive board of diners holding up their glasses to toast the spectator, the scene being flanked on right and left by two allegorical drawings representing alms-giving, and supported by the legend, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year to you!" It is doubtful, says a foreign writer, whether RAPHAEL or MICHAEL ANGELO, or an angel from heaven, could prepare a Christmas card without some apprenticeship. The design must have a directness which tells a plain story to a big, plain public. It must, further, be such as tells a seasonable story; and it must make due allowances for the short-comings and the possibilities and the tricks of color-printing. Thus it comes about that few designs, even from good artists, are accepted for ordinary reproduction by publishers. Plenty of English ladies of title work for the publishers of Christmas cards—baronesses, duchesses, and even princesses—and it is said that all of them look sharply after their gains.

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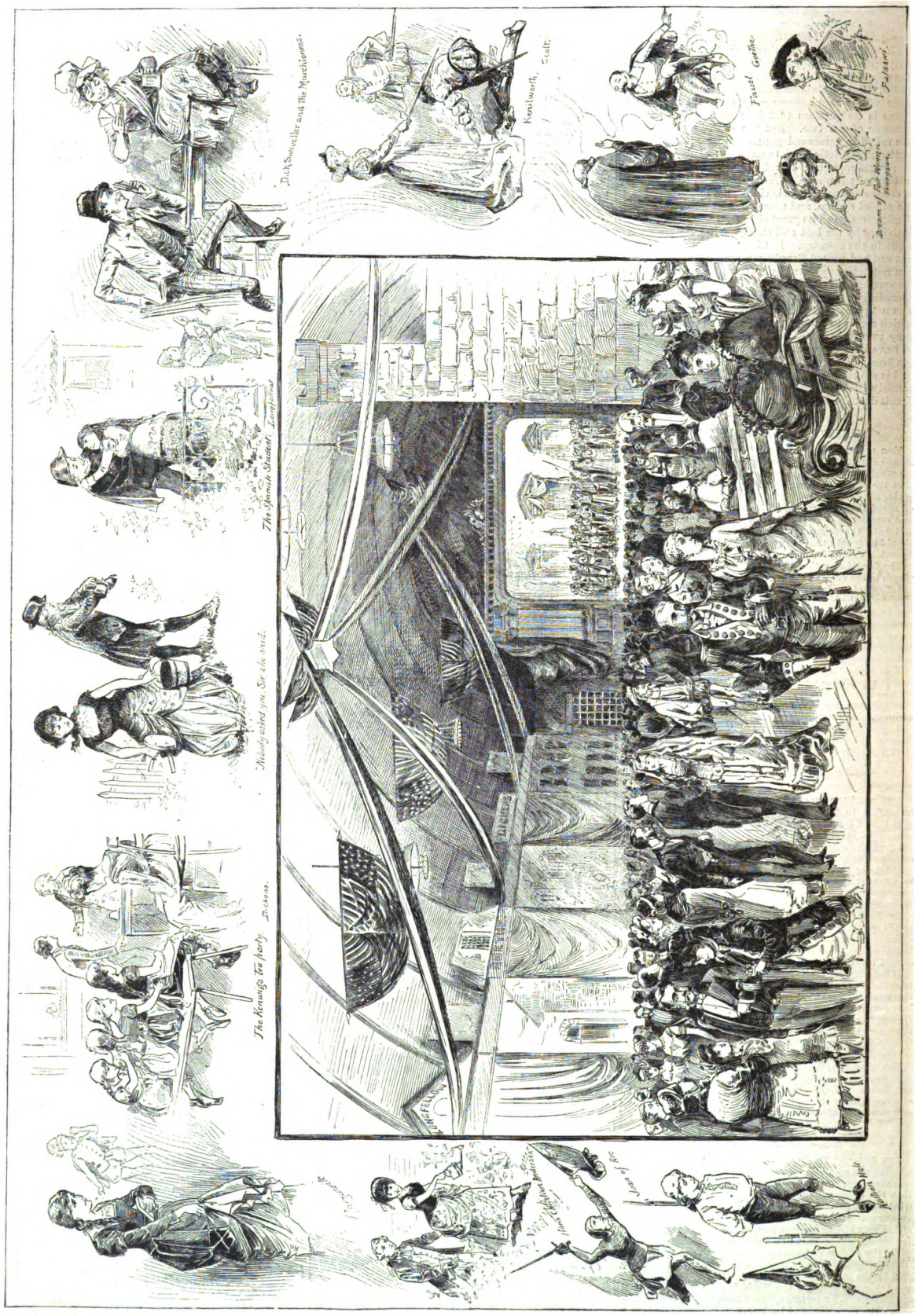

THE AUTHORS' CARNIVAL, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 799.]

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"ONLY MRS. FARQUHAR AND PAULINA WERE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM WHEN I ENTERED."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mollie. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(*Continued.*)

LADY CONSTANCE MAKES A FINAL CONCESSION.

I then entered into a few details touching the peculiarities of Harry's position and the views which he entertained with regard to it; but these failed to move Lady Constance, who merely reiterated her conviction that my cousin was a scoundrel of a very perfect order.

"If you had only heard him!" she exclaimed. "He came to me with a thousand apologies—felt that he was taking a liberty which nothing but my generosity could excuse, and so forth, and so forth; but you had been so kind to him, and I had been so kind to him, and, in short, he would rather run the risk of offending me than that our joint lives should be spoiled through any misconception of the true facts of the case. Was it sheer mischief and spite, I wonder, or did he really think that he could profit in some way by our marriage?"

"I am quite sure he did not," said I.

"Don't be too sure. If it were worth investigating, I fancy we should find that there was a practical aim under all that emotion, though I confess I don't at present see what it could be. One can't help being a little amused at the fellow's impudence. Still, it was very nearly ending in a joke which we should have found it rather difficult to laugh at. I may admit that, now that it is all over."

"I suppose it is all over," said I, looking down at the carpet.

Lady Constance made no reply, and for some minutes there was silence between us. When I looked up, I saw that there was a red spot on each of her cheeks, and that she was twisting and turning the rings upon her fingers nervously. I drew a little nearer to her, and said:

"I wish I knew whether you really cared for me at all. If you do, I believe, upon my honor and conscience, that you would be happier married to me, a poor man, than to Mr. Sotheran or some other millionaire. I shall have a thousand a year—perhaps a little more, and you, I suppose, have something. You smile at the idea of marrying upon such a pittance; yet how many hundreds of people do it, and live decently enough? Ought you not to think again before you decide to turn me away?"

Lady Constance made no direct answer. "You don't plead very passionately," she remarked.

"Would it make any difference if I did?" asked I.

"Perhaps not; but it would lend an air of reality to the situation. You don't like me to laugh when you intimate that we might marry upon a thousand a year; but really, if you will think of it, it is much better to laugh a little, and the proposition is rather a funny one in itself. Do you know what my yearly dressmaker's bill amounts to? But never mind!—under the circumstances, we are not called upon to consider items. Just examine yourself strictly and honestly for a minute or two, and then tell me whether you are serious in suggesting that two such people as you and I should set up house upon a thousand a year, or even upon twice that amount."

I endeavored to comply with her request; but it was not so easy to say exactly what I thought. What I did say at last was: "The whole question depends upon the feeling that you may have for me. No one likes to be poor, yet there are worse things than poverty."

"When I first knew you," rejoined Lady Constance, "you had a simplicity of thought and speech which was very delightful; but I am afraid you are becoming corrupted. Your answer is nothing but a prevarication, and you know it."

"And you?" I returned, with some warmth, "are you so straightforward? I tried to give you as honest an answer as the case admits of; but you will give me no answer at all. Tell me at least one thing: do you intend to marry Mr. Sotheran?"

"As matters have fallen out, it is extremely probable that I shall," she replied.

"Then," cried I, "you are deliberately choosing a life which you know beforehand must be miserable! Is there no way of saving you?"

She shook her head. "None, I am afraid. But I will make one concession—a final one. If, within a few weeks' time, you are able to tell me that your uncle has dismissed his son, I, on my side, will dismiss Mr. Sotheran. I think that ought to satisfy you."

It was the old temptation; but I was no longer scared by it. The guidance of events had happily passed out of my hands, and I saw in Lady Constance's proposal only a means of gaining time and an enlarged field laid open to chance.

"Is that a bargain, then?" she asked, presently. "You shall write to me when you can speak positively as to the future. Or perhaps you had better see me. You know my cousins, the Fitzpatricks, do you not? I am going to stay with them in Yorkshire on the 10th of September, and you can join me there between that and the 15th."

"But they haven't asked me," I objected.

"I will manage that. Now I won't keep you any longer. Remember me to your cousin, and tell him what a genuine admiration I feel for his talents."

She rang the bell as she spoke; and in the presence of the grave Antonio, who immediately appeared, I could only bid her a formal farewell.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GENERAL USES STRONG LANGUAGE.

One of those fugitive shocks of surprise which make one doubt for an instant whether one is awake or asleep awaited me on my arrival at Thirlby Station. As the train drew up beside the platform I saw in the roadway outside an old gentleman on a bay horse, and by his side, on a Shetland pony, a little boy so exactly the counterpart of my former self that I was fain to rub my eyes with some faint expectation that he would presently vanish into thin air. But the little boy stood this test, and remained a visible, palpable personage, seated out there on his pony in the autumn sunshine. His nether limbs were clad in untanned leather leggings (how well I remembered those old leggings!); his left hand held his reins and a short hunting-crop; his right was resting upon his pony's crupper, as he leaned back to talk to his companion in an attitude which I myself had been wont to assume in days gone by. I used to think that this pose showed an easy familiarity with all the conditions of horsemanship: possibly my successor had formed a similar opinion.

"Jimmy and I have come to meet you, you see, Charley," said my uncle. And then, just for one moment, I felt a sharp twinge of jealousy. That Harry could never supplant me in the old man's affections I well knew; but somehow or other it had not struck me before that the boy might very well do so; and now, when I saw them together, I could not help saying to myself that this was a little more than I had bargained for.

"We thought you would rather ride than drive, and we have brought the brown cob for you," my uncle went on. He spoke very gently, and when I glanced up at him I saw an anxious, deprecating look in his kind old face. He just touched my shoulder with his hand, saying, "Jimmy is not such a good rider as you used to be." He had read my thoughts at once, and understanding what his were, I made haste to re-assure him by a nod.

Jimmy, who all this time had been gasping with eagerness to obtain a hearing, now burst forth into a clamorous welcome, which relieved the meeting of all its temporary awkwardness.

"Oh, Cousin Charley, I'm so awfully glad you've come! We shall have rare larks now. Bunce says I may go out shooting with you, if you'll let me, and I can ride first-rate; can't I, grandfather? Just look at this!"

And he administered a smart blow over the hind-quarters to his pony, who squealed and flung up his heels, the result being a considerable exhibition of daylight between Jimmy's person and his saddle. "I often make him do that," he said, complacently. "It gets one accustomed to the feeling, you know."

"But you mustn't thrash your pony without any reason, my boy," remonstrated my uncle.

"Oh, Lord bless your soul, *he* don't mind!" returned Jimmy; "he knows it's all fun. I say, Cousin Charley," he went on, "will you teach me how to jump? Grandfather said I wasn't to try till you came."

"All right," said I; "I'll give you some lessons. Canter on ahead now, and let us see how you sit."

We had ridden away from the station by this time, and I sent Jimmy on in front not so much in order to criticise his seat as to get the opportunity of saying a word or two to my uncle.

"He isn't a bad little chap, is he?" I began, as soon as the boy was out of ear-shot.

"He is a good boy and a plucky boy, thank God!" replied my uncle. "He seems to have associated with some odd companions, and he has picked up a few expressions which are hardly suited for the drawing-room; but he is so quick that I dare say he will soon learn the manners of civilized society. Shall we trot on after him now? I don't like him to be left quite alone."

It was evident that my uncle did not wish to be questioned. I forbore, therefore, to make any inquiries about Harry, and we pushed on toward the house, Jimmy undertaking the lion's share of the conversation.

As we approached, four persons strolled across the lawn to meet us. First came the General, then Mrs. Farquhar and Pauline, finally Harry, with his hands in his pockets, and a straw hat on the back of his head. All these, with the exception of Mrs. Farquhar, whose manner was cold and distant, welcomed me as cordially as I could have wished; but I had a disagreeable sensation of being treated like a guest in my own home, and I availed myself of the first pretext to slip away to the stables, where I was greeted with a silent and respectful sympathy scarcely less hard to bear than Mrs. Farquhar's politeness. Abdications would perhaps be more frequent if they did not almost necessarily imply exile.

I confess that I had some bitter thoughts to keep me company while I dressed for dinner. I loved Thirlby, as I suppose that every one must love the home of his childhood, and I had only just realized that Thirlby could never be my home any more. As long as my uncle lived, I should, no doubt, be free to use his house as my own; but it would not be in his power to give me the privileges of an heir-presumptive. An heir-apparent had replaced me. It was he who would henceforth give instructions to Bunce (not that Bunce ever obeyed instructions; but that was neither here nor there). It was he who would receive the neighbors—supposing always that the neighbors consented to receive him. It was to him that the tenants, the gardener, and the bailiff would address themselves with regard to those minor matters which had hitherto fallen within my province, while I must stand and look on. I am not, that I know of, less magnanimous than another;

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but I felt that such a state of things would be simply intolerable, and that the same roof could not long shelter Harry and me. I went downstairs, however, resolved to put a good face upon it, and to let no one detect the mortification of which I was very properly ashamed.

Only Mrs. Farquhar and Paulina were in the drawing-room when I entered. The latter, arrayed in a brilliant blue silk dinner dress, trimmed with Limerick lace, was sitting bolt-upright upon the edge of her chair and twirling her thumbs. Poor Paulina's hands were large and red, and the disproportionate amount of wrist characteristic of the lower middle class of Great Britain was rendered more conspicuous in her case by absence of bracelets or of any black velvet substitute for them. Mrs. Farquhar was evidently in the act of administering a lecture.

"My dear, you must allow me to tell you that it is a wife's duty to influence her husband for good. I'm not saying that I would force a man to attend service twice in the day against his will; but to walk up and down the high-road on Sunday morning with a shooting-coat on his back and a cigar in his mouth, while the people are coming out of church, is just indecent; and it is your duty to make him see it."

Paulina threw an appealing glance at me. "You tell her, sir—Charles, I mean," she said. "There's no use of *me* talking. I'm sure I've done my best with Harry; but if he won't go to church, he won't—and that's all about it."

I was preparing a little speech which should be pleasant to both parties, but before I could open my lips Mrs. Farquhar turned upon me with:

"Oh, I wouldn't expect *you* to advocate churchgoing. I'm told that you and your friends spend the Sunday in paying and receiving visits."

It struck me that, if I was to be badgered by Mrs. Farquhar all the evening, I might lose that aspect of serenity which I was anxious to maintain, and I thought perhaps it would be the best to take the bull by the horns without further delay; so I said: "Mrs. Farquhar, suppose we conclude a treaty of peace. You have carried your point, or your point has been carried without your aid; I am out of the running, and you will do no good to anybody by saying disagreeable things to me. I make you welcome to call me anything you like when my back is turned; but so long as I am in the room, let us be civil to one another. I am sure you are far too sensible to flog a dead horse."

This appeal was not, perhaps, couched in the most judicious possible terms; but it had the *merit* of putting the case plainly, and I think most people would have seen the advisability of avoiding needless bickerings. But Mrs. Farquhar was not like most people.

"The man's demented!" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "I never say disagreeable things to any one."

Paulina broke into a short, startling laugh, which she checked abruptly.

"What I have said of you," Mrs. Farquhar continued, with dignity, "I maintain to be true; and if you find it disagreeable, it must be because your own conscience accuses you. As a Christian woman I am bound to protest against Sunday visiting—"

"Quite right, quite right," struck in the General, who entered the room at this moment. "We have six days in the week for work and play, and we oughtn't to go poaching on the seventh."

"You remind me of the devil quoting Scripture, Tom," said Mrs. Farquhar, ungratefully. "I would rather see you practice than hear you preach."

"Well, well," muttered the General, looking rather disconcerted, "I'm afraid we're none of us what we ought to be. Charley, come and look at this clearing they have made in the shrubbery; I think it's an improvement." And, beckoning me toward the window, he whispered: "For goodness' sake, keep the peace, if you can. I've been feeling as if I was smoking in a powder-magazine ever since I came down here."

Harry joined us before I could ask for any explanation; but when we went in to dinner I was able to see for myself that the elements of an explosion were not lacking. During that long and most uncomfortable meal Mrs. Farquhar surpassed herself. Not one of us, except Harry, escaped attack; not one of us was suffered to make the most innocent remark without prompt and flat contradiction; and the luckless Paulina was snubbed and lectured after a fashion which Job himself would not have tolerated. What possessed the old lady to behave in this way I don't know. Perhaps she was beginning to perceive that her great scheme was not turning out a success; perhaps she merely wanted to stir up an argument; perhaps she was exasperated by the meekness with which we received her assaults.

It is probable that we should have been less meek if we had not felt that a spark would be sufficient to blow us all sky-high. Paulina was evidently controlling herself only by strenuous efforts, and of the men I declare I don't know which was the most ill at ease. The General's nervousness displayed itself by forced laughter and irrelevant anecdotes; my uncle's was apparent in total silence and loss of appetite; while Harry's took the most objectionable form of all. I had seen him in awkward situations before—as, for instance, at Lord Rossan's dinner table—and he had always extricated himself from them with perfect ease and *aplomb;* but now these useful qualities seemed to have quite deserted him, and he contrived to do everything that he ought not to have done. He talked too loudly; he asserted himself a great deal too much; he complained that the sherry was corked, and sent Cooper for a fresh bottle, to which, when it was brought, he devoted himself more assiduously than was prudent; and all the time he kept glancing furtively at his father, as . he half expected to be ordered out of the room. By the time that [illegible] had left us he had [illegible] into a condition of pot-valiance which found expression in the most ill-judged familiarities, and at last he forgot himself so far as to ask me, with a wink, whether I had had "any news of her ladyship."

Shortly after this my uncle, who had not once looked at or spoken to his son, withdrew, and reappeared no more that evening; and when we reached the drawing-room we found that Paulina also had retired.

Neither Harry nor Paulina appeared at breakfast the next morning, and I devoutly hoped that the former might be suffering from a headache and a fit of repentance. His absence was a comfort, so far as it went; but we should have been a morose party had not Jimmy enlivened us with an amusing flow of babble. As soon as we had risen from the table he possessed himself of my arm, and requested to be taken out to shoot partridges forthwith; but the General interposed.

"No," said he; "I want your cousin Charley to take a walk with me this morning; afterward you can do what you like with him."

"All right," answered the boy; "then I shall go out with grandfather."

The General and I walked across the dewy lawn in silence; but when we were out in the park, and beyond risk of being overheard, my companion took up his parable. "Well, of all the infernal schemes that ever were hatched for turning things topsy-turvy, this strikes me as being the most uncalled-for! What do you expect to be the result of it?—that's what I want to know."

I confessed that I was in some doubt as to how it would all end.

"You ought never to have allowed it to begin!" cried the General, peevishly. "What's the good of you, if you can't make yourself heard on the side of order? I'm devilish sorry for you, Charley; but it seems to me that you have brought this upon yourself, and I tell you plainly I don't think you'll ever be squire of this parish now."

"I don't expect to be," answered I; "and, except for one or two reasons, I don't wish to be. I should be very well contented if Harry would only behave himself."

"Behave himself!—he'll behave himself as he always has done. Do you suppose his father didn't know what he was about when he turned him out-of-doors? He'll make ducks and drakes of the property as soon as he comes into it; and he won't have long to wait either; for he is killing my poor brother *by inches*."

"I hope not," said I.

"It's all very well for you to say you hope not," retorted the General; "but hoping till you're black in the face won't alter the fact. Some men might manage to put up with vulgarity and insolence on one side and everlasting nagging on the other—I might put up with it, or rather I should precious soon put a stop to it. But Bernard isn't made of that sort of stuff. He'll go on suffering in silence until one of these fine mornings he is found dead in his bed. It's —it's enough to make a man swear, by George!"

And the General proceeded to illustrate his assertion amply and satisfactorily.

For my own part, I should have been glad to get away and hear what my uncle had to say; but I was not allowed to return to the house before two o'clock, by which time the whole party was assembled in the dining-room for luncheon.

Harry, looking pale and downcast, was more like himself and a great deal less obnoxious than he had been on the previous evening. Paulina, on the other hand, was flushed and excited. The cause of this uneasiness upon her part explained itself to me when it transpired that we were all to attend a garden party at the Welbys' that afternoon. From various hints that were dropped I conjectured that this was the first public recognition of Harry and his wife vouchsafed by the county, and my surmise was converted into certainty by my uncle's whispering to me, as we left the room after luncheon: "I hope you won't mind being present at this function, Charley. I mean to go myself."

Now, as my uncle had not been seen at a garden party within the memory of man, it was safe to conclude that the present occasion was no ordinary one, and I could only trust—though without any sanguine expectations—that we might all come out of the ordeal creditably.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PAULINA ENTERS SOCIETY.

A GARDEN PARTY nowadays is only another name for a lawn-tennis party, and has developed—so far as a mere on-looker can judge—into a form of entertainment rather popular than otherwise. But thirty years ago there were no such relaxations to mitigate the severity of the out-door gatherings held periodically by Sir Digby and Lady Welby, and when the nobility and gentry of East Norfolk met together in the grounds of Stanningham Hall, there was literally nothing for them to do but to sit or stand in groups on the lawn and survey one another patiently.

From time to time Sir Digby would approach one of the most important ladies of the district, and would say to her in a low, confidential voice, "I want to show you my *Lapageria alba*," whereupon the two would pace gravely away together toward the conservatory in which the exotic referred to was to be admired. The lady would generally return alone, and after a decent interval Sir Digby would be seen bearing down upon the matron next in rank, whom he would address in precisely identical terms. As a matter of fact, he neither knew nor cared anything about horticulture, but probably he had a hazy notion that some attention ought to be shown to people, and in a moment of inspiration he had hit upon the above formula, which served him faithfully through many seasons.

The thought of Paulina making her début upon that solemn scene gave me a cold shiver all up my back, and when she entered the drawing-room, ready to start, with a flushed face, a Stuart-tartan gown, and a pair of yellow gloves much too small for her, I basely thanked my stars that there would be no room for me in the carriage, and that therefore I should be spared the agony of witnessing the sensation which her first appearance would cause.

She herself appeared to be in unaccountably high spirits, and was talking and laughing loudly; but Harry looked the picture of misery, and my uncle, though maintaining a calm exterior, was evidently apprehensive. Mrs. Farquhar wore a resolute air. I fancied that she proposed to carry off things with a high hand.

Presently they all drove away together in the old green barouche, Paulina's nodding plumes towering above the head of her protectress, and my uncle and Harry sitting with their backs to the horses; and as soon as they were gone, the General and I, who had watched their departure from the door-step, looked at one another and burst into hysterical laughter.

"There's nothing to crack your sides over in this, you know, Charley," remonstrated the General, recovering his gravity, as we set off to take the short-cut across the fields. "We shall be laughing on the wrong side of our mouths before the day is over, unless I'm very much mistaken."

It seemed quite upon the cards that we might. Stanningham is a good two miles from Thirlby, and by loitering and pretending to mistake the way, one may occupy a considerable time in walking two miles; but we reached the lodge all too soon, and here my companion, in the shabbiest way, declared his intention of deserting me.

"Can't help it," he said, in answer to my upbraidings. "Call me a coward, if you like; but not another step do I go, and that's flat! I may be wrong; but the way in which that Paulina woman was going on before she started inspired me with the gravest alarm."

"She was flurried," I observed, "and no wonder. But I think we *may* count upon her being awed into silence very soon after her arrival."

The General shook his head. "I doubt it," said he. "Shall I tell you what I think?" he added, bending forward, and speaking in low, impressive accents. "*I believe she's intoxicated!*"

And with this awful suggestion he turned and fled precipitately.

I walked on, with a sinking sensation about the fourth button of my waistcoat. I did not myself share the General's scandalous suspicions, but I thought it quite possible that others, remarking Paulina's heightened color and excited mien, might do so, and I knew that in no case could she hope to be met in a spirit of friendliness.

When I emerged upon the lawn where the company was assembled, my worst anticipations were realized. Paulina, seated upon a garden-chair in a conspicuous position, was surrounded by an irregular semicircle of grave, impassive ladies, who were surveying her much as if she had been some newly imported variety of wild beast. What she had been saying or doing before my arrival I could only surmise, but there was no mistaking the fact that she had been sent to Coventry. She was now beating the ground impatiently with her foot, while in her eyes there gleamed the light of battle. From a short distance off, Harry, also completely isolated, was gazing at her with a look of stony horror upon his face. I perceived that, if the worst had not already happened, it was going to happen shortly.

My own appearance upon the scene gave the signal for a demonstration which greatly astonished me, until I realized what it meant. No sooner had I advanced from behind the clump of rhododendrons which had masked my preliminary reconnaissance than the entire company, as if by one consent, jumped up and marched upon me in a solid mass. There was a positive rush to shake me by the hand; I was overwhelmed with the kindest expressions of welcome; I was asked to dinner a dozen times in the space of less than five minutes. Gradually the signification of these generous greetings unfolded itself to me. Out of respect for my uncle, East Norfolk had consented to meet Mr. and Mrs. Harry Le Marchant, but they were not to be spoken to. A firm and united protest was to be entered against their restoration; and I, as the heir whom they had ousted, was to be made the subject of a distinct exhibition of sympathy.

I understood this, I say; but human nature is ever prone to self-love, and I will not deny that the sight of so many friendly faces and the sound of so many friendly words raised me for a minute or two almost up to the point of oblivion. But, chancing to meet my uncle's eyes, which were turned upon me with a certain look of grave regret, and catching sight immediately afterward of Paulina glaring at me from the background, I awoke to the fact that I was playing the enemy's game, and determined upon making one last despairing attempt to avert defeat.

I detached myself from my friends, and approached Sir Digby Welby, who was standing apart, stroking his long nose, and doubtless meditating one of his periodical descents into the ladies' camp. He, like the others, received me with a double dose of cordiality, holding my hand and shaking it at intervals, while he expressed the pleasure that it gave him to see me amongst them again.

"I deplore this resolution of your poor uncle's," he began. "Although we have been friends for many years, I could not take upon me to tell him what I thought; but I very much fear that he is making a great mistake. I assure you that it went to my heart to purchase the Deepham farm from him, often as I have coveted that corner of land."

"As far as I know, that had nothing whatever to do with my cousin's return," said I. "At all events, he is here now, and I am sure that, for my uncle's sake, you will stretch a point to make his position tolerable."

"Oh, certainly," answered Sir Digby, with a touch of coldness; "but I confess that I hardly see—"

"Yes, I know you have invited them here, and that was very kind of you; but it would be very easy to do a little more. Don't you think, Sir Digby," I added, persuasively, "that you might just step across the lawn and say a word or two to Mrs. Le Marchant?"

"Well, well," replied the worthy baronet, not unkindly, "I will endeavor to find some subject of conversation. But really it won't do—it will never do. And the sooner your uncle understands that, the less vexation he will have."

Sir Digby, in fulfillment of his promise, crossed the grass toward Paulina's chair with a slow, dignified step, I following him at a respectful distance.

"I want to show you my *Lapageria alba*," I heard him begin.

"Your *what?*" called out that misguided Paulina, accompanying her question with a short laugh.

"My *Lapageria alba*. If you will allow me to lead the way—"

"Oh, all right!" interrupted Paulina, jumping up with ostentatious alacrity, and speaking very loud. "I don't know what you are talking about, but I'm willing to look at anything, I'm sure. About time, too, after being looked at myself for the best part of an hour!"

I began to think that Sir Digby was right, and that it really would never do. When the ill-matched couple had vanished into the conservatory, I drew a long breath of relief, feeling that, at any rate, the danger of some painful scene had been staved off, and I was debating whether I ought not to join Harry, who had now taken refuge upon a distant bench, when I was accosted by Mr. Dennison.

The Rector's countenance wore an expression of the deepest concern. He said he had come to humble himself before me, and to confess the folly of his past conduct. "Father and son, you see—that's the way I looked at it—such a sad pity that they should be divided! How was I to know that the fellow had gone and married a bar-maid? Dear! dear! what a bad job! The neighbors all turning up their noses, too—and troubles at home—sure to be troubles at home! If I could only have foreseen this I would have bitten out my tongue sooner than advise Le Marchant as I did."

I assured the Rector that he might set his mind quite at rest. "Whatever your advice may have been, it was well meant," I said; "but I am perfectly certain that neither your advice nor any one else's has been taken. My uncle has yielded to circumstances, not to the advocacy of his friends. As to the neighbors turning up their noses, he must have been fully prepared for that. He told me long ago that they would never consent to receive Harry again."

"Yes, yes," returned the Rector, who perhaps did not relish being told that his counsel carried so little weight; "but being prepared for a thing is not liking it when it comes. I am prepared to be bullied by Mrs. Farquhar and the Ebenezer man, but their attacks interfere with my digestion all the same. I say, Charley, do you think it is too late to undo all this mischief?"

"I am sure it is," I answered. "You don't understand that my uncle has never really changed his mind; and he won't change it now, unless some positive catastrophe occurs."

"Then," cried the Rector, "let us pray for a positive catastrophe! You take it all in a very creditable spirit, Charley," he went on; "but, at the same time, I think you are a little too supine—too supine. You must see that Le Marchant can't possibly live in the same house with these people—perpetual quarrels and disturbances, you know, scandals too, very likely—oh, dear me, it's not to be thought of! I say, you ought to get them away, by hook or by crook. Let Harry be the heir, if he must be the heir; but at least let him hide himself out of sight till his time comes."

I was very much of the Rector's way of thinking; but I didn't see why the burden of carrying out his ideas should be thrown upon my shoulders in that jaunty manner, and I said I should be much obliged if he would kindly tell me how I was to accomplish Harry's expulsion.

"Oh, that I can't say," he replied; "but you ought to be able to manage it somehow. It's a question of money, I should think; the fellow will take a bribe to make himself scarce. But these are matters which women can judge of better than we can. Why don't you talk it over with Maud? Here she comes, and I know she wants to discuss things with you. Just wait here half a minute; I'll be with you again directly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DANCE OF THE CROW INDIANS.

OF all the Northwestern tribes of this continent, the Absarokas, or Crows, have distinguished themselves by their unchanging friendship to the white race, whose allies they have been in the frequent wars which the tribes of the Sioux confederation have waged against its progress in the far West. Comparatively few in numbers, the Crows have had an almost incessant struggle for existence amidst their fierce and more powerful neighbors. Not a single instance is known in which a Crow Indian has ever killed a white man, and their bravery and fidelity are highly praised by the many officers who had them attached to their commands as scouts during the Sioux campaigns.

The Northern Pacific Railway crosses their reservation, which lies on the Upper Yellowstone, under the shadows of the Belt Range of the Rockies, and when the excursionists [illegible] opened the road passed through their [illegible] the Crows celebrated the occasion by [illegible] "grass" dances, which were the [illegible]

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episode of that notable journey. Never had the extremes and highest types of savage and civilized life been brought together as on this unique occasion, when the dandified habitués of Pall Mall and spectacled German "Philistine" elbowed the painted warriors of the plains. The lurid light of the camp fires, deafening drum-beat, jingling bells of the dancers, and weird monotonous chant of the singers were echoed by the whistle of the locomotives as the excursion trains successively drew up. Great was the desire to secure mementos of the event amongst the foreign guests, and the untutored children of the desert sold the brass ornaments and bracelets which the President of the railroad had given them in the afternoon at a handsome advance over the original cost of the same. As the transatlantic guests are probably ignorant to this day of the fact of their distribution, the desire for souvenirs was gratified, and the Crows retired to their tepees with many shining silver dollars in their pouches.

ROBIN, DEAR ROBIN!

I.

Robin, dear Robin, could you come back to me,
Back to the hame you'll never mair see,
Could you sit down at evening and crack wi' me,
Oh, what a proud, happy woman I'd be!
On the white hearth the fire should burn clearly,
Nothing of comfort or rest you should lack,
And I would always be kindly and cheery,
Could you come back to me—could you come back.

II.

Oh, Robin, Robin, I've miss'd you fu' sairly,
Morning, and evening, and a' the day long;
Many have treated me unca unfairly:
O for your arm so tender and strong!
If once again in your love I could hide me,
Little I'd care though all else I should lack;
Sairly I'm needing your wisdom to guide me:
Oh, my lost darling, if you could come back!

III.

Never again with frowns would I greet you;
Never again to your love be unkind;
Ever with kisses and smiles I would meet you:
Oh, in the days that are gone I was blind!
Oh, I was selfish, and foolish, and fretful,
Now I remember—remember in vain;
But I would never be cross or forgetful,
Could you come back to me, darling, again!

IV.

No, you will never come back to me—never!
But I shall come to you, Robin, some day.
Then you will ken a' my loving endeavor,
Just to grow better since you went away.
Yes, you will ken, in that happy to-morrow,
I hae been true to you, darling—sae true!
Asked my heart always, in joy or in sorrow,
"Will it please Robin, the thing that I do?"

V.

Oh, in that wonderfu', wonderfu' meeting,
What shall I say to him? what will he say,?
We shallna weary life's story repeating,
Seeing the end o' the sorrowfu' way.
With such a hope, then, how could I say truly,
"Robin, dear Robin, come back unto me!"
Heart, answer the thought sae wild and unruly,
"*Robin, dear Robin, I shall come unto Thee!*"

A CARNIVAL OF AUTHORS.

"The biggest and most varied entertainment Hartford has ever had," to quote from a reportorial eye-witness, was the Carnival of Authors, which began in that city on the 3d of December. Authors have undoubtedly held many "carnivals," both public and more or less private, but this carnival was something else. Several hundred men and women, boys and girls, each dressed to represent some hero or heroine of modern literature — prince, peasant, milkmaid, knave, shepherdess, lord, or nun — gathered in the Union Armory, on Elm Street, and after marching in triumphal procession twice across the stage, proceeded to organize a series of brilliant tableaux. Sir Walter Scott, in a comfortable arm-chair, eyed nonchalantly the successive appearance in flesh and blood of the principal personages he had contributed to fiction, who, after bowing in turn before him, grouped themselves picturesquely around him. This took place on the main stage, and afterward five tableaux were presented in separate booths, the subjects exemplified being cartoons from *Punch*, and scenes from Tennyson, *Mother Goose*, Dickens, the *Arabian Nights*, and *Faust*. So pleased were the spectators that many of them spoiled their pleasure by entertaining a fear that they had received too much for their money. The carnival was repeated every night for a week, in aid of a deserving charity.

FOREST PROTECTION.

The condition of the Hudson, the Mohawk, and other streams of Northern New York during the past summer and autumn has fixed public attention in a forcible manner upon the necessity for taking some steps to secure the permanency of these streams.

The water in the rivers of New York has been unprecedentedly low since midsummer. This is due, in part, to the severe drought which has visited the northern part of the State. But, severe as the drought was, it can not be held entirely responsible for the lack of water in the rivers. Droughts as severe and protracted as that of 1883 have occurred in previous seasons, but never before have they been followed by such disastrous results. The causes which have produced these changes in the condition of the rivers must rather be traced to the gradual destruction of the forests which covered the whole northern part of the State with one unbroken sheet of verdure, serving as a vast reservoir for the moisture it received from the clouds, than to any general diminution of the amount of precipitation.

Regions from which the forest has been stripped lose much of the benefit of a copious rain-fall. The water is wasted by evaporation, or suddenly poured into streams and lost in the ocean. The forest prevents this, and long holds moisture in its deep vegetable mould, giving it off gradually throughout the year to springs and streams. Forest preservation, therefore, means something more than the protection of growing timber, essential as timber is to our national prosperity. It means, besides this, the protection of all the springs and brooks which supply agriculture with moisture and feed the great rivers. If the forests of the country are allowed to perish, as they are destined to perish unless vigorous measures shall be taken to prevent it, agriculture will suffer, manufactures will languish for want of power, and the great internal waterways of the continent will be rendered useless for commercial interchanges. It will indeed be a sad commentary upon the folly, cupidity, and selfishness of the American nation if we allow the magnificent forests, once unequalled in variety, beauty, and density by those of any other part of the globe, to perish before a quarter of our land is peopled, and their real importance is fully felt. America must soon experience the calamities from which China has suffered during centuries through the destruction of the forests which once extended over her seaboard provinces, and which Europe has experienced from the destruction of the forests of the Alps, the Carpathians, and the Pyrenees, if the forests about the head-waters of our streams are allowed to disappear. Every one has a motive for preserving such portions of our forests as are *necessary to furnish* moisture to our farms and water to our rivers and factories, for every one will feel the effects, directly or indirectly, of any injury to the agricultural, commercial, or industrial interests of the country.

In New York the threatened destruction of the Adirondack forests will be most injurious to the State and to this city. The great plateau which lies about the Adirondack region, from the nature of its light and sandy soil, is unfit for agriculture or grazing. The climate of this region is cold and inhospitable. It can never be thickly settled, and possesses no value except in the forests which cover it. These forests, from the stand-point of the lumberman, are not of any great value, and yet it is doubtful if any forest of similar extent is so valuable to the human race. This forest, extending over only a few million acres, regulates the commerce of a great nation. It has built up great cities, and has established upon this island one of the great commercial centres of the world. The Hudson River and the Erie Canal regulate and determine the most important traffic of this country; they have made this city what it now is, and many prosperous cities owe to them their origin. The Hudson River and the Erie Canal owe their existence, such as they are to-day, to the Adirondack forests. If these perish, New York can not long maintain its commercial importance, for, the upper Hudson no longer navigable, and the Erie Canal deprived of its water supply, commerce will seek new channels.

It will be the duty of the next Legislature to consider what can be done to preserve these forests, and avert the dangers which their destruction will bring upon this State. It should act liberally, intelligently, and quickly. New York can well set an example to the rest of the country in *forest preservation*. No other State can more surely and speedily benefit by it.

THE BARTHOLDI EXHIBITION.

Americans are proverbially gallant. Yet it must be admitted that they have treated the Goddess of Liberty, who came over here with a letter of introduction from a friendly nation, rather shabbily. The trouble about her reception no doubt arose from the fact that it was difficult to determine just who should receive her, and bear the expenses of establishing her on a permanent footing. New-Yorkers thought that the whole country should share in these expenses, because the Goddess of Liberty was presented by France, not to New York alone, but to the United States. But as she was to stand in New York Harbor, the country at large objected to paying for the beautifying of our already beautiful water approach. Now, however, that the responsibility has fallen plumb upon New York, most zealous efforts are making to secure a fund for the pedestal upon which the great statue is to stand.

It was suggested that much if not all the money needed might be raised by a loan exhibition, and, the idea seeming feasible, a number of ladies in society were enlisted in the laudable undertaking of procuring interesting articles for a loan exhibition at the Academy of Design. Society ladies, when their interest is once awakened, can work with surprising energy. Therefore it is not extraordinary that within a comparatively brief period the various committees succeeded in gathering in a large number of attractive features. While each of the numerous committees worked independently, some sort of system was maintained under the supervision of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. It must also be said, to the credit of the men who were on certain committees, that they gave much valuable time and labor to their task. It is generally believed, for instance, that Messrs. Chase, Beckwith, and others who had the collection of paintings in charge found their task easy; that they merely had to ask to obtain all the pictures they needed. But the owner of a picture, the value of which runs into the thousands, will always hesitate before letting it be taken from his gallery. It may, it is true, be insured for the very price he paid for it, but, after all, money can never measure the value of the substantiation of a beautiful idea. For a beautiful idea is unique, while one dollar is like another. Therefore the collection of paintings at the Bartholdi exhibition, which includes a masterpiece of Corot and other famous works, is the result of much labor, discrimination, and diplomacy on the part of the committee.

It is easy to fancy that Messrs. Leavitt and others on the committee of costumes had a difficult task. They were after characteristic costumes of various nations and old costumes. There are plenty of representatives of other nationalities in the cosmopolitan population of New York, but a foreigner's characteristics, especially those of dress, are soon absorbed here. To obtain old costumes was still more difficult. In a society like ours, where ancestry goes for little, and mere wealth will sooner or later lift a family into the first social rank, it is not easy to find people who would view with pride the costumes of their grandfather or grandmother, or those even of a nearer generation. Yet by much untiring investigation some people were found with ancestors who were not bought like those of the Major-General in *The Pirates of Penzance*, and the exhibition of colonial fashions was perhaps the best evidence of the zeal with which this committee went to work. The costumes, all told, numbered about one hundred and twenty—not a large number, but intelligently arranged so as to bring the various national characteristics into most striking contrast.

Perhaps no subject has appealed so strongly to the ingenuity of men as the most effective method of killing one another from a distance. Therefore the fine collection of guns is not unexpected. There are also other paraphernalia of war, all arranged so as to show the special and peculiar part each plays in the taking off of mankind. Whoever sees this collection will lose some of his faith in the Malthusian theory of overpopulation.

Among the musical instruments I missed the spinet upon which Mozart played when he was in Paris. This instrument is in this city, and could easily have been obtained. Some of the violins are, however, very fine and valuable, as several are by the most renowned Italian makers. There are also glittering heaps of fabrics, delicately decorated fans, costly chins, coins, miniatures, and other articles worthy of study. For itself as much as for its worthy object, the Bartholdi exhibition should prove a financial success.

G. K.

POE'S LAST RESIDENCE.

There was a spirit of revolt in Edgar Allan Poe which refused to accept whatever had established itself, and a spirit of unrest which drove him from place to place. He lived at different times in Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, but at no time did he live long in either city: he pitched his tent in all, but he had in none an abiding home. He migrated to New York twice, once in the winter or spring of 1837, and again in the summer or fall of 1844. During his first residence here he wrote "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym"; during his last he wrote "The Raven." The reputation that "The Raven" made for him was the opportunity of his life, if he could only have known it, and could only have been wise enough to embrace it. It may be that he did know it, for he was not lacking in shrewdness; what he lacked was the wisdom that uses knowledge as the stepping-stone to prosperity. He was possessed by the imp of the perverse, which assailed him in a thirst for strong drink, and in an inordinate belief in his own powers. The world had not accepted him at his own valuation, and that disappointed him: it had accepted lesser men, however, at a greater valuation, and that angered him. He would right himself, even if he had to pull down others, and, in his disordered way of thinking, the best way to right himself was to pull down others. He had a talent for analysis, and he called it criticism; he had also a talent for abuse, and he called that criticism. It was the rock on which he always wrecked his fortunes, and never so completely as during his second residence in New York, first as the editor of the *Broadway Journal*, and later as the concocter of the personal sketches entitled "The Literati."

Everybody respected the author of "The Raven," but nobody respected the writer of these scurrilities. He lost caste by them, he lost friends by them, and he lost employment by them. Fallen upon evil days of his own making, he concluded to turn his back upon New York, and early in the summer of 1846 removed himself and his small belongings to Fordham, Westchester County. He hired a little two-story cottage at the top of a hill, with an acre or more of greensward fenced in about it, and a number of grand old cherry-trees in the yard that threw a massive shade upon the front piazza. "So neat, so poor, so unfurnished, and yet so charming a dwelling I never saw. The floor of the kitchen was white as wheaten flour. A table, a chair, and a little stove that it contained seemed to furnish it completely. The sitting-room floor was laid with check matting; four chairs, a light stand, and a hanging book-shelf composed its furniture. There were pretty presentation copies on the little shelves, and the Brownings had posts of honor on the stand." So wrote a lady who made a visit to Poe's cottage shortly after his removal to Fordham. From those who knew him at this time we learn that his habits were more regular than they had been in New York. An early riser, he was fond of taking long strolls in the morning, chiefly in the neighborhood of the High Bridge, upon which he was accustomed to pace at all hours of the day and night. There was a ledge of rocky ground near his cottage, crowned with pines and cedars, which commanded a fine view of the scenery about, and which he loved on that account. Such was the external life of Poe as his friends knew it. Of his internal life—his life at the little cottage with his delicate, sick wife and her devoted mother—they knew nothing. They guessed what it was, however, one day when a New York journal startled them with the melancholy tidings that this poor lady and her gifted husband were both dangerously ill, and so far reduced (the statement ran) as to be barely able to obtain the necessaries of life.

One of the first to relieve the wants of Poe and his family was the lady already referred to, who hastened at once to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Poe. "There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet." The evil days of Poe's making were lightened by the benefactions of his friends and well-wishers, but the evil days of nature's making—the awful last days of a failing life—were not to be lightened by any power on earth. Virginia Eliza Poe passed away on Saturday, January 30, 1847, and was buried three days later in an old family vault in the Reformed church at Fordham. Married in her fourteenth year, and dead in her twenty-fifth year,

"her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many."

A darker shadow than was thrown by the Raven upon his floor was upon the soul of Poe, and it was never lifted from it. Poor always, he was poorer now, and never voluminous or rapid, he wrote but little, and with great difficulty. The hand that once penned "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," and "William Wilson," now penned "Eureka"; the genius that once inspired "The Raven," now inspired "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee." But write what he might, he was still the author of "The Raven." His chief claim to distinction during his lifetime, "The Raven," will long preserve his memory, and with it the memory of the great artist who spent the last years of his life in illustrating it. Edgar Allan Poe has won the fame he coveted:

"And so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

R. H. Stoddard.

ELECTRICITY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

When the student in any branch of engineering is first ushered into the presence of abstruse theory he is apt to find great difficulty in making himself master of the subject, for the reason that he fails to see the practical application of many of the principles laid down. This difficulty would be in great measure removed if there were more such works as that of Lieutenant Fiske—*Electricity and Electrical Engineering* (New York, D. Van Nostrand, publisher)—which, while giving briefly and clearly the elementary principles of both static and dynamic electricity, leads the reader easily and logically from the *x*, *y*, and *z* of the subject to the practical applications. "It is through the medium of magnetism," says the writer, "that the principal applications of electricity are made in the arts." Following out this idea, the first chapter of the work is an explanation of the laws and phenomena of magnetism, together with a description of the methods and the apparatus used in preparing magnets, and in measuring the force of the attraction exerted by them. Then follow chapters on frictional electricity, on work and potential, voltaic batteries, etc., etc. In these are given clear statements of the laws governing the various phenomena, and the experiments by means of which they may be verified, so that the reader is well prepared to take up the more complex portions of the subject that follow in the chapters on "Laws of Currents," "Thermo-Electricity," "Induction Currents," and "Electro-Magnetism."

The pages containing descriptions of storage batteries are of great interest and practical value to the student, since they contain a list, with illustrations, of the leading patents relating to the subject. Under the heading of "Electrical Measurements," the author gives a very clear idea of the principles and practice of this branch of electrical work, describing the different instruments and methods used for the purpose.

We then come to the practical applications of all of the fundamental laws of electricity in the chapters relating to the telegraph, telephone, dynamo machine, electric railway, etc. The various telegraph systems are described, and the difficulty of induction in long lines clearly elucidated. The telephones of Reiss and Bell, and the curious motograph receiver of Edison, are also illustrated and explained.

The theory of the action of the "dynamo" is very clearly stated. The chapters relating to transmission and distribution of power, and to electric motors and their applications to the electric railway, are of the greatest interest, for the reason that the subject is here not only considered as a scientific novelty, but also from a commercial stand-point. Lieutenant Fiske's work forms a very happy connecting link between theory and practice, and while it is certain to be a great aid to the student of electrical engineering in showing him the breadth of the subject, it can not fail to be of immense interest to the general reader as giving, in such language as to be easily understood by all, the principles upon which depend the many applications of electricity which we meet in our daily walks. The work is profusely illustrated with diagrams, plans, and careful engravings of machinery.

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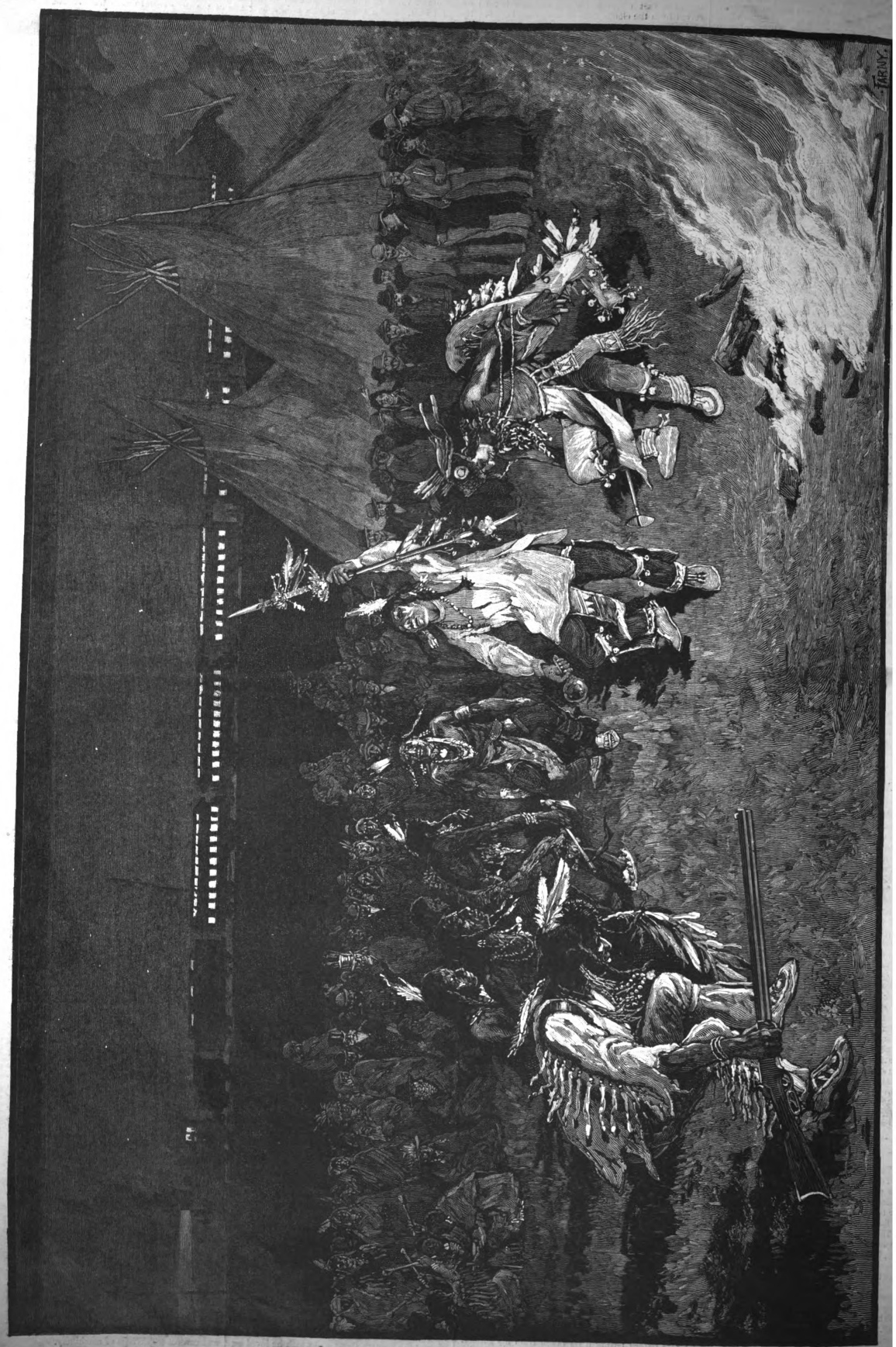

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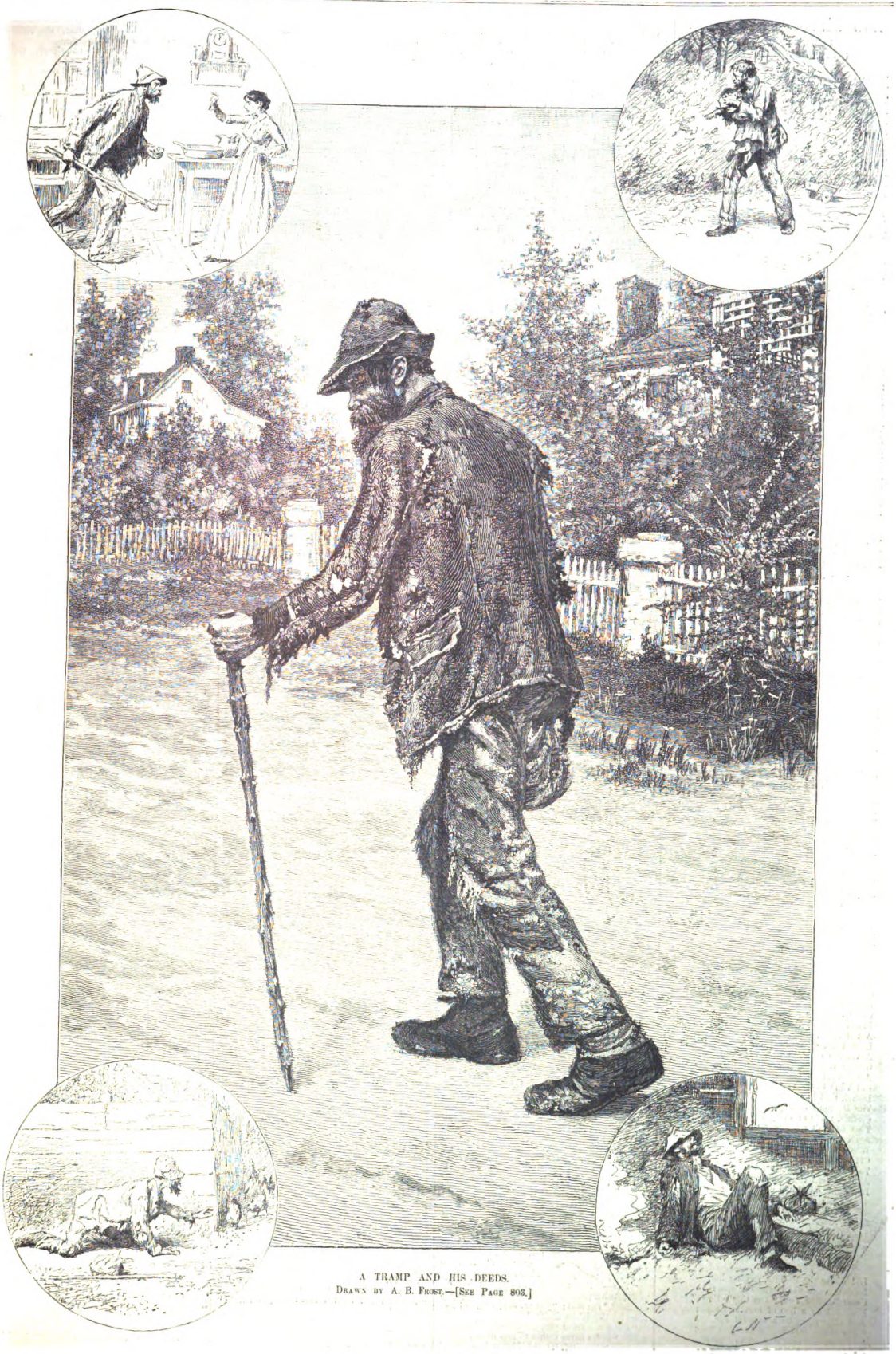

A TRAMP AND HIS DEEDS.
Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 803.]

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HOW WE FOUGHT THE FIRE.

By WILL CARLETON.

[See Illustration on Front Page.]

I.

'Twas a drowsy night on Tompkins Hill:
The very leaves of the trees lay still;
The world was slumbering ocean-deep;
And even the stars seemed half asleep,
And winked and blinked at the roofs below,
As yearning for morn, that they might go;
The streets as stolid and still did lie
As they would have done if streets could die;
The sidewalks stretched as quietly prone
As if a foot they had never known;
And not a cottage within the town
But looked as if it would fain lie down.
Away in the west a stacken-cloud,
With white arms drooping and bare head bowed,
Was leaning against—with drowsy eye—
The dark blue velveting of the sky.
And that was the plight
Things were in that night,
Before we were roused the foe to fight—
The foe so greedy and grand and bright—
That plagued old Deacon Tompkins.

II.

The Deacon lay on his first wife's bed,
His second wife's pillow beneath his head,
His third wife's coverlet o'er him wide,
His fourth wife slumbering by his side.
The parson visioned his Sunday's text,
And what he should hurl at Satan next;
The doctor a drowsy half-vigil kept,
Still studying, as he partly slept,
How men might glutton, and tope, and fly
In the face of Death, and still not die;
The lawyer dreamed that his clients meant
To club together, and then present,
As proof that their faith had not grown dim,
A small bright silver hatchet to him;
The laborer such sound slumber knew,
He hadn't a dream the whole night through;
The ladies dreamed—but I can't say well
What 'tis they dream, for they never tell;
In short, such a general drowsy time
Had ne'er been known in that sleepy clime,
As on the night
Of clamor and fright,
We were roused the treacherous foe to fight—
The foe so greedy and grand and bright,
And carrying such an appetite—
That plagued old Deacon Tompkins.

III.

When all at once the old court-house bell
(Which had a voice like a maniac's yell)
Cried out, as if in its dim old sight
The judgment day had come in the night.
"Bang whang whang bang clang dang bang whang,"
The poor old parcel of metal sang;
Whereat, from mansion, cottage, and shed,
Rose men and women as from the dead,
In different stages of attire,
And shouted, "The town is all afire!"
(Which came as near to being true
As some more leisurely stories do.)
They saw on the Deacon's house a glare,
And everybody hurried there;
And such a lot of visitors he
Had never before the luck to see.
The Deacon received these guests of night
In costume very simple and white;
And after a drowsy, scared "Ahem!"
He asked them what he could do for them.
"Fire! fire!" they shouted; "your house's afire!"
And then, with energy sudden and dire,
They rushed through the mansion's solitudes,
And helped the Deacon to move his goods.
And that was the sight
We had that night,
When roused by the people who saw the light
Atop of the residence, cozy and white,
Where lived old Deacon Tompkins.

IV.

Ah me! the way that they rummaged round!
Ah me! the startling things they found!
No one with a fair idea of space
Would ever have thought that in one place
Were half the things that, with a shout,
These neighborly burglars hustled out.
Came articles that the Deacon's wives
Had all been gathering all their lives;
Came furniture such as one might see
Didn't grow in the trunk of every tree;
A tall clock, centuries old, 'twas said,
Leaped out of a window, heels o'er head;
A veteran chair, in which, when new,
George Washington sat for a minute or two;
A bedstead strong, as if in its lap
Old Time might take his terminal nap;
Dishes, that in meals long agone
The Deacon's fathers had eaten on;
Clothes, made of every cut and hue,
That couldn't remember when they were new;
A mirror, scathless many a day,
Was promptly smashed in the regular way;
Old shoes enough, if properly thrown,
To bring good luck to all creatures known;
And children thirteen, more or less,
In varying plenitude of dress.
And that was the sight
We had that night,
When roused, the terrible foe to fight,
Which blazed aloft to a moderate height,
And turned the cheeks of the timid white,
Including Deacon Tompkins.

V.

Lo! where the engines, reeking hot,
Dashed up to the interesting spot:
Came Number Two, "The City's Hope,"
Propelled by a line of men and rope;
And after them, on a spiteful run,
"The Ocean Billows," or Number One.
And soon the two, induced to "play"
By a hundred hands, were working away,
Until, to the Deacon's flustered sight,
As he danced about in his robe of white,
It seemed as if, by the hand of Fate,
House-cleaning day were some two years late,
And with complete though late success,
Had just arrived by the night express.
The "Ocean Billows" were at high tide,
And flung their spray upon every side;
The "City's Hope" were in perfect trim,
Preventing aught like an interim;
And a "Hook-and-Ladder Company" came,
With hooks and poles and a long hard name,
And with an iconoclastic frown,
Were about to pull the whole thing down,
When some one raised the assuring shout,
"It's only the chimney a-burnin' out!"
Whereat, with a sense of injured trust,
The crowd went home in complete disgust.
Scarce one of those who, with joyous shout,
Assisted the Deacon in moving out,
Refrained from the homeward-flowing din,
To help the Deacon at moving in.
And that was the plight
In which, that night,
They left the Deacon, clad in white,
Who felt he was hardly treated right,
And used some words, in the flickering light,
Not orthodox in their purport quite—
Poor, put-out Deacon Tompkins!

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

Lorenz hesitated—he was warmly attached to Frau Herber, but it was to him simply impossible that this young, lovely girl should remain in Freitenberg to fall into the hands of French soldiers. Of what use would his protection be against a band of brutal ruffians? He stood thinking. All the friends on whom he could have relied for help had by this time left the city; besides, they dwelt either in the Herren-Gasse or in the main thoroughfares, and as the houses along this street and the rich-looking dwellings would be certainly invaded by the French soldiers, it had been resolved, in the brief council held this afternoon in the Rathhaus, that although no resistance should be offered, the inhabitants most likely to be molested would act wisely in withdrawing themselves and their valuables to some place of refuge out of the line of the French retreat.

"Listen, Magdalena," he said—it seemed to him that any reasoning was justifiable which would make her consent to leave Freitenberg. "No doubt it would be dangerous to move your grandmother in this bitter cold. Let us, then, wrap her warmly in her chair, and make up a large fire, and leave her all the food she can want. It is supposed that the French will only halt here a few hours, for they believe the Russians are in pursuit. I promise that you shall return the moment danger is over. Come, my dearest love! you will come with me?"

Magdalena's lips trembled, and the tears started to her eyes, but her answer was to step down the last stair, on which she had been standing, and to cross the Hof toward the sitting-room.

"Stop"—Lorenz caught her arm. "You have only looked at one side of the matter. If you persist in staying here, I stay also. I can at least take the same risk as you do—a risk to which you will not open your eyes."

At this a sudden flush, a quivering of the eyelashes as the sweet eyes opened in wild terror, showed him how wrongly he had been reading her. He saw through the folds of her gown that Magdalena's heart was violently agitated—all her pulses were fluttering with fear, and her lips parted with agitation. She turned away from the door and faced him.

"You must not stay here, Lorenz; it would take away all my courage to know that you were in danger. And then think of your father and your mother—you are the only child they have. Your duty is to be with them now."

She saw that she had touched him, for he turned his head aside. Indeed, his mother's last words sounded in his ears: "Yes, my Lorenz, you may bring the dear Frau Herber and her grandchildren to us, but come without delay. I shall have no peace till I see you arrive at Ahnborn."

"Come in here," said Magdalena. She had opened the door. She went up to her grandmother. Franz stood beside her. When he saw Lorenz enter he frowned. He was surprised when the young man spoke to him.

"Franz," he said, "a time like this gives every one a responsibility. You are old enough to feel that Magdalena ought not to stay here. We must take her away."

It seemed to the boy that he was being cajoled. If Lorenz loved his sister, then he ought to stay and defend her. "If he goes away, he is a coward," said Franz to himself. "I see how it is: he wants me to go, so that he may not have to stay behind."

"Magdalena will not leave my grandmother," he said, coldly; "and she"—he stroked one of Frau Herber's hands—"can not travel in weather like this."

"Well, then," said Lorenz, quickly, for a new plan suggested itself, "stay you, then, with your grandmother; it is better to risk one life than two, and probably, even if they find you, the French will not ill-treat you, my boy." He turned to Magdalena and took her hand.

"You—" Franz broke out, angrily; but his grandmother pressed his arm warningly. "Peace, my child," she said; "you are the youngest; you must let Magdalena decide."

"I can not leave you, grandmother," the girl said. "If no harm comes to this house, then I need never have left it; and if harm does come," she went on, slowly, "then I could never be happy again if I had left you."

She put both arms around Frau Herber's neck and tenderly kissed her. Franz bent down too, and rustled his sister's hair.

"You are a brave girl," he whispered, "and I'll never tease you again. Now, Lorenz Inchoff, I am going to bar and bolt the gates," he said, with an important air.

Lorenz smiled. "By all means, Franz. I will come and help you."

"You! are you going to stay?" Franz looked at Lorenz with a troubled face.

"If Magdalena will not come with me, do you think I am going to leave?" said Lorenz.

At this the girl came forward and put her hand on his arm.

"Remember your mother, Lorenz; by this time she must be anxious."

Lorenz took both her hands.

"If this news had not come," he said, "I should to-day have asked your grandmother's consent to our betrothal. If we escape this trial, you will be my wife, will you not, Magdalena? Frau Herber and you, Franz, are witnesses to our promise. And you know a man may not desert his wife even for his mother, and you are my wife, dear one."

"No, she is not," said Franz, impetuously; he could hardly keep himself from pulling his sister's hands away from her lover's clasp.

Lorenz looked at him in angry surprise.

"Lorenz, she is not yet your wife," Frau Herber said. "If she were, it would be different. Listen to me. When your message came I was sorely troubled, for I foresaw this conflict; but soon peace came to me. Something seemed to tell me to trust, and I fell asleep in my chair. While I slept I thought I wakened, and your mother stood beside me. 'Where is Lorenz?' she said. 'What have you done with my son?' While I tried to answer her she went. After this I roused, and found that I had been dreaming; but the dream meant something, Lorenz. You must not stay here. You must go to your mother. A good son makes a good husband, you know," she said, smiling.

"I can not stay in this house against your will, but I shall remain in Freitenberg." The young fellow spoke doggedly.

"You must go to Ahnborn—indeed you must," Frau Herber said, entreatingly.

Lorenz smiled, kissed her hand, and bade her adieu; then he nodded to Franz, and went out of the room.

Magdalena followed him, and as soon as the door closed behind her Lorenz took her in his arms.

"I shall be near you, my beloved," he said. "If harm comes, we can at least die together."

Once more the lovers clasped hands, and then they parted. Franz closed and barred the gates at once, so that Magdalena had no chance of a last look.

CHAPTER IV.

The evening wore slowly away. Soon the noise of departure subsided, and when Franz came in—for he had said he could not stay cooped in-doors like a chicken—he reported that the town seemed asleep.

"Are there any signs of the French soldiers?" Frau Herber asked.

"No. I went out by the Wolfgang-Thor, and looked over the country, but I could not see them. It is so strangely dark, grandmother; I fancy there will be a heavy snow-fall."

Although Magdalena tried not to feel disquieted, it was impossible to go about the house in her usual light-hearted fashion. The thought of Lorenz hiding away somewhere so as to watch over her safety, instead of following his parents, disturbed her. If anything happened to him, then she would have been the cause of it. Would anything happen to any one? Was it not all a false alarm, and might not the French have taken the upper road, which would lead them some miles north of Freitenberg?

She was at the top of the house when this thought came, and she hurried up a ladder leading to the loft, only lighted by some slit-like dormers in the roof. She crossed the loft, and taking down a bar, opened a door just under the gable.

From this opening, spite of the growing darkness, Magdalena could see beyond the city walls, but she could only make out the hard dry road stretching away to the east. Nothing stirred on it. Below her was the silent city; not a sound came from it, not even a wreath of smoke from one of the huge chimney-stacks. The darkness was unnatural, and the clouds looked even more heavy than they had looked. All at once something fell upon her face: it was a snow-flake.

Magdalena closed the door again, shivering, for the keen wind had rushed in, almost blinding her with its icy force. The sense of loneliness was awful, and she went down to the sitting-room.

When she joined the others, her grandmother was sitting in her old place by the fire, but Franz had drawn one of the red curtains aside, and was looking out.

"I'll wager they'll not light the street lamps to-night," he said. "There never is one here; but there will not be one on the Herren-Gasse or the Market-place; there is no need to light the Frenchmen about. Perhaps the lamp men have gone away with the rest. Hullo! there is snow; do you hear, Magdalena?" he called to his sister.

She had knelt down before the fire, trying to warm herself, for she felt half frozen. She got up and touched her grandmother's hand. "I shall go and get your warm cloak," she said. "You can not be too much wrapped, grandmother."

"How slowly the snow comes down!" said Franz. "Great flakes as big as little white birds. Do come and look, Magdalena."

But she had gone for a cloak, and now she was wrapping the old woman carefully and tenderly within it. "You look drowsy, dear," she said. "Close your eyes and sleep."

Frau Herber smiled. "I am not sleepy. Go and look at the snow, my child."

And while the grandmother prayed silently beside the fire that her darlings might be spared the coming peril, Franz and Magdalena watched at the window.

At first the snow came as if unwillingly, falling, in large, solemn flakes through the still air, but these seemed to spread into downy feathers as they reached the ground, and quickly the street below the window was white. Now the flakes became thicker, and the wind, which had completely lulled for a brief space, whirled them round and round here and there in twisting veils of silver, till even Franz's eyes ached with gazing at it. Now the snow drove against the window, but it was so soft it made no sound.

Magdalena at length turned slowly from the window, and then she paused, and stood still, with parted lips.

"Did you hear?" she said, in a low, startled voice, while she fastened the curtain closely.

Franz started up and ran to the window, but the girl stood still, her face white and set, one hand raised to keep him silent. As they listened there came sounding from some way off the muffled notes of a trumpet.

"It is the French. They are in the town," said Franz. "We could not hear that from outside; the snow deadens the sound, or it would be plainer." He went back to the fire-place, and standing on tiptoe, took down his father's gun.

At this his grandmother sat upright in her chair.

"Leave the gun alone, Franz," she said, firmly; "resistance is absolutely useless. You might shed blood, but that is all you could do. You could not hinder these men. We have only one weapon, my child—we can pray." And then she began slowly to repeat the 140th psalm.

At first Franz listened doggedly, and gave impatient glances at the curtained window, but the feeble voice went on, and presently Magdalena sank on her knees beside her grandmother, and joined in her supplication. Franz put the gun down on the table, and tried to listen to them, but his ears were strained to catch other sounds, and when the psalm was ended, he beckoned to Magdalena:

"We must cover the fire," he said, "and pull the screen close round it."

"It does not show outside," she said—"I looked when I came in." But still she did as he asked. Between them they moved Frau Herber close to the chimney breast, and then drew the many-leaved Indian screen completely across it.

"Hark!" said Magdalena.

There was a distant shouting, then a subdued but continued murmur; this went on and on till it came nearer; then it paused.

The three watchers held their breath, pale and open-eyed, fixed in the posture in which the sound had surprised them. Soon there came again shouts, muffled, but still sounds not to be mistaken, and the eager listeners could picture to themselves that some treasure had been discovered by the plunderers. The time passed slowly. The air grew more and more chill; for though the fire still burned on the hearth, they did not dare to add fresh fuel, so as to kindle a blaze. Now and then the grandmother prayed aloud, but scarcely a word was spoken.

All at once came a louder sound—a sound that rang out through the closely packed air, and reached them at their hearth-stone, thrilling through their blood—a sound of singing, many voices joined in what seemed to be a drunken chorus.

Magdalena flung both arms tightly round her grandmother. "They must be quite near," she whispered.

Frau Herber pressed the girl's cold hands in her own. "He is nearer," she said, "and those who trust in Him shall not be confounded."

But to Magdalena it seemed that the singing came nearer still, and her terror almost conquered her trust.

CHAPTER V.

Lorenz Inchoff had first gone back to his father's house in the Herren-Gasse, to make sure that the doors were securely fastened, and then he wandered about this quarter of the deserted town. He wished to find a refuge between the main thoroughfare and Magdalena's home, so that he might give her timely warning of the approach of the French, and mount guard before the doorway. More than one house in the narrow streets which led in this direction had not been deserted, the inhabitants being either too poor or too infirm to think of taking the long, cold journey to Ahnborn. Some, too, were utterly incredulous. The French had been for so many years a bugbear that they believed this was but another false alarm. Lorenz talked to some of these unbelievers, but he refused their hospitality. He shrank from finding himself shut up with others. The deserted houses had closed doors and windows, and it was long before he could discover any place to take shelter in, and the snow had begun to fall thickly.

At last, at the angle of a narrow alley, he saw a garden wall. The wall was low, and he easily climbed into the garden. By good fortune the open court-yard of the house bounded this garden on one side. Below the overhanging gallery of this Hof he found a small door which had been left unlocked. But when he had passed into the room to which it led, he found a succession of offices ending in a kitchen; barred off from the actual house, the windows looked into the Hof and garden; he was completely shut off from the street. However, the garden wall was close by.

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and from it he could easily reach the street in a few moments.

There was a fire still burning on the hearth of the first room he had entered. He made this up, and then he went back to the garden, and began to pace up and down, straining his ears to listen through the falling snow-flakes.

They fell thicker and thicker, faster and faster, till they came with such driving force that, staggering under the weight he now carried, he turned to seek shelter in-doors.

The wind whirled the snow with such sweeping fury against the wall of the Hof that in the darkness Lorenz had some trouble in finding the door by which he had first entered, and when at last he opened it, the snow followed him in like a white phantom, in spite of the obstacle offered by the projecting gallery overhead. He was so chilled that he could scarcely move, but he heaped more wood on the fire, shook his cloak with some difficulty clear of the snow that covered it, and stamped to free his boots from the huge clumps of snow that almost prevented him from moving. Then he placed himself near the window, though he knew that outer sounds must be dulled before they reached him. He was strangely tired, but he felt too drowsy to allow himself to rest. All at once it seemed to him that he was turning into stone. His limbs were stiff, and his jaws clung together; a strange stupor began to steal over him.

With difficulty he dragged himself near the fire, which now burned cheerfully, and then he remembered that he had taken no food since early morning.

He sat down before the fire, and tried to find in the pocket of his coat some cordial which he had put there. All at once he heard a sound outside.

He struggled to his feet, and listened. Through the still air came the muffled notes of a trumpet.

Lorenz made a rush to the door. This was the moment for which he had waited; he could at least die for Magdalena.

But he could not get to the door; he felt giddy, powerless, and he had to lean against the wall for support. Once more he dragged himself forward and reached the door, but he could not move it. Dimly he saw a mass of snow in front of it, then the ground seemed to slip from under his feet.

Lorenz started; he shivered, and opened his eyes. What was this? He was lying on the floor of a strange room; daylight showed faintly in the gray outline of a window, and as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light he saw a burned-out fire on the hearth and a mound of snow near where he was lying.

Then he remembered, and he struggled to rise; but this was not easy. He found that his limbs had stiffened with the cold; he could not move, and with this loss of power came the certainty that he must have been lying there for hours. What had happened? Had the French come to Freitenberg, or were they still expected? Then flashed the remembrance of that trumpet note, but it seemed to Lorenz that he had dreamed it. But, if not, had the night he so dreaded passed away while he lay sleeping? The thought gave him strength beyond his powers; he forced himself up from the ground. It was fortunate the wall was close by, or he must have fallen. His head reeled, his brain felt sick; he knew that in his present state he could not hope to reach Magdalena. He stood against the wall, trying to think calmly. Some sound must have roused him from this heavy sleep—what was it? Then all at once, and near to him, as it seemed, a trumpet rang out the call for departure. Lorenz had served against the French, and he knew well the loud, braying notes; but no murmur of movement followed. It was true, then, that the French were actually in Freitenberg; and he well knew he had slept and left Magdalena to their mercy. The agony of this thought fully roused him; his numbed blood stirred and brought back the power of movement. He pulled out his flask and drank from it, and then, guiding himself along by the wall, he brushed away some of the snow, and tried to open the door by which he had come in.

He pulled at it with all the strength he had, but he had soon to give up, exhausted. Then he tried with his knife to remove the snow which had worked its way in all around, but he found that this had frozen fast to the posts and lintels—it was hard ice.

Lorenz looked about him with despairing, haggard eyes. He was a prisoner! He saw now that the window was entirely snow-blocked, so that the morning was perhaps farther advanced than he had imagined. He went on through the offices till he reached the kitchen, and saw, what had escaped him in the darkness last night, a door in the panelled wall beside the cooking-stove. He opened this door, and, as he expected, he found a narrow staircase leading to the house itself. This assurance of escape from his prison helped his strength. He was soon up the stairs, and found himself at the end of the open gallery of the Hof. At the opposite end of this gallery was the great staircase of the mansion. The gallery was so full of snow that he was some time in making his way across it. In the corners, where it had drifted, it stood up in great white walls, and the staircase, when he came to it, was almost impassable.

At last, panting and exhausted, he reached the bottom of the staircase, and found himself in a dry covered court-yard. Two huge entrance gates were bolted and barred within. This house, then, had escaped. He unbolted and unbarred the gates, and to his joy they yielded. He opened them, and then he started, not only at sight of the street mantled in snowy whiteness—again the trumpet sounded, and now from the western side of the town. Lorenz waited, intently listening. Then he heard sounds as if the word of command were given; then came silence. They were departing. This terrible scourge had been removed from Freitenberg.

Lorenz's dread overpowered his relief. Imagination went on painting to him how his short unconscious night had been passed by the French soldiers. The snow shone silver-white. It had drifted against the angle of the opposite house, but in the road between, its smooth surface had been disturbed; foot-prints had struck deeply into it, though they had been partially hidden by a fresh covering of snow. As he trod on the frozen snow the whole aspect of the place was so changed that he wondered if he should find his way. There was no one abroad in this quarter. The chains of the lamps suspended across the streets were snow-laden, the roofs and chimneys were shapeless under their silver-white mantle, and the windows and doors were deeply framed in snow, while every bit of carving, every projecting bracket, had taken colossal dimensions with their dazzling covering.

As Lorenz went on, he saw more than one house where the open doorway and the marks of footsteps showed that the invaders had not been idle; but all was still. For him Freitenberg held only Magdalena, and at last, out of breath, and with snow-clogged feet, he reached the angle of the street she lived in.

Lorenz stopped, and from his heart went up a cry of joy and thanksgiving. It seemed to him that he beheld a miracle. The silvery mass had drifted till a solid wall of snow masked not only doors and lower windows, but covered even the oriel.

A track of footsteps showed that the street had been visited during the night, but the snow had so blocked the house that the work of breaking through such a barrier had, no doubt, seemed too fatiguing to the tired Frenchmen.

Lorenz went closer, and saw how thick and strong the wall was. "I must get help," he said; "the snow may stand here for days if the frost lasts."

He turned away, and then looked back at the windows above the snow wall. The door beneath the gable was opening slowly. He held his breath, and then he saw Magdalena smiling down on him with shining eyes.

"Are you safe—quite safe? Thank God!" she cried; and then her tears fell like rain.

He kissed his hand, and waved it toward her. "I go for help, my beloved," he called out.

It took Lorenz some time to get the help he needed. When the trumpet notes told the people of Freitenberg that the French were really in the town, they had hidden away in cellars and other places, and many of them had to be roused from deep sleep.

At last he got some men to come with shovels and pickaxes, and the door into the court-yard was quickly opened.

Magdalena and Franz were waiting for him in the court-yard. The boy's eyes filled with tears as he threw his arms around Lorenz.

"How is Frau Herber?" the young man said.

"Quite well. Come in and see her," said Franz. "She has been anxious for you. Never mind about Magdalena."

THE END.

THE "TRAMP," AND HIS SUPPRESSION.

THE cruel and almost inconceivably ferocious murder of MRS. MAYBEE and her daughter in a little village of Long Island, and other equally mysterious murders which have lately shocked the community, have brought the problem of the "tramp" before the country in the most startling manner. Every one familiar with rural or village life can readily understand the conditions which make such deeds not only possible, but, within not very long periods, almost certain. The scattered population, the isolated dwellings, the peaceful habits, the want of any organized or efficient police, with the existence of a class of wanderers, idle or half idle, and often criminal, spreading themselves over the country—these are the elements of the situation from which spring with considerable regularity petty thieving, outrage, assault, burglary, highway robbery, and murder, most of which go undetected and unpunished.

"Tramps," for the greater part, are the overflow from city life. Their ranks are recruited from the vicious, the lazy, and the unfortunate, who, driven from the haunts of organized society and the police, become, as their characters and habits incline them, beggars, thieves, or criminals. The greater number are simply idlers, strolling from place to place, begging a dinner here, a breakfast there, a lodging in some outhouse, or sleeping *à la belle étoile*, and living on the pilferings of hen roosts or corn fields. These are merely the drones of the great human hive, who drag out in filth and disorder their miserable lives. But with these are the men of criminal instincts and habits, fired with brutal lust, hungry with the greed born of dissipation and drink, reckless of life, their own or others', and trained in the terrible school of self-indulgence of our large towns. Woe to those who may meet them in the lonely ways, or may extend to them the hand of charity! Their trail across the woods and fields is marked with crime too horrible to describe, in comparison with which murder itself is less terrible. And it is to one of these that the rustic household may at any moment be opened when the ragged costume, the unshaven face, the sunburned hands, of the sturdy beggar appear at the door. It is with this element that society must make up its mind to deal.

The obvious weapon with which to deal with it is a police force. The average village or country community will shrink from this. The suggestion to them means an organized force of blue-coats, with sergeants and captains, and the omniscient and generally useless detectives. But this is not necessary. What is needed is a small force of mounted men, young, active, alert, with just enough organization to enable them to act together, and enough discipline to secure fidelity. Their chief function would be prevention rather than either detection or arrest. Patrolling the country roads frequently and rapidly, keeping a constant watch on suspicious persons, appearing often in the more secluded and exposed places, they could soon make it extremely dangerous for the criminal classes. An intimate and familiar knowledge of all persons with legitimate occupation is easily acquired in country neighborhoods, and that solves one-half the difficulties of police work. A criminal is really far safer in the dense population of the cities than he could be in a village with such an organization, since in the latter he would necessarily be a marked man, and could hardly move from point to point unobserved.

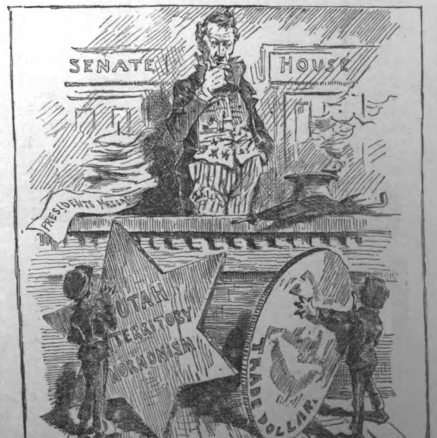
Such a force should be organized in every county, or it might with advantage be made a State force, outside of the larger cities. Its members should be carefully selected, with absolute freedom from political interference. They should serve for life, or as long as they were faithful and capable. They should have a graded increase in salary, or promotion, according to length of service and superior merit. They should be well mounted, uniformed, thoroughly instructed, and well officered. They should be pensioned for disability in the service, or on retirement for honorable cause, according to service. These requirements, which are of value in any force, would be essential in this, because of its peculiar nature, and the necessity of securing the best men at the most economical rates. Properly managed, such a force would practically put an end in a short time to the worst evils of the "tramp," and there is nothing in it which is not entirely feasible. The fact that the tramp is practically unknown in the outer districts of New York city, some of which are as strictly rural as the heart of Long Island, is due to the mounted police of the city, and this could be applied in a modified form in every community.

LEROY D. BROWN.

LEROY D. BROWN, Ph.D., the School Commissioner elect for the State of Ohio, was born and reared on a farm not many miles north of Marietta. His father was the son of New England parents, and his mother's ancestry included the HARRISES of Maryland and the HARRISONS of Virginia. He is thirty-five years old, being the youngest man ever placed at the head of educational affairs in Ohio. In boyhood he attended a country school, and read nearly everything within his reach. At an early age he became a private soldier in the Union army, in which he saw hard service, participating in some of the bloodiest battles of the rebellion. After the war closed he returned to the farm, again entering the district school to prepare himself for the position of teacher. Like GARFIELD and other noted Ohio men, he defrayed the expenses of his collegiate course without help from others. After graduation he adopted teaching as a profession, reading law and travelling in America and Europe the better to fit him for his work. He is a good speaker, an easy writer, and is well equipped for the high service to which the people of his State have called him. We predict great prosperity for the schools of Ohio as the result of his administration.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A STUDENT in the University of Berlin is said to be sixty-nine years of age. He graduated in theology in his youth, and went as a missionary to South Africa, where he remained until a year or two since, when he returned to Germany to study medicine. As soon as he has become a doctor of medicine he will go back to the Transvaal as a medical practitioner. In 1873 there died in Göttingen a gray-haired man who had been a student in the university there for forty years. It was said that an uncle had left him a legacy of a few hundred thalers a year, which was to endure as long as he was pursuing his university studies. He was of an unambitious, convivial temperament, and the idea occurred to him not to stop pursuing them. He subscribed to a lecture or two at the beginning of each semester, which was sufficient for the maintenance of his status as a student; but the intervals were very long between his appearances in a lecture-room. A boy's cap with a flaring crown afforded a curious covering for his venerable head, and he was tenacious of a shiny old portfolio which could have been of no service to him except as a badge vouching for the respectability of his condition. Every child in Göttingen knew him as the "Old Student." He was astonishingly faithful to his beer. He was found one morning on his sofa, ex-matriculated, gone out, like his pipe, which had fallen on the floor by his side.



UNCLE SAM'S DILEMMA.
"What's to be done with them?"

In the General Convention of Universalists at Washington, recently, objection was made to discussion of equal theological education for young women, on the ground that it was a side issue. "That's what Eve was—a side issue," said one of the assembled divines.

A revival of the discussion whether it is decent to break your soft-boiled eggs into a glass, or whether there must be nothing intermediate between the egg and the consumer save a spoon, suggests the possibility of its being a scandalous thing to take a sherry flip in the manner which is now common. If there are people who can not bear the sight of fluent egg all alone by itself, it is not likely that they would be willing to be spectators of egg and sherry shaken up together; and it seems beyond question that they would be pained and even horrified to see the whole rude contents of an egg dropped with a hollow "bubl-l!" into a glass of sherry, and allowed to float there in all its gross and yellow entirety. The possible offensiveness of the present method might be avoided by taking the sherry out of one egg-shell and the egg out of another.

Moncure D. Conway wrote to the Glasgow *Herald* a description of the sun as he saw it for several days while he was on his way from England to Australia. One morning, in place of the usual orb, an intense blue sun rose above the horizon and swung across the firmament, maintaining its startling color the entire day. The volcanoes of Java were in eruption at the time of this remarkable appearance of the sun, and the phenomenon noted by Mr. Conway is ascribed to the conditions arising from the tremendous disturbances in the distant Indian island. In the accounts of the great Javanese upheaval it was reported that the sun was blue.

News comes from the Sandwich Islands that the first number of the *Hawaiian Monthly Magazine* will appear there about the beginning of the new year. Dr. Charles T. Rogers is to be the editor.

Logsdon Weaver and John Brown were recently taken to State-prison together in Kentucky. Weaver had killed a man, and his sentence was for two years. BROWN'S sentence was for three years: he had broken into a railroad car and stolen a water-melon.

A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* in Goshen, Indiana, tells a story of the first printing of Will Carleton's "Betsey and I are Out." The poem was sent, the correspondent says, to the Toledo *Blade*, where a subordinate, in the absence of the editor, threw it into the waste-basket. The editor had a habit of looking through the waste-basket, and he recovered the poem, all except the first sheet. For a duplicate of this sheet he wrote to the author, who furnished it, and the poem was printed. It was copied by nearly every paper in America.

In a fervid review of a drop-curtain, one of the Cincinnati newspapers says: "There was a moment of impatient anticipation after the audience had been seated, when the green baize was rapidly rolled up and the new drop-curtain appeared to view. It was greeted with most enthusiastic applause, as it deserved to be. The scene represents the opening night of the Grand Opera-house in Paris, and gives a very carefully drawn and correct representation of the splendid entrance and stairs leading to the auditorium. While the staircase, with its lights and shadows, presents a difficult subject for treatment, it has been faithfully executed and is architecturally correct."

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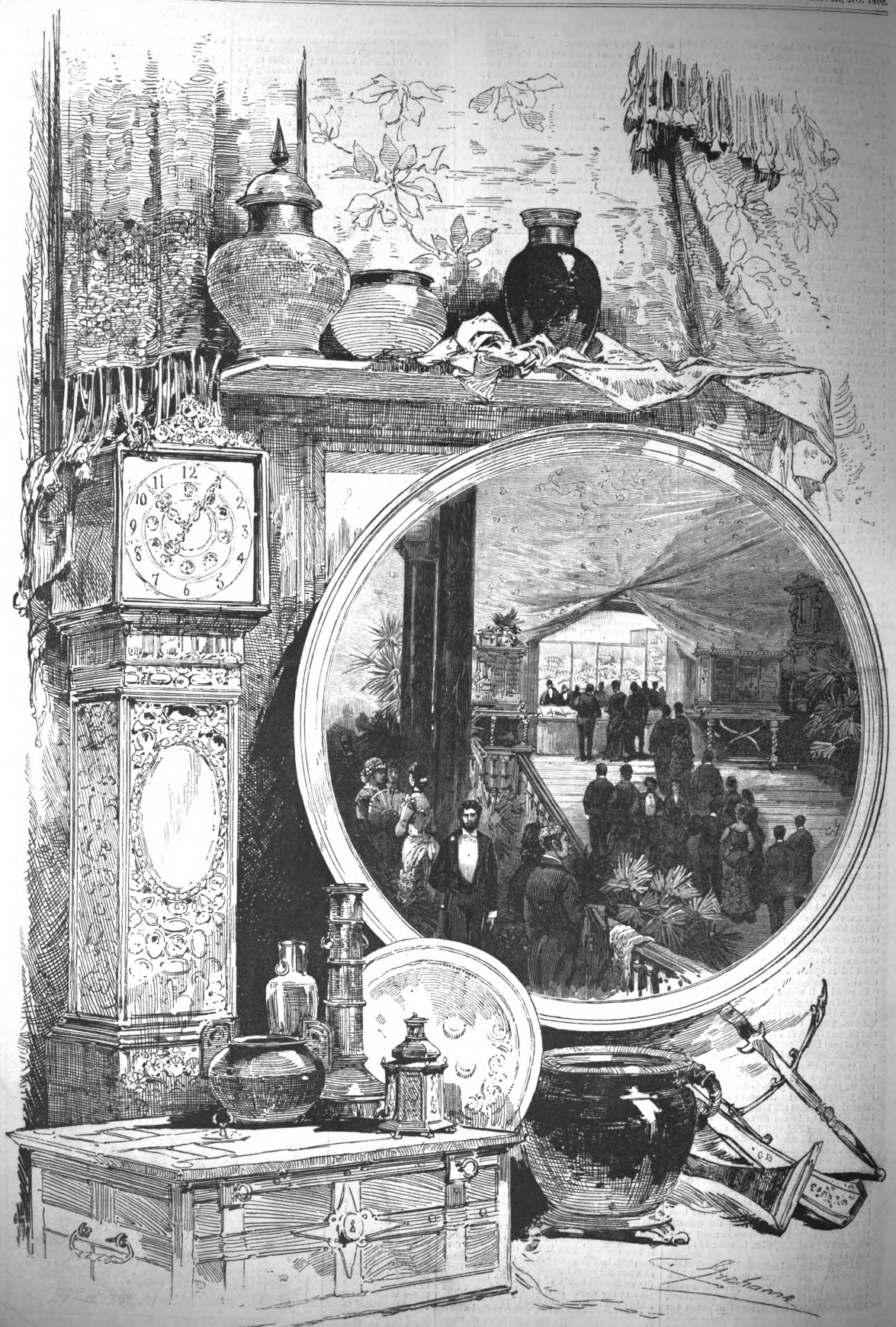

THE BARTHOLDI LOAN EXHIBITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 799.]

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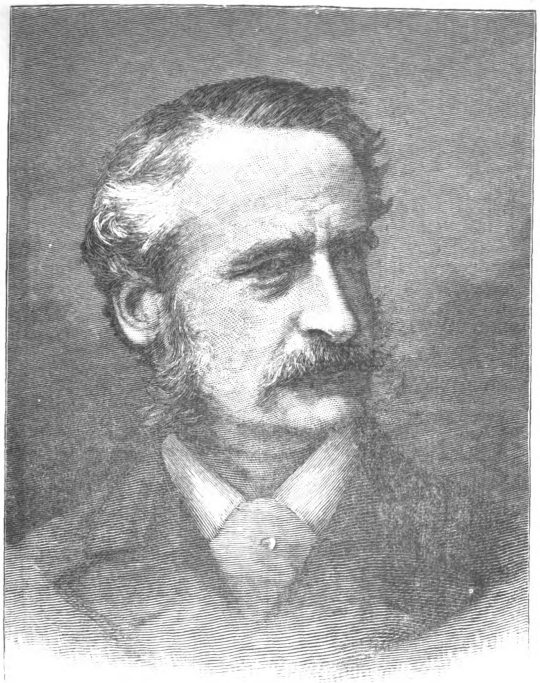
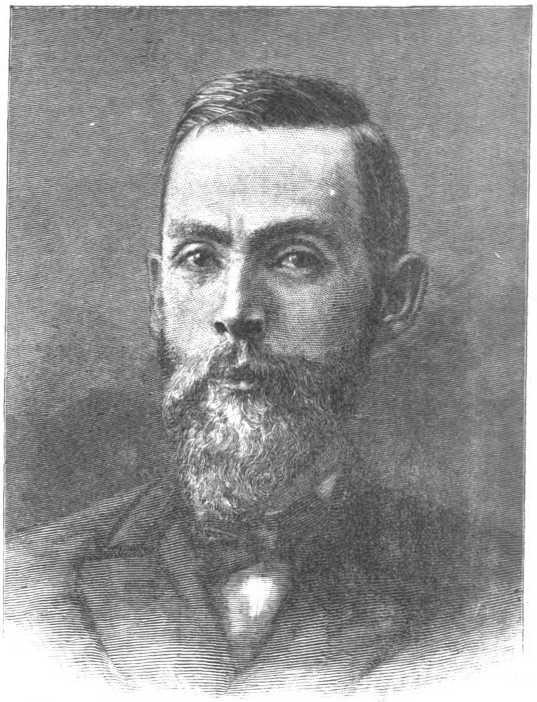
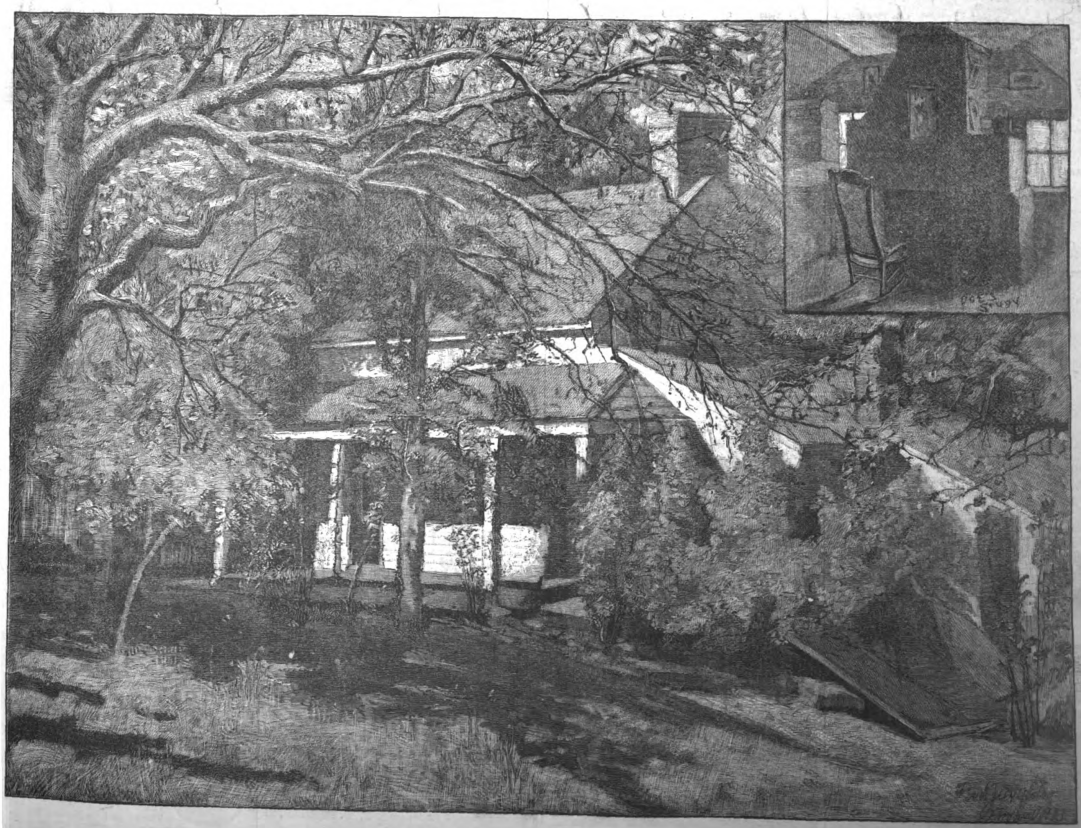


DISTRICT-ATTORNEY WHEELER H. PECKHAM.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 795.]



L. D. BROWN, PH.D.—Photographed by Overbeck.—[See Page 803.]



POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.—Drawn and engraved by F. Jüngling.—[See Page 799.]

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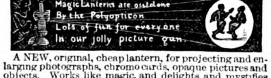

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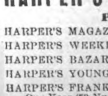

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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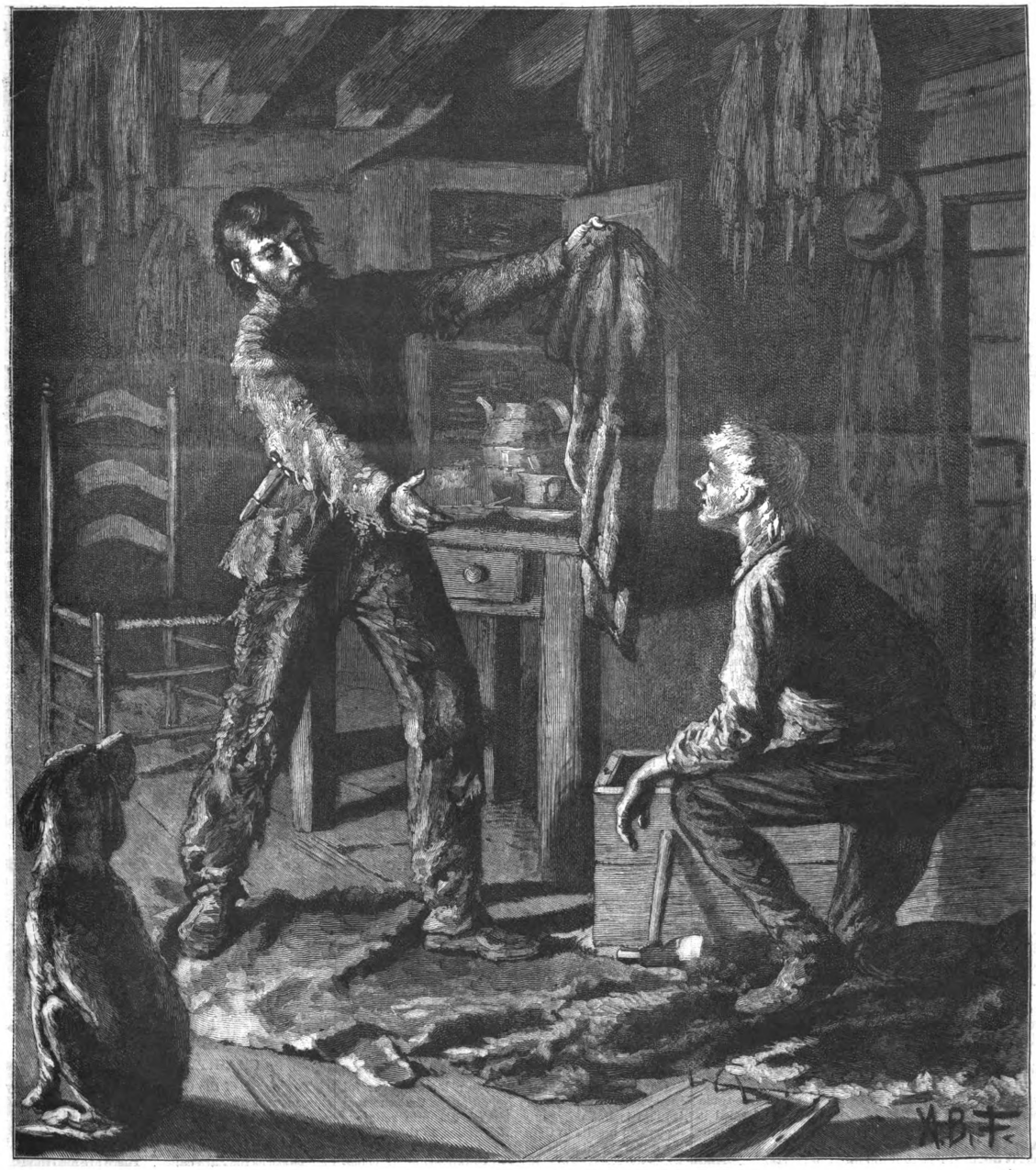

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[SEE "HOW JOHN NORTON KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS," IN SUPPLEMENT.]

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THE TARIFF AND THE PARTIES.

IT would seem to be a truism that the policy of protection and that of free trade are irreconcilable, and that a party can not stand for both. But the Democratic press recoils from the admission that the election of Mr. CARLISLE signifies the adoption of a free-trade policy by the Democratic party, and Mr. CARLISLE'S speech upon taking the chair deprecated public apprehension that rash legislation to promote free trade would be undertaken. It is now, indeed, alleged that he means only to favor measures to secure the remainder of the reduction of the revenue contemplated by the report of the Tariff Commission. That is to say, he would carry out a scheme begun by the Republicans, but he would carry it out in a free-trade and not in a protective manner. This is consonant with much that is said in the Democratic papers. Is that the Democratic programme? Do they propose to go to the country, not as a free-trade party, but as a non-protective tariff party? The speech of Mr. CARLISLE and the tone of the Democratic press show plainly that they do not believe that the country would sustain a free-trade policy. Upon what grounds, then, do they suppose it would sustain the first steps toward a free-trade policy? Or do they mean to hold that they are not free-traders, but merely friends of a revenue tariff?

The word "revenue," however, is chosen as opposed to "protective." It implies a tariff designed solely to raise revenue, and adjusted to avoid protection as in itself an evil. The party which takes this position must be held to take it honestly, and the position, as the *Sun* says, is that of just as much free trade as is possible under the circumstances. To advocate this, however, is to be practically a free-trade party. When the Republican party was formed it was an antislavery party. It did not, indeed, propose the immediate abolition of slavery in the States, but it opposed its extension into the Territories. And it did this with the hope and expectation that it would lead to the complete destruction of the slave system in the Union. In the same way a free-trade policy, in the existing situation, does not necessarily mean the immediate abolition of the Custom-house; it means tariff revision in a sense hostile to the protective principle. The first honest thing for the Democratic majority in the House to do is to show precisely what the Democratic position is. The party can not hope to succeed by "hedging," or by trying to differ as little as possible from the other party. As we have often said, the Democratic effort to obtain power as an honester, more economical, and more sagacious party than the Republican is simply comical. To make its traditions and general character its platform would be inconceivably ludicrous. Its only hope of success would lie in trying to be accepted as the sincere advocate of some intelligible policy. That this would be enough to secure the prize we do not say, but it is the only promising course to pursue. The first step in this endeavor must be to state clearly its hope and purpose upon the tariff question. If it favors a revision of the tariff with incidental protection, it holds a Republican position. If it favors a revision hostile to incidental protection, it is to the common apprehension a free-trade party. And it ought not to repudiate the name. The alternative, indeed, can not be agreeable to the party, because, if it takes the first course, it "throws up the sponge" for '84; and if it takes the second, it invites a reconstruction of parties, with a long contest for the supremacy of the free-trade principle.

But neither the Democratic nor the Republican party is organized upon the question of a tariff. And here is the fatal difficulty. A vital issue like this can not be taken up by an existing party and made its paramount policy without practically dissolving the party. Revenue reform is a desirable object, but the Democratic party does not stand for it, and should the Democratic revenue reformers obtain control of their party, and make such reform its chief policy, it would be at the cost of an immense secession, equivalent to a rupture and dissolution of what is now known as the Democratic party. There could be no hope of practical success except by union with Republican revenue reformers, and that would produce a new party. The antislavery triumph was impossible while the Whig and Democratic parties endured. It became practicable only when great bodies of Whigs and Democrats regarded that issue as of more importance than their old party attachments. We do not believe that a similar point has been reached in the tariff agitation. Important as the question is, it is not generally accepted as paramount, and it will not, in our opinion, generally control party conventions next year. As yet, certainly, we see no reason to suppose that Democratic protectionists like Mr. RANDALL and his friends are ready to leave their party even if it should make an exclusive revenue tariff its platform, or that Republican revenue reformers are ready to help the familiar old Democratic party into power because it might declare for an anti-protective revision of the tariff. If the Democratic free-traders in the House should take a decisive position upon the question at this session they would divide their own party, and take a step toward the reconstruction of parties. If, however, they should pursue the usual Democratic course of shirking and dodging, the Presidential contest would turn upon the comparative merits of the two parties and the public confidence in them—an ordeal from which Republicans do not shrink.

MORMONISM.

THE President says in his Message that the law of the last Congress has practically failed as yet to remedy the trouble in Utah, and he adds:

"I am convinced, however, that polygamy has become so strongly intrenched in the Territory of Utah that it is profitless to attack it with any but the stoutest weapons which constitutional legislation can fashion. I favor, therefore, the repeal of the act upon which the existing government depends, the assumption by the national legislature of the entire political control of the Territory, and the establishment of a commission with such powers and duties as shall be delegated to it by law."

To this the *News*, the Mormon organ in Salt Lake City, replies:

"The President's Message will be hailed by the hireling clergy with pleasure, and will receive an amount of popular support. It is not shown in what way the destruction of our local government would affect the question of polygamy. The plural marriages of the Mormons are not recognized by the Territorial laws, and could not be dissolved by commissions, by edicts, by armies, or other earthly power. They are ecclesiastical, perpetual, and eternal. Until the Mormons become recreant to their faith with high Heaven these unions will be recognized by the Almighty Being, who established them for the benefit of His people and the fullness of His glory. The President's remarks on Utah polygamy will not add force to his Message nor credit to his statesmanship. They are a sop to bigots and breath to the flame of popular passion. It is doubtful if it will have a practical bearing on Congress. It will certainly create no commotion among the God-fearing people of Utah."

Governor MURRAY, of Utah, in a long and careful interview reported in the *Herald*, says that the real trouble is not polygamy, but an absolute religious despotism hostile to the United States, to the spirit of the government and the letter of the laws, and which, while defying the authority of the government, is biding its time for trying armed conclusions with the national power. As Mormonism is spreading into neighboring territory, the question of dealing with it is one of immediate importance.

The Mormons are chiefly recruited from the most ignorant foreigners. They are secluded in a wilderness in the very heart of the country, entirely beyond the assimilating influence of the national life, and compose a trained host of religious fanatics with purposes, interests, and feelings wholly alien and hostile to those of the United States. One of the articles of their religious faith consecrates a practice which is made criminal by the laws of the United States, and which is designed to secure their rapid increase. Polygamy is absolutely incompatible with American civilization, and a religious despotism controlling civil and political relations is fatal to American polity. It is obvious, then, that the President speaks only the truth in saying that it must be attacked with the stoutest weapons that constitutional legislation can fashion. This, however, does not necessarily mean armed suppression. To say that the matter must be left to itself is to say that if a host of foreigners encamp in Washington Territory, and profess systematic murder of strangers as an article of religious faith, the matter should be left to itself. It is true that the plural wives probably consent to the relation, but it is equally true that polygamy, no less than murder, is under our laws a penal offense.

The Constitution vests the government of the Territories in the Congress of the United States. If the Congress finds that the rules which have been adopted for the government of Utah merely strengthen the hostility of the Mormons to the United States by giving the exclusive political authority to its enemies, it may wisely revoke those rules, and resume direct control, even if it can do no more. Such a course would not of itself abolish polygamy, indeed, nor would it be an act of oppression toward well-disposed citizens. But it would encourage those who are friendly to the national authority, and it would relieve the government of its present pusillanimous attitude of apparent acquiescence in flagrant defiance of its authority. Meanwhile Mr. EDMUNDS writes to the National League for the Suppression of Polygamy that the committee intend to propose amendments, of which they gave notice when the bill was passed, and which he has no doubt, "with good administration, without which all laws are useless, we shall gradually extirpate the crime." For this proposed legislation the country will wait with great interest and anticipation.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

THE President's Message recalls to the attention of Congress the unsatisfactory condition of "momentous questions" relating to the Presidential succession. The President properly alludes to the circumstances of his own accession, when his death or inability would have left the government without a constitutional head. The delicate question of the method of determining the "inability" of a President is still unsettled. But nothing commended President ARTHUR more closely to the confidence and respect of the country than his wise and honorable conduct during President GARFIELD'S actual inability. His course was in the highest degree patriotic. But there are men in public life who would be capable, under similar circumstances, of a course which would involve a civil convulsion. It is the duty of Congress to heed the recommendation of the President, and to guard against such possibilities.

A still more pressing question of this kind is that of the count of the Presidential vote. In 1876-7 a civil war was avoided by the patriotic action of Congress. It was an emergency in which the conduct of Mr. RANDALL and that of Mr. TILDEN will be always mentioned with honor. It is an emergency which is possible at every election, and should it occur in 1885, a similar pacific solution can not be reasonably anticipated. A close or doubtful result would easily precipitate an armed conflict.

This can be avoided by a simple provision which has been presented to Congress more than once, and which involves no party advantage to either side. Such a plan as that proposed by Mr. EDMUNDS would secure the constitutional purpose of respecting the State authority in the election, and annul all risk of actual trouble. Objections to an electoral certificate are readily made, and where the result of the election would be affected they will certainly be made. Such objections will under such circumstances be made in 1885. Will Congress have the good sense to provide a satisfactory method of settlement? The President has done his duty; the country may reasonably expect both parties in the Senate and the House to do theirs.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION.

THE object of the Charity Organization Society in the city of New York should be distinctly understood. There are some three hundred and more charitable associations in the city, besides five hundred denominational associations, and the ordinary public charities, as they are called. There are also thousands of benevolent persons who wish to relieve deserving poverty and actual suffering, but who are aware of the enormous imposture which is practiced in the name of want and in the form of beggary, and who fear to give lest they make the situation worse, and merely encourage fraud. It seems very hard not to give

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alms to an apparent sufferer. But nobody has a right to forget in an effusion of sentimental emotion that there is no greater wrong to honest labor than to reward idleness and swindling. Ignorant alms-giving, which is simply indolent self-indulgence, teaches that skillful lying and laziness can get more money in a day than honest labor.

This is a triple wrong: to the beggar, in whom it destroys self-respect and honesty; to the industrious worker, whom it seduces to desert honest industry for lying and criminal beggary; and to society, by degrading character and perpetuating pauperism and crime, leading to the enormous increase of taxation, which comes at last from the honest and industrious poor man. In a great city, therefore, where it is absolutely impossible personally to know the truth about beggars, or personally to inquire into the facts about the dozen or score who daily beset the passenger in the street or apply at the door, some kind of agency is indispensable, unless a man should sternly refuse to do his charitable duty, or should insist upon doing a great wrong by giving without knowledge. But if he selects some one of the existing societies of relief as his agency, he will find that they also suffer from the want of mutual understanding. The deception which deals with the individual giver misleads the associations also, and sometimes a dozen of them are relieving the same person. The waste of money in this way is immense, and one of the primary objects of the Charity Organization Society is to foster harmonious co-operation among the existing societies, and to prevent the evils of this confusion and overlapping of relief.

It proposes also to investigate thoroughly, and without charge, all cases which are referred to it, to report fully to the person or society that desires the inquiry, and to provide friendly visitors to take in actual charge such cases as require such attention. Besides this, while the society does not directly dispense alms in any form, it will ask relief from the proper associations and individuals for deserving cases, it will procure work for the poor who are capable of helping themselves in some degree, and it will expose and prosecute impostors. This last point is very important. For under the circumstances of a great city the disposition to trade upon charitable feeling is so great that counterfeit societies arise, professing to be charitable agencies, the object of which is simply to furnish a comfortable support to the managers. Several of these have been exposed by vigorous and striking revelations in the *Herald*, and by the action of the Board of Charities. The charitably disposed, who do not avail themselves of the agency of a denominational society which they know, should seek the agency of the Society for Relief, at 79 Fourth Avenue, or that of the Charitable Organization Society, at 64 Madison Avenue. Those who doubt and hesitate must not forget that a vast amount of what seems to them deserving and suffering poverty is a kind of organized fraud, which can be successfully encountered only by organized inquiry. The fraud, indeed, does not dispense anybody from the duty of charitable relief to the honest sufferers, of whom there are only too many. But it is quite as imperative a duty not to encourage a vast system of swindling.

DR. DEWEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE *Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D.D.*, edited by his daughter, is a delightful picture of a very celebrated preacher and a very interesting man. He began his ministry as colleague of Dr. CHANNING, and he was settled afterward in New Bedford and New York. Born in Sheffield, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, the peaceful village seemed always to be his heart's home. He finally returned to it when past sixty, and for the last twenty years of his life he lived in the house in which he was born, and there he died.

Dr. DEWEY was never in vigorous health, and was obliged to take frequent rests, but he lived to be eighty-eight years old, and only toward the very end did his mind and spirits share the decline of his body. He was a man of the deepest religious feeling and exquisite sensibility, and his emotional temperament made him a singularly fervent and persuasive preacher. Forty years ago his church in New York, on Broadway, opposite the New York Hotel, and now changed into a theatre, was the most thronged in the city on Sunday evenings, to hear a doctrine and an eloquence to which New York was unaccustomed.

The letters in this volume, full of gayety, ease, observation, and often of profound feeling, reveal a most affectionate nature and a very lovable man. They are a charming contribution to the literature of letters. The book is of fitting size, the editor, who has done her work most modestly and happily, having been conscious that a selection was all that was possible, and the selection she has made with admirable taste and discretion. Dr. DEWEY'S autobiographic picture of retired rural New England life at the beginning of the century is very valuable, and the book is a notable addition to the best American biographies.

THE NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

THE community learned with sincere regret that Mr. PECKHAM was forbidden by his health and the imperative warning of his physician to undertake the severe duties of the District Attorney's office, and he resigned after a very few days. Governor CLEVELAND, in pursuance of his policy of selecting the fittest man for the important office, immediately appointed Mr. PETER B. OLNEY as his successor.

Mr. OLNEY is a man of whom the best expectations may be justly entertained. An excellent lawyer, an upright and public-spirited citizen, a man in the vigorous prime of life, and familiar with municipal affairs, he takes office at a time when firmness and promptness and sagacity can be of the utmost public service. There is no reason to doubt that the expectations of a just and efficient administration of the office which were awakened by the appointment of his immediate predecessor will be fulfilled by Mr. OLNEY. He has the character, the ability, and the purpose to do the work of thorough municipal investigation which is now universally demanded by all good citizens.

In both the appointments to the District-Attorneyship the Governor has shown his earnest desire to serve the public and not the mere politicians, and he is entitled to the hearty thanks of this community.

"I SAY NO."

OUR readers will gladly welcome the return to our columns of an old friend WILKIE COLLINS, who begins in this issue a new story. Those who recall the eager and absorbed interest with which they awaited from week to week the unfolding of the strange mystery of *The Woman in White*, or the weird and fascinating plot of *The Moonstone*, will take up with singular curiosity the thread of the new labyrinth, sure that, if the magician has not lost his cunning, they have before them a continuous interest and pleasure until that thread shall lead them to the very heart of the mystery, and that most melancholy word to the true novel-reader—*Finis*.

A GALLERY OF DELIGHTS.

THERE is no more interesting resort in the city during the holiday season, and none more worthy of the attention of citizens and strangers, than the Loan Exhibition at the National Academy of Design for the benefit of the pedestal fund of the BARTHOLDI statue. It is a collection of the richest and rarest and most famous objects in every branch of art, and of the most curious and exquisite skill.

The interest extends from striking pictures of modern European painters to a large and very valuable assemblage of old and new miniatures, representing famous and beautiful persons; from the marvellous carving of BENVENUTO CELLINI to the elaborate illumination of ancient missals; lace such as the "dear dead women" who stepped stately to the toccatas of GALUPPI in Venice might have worn; wonderful work in gold and silver, Dutch, Italian, and English; tapestries, carving, porcelain, and pottery of every degree—in fine, everything strange, beautiful, costly, and quaint, which has been accumulating in hundreds of families from all countries and times.

It is a place for many visits; and although the objects are private possessions which money can not buy, there are very appropriate memorials of the exhibition and of its object (the statue of Liberty) to be bought at the gallery—fragments of the stone upon which WASHINGTON stood when he was inaugurated, and which is now placed permanently upon the rostrum below the statue in Wall Street.

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT.

THE President says in his Message:

"Since the 16th of July last no person has been appointed to the public service in the classified portions thereof except those certified by the Civil Service Commission to be the most competent."

Is the spirit of the reformed system equally observed in the unclassified service? Is there any evasion of the rules themselves by temporary appointments? In any public office were political assessments recently levied despite the law, and under circumstances which virtually compelled payment?

Much beneficial change has been accomplished. The reformed system has become law. But good laws are ineffective without enforcement in their own spirit and for their especial purpose. If such questions as we have suggested point to any actual abuses and evasions of the law, we trust that the Civil Service Commission will bring them to the attention of the President. It is true in this reform as elsewhere that it is the spirit, not the letter, which giveth life, and we shall look with interest to see whether the report of the Commission states that while the classified service has been filled, as the President says, according to the letter, the unclassified has been filled according to the spirit, and that tricks and evasions and abuses have been so far as practicable corrected.

PERSONAL.

IN answer to many inquiries from subscribers, we regret to say that Mr. THOMAS NAST, who still retains his connection with Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, has not yet sufficiently recovered from the severe attack of pneumonia by which he was recently prostrated to give the public the benefit of his genius. We hope, however, that before many months have passed he will be able to resume the pencil with which he has done such vigorous and noble work in the cause of the Union and in support of an honest and enlightened administration of national, State, and municipal government. The public will be glad to learn that, should his health permit, Mr. NAST will deliver some lectures during the course of the winter.

—The attention of the managers of "church sociables" is directed at the present moment by the recent disclosures of the HIGBIE-VAUGHAN trial at New Utrecht, Long Island, to the possible and actual osculatory opportunities of those popular and pleasing entertainments, and the old subject of the propriety of permitting games of chance seems to have become uninteresting. It would be curious to inquire how far the promiscuous kissing brought to light at the aforesaid trial might justly be regarded by our foreign censors as a national characteristic.

—The Princess LOUISE is a contributor to the annual exhibition of the London Society of Painters in Water-Colors. The critic of the *Standard* expresses himself guardedly: "Perhaps the most significant comment on the Princess LOUISE'S 'Off Greenhithe' is to say that it struck us before we discovered that it was by a royal hand."

—It is not generally remembered that M. BARTHOLDI'S project of erecting a statue of Liberty in New York Harbor originated at the termination of our civil war, and was intended by him, and by the distinguished French statesmen who seconded his proposal, to commemorate the freedom of American slaves. The intervention of the Franco-German war has caused the long delay in the execution of the artist's purpose. The site on Bedlow's Island was chosen by M. BARTHOLDI himself during his last visit to this country, a few days previous to his marriage to an American lady in Newport.

—Mr. ELIHU VEDDER, though principally known as a painter, is a sculptor as well, and some fine specimens of his plastic skill are to be seen in the large iron plates used to back the fire-openings of several Boston hearths. These plates are bass-reliefs of *bizarre*, mythical heads, modelled with characteristic dash and strength. The very remunerative business of decorating the interiors of private houses is now engaging the attention of a large proportion of the best American painters and sculptors. Artists who, a few years ago, would have considered it beneath their dignity to paint a frieze or to design a mantel, are glad to exercise their genius in this direction. History repeats itself.

—A correspondent of a leading London journal writes: "It is well known that gangs of American card sharpers, 'bunco men,' and swindlers of different kinds pick up a very good living by crossing the Atlantic; and the first-class Atlantic liners, which are supposed to carry the wealthier class of passengers, scarcely make a trip without some of the passengers being fleeced. The victims of these sharpers are generally Englishmen, but I have known heavy sums to be lost by Americans who prided themselves on being more than usually 'cute.'" It is said that Mr. OSCAR WILDE, after his experience in a New York "bunco" den, did not lose any money at cards on his last voyage.

—The Rev. WILLIAM W. DE HART, of Walden, New York, gives the following explanation of the affair which resulted in his resignation of the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church in that town: "I had been invited to spend the evening at my chorister's house, and when the chorister struck his wife I laid my hand on his shoulder, with the remark, 'My friend, you must not strike a woman in my presence.' The man then turned and struck *me* full in the face. When this occurred, forgetting for the moment that I was a clergyman, and in the heat of passion, acting only as a man, I returned the blow, and returned it with the force and skill which I learned at college." Will this incident be made use of by those who believe that in some of our colleges undue attention is given to the study of athletics?

—The "unbidden guest" who created some excitement at Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT'S reception on the 11th of December said to the police authorities, after his arrest: "I stood for hours on the sidewalk watching the dancing lights inside. Suddenly a curtain was for a moment pulled aside, and the glimpse I caught of a bed of roses made me wild to get near them. I love flowers. I went to the door: it was open. I could smell the roses so plainly that, taking advantage of the absence of the doorman, I slipped in, and picking up two chairs, so that I might be thought a servant, I walked upstairs. I did not want to steal, but I did want to see the magnificent display of flowers." The man was discharged, although no stock was taken in his story. Their inordinate passion for flowers may yet lead our city tramps to wear button-hole bouquets.

—Mr. FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, who has long been on terms of intimacy with the leading literary celebrities of New England, has written an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, showing the relations of that poet not only to the literature of his times, but to the work of emancipating the slave population of the United States. Mr. WHITTIER'S art has not been for art's sake alone. He has sung with a purpose.

—Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "A curious report got about a few days ago, to the effect that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS was about to publish a novel in the [London] *Times*, of all papers in the world. This was palpably absurd. We hear that the novel is to appear in certain weekly newspapers, and in monthly parts in *Time*. It is said that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S novels are so popular with the natives of Bengal who can read English, that it is proposed to translate all of them into the Bengali language for the benefit of those who can not. *The Woman in White* is already in course of translation."

—Has a physician a right to use hospital patients for other purposes than those tending to their own benefit, without their free and full consent? Except in the case of those who have forfeited their right by crime (replies the *Medical Times*), no enlightened thinker can justifiably maintain that one body is more worthless than another, and it is strange to find medical men familiar with the republicanism of the *post-mortem* table upholding such a distinction. If it is still allowable to make experiments on the poor without their full consent which it would not be thought justifiable to make on the rich, then all the political struggles of the past century have been in vain so far as regards any lesson which those who make such a claim have derived from them. Too much stress can not be laid on the fact that the main use of hospital patients is one of observation, not of experiment.

—An Italian professor has been examining a comet now showing itself above Italy. He recognizes it as a comet discovered in 1812, which is returning, after being 600,000,000 miles distant from the sun. It is travelling so fast that by the 8th of January it will be 32,000,000 miles nearer the earth than the sun is. The professor regrets that as yet it has only the rudiments of a tail.

—M. EMILE OLLIVIER denies that on hearing of the first disasters to the French army in 1870 he exclaimed, "It is the end of France." What he did say was (he says), "It is all over with the Empire." "I affirm, and I shall demonstrate," he adds, "that to lose the Army of the Rhine, the most heroic, the most disciplined, the most thoroughly ready that France ever had since the Army of the Camp of Boulogne, such an accumulation of gross blunders was necessary that, even intentionally, they could not be repeated a second time."

—Mr. GLADSTONE in 1860 thought it would be a great boon to England to have the cheap wines of France, and in arranging a commercial treaty to that effect he expected to promote the interests of temperance by substituting cheap wines for the strong liquors. At a recent conference of the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society, the Rev. Canon ELLISON expressed a hope that Mr. GLADSTONE would cause that treaty to be repealed, since its effect had been "precisely opposite" to that which had been intended. Dr. NORMAN KERR lamented the increase of "female intemperance" in London. Many of his lady patients, he said, took so much drink that if they went out-of-doors they would be unable to walk straight.

—"Go where you will," said the Marquis of Lorne recently, "it is very difficult to get away from Scotchmen. I was on the coast of Labrador, visiting an encampment of Indians, and being then young in Canadian service, I wanted to see a pure-blooded Indian. I said to the friend who was with me, 'Make the man of purest blood among them come here;' upon which he shouted out in French, 'Come here, McDONALD.' Very near the Rocky Mountains I saw in a fine Indian lodge a beautiful baby, and I asked to whom the baby belonged—was it an Indian baby. 'Part Injun,' was the reply; and it turned out that it was partly the product of a Scotch engineer. In Nova Scotia I found a Highland woman, who could talk nothing but Gaelic, cultivating a very successful farm, while her husband could speak nothing but Italian. I have no doubt that the successful management was due to the fact that they had the ordinary Canadian family of about twenty children, who no doubt were able to act as interpreters."

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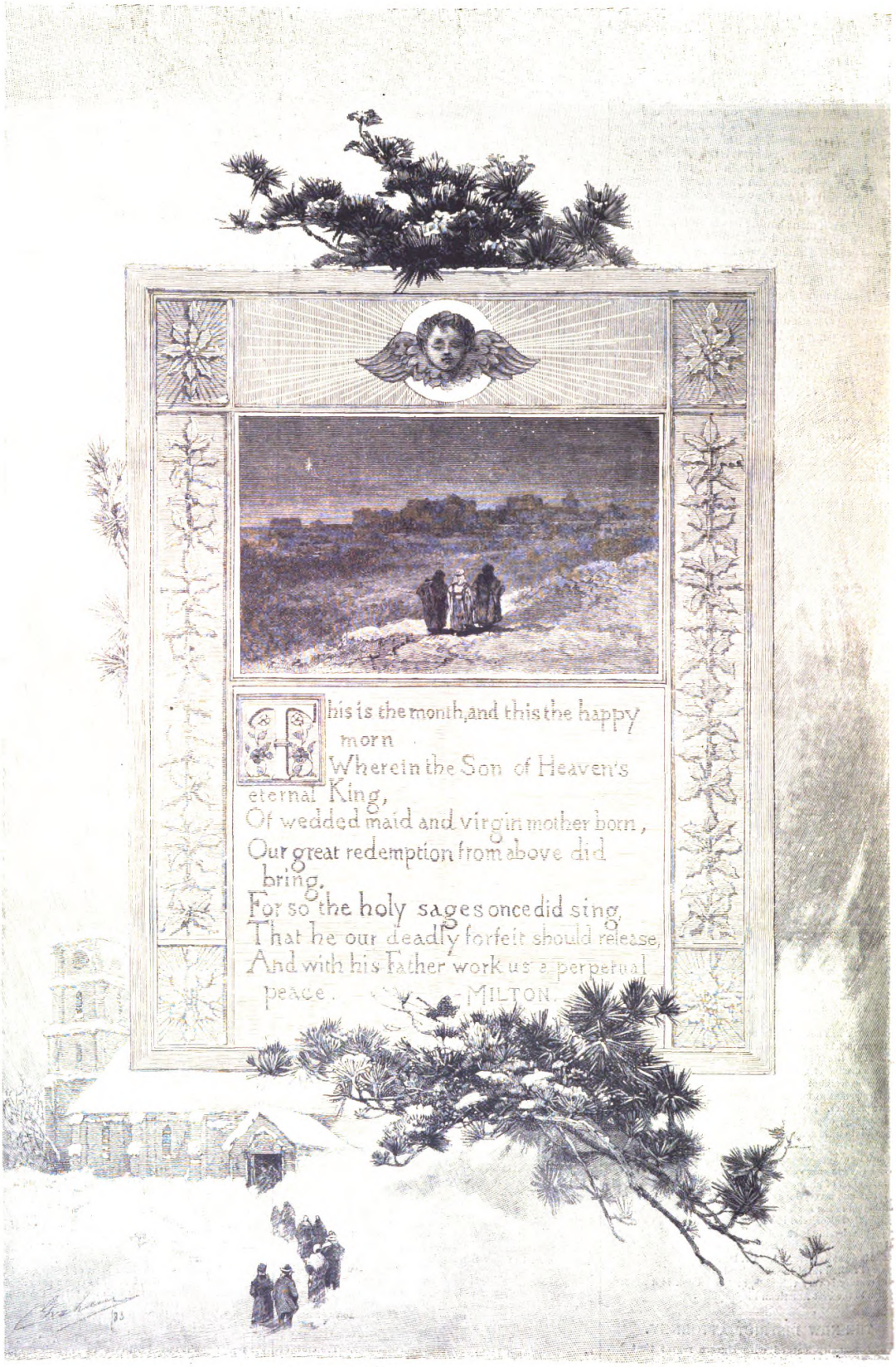

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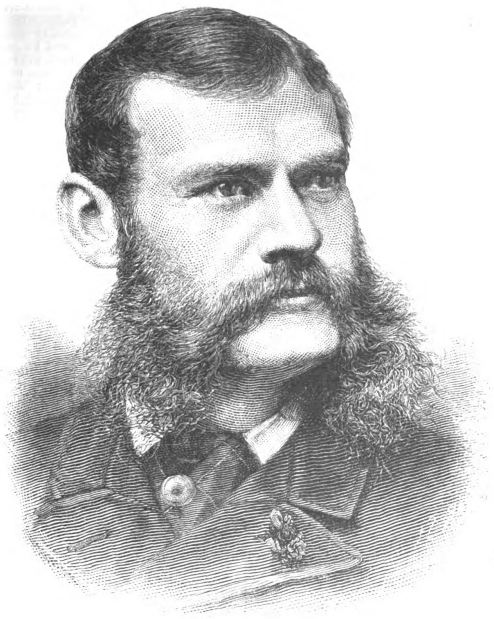

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY PETER B. OLNEY.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 811.]

THE REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON, D.D., THE NEW RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH. Photographed by Claflin.—[See Page 815.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(*Continued.*)

PAULINA ENTERS SOCIETY.

The Rector hurried away to intercept his daughter, who at this moment came out of the house, attended by two or three of the local gilded youth. Apparently he had some little difficulty in shaking off these young gentlemen; but after a time he succeeded, and Maud walked across the lawn toward me with a smile of welcome upon her lips.

"My father says you are anxious to talk to me," she began, after we had shaken hands.

"I am always anxious to talk to you," I replied; "but, in the present instance, I believe it is rather your father who wants you to talk to me. He thinks it desirable that Harry and his wife should be made to leave Thirlby, and he has taken it into his head that *I am the man to bring this about.* When I said that I didn't quite see how I was to set to work, he referred me with the utmost confidence to you."

"It strikes me," observed Maud, smiling, "that we have only to leave your cousin and his wife alone, and that they will accomplish their own destruction. If Mr. Le Marchant has not seen enough this afternoon to convince him that they are impracticable, he must be beyond the reach of conviction."

"I can answer for it that he won't turn them out of his house because the neighbors look coldly upon them," said I. "In fact, it is very unlikely that anything would persuade him to turn them out. Yet, if they stay, they will make his life into a perpetual purgatory, I am afraid. What I should like to arrange would be *a sort of amicable separation*; and I think, if it were clearly understood that Harry was to come into the property eventually, he might consent to remove himself now."

"'GET AWAY, WILL YOU!' RETURNED THE UNGRATEFUL PAULINA, WITH A SWEEPING BACKHANDER."

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"Very likely he would," answered Maud; "but you will get no help from me toward making an arrangement of that kind. If you are bent upon hanging yourself, you must fit the noose round your own neck as best you can; I shall not do it for you."

"Nevertheless," I remarked, "you would have a poor opinion of me if I took advantage of Paulina's unlucky exhibition to push my own interests."

Maud made an impatient gesture. "You should remember that you are not the only person concerned in this matter," she said. "As for your cousin, I have no sympathy whatever with him. I have taken every opportunity of watching him since I have been home, and I must say that he appears to me to be as contemptible a little wretch as ever lived."

"Well, for the sake of argument, let us admit that he is," answered I, thinking of what had taken place on the previous evening. "Still, when all is said, he is my uncle's son."

"I can't discuss the question in this public place," said Maud; "it's too long and complicated. Will you come over to the Rectory to-morrow afternoon and see me? Or shall we meet somewhere? Perhaps the Broad would be the best place. I often walk down there in the evening about five o'clock, and we are not likely to be interrupted by anybody, except Bunce. Is that agreed, then?"

I should have preferred her naming any other trysting-place; and I could not repress a pang of regret that she should have no tender associations with a spot which, in spite of all that had come and gone, must always remain sacred to me; but, as our interview was now interrupted by two of the young men above referred to, I could make no demurrer, and only nodded in answer to her inquiring look.

By this time Paulina had returned from the conservatory, having been forsaken by her host, whom I detected furtively consulting his watch behind a tree. Some of the people were already leaving; I saw with joy that our own carriage had come round from the stable-yard; the close of our trial was at hand; and for the short time that remained I thought I could not do better than engage Paulina in conversation. The attentions of Sir Digby had not availed to soothe her anger, it appeared. She was pacing to and fro like a caged tigress, and swinging her parasol in a manner which suggested she would very much like to bring it down upon somebody's head. I drew nearer, and offered the innocent observation that the days were getting quite short.

"Don't talk to me like that!" shouted Paulina, turning upon me savagely. "Do you think I'm a stock or a stone to put up with such treatment as I've had this afternoon? I won't bear it!—no! not for Harry nor anybody! I tell you I won't bear it!" she repeated, with a stamp of her foot.

She looked so wild that I really believed she had lost her senses. I had always been given to understand that the proper way to deal with the insane is to quell them by a display of iron resolution and authority. I therefore fixed my eyes sternly upon those of my companion, and said:

"Listen to me, Paulina. Unless you command yourself and keep quiet, I shall put you into the carriage and have you driven straight home. If you have anything to complain of, keep it until afterward; you will not be allowed to make a disturbance here."

To my horror and amazement, she took two steps up to me, and snapped her finger and thumb defiantly within half an inch of my nose. "Put me into the carriage, will you?" cried she. "It 'u'd need a bigger man than you to do that, my fine fellow! I dare you to lay a finger upon me! Now, then!"

What I should have done with this terrible woman I can not imagine, if her husband had not providentially heard her voice from afar, and come hurrying up.

"Leave her to me," he whispered—"for the Lord's sake, leave her to me, and take yourself off as quick as you can!"

I waited for no second invitation, but retired with more speed than dignity, promising myself that, so far as I was concerned, Paulina should be left to her lawful protector then and at all future times. When I looked round the pair had already vanished, and I did not see them again until my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar came out of the house and got into the carriage, when they re-appeared—Paulina having by that time subsided seemingly into a condition of stifled fury.

I never felt more relieved in all my life than when I saw them drive away. Harry remained behind, saying that he would walk home with me, if I had no objection. I replied, not overgraciously, that he could if he liked; for I did not want his company, and I thought he would have been better employed in restraining his wife from tearing somebody to pieces. I hinted as much to him as we set off; but he answered, "She'll be quiet enough for the present"; and after that we pursued our way for some distance in silence.

I was feeling too disgusted and disheartened to talk; nor did my companion show any disposition to speak the first word. Thus we marched along side by side until we reached the confines of the park, when Harry remarked, abruptly,

"I suppose you understand all about it now."

It seemed best to have it out; so I said:

"There's a good deal that I *don't* understand. I don't understand your conducting yourself at your father's table as if you were in a pot-house, for instance."

"Suppose we put that on one side for the present. It was inexcusable, of course."

"Quite," said I, having no inclination to spare him.

"Very well; but what I was thinking of was the charming experience that we have just passed through; and I say that I suppose you understand now why I felt some hesitation about introducing Paulina to my family."

I observed that she certainly appeared to have an ungovernable temper.

"It isn't temper," answered Harry, quietly; "it's drink."

So the General was right, after all! Being unable to find any comment that seemed suitable, I held my tongue, and by-and-by Harry resumed:

"Do you mean to say that you have never suspected it? I fancy you are about the only person in the house who has not, unless it is my grandmother, and she is one of those who are blind because they won't see. I knew from the first how it would be. She promised and vowed not to touch a drop of liquor while she was down here, and I took every possible precaution. But of course she has found some means of breaking her word: they always do. And I can tell you that Paulina, when she has one of her drinking fits on, is about as good a candidate for a straight-waistcoat as you'll meet with out of Bedlam. It doesn't make her drunk—I wish to Heaven it did!—it simply maddens her."

I said I was very sorry to hear this.

"Are you?" returned Harry, with a harsh laugh. "Well, perhaps you may be; for you are—if you will excuse my saying so—quite the greatest fool I have met in the course of a varied experience. Now don't get angry. If I could begin again, I would much rather be a fool of your description than a—shall we say an experienced person?—of mine. But I am what I am, and there's an end of it. Last night I drank too much wine, and no doubt I said some unpleasant things. I lost my nerve, in fact. In former years I used to drink hard, and though I have given that habit up, the consequences of it have not given me up. I am frightened to death of my father; I always was. I dare say you see nothing very alarming in the fact of being treated with silent contempt; but then your nerves are stronger than mine; and besides, I have lived all these weeks with the perpetual dread of one of Paulina's outbreaks hanging over me. Now that it has come, I declare I feel a weight off my mind. Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. To-morrow, I take it, we shall receive our marching orders, and you and Lady Constance will be made happy. In all sincerity I can say that I shall be thankful to be out of this. But for the boy, I should never have troubled any of you."

"I think you are jumping to conclusions rather too hastily," I said, feeling sorry for the unfortunate fellow in spite of myself. "I must confess that the experiment of your living with my uncle seems to me to have failed; but perhaps some other arrangement might be made, so that neither you nor Jimmy should be permanently cut adrift. The principal thing just now is to keep Paulina quiet."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "That is more easily said than done. I tell you plainly it's beyond me. She's not likely to kick up a row before she reaches home, but when once she's there she'll go to the brandy bottle like a fly to a jar of honey, and no power on earth will stop her. You don't know what I have been through with that woman. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if she were to burn the house down to-night."

This was indeed delightful. "What on earth are we to do?" I ejaculated.

"Oh, nothing," answered Harry, placidly; "there's nothing to be done. I'll prevent her from coming down to dinner to-night, if I can; but I don't know that I shall achieve it."

"But, hang it all!" I exclaimed, somewhat provoked by his apathy, "surely you can keep her from drinking any more."

"Indeed I can not. If I could get hold of the bottle, I should confiscate it; but she'll take very good care I don't do that. It will be concealed in one of her boxes, or poked up the chimney, or something. Besides, to tell you the truth, I don't much care about irritating her in her present state of mind. She is in a towering rage; and, upon my word, I don't wonder at it. You must admit that she has had a good deal of provocation this afternoon."

"No doubt," I answered; "still, we mustn't be burned alive. I wonder whether it would do any good if I spoke to her."

"You tried that just now," observed Harry, with a faint smile, "and it was not exactly a success. You are most welcome to try again; only I think I may say that, if I can't manage her, you can't. I tell you I will keep her in her own room for to-night, if I can. To-morrow, most probably, we shall put out to sea again, and then you will all sing 'Te Deum.'"

I said nothing, feeling quite unable to contradict him; and, after a pause, he added, "What a triumph it will be for you all! Everybody will be forced to admit that you have shown the noblest unselfishness, and you will be rewarded by the cordial approval of your own consciences into the bargain. As for me, I also shall have my little consolation; for I shall always be able to tell Paulina now that she has been the ruin of me."

Then, as I still remained silent, he fell to whistling softly, and the rest of our walk was accomplished without further exchange of words.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CATASTROPHE COMES.

As I was on my way upstairs to dress for dinner I was intercepted by Cooper, who addressed me with that disquieting phrase, familiar to most people, "If you please, sir, could I speak to you a moment?" I guessed at once what it was that he had to say, and as soon as I had gone down to the dining-room with him, and he had shut the door with an air of tragic mystery, he justified my forebodings.

"I hope you'll excuse my mentioning it, sir, but are we to supply Mrs. Le Marchant with brandy in her bedroom?"

"Has Mr. Harry given any orders upon the subject?" I inquired; for I was unwilling to make damaging admissions, if they could be avoided.

"No direct orders, sir; but about a week ago brandy was asked for, and Mr. Harry sent the bottle down again immediate. So just now, when it was wanted again, Mrs. Peters she thought she had better take it up herself."

Here Cooper came to a full stop, cleared his voice, stood on one leg, and looked discreetly embarrassed.

"Well," I said; "Peters took up the brandy, and what then?"

"Well, sir, Mrs. Peters poured out a half a wine-glass and was leaving the room, taking the bottle with her, you understand, sir; but Mrs. Le Marchant she says, 'Put down that bottle d'reckly!'"

"Yes; go on," said I; for Cooper had once more paused in his narrative.

"Well, sir, Mrs. Peters felt it her dooty for to remonstrate; and then Mrs. Harry she turns and flies out at her hawful, and frightens her so she comes running down to the housekeeper's room, and has a bad turn of palpitations. She tells me she never hear such language."

Blended with Cooper's assumption of respectful concern there was a perceptible leaven of curiosity, which I determined not to gratify. I observed that Peters, though doubtless animated by the best intentions, seemed to have been guilty of an impertinence which any lady would have resented, and added that I believed Mrs. Le Marchant was not feeling very well. "Did Peters—ahem!—leave the bottle behind her?" I inquired, rather marring the effect of my rebuke by this injudicious question.

"I am sorry to say that she did, sir," replied Cooper. "I ask her how she come to be so foolish; but she said that she was that upset she didn't know whether she was standing on her head or on her heels."

I could but trust that Paulina might not experience the same sensation before the evening was over. "Very well, Cooper," I said; "that will do. It's—it's all right."

"I hope I have not done wrong in mentioning of it to you, sir."

"Not at all; but you needn't mention it to any one else, you know."

Cooper replied in an injured tone that he should not dream of doing so; and I went upstairs with such confidence in his assurances as I could muster, but with a dreadful conviction that the storm was about to burst.

On entering the drawing-room a quarter of an hour later I found my uncle, Mrs. Farquhar, and the General conversing together upon public affairs with a studied politeness and mutual deference which convinced me that they too were alive to the perils of the situation; and an unmistakable expression of relief appeared upon the countenances of all three of them when Harry came in with the announcement that his wife had a bad headache, which would prevent her from joining us at dinner. This, so far as it went, was good news; but I felt that we were not out of the wood yet. I took Harry aside, and hastily informed him of what I had heard from Cooper; whereat he whistled, and, after hesitating for a moment, left the room. When he re-appeared it was with a quiet smile upon his face.

"The deed is done," he took occasion to whisper to me. "I got her to turn her back for an instant, collared the decanter, and bolted, locking the door on the outside. She'll screech and kick like mad when she finds herself a prisoner; but mercifully nobody can hear her at this distance, and she hasn't had enough liquor to make her desperate. Very likely she may sober down now."

One could only hope so; but a vision of Paulina thundering with feet and fists upon the panels of her door remained with me throughout dinner, and caused me extreme discomfort.

For the rest, we got on more harmoniously than we had done the night before. Mrs. Farquhar showed a conciliatory disposition; Harry was quiet and unobtrusive; and the General, who looked, and no doubt was, very well pleased with the turn matters had taken, enlivened us by choice samples of autobiography. As for my uncle, he spoke little until Jimmy came in to dessert, and sat down beside him, when he roused himself from his abstraction.

And then, while we were lulled thus into a false security, the thunder-bolt fell. The door facing me was opened slowly from without; Paulina, wrapped in a white dressing-gown, strode in like the ghost of Banquo, and advancing with deliberate steps to her husband's side, stood and glared down upon him.

"So," said she, "you'll lock me into my room, will you? You'll keep me without food nor drink for fear of me telling too much, will you? Ah, you're a clever one! But next time you try that little game on, don't leave the key in the lock. Why, you silly fool, what had I to do but to ring the bell? I did ring the bell—and here I am, you see," she added, nodding at him.

Perhaps, like many other nervous people, Harry recovered his *sang-froid* in moments of emergency; or perhaps it was the calmness of despair that he had arrived at. "It was an unlucky oversight," he said, "and I owe every one an apology. I ought, of course, to have put the key in my pocket; but one can't think of everything. I suppose it would be quite useless for me to suggest, Paulina, that we should go upstairs and fight it out in private; yet I will request you to bear in mind that I strongly recommend that course, because, if you don't adopt it, you will repent bitterly as soon as you come to your senses, you know."

Paulina snorted. "Much obliged to you; but I won't go upstairs yet—not just yet. I've something to say before I go. And I've got all my senses about me: you took good care of that. Oh, you *are* a mean toad!" she exclaimed, suddenly, the memory of her wrongs coming upon her, I suppose, with irresistible force. "I'll teach you to play me such tricks!"

"I was cruel only to be kind," said Harry, who positively seemed to be rather enjoying the scene.

I myself was too horror-struck to take much notice of the fact that Cooper and his subordinates were looking on with open eyes and mouths; but my uncle had kept his presence of mind. "You can go now, Cooper," he said; "and take Master Jimmy with you. Jimmy, my boy, run away and tell Mrs. Peters to give you some dessert."

Jimmy did not wait to be told a second time. He slipped off his chair and made for the door with great rapidity, followed by the reluctant Cooper. Doubtless he had seen more than one outbreak of hostilities between his father and mother, and was aware that in the sequel the rights of neutrals were apt to be disregarded.

When he was gone, Paulina resumed her denunciation. "Now, you know what I am. I've put up with a deal from you, and I've done a deal for you—and got more kicks than halfpence for my pains, too. But when I say I'll pay you out, you know I'll do it; and I'm going to tell your good friends here a thing or two that 'll make them think rather different of you to what they have done—that's what I'm going to do!" At this juncture the General jumped up with great alacrity and offered Paulina a chair. "Pray sit down," said he, politely; "we are all attention."

"Thank you, old gentleman," answered Paulina; "but I'd as soon stand. I ain't going to be here long."

It was now Mrs. Farquhar's turn to intervene. She rose, and advanced with trembling outstretched hands, saying: "My dear, my dear, don't speak so. Come up with me and lie down upon your bed. You're just overwrought."

"Get away, will you!" returned the ungrateful Paulina, with a sweeping backhander. "I've had enough of you and your wheedling ways. I tell you my blood's up, and you'd best keep out of reach of my arm."

Mrs. Farquhar retreated to her chair and began to cry feebly. My uncle, with his elbow on the table, and his chin supported by the palm of his hand, was gazing at his son and daughter-in-law with a certain grave curiosity. The General had poured himself out a glass of claret, and was sipping it meditatively, while he tried, without much success, to compose his features into an expression of fitting solemnity.

"Now, listen all of you," Paulina began, speaking with a quick, broken utterance; "and you, Charley, pay attention to this, *because it concerns you*. I suppose, when this precious fellow turned up in Germany, you thought it was an accident. No such thing! He went out there on purpose to meet you, and see if he couldn't get you into trouble with your uncle some way, so as to step into your shoes."

"I am unwilling to interrupt," put in Harry, blandly, "but I feel bound to say that that is utterly untrue."

Paulina disdained to notice him. "He didn't have much difficulty about it neither. As soon as he found out that you was carrying on with that Lady What's-her-name he begun to see his way. It was easy enough to flatter you up and lead you on, and it didn't need a conjurer to guess that your uncle might threaten to cut you off with a shilling sooner than you should marry a woman who'd ruin you in a couple of years. You ask your uncle whether he didn't get warnings of what was going on about that time from some kind friend."

"Anonymous letters," said my uncle, "are always doubtful weapons to use. They are especially so when the source from which they come is obvious."

"I never wrote any," returned Harry, sullenly.

"No; that you didn't," Paulina went on. "You're telling the truth there, for once, because you made me write 'em for you. Oh, you're artful, you are! You didn't think you was going to gain much by them letters. No; your game was to get a will made with your name in it—just as a matter of form, and by way of stopping the marriage. Your game was to make your father cut up rough with Charley, and swear that he'd leave the estate away from him if ever that marriage took place. Your game was to frighten the old woman there by telling her the property was in danger, and to work it all through her. And when you'd told lies enough to get Charley to marry on the sly, you didn't mean that that will should be burnt. You knew the sort of man your father was, didn't you? Recollect what you told me about him one day? Says you, 'He's such a pig-headed old devil that, if he'd given his word to eat his hat unless he was obeyed, he'd sit down and eat it as soon as ever the time came due.' Those was your very words; deny 'em if you can!"

"If you have done," said Harry, "you may as well go back to your room. No one is likely to believe your preposterous story, and no one, I am afraid, can doubt that you are under the influence of liquor."

"Maybe I am," returned Paulina. "Maybe I shouldn't have plucked up the spirit to stand here and say what I have without I'd had a glass or two of brandy. But I've got my senses, for all that, and I've told the truth, too. And if I do drink," she went on, with a sudden change of tone; "if I'm a drunkard—as I am, God forgive me!—whose fault is it? Who taught me to drink? Who drove me to it? Who made my life so miserable that I should have gone and drowned myself times out of mind if I hadn't known of a way to forget it all? Ah!" she exclaimed, turning away from her husband, and spreading out her hands with something of pathetic eloquence, "I'd have been an honest woman if he'd have let me. I tried to keep straight and to keep him straight; I loved him better than my own soul; but he soon tired of me. All he wanted

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me for was to do his dirty work. He taught me to lie and cheat, and—and then I lost heart and took to my bottle. After all, it's the best friend I've found in this wretched world. If he had gone on caring for me—" She broke off with a sort of sob, and then resumed defiantly: "But it's too late now, and I don't care! Drink and forget it—that's my motto."

Mrs. Farquhar came out from behind her pocket-handkerchief to say, solemnly: "It is never too late to repent. Pray that your sin may be forgiven you, and—"

"Pooh!" interrupted Paulina, contemptuously, "don't *you* preach! Why, you're committing miserable little sins every hour of the day, and think yourself a saint all the time! Come! I'm honester than you are, anyway. Do you think I haven't prayed on my bended knees *to be* delivered *from* this curse?—ah! and read my Bible morning and evening, too. Much you know about temptation! You haven't so much as found out what it is. Why? Because you never tried to fight it. Harry, there, he don't believe in God nor devil, but I do, and I say the devil's got a firm hold of us both."

"This is dreadful!" moaned Mrs. Farquhar.

Paulina burst out laughing. "Well," she said, "I've paid you out now, Harry, like I told you I would. I don't suppose they'll let you stop on here after this, and I believe you are better out of it. Charley, you've been a good friend to us, and I'm sorry I had to deceive you that day at Richmond; but it hasn't made much odds, has it? Good-by, everybody; don't break your hearts when I'm gone." And, with a mocking courtesy, Paulina retired.

The door closed behind her, and for a short space none of us spoke. I don't know how the others were feeling, but my own sensation was one of relief, not unmingled with surprise. The scene had been painful enough—half tragedy, half farce, like nearly all the saddest things in life—but it had passed off with more decorum than I had dared to hope for. We had at least been spared a downright brawl; and if poor Paulina had been—as she had declared herself to be—under the influence of liquor, she had not been sufficiently so as to justify the picture of her in that state drawn by her husband. Of her revelations I did not at that first moment think much, being only too thankful that she had confined her onslaught to words.

After a time, Mrs. Farquhar, murmuring something inaudible, hurried out of the room. Then my uncle got up, and, bending over the General's chair, whispered a few words to him; upon which they too silently withdrew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN EGYPT.

UNDER the most favorable circumstances the lot of a war correspondent is not a happy one. His duties during operations in the field call him to the front ranks of danger, and require of him the highest qualities of courage and endurance. In a war like that now raging in the Soudan between the fanatical hordes that follow the banner of EL MAHDI and the imbecile Egyptian troops, he is exposed to privations and dangers tenfold greater than those which he must encounter in a war between civilized nations. To be taken prisoner means a cruel death, or a still more cruel captivity, while the discomforts and positive suffering of the long marches over the desert wastes under a burning sun, as described by the lamented O'DONOVAN, can hardly be exaggerated.

There are, of course, some pleasant spots in the life of a war correspondent even in the wilds of the Soudan. In letters written home a short time previous to his death he mentions his success in hunting, but couples his description with grave forebodings of the fate which awaited him, and which were too soon fulfilled, when the troops under HICKS Pasha were cut to pieces in an encounter with the hordes of EL MAHDI. But for the moment, in the elation and excitement of the sport, all else was forgotten, and the oppressive forebodings came only during the slow return to camp, or when, seated in his tent at night, he looked the gloomy future in the face.

MEMOIRS OF LORD LYTTON.*

READERS of biography have obtained a clearer insight into the lives of literary men within the last three or four years than for a long time before. What Carlyle was they have learned from his autobiography, which is a painful exhibition of vanity and arrogance; and what Trollope was they have learned from his autobiography, which is a delightful revelation of a frank and hearty nature. What another great Englishman of letters was they will shortly learn from *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton*, by his SON. The interest of this work differs from the interest which attaches to the autobiographies of Trollope and Carlyle in that only the opening portions of it are from the pen of Lord Lytton, and that these cover only the first twenty-three years of his life. They can not be said to end before his literary life began, for that really began in his childhood; but they end before his young and brilliant genius had burgeoned in *Pelham* and *Devereaux*. The genesis of those and his later writings is traced for us by the present Lord Lytton, to whose filial hand we owe the completion of this noble monument to his father. The work is a unity, in spite of its double authorship, and partly, no doubt, on account of it, for there were passages in the life of Lord Lytton the novelist which no one but Lord Lytton the poet could or should relate. Such a passage, for example, was the unhappy marriage of his parents, no clear understanding of which could have been expected from either.

The great charm of Lord Lytton's autobiography is that it is an unconscious revelation of the personality of the writer; not merely the personality which he may be supposed to have inherited as one of the conditions of the rank of life in which he was born, but the profounder personality of his ancestors—the qualities which went to their making as Bulwers and as Lyttons. The families were distinguished for their individuality, for their obstinacy, and for their infelicity in the married state. The grandparents of the first Lord Lytton separated after the birth of their only daughter, and his own parents were by no means a happy couple.

The grandfather was a very learned man, a friend of Dr. Parr, who declared that he was the best Latin scholar of his time, inferior only to Porson in Greek, and to Sir William Jones in Hebrew and the Oriental languages. His forte lay in muddling away his property, and his foible in a great literary work. "Imagine what it was!" his grandson writes. "But that is impossible. In the first place, it was a drama: there seems nothing remarkable in that. Yes; but do not fancy that he deigned, like his unworthy grandson, to write dramas in vulgar English. It was a drama in Hebrew, and, what is more, was intended for the stage. It is said that he afterward burned this work in despair, when complaining to a friend that he could not find Jews sufficiently versed in Hebrew to act it. The friend pertinently observed, 'And if you did, where on earth will you find an audience sufficiently versed in Hebrew to understand it?' At all events, the work was not forth-coming among the scholar's MSS. Even its title is lost. Ichabod! Ichabod!" This pedantic old oddity was the original of Austin Caxton. He sought to be reconciled to his wife on one occasion, and invited her and her child to Knebworth, but she refused his invitation. "My grandmother was so essentially a London woman," Lord Lytton writes, "that to her the dignified gloom of an old manorial pile, far from the charms of quadrille and casino, probably presented anything but an allurement. She was also a woman of that high spirit which fully enjoys the blessings of liberty and independence. She drove with her own fair hands (I mention this as emblematic of her whole character) a tall phaeton and pair; and in this equipage she transported herself as she listed from London to Bath, and from Bath to London. So great was her confidence in herself that one dark evening, having to return from some excursion across Hounslow Heath—at that time infested by highwaymen—she laughed to scorn the warnings she received on the road and the terrors of her two men-servants, and in the very centre of the heath was stopped by three foot-pads. She held one a moment in parley, and threw him off his guard, flicked the other in the eye, drove gallantly over the third, and arrived in London with spirits sufficiently composed to dress for a party, and relate her adventure, in illustration of the truth that a woman with her wits about her, and the whip-hand disengaged, is a match for three men any day in the year."

The personality of young Mr. Edward George Earle Bulwer, as it manifests itself in the autobiography of Lord Lytton, is by no means the personality of *Pelham* and *Devereaux*, into which he infused his intellect, but not his character, and in no sense the personality in which the young Thackeray of *Fraser's Magazine* clothed Sir Edward Lytton Bulwig. No coxcomb, no dandy, no mere man of fashion, ever had his acquirements and his ambitions. A great reader from his boyhood, he was a careful student in many directions. If he had deliberately planned the life that he afterward led, he could not have equipped himself for it more thoroughly than he did by his desultory studies. He was a patient scholar, and once the passion for literary distinction was aroused within him, there was no more patient writer; he wrote and rewrote until he had learned to say what he had to say with equal eloquence and correctness. He never penned a slovenly line. His darling ambition was to be a poet, but in this he was disappointed all his life; for though he reached a high level of verse in "King Arthur," the world has refused to recognize him as an English poet. The main source of his inspiration was his own life and experience, and as these evaded his poetic powers, he moulded them in the form which is most nearly allied to poetry—that of romantic prose fiction—and by the laborious exercise of his creative and critical faculties made himself the first romantic novelist of England. Great names have risen since he published his first novels, and the manner of writing novels, which he was the first to make an art, has changed. He was followed by Dickens and Thackeray, and they by Trollope and George Eliot. The romantic novel has given place to the novel of humor and pathos, the novel of social satire, the novel that photographs life, and the novel that philosophizes about life. His school has had its day, as the schools of Scott and Smollett and Fielding had their day. But it will be remembered, as theirs are remembered, as an important movement in the history of English letters in the nineteenth century.

The character of Lord Lytton, as depicted by himself in his autobiography, and by his son in his memoir, is one that commands respect. He was a man of the world in the best sense of the phrase. Conscious of his powers, he determined to make the most of them; and having chosen literature as a profession, he pursued it with all his might. He valued his work, but he was not vain of it, for, knowing his strength and his weakness, he was neither boastful nor diffident. His industry, which was as untiring as that of Trollope, never degenerated into prosiness; and his wit, which was as brilliant as that of his friend Disraeli, was never cynical or heartless. That his observation was keen but kind is evident in the judgments that he passed upon his contemporaries. Here is what he said of Lord Holland, who did not, he thought, quite deserve the eulogies of Macaulay: "He was very accomplished and well read; but his mind was narrowed by intense partisanship in politics and the contracted views in criticism and philosophy which belonged to the FRENCH Revolutionary school. In his good-nature there was something indolent and frigid. Lady Holland had more energy and more warmth of nature. He would serve a friend if it did not put him out of his way. She would go out of her way to serve one. No English house ever excelled theirs in social charm, but it owed more to Lady Holland than to him." Lord Lytton enjoys the distinction of being the only Englishman who ever said a pleasant word for her insolent ladyship, of whom it was remarked that to find any good in her was to find the soul of goodness in things evil. When Lord Lytton shall have finished the *Life* of his illustrious father we shall have, I judge, from what I have of it, a biography that will rank with Trevelyan's *Macaulay* and Lockhart's *Scott*.

R. H. STODDARD.

* *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his SON. With Portraits and Illustrations. Volume I. Harper & Brothers.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

An Honorable Ambition.—A Pitiable Case.—A Progressive Mayor.—The Claimant.—Misdirected Zeal.—The Rage for Relics.

I ALWAYS wondered why great advertisers who spend their thousands a year upon our newspapers, and even our dead-walls, do not go to the comparatively small expense of getting their announcements written in good English. My only explanation of their marvellous compositions is that the proprietors write them themselves. "We may not be literary gents," I think, is their reflection, "but we at all events write something which shall obtain the honors, and much more than the usual honors, of print, and if people don't read it they must be blind." Well, there is something in that: an honorable ambition deserves to be gratified. Dear, charitable Leigh Hunt used to affirm that there was great excuse for the people who write their names on objects of public exhibition, statues and the like; it was "a humble effort after immortality." Let us be tender, therefore, with the great advertisers: only I think they should stop somewhere; and when they attempt Latin and Greek they should surely call in professional assistance. In many cases, however, it is clear they don't, and classical advertisements are now common. Only yesterday I saw cheap funerals advertised, with *Ad Capiandum Vulgus* on the top of the announcement. I wonder whether the advertiser thought he was paying the public a compliment? What the public thought, I know. I asked one of them whether he would be so good as to tell me what *ad captandum* meant, and he said it was a funeral "mottar," addressed to Roman Catholics only, an impression which I am sure it was not the intention of the advertiser—who was only catholic in the sense of universal—to produce.

Of all the pitiable creatures upon this earth or its waters, I suppose, a stow-away is the most miserable. In the first place, he goes to sea, which of itself is misfortune enough for most people; secondly, he is compelled to do so, either from fear of unearned ill-treatment, or from the vengeance of the law; thirdly, he must needs voyage in the worst part of the vessel—in the hold, among the rats, or near the engines, where he is half stifled; lastly, if he has any imagination, how depressing must be the reflection that his presence in the same ship with so many fellow-creatures is unknown! If he is seen, he is taken for a ghost at best, or, what is more likely, is recognized for what he is, and treated like a dog and worked like a horse for the remainder of the voyage. A very sad case has just occurred to an unfortunate of this kind seeking to escape (a natural impulse enough) from Hamburg. A young man hid himself among the bales of merchandise of a ship he supposed to be bound for England, taking with him a piece of meat that would have supplied him for such a voyage. The ship, however, was sailing for the west coast of Africa. On arrival at its destination, and its cargo being unloaded, his body was found "completely blocked in bales." He had been evidently starved to death. What agonies must have been his through the long watches of the night, and worse in the daytime, when the sailors worked and sang above him, and he had no means of making his presence known to them! "A stranger both to crew and passengers," he is described, yet some one had known and loved him, doubtless; and his age "about twenty." Poor stow-away!

A provincial mayor is not quite the sort of person whom one would expect to follow Mr. Carlyle's advice to "discard all formulas"; nevertheless, a candidate for that office lately announced his intention, if elected, to discontinue the use of the mace ("Take away that bauble"), and to hang up the municipal gown. He denounced them as relics of the Dark Ages. As nothing would induce me to take office anywhere, under any possible circumstances, I don't feel called upon to debate the question; but a mace I hate. When I was a boy, and tortured by nightly terrors of ghosts and goblins, I went to stay in the house of a relative, who happened to be mayor of the town in which he lived. On looking under my bed to make certain (as usual) that there was not a coffin there, I found one. It was in reality the case in which the municipal insignia were kept; but its shape and size, and the brass plate on which my relative's name was engraved, gave it a most funereal appearance, and almost made a corpse of *me*. It is one of those little experiences which, unimportant in themselves, one never forgets. It has stuck to me; cloves I like, and nutmeg, and cinnamon; but none of your mace.

In October next—oh, joy!—the Claimant will be liberated on ticket-of-leave. His friends have promised to then rally round him, and set him up in a public-house. This is as it should be, for a sporting bar is just the place for him. My conviction is that in this position he will attract enormously, and make almost as much money as if he had contrived to get the estates to which he once aspired. His inn is to be called the "Tichborne Arms." If nine-tenths of the so-called Nationalists in the House of Commons could be similarly accommodated, it would suit them down to the ground, and be a most appropriate termination to their career.

The funniest example of the misdirected zeal of partisans that has been exhibited for many a day was "on view" last week in the columns of two of "our evening contemporaries." No. 1, a Conservative organ, quoted "The stars in their courses," etc., as having been a phrase originally used by the late Lord Beaconsfield, and as belonging to his extensive repertoire of remarkable sayings. But No. 2, a political adversary, while admitting the poetry of the observation, urged that tribute should be given where tribute was due, and pointed out that the statement in question fell from the lips of Mr. Gladstone! And yet this is a Christian country! Political writers, however, know at least as much about the Bible as the public at large know about literature in general. A novel is now passing through the columns of a well-known journal in which the recording angel is alluded to in the act of dropping his one-would-have-thought-pretty-well-known tear; and the editor tells me he has received numerous letters objecting to the introduction of the R. A. in fiction as being a blasphemous novelty. To a very large class of persons, I suppose, not only is Sterne unknown, but the term "profane" is applied to literature in a very lavish and unexpected manner; but this really beats everything.

An ungenial German, with the euphonious name of Mummenhoff, has been fined ten shillings for knocking a boy over the head for whistling—a practice it seems which annoys him. The magistrate very properly said that even though a boy may not do it in tune, whistling is a sign of light-heartedness, and should therefore be welcome to all but morose persons. But it is evident that he forgot the story of Gabriel Grubb and the goblins, or he would certainly have made it a text for his admonition. This Mummenhoff of fiction was a grave-digger, and got very justly punished for cuffing a boy for singing upon Christmas-eve. The tale occurs in *Pickwick*. It is told at Dingley Dell by Mr. Wardle, and contains the germ of all those genial and generous thoughts that afterward found expression in Dickens's Christmas books. There are many tales in the same book which, having in truth nothing to do with the main story, have dropped out of recollection. It seemed, probably, at the time, a convenient channel through which to introduce them to a public which had up to that time been indifferent to the author's productions; and it is my conviction that they were amongst his very earliest compositions.

What amazing things people will buy in the way of "relics"! The effects of the late executioner, Mr. Marwood, have recently been sold by public auction, and, as might have been expected, some of them excited great interest. If I cared for such things at all (which I do not), I should consider that the rope "actually used in his trade" went cheap at four pounds ten shillings. But why should "a pair of his old stockings" have fetched five shillings, and "an old neck-tie and cuffs" eleven? His dog Nero, I read, was "run up" to thirty shillings, which seemed a very appropriate expression indeed.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE REV. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

THE successor of Assistant-Bishop HENRY C. POTTER as rector of Grace Church in this city is the Rev. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, D.D., of All-saints Protestant Episcopal Church, Worcester, Massachusetts. Dr. HUNTINGTON came prominently before the country at the recent Potestant Episcopal Convention in Philadelphia, where, as chairman of the Committee on the Revision of the Prayer-book, he made a deep impression by his scholarly tastes, his courtesy, and his forensic ability; and after devoting the best part of many days to explaining the reasons of the changes which his committee recommended, he had the gratification of seeing most of those changes adopted, and was warmly congratulated by the delegates that thronged around him.

Dr. HUNTINGTON'S parish in Worcester has long been the only Protestant Episcopal parish in that large city, with the exception of a small one in the outskirts. The church edifice is a noble specimen of architecture, and adjoining it are a chapel and an admirable suite of reading-rooms. Dr. HUNTINGTON'S fine, thoughtful face, clear, strong voice, and wonderful sweetness and integrity of character have drawn around him a very considerable following from other denominations in Worcester, and the frequency with which he has refused calls to other parishes has caused him to be known among his friends as "The Great Decliner." He declined the call to Calvary Church in this city, to St. Stephen's Church in Philadelphia, and (as is generally understood) to the Bishopric of Iowa. He is a widower, with a son at Harvard College and several young daughters. His wife was a daughter of the eminent Boston physician, Dr. REYNOLDS.

The new rector of Grace Church is still in Worcester, taking a little rest, by the advice of friends, after his severe and protracted labors at the late Convention. The time of his entry upon his duties in this city is still uncertain.

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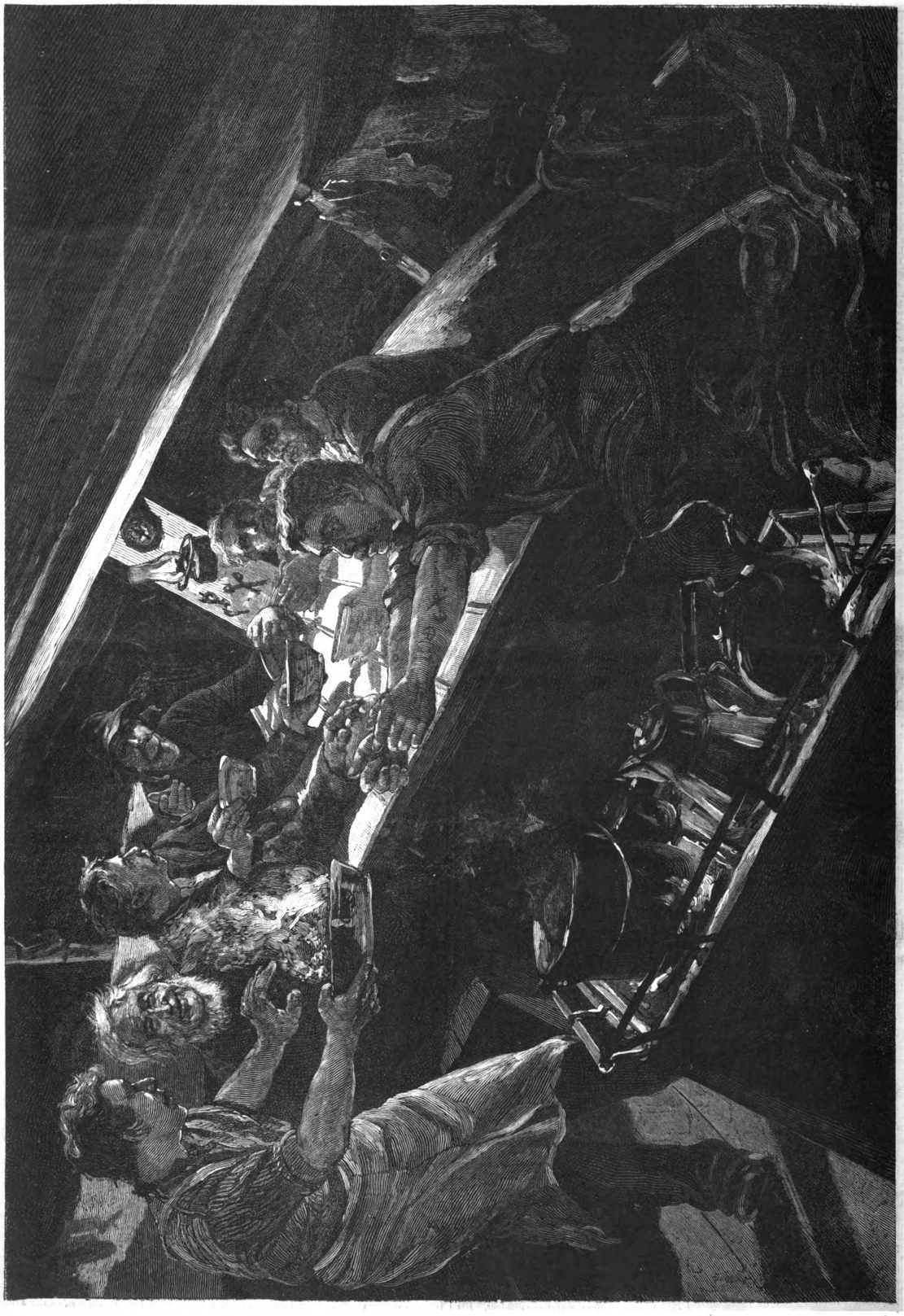

PLUM DUFF IN DANGER—CHRISTMAS DINNER AT SEA.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

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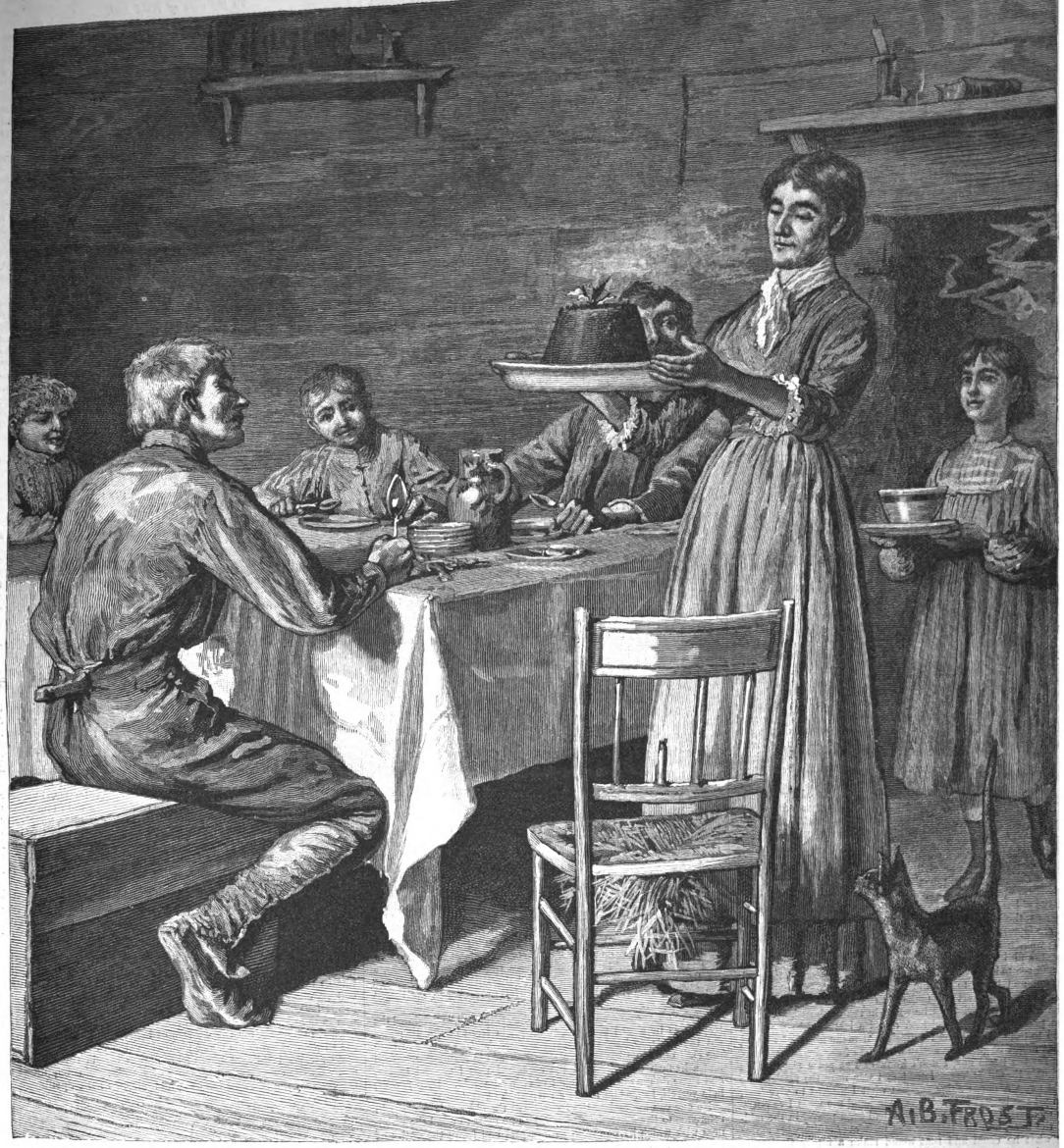

"THE WONDER AND PRIDE OF THE TABLE WAS THE PUDDING."

HOW JOHN NORTON KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.

I.

A CABIN. A cabin in the woods. In the cabin a great fire-place piled high with logs fiercely ablaze. On either side of the broad hearth-stone a hound sat on his haunches, looking gravely, as only a hound in a meditative mood can, into the glowing fire. In the centre of the cabin, whose every nook and corner was bright with the ruddy fire-light, stood a wooden table, strongly built and solid. At the table sat John Norton poring over a book—a book large of size, with wooden covers bound in leather, brown with age, and smooth as with the handling of many generations. The whitened head of the old man was bowed over the broad page, on which one hand rested, with the forefinger marking the sentence. A cabin in the woods filled with fire-light, a table, a book, an old man studying the book. This was the scene on Christmas-eve. Outside, the earth was white with snow, and in the blue sky above the snow was the white moon.

"It says here," said the trapper, speaking to himself—"it says here, 'Give to him that lacketh, and from him that hath not, withhold not thine hand.' It be a good sayin' fur sartin, and the world would be a good deal better off, as I conceit, ef the folks follered the sayin' a leetle more closely." And here the old man paused a moment, and with his hand still resting on the page, and his forefinger still pointing at the sentence, seemed pondering what he had been reading. At last he broke the silence again, saying:

"Yis, the world would be a good deal better off ef the folks in it follered the sayin';" and then he added, "There's another spot in the book I'd orter look at to-night; it's a good ways furder on, but I guess I can find it. Henry says that the furder on you git in the book the better it grows, and I conceit the boy may be right; for there be a good deal of murderin' and fightin' in the fore part of the book, that don't make pleasant readin', and what the Lord wanted to put it in fur is a good deal more than a man without book-larnin' can understand. Murderin' be murderin', whether it be in the Bible or out of the Bible; and puttin' it in the Bible and sayin' it was done by the Lord's commandment don't make it any better. And a good deal of fightin' they did in the old time was sartinly without reason and agin jedgment—specially where they killed the women folk and the leetle uns;" and while the old man had thus been communing with himself touching the character of much of the Old Testament, he had been turning the leaves until he had reached the opening chapters of the New, and had come to the description of the Saviour's birth, and the angelic announcement of it to the earth. Here he paused and began to read. He read as an old man unaccustomed to letters must read, a[nd] and with a show of labor, but with perfect contentment as t[o] progress, and a brightening face.

"This isn't a trail that a man can hurry on onless he sp[ends] a good deal of his time on it, or is careless about notin' the s[ense] fur the words be weighty, and the man who stops at each wor[d] looks round awhile orter git a good deal of the meanin' out of '[em] yis, a man orter travel this trail a leetle slow, ef he wants t[o] all there is to see on it."

Then the old man began to read:

"'Then there was with the angel a multitude of the hea[venly] hosts.' The exact number isn't sot down here," he mutt[ered] "but I conceit there may have been three or four hundred. 'Pe[ace] God and singin', glory to God in the highest, and on earth, [peace] to men of good will.' That's right," said the trapper, "[for] peace to men of good will. That be the sort that deserve peace other kind orter stand their chances." And here the old man c[losed] the book; closed it slowly, and with the care that we ta[ke] a treasured thing; closed it, fastened the clasps, and carried the great chest whence he had taken it, putting it away in its p[lace] Having done this he returned to his seat, and moving the [chair] in front of the fire, he looked first at one hound, and th[en]

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"HERE THE OLD MAN PAUSED A MOMENT."

the other, and said: "Pups, this be Christmas-eve, and I sartinly trust ye be grateful fur the comforts ye have."

He said this deliberately, as if addressing human companions. The two hounds both turned their heads toward their master, looked placidly into his face, and wagged their tails.

"Yis, yis, I understand ye," said the trapper. "Ye both be comfortable, and I dare say that arter yer way ye be both grateful, fur, next to eatin', a dog loves the heat, and ye be nigh enough to the logs to be toastin'. Yis, this be Christmas-eve," continued the old man, "and in the settlements the folks be gittin' ready their gifts. The young people be tyin' up the evergreens, and the leetle uns be onable to sleep because of their dreamin'. It's a pleasant pictur', and I sartinly wish I could see the merry-makin's as Henry has told me of them, some time, but I trust it may be in his own house and with his own children." With this pleasant remark, in respect to the one he loved so well, the old man lapsed into silence. But the peaceful contentment of his face, as the fire-light revealed it, showed plainly that though his lips moved not, his mind was still active with pleasant thoughts of the one whose name he had mentioned, and whom he so fondly loved. At last a more sober look came to his countenance—a look of regret, of self-reproach, the look of a man who remembers something he should not have forgotten—and he said:

"I ax the Lord to pardin me that in the midst of my plenty I have forgot them that may be in want. The shanty sartinly looked open enough the last time I fetched the trail past the clearin', and though with the help of the moss and the clay in the bank she might make it comfortable, yit, ef the vagabond that be her husband has forgot his own and desarted them, as Wild Bill said he had, I doubt ef there be victuals enough in the shanty to keep them from starvin'; yis, pups," said the old man, rising, "it 'll be a good tramp through the snow, but we'll go in the mornin' and see ef the old woman be in want. The boy himself said, when he stopped at the shanty last summer afore he went out, that he didn't see how they was to git through the winter, and I reckin he left the woman some money, by the way she follered him toward the boat, and he told me to bear them in mind when the snow came, and see to it they didn't suffer. I might as well git the pack basket out and begin to put the things in't, fur it be a good distance, and an early start will make the day pleasant to the woman and the leetle uns, ef victuals be scant in the cupboard. Yis, I'll git the pack basket out, and look round a leetle, and see what I can find to take 'em. I don't conceit it 'll make much of a show, fur what might be good fur a man won't be of sarvice to a woman, and as fur the leetle uns, I don't know ef I've got a single thing but victuals that 'll fit 'em. Lord! ef I was near the settlements I might swap a dozen skins fur jest what I wanted to give 'em; but I'll git the basket out and look round and see what I've got."

In a moment the great pack basket had been placed in the middle of the floor, and the trapper was busy overhauling his stores to see what he could find that would make a fitting Christmas gift for those he was to visit on the morrow. A canister of tea was first deposited on the table, and after he had smelled of it and placed a few grains of it on his tongue, like a connoisseur, he proceeded to pour more than half of the contents into a little bark box, and having carefully tied the cover, he placed it in the basket.

"The yarb be of the best," said the old man, putting his nose to the mouth of the canister and taking a long sniff before he inserted the stopple—"the yarb be of the best, fur the smell of it goes into the nose strong as mustard. That be good fur the woman fur sartin, and will cheer her sperits when she be down-hearted; fur a woman takes as naterally to tea as an otter to his slide, and I warrant it 'll be an amazin' comfort to her arter the day's work be over, more specially ef the work had been heavy and gone sorter crosswise. Yis, the yarb be good fur a woman when things go crosswise, and the box 'll be a great help to her many and many a night beyend doubt. The Lord sartinly had women in mind when he made the yarb, and a kindly feelin' fur their infarmities, and I dare say they be grateful accordin' to their knowledge."

A large cake of maple sugar followed the tea into the basket, and a small chest of honey accompanied it.

"That's honest sweetnin'," remarked the trapper, with decided emphasis; "and that is more'n ye can say of the sugar of the settlements, leastwise ef a man can jedge by the stuff they peddle at the clearin'. The bees be no cheats; and a man who taps his own trees and biles the runnin' into sugar under his own eye, knows what kind of sweetnin' he's gittin'. The woman won't find any sand in her teeth when she takes a bite from that loaf, or stirs a leetle of the honey in the cup she's steepin'."

Some salt and pepper were next added to the package already in the basket. A sack of flour and another of Indian meal followed. A generous round of pork, and a bag of jerked venison, that would balance a twenty-pound weight at least, went into the pack. On these, several large-sized salmon-trout that had been smoked by the trapper's best skill were laid. These offerings evidently exhausted the old man's resources, for, after looking around awhile and searching the cupboard from bottom to top, he returned to the basket and contemplated it, with satisfaction, indeed, and yet with a face slightly shaded with disappointment.

"The victuals be all right," he said, "fur there be enough to last 'em a month, and they needn't scrimp themselves either. But eatin' isn't all, and the leetle uns was nigh on to naked the last time I saw 'em; and the woman's dress, in spite of the patchin', looked as ef it would desart her ef she didn't keep a close eye on't. Lord! Lord! what shall I do? fur there's room enough in the basket, and the woman and the leetle uns need garments—that is, it's more'n likely they do, and I haven't a garment in the cabin to take 'em."

"Hillo! Hillo! John Norton! John Norton! Hillo!" The voice came sharp and clear, cutting keenly through the frosty air and the cabin walls. "John Norton!"

"Wild Bill!" exclaimed the trapper. "I sartinly hope the vagabond hasn't been a-drinkin'. His voice sounds as ef he was sober; but the chances be agin the signs, fur ef he isn't drunk, the marcy of the Lord or the scarcity of liquor has kept him from it. I'll go to the door and see what he wants. It's sartinly too cold to let a man stand in the holler long, whether he be sober or drunk," with which remark the trapper stepped to the door and flung it open.

"What is it, Wild Bill?—what is it?" he called. "Be ye drunk or be ye sober, that ye stand there shoutin' in the cold with a fog cabin within a dozen rods of ye?"

"Sober, John Norton, sober. Sober as a Moravian preacher at a funeral; sober afore God."

"Yer trappin' must have been mighty poor, then, Wild Bill, for the last month, or the Dutchman at the clearin' has watered his liquor by a wrong measure for once. But ef ye be sober, why do ye stand there 'hoopin' like a Indian when the ambushment is onkivered and the bushes be alive with the knaves? Why don't ye come into the cabin like a sensible man, ef ye be sober? The signs be agin ye, Wild Bill—yis, the signs be agin ye."

"Come in the cabin!" retorted Bill. "An' so I would mighty lively ef I could, but the load is heavy, and your path is as slippery as the plank over the creek at the Dutchman's when I've two horns aboard."

"Load! What load have ye been draggin' through the woods?" exclaimed the trapper. "Ye talk as ef my cabin was the Dutchman's, and ye was balancin' on the plank at this minit."

"Come and see for yourself," answered Wild Bill, "and give me a lift. Once in your cabin, and in front of your fire, I'll answer all the questions you may ask. But I'll answer no more until I'm inside the door."

"Ye be sartinly sober to-night," answered the trapper, laughingly, as he started down the hill, "fur ye talk sense, and that's more'n a man can do when he talks through the nozzle of a bottle."

"Lord-a-massy!" exclaimed the old man as he stood over the sled and saw the huge box that was on it. "Lord-a-massy, Bill, what a tug ye must have had, and how ye come to be sober with sech a load behind ye is beyend the reckinin' of a man who has knowed ye nigh on to twenty year. I never knowed ye disapp'int one arter this fashion afore."

"It is strange, I confess," answered Wild Bill, appreciating the humor that lurked in the honesty of the old man's utterance. "It is strange, that's a fact, for it's Christmas-eve, and I ought to be roaring drunk at the Dutchman's this very minit according to custom; but I pledged him to get the box through jest as he wanted it done, and that I wouldn't touch a drop of liquor until I had done it. And here it is according to promise, for here I am sober, and here is his box."

"H'ist along, Bill, h'ist along!" exclaimed the trapper, who suddenly became alive with interest, for he surmised whence the box had come. "H'ist along, Bill, I say, and have done with yer talkin', and let's see what ye have got on yer sled. It's strange that a man of your sense will stand jibberin' here in the snow with a roarin' fire within a dozen rods of ye."

Whatever retort Wild Bill may have contemplated, it was effectually prevented by the energy with which the trapper pushed the sled after him. Indeed, it was all he could do to keep it off his heels, so earnestly did the old man propel it from behind; and so, with many a slip and scramble on the part of Wild Bill, and a continued muttering on the part of the trapper about the "nonsense of a man's jibberin' in the snow arter a twenty-mile drag, with a good fire within a dozen rods of him," the sled was shot through the doorway into the cabin, and stood fully revealed in the bright blaze of the fire-light.

"Take off yer coat and yer moccasins, Wild Bill," exclaimed the trapper as he closed the door, "and git in front of the fire; pull out the coals, and set the tea-pot a-steepin'. The yarb will take the chill out of ye better than the pisen of the Dutchman. Ye'll find a haunch of venison in the cupboard that I roas-ted to-day, and some Johnny-cake; I doubt ef either be cold. Help yerself, help yerself, Bill, while I take a peep at the box."

No one can appreciate the intensity of the old man's feelings in reference to the mysterious box, unless he calls to mind the strictness with which he was wont to interpret and fulfill the duties of hospitality. To him the coming of a guest was a welcome event, and the service which the latter might require of the host both a sacred and pleasant obligation. To serve a guest with his own hand, which he did with a natural courtesy peculiar to himself, was his delight. Nor did it matter with him what the quality of the guest might be. The wandering trapper or the vagabond Indian was served with as sincere attention as the richest visitor from the city. But now his feelings were so stirred by the sight of the box thus strangely brought to him, and by his surmise touching who the sender might be, that Wild Bill was left to help himself without the old man's attendance.

It was evident that Bill was equal to the occasion, and was not aware of the slightest neglect. At least his actions were not by the neglect of the trapper rendered less decided, or the quality of his appetite affected, for the examination be made of the old man's cupboard, and the familiarity with which he handled the contents, made it evident that he was not in the least abashed or uncertain how to proceed; for he attacked the provisions with the energy of a man who had fasted long, and who has at last not only come suddenly to an ample supply of food, but also feels that for a few moments at least he will be unobserved. The trapper turned toward the box and approached it for a deliberate examination.

"The boards be sawed," he said, "and they came from the mills of the settlements, for the smoothin'-plane has been over 'em." Then he inspected the jointing, and noted how truly the edges were drawn.

"The box has come a goodly distance," he said to himself, "fur there isn't a workman this side of the Horicon that could jint it in that fashion. There sartinly orter be some letterin', or a leetle bit of writin', somewhere about the chist, tellin' who the box belonged to, and who it was sent to." Saying this, the old man unlashed the box from the sled and rolled it over, so that the side might come uppermost. As no direction appeared on the smoothly planed surface, he rolled it half over again. A little white card neatly tacked to the board was now revealed. The trapper stooped, and on the card read:

JOHN NORTON,
To the care of Wild Bill.

"Yis, the 'J' be his'n," muttered the old man, as he spelled out the word J-o-h-n, "and the big 'N' be as plain as an otter trail in the snow. The boy don't make his letters over-plain, as I conceit, but the 'J' and the 'N' be his'n." And then he paused for a full minute, his head bowed over the box. "The boy don't forgit," he murmured, and he wiped his eyes with the backs of his hands. "The boy don't forgit." And then he added, "No, he isn't one of the forgittin' kind. Wild Bill," said the trapper, as he turned toward that personage, whose attack on the venison haunch was as determined as ever—"Wild Bill, this box be from Henry!"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered that individual, speaking from a mass of edibles that filled his mouth.

"And it be a Christmas gift!" continued the old man.

"It looks so," returned Bill, as laconically as before.

"And it be a mighty heavy box!" said the trapper.

"You'd 'a thought so if you had dragged it over the mile and a half carry. It was good sleddin' on the river, but the carry took the stuff out of me."

"Very like, very like," responded the trapper; "fur the gullies be deep on the carry, and it must have been slippery haulin'. Didn't ye git a leetle arnest in yer feelin's, Bill, afore ye got to the top of the last ridge?"

"Old man," answered Bill, as he wheeled his chair toward the trapper, with a pint cup of tea in the one hand and wiping his mustache with the coat sleeve of the other, "I got it to the top three times, or within a dozen feet from the top, and each time it got away from me and went to the bottom again; for the roots was slippery, and I couldn't git a grip on the toe of my moccasins; but I held on the rope, and I got to the bottom neck and neck with the sled every time."

"Ye did well, ye did well," responded the trapper, laughing; "fur a loaded sled goes down-hill mighty fast when the slide is steep, and a man who gits to the bottom as quick as the sled must have a good grip, and be considerable in arnest. But ye got her up finally by the same path, did ye?"

"Yes, I got her up," returned Bill. "The fourth time I went for that ridge I fetched her to the top, for I was madder than a hornet."

"And what did ye do, Bill?" continued the trapper—"what did ye do when ye got to the top?"

"I jist tied that sled to a sapling so it wouldn't git away agin, and I got on to the top of that box, and I talk to that gulch a minit or two in a way that satisfied my feelings."

"I shouldn't wonder," answered the trapper, laughing, "fur ye must have been a good deal riled. But ye did well to git the box through, and ye got it here in time, and ye've arnt yer wages, and now ef ye'll tell me how much I am to pay ye, ye shall have yer money, and ye needn't scrimp yerself on the price, Wild Bill, fur the drag has been a hard un; so tell me yer price and I'll count yer out the money."

"Old man," answered Bill, "I didn't bring that box through for money, and I won't take a—"

Perhaps Wild Bill was about to emphasize his refusal by some verbal addition to the simple statement, but if it was his intention he checked himself, and said, "a cent."

"It's well said," answered the trapper—"yis, it's well said, and does jestice to yer feelin's, I don't doubt; but an extra pair of breeches one of these days wouldn't hurt ye, and the money won't come amiss."

"I tell ye, old man," returned Wild Bill, earnestly, "I won't take a cent. I'll allow there's several colors in my trousers, for I've patched in a dozen different pieces off and on, and I doubt, as ye hint, if the patching holds together much longer, but I've eaten at your table and slept in your cabin more than once, John Norton, and whether I've come to it drunk or sober, your door was never shut in my face, and I don't forget either that the man who sent you that box fished me from the creek one day when I had walked into it with two bottles of the Dutchman's whiskey in my pocket, and not one cent of your money or his will I take for bringing the box in to you."

"Have it yer own way ef ye will," said the trapper, "but I won't forgit the deed ye have did, and the boy won't forgit it neither. Come, let's clear away the victuals, and we'll open the box. It's sartinly a big un, and I would like to see what he has put inside of it."

The opening of the box was a spectacle such as gladdens the heart to see. At such moments the countenance of the trapper was as facile in the changefulness of its expression as that of a child. The passing feelings of his soul found an adequate mirror in his face, as the white clouds of a summer day find full reflection in the depth of the tranquil lake. He was not too old or too learned to be wise, for the wisdom of hearty happiness was his—the wisdom of being glad, and gladly showing it.

As for Wild Bill, the best of his nature was in the ascendant, and with the curiosity and pleasure of a child, and a happiness as sincere as if the box was his own, he assisted at the opening.

"THE YARB BE OF THE BEST."

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"The man who made this box did the work in a workman-like fashion," said the trapper, as he strove to insert the edge of his hatchet into the jointing of the cover, "fur he shet these boards together like the teeth of a bear-trap when the bars be well 'iled. It's a pity the boy didn't send him along with the box, Wild Bill, fur it sartinly looks as ef we should have to kindle a fire on it and burn a hole in through the cover. I hope the boy didn't have to pay fur all these nails, fur they be thicker'n quills on a turkey's back when the feathers be growin'."

At last, by dint of great exertion, and with the assistance of Wild Bill and the poker, the cover of the box was wrenched off, and the contents were partially revealed.

"Glory to God, Wild Bill!" exclaimed the trapper. "Here be yer breeches!" and he held up a pair of pantaloons made of the stoutest Scotch stuff. "Yis, here be yer breeches, fur here on the waistband be pinned a bit of paper, and on it be written, 'Fur Wild Bill.' And here be a vest to match; and here be a jacket; and here be two pair of socks in the pockets of the jacket; and here be two woollen shirts, one packed away in each sleeve; and here!" shouted the old man, as he turned up the lapel of the coat—"Wild Bill, look here! Here be a five-dollar note!" and the old man swung one of the socks over his head, and shouted, "Hurrah for Wild Bill!" And the two hounds, catching the enthusiasm of their master, lifted their muzzles into the air, and bayed deep and long, till the cabin fairly shook with the joyful uproar of man and dogs.

It is doubtful if any gift ever took the recipient more by surprise than this bestowed upon Wild Bill. It is true that, judged by the law of strict deserts, the poor fellow had not deserved much of the world, and certainly the world had not forgotten to be strictly just in his case, for it had not given him much. It is a question if he had ever received a gift before in all his life; certainly not one of any considerable value. His reception of this generous and thoughtful provision for his wants was characteristic both of his training and his nature.

The old trapper, as he had ended his cheering, flung the pantaloons, the vest, the jacket, the socks, the shirts, and the money into his lap.

For a moment the poor fellow sat looking at the warm and costly garments he held in his hands, silent in an astonishment too profound for speech, and then, recovering the use of his organs, he gasped forth,

"I swear!" and then broke down and sobbed like a child.

The trapper, kneeling beside the box, looked at the poor fellow with a face radiant with happiness, while his mouth was stretched with laughter, utterly unconscious that tears were brimming his own eyes.

"Old trapper," said Wild Bill, rising to his feet and holding the garments forth in his hands, "this is the first present I ever received in my life. I have been kicked and cussed, sneered at and taunted, and I deserved it all. But no man ever gave me a lift, or showed he cared a cent whether I starved or froze, lived or died. You know, John Norton, what a fool I've been, and what has ruined me, and that when sober I'm more of a man than many that hoot at me. And here I swear, old man, that while a button is on this jacket, or two threads of these breeches hold together, I'll never touch a drop of liquor, sick or well, living or dying, so help me God;* and there's my hand on it!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the trapper, as he sprang to his feet and clasped in his own strong palm the hand that the other had stretched out to him. "The Lord in His marcy be nigh ye when tempted, Bill, and keep ye true to yer pledge!"

Of all the pleasant sights that the angels of God, looking from their high homes, saw on earth that Christmas-eve, perhaps not one was dearer in their eyes than the spectacle here described—the two men standing with their hands clasped in solemn pledge of the reformation of the one and the helping sympathy of the other, above that Christmas-box in the cabin in the woods.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the trapper's further examination of the box. The readers' imagination, assisted by many a happy reminiscence, will enable them to realize the scene. There was a small keg of powder, a large plug of lead, a little chest of tea, a bag of sugar, and also one of coffee. There were nails, matches, thread, buttons, a woollen under-jacket, a pair of mittens, and a cap of choicest fur made of an otter's skin that Henry himself had trapped a year before. All these and other packages were taken out one by one, carefully examined, and characteristically commented on by the trapper, and passed to Wild Bill, who in turn inspected and commented on them, and then laid them carefully on the table. Beneath these packages was a thin board, constituting a sort of division between its upper and lower half.

"There seems to be a sort of cellar to this box," said the trapper, as he sat locking at the division. "I shouldn't be surprised of the boy himself was in here somewhere, so be ready, Bill, fur anything, fur the Lord only knows what's underneath this board." Saying which the old man thrust his hand under one end of the division, and pulled out a bundle loosely tied with a string, which became unfastened as the trapper lifted the roll from its place in the box, and as he shook it open and held its contents at arm's-length up to the light, the startled eyes of Wild Bill and the earnest gaze of the trapper beheld a woman's dress.

"Heavens and arth, Bill!" exclaimed the trapper, "what's this?" And then a flash of light crossed his face, in the illumination of which the look of wonder vanished, and dropping upon his knees, he flung the dividing board out of the box, and his companion and himself saw at a glance what was underneath.

Children's shoes and dresses of warmest stuffs; tippets and mittens; a full suit for a little boy, boots and all; a jackknife and whistle; two dolls dressed in brave finery, with flaxen hair and blue eyes; a little hatchet; a huge ball of yarn, and a hundred and one things needed in the household; and underneath all a Bible; and under that a silver star on a blue field, and pinned to the silk a scrap of paper on which was written,

"Hang this over the picture of the Lad."

"Ay, ay," said the trapper, in a tremulous voice, as he looked at the silver star, "it shall be done as ye say, boy; but the Lad has got beyond the clouds, and is walkin' a trail that is lighted from eend to eend by a light clearer and brighter than ever come from the shinin' of any star. I hope we may be found worthy to walk it with him, boy, when we have come to the edge of the great clearin'."

To the trapper it was perfectly evident for whom the contents of the lower half of the box were intended; but the sender had left nothing in doubt, for when the old man had lifted from the floor the board that he had flung out, he discovered some writing traced with heavy pencilling on the wood, and which without much effort he spelled out to Wild Bill.

"Give these on Christmas-day to the woman at the dismal hut, and a merry Christmas to you all."

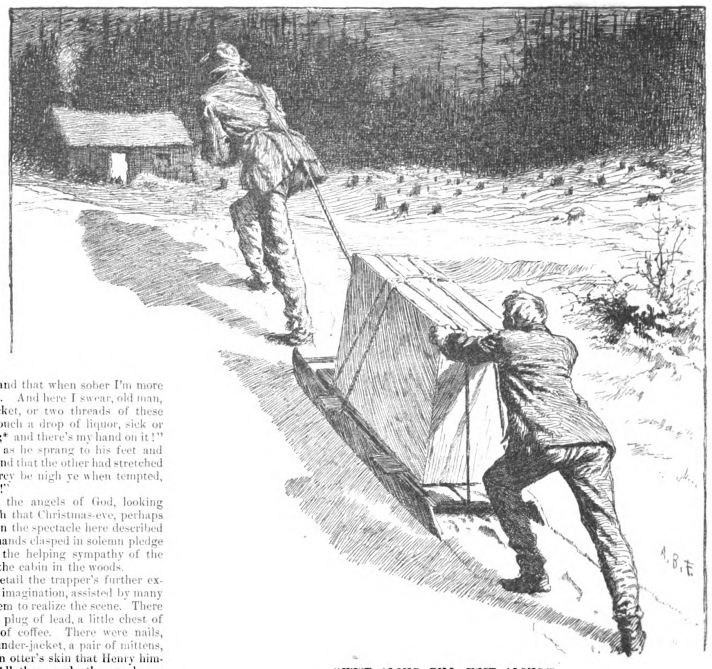
"Ay, ay," said the trapper, "it shall be did, barrin' accidents, as ye say; and a merry Christmas it 'll make fur us all. Lord-a-massy, what *will* the poor woman say when she and her leetle uns git these warm garments on? There be no trouble about fillin' the basket now; no, I sartinly can't git half of the stuff in. Wild Bill, I guess ye'll have to do some more sleddin' to-morrow, fur these presents must go over the mountain in the mornin', ef we have to harness up the pups." And then he told his companion of the poor woman and the children, and his intended visit to them on the morrow.

"I fear," he said, "that they be havin' a hard time of it, specially ef her husband has desarted her."

"Little good would he do her ef he was with her," answered Wild Bill, "for he's a lazy knave when he's sober, and a thief as well, as you and I know, John Norton; for he's fingered our traps more than once, and swapped the skins for liquor at the Dutchman's; but he's thieved once too many times, for the folks in the settlement has ketched him in the act, and they put him in the jail for six months, as I heard day before yesterday."

"I'm glad on't—yis, I'm glad on't," answered the trapper; "and I hope they'll keep him there till they've larnt him how to work. I've had my eye on the knave fur a good while, and the last time I seed him I told him ef he fingered any more of my traps I'd larn him the commandments in a way he wouldn't forgit, and as I had him in hand, and felt a leetle like talkin' that mornin', I gave him a piece of my mind, techin' his treatment of his wife and leetle uns, that he didn't relish, I fancy, fur he winced and squirmed like a fox in a trap. Yis, I'm glad they've got the knave, and I hope they'll keep him till he's answered fur his misdoin'; but I'm sartinly afeered the poor woman be havin' a hard time of it."

"I fear so too," answered Wild Bill, "and if I can do anything to help you in your plans, jest say the word, and I'm your man to back or haul jest as you want me."



"H'IST ALONG, BILL, H'IST ALONG!"

And so it was arranged that they should go over the mountain together on the morrow, and take the provisions and the gifts that were in the box to the poor woman; and after talking awhile of the happiness their visit would give, the two men, happy in their thoughts, and with their hearts full of that peace which passeth the understanding of the selfish, laid themselves down to sleep; and over the two—the one drawing to the close of an honorable and well-spent life, the other standing at the middle of a hitherto useless existence, but facing the future with a noble resolution—over the two, as they slept, the angels of Christmas kept watch.

II.

On the other side of the mountain stood the dismal hut; and the stars of that blessed eve had shone down upon the lonely clearing in which it stood, and the smooth white surface of the frozen and snow-covered lake which lay in front of it, as brightly as they had shone on the cabin of the trapper; but no friendly step had made its trail in the surrounding snow, and no blessed gift had been brought to its solitary door.

As the evening wore on, the great clearing round about it remained drearily void of sound or motion, and filled only with the white stillness of the frosty, snow-lighted night. Once, indeed, a wolf stole from underneath the dark balsams into the white silence, and running up a huge log that lay aslant a ledge of rocks, looked across and round the great opening in the woods, stood a moment, then gave a shivering sort of a yelp, and scuttled back under the shadows of the forest, as if its darkness was warmer than the frozen stillness of the open space. An owl, perched somewhere amid the pine-tops, snug and warm within the cover of its arctic plumage, engaged from time to time in solemn gossip with some neighbor that lived on the opposite shore of the lake. And once a raven, roosting on the dry bough of a lightning-blasted pine, dreamed that the white moonlight was the light of dawn, and began to stir his sable wings and croak a harsh welcome; but awakened by his blunder, and ashamed of his mistake, he broke off in the very midst of his discordant call, and again settled gloomily down amid his black plumes to his interrupted repose, making by his sudden silence the surrounding silence more silent than before. It seemed as if the very angels, who, we are taught, fly abroad over all the earth that blessed night, carrying gifts to every household, had forgotten the cabin in the woods, and had left it to the cold hospitality of unsympathetic nature.

Within the lonely hut, which seemed forgotten of heaven itself, sat a woman huddling her young—two girls and a boy. The fireplace was of monstrous proportions, and the chimney yawned upward so widely that one looking up the sooty passage might see the stars shining overhead. A little fire burned feebly in the huge stone recess: scant warmth might such a fire yield, kindled in such a fire-place, to those around it. Indeed, the little flame seemed conscious of its own inability, and burned with a wavering and mistrustful flicker, as if it was discouraged in view of the task set before it, and had more than half concluded to go out altogether.

The cabin was of large size, and undivided into apartments. The little fire was only able to illuminate the central section, and more than half of the room was hidden in utter darkness. The woman's face, which the faint flame over which she was crouched revealed with painful clearness, showed pale and haggard. The induration of exposure and the lines of hunger sharpened and marred a countenance which a happier fortune would have kept even comely. It had that old look about it which comes from wretchedness rather than age, and the weariness of her expression was pitiful to see. Was it work or vain waiting for happier fortunes that made her look so tired? Alas! the weariness of waiting for what we long for, but never comes! Is it the work or the longing—the long longing—that has put the silver in your head, friend, and scarred the smooth bloom of your cheeks with those ugly lines?

"Mother, I'm hungry," said the little boy, looking up into the woman's face. "Can't I have just a little more to eat?"

"Be still," answered the woman, sharply, speaking in the tones of vexed inability. "I've given you almost the last morsel in the house."

The boy said nothing more, but nestled up more closely to his mother's knee, and stuck one little stockingless foot out until the cold toes were half hidden in the ashes. Oh, warmth! blessed warmth! how pleasant art thou to old and young alike! Thou art the emblem of life, as thy absence is the evidence and sign of life's cold opposite. Would that all the cold toes in the world could get to my grate to-night, and all the shivering ones be gathered to this fireside! Ay, and that the children of poverty that lack for bread might get their hungry hands into that well-filled cupboard there, too!

In a moment the woman said, "You children had better go to bed. You'll be warmer in the rags than in this miserable fireplace."

The words were harshly spoken, as if the very presence of the children, cold and hungry as they were, was a vexation to her, and they moved off in obedience to her command.

Oh, cursed poverty! I know thee to be of Satan, for I myself have eaten at thy scant table, and slept in thy cold bed. And never yet have I seen thee bring one smile to human lips, or dry one tear as it fell from a human eye. But I have seen thee sharpen the tongue for biting speech, and harden the tender heart. Ay, I've seen thee make even the presence of love a burden, and cause the mother to wish that the babe nursing her scant breast had never been born. And so the children went to their unsightly bed, and silence reigned in the hut.

"Mother," said one of the girls, speaking out of the darkness—"mother, isn't this Christmas-eve?"

"Yes," answered the woman, sharply. "Go to sleep." And again there was silence.

Happy is childhood that amid whatever deprivation and misery it can so weary itself in the day that when night comes on it can lose in the forgetfulness of slumber its sorrows and wants!

Thus, while the children lost the sense of their unhappy surroundings, including the keen pangs of hunger, for a time, and under the tattered blankets that covered them saw, perhaps, visions of enchanting lands, and in their dreams feasted at those wonderful tables which hungry children see only in sleep, to the poor woman sitting at the failing fire there came no surcease of sorrow, and no vision threw even an evanescent brightness over the hard cold facts of her surroundings. And the reality of her condition was dire enough, God knows. Alone in the wilderness, miles from any human habitation, the trails covered deep with snow, her provisions exhausted, actual suffering already upon them, and starvation staring them squarely in the face. No wonder that her soul sank within her! no wonder that her thoughts turned toward bitterness!

"Yes, it's Christmas-eve," she muttered; "and the rich will keep it gayly. God sends them presents enough, but you see if He remembers me! Oh, they may talk about the angels of Christmas-eve flying abroad to-night loaded with gifts, but they'll fly mighty high above this shanty, I reckon; no, they won't even drop a piece of meat as they soar past." And so she sat muttering and moaning over her woes, and they were heavy enough—too heavy for her, poor soul, unassisted, to lift—while the flame on the hearth grew thinner and thinner, until it had no more warmth in it than the shadow of a ghost, and, like its resemblance, was about to flit and fade away. At last she said, in a softened tone, as if the remembrance of the Christmas legend had softened her surly thoughts and sweetened the bitter mood:

"Perhaps I'm wrong to take on so. Perhaps it isn't God's fault that I and my children are deserted and starving. But why should the innocent be punished for the guilty, and why should the wicked have enough and to spare while those who do no evil go half naked and starved?"

* See illustration on first page of WEEKLY.

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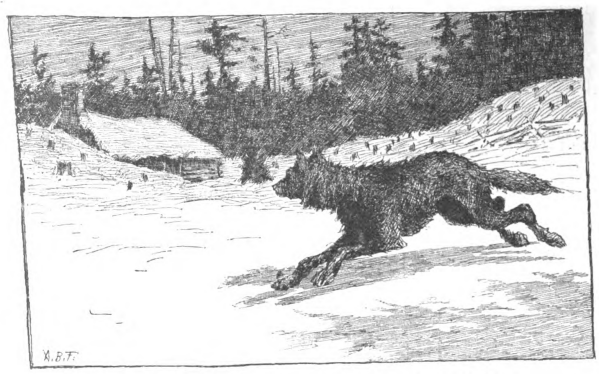


"A WOLF STOLE FROM UNDERNEATH THE DARK BALSAMS."

Alas! poor woman, that puzzle has puzzled many besides thee, and many lips besides thine have asked that question, querulously or entreatingly, many a time; but whether they asked it in vexation and rebellion of spirit, or humbly besought Heaven to answer, to neither murmur nor prayer did Heaven vouchsafe a response. Is it because we are so small, or because being small we are so inquisitive, that the Great Oracle of the blue remains so dumb when we cry?

At this point the poor little flame, as if unable to abide the cold much longer, flared fitfully, and uneasily shifted itself from brand to brand, threatening with many a flicker to go out; but the woman, with her elbows on her knees, and her face settled firmly between her hands, still sat with eyes that saw not the feeble flame at which they so steadily gazed.

"I will do it—*I will do it!*" she suddenly exclaimed. "I will make one more effort. They shall not starve while I have strength to try. Perhaps God will aid me. They say He always does at the last pinch, and He certainly sees that I am there now. I wonder if He's been waiting for me to get just where I am before He helped me? There is one more charge left, and I'll make the trial. I'll go down to the shore to where I saw the big tracks in the snow. It's a long way, but I shall get there somehow. If God is going to be good to me, He won't let me freeze or faint on the way. Yes, I'll creep into bed now, and try to get a little sleep, for I must be strong in the morning." And with these words the poor woman crept off to her bed, and burrowed down, more like an animal, than a human being, beside her little ones, as they lay, huddled close together and asleep, deep down in the rags.

What angel was it that followed her to her miserable couch, and stirred kindly feelings in her bosom? Some one, surely; for she shortly lifted herself to a sitting posture, and gently drawing down the old blanket with which the children had wrapped their heads, looked as only a mother might at the three little faces lying side by side, and bending tenderly over them, she placed a gentle kiss upon the forehead of each; then she nestled down again in her own place, and said, "Perhaps God will help me." And with this sentence, half a prayer and half a doubt, born on the one hand from that sweet faith which never quite deserts a woman's bosom, and on the other from that bitter experience which had made her seem, in her own eyes, deserted of God, she fell asleep.

She, too, dreamed; but her dreaming was only the prolongation of her waking thoughts; for long after her eyes closed she moved uneasily on her hard couch, and muttered, "Perhaps God will. God—" Sad is it for us who are old enough to have tasted the bitterness of that cup which life sooner or later presents to all lips, and have borne the burden of its toil and fretting, that our vexations and disappointments pursue us even in our slumber, disturbing our sleep with reproachful visions and the sound of voices whose upbraiding robs us of our otherwise peaceful repose. Perhaps somewhere in the years to come, after much wandering and weariness, guided of God, we may come to that fountain of which the ancients dreamed, and for which the noblest among them sought so long, and died seeking; plunging into which we shall find our lost youth in its cool depths, and rising refreshed and strengthened, shall go on our eternal journey reclothed with the beauty, the innocence, and the happiness of youth. The poor woman slept uneasily, and with much muttering to herself; but the rapid hours slid noiselessly down the icy grooves of night, and soon the cold morning put its white face against the frozen windows of the east, and peered shiveringly forth. Who says the earth can not look as cold and forbidding as the human countenance? The sky hung over the frozen world like a dome of gray steel whose invisibly matched plates were riveted here and there by a few white gleaming stars. The surface of the snow sparkled with crystals that flashed colorlessly cold. The air seemed armed and full of sharp eager points that pricked the skin painfully. The great tree trunks cracked their sharp protests against the frosty entrances being made beneath their bark. The lake, from under the smothering ice, roared in dismay and pain, and sent the thunders of its wrath at its imprisonment around the resounding shores. A bitter morn, a bitter morn—ah me! a bitter morn for the poor!

The woman, wakened by the gray light, moved in the depths of the tattered blankets, sat upright, rubbed her eyes with her hands, looked about her as if to recall her scattered senses, and then, as thought returned, crept stealthily out of the hole in which she had lain, that she might not wake the children, who, coiled together, slumbered on, still closely clasped in the arms of blessed unconsciousness.

"They had better sleep," she said to herself. "If I fail to bring them meat, I would they may never wake!"

If the poor woman could only have foreseen the bitter disappointment, or that other something which the future was to bring her, would she have made that prayer? Is it best for us, as some say, that we can not see what is coming, but must weep on until the last tear is shed, uncheered by the sweet fortune so nigh, or laugh unchecked until the happy tones are mingled with and smothered by the rising moan? Is it best? I wonder.

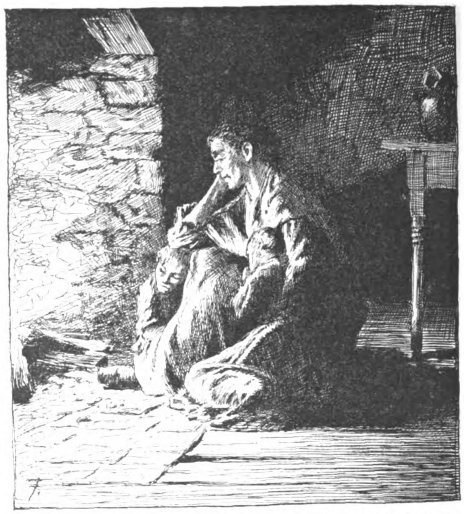
She noiselessly gathered together what additions she could make to her garments, and then, taking down the rifle from its hangings, opened the door, and stepped forth into the outer cold. There was a look of brave determination in her eyes as she faced the chilly greeting the world gave her, and with more of hopefulness than had before appeared upon her countenance she struck bravely off along the lake shore, which at this point receded toward the mountain.

For an hour she kept steadily on, with her eyes constantly on the alert for the least sign of the wished and prayed for game. Suddenly she stopped, and crouched down in the snow, peering straight ahead. Well might she seek concealment, for there, standing on a point of land that jutted sharply out into the lake, not forty rods away, unscreened and plain to view, stood a buck of such goodly proportions as one even in years of hunting might not see.

The woman's eyes fairly gleamed as she saw the noble animal standing thus in full sight, but who may tell the agony of fear and hope that filled her bosom! The buck stood lordly erect, facing the east, as if he would do homage to or receive homage from the rising sun, whose yellow beams fell full upon his uplifted front. The thought of her mind, the fear of her heart, were plain. The buck would soon move; when he moved, which way would he move? Would he go from or come toward her? Would she get him, or would she lose him? Oh, the agony of her thought!

"God of the starving," burst from her quivering lips, "let not my children die!"

Many prayers more ornate rose that day to Him whose ears are open to all cries. But of all that prayed on that Christmas morn, whether with few words or many, surely no heart rose with the



"A LITTLE FIRE BURNED FEEBLY IN THE HUGE STONE RECESS."

"GOD OF THE STARVING, LET NOT MY CHILDREN DIE!"

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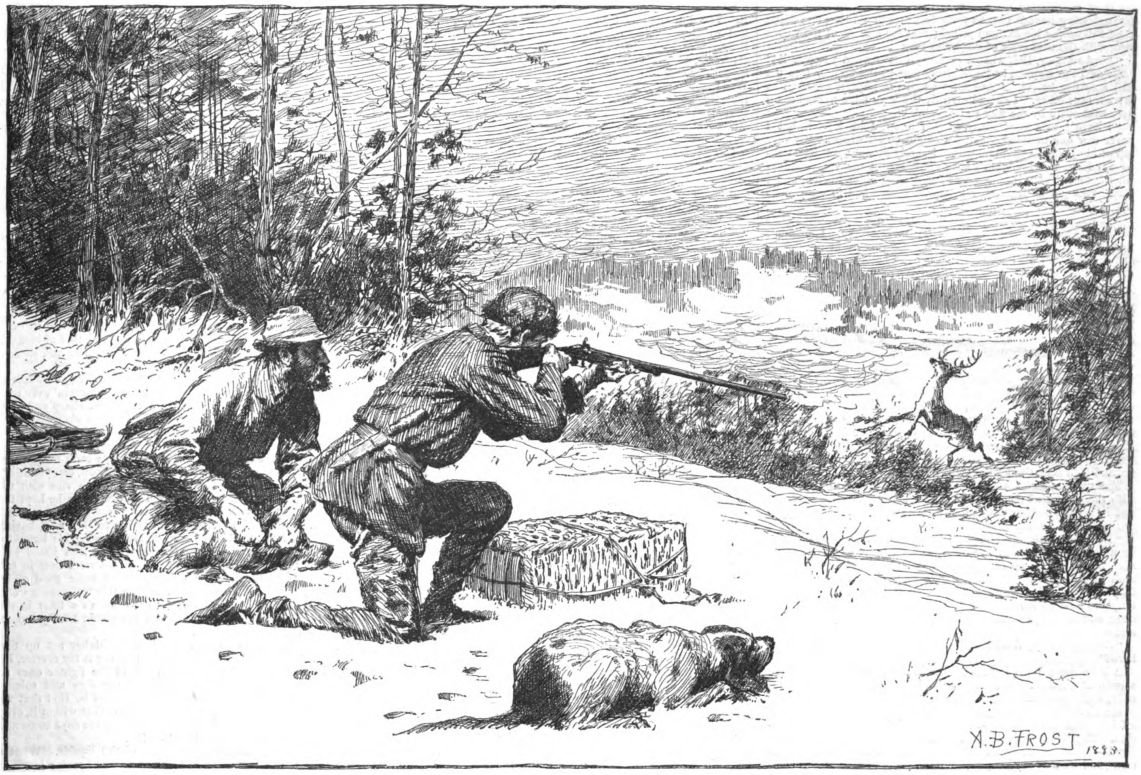


"THE DEER, STRICKEN TO HIS DEATH, FELL WITH A CRASH TO THE GROUND."

seeking words more earnestly than the poor woman kneeling, as she prayed, rifle in hand, amid the snow.

"God of the starving, let not my children die!"

That was her prayer; and as if in answer to her agonizing petition, the buck turned and began to advance directly toward her, browsing as he came. Once he stopped, looked around, and snuffed the air suspiciously. Had he scented her presence, and would he bound away? Should she fire now? No; her judgment told her she could not trust the gun or her aim at such a range. He must come nigher—come even to the big maple, and stand there, not ten rods away; then she felt sure she should get him. So she waited. How the cold ate into her! How her teeth chattered as the chills ran their torturing courses through her shivering frame! But still she clutched the cold barrel, and still she watched and waited, and still she prayed:

"God of the starving, let not my children die!"

Alas, poor woman! My own body shivers as I think of thine, and my pen falters to write what misery befell thee on that wretched morn.

Did the buck turn? Did he, having come thus tantalizingly near, retrace his steps? No. He continued to advance. Had Heaven heard her prayer? Her soul answered it had; and with such feelings in it toward Him to whom she had appealed as she had not felt in all her life before, she steadied herself for the shot. For even as she had prayed the deer came on—came to the big maple, and lifted his muzzle to its highest reach to seize with his tongue a thin streamer of moss that lay against the smooth bark. There he stood, his blue-brown side full toward her, unconscious of her presence. Noiselessly she cocked the piece. Noiselessly she raised it to her face, and with every nerve drawn to its tightest tension, sighted the noble game, and fired.

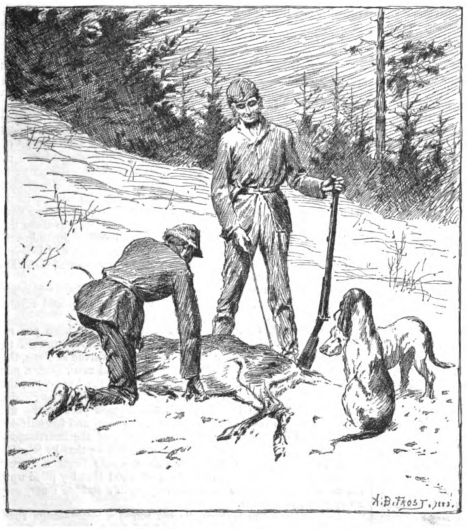
Had the frosty air watered her eye? was it a tear of joy and gratitude that dimmed the clearness of its sight? or were the half-frozen fingers unable to steady the cold barrel at the instant of its explosion? We know not; we only know that in spite of prayer, in spite of noblest effort, she missed the game. For, as the rifle cracked, the buck gave a snort of fear, and with swift bounds flew up the mountain, while the poor woman, dropping the gun with a groan, fell fainting on the snow.

III.

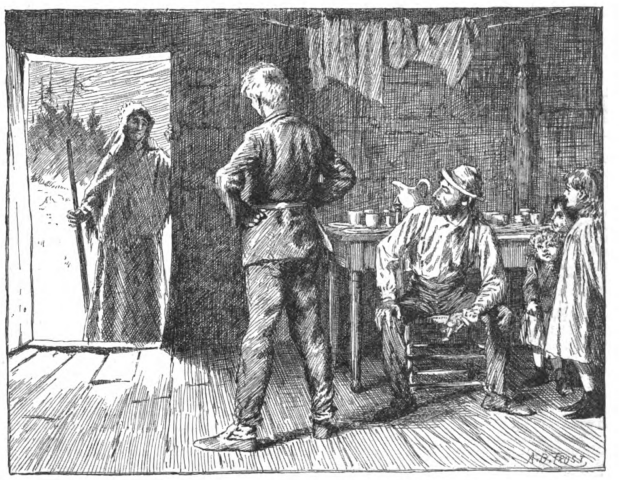
At the same moment the rifle sounded, two men, the trapper with his pack and Wild Bill with his sled heavily loaded, were descending the western slope of the mountain, not a mile from the clearing in which stood the lonely cabin. The sound of the piece brought them to a halt as quickly as if the bullet had cut through the air in front of their faces. For several minutes both stood in the attitude of listening.

"Down into the snow with ye, pups!" exclaimed the trapper, in a hoarse whisper. "Down into the snow with ye, I say! Rover, ef ye lift yer muzzle agin I'll warm yer back with the ramrod. By the Lord, Bill, the buck is comin' this way; ye can see his horns lift above the leetle balsams as he breaks through the thicket yender. Ef he strikes the runway he'll sartinly come within range;" and the old trapper slipped his arms from the pack, and lowering it to the earth, sank on his knees beside it, where he waited as motionless as if the breath had departed his body.

Onward came the game. As the trapper had suggested, the buck, with mighty and far-reaching bounds, cleared the shrubby obstructions, and entering the runway, tore up the familiar path with the violence of a tornado. Onward he came, his head flung upward, his antlers laid well back, tongue lolling from his mouth, and his nostrils smoking with the hot breaths that burst in steaming columns from them. Not until his swift career had not only brought him within range, but had even carried him exactly in front of his position, did the old man stir a muscle. But then, quick as the motion of the leaping game, his rifle jumped to his



"THE BULLET DROVE THROUGH HIS THIGH HERE."



"THE POOR WOMAN DRAGGED HERSELF TO THE DOOR AND OPENED IT."

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check, and even as the buck was at the central point of his leap, and suspended in the air, the piece cracked sharp and clear, and the deer, stricken to his death, fell with a crash to the ground. The quivering hounds rose to their feet and bayed long and deep; Wild Bill swung his hat and yelled; and for a moment the woods rang with the wild cries of dogs and man.

"Lord-a-massy, Bill, what a mouth ye have when ye open it!" exclaimed the trapper, as he leisurely poured the powder into the still smoking barrel. "Atween ye and the pups, it's enough to drive a man crazy. I should sartinly think ye have never seed a deer shot afore by the way ye be actin'."

"I have seen a good many, as you know, John Norton, but I never saw one tumbled over by a single bullet when at the very top of his jump, as that one was. I surely thought you had waited too long, and I wouldn't have given a cent for your chances when you pulled. It was a wonderful shot, John Norton, and I would take just such another tramp as I have had to see you do it again, old man."

"It wasn't bad," returned the trapper; "no, it sartinly wasn't bad, fur he was goin' as ef the Old Harry was arter him. I shouldn't wonder ef he had felt the tech of lead down there in the holler, and the smart of his hurt kept him flyin'. Let's go and look him over, and see ef we can't find the markin's of the bullet on him."

In a moment the two stood above the dead deer.

"It is as I thought," said the trapper, as he pointed with his ramrod to a stain of blood on one of the hams of the buck. "The bullet drove through his thigh here, but it didn't tech the bone, and was a sheer waste of lead, fur it only sot him goin' like an arrer. Bill, I sartinly doubt," continued the old man, as he measured the noble animal with his eye—"I sartinly doubt ef I ever seed a bigger deer. There's seven prongs on his horns, and I'd bet a horn of powder agin a chargeful that he'd weigh three hundred pounds as he lies. Lord, what a Christmas gift he'll be fur the woman! The skin will make a blanket fit fur a queen to sleep under, and the meat, jediciously cared for, will last her all winter. We must manage to git it to the edge of the clearin', anyhow, or the wolves might make free with our venison, Bill. Yer sled is a strong un, and it 'll bear the loadin' ef ye go keerful."

The trapper and his companion set themselves to their task with the energy of men accustomed to surmount every obstacle, and in a short half-hour the sled with its double loading stopped at the door of the lonely cabin.

"I don't understand this, Wild Bill," said the trapper. "Here be a woman's tracks in the snow, and the door be left a leetle ajar, but there be no smoke in the chimney, and they sartinly ain't very noisy inside. I'll jest give a knock or two and see ef they be stirrin';" and suiting the action to the word, he knocked long and loud on the large door. But to his noisy summons there came no response, and without hesitation he shoved open the door and entered.

"God of marcy, Wild Bill," exclaimed the trapper, "look in here!"

A huge room dimly lighted; holes in the roof; here and there a heap of snow on the floor; an immense fire-place with no fire in it; and a group of scared, wild-looking children huddled together in the farther corner, like young and timid animals that had fled in affright from the nest where they had slept at some fearful intrusion. That is what the trapper saw.

"I—" Whatever Wild Bill was about to say, his astonishment, and we may say his pity, were too profound for him to complete his ejaculation.

"Don't ye be afeered, leetle uns," said the trapper, as he advanced into the centre of the room to more fully survey the wretched place. "This be Christmas morn, and me and Wild Bill and the pups have come over the mountain to wish ye all a merry Christmas; but where be yer mother?" queried the old man, as he looked kindly at the startled group.

"We don't know where she is," answered the older of the two girls; "we thought she was in bed with us, till you woke us. We don't know where she has gone."

"I have it, I have it, Wild Bill!" exclaimed the trapper, whose eyes had been busy scanning the place while talking with the children. "The rifle be gone from the hangings, and the tracks in the snow be hern. Yis, yis; I see it all. She went out in hope of gettin' the leetle uns here somethin' to eat, and that was her rifle we heered, and her bullet made that hole in the ham of the buck. What a disapp'intment to the poor cretur when she seed she hadn't hit him! Her heart c'ena'most broke, I dare say. But the Lord was in it—leastwise He didn't go agin the proper shapin' of things arterwards. Come, Bill, let's stir round lively and git the shanty in shape a leetle, and some victuals on the table afore she comes. Yis, git out yer axe, and slash into that dead beech at the corner of the cabin, while I sorter clean up inside. A fire is the fust thing on such a mornin' as this; so scurry round, Bill, and bring in the wood as ef ye was a good deal in arnest, and do ye cut to the measure of the fire-place, and don't waste yer time in shortenin' it, fur the longer the fire-place the longer the wood—that is, ef ye want to make it a heater."

His companion obeyed with alacrity, and by the time the trapper had cleaned out the snow, and swept down the soot from the sides of the fire-place, and put things partially to rights, Bill had stacked the dry logs into the huge opening nearly to the upper jamb, and with the help of some large sheets of birch bark kindled them to a flame. "Come here, leetle uns," said the trapper, as he turned his good-natured face toward the children—"come here and put yer leetle feet on the hearth-stun, fur it's warmin', and I conceit yer toes be about freezin'."

It was not in the power of children to withstand the attraction of such an invitation, extended with such a hearty voice and such benevolence of feature. The children came promptly forward, and stood in a row on the great stone and warmed their little shivering bodies by the abundant flames.

"Now, leetle folks," said the trapper, "jest git yerselves well warmed, then git on what clothes ye've got, and we'll have some breakfast—yis, we'll have breakfast ready by the time yer mother gits back, fur I know where she be gone, and she'll be hungry and cold when she gits in. I don't conceit that this little chap here can help much, but ye girls be big enough to help a good deal. So when ye be warm, do ye put away the bed to the furderest corner, and shove out the table in front of the fire, and put on the dishes, sech as ye have, and be smart about it too, fur yer mother will sartinly be comin' soon, and we must be ahead of her with the cookin'."

What a change the next half-hour made in the appearance of the cabin! The huge fire sent its heat to the farthest corner of the great room. The miserable bed had been removed out of sight, and the table, drawn up in front of the fire, was set with the needed dishes. On the hearth-stone a large platter of venison steak, broiled by the trapper's skill, simmered in the heat. A mighty pile of cakes, brown to a turn, flanked one side, while a stack of potatoes baked in the ashes supported the other. The tea-pot sent forth its refreshing odor through the room. The children, with their faces washed and hair partially at least combed, ran about with bare feet on the warm floor, comfortable and happy. To them it was as a beautiful dream. The breakfast was ready, and the visitors sat waiting for the coming of her to whose assistance the angel of Christmas-eve had sent them.

"'Sh!" whispered the trapper, whose quick ear had caught the sound of a dragging step in the snow. "She's comin'."

Too weary and faint, too sick of heart and exhausted in body, to observe the unaccustomed signs of human presence around her dwelling, the poor woman dragged herself to the door and opened it. The gun she still held in her hand fell rattling to the floor, and with eyes wildly opened she gazed bewildered at the spectacle. The blazing fire, the set table, the food on the hearth-stone, the smiling children, the two men! She passed her hands across her eyes as one waking from sleep. Was she dreaming? Was this cabin the miserable hut she had left at daybreak? Was that the same fire-place in front of whose cold and cheerless recess she had crouched the night before? And were those two strangers there men, or were they angels? Was what she saw real, or was it only a fevered vision born of her weakness?

Her senses actually reeled to and fro, and she trembled for a moment on the verge of unconsciousness. Indeed, the shock was so overwhelming that in another instant she would have swooned and fallen to the floor, had not the growing faintness been checked by the sound of a human voice.

"A merry Christmas to ye, my good woman!" said the trapper. "A merry Christmas to ye and yours!"

The woman started as the hearty tones fell on her ear, and steadying herself by the door, she said, speaking as one partially dazed:

"Are you John Norton, the trapper, or are you an an—"

"Ye needn't sight agin," interrupted the old man. "Yis, I'm old John Norton himself, nothin' better and nothin' wuss; and the man in the chair here by my side is Wild Bill, and ye couldn't make an angel out of him ef ye tried from now till next Christmas. Yis, my good woman, I'm John Norton, and this is Wild Bill, and we've come over the mountain to wish ye a merry Christmas, ye and yer leetle uns, and help ye keep the day, and ye see we've been stirrin' a leetle in yer absence, and breakfast be waitin'. Wild Bill and me will jest go out and cut a leetle more wood, while ye warm and wash yerself, and when ye be ready to eat ye may call us, and we'll see which can git into the house fust."

So saying, the trapper, followed by his companion, passed out of the door, while the poor woman, without a word, moved toward the fire, and casting one look at her children, at the table, at the food on the hearth-stone, dropped on her knees by a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"I say!" said Wild Bill to the trapper, as he crept softly away from the door, to which he had returned to shut it more closely—"I say! John Norton! the woman is on her knees by a chair!"

"Very likely, very likely," returned the old man, reverently, and then he began to chop vigorously at a huge log, with his back toward his comrade.

Perhaps some of you who read this tale will come some time, when weary and heart-sick, to something drearier than an empty house: some bleak, cold day, some lonely morn, and with a starving heart and benumbed soul—ay, and empty-handed, too—enter in only to find it swept and garnished, and what you most needed and longed for waiting for you. Then will you, too, drop upon your knees, and cover your face with your hands, ashamed that you had murmured against the hardness of your lot, or forgot the goodness of Him who suffered you to be tried only that you might more fully appreciate the triumph.

"My good woman," said the trapper, when the breakfast was eaten, "we've come, as we said, to spend the day with you, and accordin' to custom—and a pleasant un it be fur sartin—we've brought ye some presents. A good many of them come from him who called on ye, as he and me passed through the lake last fall. I dare say ye remember him, and he sartinly has remembered ye. And last evenin', when I was makin' up a leetle pack to bring ye myself, fur I conceited I had better come over and spend the day with ye, Wild Bill came to my door with a box on his sled that the boy had sent in from his home in the city, and in the box he had put a good many presents fur him and me; and in the lower half of the box he had put a good many presents fur ye and yer leetle uns, and we've brought them all over with us. Some of the things be fur eatin' and some of them be fur wearin', and that there may be no misunderstandin', I would say that all the things that be in the pack basket there, and all the things that be on the sled too, belong to ye; and as I see the wood-pile isn't a very big un fur this time of the year, Bill and me be goin' out to settle our breakfast a leetle with the axes. And while we be gone I conceit ye had better rummage the things over, and them that be good fur eatin' ye had better put in the cupboard, and them that be good fur wearin' ye had better put on yerself and yer leetle uns; and then we'll all be ready to make a fair start. Fur this be Christmas-day, and we be goin' to keep it as it orter be kept. Ef we've had sorrers, we'll forgit 'em, and we'll laugh, and we'll eat, and be merry. Fur this be Christmas, my good woman! Children, this be Christmas! Wild Bill, my boy, this be Christmas! And, pups, this be Christmas! And we'll all laugh, and eat, and be merry!"

The joyfulness of the old man was contagious. His happiness flowed over as waters flow over the rim of a fountain. Wild Bill laughed as he seized his axe; the woman rose from the table smiling, the girls giggled, the little boy stamped, and the hounds, catching the spirit of their merry master, swung their tails round and bayed in canine gladness; and amid the joyful uproar the old trapper spun himself out of the door, and chased Wild Bill through the snow like a boy.

The dinner was to be served at two o'clock, and what a dinner it was, and what preparations preceded! The snow had been shovelled from around the cabin. The holes in the roof roughly but effectually thatched. A good pile of wood was stacked in front of the doorway. The spring that bubbled from the bank had been cleared of ice, and a protection constructed over it. The huge buck had been dressed, and hung high above the reach of wolves. Cedar and balsam branches had been placed in the corners and along the sides of the room. Great sprays of the tasselled pine and the feathery tamarack were suspended from the ceiling. The table had been enlarged, and extra seats extemporized. The long-unused oven had been cleaned out, and under its vast dome the red flames flashed and rolled upward. What a change a few hours had brought to that lonely cabin and its wretched inmates! The woman, dressed in her new garments, her hair smoothly combed, her face lighted with smiles, looked positively comely. The children, happy in their new clothes and their marvellous toys, danced round the room, wild with delight, while the little boy strutted about the floor in his new boots, proudly showing them to each person for the hundredth time.

The hostess's attention was equally divided between the temperature of the oven and the adornment of the table. A snow-white sheet, one of a dozen she had found in the box, was drafted peremptorily into service, and did duty as a table-cloth. Oh, the innocent and funny make-shifts of poverty, and the goodly distance it can make a little go! Perhaps some of us, as we stand in our rich dining-rooms, and gaze with pride at the silver, the gold, the cut glass, and the transparent china, can recall a little kitchen in a homely house far away, where our good mothers once set their tables for their guests, and what a brave show the few extra dishes made when they brought them out on the rare festive days!

However it might strike you, fair reader, to the poor woman and her guests there was nothing incongruous in a sheet serving as a table-cloth. Was it not white and clean and properly shaped; and would it not have been a table-cloth if it hadn't been a sheet? How very nice and particular some people can be over the trifling matter of a name! And this sheet had no right to be a sheet, for any one with half an eye could see at a glance that it was predestined from the first to be a table-cloth, for it sat as smoothly on the wooden surface as pious looks on a deacon's face, while the easy and nonchalant way in which it draped itself at the corners was perfectly jaunty.

The edges of this square of white sheeting that had thus providentially found its true and predestined use were ornamented with the leaves of the wild myrtle, stitched on in the form of scallops. In the centre, with a brave show of artistic skill, were the words, "Merry Christmas," prettily worked with the small brown cones of the pines. This, the joint product of Wild Bill's industry and the woman's taste, commanded the enthusiastic admiration of all; and even the little boy, from the height of a chair into which he had climbed, was profoundly affected by the show it made.

The trapper had charge of the meat department, and it is safe to say that no Delmonico could undertake to serve venison in greater variety than did he. To him it was a grand occasion, and—in a culinary sense—he rose grandly to meet it. What bosom is without its little vanities, and shall we laugh at the dear old man because he looked upon the opportunity before him with feeling other than pure benevolence—even of complacency that what he was doing was being done as no one else could do it?

There was venison roasted, and venison broiled, and venison fried; there was hashed venison, and venison spitted; there was a side dish of venison sausage, strong with the odor of sage, and slightly dashed with wild thyme, and a huge kettle of soup, in whose rich creamy surface pieces of bread and here and there a slice of potato floated.

"I tell ye, Bill," said the trapper to his companion, as he stirred the soup with a long ladle, "this pot isn't actilly runnin' over with taters, but ye can see a bit occasionally ef ye look sharp and keep the ladle goin' round pretty lively. No, the taters ain't over-plenty," continued the old man, peering into the pot, and sinking his voice to a whisper, "but there wasn't but fifteen in the bag, and the woman took twelve of 'em fur her kittle, and ye can't make three taters look actilly crowded in two gallons of soup, can ye, Bill?" And the old man punched that personage in the ribs with the thumb of the hand that was free from service, while he kept the ladle going with the other.

"Lord!" exclaimed the trapper, speaking to Bill, who, having taken a look into the old man's kettle, was digging his knuckles into his eyes to free them from the spray that was jetted into them from the fountains of mirth within that were now in full play—"Lord! ef there isn't another piece of tater gone all to pieces! Bill, ef I make another circle with this ladle there won't be a whole slice left, and ye'll swear there wasn't a tater in the soup." And the two men, with their faces within twenty inches, laughed and laughed like boys.

How sweet it is to think that when the Maker set up this strange instrument we call ourselves, and strung it for service, He selected of the heavy chords so few, and of the lighter ones so many! Some muffled ones there are, some slow and solemn sounds swell sadly forth at intervals, but blessed be God that we are so easily tickled, and the world is so funny that within it, even when exiled from home and friends, we find, as the days come and go, the causes and occasions of hilarity!

Wild Bill had been placed in charge of the liquids. What a satire there is in circumstances, and how those of to-day laugh at those of yesterday! Yes, Wild Bill had charge of the liquids—no mean charge, when the occasion is considered. Nor was the position without its embarrassments, as few honorable positions are, for it brought him face to face with the problem of the day—dishes; for, between the two cooks of the occasion, every dish in the cabin had been brought into requisition, and poor Bill was, metaphorically speaking, left stranded high and dry on a desert shore, with

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

But Bill was not lacking in wit if he was in pots, and he solved the conundrum how to make tea without a tea-pot in a manner that extorted the woman's laughter, and commanded the old trapper's admiration.

In ransacking the lofts above the apartment he had lighted on several large stone jugs, which with the courage—shall we call it the audacity?—of genius he had seized upon, and having thoroughly rinsed them and freed them from certain odors which we are free to say Bill was more or less familiar with, he brought them forward as substitutes for kettle and pot. Indeed, they worked admirably, for in them the berry and the leaves might not only be properly steeped, but the flavor could also be retained beyond what it might be in many of our famous and high-sounding patented articles.

But Bill, while ingenious and courageous to the last degree, was lacking in education, especially in scientific directions. He had never been made acquainted with that great promoter of modern civilization—the expansive properties of steam. The corks he had whittled out for his bravely extemporized tea and coffee pots were of the closest fit, and being inserted with the energy of a man who, having conquered a serious difficulty, is determined to reap the full benefit of his triumph, there was at least no danger that the flavor of the concoctions would escape through any leakage at the muzzle. Having thus prepared them for steeping, he placed the jugs in his corner of the fire-place, and pushed them well up through the ashes toward the live coals.

"Wild Bill," said the trapper, who wished to give his companion the needed warning in as delicate and easy a manner as possible—"Wild Bill, ye have sartinly got the right idee techin' the makin' of tea and coffee, fur the yarb should be steeped, and the berry too—leastwise arter it's biled up once or twice—and therefore it be only reasonable that the nozzles should be closed moderately tight; but a man wants considerable experience in the business or he's likely to overdo it jest a leetle, and ef ye don't cut some slots in them wooden corks ye've driven into them nozzles, Bill, there'll be a good deal of tea and coffee floatin' round in your corner of the fire-place afore many minutes, and I conceit there'll be a man about your size lookin' for a couple of corks and pieces of jugs out there in the clearin', too."

"Do you think so?" answered Bill, incredulously. "Don't ye be scared, old man, but keep on stirring your soup and turning the meat, and I'll keep my eye on the bottles."

"That's right, Bill," returned the trapper, "ye keep yer eye right on 'em, specially on that un that's furderest in toward the butt of the beech log there, fur ef there's any vartue in signs, that jug be gittin' oneasy. Yis," continued the old man, after a minute's pause, during which his eye hadn't left the jug—"yis, that jug will want more room afore many minutes, ef I'm any jedge, and I conceit I had better give it the biggest part of the fire-place;" and the trapper hastily moved the soup and his half-dozen plates of cooked meats to the other end of the hearth-stone, whither he retired himself, like one who, feeling that he is called upon to contend with unknown forces, wisely beats a retreat. He even put himself behind a stack of wood that lay piled up in his corner, like one who does not despise, in a sudden emergency, an artificial protection.

"Bill," called the trapper, "edge round a leetle—edge round and git in closer to the jamb. It's sheer foolishness standin'

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where ye be, fur the water will be wallopin' in a minit, and ef the corks be swelled in the nozzle there'll be an explosion. Git in toward the jamb, and watch the ambushmeant under kiver."

"Old man," answered Bill, as he turned his back carelessly toward the fire-place, "I've got the bearin's of this trail, and know what I'm about. The jugs are as strong as iron kittles, and I ain't afraid of their bust—"

Bill never finished the sentence, for the explosion predicted by the trapper occurred. It was a tremendous one, and the huge fire-place was filled with flying brands, ashes, and clouds of steam. The trapper ducked his head, the woman screamed, and the hounds rushed howling to the farthest end of the room, while Bill, with half a somersault, disappeared under the table.

"Hurrah!" shouted the trapper, lifting his head from behind the wood and critically surveying the scene—"hurrah, Bill!" he shouted, as he swung the ladle over his head. "Come out from under the table and man your battery agin. Yer old mortars was loaded to the muzzle, and ef ye had depressed the pieces a leetle, ye'd blowed the cabin to splinters; as it was, the chimney got the biggest part of the chargin', and ye'll find yer rammers on the other side of the mountain."

It was, in truth, a scene of uproarious hilarity; for once the explosion was over, and the woman and children saw there was no danger, and apprehended the character of the performance, they joined unrestrainedly in the trapper's laughter, in which they were assisted by Wild Bill, as if he was not the victim of his own overconfidence. "I say, old trapper," he called from under the table, "did both guns go off? I was gitting under cover when the battery opened, and didn't notice whether the firing was in sections or along the whole line. If there's a piece left, I think I will stay where I am, for I am in a good position to observe the range, and watch the effect of the shot. I say, old man," continued Bill, who felt himself in circumstances to return the solicitude the other had shown in his behalf—"I say, hadn't you better get behind your wood-pile and watch?"

"No, no," interrupted the trapper; "the whole battery went at the word, Bill, and there isn't a gun or a gun-carriage left in the casement. Ye've wasted a gill of the yarb, and a quarter of a pound of the berry, and ye must hurry up with another outfit of bottles, or we'll have nothin' but water to drink at the dinner."

The dinner! That great event of the day, the crown and diadem to its royalty, and which became it so well, was ready promptly to the hour. The table, enlarged as it was to nearly double its original dimensions, could scarcely accommodate the abundance of the feast. Ah, if some sweet power would only enlarge our hearts when on festive days we enlarge our tables, how many of the world's poor, that now go hungry while we feast, would then be fed!

At one end of the table sat the trapper, Wild Bill at the other. The woman's chair was at the centre of one of the sides, so that she sat facing the fire, whose generous flames might well symbolize the abundance which amid cold and hunger had so suddenly come to her. On her right hand the two girls sat, on her left the boy. A goodly table, a goodly fire, and a goodly company. What more could the angel of Christmas ask to see?

Thus were they seated, ready to begin the repast; but the plates remained untouched, and the happy noises which had to that moment filled the cabin ceased; for the Angel of Silence, with noiseless step, had suddenly entered the room. There's a silence of grief, there's a silence of hatred, there's a silence of dread—of these men may speak, and these they can describe; but the silence of our happiness, who can describe that? When the heart is full, when the long longing is suddenly met, when love gives to love abundantly, when the soul lacketh nothing, and is content, then language is useless, and the Angel of Silence becomes our only adequate interpreter. A humble table, surely, and humble folk around it; but not in the houses of the rich or the palaces of kings does Gratitude find her only home, but in more lowly abodes and with lowly folk—ay, and often at the scant table too—she sitteth a perpetual guest. Was it memory? Did the trapper in that brief moment visit his absent friend? Did Wild Bill recall his wayward past? Were the thoughts of the woman busy with sweet scenes of earlier days? And did memory, by thus reminding them of the absent and the past, of the sweet things that had been and were, stir within their hearts thoughts of Him from whom all gifts descend, and of His blessed Son, in whose honor the day was named? Beyond doubt.

O Memory! thou tuneful bell that ringeth on forever, friend at our feasts, and friend, too, let us call thee, at our burial, what music can equal thine? For in thy mystic globe all tunes abide—the birthday note for kings, the marriage peal, the funeral knell, the gleeful jingle of merry mirth, and those sweet chimes that float our thoughts, like fragrant ships upon a fragrant sea, toward Heaven—all are thine! Ring on, thou tuneful bell; ring on while these glad ears may drink thy melody; and when thy chimes are heard by me no more, ring loud and clear above my grave that peal that echoes to the heavens and tells the world of immortality, that they who came to mourn may check their tears and say, "*He liveth still!*"

"The Lord be praised fur His goodness!" said the trapper, whose thoughts unconsciously broke into speech. "The Lord be praised fur His goodness, and make us grateful fur His past mercies, and the plenty that be here!" And looking down upon the viands spread before him, he added, "The Lord be good to the boy, and make him as happy in a city home as be they who be wearin' and eatin' his gifts in the woods!"

"Amen!" said the woman, softly, and a grateful tear fell on her plate.

"A—hem!" said Wild Bill; and then looking down upon his warm suit, he lifted his voice, and bringing it out in a clear, strong tone, said, "*Amen!*"

At many a table that day more formal grace was said, by priest and layman alike, and at many a table, by lips of old and young, response was given to the benediction; but we doubt if over all the earth a more honest grace was said or assented to than the Lord heard from the cabin in the woods.

The feast and the merry-making now began. The old trapper was in his best mood, and fairly bubbled over with humor. The wit of Wild Bill was naturally keen, and it flashed at its best as he ate. The children stuffed and laughed as only children on such an elastic occasion can. And as for the poor woman, it was impossible for her, in the midst of such a scene, to be otherwise than happy, and she joined modestly in the conversation, and laughed heartily at the witty sallies.

But why should we strive to put on paper the wise, the funny, and the pleasant things that were said?—the exclamations, the laughter, the story, the joke, the verbal thrust and parry, of such an occasion? These, springing from the centre of the circumstance and flashed into being at the instant, can not be preserved for after-rehearsal. Like the effervescence of champagne, they jet and are gone; their force passes away with the noise that accompanied its outcoming.

Is it not enough to record that the dinner was a success, that the trapper's meats were put upon the table in a manner worthy of his reputation, that the woman's efforts at pastry-making were generously applauded, and that Wild Bill's tea and coffee were pronounced by the hostess the best she had ever tasted? Perhaps no meal was ever more enjoyed, as certainly none was ever more heartily eaten.

The wonder and pride of the table was the pudding—a creation of Indian meal, flour, suet, and raisins, re-enforced and assisted by innumerable spicy elements supposed to be too mysterious to be grasped by the masculine mind. In the production of this wonderful centre-piece—for it had been unanimously voted the place of honor—the poor woman had summoned all the latent resources of her skill, and in reference to it her pride and fear contended, while the anxiety with which she rose to serve it was only too plainly depicted on her countenance. What if it should prove a failure? What if she had made a miscalculation as to the amount of suet required—a point upon which she had been somewhat confused? What if the raisins were not sufficiently distributed? What if it wasn't done through, and should turn out pasty? Great heavens! The last thought was of so overwhelming a character that no feminine courage could encounter it. Who may describe the look with which she watched the trapper as he tasted it, or the expression of relief which brightened her anxious face when he pronounced warmly in its favor?

"It's a wonderful bit of cookin'," he said, addressing himself to Wild Bill, "and I sartinly doubt ef there be anything in the settlements to-day that can equal it. There be just enough of the suet, and there be a plum fur every mouthful; and it be solid enough to stay in the mouth until ye've had time to chew it and git a taste of the corn—and I wouldn't give a cent fur a puddin' ef it gits away from yer teeth fast; yis, it be a wonderful bit of cookin'," and turning to the woman, he added, "ye may well be proud of it."

What higher praise could be bestowed? And as it was re-echoed by all present, and plate after plate was passed for a second filling, the dinner came to an end with the greatest good feeling and hilarity.

IV.

"Now fur the sled!" exclaimed the trapper, as he rose from the table. "It be a good many years since I've straddled one, but nothin' settles a dinner quicker, or suits the leetle folks better. I conceit the crust be thick enough to bear us up, and ef it is, we can fetch a course from the upper edge of the clearin' fifty rods into the lake. Come, childun, git on yer mittens and yer tippets, and h'ist along to the big pine, and ye shall have some fun ye won't forgit until yer heads be whiter than mine."

"THE EXPLOSION PREDICTED BY THE TRAPPER OCCURRED."

It is needless to record that the children hailed with delight the proposition of the trapper, or that they were at the appointed spot long before the speaker and his companion reached it with the sled.

"Wild Bill," said the trapper, as they stood on the crest of the slope down which they were to glide, "the crust be smooth as glass, and the hill be a steep un. I sartinly doubt ef mortal man ever rode faster than the sled 'll be goin' by the time it gits to where the bank pitches into the lake, and ef ye should git a leetle careless in yer steerin', Bill, and hit a stump, I conceit that nothin' but the help of the Lord or the rottenness of the stump would save ye from etarnity. I sartinly think we better try the slidin' the fust time down without the childun, for it wouldn't do to have one of the leetle uns hurt to-day."

Now Wild Bill was blessed with a sanguine temperament. To him no obstacle seemed serious if bravely faced. Indeed, his natural confidence in himself bordered on recklessness, to which the drinking habits of his life had perhaps contributed.

When the trapper had finished speaking, Bill ran his eye carelessly down the steep hill-side, smooth and shiny as polished steel, and said: "Oh, this isn't anything extry for a hill. I've steered a good many steeper ones, and in nights when the moon was at the half, and the sled overloaded at that. It don't make any difference how fast you go," he added, "if you only keep in the path and don't hit anything."

"That's it—that's it," replied the trapper; "but the trouble here be to keep in the path; fur, in the fust place, there isn't any path, and the stumps be pretty thick, and I doubt ef ye can line a trail from here to the bank by the lake without one or more sudden twists in it, and a twist in the trail, goin' as fast as we'll be goin', has got to be taken jediciously, or somethin' will happen. I say, Bill, what p'int will ye steer fur?"

Wild Bill, thus addressed, proceeded to give his opinion touching the proper direction of the flight they were to make. Indeed, he had been closely examining the ground while the trapper was speaking, and therefore gave his opinion promptly and with confidence.

"Ye have chosen the course with jedgment," said the old man, approvingly, after he had studied the line his companion pointed out critically for a moment. "Yis, Bill, ye have a nateral eye for the business, and I sartinly have more confidence in ye than I had a minit ago, when ye was talkin' about a steeper hill than this; fur this hill drops mighty sudden in the pitches, and the crust be smooth as ice, and the sled 'll go like a streak when it gits started. But the course ye've p'inted out be a good un, fur there be only one bad turn in it, and good steerin' orter put a sled round that. I say," continued the old man, turning toward his companion, and pointing out the crook in the course at the bottom of the second dip, "can ye swing around that big stump there without upsetting when ye come to it?"

"Swing around? Of course I can," returned Wild Bill, positively. "There's plenty room to the left, and—"

"Ay, ay, there be plenty of room, as ye say, ef ye don't take too much of it," interrupted the trapper, "but—"

"I tell you," broke in the other, "I'll turn my back to no man in steering a sled, and I can put this sled and you on it around that stump a hundred times and never lift a runner."

"Well, well," responded the trapper, "have it your own way. I dare say ye be good at steerin', and I sartinly know I'm good at ridin', and I can ride as fast as ye can steer, ef ye hit every stump in the clearin'. Now, childun," continued the old man, turning to the little group, "we be goin' to try the course, and ef the crust holds up, and Wild Bill keeps clear of the stumps, and nothin' onusual happens, ye shall have all the slidin' ye want afore ye go in. Come, Bill, git yer sled p'inted right, and I'll be gittin' on, and we'll see ef ye can steer a man round a stump as handily as ye say ye can."

The directions of the trapper were promptly obeyed, and in an instant the sled was in a right position, and the old man proceeded to seat himself with the carefulness of one who feels he is embarking on a somewhat uncertain venture, and has grave misgivings as to what will be the upshot of the undertaking. The sled was large and strongly built, and it added not a little to the trapper's comfort to feel that he could put entire confidence in the structure beneath them.

"The sled 'll hold," he said to himself, "ef the loadin' goes to the jedgment."

The trapper was no sooner seated than Wild Bill threw himself upon the sled, with one leg under him and the other stretched at full length behind. This was a method of steering that had come into vogue since the trapper's boyhood, for in his day the steersman sat astride the sled, with his feet thrust forward, and steered by the pressure of either heel upon the snow.

"Hold on, Bill!" exclaimed the trapper, whose eye this novel method of steering had not escaped. "Hold on, and hold up a minit! Heavens and 'arth! ye don't mean to steer this sled with one toe, do ye, and that, too, the length of a rifle-barrel astarn! Wheel round, and spread yer legs out as ye orter, and steer this sled in an honest fashion, or there'll be trouble aboard afore ye git to the bottom."

"Sit round!" retorted Bill. "How could I see to steer if I was sitting right back of you? For you're nigh a foot taller than I be, and your shoulders are as broad as the sled."

"Yer p'ints be well taken, fur sartin," replied the trapper, "fur it be no more than reasonable that the man that steers should see where he be goin', and I am anxious as ye be that ye should. Yis, I sartinly want ye to see where ye be goin' on this trip, anyhow, fur the crew be a fresh un, and the channel be a little crooked. But be ye sartin, Bill, that ye can fetch round that stump there as it orter be did, with nothin' but yer toe out behind? It may be the best way, as ye say, but it don't look like honest steerin' to a man of my years."

"I have used both ways," answered Bill, "and I give you my word, old man, that this is the best one. You can git a big swing with your foot stretched out in this fashion, and the sled feels the least pressure of the toe. Yes, it's all right. John Norton, are you ready?"

"Yis, yis, as ready as I ever shall be," answered the trapper, in a voice in which doubt and resignation were equally mingled. "It may be as ye say," he continued, "but the rudder be too fur behind to suit me, and ef anything happens on this cruise, jest remember, Wild Bill, that my jedgment—"

The sentence the trapper was uttering was abruptly cut short at this point, for Bill had started the sled with a sudden push, and leaped to his seat behind the trapper as it glided downward and away. In an instant the sled was under full headway, for the dip was a sharp one, and the crust smooth as ice. Scarcely had it gone ten rods from the point whence it started before it was in full flight, and was gliding downward with what would have been, to any but a man of the steadiest nerve, a frightful velocity. But the trapper was of too cool and courageous a temperament to be disturbed even by actual danger. Indeed, the swiftness of their downward career, as the sled with a buzz and a roar swept along over the resounding crust, stirred the old man's blood with a tingle of excitement, while the splendid manner with which Wild Bill was keeping it to the course settled upon filled him with admiration, and was fast making him a convert to the new method of steering.

Downward they flashed! The trapper's hat had been blown from his head, and as the old man sat bolt-upright on his sled, his feet bravely planted on the round, his face flushed, and his white hair streaming, he looked the very picture of hearty enjoyment. Above his head the face of Wild Bill looked actually sharpened by the pressure of the air on either cheek as it clove through it, but his lips were bravely set, and his eyes were fastened without winking upon the big stump ahead, toward which they were rushing.

It was at this point that Wild Bill vindicated his ability as a steersman, and at the same time barely escaped shipwreck. At the proper moment he swept his foot to the left, and the sled, in obedience to the pressure, swooped in that direction. But in his anxiety to give the stump a wide berth, Bill overdid the pressure that was needed a trifle, for in calculating the curve required he had failed to allow for the sidewise motion of the sled, and instead of hitting one stump, it looked for an instant as if he would be precipitated among a dozen.

"Heave her starn up, Wild Bill; up with her starn, I say," yelled the trapper, "or they won't be a stump left in the clearin'."

With a quickness and courage that would have done credit to any steersman—for the speed at which they were going was terrific—Bill swept his foot to the right, leaning his body well over at the same instant. The trapper instinctively seconded his endeavors, and with hands that gripped either side of the sled, he hung over that side which was upon the point of going into the air. For several rods the sled glided along on a single runner, and then righted itself with a lurch, jumped the summit of the last dip, and raced away, like a swallow in full flight, toward the lake.

Now, at the edge of the clearing that bounded the shore was a bank of considerable size. Shrubs and stunted bushes fringed the crest of it. These had been buried beneath the snow, and the crust had formed smoothly over them; and as it was upheld by no stronger support than such as the hidden shrubbery furnished, it was incapable of sustaining any considerable pressure.

Certainly no sled was ever moving faster than was Wild Bill's when it came to this point, and certainly no sled ever stopped quicker, for the treacherous crust dropped suddenly under it, and the sled was left with nothing but the hind part of one of the runners sticking up in sight. But though the sled was so suddenly checked in its career, the trapper and Wild Bill continued their flight. The former slid from the sled without meeing any obstruction, and with the same velocity with which he had been moving. Indeed, so little was his position changed that one almost might fancy that no accident had happened, and that the old man was gliding forward to the end of the course with an adequate structure under him. But with the latter it was far different, for as the sled stopped he was projected sharply upward into the air, and after turning several somersaults he actually landed in front of the trapper, and glided along on the slippery surface ahead of him. And so the two men shot onward one after the other, while the children cackled from the hill-top, and the woman swung her bonnet over her head and laughed from her position in the doorway.

"Bill," called the trapper, when by dint of much effort they had managed to check their motion somewhat—"Bill, ef the cruise be

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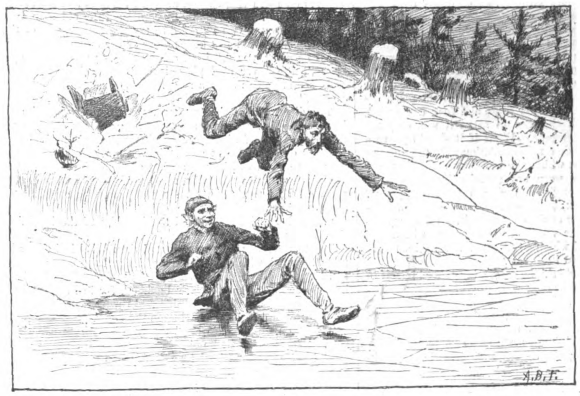


"THE TRAPPER AND WILD BILL CONTINUED THEIR FLIGHT."

about over, I conceit we'd better anchor hereabouts. But I shipped fur the voyage, and ye be capt'in, and as ye've finally got the right way to steer, I feel pretty safe techin' the futur'."

It was not until they had come to a full stop, and looked around them, that they realized the distance they had come, for they had in truth slid nearly across the bay.

"I've boated a good many times on these waters," said the trapper, as he assisted Wild Bill, who was considerably jarred, to his feet—"I've boated a good many times on these waters, and under sarcumstances that called fur arnest motion, but I sartinly never went across this bay as fast as I've did it to-day. How do ye feel, Bill—how do ye feel?"

"A good deal shaken up," was the answer—"a good deal shaken up."

"I conceit as much," answered the trapper—"I conceit as much, fur ye left the sled with mighty leetle deliberation, and when I saw yer legs comin' through the air I sartinly doubted ef the ice would hold ye. But ye steered with jedgment—yis, ye steered with jedgment, Bill, and I d said it ef we'd gone to the bottom."

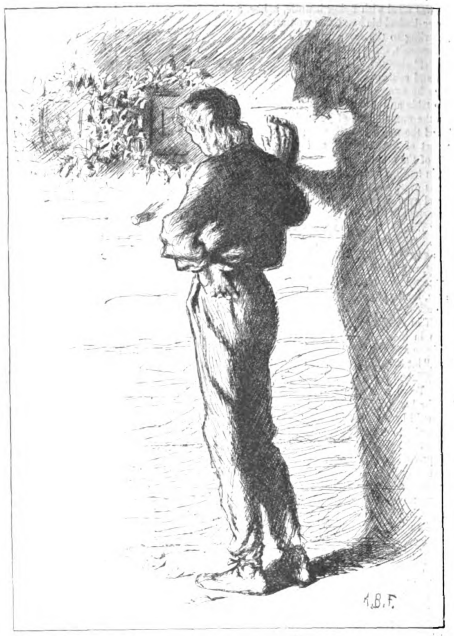
The sun was already set when they returned to the cabin, for, selecting a safer course, they had given the children an hour's happy sliding. The woman had prepared some fresh tea and a lunch, which they ate with lessened appetites, but with humor that never flagged. When it was ended the old trapper rose to depart, and with a dignity and tenderness peculiar to him, thus spoke:

"My good woman," he said, "the moon will soon be up, and the time has come fur me to be goin'! I've had a happy day with ye and the leetle uns, and the trail over the mountain will seem shorter, as the pups and me go home, thinkin' on't. Wild Bill will stay a few days and put things a leetle more to rights, and git up a wood-pile that will keep ye from choppin' fur a good while. It's his own thought, and ye can thank him accordin'ly." Then having kissed each of the children, and spoken a few words to Wild Bill, he took the woman's hand and said:

"The sorrers of life be many, but the Lord never forgits. I've lived until my head be whitenin', and I've noted that though He moves slowly, He fetches most things round about the time we need 'em; and the things that be late I conceit we shall git furder on. Ye didn't kill the big buck this mornin', but the meat ye needed hangs at yer door nevertheless. Yis, the Lord uses strange instruments to furder His purposes, specially in the matter of bucks," and laughing at his own conceit, he shook the woman heartily by the hand, and then, whistling to the hounds, passed out of the door. But the inmates of the cabin stood and watched him until, having climbed the slope of the clearing, he disappeared in the shadows of the forest, and then they closed the door. But more than once Wild Bill noted that as the woman stood wiping the dishes she wiped her eyes as well, and more than once he heard her say, "God bless the dear old man!"

Ay, ay, poor woman, we join thee in thy prayer. God bless the dear old man! and not only him, but all who do the deeds he did. God bless them, one and all!

Over the crusted snow the trapper held his course until he came, with a happy heart, to his cabin. Soon a fire was burning on his own hearth-stone, and the hounds were in their accustomed places. He drew the table in front, where the fire's fine light fell on his work, and taking some green vines and branches from the basket, began to twine a wreath. One he twined, and then he began another; and often as he twined the fadeless branches in, he paused, and long and lovingly looked at the two pictures hanging on the wall; and when the wreaths were twined he hung them on the frames, and standing in front of the dumb reminders of his absent ones, he said, "I miss them so!"

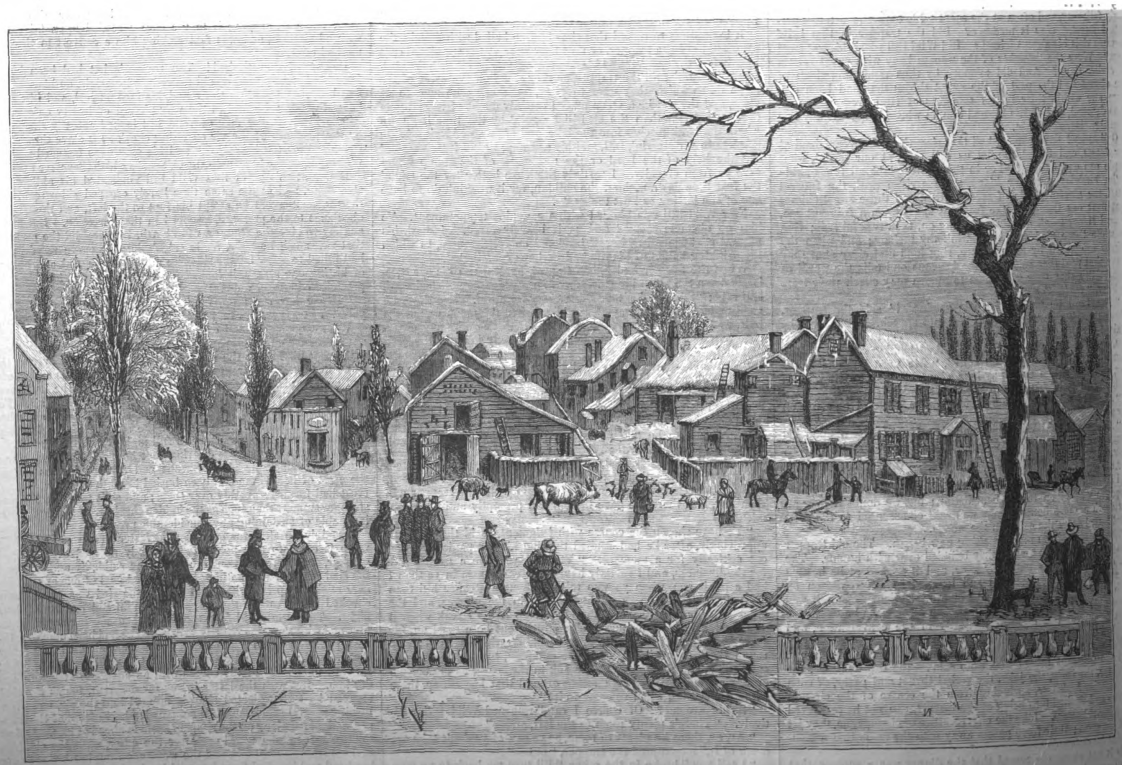


"I MISS THEM SO."

Ah! friend, dear friend, when life's glad day with you and me is passed, when the sweet Christmas chimes are rung for other ears than ours, when other hands set the green branches up, and other feet glide down the polished floor, may there be those still left behind to twine us wreaths and say, "We miss them so!"

And this is the way John Norton kept his Christmas.

THE END.



BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND—CHRISTMAS-TIME, 1800.

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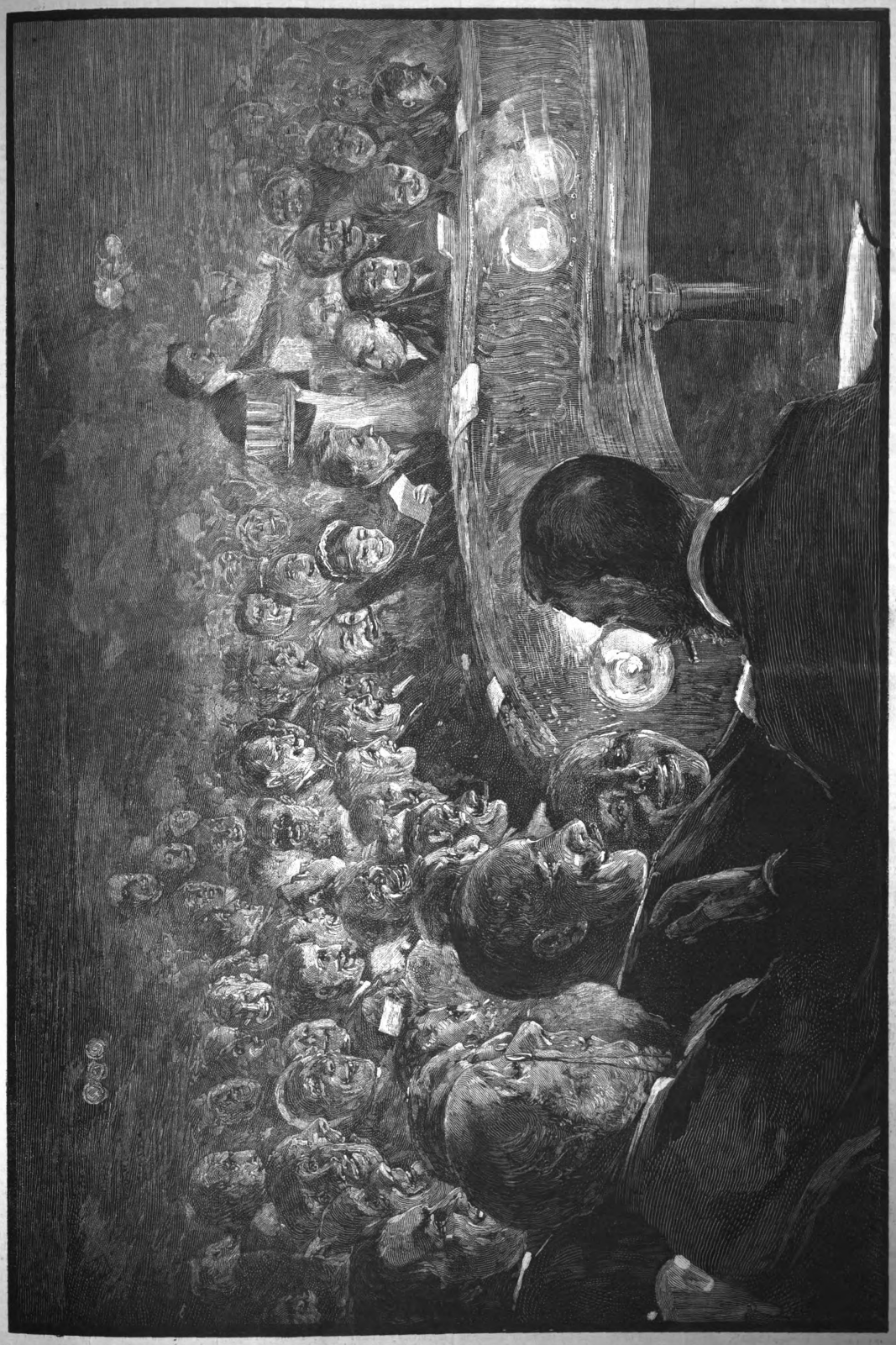

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME IN THE BOWERY.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.

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MY GIFT FROM SANTA CLAUS.

YES, I was dark, and she was fair.
Or dit we made a "handsome pair."
But oh, the little maid was shy;
And, to be candid, so was I.
Long had I striven, with many a sign,
To make her read this heart of mine,
Where often love songs died unsung,
For timid lips and trembling tongue.

But Christmas time was coming fast,
And old "Kriss Kringle" 'twas at last
Inspired me with happy thought,
To help me gain the gift I sought.
Whispering, I said to her: "Last night
A sweet dream filled me with delight,
For Santa Claus most generously
A woman's dear heart gave to me.

"And bade me, darling, go to you
To find its owner, fond and true.
So I have come. I pray you, sweet,
Kind Santa Claus's gift complete;
And if your heart I have indeed,
Another in its place you'll need;
And oh, my love, I'll gladly sign
A deed in full to you of mine."

"I SAY NO:"

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

THE SMUGGLED SUPPER.

OUTSIDE the bedroom the night was black and still.

The small rain fell too softly to be heard in the garden; not a leaf stirred in the airless calm; the watch-dog was asleep, the cats were in-doors: far or near, under the murky heaven, not a sound was stirring.

Inside the bedroom the night was black and still.

Miss Ladd knew her business as a school-mistress too well to allow night lights; and Miss Ladd's young ladies were supposed to be fast asleep, in accordance with the rules of the house. Only at intervals the silence was faintly disturbed, when the restless turning of one of the girls in her bed betrayed itself by a gentle rustling between the sheets. In the long intervals of stillness not even the softly audible breathing of young creatures asleep was to be heard.

The first sound that told of life and movement revealed the mechanical movement of the clock. Speaking from the lower regions, the tongue of Father Time told the hour before midnight.

A soft voice rose wearily near the door of the room. It counted the strokes of the clock, and reminded one of the girls of the lapse of time.

"Emily! eleven o'clock."

There was no reply. After an interval the weary voice tried again, in louder tones.

"Emily!"

A girl whose bed was at the inner end of the room sighed under the heavy heat of the night, and said, in peremptory tones, "Is that Cecilia?"

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"I'm getting hungry, Emily. Is the new girl asleep?"

The new girl answered promptly and spitefully, "No, she isn't."

Having a private object of their own in view, the five wise virgins of Miss Ladd's first class had waited an hour, in wakeful anticipation of the falling asleep of the stranger, and it had ended in this way. A ripple of laughter ran round the room. The new girl, mortified and offended, entered her protest in plain words.

"You are treating me shamefully! You all distrust me, because I am a stranger."

"Say we don't understand you," Emily answered, speaking for her school-fellows, "and you will be nearer the truth."

"Who expected you to understand me, when I only came here to-day? I have told you already my name is Francine De Sor. If you want to know more, I'm nineteen years old, and I come from the West Indies."

Emily still took the lead. "Why do you come *here?*" she asked. "Who ever heard of a girl joining a new school just before the holidays? You are nineteen years old, are you? I'm a year younger than you, and I have finished my education. The next big girl in the room is a year younger than me, and she has finished her education. What can you possibly have left to learn at your age?"

"Everything!" cried the stranger from the West Indies, with an outburst of tears. "I'm a poor ignorant creature. Your education ought to have taught you to pity me instead of making fun of me. I hate you all. For shame! for shame!"

Some of the girls laughed. One of them—the hungry girl who had counted the strokes of the clock—took Francine's part.

"Never mind their laughing, Miss De Sor. You are quite right; you have good reason to complain of us."

Miss De Sor dried her eyes. "Thank you—whoever you are," she answered, briskly.

"My name is Cecilia Wyvil," the other proceeded. "It was not, perhaps, quite nice of you to say you hated us all. At the same time, we have forgotten our good-breeding, and the least we can do is to beg your pardon."

This expression of generous sentiment appeared to have an irritating effect on the peremptory young person who took the lead in the room. Perhaps she disapproved of free trade in generous sentiment.

"I can tell you one thing, Cecilia," she said; "you sha'n't beat ME in generosity. Strike a light, one of you, and lay the blame on me if Miss Ladd finds us out. I mean to shake hands with the new girl—and how can I do it in the dark? Miss De Sor, my name's Brown, and I'm queen of the bedroom. I—not Cecilia—offer our apologies if we have offended you. Cecilia is my dearest friend, but I don't allow her to take the lead in the room. Oh, what a lovely night-gown!"

The sudden flow of the candle-light had revealed Francine sitting up in her bed, and displaying such treasures of real lace over her bosom that the queen lost all sense of royal dignity in irrepressible admiration. "Seven and sixpence," Emily remarked, looking at her own night-gown, and despising it. One after another the girls yielded to the attraction of the wonderful lace. Slim and plump, fair and dark, they circled round the new pupil in their flowing white robes, and arrived by common consent at one and the same conclusion: "How rich her father must be!"

Favored by fortune in the matter of money, was this enviable person possessed of beauty as well?

In the disposition of the beds, Miss De Sor was placed between Cecilia on the right hand and Emily on the left. If by some fantastic turn of events a man—say, in the interests of propriety, a married doctor, with Miss Ladd to look after him—had been permitted to enter the room, and had been asked what he thought of the girls when he came out, he would not even have mentioned Francine. Blind to the beauties of the expensive night-gown, he would have noticed her long upper lip, her obstinate chin, her sallow complexion, her eyes placed too close together, and would have turned his attention to her nearest neighbors. On one side his languid interest would have been instantly aroused by Cecilia's glowing auburn hair, her exquisitely pure skin, and her tender blue eyes; on the other, he would have discovered a bright little creature, who would have fascinated and perplexed him at one and the same time. If he had been questioned about her by a stranger, he would have been at a loss to say positively whether she was dark or light; he would have remembered how her eyes had held him, but he would not have known of what color they were. And yet she would have remained a vivid picture in his memory when other impressions, derived at the same time, had vanished. "There was one little witch among them who was worth all the rest put together, and I can't tell you why. They called her Emily. If I wasn't a married man—" There he would have thought of his wife, and would have sighed, and said no more.

While the girls were still admiring Francine, the clock struck the half-hour past eleven.

Cecilia stole on tiptoe to the door, looked out, and listened, closed the door again, and addressed the meeting with the irresistible charm of her sweet voice and her persuasive smile.

"Are none of you hungry yet?" she inquired. "The teachers are safe in their rooms; we have set ourselves right with Francine. Why keep the supper waiting under Emily's bed?"

Such reasoning as this, with such personal attractions to recommend it, admitted of but one reply. The queen waved her hand graciously, and said, "Pull it out."

Is a lovely girl—whose face possesses the crowning charm of expression, whose slightest movement reveals the supple symmetry of her figure—less lovely because she is blessed with a good appetite, and is not ashamed to acknowledge it? With a grace all her own, Cecilia dived under the bed, and produced a basket of jam tarts, a basket of fruit and sweetmeats, a basket of sparkling lemonade, and a superb cake—all paid for by general subscription, and smuggled into the room by kind connivance of the servants. On this occasion the feast was especially plentiful and expensive, in commemoration not only of the arrival of the midsummer holidays, but of the coming freedom of Miss Ladd's two leading young ladies. With widely different destinies before them, Emily and Cecilia had completed their school life, and were now to go out into the world.

The contrast in the characters of the two girls showed itself even in such a trifle as the preparations for supper.

Gentle Cecilia, sitting on the floor surrounded by good things, left it to the ingenuity of others to decide whether the baskets should be all emptied at once, or handed round from bed to bed one at a time. In the mean while her lovely blue eyes rested tenderly on the tarts. Emily's commanding spirit seized on the reins of government, and employed each of her school-fellows in the occupation which she was fittest to undertake. "Miss De Sor, let me look at your hand. Ah, I thought so. You have got the thickest wrist among us; you shall draw the corks. If you let the lemonade pop, not a drop of it goes down your throat. Effie, Annis, Priscilla, you are three notoriously lazy girls; it's doing you a true kindness to set you to work. Effie, clear the toilet table for supper: away with the combs, the brushes, and the looking-glass. Annis, tear up that old newspaper, and set the pieces out neatly for dishes and plates. No! I'll unpack; nobody touches the baskets but me. Priscilla, you have the prettiest ears in the room; you shall act as sentinel, my dear, and listen at the door. Cecilia, when you have done devouring those tarts with your eyes, take that pair of scissors (Miss De Sor, allow me to apologize for the mean manner in which this school is carried on; the knives and forks are counted and locked up every night)—I say take that pair of scissors, Cecilia, and carve the cake, and don't keep the largest bit for yourself. Are we all ready? Very well. Now take example by me. Talk as much as you like, so long as you don't talk too loud. There is one other thing before we begin. The men always propose toasts on these occasions: let's be like the men. Can any of you make a speech? Ah! it falls on me as usual. I propose the first toast. Down with all schools and teachers—especially the new teacher who came this half-year. Oh, mercy, how it stings!" The fixed gas in the lemonade took the orator at that moment by the throat, and effectually checked the flow of her eloquence. It made no difference to the girls. Excepting the case of feeble stomachs, who cares for eloquence in the presence of a supper table? There were no feeble stomachs in that bedroom. With what inexhaustible energy Miss Ladd's young ladies ate and drank! How merrily they enjoyed the delightful privilege of talking nonsense! And—alas! alas!—how vainly they tried in after-life to renew the once unalloyed enjoyment of tarts and lemonade!

In the unintelligible scheme of creation there appears to be no human happiness—not even the happiness of school-girls—which is ever complete. Just as it was drawing to a close, the enjoyment of the feast was interrupted by an alarm from the sentinel at the door.

"Put out the candle!" Priscilla whispered. "Somebody on the stairs."

CHAPTER II.

BIOGRAPHY IN THE BEDROOM.

THE candle was instantly extinguished. In discreet silence the girls stole back to their beds, and listened.

As an aid to the vigilance of the sentinel, the door had been left ajar. Through the narrow opening, a creaking of the broad wooden stairs of the old house became audible. In another moment there was silence. An interval passed, and the creaking was heard again. This time, the sound was distant and diminishing. On a sudden it stopped. The midnight silence was disturbed no more.

What did this mean?

Had one among the many persons in authority under Miss Ladd's roof heard the girls talking, and ascended the stairs to surprise them in the act of violating one of the rules of the house? So far, such a proceeding was by no means uncommon. But was it within the limits of probability that a teacher should alter her opinion of her own duty half-way up the stairs, and deliberately go back to her room again? The bare idea of such a thing was absurd on the face of it. What more rational explanation could ingenuity discover on the spur of the moment? Francine was the first to offer a suggestion. She shook and shivered in her bed, and said, "For Heaven's sake, light the candle again!—it's a ghost."

"Clear away the supper, you fools, before the ghost can report us to Miss Ladd."

With this excellent advice Emily checked the rising panic. The door was closed, the candle was lit; all traces of the supper disappeared. For five minutes more they listened again. No sound came from the stairs; no teacher, or ghost of a teacher, appeared at the door.

Having eaten her supper, Cecilia's immediate anxieties were at an end; she was at leisure to exert her intelligence for the benefit of her school-fellows. In her gentle, ingratiating way, she offered a composing suggestion. "When we heard the creaking, I don't believe there was anybody on the stairs. In these old houses there are always strange noises at night; and they say the stairs here were made more than two hundred years since."

The girls looked at each other with a sense of relief—but they waited to hear the opinion of the queen. Emily, as usual, justified the confidence placed in her. She discovered an ingenious method of putting Cecilia's suggestion to the test.

"Let's go on talking," she said. "If Cecilia is right, the teachers are all asleep, and we have nothing to fear from them. If she's wrong, we shall sooner or later see one of them at the door. Don't be alarmed, Miss De Sor. Catching us talking at night, in this school, only means a reprimand. Catching us with a light ends in punishment. Blow out the candle."

Francine's belief in the ghost was too sincerely superstitious to be shaken: she started up in bed. "Oh, don't leave me in the dark! I'll take the punishment, if we are found out."

"On your sacred word of honor?" Emily stipulated.

"Yes, yes!"

The queen's sense of humor was tickled. "There's something funny," she remarked, addressing her subjects, "in a big girl like this coming to a new school, and beginning with a punishment. May I ask if you are a foreigner, Miss De Sor?"

"My papa is a Spanish gentleman," Francine answered, with dignity.

"And your mamma?"

"My mamma is English."

"And you have always lived in the West Indies?"

"I have always lived in the island of San Domingo."

Emily checked off on her fingers the different points thus far discovered in the character of Mr. De Sor's daughter. "She's ignorant, and superstitious, and foreign, and rich. My dear (forgive the familiarity), you are an interesting girl, and we must really know more of you. Entertain the bedroom. What have you been about all your life? And what, in the name of wonder, brings you here? Stop! Before you begin, I insist on one condition, in the name of all the young ladies in the room. No useful information about the West Indies!"

Francine disappointed her audience.

She was ready enough to make herself an object of interest to her companions, but she was not possessed of the capacity to arrange events in their proper order, necessary to the recital of the simplest narrative. Emily was obliged to help her by means of questions. In one respect the result justified the trouble taken to obtain it. A sufficient reason was discovered for the extraordinary appearance of a new pupil on the day before the school closed for the holidays.

Mr. De Sor's social position at San Domingo had been (to use his daughter's words) the position of "a small planter, too poor to send to France or England for a governess." The mother's health was delicate; and the mother's interest centred in her only other child—a son, born in the later years of her married life. From first to last, Francine (in her own opinion) had been shamefully neglected. Six months since, the prospects of the family had changed for the better on the death of a bachelor relative. Mr. De Sor's brother had left him one of the finest estates in San Domingo, and a fortune in money as well, on the one easy condition that he continued to reside in the island. The question of expense being now beneath the notice of the family, Francine had been sent to England, specially recommended to Miss Ladd as a young lady with grand prospects, sorely in need of a fashionable education. The voyage had been so timed, by advice of the school-mistress, as to make the holidays a means of obtaining this object privately. Francine was to be taken to Brighton, where excellent masters could be obtained to assist Miss Ladd. With six weeks before her, she might in some degree make up for lost time; and, when the school opened again, she would avoid the mortification of being put down in the lowest class along with the children.

The examination of Miss De Sor, having produced these results, was pursued no further. Her character now appeared in a new, and not very attractive, light. She audaciously took to herself the whole credit of telling her story.

"I think it's my turn now," she said, "to be interested and amused. May I ask you to begin, Miss Emily? All I know of you at present is that your family name is Brown."

Emily held up her hand for silence.

Was the mysterious creaking on the stairs making itself heard once more? No. The sound that had caught Emily's quick ear came from the beds, on the opposite side of the room, occupied by the three lazy girls. With no new alarm to disturb them, Effie, Annis, and Priscilla had yielded to the composing influences of a good supper and a warm night. They were fast asleep, and the fattest of the three (softly, as became a young lady) was snoring!

The unblemished reputation of the bedroom was dear to Emily in her capacity of queen. She felt herself humiliated in the presence of the new pupil.

"If that girl ever gets a sweetheart," she said, indignantly, "I shall consider it my duty to warn the poor man before he marries her. Her ridiculous name is Euphemia. I have christened her (far more appropriately) Boiled Veal. No color in her hair, no color in her eyes, no color in her complexion. In short, no flavor in Euphemia. You naturally object to snoring. Pardon me if I turn my back on you—I am going to throw my slipper at her."

The soft voice of Cecilia—suspiciously drowsy in tone—interposed in the interests of mercy.

"She can't help it, poor thing; and she really isn't loud enough to disturb us."

"She won't disturb *you*, at any rate! Rouse yourself, Cecilia. We are wide-awake on this side of the room, and Francine says it's our turn to amuse her."

A low murmur, dying away gently in a sigh, was the only answer. Sweet Cecilia had yielded to the somnolent influences of the supper and the night. The soft infection of repose seemed to be in some danger of communicating itself to Francine. Her large mouth opened luxuriously in a long-continued yawn.

"Good-night!" said Emily.

Miss De Sor became wide-awake in an instant.

"No," she said, positively; "you are quite mistaken if you think I am going to sleep. Please exert yourself, Miss Emily—I am waiting to be interested."

Emily appeared to be unwilling to exert herself. She became interested in the weather.

"Isn't the wind rising?" she said.

There could be no doubt of it. The leaves in the garden were beginning to rustle, and the pattering of the rain sounded on the windows.

Francine (as her straight chin proclaimed to all students of physiognomy) was an obstinate girl. Determined to carry her point, she tried Emily's own system on Emily herself—she put questions.

"Have you been long at this school?"

"More than three years."

"Have you got any brothers and sisters?"

"I am an only child."

"Are your father and mother alive?"

Emily suddenly raised herself in her bed.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I think I hear it again."

"The creaking on the stairs?"

"Yes."

Either she was mistaken, or the change for the worse in the weather made it not easy to hear slight noises in the house. The wind was still rising. The passage of it through the great trees in the garden began to sound like the fall of waves on a distant beach. It drove the rain—a heavy down-pour by this time—rattling against the windows.

"Almost a storm, isn't it?" Emily said.

Francine's last question had not been answered yet. She took the earliest opportunity of repeating it.

"Never mind the weather," she said. "Tell

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me about your father and mother. Are they both alive?"

Emily's reply only related to one of her parents.

"My mother died before I was old enough to feel my loss."

"And your father?"

Emily referred to another relative—her father's sister.

"Since I have grown up," she proceeded, "my good aunt has been a second mother to me. My story is, in one respect, the reverse of yours. You are unexpectedly rich, and I am unexpectedly poor. My aunt's fortune was to have been my fortune if I outlived her. She has been ruined by the failure of a bank. In her old age she must live on an income of a hundred a year—and I must get my own living when I leave school."

"Surely your father can help you?" Francine persisted.

"His property is landed property." Her voice faltered as she referred to him, even in that indirect manner. "It is entailed; his nearest male relative inherits it."

The delicacy which is easily discouraged was not one of the weaknesses in the nature of Francine.

"Do I understand that your father is dead?" she asked.

Our thick-skinned fellow-creatures have the rest of us at their mercy: only give them time, and they carry their point in the end. In sad, subdued tones—telling of deeply rooted reserves of feeling, seldom revealed to strangers—Emily yielded at last.

"Yes," she said, "my father is dead."

"Long ago?"

"Some people might think it long ago. I was very fond of my father. It's nearly four years since he died, and my heart still aches when I think of him. I'm not easily depressed by troubles, Miss De Sor. But his death was sudden—he was in his grave when I first heard of it—and— Oh, he was so good to me! he was so good to me!"

The gay, high-spirited little creature, who took the lead among them all, who was the life and soul of the school, hid her face in her hands and burst out crying.

Startled and, to do her justice, ashamed, Francine attempted to make excuses. Emily's generous nature passed over the cruel persistency that had tortured her. "No, no; I have nothing to forgive. It isn't your fault. Other girls have got mothers and brothers and sisters, and get reconciled to such a loss as mine. Don't make excuses."

"Yes, but I want you to know that I feel for you," Francine insisted, without the slightest approach to sympathy in face, voice, or manner. "When my uncle died, and left us all the money, papa was much shocked. He trusted to time to help him."

"Time has been long about it with me, Francine. I am afraid there is something perverse in my nature; the hope of meeting again in a better world seems so faint and far away. No more of it now! Let us talk of that good creature who is asleep on the other side of you. Did I tell you that I must earn my own bread when I leave school? Well, Cecilia has written home and found an employment for me. Not a situation as governess—something quite out of the common way. You shall hear all about it."

In the brief interval that had passed, the weather had begun to change again. The wind was as high as ever, but, to judge by the lessening patter on the windows, the rain was passing away.

Emily began.

She was too grateful to her friend and schoolfellow, and too deeply interested in her story, to notice the air of indifference with which Francine settled herself on her pillow to hear the praises of Cecilia. The most beautiful girl in the school was not an object of interest to a young lady with an obstinate chin and unfortunately placed eyes. Pouring warm from the speaker's heart, the story ran smoothly on, to the monotonous accompaniment of the moaning wind. By fine degrees Francine's eyes closed, opened, and closed again. Toward the latter part of the narrative Emily's memory became, for the moment only, confused between two events. She stopped to consider—noticed Francine's silence, in an interval when she might have said a word of encouragement—and looked closer at her. Miss De Sor was asleep.

"She might have told me she was tired," Emily said to herself, quietly. "Well! the best thing I can do is to put out the light and follow her example."

As she took up the extinguisher, the bedroom door was suddenly opened from the outer side. A tall woman, robed in a black dressing-gown, stood on the threshold, looking at Emily.

CHAPTER III.

THE LATE MR. BROWN.

THE woman's lean long-fingered hand pointed to the candle.

"Don't put it out." Saying those words, she looked round the room, and satisfied herself that the other girls were asleep.

Emily laid down the extinguisher. "You mean to report us, of course," she said. "I am the only one awake, Miss Jethro; lay the blame on me."

"I have no intention of reporting you. But I have something to say."

She paused, and pushed her thick black hair (already streaked with gray) back from her temples. Her eyes, large and dark and dim, rested on Emily with a sorrowful interest. "When your young friends wake to-morrow morning," she went on, "you can tell them that the new teacher, whom nobody likes, has left the school."

For once even quick-witted Emily was bewildered. "Going away," she said, "when you have only been here since Easter!"

Miss Jethro advanced, not noticing Emily's expression of surprise. "I am not very strong at the best of times," she continued: "may I sit down on your bed?" Remarkable on other occasions for her cold composure, her voice trembled as she made that request—a strange request, surely, when there were chairs at her disposal.

Emily made room for her with the dazed look of a girl in a dream. "I beg your pardon, Miss Jethro, one of the things I can't endure is being puzzled. If you don't mean to report us, why did you come in and catch me with the light?"

Miss Jethro's explanation was far from relieving the perplexity which her conduct had caused.

"I have been mean enough," she answered, "to listen at the door, and I heard you talking of your father. I want to hear more about your father. That is why I came in."

"You knew my father!" Emily exclaimed.

"I believe I knew him. But his name is so common—there are so many thousands of 'James Browns' in England—that I am in fear of making a mistake. I heard you say that he died nearly four years since. Can you mention any particulars which might help to enlighten me? If you think I am taking a liberty—"

Emily stopped her. "I would help you if I could," she said. "But I was in poor health at the time, and I was staying with friends far away in Scotland to try change of air. The news of my father's death brought on a relapse. Weeks passed before I was strong enough to travel—weeks and weeks before I saw his grave! I can only tell you what I know from my aunt. He died of heart-complaint."

Miss Jethro started.

Emily looked at her for the first time with eyes that betrayed a feeling of distrust. "What have I said to startle you?" she asked.

"Nothing. I am nervous in stormy weather—don't notice me." She went on abruptly with her inquiries. "Will you tell me the date of your father's death?"

"The date was the thirtieth of September, nearly four years since."

She waited, after that reply.

Miss Jethro was silent.

"And this," Emily continued, "is the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-one. You can now judge for yourself. Did you know my father?"

Miss Jethro answered, mechanically, using the same words.

"I did know your father."

Emily's feeling of distrust was not set at rest. "I never heard him speak of you," she said.

In her younger days the teacher must have been a handsome woman. Her grandly formed features still suggested the idea of imperial beauty—perhaps Jewish in its origin. Not the faintest change had disturbed the composure of her face, until Emily said, "I never heard him speak of you." Then the color flew into her pallid cheeks; her dim eyes became alive again with a momentary light. She left her seat on the bed, and, turning away, mastered the emotion that shook her.

"How hot the night is!" she said, and sighed, and resumed the subject with a steady countenance. "I am not surprised that your father never mentioned me—to *you*." She said it quietly; but her face was paler than ever. She sat down again on the bed. "Is there anything I can do for you," she asked, "before I go away? Oh, I only mean some trifling service that would lay you under no obligation, and would not oblige you to keep up your acquaintance with me."

Her eyes—the dim black eyes that must once have been irresistibly beautiful—looked at Emily so sadly that the generous girl reproached herself for having doubted her father's friend. "Are you thinking of *him*," she said, gently, "when you ask if you can be of service to me?"

Miss Jethro made no direct reply. "You were fond of your father?" she said, faintly, in a whisper. "You told your school-fellow that your heart still aches when you speak of him."

"I only told her the truth," Emily answered, simply.

Miss Jethro shuddered—on that hot night!—shuddered as if a chill had struck her.

Emily held out her hand: the kind feeling that had been roused in her glittered prettily in her eyes. "I am afraid I have not done you justice," she said. "Will you forgive me and shake hands?"

Miss Jethro rose and drew back. "Look at the light!" she exclaimed.

The candle was all but burned out. Emily still offered her hand, and still Miss Jethro refused to see it.

"There is just light enough left," she said, "to show me my way to the door. Good-night—and good-by."

Emily caught at her dress, and stopped her. "Why won't you shake hands with me?" she asked.

The wick of the candle fell over in the socket, and left them in the dark. Emily resolutely held the teacher's dress. With or without light, she was still bent on making Miss Jethro explain herself.

They had throughout spoken in guarded tones, fearing to disturb the sleeping girls. The sudden darkness had its inevitable effect. Their voices sank to whispers now. "My father's friend," Emily pleaded, "is surely my friend?"

"Drop the subject."

"Why?"

"You can never be *my* friend."

"Why not?"

"Let me go!"

Emily's sense of self-respect forbade her to persist any longer. "I beg your pardon for having kept you here against your will," she said, and dropped her hold on the dress.

Miss Jethro instantly yielded on her side. "I am sorry to have been obstinate," she answered. "If you do despise me, it is, after all, no more than I have deserved." Her hot breath beat on Emily's face: the unhappy woman must have bent over the bed as she made her confession. "I am not a fit person for you to associate with."

"I don't believe it!"

Miss Jethro sighed bitterly. "Young and warm-hearted—I was once like you!" She controlled that outburst of despair. Her next words were spoken in steadier tones. "You *will* have it—you *shall* have it!" she said. "Some one (in this house or out of it, I don't know which) has betrayed me to the mistress of the school. A wretch in my situation suspects everybody, and, worse still, does it without reason or excuse. I heard you girls talking when you ought to have been asleep. You all dislike me. How did I know it mightn't be one of you? Absurd, to a person with a well-balanced mind. I went halfway up the stairs, and felt ashamed of myself, and went back to my room. If I could only have got some rest! Ah, well, it was not to be done. My own vile suspicions kept me awake; I left my bed again. You know what I heard on the other side of that door, and why I was interested in hearing it. Your father never told me he had a daughter. 'Miss Brown,' at this school, was any 'Miss Brown' to me: I had no idea of who you really were until to-night. I'm wandering. What does all this matter to you? Miss Ladd has been merciful; she lets me go without exposing me. You can guess what has happened. No? Not even yet? Is it innocence or kindness that makes you so slow to understand? My dear, I have obtained admission to this respectable house by means of false references, and I have been discovered. *Now* you know why you must not be the friend of such a woman as I am! Once more, good-night—and good-by."

Emily shrank from that miserable farewell. "Bid me good-night," she said, "but don't bid me good-by. Let me see you again."

"Never!"

The sound of the softly closed door was just audible in the darkness. She had spoken; she had gone, never to be seen by Emily again.

Miserable, interesting, unfathomable creature—the problem that night of Emily's waking thoughts, the phantom of her dreams. "Bad, or good?" she asked herself. "False, for she listened at the door; true, for she told me the tale of her own disgrace. A friend of my father; and she never knew that he had a daughter. Refined, accomplished, lady-like; and she stoops to use a false reference. Who is to reconcile such contradictions as these?"

Dawn looked in at the window—dawn of the memorable day which was, for Emily, the beginning of a new life. The years were before her; and the years in their course reveal baffling mysteries of life and death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AMONG the recent exceptional passages in the newspapers the one declaring of a man who was caught in some machinery that "he was torn from limb to limb" is as notable as any, perhaps, but it is no more striking than another alleging of a prisoner in a police court that "in a piteous voice he showed to the justice his torn shirt," or still another, which avers that "there was an awful spectacle of drunkenness as the reporter passed along."

The story that a German professor has perfected a scheme whereby he can stop the vital wear and tear of persons for an indefinite time, and then set them going again, contains an idea that is not new under the sun. Edmond About's story of the desiccated "Man with the Broken Ear," and an essay by Benjamin Franklin that is one hundred years old, are to the same purpose. The German professor wishes to operate by freezing, which was Franklin's plan. All that the professor now has to do to demonstrate that the vital processes in a person may be switched off and on at will is to prove it. He needs a subject, of course, and is said to be looking for one.

The recent remarkable series of sunsets that New-Yorkers have seen were not confined to this longitude. They were as broad as the continent. The fire-engines were sent skurrying in many of the Western States, but of course no hose was brought to bear upon those conflagrations. A scientific man in San Francisco ascribed the phenomena to volcanic eruptions in Alaska. According to him, volcanic ashes from Mr. Seward's purchase have been carried all over Japan and beyond, and similar coloring of the skies has been observed there. He says that at the time of the eruptions in Java such sunsets were seen at points as distant as Panama, and that the beauty of many of the Italian sunsets is due to volcanic ashes and dust from the African deserts. His idea is that the ashes hang in the sky like a canopy, and that the up-thrown sunlight is reflected from them in a great red glare. It is funny, though, to think of United States fire-companies turning out on account of a volcano in Alaska.

It is printed that there were 26,296 arrests for drunkenness in London in the last year, and that there were 31,350 arrests for the same offense in 1831, when the city was only one-third of its present size.

A woman in Indianapolis was "shooing" a brace of ducks. Wishing to make them go faster, she threw a stone at them, whereupon they stopped short. The stone had broken the necks of both.

It is said of Jay-Eye-See, the famous trotter, that when he is eating oats he insists on taking a draught of water after each mouthful. Those teachers who advise mankind of what and how it is healthful to eat declare that much drink at meal-time is not good. Perhaps it would be proper for a man to drink more if he were to eat oats.

Fifteen hundred cab owners in Berlin are reported to have memorialized the City Council against the laying down of any more street pavements of wood or asphalt. The memorialists say that accidents to pedestrians from vehicles, and accidents from the collision of vehicles, are from fifty to seventy-five per cent. more numerous on the noiseless pavements than on those that are stone.

It is said that nearly half of the patents applied for in recent years have been for car couplers, and still that the bulk of car coupling to-day is done with the primitive link and pin.

It is asserted that the members of the Corean embassy felt highly honored when informed that they would be carried to Europe in a vessel of the United States navy. It will also add much to the prestige of our navy in foreign lands to have it known that these representatives of an insular nation trusted themselves in one of our war vessels where deep water abounded.

An editor in an Illinois town said in his paper that a rich citizen was going to give each poor family in the place a turkey at Thanksgiving. The editor meant this as a joke, wishing to sneer at the supposed parsimony of the rich citizen, and, to show that he so meant it, he added that he (the editor) would give ten dollars to every family that got a turkey in the way specified. On Thanksgiving-day delegates from thirty families waited upon him and asked him for ten dollars each. The rich citizen had sent the turkeys. The editor could not pay; indeed, one of the charity turkeys had been sent to him.

A respected citizen of Aurora, Indiana, wished to get rid of his dog. He thought he could do it by taking him to New Orleans and leaving him there. The journey was made on a flat-boat, and the dog was deposited at the mouth of the Mississippi River. The owner returned to his home. About three months afterward the dog crawled under the back fence of his yard in Aurora, and sneaked up to the kitchen door. It is reported that the animal looked lank, woe-begone, and hungry, and that by many evidences he had made the whole journey from New Orleans on foot. Aurora and New Orleans are something more than 1600 miles apart. Lest anybody should doubt this story, its truth is vouched for by the dog's owner, who tells it.

"WHAT YER OUT SO LATE FUR? I'LL JES RUN YER IN!"

A case of "acute alcoholic mania," or "hereditary insanity," in a little too previous member of the "finest."

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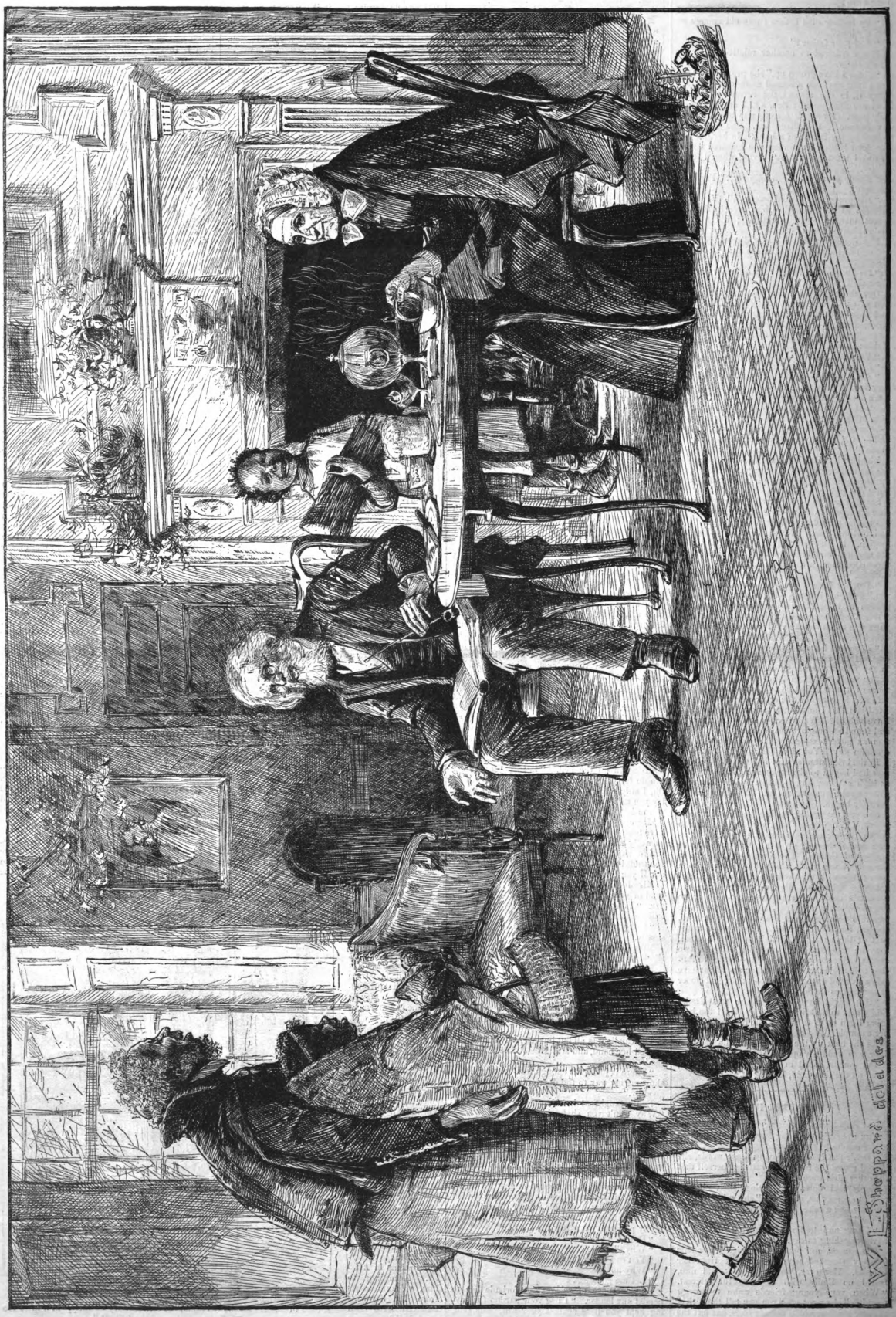

A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO "OLE MARSTER AND MISSUS."—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

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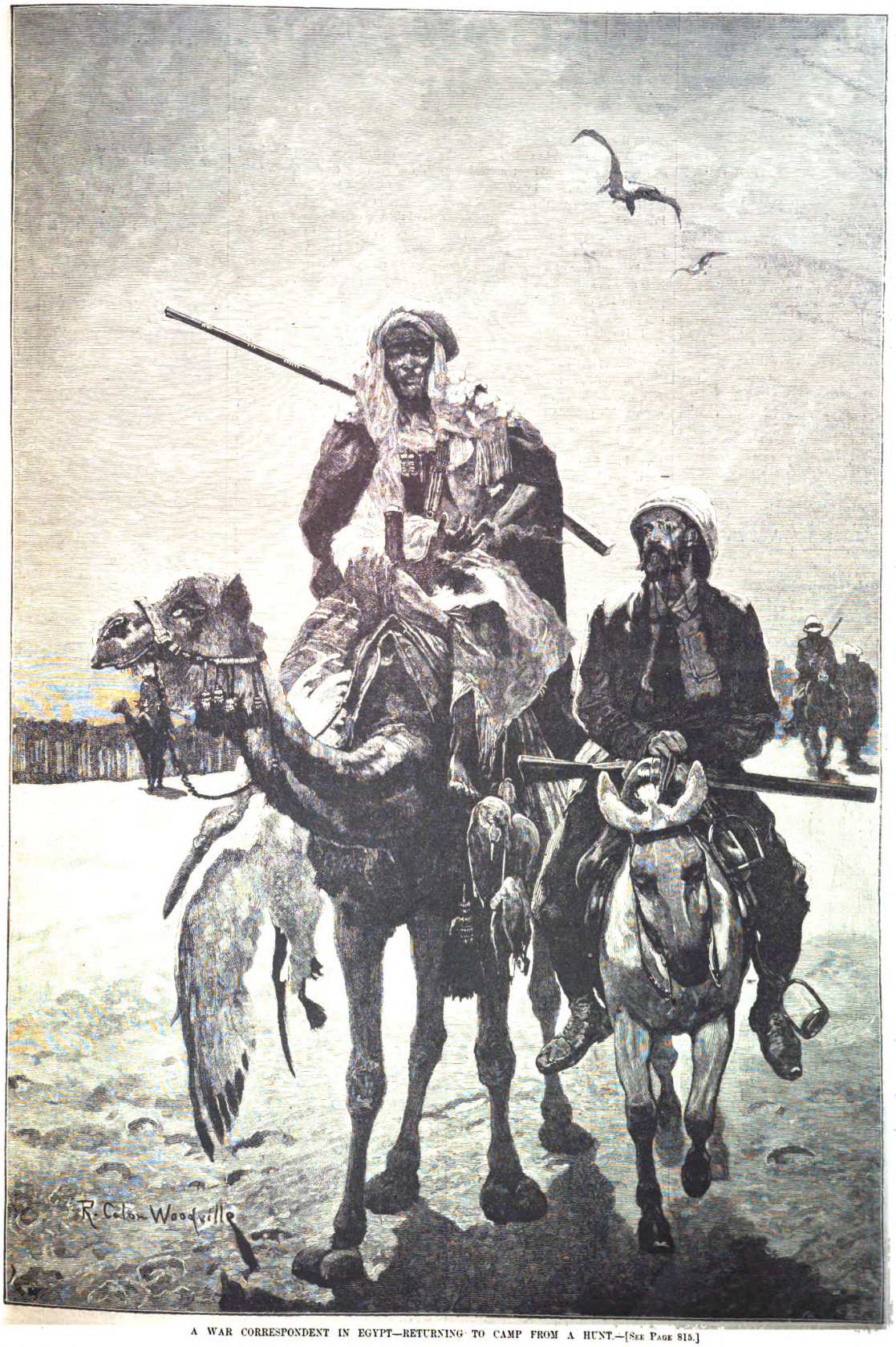

A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN EGYPT—RETURNING TO CAMP FROM A HUNT.—[See Page 815.]

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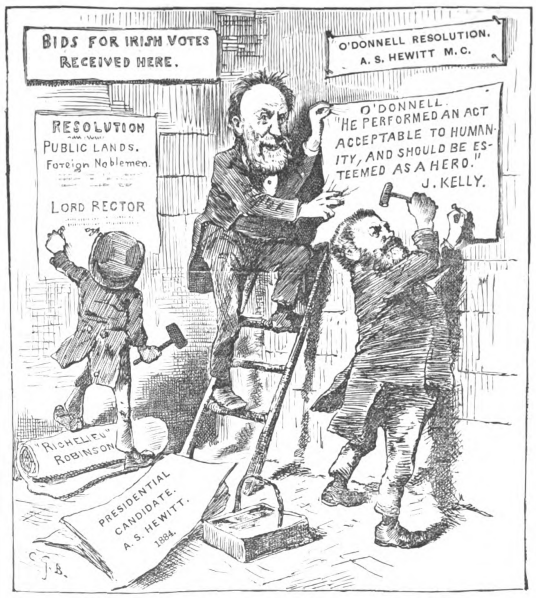

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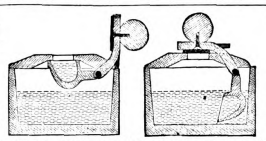

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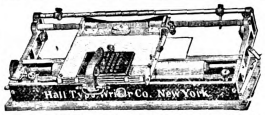

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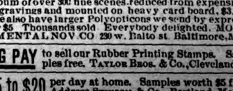

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THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

THE call of the National Republican Convention at Chicago on the 3d of June marks the opening of the Presidential campaign of 1884. The meeting of the committee was immediately followed by speculations about candidates, and rumors of every kind regarding the combinations and plans of conspicuous Republican politicians. In all that is said, however, it is noticeable that there is great wariness of formally declaring the candidature of any particular person, as if there were a feeling that to take that course would greatly injure his chances of success. Meanwhile there are very few persons mentioned as probable candidates. The list comprises only the names of President ARTHUR, Mr. BLAINE, Mr. EDMUNDS, Mr. LOGAN, Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. GRESHAM. The *Herald* has announced in a letter from Washington—but the story rests only upon its assertion—that Mr. BLAINE and General GRANT and Mr. CONKLING have declared themselves friendly to the nomination of General LOGAN, and also that the LOGAN platform is a high tariff, with distribution of the proceeds of the whiskey tax among the States to promote education.

This may be classed among the humors of an early political season. But it is not too early to remark that the political situation is such that the result of the contest is not as yet to be forecast, and that all which can be plainly seen is that the party must be wise if it would succeed. There is no doubt that the Republican prospect of carrying the election is most promising, but that much depends upon the selection of a candidate is equally unquestionable. We shall probably not see the plan of 1880 repeated—the attempt to pack the National Convention in advance by trickery in the State Conventions. The Convention will be unusually independent and truly representative, and while the friends of different candidates will try to aid them in the preliminary movements, they know that the reaction against machines and bosses which followed the antics of 1880 and of the spring of 1881 is not yet spent, and that their efforts must not be of that kind if they are to be useful. The situation would seem to show certain things to be imperative. Among these is the necessity of a nomination which shall not renew differences that are now quiescent if not healed. Another is that when there is a redundant revenue the party shall not declare for high taxation. Another is that it shall maintain the unequivocal position which it has taken in New York and elsewhere upon administrative or civil service reform. Another is that the proceedings of the Convention and before it shall show distinctly that the nomination is the free action of the party, and that its character shows the party fidelity to its own professions. These conditions seem to us to be essential to a vigorous campaign and a successful result, and they suggest the importance of a careful selection of the candidate.

In the absence of a paramount special purpose to be gained—a situation to which this generation has become accustomed, such as the extension of slavery, or the prosecution of the war, or reconstruction and its consequent policy—a situation which makes the individuality of the candidate of less importance—the candidate will next year be regarded as the guarantee of the good faith of the party. For instance, the sincerity of a party declaration of reform, whether in the revenue system or the civil service, will be tested by the reform sympathies and record of the candidate. It is a situation which demands that, whoever may be selected, he shall be by his character and services a distinct source of strength to the party in the campaign. If there be such a man, and he be also a Republican for whom every member of the party would willingly vote, who would be equally acceptable to Half-Breeds and Stalwarts, to Kickers and Scratchers and Independents and Reformers, is he not manifestly the man to nominate? It is generally thought in a national election that it is a wise plan to listen politely to the more independent members of the party, but to select a candidate "to please the boys," counting upon the independents to fall in at the polls. But it is well to remember, in preparing for the nomination, that "the boys" always fall in, while the independents sometimes fall out, and if enthusiasm be essential, the only way to arouse enthusiasm is by proving that the party is really progressive. If, as will not be denied, the Republican prospect is very much fairer than it was a year or two ago, the reason is that its general course for some time has shown that it is in accord with the real wishes and convictions of the country. Let the Convention prove this by its declarations and its nominations, and it will have taken a long step toward victory.

THE CASE OF O'DONNELL.

THE prompt trial and punishment of O'DONNELL for the murder of CAREY, the Irish informer, contrasts, not to our credit, with the prolonged and grotesque proceedings in the case of GUITEAU. The murder, like the atrocious assassinations in Phœnix Park, belonged to those revolting and melancholy incidents which make the tragical story of Ireland one of the most painful in history. The attempts to arouse sympathy for the murderers of Phœnix Park, like Mr. PRYOR'S remark of O'DONNELL, reported in the *Times*, that "there was never a grander hero," are the worst possible service to Ireland. The palliation of deliberate murder, under the circumstances of the crime in Phœnix Park, or of the shooting of CAREY, is an offense against society itself; and nothing more effectually or reasonably chills sympathy for Irish suffering than the impression produced by professional Irish sympathizers that every form of atrocity is to be condoned and commended if committed by an Irishman upon Englishmen, or upon Irishmen in defiance of English law. The President, in compliance with the request of the House of Representatives, instructed Mr. LOWELL to bring the subject of delay in the execution of O'DONNELL to the attention of the British Government. Mr. LOWELL did so immediately, and the British Government replied, as every sensible man knew that it would reply, that all the representations for delay or mitigation of punishment had been carefully examined and considered, and that it did not feel itself justified in interfering with the course of law.

Mr. PRYOR'S interpretation of the conduct of the judge at the trial as indicative of a determination at all hazards to secure a verdict of guilty can not be verified, and his remark that if Mr. LOWELL had applied to Mr. GLADSTONE a respite would have been at once granted is merely his opinion. Mr. LOWELL understands the duty of humanity and of an American representative quite as well as Mr. PRYOR, and it is very fortunate for this country that the American Minister in England has worthier motives of action than the desire to propitiate the most ignorant and un-American sympathy in his own country. The cause of Ireland has not been aided by the crime of O'DONNELL, nor by the crimes in the Phœnix Park, nor by the impertinent interference of our Government, nor by the speech of Mr. PARNELL upon receiving the subscription. Mr. PARNELL'S vulgar abuse of officers of the government who are honestly endeavoring to carry out the measures of a ministry friendly to Ireland, and his threat to give the Irish Parliamentary vote to any party with which it can make the best terms—without regard, of course, to the principles of the party—will gain respect neither for the speaker nor for his cause.

But there are signs which show that English statesmen will pursue steadily the course of relief upon which they have entered, despite the taunts and threats of Irish leaders. No Englishman is more friendly to Ireland than Mr. FORSTER, and few Englishmen have been more hated there. Nevertheless, he advocates extending the proposed franchise bill to Ireland, which would increase its representation in Parliament. It is unfortunate for his country that Mr. PARNELL'S methods of agitation do not produce a different impression from that of most of the Irish agitations, except that of GRATTAN. However sorrowful the situation, and however imperative the necessity of relief, the agitation is always apparently maintained for the benefit of the agitators, not of the country. In the same way the Irish performances in Congress of Messrs. ROBINSON, COX, and HEWITT are humiliating to honorable and intelligent Americans. Whatever their real inspiration, they universally impress the country as chiefly designed for effect upon the Irish-American vote. "If O'DONNELL," said a wise observer, "had been an American citizen of French or Bohemian birth, and had committed a cold-blooded murder, for which he had been lawfully tried and sentenced in Austria or Italy, Mr. HEWITT would not, in my judgment, have introduced a resolution of inquiry." That, however, as we have said of Mr. PRYOR, is but an opinion. But it is the opinion of a vast body of intelligent American citizens, and it only deepens their conviction that nothing would be more unwise and hazardous than to intrust the government to a party whose best members are capable of such conduct. An administration conducted with a view to pander to the Irish vote would readily involve this country in hostility with England; and that a Democratic administration would not hesitate at such servility the course of Mr. HEWITT shows.

REPEAL OF THE FOUR YEARS' LAW.

No friend of reform in the civil service expects to see a recurrence of the *Annus Mirabilis* like last year. The reform bill was passed by Congress and in this State in obedience to a great popular demand, and the principle of reform having been thus embodied in law, the next steps will be more fragmentary and less imposing. But the work which was begun a year ago is progressing admirably. The letters from Washington mention the great relief already found by members of Congress and by the incumbents of official places. Members are not besieged by the old host of office-seekers, and the clerks in the departments do not fear removal to make room for fresher favorites of politicians. The Republicans in the Senate, however, have displaced one or two clerical officers apparently for no adequate reason. We do not refer to the Secretaryship, which was vacant, and which has been admirably filled by the appointment of General MCCOOK. But if the Chief Clerk and the Sergeant-at-arms were efficient officers, there would seem to be no sounder reason for their dismissal than for that of equally efficient non-political clerks and employés in the departments. Mr. SHERMAN'S remark that the Republicans were doing only what the Democrats had done was merely a declaration that both parties thought the victors entitled to the spoils. The party, not to say the cause, would have gained very much more by adherence to the spirit of the reform than it possibly can by the possession of the two or three places.

In the State of New York Governor CLEVELAND has most cordially co-operated with the Commission, which has made the first classified list of State employés, and prepared an admirable detailed scheme for carrying the law into effect on the 4th of January. The real position of the new State officers will then be tested. They will have time to make a clean sweep before the law goes into effect, if they are so disposed. Their course will be watched with interest. Mayor LOW, of Brooklyn, has promulgated his scheme and appointed his examiners. Mayor EDSON, of New York, has heartily approved the reform, and has proposed a scheme not essentially different from that in Brooklyn, and he awaits the response of the other city officers. His authority is so restricted by the charter that his position is very difficult. But Mr. EDSON sees, as Mr. GRACE saw, that, under the present charter and with the spoils system, the utmost extravagance and enormous frauds are almost unavoidable. What he can accomplish under the restrictions of the charter and the exceptions of the law remains to be seen. But there is no reason to doubt his earnest intention to do all that is possible. These are all great results, and we hope to see Massachusetts, at least, and other States, following the good example of New York, and adopting the reformed system.

The specific work to which the various associations composing the National Civil Service Reform League will now devote themselves is the repeal of the four years' acts. For this purpose they are preparing petitions which will be sent to Congress. The laws restricting to four years the terms of the commissions of the chief public officers who appoint the great body of clerks and employés tend to vacate the whole service every four years, also to retain incompetent per-

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sons for that time, and to enable the appointing power to fill all the places at his pleasure without incurring the odium of removal. It is agreed that the object sought by the law—that is, greater responsibility and care—has not been attained, while the law has been the great bulwark of the spoils system. It is entirely inconsistent with the reformed system, which, selecting by proved capacity, and retaining unrestricted power of removal, determines the term by the efficiency and integrity of the service. Under such a system nothing is more absurd than to turn everybody out periodically, however clearly their service may have demonstrated the public advantage of retaining them. If the theory of such a proceeding is the desirability of new brooms, it is evident that the practice dispenses with good brooms. There can be no ambition, no self-respect, no interest in improvement, among men who know that the most faithful and successful service can not save them from being dropped. To say that they may be re-appointed is idle, for they may not, and, in fact, usually have not been re-appointed, while no folly is more exquisite than to prescribe a fixed term for a valuable employé without certain re-appointment, in which case the fixed term is absurd. It will be interesting to observe how the repeal of the four years' law fares in a Democratic House.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay."

CHRISTMAS is a finer festival in the great city every year, and there is no prettier sight than the Christmas shops and the Christmas shopping. Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to the Sixth Avenue, has been filled with a solid crowd from morning until night for a month, and the procession in MACY'S windows has indefinitely prolonged the Christmas delight of thousands of children.

This is the season when the appeal of the Children's Aid Society is most timely and most persuasive. It is one of the oldest and best of our societies of relief, and the names of Mr. BRACE, the secretary, Mr. BOOTH, the president, and Mr. COE, the treasurer, are the guarantee of the honesty and efficiency of its service. Its Christmas offers are well worthy the attention of those who are looking out to find suitable gifts for the holidays.

One hundred dollars will send five homeless children to a home in the West. Sixty dollars will put shoes upon the bare feet of sixty children. The same amount will give a plain hot meal to a hundred children for a month. Or a hundred dollars will give a bountiful Christmas or New-Year's dinner to several hundred boys in a lodging-house. These are tempting offers, and the holiday air is sweet with the old music, Whoso doeth it to the least of these doeth it to me.

THE NIAGARA PARK.

IT appears from the statement of President ANDERSON, of Rochester University, who is one of the Niagara Falls Park Commissioners, that the Commission is now engaged in the preparation of its report to the Legislature. It will state the cost of the land which has been condemned, and ask for the necessary appropriation to complete the purchase and establish the park.

The design does not contemplate elaborate treatment. It proposes to remove the unsightly structures which deform and destroy the beauty of the scene, and to restore so far as practicable the natural landscape, with simple walks, greensward, and trees. The present system of exorbitant fees which practically excludes poor people from the grounds will be abolished, and the residents at the Falls, excepting those who profit by these fees, are very friendly to the proposed rescue of the sublime spectacle of the cataract from practical destruction.

There ought, of course, to be no doubt of the passage of the appropriation which will be asked of the Legislature. There can not be the remotest suspicion of a job in any recommendation which the Commission may make, and the people of the State will have reason to congratulate themselves that a really great work, which will protect properly and forever the sublimest natural object in the commonwealth, will have been honorably and worthily accomplished.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND EMERSON.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S lecture upon EMERSON has aroused a great deal of feeling in Boston, and there has been much adverse criticism, which has sometimes taken the form of personal retort. But nothing is more evident than Mr. ARNOLD'S profound admiration and reverence for EMERSON, even if his estimate of his genius denies him the precise classification to which we have become accustomed. Mr. ARNOLD is certainly not the first to question whether EMERSON could be called a great philosophical writer, or, in the full sense, a great poet, and when he is unable to class him among great men of letters he gives the reason—which, however, seems to us quite insufficient. It is easy to understand Mr. ARNOLD'S point of view, but to deny to the author of *Nature* and the *Essays* a place among the masters of literary art is like denying to MILTON the name of poet.

But while Mr. ARNOLD makes critical distinctions and qualifications according to his standards, he certainly has the most adequate impression of the essential greatness of EMERSON'S power. To say that "EMERSON'S essays are the most important works done in prose" during this century, and that FRANKLIN and EMERSON are the "most distinctively and honorably American," and the "most original and valuable" of our authors, is not to depreciate EMERSON. But how a critic can deny to an author of whom he says this the praise of a great prose writer it is difficult to understand, unless he means that the American standard is very low, which is clearly not his intention. Would Mr. ARNOLD say of any of the masters whom he mentions—CICERO, PLATO, SWIFT, VOLTAIRE—that they have a more vigorous command of language or a more exquisite perception of its subtle force and significance than EMERSON? With any of them is literary expression more distinctly an art than with him, and in their works is there deeper earnestness or more spiritual insight than in his? Other qualities which are not in EMERSON they doubtless have, but is not an author who has these a great man of letters?

All this, however, seems to us to be skirmishing upon the surface. The whole spirit of the lecture, so far as it can be derived from a report, is plainly that of the sincerest impression of the essential greatness of EMERSON. Those who are inclined to resent the tone of the critic in dealing with his subject, and who are quick to credit any injurious story of an English visitor, may profitably ponder a little story which Mr. HIGGINSON tells in the *Woman's Journal*, in an article regretting Mr. ARNOLD'S criticism. It was stated in the newspapers that when Mr. EMERSON'S daughter told Mr. ARNOLD that her father was sorry not to see him when in England, he answered, "Yes, I was told that he wished to see me." Insolent—Yes, but the fact was, as a lady who heard the remark told Mr. HIGGINSON, that Mr. ARNOLD said, "Yes, I was told that he did me the honor to wish to see me." Nothing is easier than a perversion which entirely changes the significance of an answer.

TURNING ON THE LIGHT.

THE Tribune is doing a good service in exposing the dark ways of the Department of Public Works in the city of New York, and its details of statement and its figures make a case so imperative that mere denial will not avail. The personal reputation of the head of the department, a strong partisan, and one of the chiefs of the "County" or "Reform" Democracy, has been hitherto unassailed. But the charges marshalled by the *Tribune* day after day require a prompt, detailed, and clear explanation, which the Legislature will probably demand by ordering an investigation.

The *Tribune* gives a glimpse into a corner of one of the city departments which naturally startles the easy-going citizen who supposed, when TWEED was exposed and punished, in obedience to an "uprising of the people," that municipal government was purified. He naturally wonders whether the taint now disclosed runs through the whole municipal system.

The press can be a most efficient agent of reform if it does no more than tell the simple truth of the chaotic system of the government of this city. The system was contrived by a gang of robbers to enable them to steal more conveniently from the city Treasury, and a thorough survey and statement of it as it is should show the Legislature the necessity of radical reform of the whole system. This survey HARPER'S WEEKLY will immediately present in a manner which must command general attention, and which will be of especial service to the Legislature, and of the deepest interest to every good citizen. Those who have a hopeless feeling that the municipal snarl can not be unravelled, and that nothing can be done, will learn that careful and patient investigation, analysis, and comparison are equal to the task of showing just what a grotesque and intolerable system the municipal government is.

THE OLD STORY.

IT will not escape public attention that two or three days after the passage of Mr. HEWITT'S resolution bringing to the attention of the President the case of the Irish murderer O'DONNELL, and asking him to inquire whether he were a citizen of the United States, and if so whether the requirements of the local law had been complied with in his trial, Mr. HORR, of Michigan, introduced a resolution, precisely similar in terms to that of Mr. HEWITT, in regard to the massacre of colored citizens at Danville, in Virginia.

Mr. MORRISON, of Illinois, at once objected, saying that the President knew as much of the matter as the House. But does Mr. MORRISON suppose that the President did not know quite as much about the case of O'DONNELL as the House? Or does he suppose that anybody supposes that if there had been an Irish massacre in Danville, Mr. MORRISON would have objected to the consideration of the resolution?

PERSONAL.

AFTER playing Hamlet in Philadelphia, Mr. HENRY IRVING said to a reporter: "Actors regard success in Hamlet as the blue ribbon of the stage. You may therefore imagine that I am more than delighted that the first time I played Hamlet in America it was received with such spontaneous enthusiasm. Neither Miss TERRY nor I ever acted to a more fervid house."

—Monsignor CAPEL, it seems, does not use direct means on all occasions. "Ouida," who refers to him as "this most agreeable person," testifies that though she saw him at one of her garden parties, and lunched with him once or twice afterward, "he never mentioned theology, and I never heard him preach."

—The conduct of the soldier under fire, observes Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES, is the grand test of true soldierhood. The crowning result of assiduous moral and professional training is that when the bullets are humming and the shells are crashing the soldier shall be a composed, alert, disciplined unit of a mighty whole, whose purpose is victory. The marauding "Yank" philosophically remarked to General SHERMAN, "You can't expect all the cardinal virtues, uncle, for thirteen dollars a month." No, but you can get a good many of the simpler martial virtues for less money.

—A veteran New York financier was much amused the other day to find, in some household rubbish, an old school-book called *Epitome Sacræ*, and to see on a fly-leaf, in his early handwriting, the lines,

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end:
Up the ladder, down the rope,
That's the way the thieves will choke."

—The dolorous BINNS, MARWOOD'S successor as hangman, has been accused of drunkenness at a recent execution. He answers the charge as follows: "It is not true that I was the worse for drink. I got straight up out of bed, had no breakfast, and went to the jail. No man can say he ever saw BINNS that morning, or the day before, take a drop of drink." The question still remains whether BINNS took any on the sly.

—The writer of a magazine article on social life at Washington declares that a politician is not aided by social influences at the capital. The strength which a member of Congress has with an administration depends on his standing at home. All the allurements of beauty, all the charm of the most delightful hospitality, can not alone advance a politician to the cabinet. Back of all the attractions that may surround a public man must stand heavy masses of voters, who can repay the administration for the favors bestowed upon their "favorite son."

—Portraits of three American statesmen appear in this number of this journal. General ASSON G. MCCOOK, a member of the family of "fighting MCCOOKS," is a brave soldier and a wise legislator. Senator SABIN, the new Chairman of the Republican National Committee, has served several terms in the Legislature of his State, and is a shrewd and successful business man, with no pretensions to forensic oratory. The late Representative D. C. HASKELL, of Kansas, was a quartermaster in the late war, a popular speaker, and an enlightened student of the grave public questions of his day.

—Private theatricals, according to an English essayist, have nearly lost their character of privacy. Even amateur companies consisting of ladies and gentlemen perform in public; society has become stage-struck, and ladies and gentlemen are taking to the stage. "We hope the rising taste for amateur acting will be kept within reasonable bounds, and that it will be a long time before the stage is inundated with tyros who, if ladies, could have done better anywhere else, and if men, should rather have taken to the forest or the prairie."

—ANTHONY TROLLOPE as JULIAN HAWTHORNE saw him in 1879: A broad-shouldered, sturdy man of middle height, with a ruddy countenance, and snow-white tempestuous beard and hair. He wore large gold-rimmed spectacles, but his eyes were black and brilliant, and looked at his interlocutor with a certain genial fury of inspection. His voice was full-toned and powerful, though pleasant to the ear, and his words burst forth from beneath his white mustache with such an impetus of hearty breath that it seemed as if all opposing arguments must be blown quite away. He was an exceedingly fine-looking old gentleman, and at the first glance you would have taken him to be some civilized and modernized Squire Western, nourished with beef and ale, and roughly hewn out of the most robust and least refined variety of human clay.

—The London *Standard* on a recent biography of GEORGE WASHINGTON: "The character of WASHINGTON was a very noble one, and his life may well be taken as an example by boys."

—That able and conspicuous member of the GLADSTONE cabinet, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, caused much laughter and many cheers by closing a public address on the present issue "between the peers and the people, between the privileges of the few and the rights of the many," as follows: "I am inclined to hope, in the words of that beautiful Church litany which is read every Sunday, that all the nobility 'may be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding.'"

—Almost all the Mormon converts made in Europe are Anglo-Scandinavians and Germans. The Latin races are uncompromisingly opposed to Mormonism, and not one French woman is to be found among the wives of Utah.

—That fine old captain of a packet-ship, the late EDWARD FUNK, whose funeral took place a few days ago, was one of the few officers of the American merchant marine of forty years ago who had no bad habits. He did not even swear; and it was his daily practice when at home to read from the Book of Common Prayer in the presence of his family. With the exception of Captain W. W. PELL, of Brooklyn, he was the sole surviving commander of the line of packets that used to ply between this city and Havre.

—Next year will be the hundredth anniversary of the old Volunteer Fire Department of New York city, and it is proposed by several of the most distinguished members of that famous organization to celebrate the event with becoming honors. Every surviving engine, hose-carriage, or truck that once ran to the music of the boys will be brought into service again, and Broadway will see an old-fashioned firemen's parade.

—The death last week of an aged woman who for forty-six years had been a faithful servant in a New York family will remind some of our readers that in earlier days their household service was more nearly satisfactory than at the present epoch of Celtic domination.

—The Hon. HAMILTON FISH is the owner of Mr. E. D. PALMER'S full-length marble statue of a female savage, entitled "The Dawn of Christianity," the woman bending reverently over a cross which she holds in her hand. Her nude back is modelled so classically that the late Mr. EDWARD EVERETT, on seeing it, told Mr. FISH that it was "the finest thing of the kind in existence." Mr. FISH'S drawing-room has recently been handsomely decorated by LOUIS C. TIFFANY & CO.

—Sir WILFRID LAWSON thinks that when electioneering is carried on in a way that appeals to men's reason, and not to their passions and pockets, it is one of the best pursuits in which men can engage.

—In discussing the relations of morality to religion, Professor A. A. HODGE, of Princeton, observes: "We do not deny the existence in this day of exceptionally lovely characters who are skeptical—often most sadly so—to all religious truth, natural and revealed. We deny, however, that these prove that morality is independent of religion. Morality in them, as in all others, has its root in theology, and their cases are easily explainable on the scientific principles of heredity, education, and environment."

—Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON has been investigating the subject of felicity. He finds that felicity is not seated in the brain; in other words, that it is not a quality which a man can think himself into, or reason himself into. Rather, like the beating of the heart, it is a vital process going on independently of his volition. He can kill it, but he can not will himself into it. Moreover, of the two natures with which man is endowed—the pure animal and the pure intellectual natures—felicity belongs to his animal nature. "Felicity and misery are the signs of his still existing animal nature."

—The receipts at the Théâtre Français, Paris, for the year 1882–3 were $300,000, which shows a slight falling off; at the Grand Opera-house they were $613,250, or $20,000 less than last year. The value of the scenery and appointments of the twenty-eight operas put on the stage was $950,000. The dramatic company of the Théâtre Français consists of fifty-seven artists, of whom twenty-five are *sociétaires* and thirty-two *pensionnaires*. The play most frequently repeated was *Le Roi s'Amuse*, which was seen forty-eight times. The government will give $160,000 to the Grand Opera the ensuing year, and $48,000 to the Théâtre Français.

—The difficulty that women encounter in obtaining remunerative employment may be illustrated by the following case. Last week an educated and refined woman, with the advantages of a good presence and a letter of recommendation from a Monsignor in the Catholic Church, succeeded, after much diligence, in getting the offer of a position as clerk behind a toy counter in a large fancy-goods store in this city, at a stipend of four dollars a week, the position to be retained only during the holidays. We are assured that this case is a typical one. Perhaps one reason why the outlook in this direction is so discouraging appears in the following incident: A young woman of seventeen, attractive but needy, obtained a situation as folder in a printing-office through the exertion of a benevolent acquaintance. On the first day she appeared at 9.30 o'clock, and earned a dollar. On the second day she appeared at 11.30 o'clock, and earned fifty cents. On the third day she did not appear at all. The kind-hearted person to whom she was indebted for this opportunity of making an honest living declares herself disinclined to do anything more for the irresolute and careless damsel.

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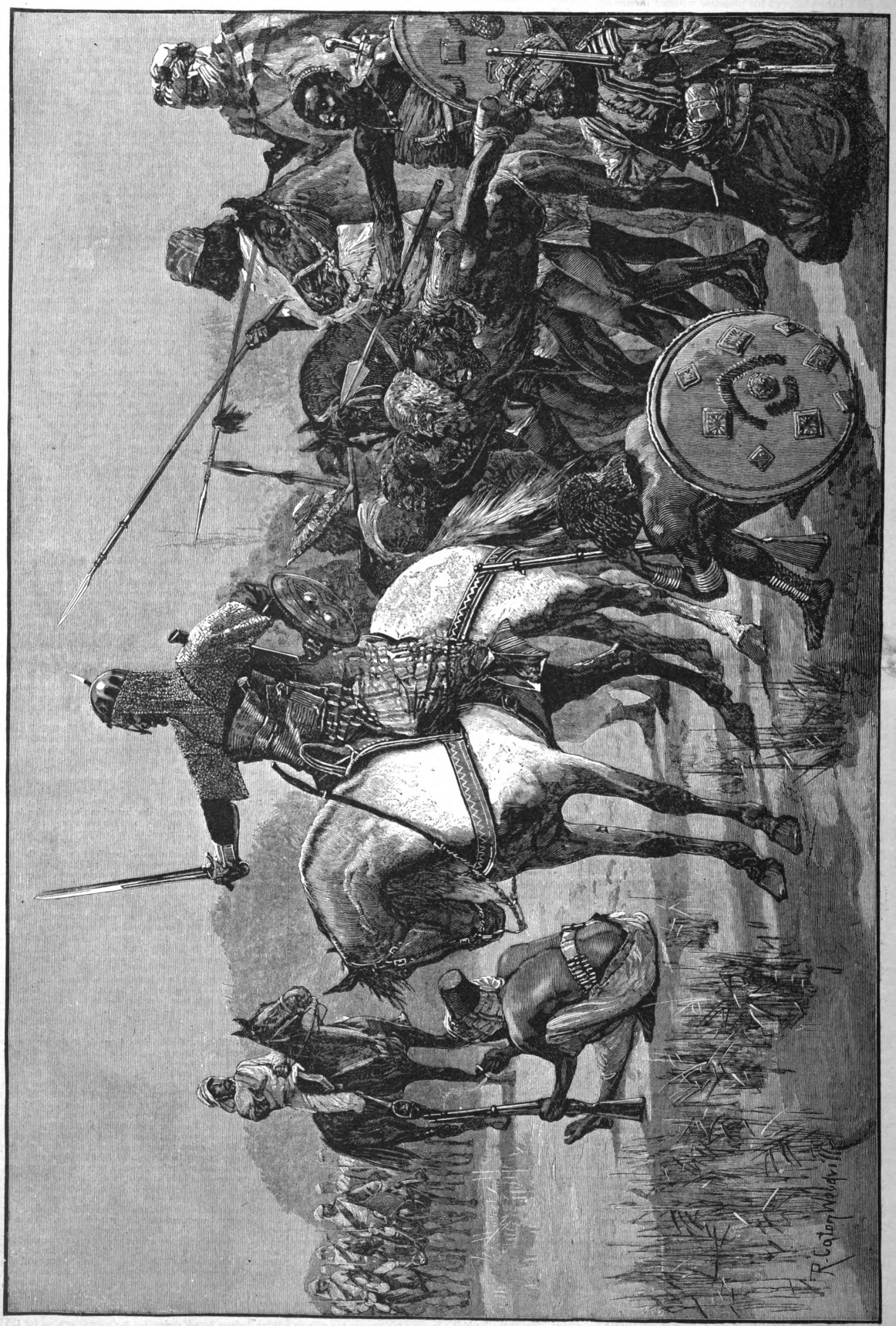

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—A PARLEY BY THE WAY.—[See Page 843.]

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CHARLES F. DOWD.—Photographed by Record & Epler.—[See Page 843.]

AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN, MAYOR-ELECT OF BOSTON.—Phot. by Warren.—[See Page 839.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(*Continued.*)

THE CATASTROPHE COMES.

Harry and I were thus left in sole possession of the field, and it became necessary that one or other of us should speak. He it was who broke the silence presently, in a steady though somewhat hoarse voice:

"I suppose you believe that cock and bull story?"

I glanced across the table at him, but his lowered eyes refused to meet mine. His face, colorless as usual, betrayed no emotion; only the hand with which he was stroking his mustache trembled slightly.

"Yes," I answered, "I believe it."

"Nevertheless," remarked Harry, "the evidence of a tipsy woman ought not to be considered conclusive, and the story in itself seems rather far-fetched. Taking it for granted that I wished to stand in your shoes, you are asked to believe that, instead of profiting by your own readiness to help me, I fell back upon a very dubious sort of plot, which might have been discovered at any moment, and was sure to be discovered in the long-run. The thing does not sound probable."

"I don't know that it matters much whether it is probable or improbable," I said. "The question is whether it occurred."

"Apparently there is no question about that in your mind. Well, you are quite right. I have lost the game, and I don't mind your seeing my hand. I did fully intend to do all that Paulina said. I thought that Lady Constance, who is fearfully hard up, and who, I believe, has a real weakness for you, might be induced to marry you under the rose, if I could persuade her that my father would certainly provide you with a sufficient income as soon as the marriage was an accomplished fact. I thought, too, that he would do a great deal to prevent that marriage, and that a will naming me as his heir would strike him in the light of a telling move. His obstinacy would probably prevent him from destroying it when once it was made. It was chance-work, of course; but it seemed just worth while to make the attempt, especially as I knew that you had strengthened your position by your ridiculous efforts to gain a pardon for me. As it happened, you know, I was not called upon to go on with the thing; but I still think that it might have succeeded."

"WHILE MAUD HAD BEEN SPEAKING, I HAD BEEN LYING ON THE GROUND AT HER FEET, AND LOOKING UP INTO HER BEAUTIFUL FACE, WHICH WAS HALF TURNED AWAY FROM ME."

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The cool impudence of the man fairly astounded me, and deprived me, for the moment, of the use of my tongue.

"Do you mean me to understand," I exclaimed, indignantly, at last, "that all your protestations of gratitude and affection, and I don't know what else, were so many lies? Your preferring trickery to plain dealing I don't so much wonder at, since it seems that you have an invincible love for that sort of thing; but I can't for the life of me see why you should have made all that pretense of friendship."

"Well, if I hadn't, I should have had no opportunity of getting you and Lady Constance married, you know," answered Harry, with perfect composure.

I was half inclined to walk round the table and give him the thrashing he deserved; but I perceived that, under all the circumstances, such a course was scarcely practicable; so I contented myself with saying: "You are far and away the greatest scoundrel I ever saw or heard of."

Harry laughed a little. "Quite so," he said. "And afterward? I told you, when we first met, that I was a scoundrel. By-the-way, what Paulina said about my going to Germany on purpose to look you up was nonsense. It is true that I knew you were at Franzenshöhe, and, having to go there upon business of my own, I thought it might be as well to make your acquaintance, with a view to getting a rather larger allowance out of my father, if it could be managed. I had no idea of supplanting you at that time. Come, Charley," he added, in a slightly altered tone, "I am not altogether as black, nor as good an actor, as I have made myself out. I did feel grateful to you for taking me up; I was even grateful to you for asking my father to throw you over and put me in your place—though, between ourselves, that was rather a cheap piece of generosity; for you can't have been quite so simple as to suppose that he would take you at your word. Still, I give you credit for a certain degree of sincerity. And from the first I always had, and I have still, a real liking for you."

"And yet," I remarked, "you would have married me to Lady Constance to serve your own ends, although you knew you would be condemning us to what you, at all events, would consider a life of poverty and misery."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I assure you I deplored the necessity," answered he.

"I wonder what the General is about?" I sighed, after a long silence.

"Dear me! don't you know?" said Harry. "He is closeted with my father somewhere, holding a council of war, and urging the expediency of prompt and vigorous action. He will come in here presently, you'll see, to tell me that the up-express leaves at 11.15 to-morrow morning. I only trust he won't add that my allowance is to be reduced; but I have my fears."

It was past ten o'clock when the General came in, with a grave and rather perturbed face.

"My brother has sent me to make a proposition to you," he said to Harry. "I don't approve of it myself, but I can't get him to see the matter as I do, and I am to lay his suggestion before you. I suppose you will be prepared to hear that he has given up all idea of leaving Thirlby to you?"

Harry nodded.

"And also that he thinks it would be for everybody's comfort that you should leave as soon as possible."

"Certainly," answered Harry. "It only remains for us to take ourselves off the first thing in the morning, and never be heard of again."

"I should say so," agreed the General. "To my mind that would be beyond all comparison the most satisfactory wind-up of the business. But Bernard, unfortunately, holds a rather different opinion. He doesn't consider himself justified in visiting the sins of the father upon the child; therefore he proposes, with your consent, to adopt the child; but only upon the distinct understanding that you resign all rights, present and future, over him, and that he becomes, as it were, my brother's son instead of yours."

"And suppose I decline this offer?" said Harry.

"Well, if you decline," answered the General, brightening visibly, "the property goes to Charley; and though the boy might come down here upon a visit every now and then, he would inherit nothing at my brother's death beyond the reversion of the sum which you have to expect. This appears to me to be in every way the most proper and suitable arrangement."

"Ah!" said Harry; "but, you see, I don't think I shall decline. If I agree to this, may I ask whether Jimmy would be allowed to come and see me, and if so, how often in the year?"

"He would not be allowed to see you at all," replied the General, curtly. "In fact, from the moment that you signed the agreement, you and his mother would cease to exist so far as he was concerned."

Harry flushed slightly. "Hard terms!—devilish hard terms!" he muttered.

"I dare say. I am not called upon to give an opinion as to that. You must judge for yourself whether you are entitled to expect easy terms, and also whether it would be for your son's advantage or not to be removed from his parents. There's the offer—you can take it or leave it."

Harry pushed back his chair, sprang to his feet, and began pacing up and down the room with quick, irregular steps. Presently he paused beside the table, his face convulsed by a curious smile. "It's a refined revenge!" said he.

"Not at all," returned the General; "it's an attempt to do justice, which you are not bound to take advantage of. Though I imagine that you will," he added, with a sigh.

"Damn it all, sir!" broke out Harry, fiercely, "do you suppose that, because I am this, that, and t'other, I have ceased to be a human being? Does a man become blind when he loses his hearing, or deaf when he loses his sight?"

"All this is quite beside the mark," answered the General, coldly, though he looked a little shamefaced, I thought. "It was my brother's wish that I should put the two alternatives before you, and I have done so. All I have to add is that there can be no compromise."

"Then tell him that I accept his infernal offer!" cried Harry. "He knows, and so do you, that I can't refuse. The boy is all I have to care for in the world, and I care for him enough to let him go. His mother will be glad to get rid of him, and he'll soon forget us both, I dare say. I am sorry for Charley, who is left out in the cold, but I am a great deal more sorry for myself. However, there's not much good in talking. Go and tell him that I accept."

The General bowed. "I have drawn up a draft agreement for your signature," he said. "Perhaps you will come with me into the study and put your name to it. If a more formal document is required, the lawyers will see to that in a day or two; though I doubt whether any legal contract could be made in such a matter."

"Thank you; I'll sign here," answered Harry. "I don't want to see my father any more as long as I live."

The General bowed again. "There is no necessity for your meeting that I am aware of," he said. "I will go and fetch the paper."

"I wish to God I had never come near this cursed place!" exclaimed Harry, as soon as he was gone. "You may say that it serves me right, and perhaps it does; but that's cold comfort."

The General came back, bearing a half-sheet of foolscap and a pen, which he handed to Harry. "I am to tell you," said he, "that you can take a couple of days for consideration, if you choose."

Harry seized the pen and scrawled his name at the foot of the agreement, without deigning to reply. Then he tossed the paper over to the General, saying: "There! When you give that to my father you may tell him that he can draw comparisons between me and himself at his leisure. We have both of us discarded an only son; but he kicked his out-of-doors because he hated him, whereas I have renounced mine because I love him. Sounds odd, doesn't it?—considering what a very good and virtuous man he is, and what an unmitigated ruffian I am. Perhaps his books of philosophy may help him to solve the problem."

The General, who had assumed a demeanor of cold inflexibility, only replied, "I am not here to undertake my brother's defense; but I think you are forgetting that you gave him very good reasons for drumming you out in the first instance, and that, since you have been here this time, you have lost no opportunity of convincing him that he was right."

"Right?—oh, to be sure he was right," returned Harry, with a laugh. "He has always been right; and that, I suppose, is why he finds it difficult to make the smallest allowance for people who are occasionally wrong. He is quite right, for instance, in removing an innocent child from the contagion of bad example. And yet, such is my ingratitude and perversity that, so far from admiring him for this last performance of his, I consider it to be, upon the whole, about the most cold-blooded piece of malignity I ever heard of."

And, without bidding either of us good-night, Harry turned on his heel and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MY UNCLE WISHES ME GOOD LUCK.

All my life I have been, in a humble sort of way, an observer of human character, and have taken such opportunities as have come to me of noticing its various developments under various conditions; but I have never been carried far enough by love of this kind of study to enjoy the spectacle of misery or disgrace. When, therefore, I woke up on the morning that was to witness the expulsion of Harry and Paulina from Thirlby, I became seized with a longing to run away so irresistible that I stole down the back stairs, requisitioned some bread and cheese which I found in the kitchen, and was half-way across the park, with my rod and fishing-basket, before I had time to reason with myself as to the propriety of such a line of conduct.

I spent what, under any other circumstances, would have been a very pleasant morning, and did not make for home again until after two o'clock, thus avoiding luncheon, as well as the distressing scene which I felt sure must have preceded that meal. As I was crossing the park, the General, walking briskly and swinging his stick, overtook me.

"Well, Charley," said he, somewhat anxiously, "is it all over? Our friends off and away, eh?"

"That is the very question," I answered, "that I was going to put to you. I haven't seen a soul, except Bunce, to-day. The truth is that I funked it, and bolted before breakfast."

"There are two of us, then," observed the General, laughing. "While I was dressing I thought to myself that my presence wouldn't be required, and I didn't much want to see that unfortunate chap say good-by to his son, you know; so I just walked over to have a chat with Dennison, and I have been at the Rectory ever since. I think it was rather shabby of you to shirk away like that, Charley; I expected to hear from you how it all went off."

"And I expected to hear the same thing from you," retorted I; "so it's even."

I suppose we were both rather ashamed of ourselves, for we continued to exchange reproaches until we reached the house, where Mrs. Farquhar gave us a tearful and confused account of what had occurred. It seemed that Harry had behaved very well, but that Paulina, whose wrath of the previous evening had completely evaporated, had made a dreadful disturbance, accusing herself of having ruined her husband, offering to go away without him, and displaying a lamentable want of reticence before the servants. It had been thought better not to let Jimmy know that he would see his parents no more, and he had submitted to the parting with the utmost philosophy.

"It's an awful responsibility to have taken," concluded Mrs. Farquhar, sobbing, "and I can but pray that Bernard may not be called upon to give an account of it at the last day. I wash my hands of it—I've done *my* best—but, eh! he's a headstrong man!"

There was some comfort in hearing Mrs. Farquhar making an accusation which she assuredly would not have phrased in that way a few days before. Her manner, even more than her words, showed she had at last discovered my uncle to be a somewhat different person from what she had hitherto imagined, and there seemed ground for hope that she might entertain a salutary awe of him for the future. I left her appealing to the General to say whether events like these were not calculated to bring her gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave, and betook myself to the study, which my uncle's voice, in answer to my knock, at once bade me enter.

His face lighted up when he saw me. "Ah, Charley," he said, "I have been waiting a long time for you. Come and sit down here: I owe you an explanation."

I took a chair beside him, as he asked me, but assured him that he owed me nothing.

"Yet," he said, with a smile, "I don't think you would be satisfied if I kept silence."

"Not if you kept silence about it all," I confessed; "but I thought you meant that something ought to be said about my not inheriting the property."

"Well, so I do. Something must be said about that, undoubtedly."

"Not very much, then. We agreed upon that point long ago; and I am sure you have done the right thing in adopting Jimmy. Very likely you have done the right thing all through; but I can't help feeling a little uneasy about it, somehow."

"In what sense?"

"Only that one doesn't like to think of a father and child being separated forever. Upon the face of it, it does seem rather cruel."

"The necessity, no doubt, is cruel," answered my uncle, gravely; "but it does not appear to me that I, as the instrument of necessity, am any more cruel than the surgeon who cuts off a diseased limb. Of course it would have been easier and pleasanter not to perform the operation. I don't forget that, such as Harry is, I am in a great measure responsible for him. If I had only myself to think about, I should have no business to drive him away because he is what he is, or because he has a wife who drinks. But I am not to make fresh mistakes by way of atoning for old ones which can never be repaired now. For the boy's own sake, as well as for the sake of our name and of those who bore it before me, I am bound to do all in my power to bring him up as a gentleman and a man of honor; and I ask you, would the example of his father and mother be likely to do him good?"

"Do you think it would really do him so very much harm?" I said; for my uncle's deliberate utterances had by no means convinced me.

"I don't feel the smallest doubt about it," he answered; "you can't touch pitch and escape defilement. Very likely, if I were to allow the boy to go to his parents for a week or two every now and then, they would be upon their good behavior before him; they would try to avoid scandals and to live decently, or seem to live decently, while he was with them. But one of them, at least, could never change his nature; and I don't see how it would be possible for a growing lad to associate with him and not be the worse for it. Of course," he added, after a pause, "there are hosts of obvious objections to the plan that I have decided upon; but I have come to the conclusion that there could be worse objections to any other plan that could have been devised."

"What do you mean to say to Jimmy himself about it?" I inquired.

"That is a great difficulty, I allow. Happily, children have short memories, and are soon consoled. My hope is that he will like his new life well enough to accept it without many questions. As he grows older he will naturally wish for more information, and then he will have to be told the truth."

"Quite so; and then—unless he grows up very unlike other mortals—he will take his father's part."

"I dare say he may. When he is grown up there will be no objection to his meeting his father; only, as I shall take care that he will be able to do little or nothing for his father, in a pecuniary sense, either before or after my death, I think we may fairly doubt whether his advances will be responded to."

"What an awfully bad opinion you have of Harry!" I exclaimed.

"Have you a good opinion of him?"

"No; but let us give the devil his due. I think he is fond of Jimmy. He has shown it by giving the boy up; because, as you say, he can never get any personal profit out of the arrangement."

My uncle looked troubled, and sighed. "That is true," he answered. "It is a bad business. All I can say is that compromises would only have turned it into a worse one. And although I don't want to evade the responsibility of having suggested the present solution, I may remind you that Harry agreed to it of his own free-will. Had he chosen otherwise, I should have been better pleased. We might then have had Jimmy down here as much as possible, and among us, I think, we might have made something of him. Only, in that case, I should not have ventured to run the risk of making him my heir."

After this there was a rather long pause, during which my uncle fidgeted with the books and papers that were lying on the table before him. I knew what he was thinking about, and that he was waiting for me to open the subject which was uppermost in both our minds; but I was extremely reluctant to say the first word, and it was only when I saw that he would not speak at all, unless I did, that I began:

"Was what Paulina said last night true—that Harry wrote to you about me and Lady Constance Milner?"

"Oh yes," answered my uncle. "He wrote anonymously to begin with, and afterward he was careful that full reports of your proceedings should reach me through my mother. The whole thing was sufficiently silly and contemptible, and I need hardly say that I saw through it from the first. The result of it, however, he added, smiling, "is that I could give a tolerably accurate account of your relations with this lady from the time that George Warren first wrote to me about her up to a recent date."

"Why have you never said anything to me?" I asked.

"I thought perhaps you would say something to me," answered my uncle.

I confessed that I had been ashamed to speak, I said, "I knew what you must think of me. I told you, before I went abroad, that I should never change, and then, almost immediately, I did change. One doesn't like to acknowledge one's self a weather-cock."

"I fancy that most men would have to make that acknowledgment, if we lived in a Palace of Truth," observed my uncle. "If there had been an engagement between you and Miss Maud, the case would have been altogether different; but as there was none, I don't see that you have any very serious sin to reproach yourself with. What I should like to know, if you don't object to telling me, is whether you have chosen finally now."

"I am not sure," I answered, emboldened into saying aloud what I had hitherto hardly ventured to say to myself. "When I am away from her I sometimes think that it has been all a mistake; but as soon as I see her again I feel as if I had no will of my own, and must do whatever she tells me. It seems like awful bosh, I know," I continued, shamefacedly; "but I can't help thinking that she has some way of mesmerizing me."

"That sounds very uncomfortable," remarked my uncle. "Do you suppose that she has any—affection for you, or is she only amusing herself with these mesmeric performances?"

I replied that I hadn't the slightest idea. I did not believe that she was merely amusing herself; but, on the other hand, I could not say that I had any reason to suspect her of being in love with me. "However, it all signifies very little now," I concluded, "because she will certainly decline to marry me when she hears that I am not to have Thirlby."

"H'm!—if you are quite sure of that, Charley, I should strongly recommend you not to see her again," said my uncle. "From what you tell me, I doubt whether either of you will be broken-hearted."

I explained that this course, however advisable in the abstract, could not be adopted by me, as I had already promised to meet Lady Constance shortly in Yorkshire. "It will be our last meeting, most likely," I added, sadly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I MAKE A DISCOVERY.

When I left my uncle's study it was already past four o'clock, and I had not forgotten my appointment to meet Maud at five. I strolled down toward the place agreed upon, wondering what my uncle would think if he knew whither I was bound, and wondering still more what Maud would say to me. She would, of course, have heard the news from the General, and perhaps she might not now think it necessary to meet me at all. As a foreboding of this possibility crossed my mind, I became aware that I should be very much disappointed if it were fulfilled.

I made instinctively for the spot where Maud and I had parted two years before, and which I had never revisited until now. Everything was startlingly unchanged. There was the old punt, rotting away slowly in its old position; the osiers had not been thinned, nor the reeds meddled with; I could even hear the ducks hard by in the decoy which Bunce and I had constructed together so long ago. And while I stood gazing at the far-away opposite shore, and thinking that I would give ten years of my life to obliterate the last two and start afresh, I heard a rustle behind me, and turning round, saw the figure that had been wanting to render the resurrection of the dead past complete.

Maud had not mentioned any particular part of the water-side as being the scene of her evening walks, as this was a spot somewhat difficult to reach at times; yet I had felt sure that it was here that we should meet; and now she was standing at my elbow, looking at me with grave, sorrowful eyes.

I couldn't help it—I knew it was wrong—but, as I held her hand, I murmured, "Do you remember?"

She nodded. "Have you been here since?" she asked.

"Never. And you?"

"No; this is the first time. How unaltered it all is!"

"Yes," said I, sadly; "nothing is changed, except—"

"Except everything," she interrupted, hastily. "Suppose we go somewhere else."

She turned as she spoke, and brushing through the reeds and undergrowth, made her way into the thick of the woods, I following her. After a time we came to the fallen trunk of a tree, upon which she seated herself, remarking:

"So it is all over and settled! I had prepared

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a great many very sensible things to say to you; but they will have to remain unsaid. There is nothing to be done now but to make the best of it."

"You don't look pleased," I observed.

"As far as I can make out, nobody is pleased," she returned. "General Le Marchant is not; he says his brother is not; Mrs. Farquhar, it appears, is in the depths of woe; and as for your cousin and his wife, one can imagine what *their* feelings are likely to be. Really, I don't know who is pleased—unless you have the perversity to tell me that you are."

"I am a good deal better pleased than I was yesterday afternoon, anyhow," said I. "I little thought then that we should have taken a final leave of Harry and Paulina within twenty-four hours. And I believe, upon the whole, I am glad that Jimmy is to take up his abode here. He will be a companion for my uncle, and I dare say he won't miss his father very much. One can't wish that he should."

"His father," observed Maud, "appears to have got his deserts; and now that he has been kicked off into space, one may allow one's self to feel a little sorry for him, perhaps. Only I wish he had seen fit to take his child with him. General Le Marchant says they would have been quite comfortably off, and he thinks your uncle was a good deal taken aback when his offer was accepted. However, the thing is done now, and can't be undone."

"I, for one, have no wish to undo it."

"That is nonsense, Charley!" exclaimed Maud, drawing her brows together. "One may bear misfortunes, and put a good face upon them; but I never yet heard of anybody who said he liked them."

I submitted that it was not always so easy to tell what were and what were not misfortunes.

"I can't see much difficulty in the present instance," Maud declared; "and though you won't say that you are disgusted, I haven't the slightest objection to acknowledge that I am. All this long time I have watched Mrs. Farquhar busily building up her plot, bit by bit, dropping little doses of calumny here and there, sighing over you as a reprobate, and letting fall mysterious hints about 'poor dear Bernard,' and 'poor dear Harry,' and the obstinacy of the one and the wrongs and repentance of the other; and I have consoled myself by thinking that the truth would certainly come out one of these fine days. Now the truth has come out at last, and after all the wrong side wins! One can't blame anybody either, which adds to the bitterness of one's disappointment." She ceased for a moment, and then resumed: "My regrets are chiefly mercenary, and if you don't share them, so much the better. But you told me in London that your engagement to Lady Constance Milner would be broken off if you were disinherited, and surely you will allow that to be a misfortune."

While Maud had been speaking I had been lying on the ground at her feet, and looking up into her beautiful face, which was half turned away from me. I heard what she said, but I paid little attention to it; for, as I lay there listening to her, I was recalling the regretful expression I had seen in her eyes at the moment of our meeting; I was thinking, as I had often thought before, of George Warren's prophetic words, and I was admitting to myself for the first time that they were true. A pale glimmer of sunshine escaped from the clouds, and penetrated through the thick foliage overhead: it seemed to me like a presage of brighter things. All that had happened in the past two years appeared on a sudden to have had no actual existence. I awoke from my long dream, and knew that in truth I had never ceased to love Maud at all.

From the mingled pleasure and pain of this swift discovery I was roused by the sound of Lady Constance Milner's name, and I said, slowly: "I am not engaged to Lady Constance; but if I were, I should think it anything but a misfortune that the engagement would now have to come to an end."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Maud, rather impatiently.

"Exactly what I say," I replied. "I have come to my senses, that's all. One afternoon—it was among the ruins of an old Greek theatre in Sicily—I lost my head, and I thought I had lost my heart too. Ever since then I have been nursing that delusion; it has required a good deal of nursing at times, but at last I am quit of it. I know now that I have never really been in love with Lady Constance."

Maud shifted her position a little, so as to face me. "And pray when did you find this out?" she asked.

"About five minutes ago, I think," answered I.

She either did not understand me or did not choose to do so. She rose from the log upon which she had been seated, stood for an instant, looking away from me, and then—

"You will think differently after you have seen her again, perhaps," she said. "Shall we walk on? I can't stay out late this evening."

We passed through the trees in single file, neither of us speaking for some little time; but at length Maud stopped, and faced about abruptly.

"I wish you wouldn't talk as you have taken to doing lately," she said. "You are not a bit like what you used to be. You seem anxious to make me believe that you don't care a straw about anything."

That was not quite the effect that I had intended to produce; but I only answered, "I don't care very much about having lost Thirlby, I confess; and, after what I said just now, you must see that I can't care very much about the consequences of my having lost it either."

"You had no business to say what you did just now," she returned.

"But if it was true?"

"It *can not* be true," replied Maud, with a touch of anger.

"But it is," I persisted.

"Then," said she, dryly, "I don't envy you the duty of telling Lady Constance the truth."

"I don't think I shall be called upon to tell her anything beyond the fact of Jimmy's promotion," I said. "That will be quite conclusive."

"And yet," remarked Maud, thoughtfully, "she must care a good deal for you, or she would not have thought of marrying you upon the strength of your expectations. What if she were to say that she was willing to take you as you are?"

"She won't."

"But supposing that she did?"

"Well, in such a case," I replied, "I don't think I could draw back. I don't think I could tell her that I found I had made a mistake. No! I should have to go on with it then, and forever hold my peace."

"Come!" cried Maud, "I am glad to hear you say that. That is the first satisfactory thing that you have said this afternoon. And do you know, I should not be very much surprised if she did consent to marry you, in spite of all your poverty."

"You don't know Lady Constance," I said. "She will never consent to marry a poor man. If she is in one of her softer moods, she will perhaps express some regret; but she will certainly send me about my business. And so, you see," I added, "the misfortune you were speaking of may turn out to be no misfortune after all."

Maud walked on without replying. As soon as we had emerged from the wood, and I could step up to her side, I asked her why she should wish me to marry a woman whom I did not love.

"I never said that I wished that," she answered; "I was only glad to hear that you recognized some sort of obligation in the matter. If you change about in the way that you say you do, it is no fault of yours, perhaps—I suppose you can't help it—but I think you ought to understand that everybody is not like that. Now I must say good-by, for I promised to go and see one or two poor people before dinner."

Had her words a double meaning? If they had, I could well afford to put up with a rebuke which my conscience told me was not undeserved. Her manner was decidedly colder than it had been at the beginning of our interview; but I was not surprised at that, nor was I discouraged. I watched her out of sight, and then walked homeward with a light heart, for I thought to myself, "Come what may, I have at least found my liberty again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS—THE CRY OF THE OUTCAST.

CHRISTMAS, Thanksgiving, and New-Year's Day are peculiarly the seasons of charity. It is then that those give who never gave before, and those who have never ceased to give redouble their benefactions. All over the world the close of the old year, the opening of the new, seem to have had a softening and refining influence, and made men more thoughtful for each other. Then, at least, they have learned "the luxury of doing good," and have forgotten to be wholly selfish. In the Roman world the Saturnalia seemed to bring back the age of peace and human equality, and the *sportulæ* of the Roman clients were never so well filled as in the chill months of winter. In China at New-Year's *Day* every one gives gifts and kind words, and the poor are not forgotten. Christmas over Europe and America comes bearing the same lesson of good-will. Never were the gifts of charity more abundant than now, and in all the great capitals of Christendom the sums given to the poor grow annually in a larger ratio than the population. No one can look over the long list of New York charities without feeling a happy consciousness that selfishness is yielding to the higher impulses of freedom.

Yet never were the wants of the poor greater over all Christendom, never was there more need of intelligent labor for those who can not help themselves. In a recent pamphlet in London, "The Outcry of the Outcast," we are shown the fearful want, the untold wretchedness and crime, that haunt the poor quarters of the richest city of the world. The London newspapers and two or three political leaders have taken up the melancholy theme. They admit that civilization has retreated from many parts of London, and that vice and misery are the leading traits of a large section of its population. The homes of its people are often worse than those of savages; the training of its children is often more brutal and dangerous than that of the wildest tenant of an African village; the family life of thousands of its population is below that of the brute; misery, disease, vice, crime, haunt the uncleanly homes of hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants; a hopeless future opens upon countless lives. And the condition of London represents that of all great cities. Paris, Naples, and Vienna are even worse off. Berlin and Liverpool are centres of remorseless want. If we cross the ocean, we find that the spectre of human misery haunts us still. Our finest cities, Boston and Philadelphia, Chicago or New York, still echo the "outcry of the outcast." Our freedom, our boundless charity, have failed to shield us from these scenes of hopeless woe.

It is something, at least, that we have begun to see our danger. It is time that we prepare to ward off from the New World the spectre that appears so terrible in the Old. In London and Paris the evil is partly attributed to overcrowding. The Paris municipality proposes to throw down its walls and extend the space allotted to the homes of the working classes. In London, philanthropists, almost hopeless in the presence of so much of human degradation, are still looking for its removal in better houses and a general education. But it is remarkable how religion, philanthropy, and every form of active benevolence have in all past ages failed wholly to extirpate human want. Charity in the Middle Ages produced only a general beggary. Charity in the time of Sir Thomas More was only a cloak for clerical selfishness. His *Utopia* is a bitter satire on the cruelty of priests and kings. Charity in the opening of the century had left Europe a land of misery. Charity, boundless as it is in London and New York, has failed to reach its aim; men, women, children, still perish of want in cities that boast of their wealth and splendor.

The problem is an unsolved one. Is it not left for us to solve? There is no doubt that charity fails of its aim because it is never judiciously organized and directed. Sectarian, philanthropic, and almost every other form of alms-giving is pursued in a costly, careless way; the expenses of collection and distribution sometimes consume the income, as is often the case in London; or the great number of small charitable institutions impede and clash with each other, as in New York. It is plain that charity wants a definite organization and a clear aim. It must provide improved homes, free air, a pure moral influence, for those it would aid; it must possess a government as wide as the nation itself, or at least the city it would benefit. Can we not have a "Society of the Public Good"—a league of the charitable in every city, from ocean to ocean, to discuss, determine, and carry out with energy the plans it may approve of? In this way New York would unite with New Orleans, Boston with San Francisco, and a higher aim be given to the people.

In the hundredth year of our freedom we seem pledged to such a scheme. It was the promise of our forefathers that the crimes and want of the Old World should be banished from the New. The promise is not fulfilled. It is in part our fault. Let us listen on this glad anniversary season to the "outcry of the outcast," and bring all our intelligence to their relief.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE BELLS OF TRINITY.

THE bells of Trinity ring out,
And far and wide their music ring;
Above the noise and tramp and shout,
Between the earth and heavens they ring.
A moment stay
Upon your way,
And hear them say:
"Chime, happy bells, all strife above—
Chime, chime, '*The Bread of Life is Love.*'"

The bells of Trinity ring out
Like tongues of angels, glad and strong;
The hammer's beat, the workman's shout,
Their wondrous harmonies prolong.
A moment stay
Upon your way,
And hear them say:
"Brave hearts, true hearts, no duty shirk;
Labor: '*The Salt of Life is Work.*'"

The bells of Trinity ring glad,
Ring happily o'er joy and grief,
And hearts with dark despairing sad
Find in their chime some sweet relief.
"Hope on," they say;
"The dawning day
Drives clouds away.
If faint and thirsty in the strife,
Then Hope, *for Hope's the Stream of Life.*"

The bells of Trinity ring clear
Above the sounds of trade and gain;
And weak souls, halting in their fear,
Perchance may hear this bolder strain:
"Flee not from grief;
Time brings relief—
The watch is brief.
Hold on; be patient in the strife,
For *Patience is the Strength of Life.*"

The bells of Trinity ring sweet.
Ah! gentle soul, if you draw near,
Perchance may drop into the street
Some tones so musical and clear
That day by day
Upon your way
Your soul shall say,
"I know, though I be true and strong,
The Sweetness of my Life is Song."

The bells of Trinity ring high,
Ring far and wide, ring east and west.
O toiling men that fear and sigh,
Hear what they say, and be at rest:
"True hearts, good cheer!
There is no fear,
For God is near.
However hard and dark the strife,
Trust Him: *Faith is the Light of Life.*"

BOSTON'S NEW MAYOR.

GENERAL AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN, the Citizens' candidate, who, without spending a dollar or soliciting a vote, has been elected Mayor of Boston, is widely known among business men, and is exceedingly popular. He is less than fifty years of age, and is in the height of his prime. When a child his parents removed from Abbott, Maine, where he was born, to the city of Boston. There he attended the public schools, and afterward passed through Wilbraham Academy, and finished at a private school in Melrose. He has been a very successful business man. Beginning as salesman, he gradually worked his way up into a partnership, and to-day is the sole proprietor of a large establishment. During the war he distinguished himself by his bravery, and was promoted by degrees until finally he led his brigade at Gettysburg. He was brevetted Colonel for his "gallant and meritorious conduct." He has held a number of prominent public positions, and in all of them has won the approval of the people.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE festivities attending what the local reporter calls an "old-fashioned" wedding in Rantoul, Wisconsin, recently, endured for three days. One of the striking features of the festivities was "a wrestling match between a Rantoul girl and a gentleman of Chilton, in which the girl succeeded in throwing the Chiltonian three successive times."

An aged Kentucky woman can not see from her window in the Floyd County poor-house the neighboring fine farm of her son, who is worth $20,000—because, it is said, she is blind.

It is alleged, with the confirmatory statements of time and names, that an Indiana man who had taken his daughter into a Chicago dry-goods store was asked by her, as she caught sight of the elevator, "What is that, pa—that thing going up and down with the sofies in it?" and that the father replied, after a long, calm, and careful scrutiny, "It's a telephone—the first I ever seen!"

The Chicago papers, reverting to the fact that the Republican National Convention will assemble in that city next June, jocosely assure Cincinnati that neither of the Presidential Conventions could afford to meet there, because it is behind time. The rest of the United States, they say, is running by the new standard, but Cincinnati still goes by grandfather's clock, and it is to be feared that a ticket nominated by such time would get left.

It has been a general impression that tramps liked Connecticut, but news comes of one who had some fault to find in that State. Mr. Thompson, of Bridgeport, in answer to his request for something to eat, gave him some ham, which he declared to be too fat. When Mr. Thompson attempted to reason with him the tramp attacked his benefactor with a knife, and slashed his face in a most shocking manner.

Beef tea is coming to be a popular beverage in bar-rooms. The idea started, it is said, in Omaha. The price is ten cents anywhere off Broadway. Since its introduction the sale of hot-water cocktails has notably diminished.

It is said that the recent strangely crimson sunsets mean that the temperature will go below zero in those places where they have been observed. If this is so, the fact will awaken considerable interest when it becomes known in India, which is one of the lands to which the brilliant spectacle has extended.

How sudden the West is! Denver is still quite in the flush of youth, and yet the Denver University has just received a new equatorial telescope of extraordinary power, and conservative citizens are making a determined stand to prevent the Denver Elevated Railroad Company from carrying out its schemes.

To a passenger's question, "We've struck a smoother strip of road, haven't we?" an Arkansas railway conductor replied, "No; we've only run off the track." This was as uncomplimentary to the road as was the remark of an Eastern conductor, who, upon being discharged, said that he was intending to quit anyway, for there was "nothing left of the old road but two streaks of iron rust and the right of way."

Let no struggling young professional man despair. John Swim, a citizen of the West, began life as a lawyer; and finding that there were many moments in which he was not bothered by his *clientèle*, he devoted them to rag-picking. It was forty years ago when he began this thrifty dovetailing of his intervals of time. For thirty-five years, according to common report, he has not slept in a bed, which is mentioned with the desire not so much to set forth the habit of sleeping out of a bed as a meritorious example as to indicate how long and steadfastly he could pursue a given scheme. The business which he undertook as an incidental assistance to his establishment in life gradually overspread and swallowed up the one which he had intended should be his main pursuit, and for many years he has been a lawyer not at all, and a rag-picker a great deal. As a lawyer, there is no telling what his reward would have been; as a rag-picker, he has come to own several fine farms, and to be worth $200,000.

SO GENEROUS!

SMITH. "Eh—what's this? Bill from the jeweller for watch chain? I've had no watch chain."

WIFE. "Oh yes, dear. *It's the one I gave you for a Christmas present.*"

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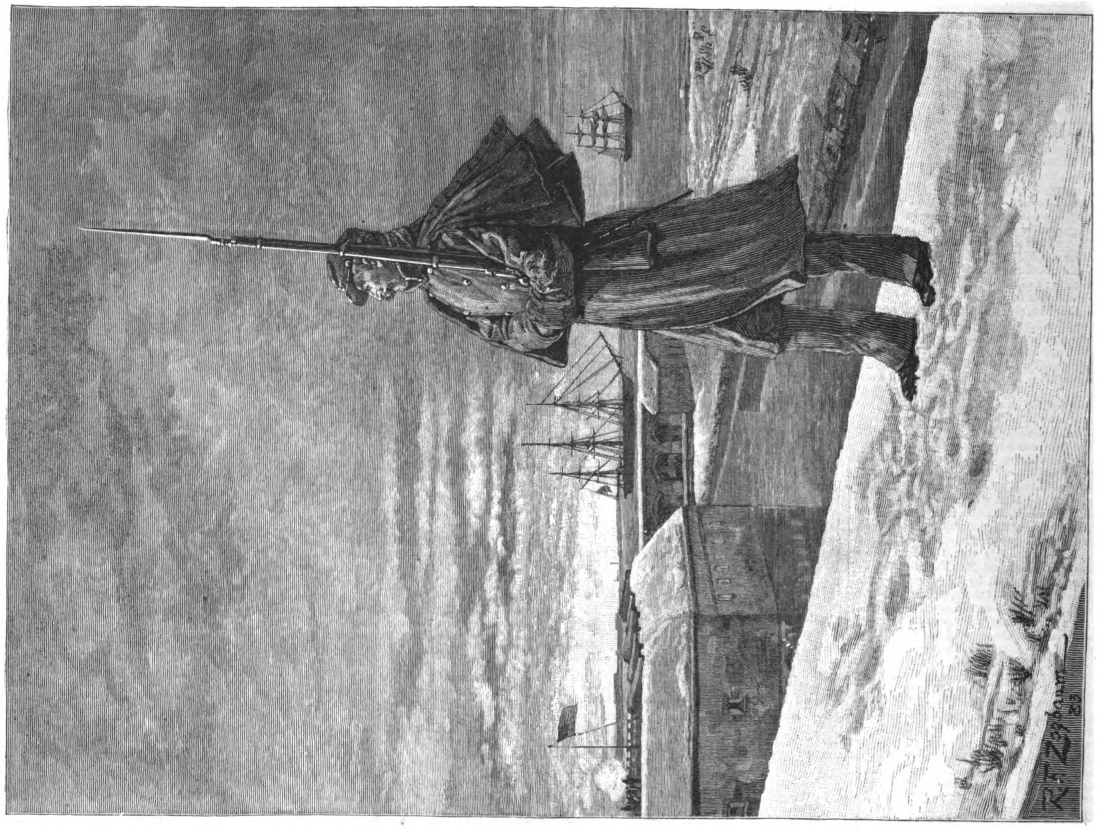

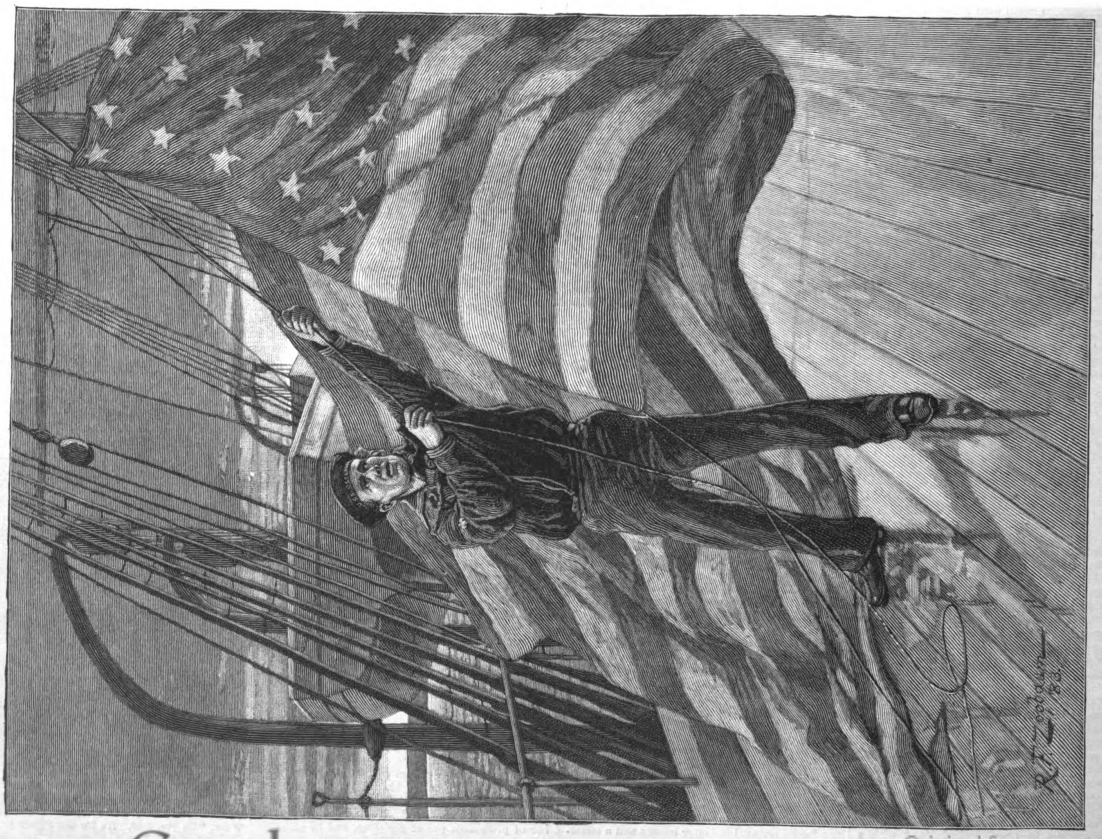

CHRISTMAS SUNRISE, AFLOAT AND ASHORE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

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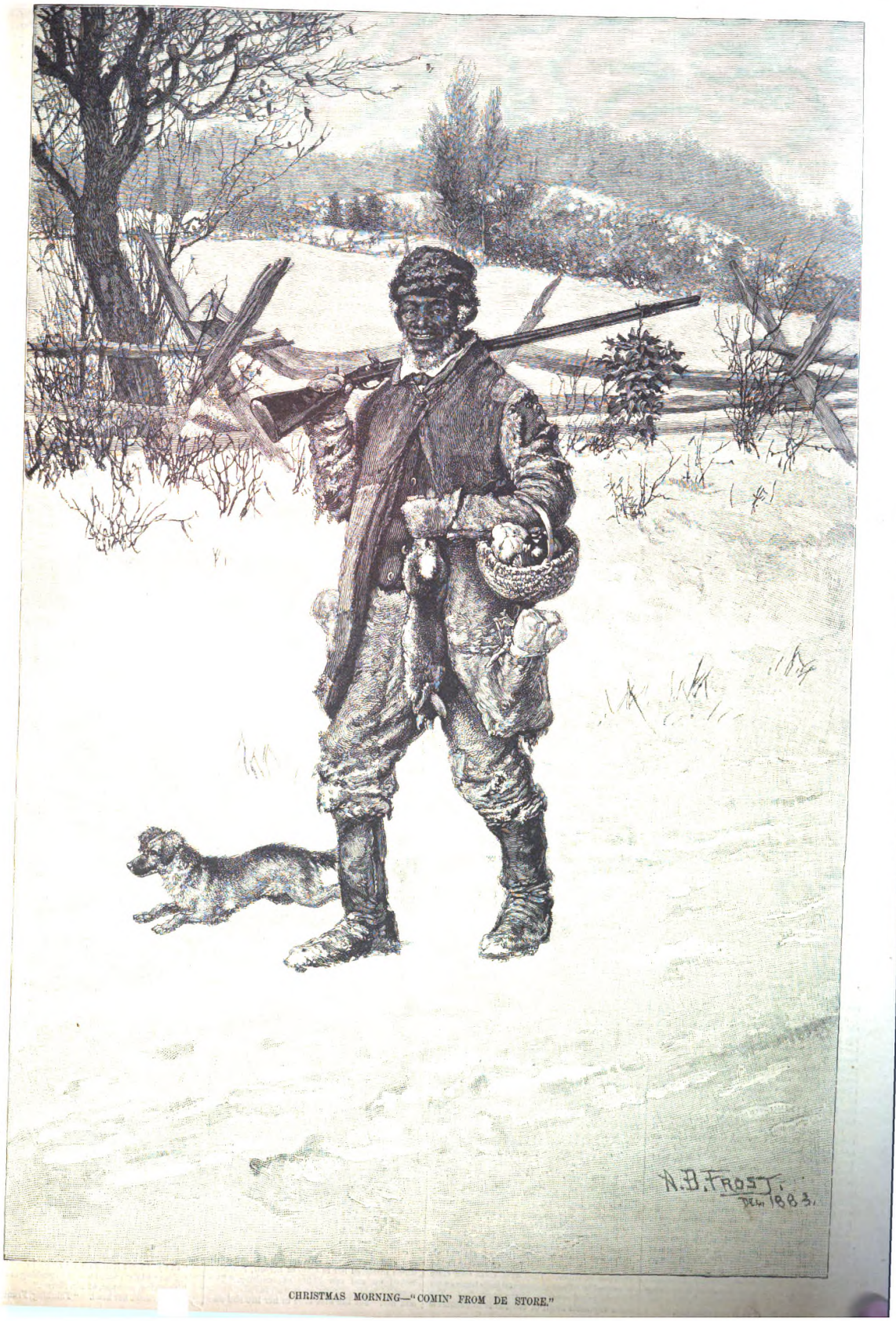

CHRISTMAS MORNING—"COMIN' FROM DE STORE."

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THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

[See Illustration on Front Page.]

On a cold, frosty day an Ant was dragging some corn which he had laid up in the summer-time. A Grasshopper, half perished with cold and hunger, besought the Ant to give him some of his substance. "What were you doing," said the Ant, "this last summer?" "Oh," said the Grasshopper, "I kept singing all the summer long." Said the Ant, "Since you could sing all summer, you may dance all winter."

Winter finds out what summer lays by.—*Æsop's Fables.*

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS LADD'S DRAWING MASTER.

FRANCINE was awakened the next morning by one of the house-maids bringing up her breakfast on a tray. Astonished at this concession to laziness in an institution devoted to the practice of all the virtues, she looked round. The bedroom was deserted.

"The other young ladies are as busy as bees, miss," the house-maid explained. "They were up and dressed two hours ago, and the breakfast has been cleared away long since. It's Miss Emily's fault. She wouldn't allow them to wake you; she said you could be of no possible use down-stairs, and you had better be treated like a visitor. Miss Cecilia was so distressed at your missing your breakfast that she spoke to the housekeeper, and I was sent up to you. Please to excuse it if the tea's cold. This is Grand Day, and we are all topsy-turvy in consequence."

Inquiring what "Grand Day" meant, and why it produced this extraordinary result in a ladies' school, Francine discovered that the first day of the vacation was devoted to the distribution of prizes in the presence of parents, guardians, and friends. An entertainment was added, comprising those merciless tests of human endurance called recitations, light refreshments and musical performances being distributed at intervals to encourage the exhausted audience. The local newspaper sent a reporter to describe the proceedings, and some of Miss Ladd's young ladies enjoyed the intoxicating luxury of seeing their names in print.

"It begins at three o'clock," the house-maid went on; "and what with practicing and rehearsing, and ornamenting the school-room, there's a hul-bub fit to make a person's head spin. Besides which," said the girl, lowering her voice and approaching a little nearer to Francine, "we have all been taken by surprise. The first thing in the morning Miss Jethro left us, without saying good-by to anybody."

"Who is Miss Jethro?"

"The new teacher, miss. We none of us liked her, and we all suspect there's something wrong. Miss Ladd and the clergyman had a long talk together yesterday (in private, you know), and they sent for Miss Jethro, which looks bad, doesn't it? Is there anything more I can do for you, miss? It's a beautiful day after the rain. If I was you, I should go and enjoy myself in the garden."

Having finished her breakfast, Francine decided on profiting by this sensible suggestion.

The servant who showed her the way to the garden was not favorably impressed by the new pupil: Francine's temper asserted itself a little too plainly in her face. To a girl possessing a high opinion of her own importance it was not very agreeable to feel herself excluded, as an illiterate stranger, from the one absorbing interest of her school-fellows. "Will the time ever come," she wondered, bitterly, "when I shall win a prize, and sing and play before all the company? How I should enjoy making the girls envy me!"

A broad lawn, overshadowed at one end by fine old trees, flower beds and shrubberies, and winding paths prettily and invitingly laid out, made the garden a welcome refuge on that fine summer morning. The novelty of the scene, after her experience in the West Indies, the delicious breezes cooled by the rain of the night, exerted their cheering influence even on the sullen disposition of Francine. She smiled, in spite of herself, as she followed the pleasant paths, and heard the birds singing their summer songs over her head.

Wandering among the trees, which occupied a considerable extent of ground, she passed into an open space beyond, and discovered an old fish-pond overgrown by aquatic plants. Dribblets of water trickled from a dilapidated fountain in the middle. On the farther side of the pond the ground sloped downward toward the south, and revealed, over a low paling, a pretty view of a village and its church, backed by fir woods mounting the heathy sides of a range of hills beyond. A fanciful little wooden building, imitating the form of a Swiss cottage, was placed so as to command the prospect. Near it, in the shadow of the building, stood a rustic chair and table, with a color-box on one, and a portfolio on the other. Fluttering over the grass, at the mercy of the capricious breeze, was a neglected sheet of drawing paper. Francine ran round the pond, and picked up the paper just as it was on the point of being tilted into the water. It contained a sketch in water-colors of the village and the woods. Francine had looked at the view itself with indifference; the picture of the view interested her. Ordinarily visitors to galleries of art which admit students show the same strange perversity. The work of the copyist commands their whole attention; they take no interest in the original picture.

Looking up from the sketch, Francine was startled. She discovered a man, at the window of the Swiss summer-house, watching her.

"When you have done with that drawing," he said, quietly, "please let me have it back again."

He was tall and thin and dark. His finely shaped, intelligent face—hidden, as to the lower part of it, by a curly black beard—would have been absolutely handsome, even in the eyes of a school-girl, but for the deep furrows that marked it prematurely between the eyebrows and at the sides of the mouth. In the same way an underlying mockery impaired the attraction of his otherwise refined and gentle manner. Among his fellow-creatures, children and dogs were the only critics who appreciated his merits without discovering the defects which lessened the favorable appreciation of him by men and women. He dressed neatly, but his morning coat was badly made, and his picturesque felt hat was too old. In short, there seemed to be no good quality about him which was not perversely associated with a drawback of some kind. He was one of those harmless and luckless men, possessed of excellent qualities, who fail, nevertheless, to achieve popularity in their social sphere.

Francine handed his sketch to him through the window, doubtful whether the words that he had addressed to her were spoken in jest or in earnest.

"I only presumed to touch your drawing," she said, "because it was in danger."

"What danger?" he inquired.

Francine pointed to the pond. "If I had not been in time to pick it up, it would have been blown into the water."

"Do you think it was worth picking up?"

Putting that question, he looked first at the sketch, then at the view which it represented, then back again at the sketch. The corners of his mouth turned upward with a humorous expression of scorn. "Madame Nature," he said, "I beg your pardon." With those words, he composedly tore his work of art into small pieces, and scattered them out of the window.

"What a pity!" said Francine.

He joined her on the ground outside the cottage. "Why is it a pity?" he asked.

"Such a nice drawing."

"It isn't a nice drawing."

"You're not very polite, sir."

He looked at her—and sighed, as if he pitied so young a woman for having a temper so ready to take offense. In his flattest contradictions he always preserved the character of a politely positive man.

"Put it in plain words, miss," he replied. "I have offended the predominant sense in your nature—your sense of self-esteem. You don't like to be told, even indirectly, that you know nothing of Art. In these days everybody knows everything—and thinks nothing worth knowing, after all. But beware how you presume on an appearance of indifference, which is nothing but conceit in disguise. The ruling passion of civilized humanity is Conceit. You may try the regard of your dearest friend in any other way, and be forgiven. Ruffle the smooth surface of your friend's self-esteem, and there will be an unacknowledged coolness between you which will last for life. Excuse me for giving you the benefit of my trumpery experience. This sort of smart talk is my form of conceit. Can I be of use to you in some better way? Are you looking for one of our young ladies?"

Francine began to feel a certain reluctant interest in him when he spoke of "our young ladies." She asked if he belonged to the school.

The corners of his mouth turned up again. "I'm one of the masters," he said. "Are *you* going to belong to the school, too?"

Francine bent her head, with a gravity and condescension intended to keep him at his proper distance. Far from being discouraged, he permitted his curiosity to take additional liberties. "Are you to have the misfortune of being one of my pupils?" he asked.

"I don't know who you are."

"You won't be much wiser when you do know. My name is Alban Morris."

Francine corrected herself. "I mean I don't know what you teach."

Alban Morris pointed to the fragments of his sketch from Nature. "I am a bad artist," he said. "Some bad artists become Royal Academicians. Some take to drink. Some get a pension. And some—I am one of them—find refuge in schools. Drawing is an 'extra' at this school. Will you take my advice? Spare your good father's pocket: say you don't want to learn to draw."

He was so gravely in earnest that Francine burst out laughing. "You are a strange man," she said.

"Wrong again, miss. I am only an unhappy man."

The furrows in his face deepened, the latent humor died out of his eyes. He turned to the summer-house window, and took up a pipe and tobacco pouch left on the ledge.

"I lost my only friend last year," he said. "Since the death of my dog, my pipe is the one companion I have left. Naturally I am not allowed to enjoy the honest fellow's society in the presence of ladies. They have their own taste in perfumes. Their clothes and their letters reek with the foetid secretion of the musk-deer. The mild vegetable smell of tobacco is unendurable to them. Allow me to retire—and let me thank you for the trouble you took to save my drawing."

The tone of indifference in which he expressed his gratitude piqued Francine. She resented it by drawing her own conclusion from what he had said of the ladies and the musk-deer. "I was wrong in admiring your drawing," she said; "and wrong again in thinking you a strange man. Am I wrong, for the third time, in believing that you dislike women?"

"I am sorry to say you are right," Alban Morris answered, gravely.

"Is there not even one exception?"

The instant the words passed her lips she saw that there was some secretly sensitive feeling in him which she had hurt. His black brows gathered into a frown, his piercing eyes looked at her with angry surprise. It was over in a moment. He raised his shabby hat and made her a bow.

"There is a sore place still left in me," he said, "and you have innocently hit it. Good-morning."

Before she could speak again he had turned the corner of the summer-house, and was lost to view in a shrubbery on the westward side of the grounds.

CHAPTER V.

DISCOVERIES IN THE GARDEN.

LEFT by herself, Miss De Sor turned back again by way of the trees.

So far her interview with the drawing master had helped to pass the time. Some girls might have found it no easy task to arrive at a true view of the character of Alban Morris. Francine's essentially superficial observation set him down as "a little mad," and left him there, judged and dismissed to her entire satisfaction.

Arriving at the lawn, she discovered Emily pacing backward and forward, with her head down and her hands behind her, deep in thought. Francine's high opinion of herself would have carried her past any of the other girls, unless they had made special advances to her. She stopped and looked at Emily.

It is the sad fate of little women in general to grow too fat and to be born with short legs. Emily's slim, finely strung figure spoke for itself as to the first of these misfortunes, and asserted its happy freedom from the second if she only walked across a room. Nature had built her, from head to foot, on a skeleton scaffolding in perfect proportion. Tall or short matters little to the result in women who possess the first and foremost advantage of beginning well in their bones. When they live to old age, they often astonish thoughtless men who walk behind them in the streets. "I give you my honor, she was as easy and upright as a young girl; and when you got in front of her, and looked—white hair, and seventy years of age!"

Francine approached Emily, moved by a rare impulse in her nature—the impulse to be sociable. "You look out of spirits," she remarked. "Surely you don't regret leaving school?"

In her present mood, Emily took the opportunity (in the popular phrase) of snubbing Francine. "You have guessed wrong; I do regret," she answered. "I have found in Cecilia my dearest friend at school. And school brought with it the change in my life which has helped me to bear the loss of my father. If you must know what I was thinking of just now, I was thinking of my aunt. She has not answered my last letter, and I am beginning to be afraid she is ill. If you find me in poor spirits, that is the reason."

"I'm very sorry," said Francine.

"Why? You don't know my aunt, and you have only known me since yesterday afternoon. Why are you sorry?"

Francine remained silent. Without realizing it, she was beginning to feel the dominant influence that Emily exercised over the weaker natures that came in contact with her. To find herself irresistibly attracted by a stranger at a new school—an unfortunate little creature, whose destiny was to earn her own living—filled the narrow mind of Miss De Sor with perplexity. Having waited in vain for a reply, Emily turned away, and resumed the train of thought which her school-fellow had interrupted.

By an association of ideas of which she was not herself aware, she now passed from thinking of her aunt to thinking of Miss Jethro. The interview of the previous night had dwelt on her mind at intervals in the hours of the new day.

Acting on instinct rather than on reason, she had kept that remarkable incident in her school life a secret from every one. No discoveries had been made by other persons. In speaking to her staff of teachers, Miss Ladd had alluded to the affair in the most cautious terms. "Circumstances of a private nature have obliged the lady to retire from my school. When we meet after the holidays another teacher will be in her place." There Miss Ladd's explanation had begun and ended. Inquiries addressed to the servants had led to no result. Miss Jethro's luggage was to be forwarded to the London terminus of the railway, and Miss Jethro herself had baffled investigation by leaving the school on foot. Emily's interest in the lost teacher was not the transitory interest of curiosity; her father's mysterious friend was a person whom she honestly desired to see again. Perplexed by the difficulty of finding a means of tracing Miss Jethro, she reached the shady limit of the trees, and turned to walk back again. Approaching the place at which she and Francine had met, an idea occurred to her. It was just possible that Miss Jethro might not be unknown to her aunt.

Still meditating on the cold reception that she had encountered, and still feeling the influence which mastered her in spite of herself, Francine looked up, and saw Emily approaching. The sense of injury, strong as it was, failed to sustain her. For the first time in her life she was ready to forgive. Interpreting Emily's return as an implied expression of regret, she advanced with a constrained smile, and spoke first.

"How are the young ladies getting on in the school-room?" she asked, by way of renewing the conversation.

Emily's face assumed a look of surprise which said plainly, Can't you take a hint, and leave me to myself?

Francine was constitutionally impenetrable to reproof of this sort: her thick skin was not even tickled. "Why are you not helping them," she went on—"you who have the clearest head among us, and take the lead in everything?"

It may be a humiliating confession to make, yet it is surely true, that we are all accessible to flattery. Different tastes appreciate different methods of burning incense, but the perfume is more or less agreeable to all varieties of noses. Francine's method had its tranquillizing effect on Emily. She answered, indulgently, "My dear, I have nothing to do with it."

"Nothing to do with it? No prizes to win before you leave school?"

"I won all the prizes years ago."

"But there are recitations. Surely you recite?"

Harmless words in themselves, pursuing the same smooth course of flattery as before, but with what a different result! Emily's face reddened with anger the moment they were spoken. Having already irritated Alban Morris, unlucky Francine, by a second mischievous interposition of accident, had succeeded in making Emily smart next. "Who has told you?" she burst out. "I insist on knowing!"

"Nobody has told me anything," Francine declared, piteously.

"Nobody has told you how I have been insulted?"

"No, indeed! Oh, my dear, who could insult *you?*"

In a man, the sense of injury does sometimes submit to the discipline of silence. In a woman—never. Suddenly reminded of her past wrongs (by the pardonable error of a polite school-fellow), Emily committed the startling inconsistency of appealing to the sympathies of Francine!

"Would you believe it? I have been forbidden to recite—I, the head girl of the school. Oh, not to-day! It happened a month ago, when we were all in consultation, making our arrangements. Miss Ladd asked *me* if I had decided on a piece to recite. I said, 'I have not only decided, I have learned the piece.' 'And what may it be?' 'The dagger scene in *Macbeth*.' There was a howl—I can call it by no other name—a howl of indignation. A man's soliloquy, and, worse still, a murdering man's soliloquy, recited by one of Miss Ladd's young ladies before an audience of parents and guardians! That was the tone they took with me. I was as firm as a rock. The dagger scene or nothing. The result is—nothing! An insult to Shakespeare, and an insult to me. I felt it; I feel it still. I was prepared for any sacrifice in the cause of the drama. If Miss Ladd had met me in a proper spirit, do you know what I would have done? I would have played Macbeth in costume. Just hear me, and judge for yourself. I begin with a dreadful vacancy in my eyes, and a hollow moaning of my voice, 'Is this a dagger that I see before me—'"

Reciting with her face toward the trees, Emily started, dropped the character of Macbeth, and instantly became herself again—herself, with a rising color and an angry brightening of the eyes. "Excuse me; I can't trust my memory: I must get the play." With that abrupt apology, she walked away rapidly in the direction of the house.

In some surprise, Francine turned and looked at the trees. She discovered—in full retreat, on his side—the eccentric drawing master, Alban Morris.

Did he too admire the dagger scene? And was he modestly desirous of hearing it recited without showing himself? In that case, why should Emily (whose besetting weakness was certainly not want of confidence in her own resources) leave the garden the moment she caught sight of him? Francine consulted her instincts. She had just arrived at a conclusion which expressed itself outwardly by a malicious smile, when gentle Cecilia appeared on the lawn—a lovable object in a broad straw hat and a white dress, with a nosegay in her bosom—smiling, and fanning herself.

"It's so hot in the school-room," she said, "and some of the girls, poor things, are so ill-tempered at rehearsal, I have made my escape. I hope you got your breakfast, Miss De Sor. What have you been doing here all by yourself?"

"I have been making an interesting discovery," Francine replied.

"An interesting discovery in our garden? What *can* it be?"

"The drawing master, my dear, is in love with Emily. Perhaps she doesn't care about him. Or perhaps I have been an innocent obstacle in the way of an appointment between them."

Cecilia had breakfasted to her heart's content on her favorite dish—buttered eggs. She was in such good spirits that she was inclined to be coquettish, even when there was no man present to fascinate. "We are not allowed to talk about love in this school," she said, and hid her face behind her fan. "Besides, if it came to Miss Ladd's ears, poor Mr. Morris might lose his situation."

"But isn't it true?" asked Francine.

"It may be true, my dear; but nobody knows. Emily hasn't breathed a word about it to any of us. And Mr. Morris keeps his own secret. Now and then we catch him looking at her, and we draw our own conclusions."

"Did you meet Emily on your way here?"

"Yes; and she passed without speaking to me."

"Thinking, perhaps, of Mr. Morris."

Cecilia shook her head. "Thinking, Francine,

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of the new life before her, and regretting, I am afraid, that she ever confided her hopes and wishes to me. Did she tell you last night what her prospects are when she leaves school?"

"She told me you had been very kind in helping her. I dare say I should have heard more if I had not fallen asleep. What is she going to do?"

"To live in a dull house, far away in the north," Cecilia answered; "with only old people in it. She will have to write and translate for a great scholar, who is studying mysterious inscriptions—hieroglyphics, I think they are called—found among the ruins of Central America. It's really no laughing matter, Francine. Emily made a joke of it, too. 'I'll take anything but a situation as governess,' she said; 'the children who have Me to teach them would be to be pitied indeed!' She begged and prayed me to help her get an honest living. What could I do? I could only write home to papa. He is a member of Parliament, and everybody who wants a place seems to think he is bound to find it for them. As it happened, he had heard from an old friend of his (a certain Sir Jervis Redwood), who was in search of a secretary. Being in favor of letting the women compete for employment with the men, Sir Jervis was willing to try what he calls 'a female.' Isn't that a horrid way of speaking of us? and Miss Ladd says it's ungrammatical, besides. Papa had written back to say he knew of no lady whom he could recommend. When he got my letter, speaking of Emily, he kindly wrote again. In the interval Sir Jervis had received two applications for the vacant place. They were both from old ladies, and he declined to employ them."

"Because they were old," Francine suggested, maliciously.

"You shall hear him give his own reasons, my dear. Papa sent me an extract from his letter. It made me rather angry; and (perhaps for that reason) I think I can repeat it word for word: 'We are four old people in this house, and we don't want a fifth. Let us have a young one to cheer us. If your daughter's friend likes the terms, and is not encumbered with a sweetheart, I will send for her when the school breaks up at midsummer.' Coarse and selfish—isn't it? However, Emily didn't agree with me when I showed her the extract. She accepted the place, very much to her aunt's surprise and regret, when that excellent person heard of it. Now that the time has come (though Emily won't acknowledge it), I believe she secretly shrinks, poor dear, from the prospect."

"Very likely," Francine agreed, without even a pretense of sympathy. "But tell me, who are the four old people?"

"First, Sir Jervis himself, seventy last birthday; next, his unmarried sister, nearly eighty; next, his man-servant, Mr. Rook, well past sixty; and last, his man-servant's wife, who considers herself young, being only a little over forty. That *is* the household. Mrs. Rook is coming to-day to attend Emily on the journey to the north, and I am not at all sure that Emily will like her."

"A disagreeable woman, I suppose?"

"No—not exactly that. Rather cold and flighty. The fact is, Mrs. Rook has had her troubles, and perhaps they have a little unsettled her. She and her husband used to keep the village inn, close to our park; we know all about them at home. I am sure I pity these poor people. What are you looking at, Francine?"

Feeling no sort of interest in Mr and Mrs. Rook, Francine was studying her school-fellow's lovely face in search of defects. She had already discovered that Cecilia's eyes were placed too wide apart, and that her chin wanted size and character.

"I was admiring your complexion, dear," she answered, coolly. "Well, and why do you pity the Rooks?"

Simple Cecilia smiled, and went on with her story:

"They are obliged to go out to service in their old age, through a misfortune for which they are in no way to blame. Their customers deserted the inn, and Mr. Rook became bankrupt. The inn got what they call a bad name—in a very dreadful way. There was a murder committed in the house."

"A murder!" cried Francine. "Oh, this is exciting! You provoking girl, why didn't you tell me about it before?"

"I didn't think of it," said Cecilia, placidly.

"Do go on! Were you at home when it happened?"

"I was here, at school."

"You saw the newspapers, I suppose?"

"Miss Ladd doesn't allow us to read newspapers. I did hear of it, however, in letters from home. Not that there was much in the letters. They said it was too horrible to be described. The poor murdered gentleman—"

Francine was unaffectedly shocked. "A gentleman!" she exclaimed. "How dreadful!"

"The poor man was a stranger in our part of the country," Cecilia resumed; "and the police were puzzled about the motive for a murder. His pocket-book was missing, but his watch and his rings were found on the body. I remember the initials on his linen because they were the same as my mother's initials before she was married—'J. B.' Really, Francine, that's all I know about it."

"Surely you know whether the murderer was discovered?"

"Oh yes, of course I know that. The government offered a reward; and clever people were sent from London to help the county police. Nothing came of it. The murderer has never been discovered from that time to this."

"When did it happen?"

"It happened in the autumn."

"The autumn of last year?"

"No, no. Nearly four years since."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW RAILWAY TIME SYSTEM.

STANDARD TIME.

WE give in this number the portrait of CHARLES F. DOWD, A.M., Principal of Temple Grove Seminary, Saratoga Springs, New York, the originator of the system of national time lately adopted throughout the country. The accompanying map will help the reader to form a correct idea of the system, and the magnitude of the work accomplished.

Professor DOWD began his work systematically by presenting the rude outlines of his plan before a convention of trunk lines held in New York city in October, 1869, although several years before he had presented the subject in his regular course of lectures at the Connecticut State Normal School, of which he was then associate principal.

In order to get a graphic view of the condition of time standards as they then existed, let one imagine the country broken up into eighty indescribably irregular fragments, each governed by a different time standard, and these time standards differing from each other in extremes from one minute to nearly four hours. Were these fragmentary portions to be represented on the map, each by a different prime color, the colors of the rainbow multiplied by twelve would be brought into requisition. Then the map would look as if a child had been aimlessly experimenting upon it with his paints, making hither and thither stripes intercrossing one another in all directions. In short, in respect to time, the whole country was a pathless wilderness. Any traveler trying to wend his way across it then was doomed to bewildering confusion.

His watch was to him but a delusion; clocks in stations, staring each other in the face defiant of harmony both with one another and with surrounding local time, and all wildly at variance with his watch, were wholly baffling to all intelligence, and time-tables were to him but Sphinx's riddles. His only satisfaction could come from resting blindly in ignorance. No more fitting conditions could have suggested to GRAY the sentiment, now passed into an adage, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Such was the confounding confusion of 1869.

To bring order out of this vast confusion was the problem Professor DOWD undertook to solve, and it may well be said that no time problem involving such extensive difficulties in its conditions had ever before been presented to civilization. A few years before, England had established a national standard for her home province, but this covered a difference of only about a half-hour's extent; and, following England by a little, France had adopted a national standard, yet this covered a difference of less than one hour's extent, while our system must provide for a difference of nearly *four* hours' extent. Hence their systems gave no clew to the solution of the problem presented by this country.

At the start Professor DOWD took his model from astronomical time reduced to the standard of one meridian. This time, in relation to any place, is local time with a difference. He adopted the Washington meridian for the national standard, and then worked out the local differences for about 8000 stations along the lines of about 500 railroads. Then he laid out the country into sections of fifteen degrees of longitude each, with the Washington meridian as the prime standard, and the fifteenth, the thirtieth, and the forty-fifth meridians for the subordinate standards. He then carefully wrote out a full explanation of the system, and published all, with a map, in a pamphlet of over 100 octavo pages. This pamphlet he sent out to all railway officials and others who might be interested in the subject. This was done in 1870.

After publishing his work, Professor DOWD attended conventions of railway managers in Boston, in New York, in the West, and in the South, and in this way found that the differences exceeding an hour were regarded as impracticable. This led to the adoption of the subordinate standards as essentially independent of each other, only that the even-hour differences must be preserved. This done, each hour section became a well-defined section, with its own time standard; and, with standards so near and so simply related, the necessity for any more exact local time vanished. He further found that the Washington and the fifteenth meridians were located too far west to suit the wants of the Eastern and the Central sections. Therefore, after meeting a convention at Atlanta, Georgia, in the spring of 1872, he changed the system from Washington to Greenwich longitude, thus moving all the hour sections two degrees further east. This made the seventy-fifth meridian the standard for the Eastern section, the ninetieth for the Central, the one hundred and fifth for the Mountain, and the one hundred and twentieth for the Pacific—the fifth hour eastward being the standard time of England. During these three years his investigations, by study, and by travel so as to come into contact with practical men, especially railway managers, were so thorough that the system as then matured has required no further modification. This is the system now in operation.

Three years were thus consumed in maturing the ideal, but eleven more years have been consumed in making the ideal a reality. Even in this part of the work Professor DOWD for several years labored essentially alone. He got out a little appendix to his original work; he met conventions; he wrote extensively for the press; in 1877 he published the *Traveller's Railway Time Adjuster;* in 1879–80 he prepared indexes for railway time-tables, and urged the editors of railway guides to adopt them; and all this with no recompense whatever, save the consciousness that it would result in the public good.

In the work of securing the adoption of the system Professor DOWD would bring into prominent notice several important agencies which within the last few years have entered the field; notably the American Meteorological Society, led by Dr. BARNARD, the president of Columbia College, and the committee of this society on Standard Time, led by Professor CLEVELAND ABBE, of the Signal Service Bureau, Washington, and Chancellor FLEMING, of Ottawa, Canada. Specially worthy of notice in the practical aspect of the subject is WILLIAM F. ALLEN, Esq., the secretary of the General and Southern Railway Time Convention. This convention is the exponent of the great system of railways throughout the country, and Mr. ALLEN was appointed a special committee upon the subject of standard time in 1881, and hence became the exponent of the convention. This agency specially hastened the adoption of the system.

A single glance at results will show what the system has accomplished. Instead of the eighty fragmentary pieces of country above mentioned, four orderly hour sections, as seen on the accompanying map, form the only divisions for the whole continent, and four time standards, with exact hour differences, constitute the only standards of the country. Indeed, with the system fully carried out, twenty-four would constitute all the standards of the world.

On Saturday, the 17th of November, when the sun reached the meridian of the eastern border of Maine, clocks began their jangle for the hour of twelve, and this was kept up in a drift across the continent for four hours, like incoherent cow-bells in a wild wood. But on Monday, the 19th—supposing all to have changed to the new system on the 18th—no clock struck for this hour till the sun reached the seventy-fifth meridian. Then all the clocks on the continent struck together, those in the Eastern section striking twelve, those in the Central striking eleven, those in the Mountain striking ten, and those in the Pacific striking nine. The minute-hands of all were in harmony with each other, and with those of all travellers' watches. Time-tables everywhere became perfectly intelligible, and the bliss of ignorance was no longer at a premium.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

THE Soudan, roughly speaking, may be described as the enormous extent of country lying south of the great Sahara Desert, between Abyssinia on the east and Senegambia on the west. Its area and population have been variously estimated, and its resources have been exaggerated or depreciated according to the prejudices of travellers.

The French projectors of the Trans-Saharian Railroad put down the population at about fifty million, and described the bulk of the country as consisting of the richest alluvial soil in the world. But it is not that part of the Soudan in which lie the city of Timbuctoo and Lake Tchad to which the attention of the world is at present directed. It is the Egyptian Soudan, where the English government of Egypt finds itself face to face with unforeseen difficulties.

At the present time it is impossible to ascertain with anything like accuracy the position of the victorious chief who, under the appellation of EL MAHDI, has annihilated the Egyptian army commanded by General HICKS, and who is now threatening Khartoum and the valley of the Upper Nile.

No details of the destruction of General HICKS's army have yet been received. He marched out with 10,000 men, 6000 camels, and a large train of baggage mules; but as the invading column advanced into the desert they suffered terribly from want of water; their guides purposely led them into a district where the wells are few, and thus they easily fell victims to the numerous cavalry and the fanatic followers of the "False Prophet."

The battle was fought with the courage of despair, and lasted three days. HICKS Pasha was slain by a lance-thrust on the third day, when the soldiers had fired off their last cartridge.

After his fall the rout was general, and the fugitives, who had been deprived of water for three days, were nearly all massacred as they fled toward the wells. Native accounts state that HICKS's hands were first cut off, and he was afterward cut to pieces.

Two Europeans, distinguished members of the press—O'DONOVAN, the famous correspondent of the London *Daily News*, whose adventures in Toorkistan have given him world-wide fame, and Mr. FRANK VIZETELLY, the brilliant artist of the London *Graphic*—are, it is stated, among the survivors.

After the battle, according to reports, EL MAHDI returned to El Obeid with the arms and cannon he had taken from HICKS, and was preparing to send 10,000 men to Darfour. Since the massacre of HICKS's force another Egyptian column has been annihilated near Suakin.

At present a corps of engineers has been dispatched by the Egyptian government to erect fortifications at the Second Cataract and at Koreska, between Khartoum and Assouan, and BAKER Pasha is under orders to leave Cairo for Suakin, and to endeavor to relieve Khartoum.

The provinces of the Upper Nile are traversed in every direction by the MAHDI's missionaries, and are in such a ferment against the Christians that the Governor of Sioot has advised the American mission to withdraw to Cairo.

Altogether the situation looks gloomy enough for the Khedive and his English masters, as well as for the Sultan, whose title of "Commander of the Faithful" EL MAHDI boldly challenges.

A few years ago the ruler of the Soudan was but an obscure dervish; he is about forty years old, tall, and of a coppery-red complexion, and announces that he knows that the government of Egypt is false to Islam by three marks: first, it allows Christians to have churches; secondly, that it protects them; thirdly, that it taxes the faithful.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

I.

THE BUD.

In the fair sunny parlor stood a tree
Bearing one snowy hope, and day by day
A maid with flower-like face bent tenderly
Above the budding wonder, thus to say:
"Blow, blow, my Christmas Rose, and do not fail
When Advent bells ring over hill and dale!

"For then *he comes! he comes!*"—and, like a flame,
A rare soft light lit up her fair still face.
"Keep secret in thy sweet heart his dear name,
And blow, my Christmas Rose, that I may place
Thee on my breast, and he shall see I love
The flower he gave all other flowers above."

Then in its soft green shield the Rose's heart
Throbbed with a passionate longing for release,
Dreaming of Christmas joys, and of the part
That it might bear in that bright feast of peace.
"Ah me!" it sighed; "if I might only rest
In snowy purity upon her breast!

"If from that throne of love I might behold
The splendid rooms, with box and holly bright,
The lighted Christmas tree, the gems and gold,
The maidens fluttering in gleaming white!
What bliss it were to thus sigh life away
On her sweet breast through such a happy day!"

II.

THE BLOOM.

One dawn, when stars yet hung above the wood
And o'er the lake, the Advent bells rang clear,
Trembling with joy, the Rose-tree understood
It was the gladdest birthday of the year,
And knew that lovely in the dusky light
Was her one Rose—now perfect, sweet, and white.

But in the house there was no sound of song,
No tripping feet, no laughter gay and free.
The Rose sighed: "Oh, she is so long! so long!
Alas! my first sweet bloom she will not see."
And thus the day went by, hour after hour,
And no one came to greet the Christmas flower.

The pleasant parlor was left dim and still,
Yet far away the sad Rose seemed to hear
Some strange sharp cry the empty chambers thrill,
Till her white petals shook with nameless fear;
And then the sun went down, and hopeless gloom
Touched the white Rose in the deserted room.

III.

THE END.

But about midnight, when the room was clear,
There came a slow, sad footstep, and the Rose
Felt on her heart one heavy, bitter tear.
Ah me! how speedily a true love knows
When love is fled! There was no need to say,
"Sweet Rose, our angel bride has passed away.

"Come now to sweeten her fair bier." And so
The Rose was borne to a dim room, all cold
And still. There was no song, no splendid glow
Of dancing maids in shimmering white and gold;
Only one fair dead maid, on fair white bed,
With snow-drops wan and lilies overspread.

"Within her small crossed hands on her pure breast,
Oh, happy, happy Rose! This is thy fate,
To dream with her in calm and peaceful rest,
While I, alas! must weep and watch and wait."
And there it lay, a glory in the gloom,
A white sweet wonder in the white death-room.

Wet with love's tears, hearing low, whispered prayers,
Breathing its life in solemn peace away,
Was it not better far than earthly cares,
The joys and splendors of a festal day?
Pure maid, that found on Christmas God's glad rest,
And white sweet Christmas Rose—was it not best?

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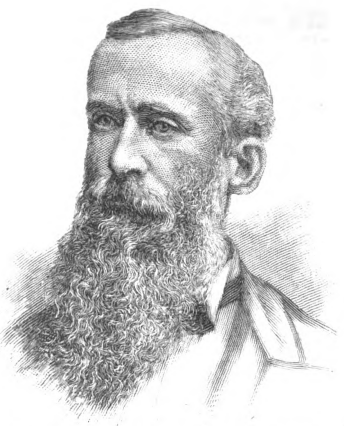
SENATOR D. M. SABIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.—PHOT. BY ZIMMERMAN.—[SEE PAGE 835.]

GENERAL ANSON D. McCOOK, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—PHOT. BY C. M. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 835.]



THE LATE HON. DUDLEY C. HASKELL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.—[SEE PAGE 835.]

THE GREEN SUN IN INDIA.

RECENT letters from Ceylon show that the green or blue sun was seen there as a marked phenomenon from the 9th to the 12th September, inclusive. The *Ceylon Observer* contains some interesting communications on the subject. One correspondent, writing on September 12 from Puleadierakam, states that no light came from the sun, though he was visible, until nearly seven in the morning. "For the last four days," he says, "the sun rises in splendid green when visible; that is, about ten degrees from the horizon. As he advances he assumes a beautiful blue, and as he comes further on he looks like a brilliant blue, resembling burning sulphur. When about forty-five degrees high it is not possible to look at the sun with the naked eye; but even when at the very zenith" (meaning, no doubt, the highest point of his path *near*, but not absolutely *at*, the zenith) "the light is blue, varying from a pale blue early to a bright blue later on, almost similar to moonlight even at mid-day. Then, as he declines, the sun assumes the same changes, but *vice versa*. The heat is greatly modified, and there is nothing like the usual hot days of September. The moon, now visible in the afternoon, looks also tinged with blue after sunset, and as she declines assumes a most fiery color thirty degrees from the zenith." It is rather singular that the moon when nearing the horizon should have assumed a fiery hue, while the sun, when in the same position, looked blue. This seems to show that though the moon looks white, there is really a certain degree of ruddiness in her surface tints.

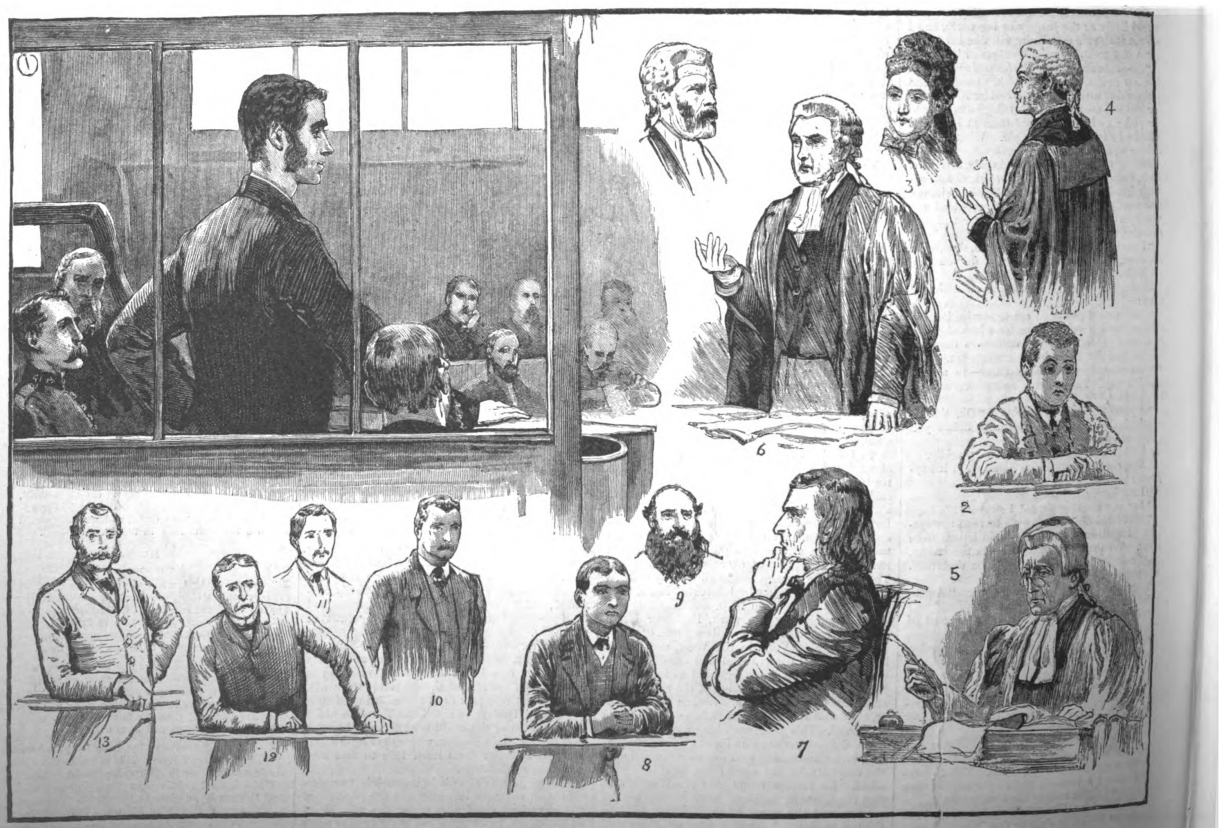
As to the explanation of the changed tint of the sun a few points are clear. It is obvious that the absorptive medium whose action gave to the sun its bluish-green tint was in our own atmosphere, not in the sun himself. As the sun was seen blue at Trinidad on September 2, it seems probable that the Java earthquake had nothing, or little, to do with the sun's peculiar tint in India and Ceylon; for the blue sun of Trinidad can not possibly have been caused by the Java disturbance. The spectroscopic evidence seems to show that the greenness of the sun was due to an exceptional development of the rain-band in the red part of the spectrum. Thus was occasioned an abnormal absorption of red and orange-red rays, leaving a superabundance of rays from the rest of the spectrum, and consequently a tint of green.

It is noteworthy that an explanation advanced in *Nature* (whose editor is supposed to know something about spectrum analysis), by Mr. W. R. Manley, Principal of the High School of Madras, is entirely incorrect. He finds in the circumstance that the color of the sun varied after the order of the colors of the solar spectrum evidence that there was some refracting medium in the atmosphere which resolved the sun's rays into primary colors. This would not account for the sun appearing green. There is no sort of prism which will show the sun green, or blue, or red, let the refracting quality of the medium be what it may. Seen through any prism whatever, the sun would simply show rainbow-tinted fringes on opposite sides of a central and not quite circular white disk. Absorption was manifestly the cause of the sun's color, not simply refraction, though refraction, of course, took place, as it always does.

A correspondent calls attention to the circumstance that in the arctic regions the sun often shines with a pure emerald-green tint all through the day.

A BLOCKADE ON BROADWAY.

THE countryman who didn't want to cross Broadway "till the procession had passed" would have waited long if a policeman had not volunteered to pilot him through the apparently endless tangle of carts, stages, express wagons, and other vehicles that fill the broad thoroughfare from side to side. Even old New-Yorkers, accustomed every day to brave the perils of the crossing, often hesitate and wait for a break before making the attempt. A weather-beaten sea-captain, who made nothing of Atlantic storms, once declared that he would rather double Cape Horn than cross Broadway in a jam. But formidable as the undertaking may appear to a stranger in the city, very few accidents occur, even in the most crowded portions of the street.



THE TRIAL OF PATRICK O'DONNELL AT THE OLD BAILEY.—[SEE PAGE 834.]

1. O'Donnell. 2. James Carey's Son. 3. Mrs. Carey. 4. Mr. Poland, Counsel for the Prosecution. 5. Mr. Justice Denman. 6. Mr. Russell, Q. C., and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Counsel for Prisoner. 7. General Pryor. 8. James Parish, the first Witness. 9. Nahum Marks, of Cape Town. 10. Thomas Jones, Boatswain of the Steam-ship *Melrose*. 11. [illegible], Passenger. 12. Mr. Beecher, Second Officer of the *Melrose*. 13. Chief Inspector Cherry, of the Port Elizabeth Police.

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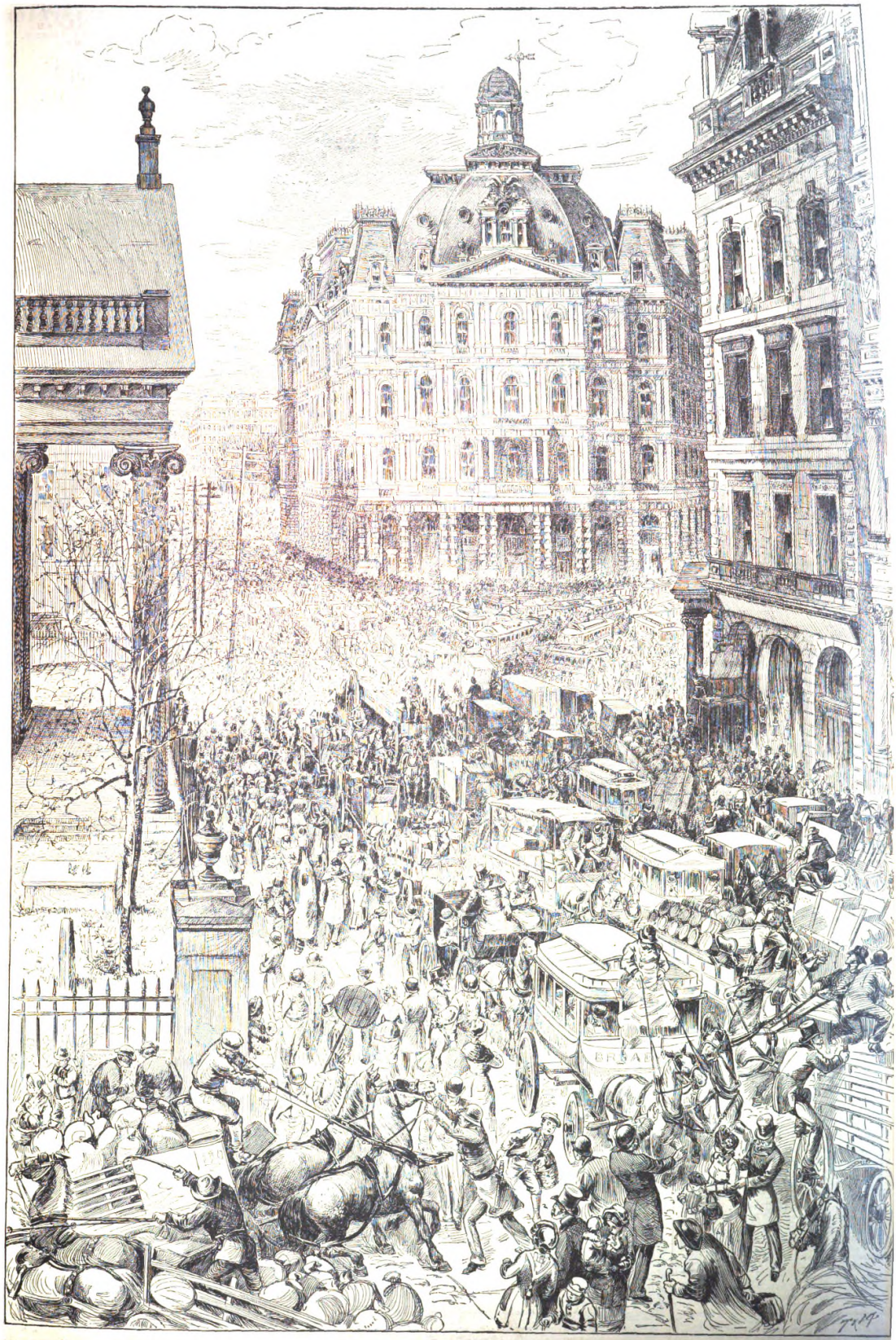

A BLOCKADE ON BROADWAY.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 844.]

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

IMITATIONS and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

"Character in Smoking" is the title of an excellent article recently published. The writer judges his men by the kind of tobacco they smoke. All like good tobacco, but all are not judges. It is only the even-tempered, level-headed, tastefully inclined man that takes pains to make a selection. He gets to be very particular about purity and flavor. But when he strikes a tobacco like Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, he is tenacious of his prize, and intolerant of all inferior tobaccos.

FROM J. B. THOMAS, ESQ.,
CASHIER OF LEROY C. PARTRIDGE'S BANKING HOUSE.
OVID, N. Y., NOV. 7, 1883.

I take pleasure in saying that I have used Dr. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment in my family for over thirty years, and I believe there is no other liniment equal to it for man or beast, being very powerful, and it is free from all stain, grease, or unpleasant smell.
J. B. THOMAS.

ARCOLA, DOUGLASS COUNTY, ILL.
DR. TOBIAS,—Please send me one dozen bottles of Venetian Liniment, C.O.D. I have used it for several years, and will not be without it. Have saved many dollars in doctors' bills, and can recommend it. No family should be without it. DAVID BAUGHMAN.
NOV. 27, 1883.
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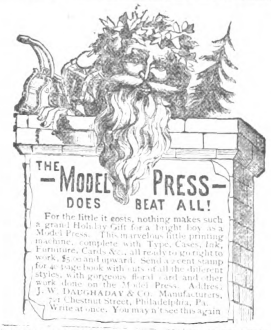

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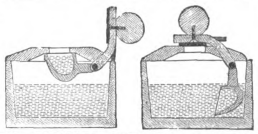

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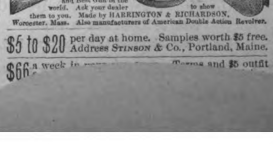

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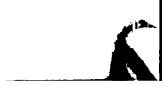

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